MARIENBURG™

Sold Down the River



A sourcebook for WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLE·PLAY by Anthony Ragan

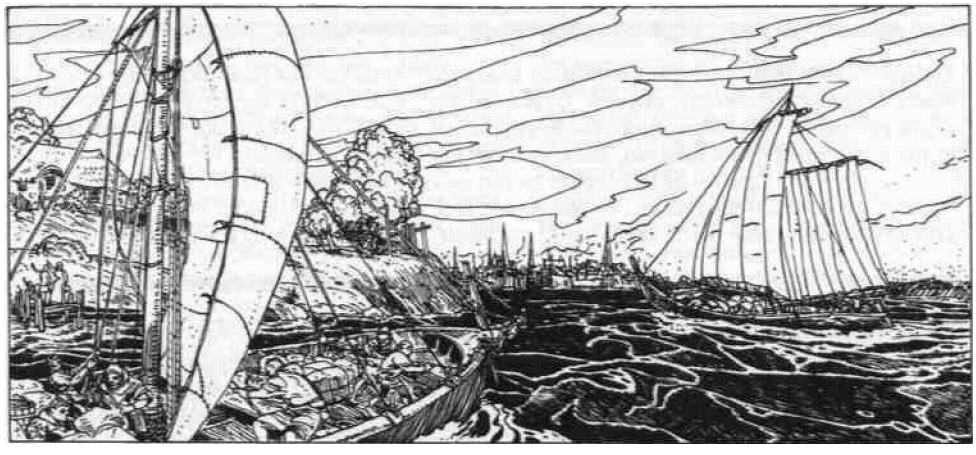
MARIENBURG™

Sold Down the River

A city-sourcebook for

WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLE·PLAY

Written by Anthony Ragan



This book is not a complete game in its own right, it is a supplement for the ***Warbammer Fantasy Roleplay*** game system. To use this book property, you will need a copy of the ***Warbammer Fantasy Roleplay*** rulebook (ISBN 1 899 749 01 2), which is also available from Hogshead Publishing.

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MARIENBURG
Sold Down the River

By Anthony Ragan

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Anthony Ragan is a Northern Californian freelance writer living in exile in Los Angeles, California. He began gaming in 1975, when three booklets appeared in his home town of Sacramento. Since then he has built a collection of games far larger than he can ever hope to play. Favourites include ***Warhammer FRP***, ***Call of Cthulhu***, ***Star Wars***, ***Elric!*** and ***Lost Souls***. Anthony was co-author of the original Marienburg articles which appeared in ***White Dwarf*** in 1989-91, and wrote 'The Colony' for Hogshead's ***Dying of the Light*** adventure. He also has written a bestiary for Chaosium's ***Elric!***. Anthony's other interests include speculative fiction, international politics, computers, gourmet cooking and the search for the perfect cabernet.

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A supplement for *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*

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Introduction

WELCOME TO MARIENBURG!

Hogshead Publishing is proud to present this sourcebook for the greatest trading city in the Old World. Please feel free to explore the place: hunt for mutants, make a deal or two, peek in the corners, break some of the crockery - whatever makes you comfortable. This city is your playground. Have at it!

Marienburg has three advantages that set it apart from the other Old World powers: its position, its great wealth and its people. These make it an unequalled staging point for ***Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*** adventures, whether they are set in Marienburg itself, or whether the city-state is used as a convenient starting place. Marienburg can support all types of stories, from hunts for treasure, monsters and secrets, through intrigue and exploration to power-struggles and international incidents.

The city's position at the mouth of the Reik makes it a natural centre of trade. In fact, it has a potential stranglehold over almost all significant travel into and out of the interior of the Old World. It is the last great natural port east of the Grey Mountains till one reaches distant Erengrad, and the closest one to the luxury-hungry cities of the Empire. Almost all of the Empire's exports and imports flow through Marienburg - there are no ports of any significance on its northern coast that could handle the traffic, and the mountain passes are bedevilled by bad weather, outlaws and worse. At the same time, the rulers of Bretonnia and the other Old World kingdoms see an independent Marienburg as their guarantee of access to the interior for their own goods. None want the wealth of the city enriching the Emperor's coffers.

The Directors of Marienburg know this, and they use their position to guarantee their freedom from Imperial control. Even so, the Empire and Bretonnia each scheme to gain control of the Reik's mouth, or at least to deny it to the other. And so the city-state is a hotbed of intrigue and espionage.

With a position that makes it a focal point of trade, Marienburg has also become a centre of almost unbelievable wealth. Whether from taxes and tariffs or the middleman's cut, the profits from trade have made the merchants of Marienburg influential in places far-distant from the cold and windy Wasteland. With surplus gold overflowing their counting houses, the heads of the Merchant Houses serve as bankers and creditors for noble families all over the Old World. When kings and electors need to raise mercenary armies, they often turn to the bankers of Marienburg for ready cash. These debts in turn give the Directors influence over the policies of lands far-removed from their own. And, in an emergency, they can afford to pay for anything they need, even someone else's army.

But gold and trade goods make desirable targets, and the ships that visit Marienburg by sea and river are tempting prizes for pirates, privateers and wreckers. Adventurers in Marienburg may often find themselves taking ship against these dangers, or engaging in it themselves.

Position is good and gold is wonderful, but Marienburg would just be ruins in a swamp were it not for the acumen and tenacity of its people. The population of Marienburg - not just Wastelanders but people from all over the Old World and beyond - are renowned as the sharpest traders and hardest dealers one could ever meet, a fact they'll gladly tell you themselves, at length. Tough-minded, practical and with one eye always open for a quick profit, the people of Marienburg are constantly scrabbling to better their lot in life. Whether working for themselves or serving the interests of another, player characters in Marienburg will find plenty of opportunities - sometimes profitable, always dangerous.

USING MARIENBURG

This book is your tool kit. Use it to construct a stage on which the players can create memorable stories. Dig through the history of Marienburg and the Wasteland to find hooks for your adventures, things from the past that lead to danger in the present. What happened to Jaan Maarten's sword after the battle of Reavers' Point? Did it sink in the Sea of Claws with his ship, or has it found its way into some trove? And did it give him the power to command the seas, as legends tell?

The city itself provides all the elements you need to build adventures. Dozens of ships arrive and leave every day: who knows what they're carrying? Spies? Smuggled Bretonnian brandy bound for the Empire? Rare artefacts of tainted magic from ancient Araby? Prisoners of the body-trade bound for sacrifice by some dark cult? From schemes hatched in the posh salons of the Export-Import exchange to lives bought and sold along the dank canals of Suiddock, the daily life of the great port will provide you with innumerable adventures. Just use your imagination.

To help stoke the fires of your fevered mind, this book is divided into several major sections. First is a general description of Marienburg and the Wasteland, giving you the physical layout of the place. Then comes the tale of the city-state's politics and history, how it came to be what it is today. Next is an overview of major locations and personalities in Marienburg itself, from the palaces to the slums, and from those born with a silver spoon in their mouth to people barely able to put clothes on their backs. And, to get your games off and running, we provide both a full adventure and several short adventure hooks. Finally, there are rules for creating native Marienburger characters and two new cults important to the city.

We've deliberately not described everything in the city, giving you room to shape entire districts for whatever purpose suits your game. We've also taken care to detail the places and people that are going to be the most interest or use to games-masters and player characters. Take it for granted that the more mundane parts of life are there as well. They just don't make interesting reading.

Marienburg belongs to you and your players now. Do with it what you will. And enjoy it!



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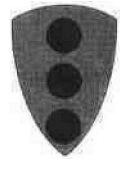
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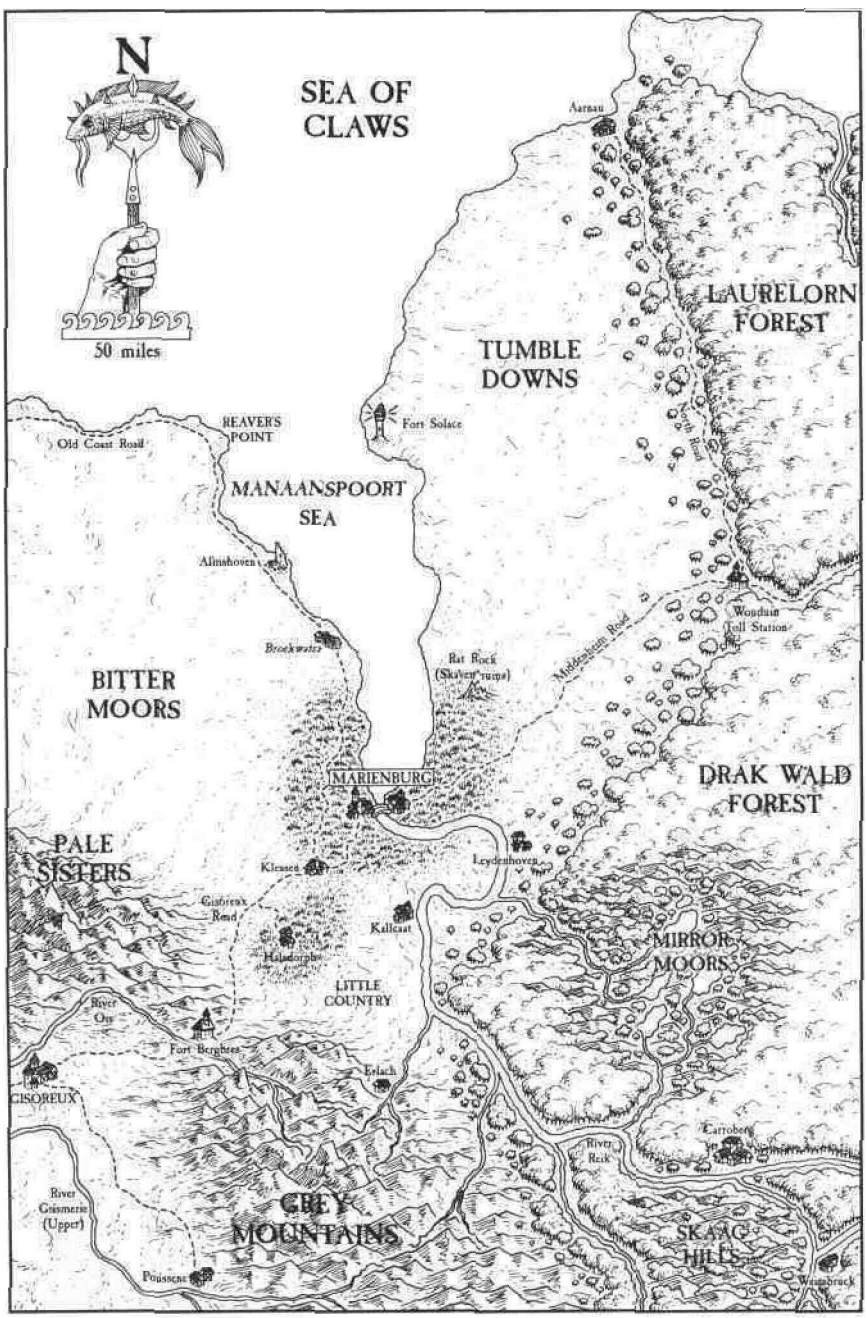
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THE WASTELAND



PROLOGUE: 2429 I.C.

The tread of heavy footsteps echoed in the small chamber, the incessant *click-click* of hard leather on marble telling of the anxiety felt by the room's sole occupant, Wilhelm von Holswig-Schliestein, Grand Prince of the Reikland and newly installed Emperor. He peered out of the rain-spattered window for the hundredth time that morning, scanning the great square in front of the palace.

Throngs of people scurried to and fro, hurrying to get out of the bite of the icy wind that swept off the River Reik. But, nowhere among that crowd did Wilhelm see what he was looking for - a messenger from his Army of the Lower Reik, the third and most powerful of the forces he had sent against the rebels in Marienburg.

Not that this latest expedition was particularly impressive by Imperial standards, but it shouldn't have needed to be. Marienburgers were shopkeepers and coin-counters, not soldiers. Wilhelm's best troops were in the South and East, dealing with so many more serious threats. The Border Princes were raiding in reprisal for last year's attempt to conquer them, and the heavy taxes needed to defend against these attacks had pushed the population into revolt in several places.

The Emperor sighed. A letter had arrived only last week from the panic-stricken Grand Prince Augustus of Osdand demanding Imperial Guards to help put down bread riots in his capital. With the coming Winter looking to be harsh and the Autumn harvests poor, the situation would only get worse.

Emperor Wilhelm had held some of his best troops in reserve, though, after reports reached him that the now ex-emperor Dieter IV was gathering mercenaries along the Upper Talabec in advance

of an attempt to retake the throne. With their notoriously short memories, people were starting to blame the new Emperor for their troubles, forgetting that it was his rebellious predecessor who had imposed the taxes and upset the bandits of the Border Princedoms.

The situation was ripe for a countercoup and a possible civil war, and Wilhelm desperately needed good news to dampen down the embers of revolution which radicals, firebrands and trouble-makers were trying to blow into a blaze. Where was that damned messenger?

"Ahem."

Wilhelm spun around from the window. In the door stood a distinctly unhappy courier in the livery of the House of Kluck. The family's head, Count Zelt, commanded the Westerland expedition. "Well," growled Wilhelm, "report."

"Y-Your Imperial Ma-Ma-Ma-jesty," stammered the courier, obviously on the edge of soiling himself. "M-Mighty Highness. I b-beg to report... I mean, C-Count von K-Kluck commanded me to tell you... I mean..."

"Spit it out, man! Enough with formalities and give me the news! Is Marienburg taken? Do the rebels' heads hang on pikes from the Oostenpoort gate? Well?"

"My Lord," said the messenger, gathering his wits. "Count Zelt regrets to report the surrender of the Army of the Lower Reik to the forces of Marienburg."

"WHAT?" The emperor was roaring now. "How? Von Kluck had soldiers, knights, guns, ships... how in the name of Morr's cold embrace did this happen?"

"Your Majesty, the Westerlanders harassed us from the moment we entered the province. By the time we were in the fens, they were picking at us from all sides, and yet they would fade away whenever we turned to strike them. They trapped us in the Grootscher Marsh and burned our supplies in a night raid. Sorcery, my Lord! They have Sea Elf wizards on their side! We would have fought, Your Highness, but they refused battle whenever we offered it.

"At the end, we were starving and the rains brought disease to our troops - cholera. The Count thought there was no honourable course left but to surrender and save his command. He begs Your Imperial Majesty's forgiveness and asks for Your Imperial Majesty's instructions."

With that, the courier dropped to one knee and lowered his head, fully expecting to hear a summons for His Imperial Majesty's Headsman.

But Wilhelm had stopped listening, his mind racing to deal with the crisis. All this trouble for windswept sand dunes, plague-laden fens and moorlands unfit for decent cattle. And the Elves! If true, then the last thing the Empire could afford was a war with the Sea Elves and Ulthuan. No. He had to cut his losses here and deal as best he could with the rest. He turned to the messenger and called for a scribe.

"Tell von Kluck to withdraw, and take this message to the Burgomeisters of Marienburg. Tell them to appoint a delegation to meet Our Plenipotentiaries to discuss a treaty. We will recognize their independence. But, mark my words, I pray for the day when they come crawling for help against Chaos or the Norse or the Bretonnians. Let the Directors see what their gold buys them then! I curse them and their lands and their city! Westerland - bah! I name that land for what it is, a Wasteland, and I hope they choke on it!"

THE WASTELAND

Once the Wasteland didn't deserve that name. Long before Man had come to the Old World, the lands around the mouth of the Reik were the home of lush grasslands and bountiful woods, the trees of which produced abundant fruit in endless variety. Sea Elf loremasters tell how this virgin country was filled with animals that provided meat for their new port. Herds of thousands of wild cattle, the aurochs now so rare in the Old World, roamed peacefully among the grasses. There were so many that, according to folklore of the Elves, a blind man couldn't shoot an arrow into the sky in those days without bringing down a feast for a hundred.

The Dwarfs loved this land, too, and called it *Tiwaz-Katalbuyk*, 'Rest at Journey's End'. These were the days of their friendship with the Elves. They mined the mountains and panned the streams for precious metals and gems, trading these with the Elves for works of exquisite craftsmanship and rare raw materials from beyond the sea. Even after both had gone, in the wake of their disastrous war, this was a really a land of plenty.

But sometime after the departure of the Elves and the Dwarfs and before the arrival of Man, Chaos and evil came, spreading like a cancer from the north and the south. The Skaven, digging their tunnels like cracks meant to undermine the continent, burst forth from the abandoned mines and ravaged the surface. Within a few decades, the land was a ruin: the herds were slaughtered, the waters poisoned and the groves cut down. Marching like vermin into the north of this realm, they found the Fimir, a race of reptilian giants who themselves were remaking the land in their own blasphemous image.

War was inevitable. For how long it raged, only the Fimir and the Skaven know, and certainly no one is asking them. The Skaven built great castles to hold their conquests, and slowly they pushed the Fimir back. In the end, there came a cataclysm that decimated both sides. Whether it was a last desperate effort by the Fimir, an attempt at final victory by the Skaven, or even a rebellion by the earth itself doesn't matter. Great waves of magic washed over the land and the earth convulsed and cracked. In a night, the castles of the Skaven and the holds of the Fimir were thrown down as the



very bedrock heaved, broke and sank. Their armies were destroyed and their minions crushed or swallowed whole. By dawn the next day, only the land itself remained, nearly empty of life and hiding its wounds under a thick blanket of fog.

Now it is a grim place where only the hardiest souls can hope to make a living, let alone prosper.

GEOGRAPHY

The Wasteland extends from the Laurelorn Forest in the east to the Pale Sisters and the Bretonnian march at the west, and from the verges of the Mirror Moors on the Imperial frontier to the shores of the Sea of Claws. Though scattered hamlets and farmsteads eke out a hard living here and there in the Wasteland, especially along the course of the Reik, the majority of the population lives in the city of Marienburg itself.

THE SEA

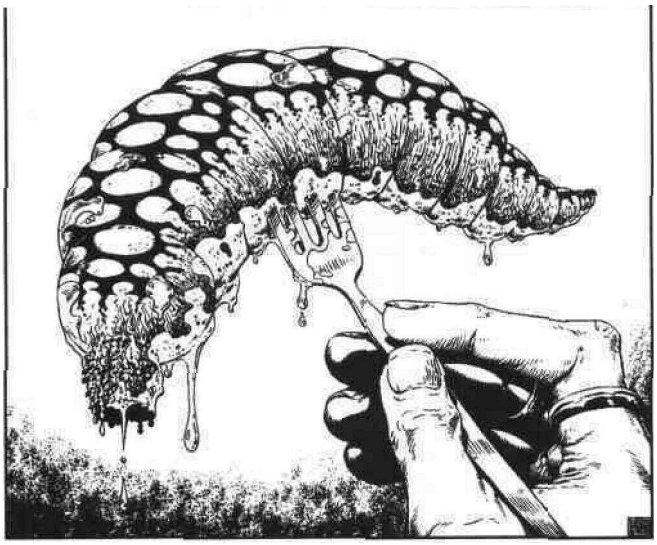
North beyond the Wasteland lies the Sea of Claws, whose turbulent waters are thrashed by wild storms. As Marienburger sailors say, only "mad Elves and Norscans" dare sail it in winter. Between Mittherbst and Mondstille, the storms are so severe that only Elven clippers call at Marienburg, unless the captain is drunk, desperate, insane - or Norse.

Whether due to the senseless wanderings of Morrslieb the Chaos Moon or simply Manann's anger over some slight against the sea, the Sea of Claws is also subject to severe tides that have inflicted devastating floods on Marienburg in the past. Though less frequent in recent centuries since the construction of the great Dwarfen pumps beneath the Vloedmuur (see p.15), the Sea of Claws still wreaks occasional havoc and inundates most of the city, save for the mansions of the wealthy on the highest islands.

Where the Reik enters the sea the land splits to form a great bay, the Manaanspoort Zee. This is Marienburg's garden, the source of most of its food. Hundreds of ships set out every day from the great port to harvest the water's bounty of haddock, halibut and herring. Whales feed here, too, including the rare three-point baleen, sacred to the cult of Manaan because of the white trident-like mark upon its head. The bay is also frequently visited by the Grey Barbed Shark, which is more commonly known as "Stromfels' Kitty" for its aggressive habits and voracious appetite. Like the banned god, it makes no distinction among its prey, having been known to take a careless fisherman right from his boat as he leaned over to haul in a net.

The Manaanspoort Zee is also Marienburg's chief highway, for over it travel thousands of ships from all the Known World and beyond, carrying the trade goods that are the city-state's lifeblood. Most take the longer, north-eastern route through the bay, using the beacon of the lighthouse at Fort Solace to avoid the rocky shoals that line the south-western shores from Reaver's Point to the village of Broekwater. Those more daring or careless will chance this route, hoping to gain a few precious hours on their competition. Such daring captains pay a price, though, risking the dangers of random rip tides or cunning wreckers who seek to lead them onto the rocks with false beacons.

A sandy shelf rises gently from the sea along the coast on either side of the marsh. The cold, windblown dunes extend



for roughly a day's ride inland, with only the occasional patch of tough grass, a fisherman's shack or a hermit's cottage to break the monotony. Yet such an unpromising environment is filled with life: near the shore are herring, beach-spawning grunion and sand eels, whilst the beach plays host to crabs and insects of all sorts. A few small groupings of seal and sea lion remain, but these are the remnants of the vast herds that once visited this coast: by the 18th century they had been driven to near extinction by hunters. Unique to these shores is the Mottled Green Sea Slug. Sliced and pickled in brine, the aristocrats of northern Bretonnia consider it a delicacy. Feeding on all these are innumerable sandpipers and gulls, whose mournful cries make this seem a haunted land.

NORTH

The country rises from the sea to a ridge that marks the beginnings of the vast moorlands that most people associate with the Wasteland. North-east of Marienburg and the swamps lie the Tumble Downs, named for their broken, rough character. Low rolling hillocks and boggy dells mark this country, short tough grasses giving way to stagnant ponds choked with cattails. Occasional stands of oak or pine break this vista, though they have a stunted, sickly character. Thick fogs frequently blanket this part of the Wasteland in the autumn and spring, when they're not driven-off by the frigid winds that blow in from the Sea of Claws. The frequent winter rains turn the downs into a morass that few willingly dare, whilst summer steams the few residents with a humid heat that only mosquitoes love. There are many, many mosquitoes.

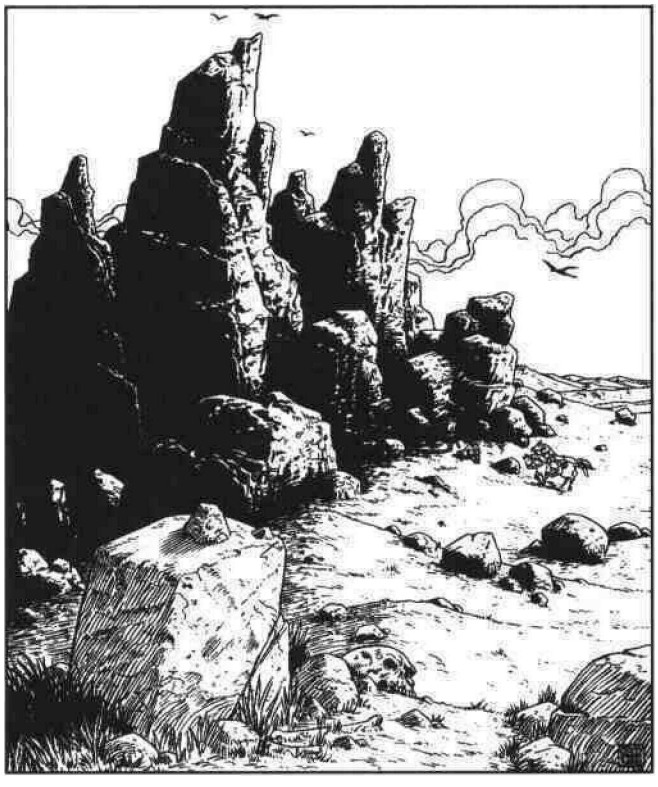
Amongst the downs, travellers find great clumps of exposed rock that break through the soil like broken teeth. Most think these are natural exposures of ancient bedrock, but some scholars argue that they are the remains of ancient civilisations, that the odd weatherings are really the faded sigils of pre-human stonemasons. Many have evil reputations, the blackest given to 'Rat Rock', a vast jumble of cyclopean blocks at the north edge of the Grootscher Marsh, several of which bear markings disturbingly similar to those left by the Skaven. Whatever the truth, few willingly camp in their shadows.

Still, Man does his best to survive even in these bleak surroundings. The Tumble Downs are sparsely dotted with small

hamlets and farmsteads, the folk there scratching out a mean existence with tiny vegetable plots and small herds of stringy sheep and cattle. Unlike Wastelanders who live in the city itself, they are a suspicious lot who don't take kindly to strangers and almost never open their doors after dark.

Along the northern coast there are only two towns of note. The first is Fort Solace, a small port with a population of just 310, built around a lighthouse along the north shore of the Manaanspoort Zee. It is a new town, founded after the destruction of Almshoven and its beacon on the opposite shore during the last Incursion of Chaos. Fort Solace is owned outright by the Wasteland Import-Export Exchange, and its governor is a 'Change employee. Ships reaching the Manaanspoort Sea at nightfall often stop here before making the final journey to Marienburg or, more rarely, if they plan to skip Marienburg altogether and sail directly to Norsca and Kislev. Fort Solace provides little more than basic services and goods not destined for the city-state are taxed heavily, since the Directorate prefers that all traffic pass through Marienburg.

At the far north of the Tumble Downs, at the end of a rutted track grandly named the "Old North Road", sits the border town of Aarnau. Site of the last remaining old noble house of the Wasteland, the van Buurens, this fishing and farming village with 4000 inhabitants takes seriously its self-appointed role as guardian of the Wasteland's independence. Just what threat they guard against is an amusing mystery to Marienburgers, since the Elves of Laurelorn mind their own business and the Empire is hardly likely to march an army through this isolated corner of the Old World. Still, the 150-strong militia drills before cheering children on the public green every other Festag under the watchful eye of Baron Martinus van Buuren. The old codger has spent so much money on uniforms and equipment over the years that the men of Aarnau are known as 'Wasteland Peacocks', though none who have seen them fight against Fimir warbands in the northern Tumble Downs will say that to an Aarnauer's face.



The Tumble Downs are cut by one real highway, the Middenheim Road. It serves as the main overland contact between Marienburg and the Empire. Other than the Wouduin Tollhouse at the edge of the Laurelorn Forest and some fortified coaching inns spaced a day's ride apart, travelling the Middenheim Road is a lonely journey that wise coachmen make as swiftly as possible. The barrenness of the country makes the trip a dangerous one, for the Downs hide outlaws, highwaymen and worse.

SOUTH

South of Marienburg and the marshes, the River Reik cuts a broad and winding path. This is the city's other artery, equal in importance to the Manaanspoort Sea. Along it sail ships carrying trade goods to and from the interior of the Old World. It is a faster and more reliable route than any overland path, and the luxury-loving nobles and social-climbing middle classes of the Empire and as far away as Kislev rely on the Reik to bring them the finer things in life, just as the merchants of Marienburg rely on it to bring them Imperial Crowns and Kislevite Rubles.

It is along the alluvial plains of the river that one finds the greatest concentrations of population outside of Marienburg *itself*. Several small villages and river-front inns squat along its length, the largest of which is Kalkaat (population 625) and Leydenhoven (population 510). Wastelanders here are more like their Marienburger cousins in habit, being more accustomed to seeing strangers and more willing to open their homes to them. Though the Wasteland River Watch regularly patrols the Reik, small bands of pirates prey on careless riverboats, striking swiftly and then melting back into the general population. Smugglers prefer the Reik route too, hiding illicit cargoes among the tons of legitimate goods that pass along it each day.

Between the river and the Bitter Moors lies the Kleinland ('Little Country'), an almost-pleasant heath mostly used for sheep-herding: its excellent wool is one of the Wasteland's few native exports. But even here, residents keep their spears sharp and village walls in good repair, for greenskins and worse sometimes wander out from the mountains, while the moors themselves are rumoured to hide great castles of the Fimir and vales where Chaos and mutants reign supreme. Or, so they tell any travellers who are willing to buy a round or two of ale in the local taproom.

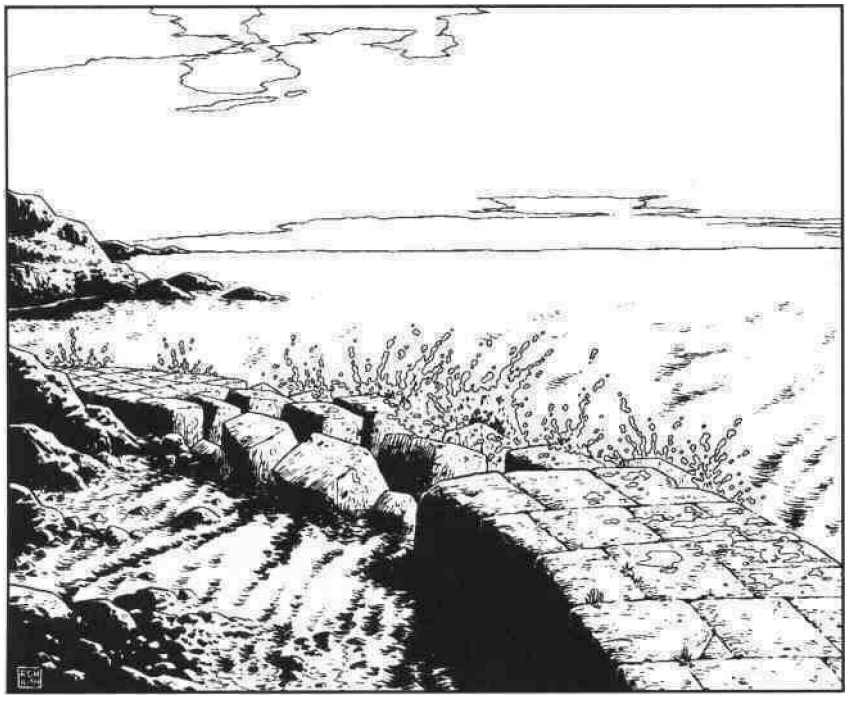
The town of Halsdorph once prospered here, its rare patch of fine farmland and excellent lace goods encouraging traders to divert from the Gisoreux road for a chance at extra profit and a safe night's sleep. But that was before the 'Night of Terror', when the earth shook, the land sank and the swamp swallowed the best fields. Now the town is dying, few visitors call at this depressing place, and the remaining residents (only 133) stare fearfully over their shoulders, haunted by dreams of the nearby 'Demon Swamp'. The Directorate itself ignores blighted Halsdorph, rarely bothering to send even excise men here.

At the edge of the Little Country where the Bitter Moors begin, a great road runs from Marienburg to the Bretonnian

city of Gisoreux, from which many in the large village of Klessen (population 422) make their living by providing rest and refreshment to travellers going either way. Following the Gisoreux Road south-west through the bleak countryside past the broken signpost that points to Halsdorph, the traveller eventually comes to the foothills of the Pale Sisters and Grey Mountains which bracket the Ois Gap, the main overland route to Bretonnia. Other than the mining village of Erlach, the foothills are only sparsely inhabited by lonely shepherds, hopeful prospectors, religious hermits and ragged outlaws who prey on the road traffic. Old exhausted mines are scattered amongst the hills and mountains, some still worked by the Dwarfs, but most of them long since abandoned for better prospects elsewhere.

In the middle of the Ois Gap at the bridge over the river squats Fort Bergbres, a former Imperial castle now run jointly by the Marienbur Directorate and agents appointed by the Duc du Gisoreux. It has a population of 225 and serves as a rest station and supply post for those preparing for the long trek across the Bitter Moors or refitting after crossing it. There is a large joint force of excise men and roadwardens here to guard against smugglers and protect travellers against the dangers waiting in the hills. At least, that's the idea. Travellers more often refer to Fort Bergbres as "Fort Beg-Bribe" since getting anything done requires a 'donation' of guilders or Bretonnian gold sous to the proper official. Upstanding merchants who object to the practice find themselves buried under mountains of paperwork and subjected to excruciatingly slow inspections. Most put up with this only once and thereafter pay the price and pass the cost on to the customer.

North and west beyond the Gisoreux Road lie the empty wastes of the Bitter Moors, a vast expanse that rolls to the Bretonnian frontier. Little of value grows in this poisoned land and, if anything, it is even less populated than the Tumble Downs. Even smugglers are reluctant to cross its barren interior - many of the streams flowing from the Pale Sisters are tainted and foul, polluted by mine-leavings that have leached into the water, or perhaps by the Fimir or Skaven. The fogs have a way of disorienting travellers and leading them on random paths that sometimes go nowhere at all. Only hares and lynx are common here, as are the carrion crows that feed on the moor's dead and dying.



THE COAST ROAD

Travellers who must pass through the Bitter Moors by some route other than the Gisoreux Road usually take the Old Coast Road, an ancient raised highway built by the Elves in the days of their dominion over the Old World. Built to a different logic than the roads of Man or Dwarf, its close-fitting white stone blocks begin in Klessen and take a meandering path along the coast, closely following the shore to an abrupt end near L'Anguille. Thousands of years old, it is rough and broken in places. The Grootscher Marsh surrounds a long stretch of it, while portions have been swallowed by the sea. This ancient route is used infrequently, and then only by those who do not want to meet other travellers on their way.

Only one town, the fishing village of Broekwater (population 84), remains along the coast till one reaches Bretonnia. Though never proven, Broekwater and the few run-down inns in its area have a reputation as criminal haunts, since ships that dare the south-western coast of the Manaanspoort Sea often fall foul of wreckers who leave no witnesses. The Grey Mist gang of smugglers is rumoured to make its base here, and whispers mark Broekwater as a centre of the banned cult of Stromfels. While traders in Marienburg regularly complain about the criminal activities centred on Broekwater, the lack of action by the Directorate has lead many to speculate (quietly, for their own safety) about some sort of official backing from one or more of the Great Houses.

Further on are the ruins of Almshoven and its lighthouse. Destroyed during the Incursion of Chaos by the reaver Bilespit, a Champion of Nurgle, the village was never rebuilt and now is feared as a diseased, cursed graveyard best avoided by all. This, of course, makes it very attractive to those needing to vanish for a while. That the occasional treasure-seeker disappears here without a trace only adds fuel to the region's dark legends.

Well-past Almshoven the road passes Reavers' Point, the site of a great pirate camp in the 24th century. Once the scourge of all who travelled the Sea of Claws, the pirates and wreckers of Reavers' Point sank ship after ship in their bloody quest for gold, their power and wealth intimidating even the rulers of Marienburg. Finally, after the 'Pirate Baron' Bartholomeus the Black declared himself "Lord of the Seas and all the Waste", the desperate rulers of Marienburg took action. Pooling the fortunes of the wealthy merchant families, they built ships and hired mercenaries. Under the command of admiral Jaan Maartens, a senior priest of Manaan, the power of Reavers' Point was broken in a day-long naval battle. At the battle's height, Maartens and Bartholomeus locked in a

death-struggle on the foredeck of the pirate's flagship, the Black Angel. What happened next is unclear, but Bartholomeus and Maartens both fell overboard and were lost at sea. Their ghosts are said still to haunt the land and sea around Reavers' Point, hunting each other till the end of time.



THE GROOTSCHER MARSH

Surrounding Marienburg where the Reik flows into the Manaanspoort Zee is the Grootscher Marsh, a forlorn delta that spreads for dozens of miles up and down the coast and back along the River Reik. It's a gloomy place, choked with cattail reeds taller than a man and scattered groves of trees hoary with age, great beards of fungus hanging from the branches down to their tangled masses of roots. Foetid mists that carry the faint stink of decay float among the rushes: even the wind and rain can't drive them away completely. As the Reik flows into this muddy bottomland, its waters branch and divide from the main channel, separating and rejoining, twisting among the hummocks in a confusing snarl of streams, channels and treacherous pools.

The marsh provided refuge to the Jutones when they first fled here around the year -20 I.C., and it still serves to shield the city against would-be conquerors. The Reik and the two raised causeways to Middenheim and Gisoreux funnel and eventually trap invaders who can't march an army through a swamp. Many times in the city's history, the rulers of Marienburg have simply abandoned the Wasteland to advancing enemies, only to pick and snipe at them from the fens as they starved outside the city's walls.

The Grootscher Marsh holds things of value, too, and Wastelanders are skilled at wringing out every penny's worth. Swampers fish for the delta eel that forms much of the peasants' diet, and the eggs of the grey herons that arrive with the summer are avidly sought by the city's gourmets. Herbalists pay richly for medicinal plants that are found nowhere else, like the 'peace-maker' root of the marsh lily that has a reputation for curing hangovers. Even the mud has its uses, for earths from certain parts of the swamp are known to have powerful euphoric and even hallucinogenic properties. Alchemists can reduce it to a powder that doctors mix with wine to treat patients suffering from various illnesses of the head. Cultists and thrill-seekers prefer the illegal pure form, called Slannesh's Dream, which they smoke in a pipe to induce visions, gain enlightenment and increase their endurance at orgies. It is also highly addictive, a fact not lost on the city's criminal classes.

And yet, the Grootscher Marsh has a evil name among average Marienburgers, who commonly call it the Cursed Marsh, when they can bear to think about it at all. The walls of the Vloedmuur are not only for holding back the tide or foreign enemies, but also the things that lurk amongst the reeds and tangleroot trees. Kind-hearted residents will do all they can to persuade friends from entering the swamp, making a sign of protection every time its name is mentioned and telling wild tales of the dangers within.

But those determined to hunt for lost Elven treasures can always find a swamper willing to take them out on his flatboat, though at the price of several guilders per head - paid in advance. The more foolish (and cheap) buy their own boat. After all, none of the locals are stupid enough to rent their property to a visitor when they are almost certain that they'll never see either again! The lucky ones return muddy, wet and cold after a day or two of wandering aimlessly in the ever-present mists, while the rest are remembered fondly when the time comes to make a toast in a local pub.

FEN LOONIES

The Marienburgers aren't just telling tall stories to scare newcomers: the Grootscher Marsh is home to the 'Fen Loonies', a loose tribe of psychotics and mutants. These unfortunates are or were people too violent, too wild or too changed by the touch of Chaos to hide even in the warrens of the Doodkanaal district or the hovels of the Flats. Fleeing imprisonment in Rijker's Isle or the fires of a witch-hunter's pyre - or a lynch mob of their neighbours - the outcasts escape into the trackless marsh, seeking by instinct for their own kind.

If they survive first the fens and then their new comrades, new Loonies join a society that looks like some tortured priest's nightmares. Hideous mutants break bread (or a captured trader or two) with cleaver-wielding maniacs and raving madmen. Hiding deep within the marsh, far from the bonfires or gallows that await them in Marienburg, they spend their days gathering food and their nights fighting each other for status or dreaming of their revenge on the city. They even play games: one or two of their number will sneak back into Marienburg through secret ways and try to come back with a trophy - the most prized being the head of one of the Black Cap watchmen. Like the Marienburgers themselves, many Loonies just want to get a head.

The Fen Loonies are ruled by the strongest among them, for the last 30 years a former dock worker named Koos. A

scale-skinned mutant with orange wattles and a serpent's tongue, Koos rules by fear and terror, and by virtue of being mostly sane. He has the fanatical devotion of his followers. Knowing that too many raids on causeway traffic or too many trophy hunts into Marienburg would provoke even the Directorate to spend the money needed to cleanse the fens, Koos restrains his subjects and carefully doles out those times when they can "have fun". It's rumoured that he has even had meetings with agents of the Staadtholder, reaching pacts of mutual tolerance.

For the Marienburgers, the Fen Loonies are held at the back of their minds, and most people have convinced themselves that they are nothing more than bogeymen useful for scaring children. The occasional axe-wielding, spike-haired and mutated psycho killed in the poorer quarters is dismissed as an aberration, the product of the sordid ways of the lower classes. The City Council will sometimes make noises about "cleaning out the outlaws and riffraff cowering in the marsh", while the Directorate nods and goes about its business.

In fact, no serious effort has been made for nearly thirty years, when a company of Tilean mercenaries was sent on a search and destroy mission. They returned after a few days with the body of an obviously long-dead mutant and, to top off the fiasco, successfully sued in court for bonus money for "hazardous duty". Since then, so long as they can go on with their business, Marienburgers would simply prefer to not look over the wall.



Koos THE MUTANT KING

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	67	45	7*	8*	11	64	3	41	70	50	69	55	21



Mutations: Scale skin (as leather armour, 0/1AP), crest (orange comb and wattles), Strong (S+3), Extra Tough (T+3), Unaging. *(*) indicates the effect of the mutation is already factored into the statistic.*

Skills: Concealment Rural/Urban; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Follow Trail; Frenzied Attack; Game Hunting; Heal Wounds; Herb lore; Identify Plant; Immunity to Disease; Immunity to Poison; Lightning Reflexes; Luck; Orientation; Public Speaking (only to Loonies); Set Trap; Shadowing; Silent Move Rural/Urban; Street Fighter; Swim; Torture; Wrestling

Trappings: Shield (1 AP, all locations), breastplate (1 AP, body), broadsword, various looted trade goods worth 3D100 Gu, small bag filled with rune stones made from a Dwarf witch-hunter's hand. Koos thinks he has the spirit of Arne' bound to him and uses the bones as an oracle.

Quote: "First let's see what Arne has to say about it." (Shakes bag at waist.)

Koos Jaapszoon once lived on Riddra Isle in Suiddock. A bully and a layabout, he was feared by many. He made his money through petty smuggling, theft, extortion and, occasionally, by working on the docks. He and his gang of hangers-on passed their days drinking beer they hadn't paid for, spending guilders they hadn't earned, and hassling anyone who even looked at them oddly.

Then, one dank night, the good life came to an end. Koos and his boys ambushed what they thought was a drunken mark stumbling down an alley. What they found instead was a cloaked mutant with three eyes, gills and nails of steel. Abandoned by his mates, Koos was locked in a death struggle with the thing. Though he quickly got the better of it and broke its neck, its claws left scratches on his arms and face that throbbed with an already building infection. The first scales appeared the next morning.

Soon he found his way out of the city and into the marsh. There he found others who were fugitives. With the changes wrought by the mutations and a cunning borne from the need to survive, he quickly established himself as the King of the Loonies. The skill with which he planned their raids on the causeways and their exploits in Marienburg gained him the loyalty of his new gang. It was Koos who led the Tileans on their fruitless chase, and for thirty years he's made sure that the Directorate never again thinks he's worth the money it would take to root him and his people out.

In the past few years, another of his mutations has become clear to him: he isn't ageing. He can be wounded, and probably killed, but his body gets no older and his strength hasn't failed. Some of the mutants now worship him as a god. Koos realizes he has all the time he needs to build his forces up, till the day comes when he can have his revenge on Marienburg.

"It isn't hard to find one's way around Marienburg, provided one is part fish. "
- Imperial diplomat

"It's-a magnifico!"
- Tilean seaman on his first sight of Marienburg

"Velvet and timber, ships and liquor, even someone's life - they say everything can be bought and sold in Marienburg. But, there's one thing you can't buy here, not for all the tea in Ind: open land. "
- Marienburger trader

"Look around you! Dozens of islands lashed together by hundreds of bridges, tall spires like masts. This city is like a fleet braced for the worst the sea can throw at it. Too bad the officers have it beaded for the rocks. "
- student of the College of Navigation and Sea Magicks

MARIENBURG

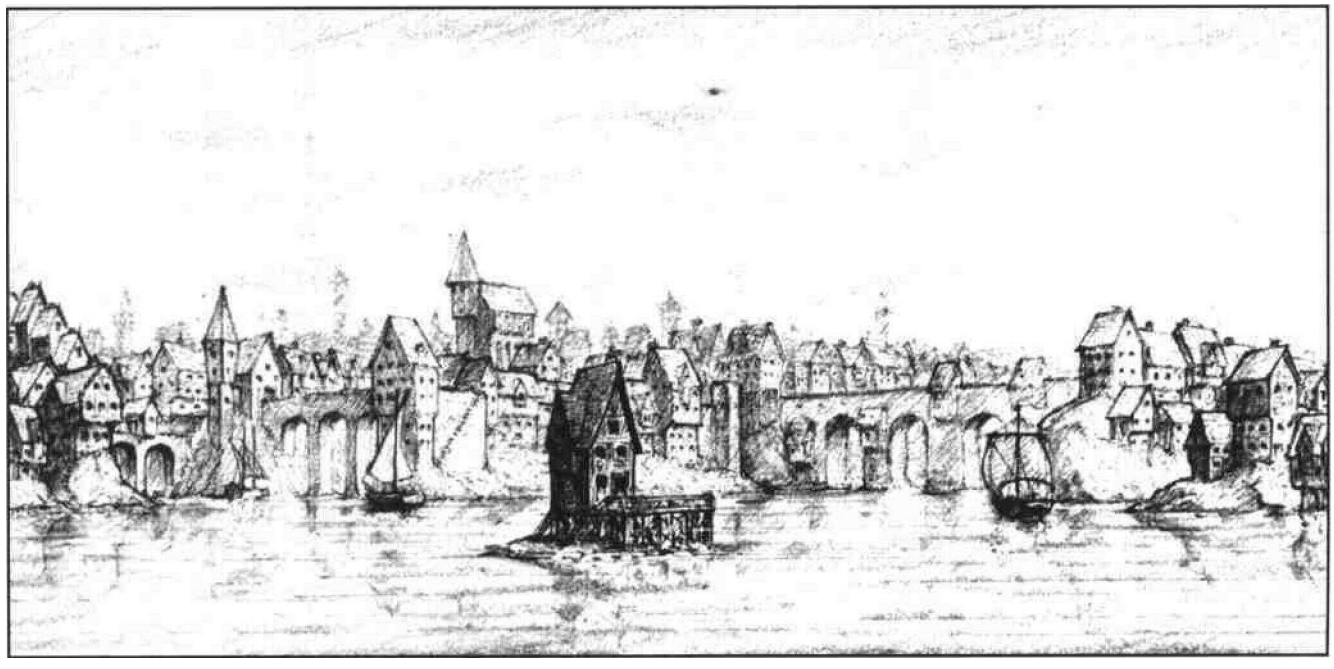
THE LIE OF THE CITY

Marienburg is a city of islands, bridges and canals. When travellers arrive here, usually from the sea or after sailing through the fens on the Reik, the first thing that strikes them is how it rises from the water like some behemoth, safe behind the massive wall of the Vloedmuur, unconcerned with anything around it. The second thing that strikes them is how crowded all the islands are, with every inch taken up by residences, shops and warehouses, even on the bridges. The third and final thing that strikes the new arrival is the need for a large parasol when travelling the canals under the bridges or beneath overhanging windows.

Marienburg's islands are the remnants of the land on which stood the ancient Sea Elf port of Sith Rionnasc'namishathir, (Fortress of the Star-Gem on the Sandy Coast), the Vloedmuur itself following the outline of the old Elven fortress wall. By the time Man arrived, nothing but broken ruins remained on the surface, though their foundations provided the base for future building. Why these islands remained above water while the swamp swallowed so much of the surrounding land is a mystery, though scholars of the College of Navigation and Sea Magicks have speculated that it may have something to do with Elven High Magic, the obscure runes of which have been found in the deepest ruins' chambers.

Nowadays, most of the islands rise up to twenty feet above the canals (though that's less than ten feet at high tide, and the waters rise even higher during the greatest tides around the spring and autumn equinoxes) and are threatened by only the worst floods. The tallest are found in the oldest or wealthiest parts of the city, such as Oudgeldwijk, the Temple and University district, or Guilderveld. Further out and closer to the walls, the poorest neighbourhoods, such as Doodkanaal or the Flats, lie on low land and flood at least once a year.

Over the city's first thousand years, as Marienburg grew from a place of refuge to a fishing port to a great centre of commerce, the people built the islands up from the water,





facing their sides with stone and filling the interior with earth and rock. Noble families would spend vast sums to add another foot or two, each new layer a visible sign of their power and wealth. Every so often, when the walls had risen high enough that it was time to fill the interior in, the Barons of Westerland would command the levelling of all structures and their rebuilding on the new surface. Though orders were given that all rooms were to be filled, many found ways to avoid this and constructed their new structures atop the chambers of the old. As a result, many Marienburg buildings have basements, sub-basements and sub-sub-basements, some still in use, others long-ago walled-off and forgotten, and some connected by networks of tunnels dug by long-forgotten architects. While most are used for legitimate purposes (legitimate by a Marienburger's definition, at least), many are popular routes and bolt-holes for smugglers, criminals and cultists who access them via hidden or forgotten doors in the archaic system of cisterns and flood sluices under the islands at die water's level.

The canals are Marienburg's highways, crowded with boats of all kinds. The largest is the Rijksweg, the main channel of the river Reik which bisects the city and along which most ships pass. A branch of it, the Bruynwater, courses between the islands of die Suiddock and provides access to some of the city's busiest docks. At the far north, the Noordmuur canal is a popular route for people conducting business in the commercial and government districts, as it lets them avoid the heavy traffic on the Rijksweg. Contrasted with this is the southernmost channel, the aptly named Doodkanaal or 'Dead canal', a sluggish and malodorous waterway choked with trash and sometimes bodies from the worst parts of the city. Evil smells and vapours rise from it, and only those who can't afford anything better or who aren't welcome anywhere else willingly live along its banks.

Dozens of other canals meander among the islands, some so small they aren't even marked on city maps. Little more than alleys, these narrow channels lead to the backs of businesses or homes, or to private lagoons hidden among the overhanging buildings. It's easy for a stranger to get lost among all the waterways, named but not marked, so most visitors to Marienburg hire one of the many local water-coaches to take them around. Boat-handling and swimming are common skills here, so much so that it's an Imperial joke that "no Marienburger will go anywhere if he can't get wet doing it".

Stairs cut into the islands themselves or built of wood in poorer districts provide access to the canals and docks. Some, like the Grand Sweep on the Reikside of the Palace District, are broad and open. Odiers, especially deep within the old quarters like Suiddock or the forgotten tenements of the Doodkanaal slums, are little more than cuts in the rock barely large enough for a man to get through. Ill-lit and hidden from view, what were meant to be simple pathways often become death-traps for those who have an enemy or two.

In a city built upon islands and surrounded by a swamp, it's only natural that space is at a premium. The opportunistic as always, have built wherever they can find a spare yard or two. The gabled roofs of their narrow buildings regularly climb four or five storeys, some leaning so far over the streets and canals that they look as if they might rumble down at any moment. Even the many bridges connecting the islands have been built on, with structures hanging over the sides and sometimes into the span itself. Some of these 'bridge-towns' have existed for so long that they have become recognized city wards, with their own characters, personalities and confusing by-laws. One or two, such as Suiddock's notorious Three-Penny Bridge, have actually achieved fame outside the Wasteland.

Two bridges, though, are kept clear by law; One is the Niederbrug Bridge, the only link between High Tower and the main islands of Suiddock, but the more famous is the mighty Hoogbrug Bridge, a spectacular span with arches high enough to let a full-masted ship sail under it, that leaps the Reik channel from High Tower Isle to the Palace District. At each end is a high tower with a ramp spiralling around its outside, wide enough for two carriages to pass each other. Apart from ferries, barges or swimming, the Hoogbrug Bridge is the only route between the northern and southern parts of the city, and the Directorate will not let anything get in

the way of the free flow of commerce - or soldiers sent to put down a riot in Suiddock.

While there are no laws against it, nobody tries to build on the Draaienbrug Swing Bridge, an engineering marvel that pivots on a central pillar to let ships coming down the Reik reach Suiddock. After several buildings toppled into the river, people got the idea that living on it was a bad idea. Still, charlatans manage to sell the occasional Draaienbrug building permit to less savvy newcomers.

Surrounding Marienburg like a mother sheltering her children in her arms is the great wall of the Vloedmuur. This is the city's main protection against the dangers of flooding from the sea, and against the possibility of attack from any side. It runs for miles around the perimeter of Marienburg, built on the foundations of the walls of the old Sea-Elf fortress, but the Directors have lavished the most money and attention at either end of the Reik and at the important Oostenpoort and Westenpoort gates.

Here, ramparts of stone and great round towers face the entrance of the Reik, known as the Strompoort Gate. In times of emergency, officers in charge of the Strompoort towers can order the raising of huge chains that have been laid across the bottom of the channel. Within a half-hour, a metal fence can block entrance to all ships coming down the Reik; and cannon on the towers ensure that vessels trapped by the chains will be in for a very rough time.

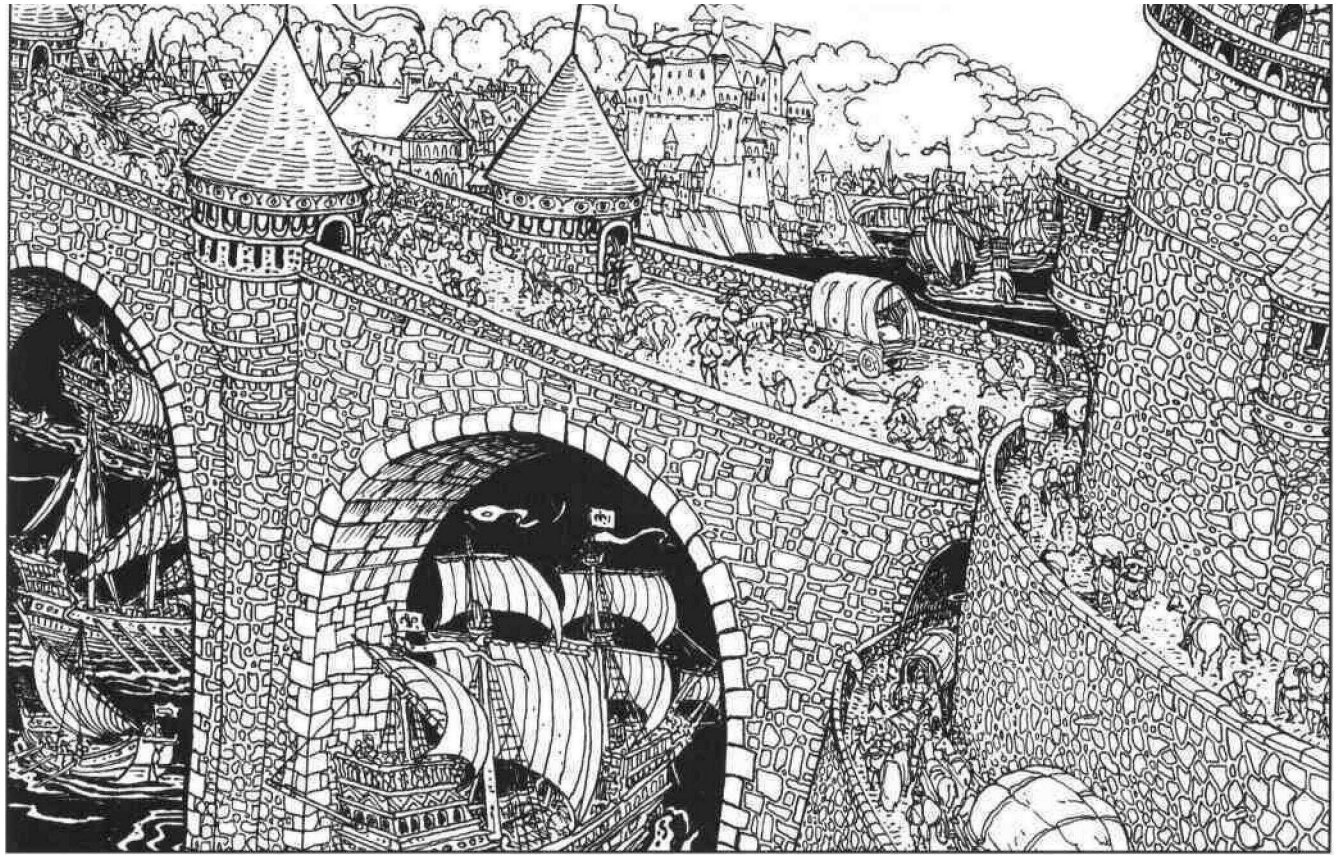
At the opposite end, where the Manaanspoort Zee begins, the entrance to Marienburg's harbour is primarily guarded by the fortress-prison of Rijker's Isle and its cannon and fire-hurling catapults. Here the towers of the Vloedmuur are smaller and the walls are meant more to shelter the harbours of Manaanshaven and Elftown, whose ships and marines are vital to the city's defence.

"After you shake hands with a Marienburger, he sure to count your fingers." - Imperial proverb

In between Strompoort and Rijker's Isle, broken only by the imposing gatehouses of Oostenpoort and Westenpoort, the Vloedmuur is more of a large dike, built of packed earth, stone and wood pilings, constantly reinforced and rebuilt. Brick-lined tunnels pierce it at several points, each built within the base of a stone watch tower. During times of dangerously high tides, residents near the walls can hear the rhythmic thrumming of the Dwarf-built pumps forcing water out into the swamp. Each end is guarded by twin metal portcullises to prevent entrance from the swamp, while the city's lamplighters keep a regular patrol on the wooden palisade that tops the Vloedmuur.

MARIENBURG'S PEOPLE AND THEIR MONEY

Newcomers to the Wasteland and Marienburg often have a skewed view of its people. This is especially true of Imperials, who have trouble forgiving the Marienburgers for seceding in the first place. The easiest mistake to make is to assume that Marienburgers and Wastelanders are the same. Given that the census of 2500 I.C. counted 135,000 heads of households in Marienburg and just 15,000 in all the rest of the Wasteland, it's an understandable thing to do. Wastelanders, though, tend to be more conservative and less open to strangers than their city cousins, who, of course, are open to anyone and anything that brings a profit.





Popular stereotypes in the Empire picture the typical Marienburger as a sharp-witted con man, one who could sell snow to a Kislevite or get a Tilean to buy his own wine. Marienburg documents are said to be nine-tenths fine print, no contract is written without an escape clause, and every handshake hides fingers crossed behind the Marienburger's back. You might as well sign over your goods lock, stock and barrel right now, since you'll never get the better of a Marienburger in a deal.

Like any stereotype, it's an exaggeration, albeit one encouraged by Marienburgers themselves, since a reputation for sharpness gives a welcome edge in a deal. Still, Marienburg lives for and by trade, and the desire to get ahead makes wheeler-dealers of almost everyone.

Naturally, a Marienburger - and a country Wastelander, to a lesser degree - sees this differently. They look out for themselves, and expect others to do the same. It's just hard-headed, practical business: if you don't grab the gold ring first, someone else will. Maybe it comes from the poor nature of the land around them: living in such a barren place, Marienburgers had to learn to trade to get any of the good things in life. After a while, it became a habit.

With this in mind, it's no surprise that Marienburgers are an active people, always on the move. There's always a new deal waiting to be made. Their neighbours in the Empire and Bretonnia say, only half-jokingly, that the Marienburger is always moving about because he's trying to avoid the last chump he swindled. Still, Marienburgers treat the stuffy buffoons of Bretonnia and the angst-laden, dark-garbed grandees of the Empire with amused tolerance - they know who's going to come out on top when the real business starts.

"Zut alors! I think he 'as just convince moi to buy mon own 'owse, from moi-self!" – Bretonnian immigrant

The Wastelanders use a calendar fundamentally the same as the Empire's. The weeks are eight days long and there are four hundred days in the year, with six intercalary days. As a bow to regional pride, or maybe just to tweak the Empire's nose, the city council changed the sixth day from Konistag ('King's Day') to Guilstag ('Guild's Day'). Marienburgers are known to use the two names interchangeably just to prod any Imperials within hearing.

Money is similar to that used in the Empire, too. The City has its own mint located under the Staadtholder's Residence, and its coins are recognized as a standard for value throughout the Old World. All Marienburg coins carry the city's seal (a mermaid holding a bag of money in one hand and a sword in the other) on the obverse and the value and year of minting on the reverse.

The gold coin is called a Guilder, representing Marienburg's control by its guilds, and is equal to the Imperial Crown. It is abbreviated to 'Gu', so '7 Gu 15/5' is seven guilders, five shillings and five pence. For clarity's sake, the Directorate ties it to the standard counting system in the Empire, though patriotic moneychangers claim it's the other way around.

As a cosmopolitan city, Marienburg is accustomed to seeing money from many different lands. Most merchants and shops will take coins at their face value whatever their origin, though they will weigh them carefully. Still, there are always travellers foolish enough to insist on having their coins officially changed at a counting house or goldsmith's shop. The money-changer will just smile and charge the standard 19/- on the Crown (for it's usually an Imperial on the short end of this stick), plus an additional 10% for handling fees.

Wastelanders speak Reikspiel with a rapid and staccato accent that easily identifies them from their Imperial cousins. The vowels are stretched and the sentences rise and fall in an almost sing-song fashion. More expressive than the Imperials, the Wastelanders talk a lot with their hands, frequently making jabbing gestures for emphasis. At the same time, they won't waste words like a loquacious Tilean or Bretonnian. Marienburgers are famous for coming right to the point - point by point by point - and pointing a lot as they do.

Notwithstanding their devotion to the god Haendryk's divine precept of "Make money fast", Wastelanders are gifted with a wry wit and a keen ability to poke holes in the posturings of stuffy visitors. This appreciation of the absurd includes themselves: Marienburg has a lively theatre, and the arts of satire and farce are appreciated even by their victims. All this has led more than one Imperial to dismiss Wastelanders as "flippant smart-arses". To which a Marienburger will just smile - all the way to the counting house.

HISTORY

The facts of Marienburg's origins are all but lost in the distant past. War, fire, floods, rats and even the cult of Manaan have all done their best to obscure the truth. What have come down to the present are little more than tall tales told in tap-rooms and educated guesses by Old World scholars poring over crumbling manuscripts.

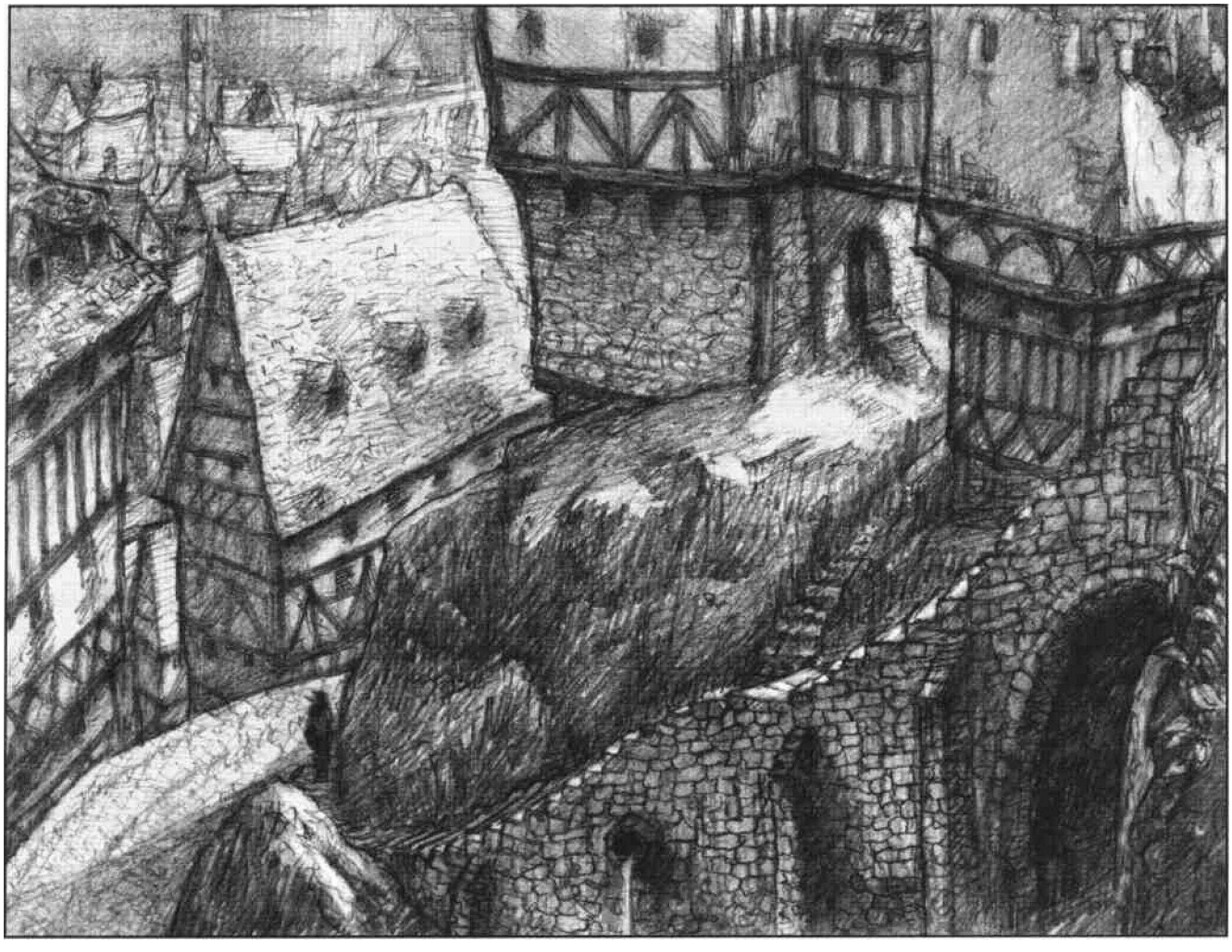
Marienburgers are a practical lot: their city just is, and that's that. As long as it's a profitable place to be, then how it came to be here is of little concern to its average inhabitant. Still, almost any street urchin will gladly sell a visitor a map to Marius's secret treasure hoard, or showing the vault where the cult of Manaan hid their altar-pieces during the Bretonnian occupation. Yet despite this layer of fabrication, some accurate facts are known about the city's early history.

According to sagas set down in writing centuries later, between the departure of the Dwarfs and the coming of Man, the fens around the islands of what would become Marienburg came to be infested with Fimir. Recovering from their devastation at the end of the wars with the Skaven, the Fimir were slowly warping the land in their own gruesome vision. Unchecked, they would soon complete its transformation into a demon-plagued hell in the middle of the Old World.

At the same time, far away in the northern forests of the Old World, the Juton tribe was at the brink of destruction at the hands of the far larger and seemingly invincible Teutognens, a warlike tribe that dominated all the others in the days before the coming of Sigmar. Faced with the choice of slavery, starvation or suicidal battle, their paramount chief, the semi-mythical Marius, persuaded his people to instead flee the Forest of Shadows and head west with all they could carry, in a great exodus.

However they got there and for whatever reason they left, it's agreed that the Jutones were in the Wasteland by the year -20 I.C. There, all the tales state, they engaged in a fierce war with the Fimir, with neither side giving quarter, each bent on genocide. Around -10 I.C., the Jutones and the Fimir met in a climactic battle amidst the ruins of the Sea Elf fortress. Dobbe Arend's saga, the oldest known with fragments dating from the sixth century, says that Marius met the Fimir queen in single combat and killed her on Slagveldsrots ('Battlefield Rock'), the old name for the island on which the Staadtholder's palace sits. He laid claim to the marsh and all the lands between "the forests and the seas" and founded his city on the Elven ruins of Sith Rionnasc'namishathir, proclaiming himself King of Jutonsryk ('Realm of the Jutones'). He saw fit to name the city for himself, and built his tower on Rykseiland ('Realm's Isle'), these days called Rijkers' Isle.

The next several centuries are shrouded in obscurity. A column in the crypts of the cathedral of Manaan bears carved names and accomplishments, some of which are still readable. Though styled 'kings', they can have been little better than chiefs in these days, ruling a crude fishing village amongst the ruins. Euricius Mariuszoon and the twin-tailed comet of his reign are mentioned. Then Gijsbert Mannelykheid of the dozen sons in the third century I.C., and his heir, known only as Grootneus ('Big nose').



The Jutones tried to settle the Wasteland, too, especially the fertile country around the banks of the Reik. One can still see the artificial hills of old motte-and-bailey forts, some maintained as places of refuge to this day. Small towns and villages were founded on the Tumble Downs, of which Aarnau is the largest and oldest. None survived any of the few attempts made to settle the Bitter Moors, Almshoven being the last to die. After the first few centuries, these attempts at colonisation were half-hearted at best, a bone thrown to disaffected factions or young nobles who "wanted land, not fish!" Even in these early days, Marienburg was not only the chief city of the Wasteland, it *was* the Wasteland.

The next time the city enters history with any certainty is in the Chronicles of the Venerable Ottokar, an early Grand Theogonist of the cult of Sigmar. The unknown scribe records Ottokar's blessings on the efforts of Emperor Sigismund II "the Conqueror" to extend the domains of "the unity of Divine Sigmar". While the Chronicle concentrates on wars to the south and east, it makes brief mention of a campaign against the "barbarians of the Reik's mouth" in the spring and summer of 501.

Mustering a great army, Sigismund is said to have swept aside the resistance of the Jutones and received the submission of their King, Bram. The chronicler praises the wisdom and generosity of the Emperor, for "he nyther razed their Cytadel nor reduced them to chattel, but rather loved them as Prodygal Children, making theyr Kynge a Baron and Vassal of the Empire, and naming the new province 'Weysterland'. And so he shewed His Love for all the Children of Sigmar."

Two key factors shaped Marienburg's early history: the people's growing love of the sea and their contacts, violent and commercial, with the Norse. The Manaanspoort Sea was Marienburg's gold mine - its seemingly inexhaustible supply of fish provided a large surplus that was salted and exported to the growing towns and cities of the interior, while the King of Jutonsryk (and, later, the Barons of Westerland) enjoyed a monopoly on the production and export of salt. In fact, the salt trade was so profitable that the earliest Imperial laws against smuggling were devoted to it. The penalty for salt-smuggling was imprisonment for life in the dungeons of the Baron.

But bright gold often draws greedy eyes. Across the Sea of Claws the Norscan jarls saw the gathering wealth to the south and decided that taking it all at once would be more profitable than trading for it with amber and furs. It was in 632 I.C. that the first raiders appeared, their dragon-headed longboats bringing terror to the coasts of the Old World.

In the library of the Temple of Verena, an ancient diary records the fear the Norscan raids inspired: "Merciful Shallya," pleaded the unknown writer, "spare us the fury of the Norscans!" Mercy was apparently in short supply, since this year also saw the first sacking and burning of Marienburg, something than would happen three more times over the next 1200 years.

Not that the Marienburgers took it quietly. From studying captured longboats they learned how to built their own open-ocean craft and tried time and again to fight the attackers on their own ground. Sometimes they succeeded, sometimes they didn't. When they didn't, the Barons would agree to some onerous tribute, usually gold, in return for peace - at least until the next time the jarls wanted more. When it did work, treaties would be signed that provided for trade instead of tribute, the Marienburgers always seeking to bind the Norscans with luxury imports they could obtain more easily than by risking lives in a war.

All this bound Marienburg's inhabitants more closely to the sea. With their new-found confidence, they explored the coasts of the Old World, making contact and trading with the cities and towns of Bretonnia, Estalia and Tilea. They even crossed the Sea of Claws to sign treaties of commerce with the ports of Albion, and ventured far to the south to bring back silks and spices from the distant lands of Araby and Ind.

At first, trade was run by the noble families of the Wasteland, who were traditionally close to their people and not above working side-by-side with their villeins. But, along with Imperial fashion, Imperial attitudes took hold among the Wasteland's nobles, who began to sniff at commerce and leave it to the common folk.

It was an unwise move. The new merchants took up the slack with such gusto that successful trading houses soon began to rival the nobles in terms of wealth, even becoming the creditors of those that had fallen on hard times.

By the Age of the Three Emperors, the influence of the middle class and its entrepreneurs had grown to the point that they could demand and get seats on the Baron's advisory council, the Stadsraad, which had formerly been restricted to the clergy and the nobility. They pointed to their role in organising popular resistance against the Bretonnian occupiers while the Baron and his nobles were trapped within Rijker's.

At first, Baron Roelandius van Buik refused absolutely: 'Admit commoners to governance and you might as well give Chaos the keys to the Old World!" He saw the light, however, after the Merchants' Association revealed several past-due loans



against the homes of the nobility, including the Baron's new palace, that would sadly have to be foreclosed upon. Not relishing the thought of moving back to the draughty castle on Rijker's, nor of being stuck there again with his dispossessed noble chums, Baron van Buik relented in return for a renegotiation of the loans.

The real turning-point in Marienburg's history came in 2150 I.C., when a strange ship was sighted approaching the Manaanspoort Zee. While not obviously hostile, its alien design prompted Baron Matteus van Hoogmans to despatch four ships of his own to make contact and discover the newcomer's intent. Within a day caution had turned to joy as the clipper *Lughsoll-Siaisullainn* - 'Jewel-gleam of Sunlight on Wavefoam' - sailed into Marienburg harbour with the four carracks as escort, firing their cannons in salute. The Sea Elves had returned to their ancient port.

Having the chance of a lifetime fall into his lap like a ripe apple, Baron van Hoogmans immediately opened negotiations with the Sea Elf Wavemaster, Sullandiel Fartrader. A team of negotiators comprising the Baron himself, the chief priest of Haendryk and the heads of the great merchant houses worked for two hard weeks with the captain and officers of the *Lughsoll*. The result was the Treaty of Amity and Commerce:

"- Be it known among all peoples for all time: that the Merchant Houses of Westerland are named the exclusive agents of the Elfs of Ulthuan for all goods of the New World brought to the Old.
- that the Elfs of Ulthuan agree to provide aid both military and magical to this Barony of Westerland in time of war.
- that the Elfs of Ulthuan shall be Our exclusive agents for the sale of the goods of the Old World in the New.
- that, in return for such considerations, We, Baron Matteus van Hoogmans of Westerland, Baron of Marienburg, First Sea Lord of the Empire, etc., etc., do grant to the High King of Ulthuan perpetual sovereignty over the islands of Geldern, Zeeburg, Oranjekoft, Rijksgebouw, Vlotshuis and Westerleer, there to build houses for His people and a harbour for His ships, for so long as the terms of this treaty are kept.
-All this is done on the 17th day of Erntezeit, I.C. 2150, under the benevolent witness of Manaan, Sigmar and Haendryk."

With this coup, Marienburg made fast its claim to be the premier port in the Old World.

Crisis came to Marienburg, as it did for the entire world, during the Incursion of Chaos in 2301 I.C. The last Baron of Westerland, Paulus van der Maacht, died without heir while serving in Magnus the Pious's army in Kislev. Almost as soon as the war was over, Emperor Magnus was besieged by claims to the province and its vast wealth. The ruling families of both Talabecland and Nordland had reasonable claims, but literally hundreds of petitions flooded the Imperial Palace from noble families across the Empire who sought the office. Lawyers and genealogists worked overtime to produce connections to the House of van der Maacht, no matter how tenuous. More disquieting were the reports from spies that several of the Empire's electoral provinces had begun to secretly gather armies.

Magnus saw the clanger: should any of the great noble families feel slighted, the resulting animosities could rekindle the civil wars he had so recently ended. It was late one spring night that Magnus received yet another deputation, not from an Imperial noble, but a committee representing the wealthiest merchants of Marienburg, bearing a proposal.

Their scheme was simple yet daring: rather than risk renewed fighting by choosing one noble house over another, Magnus could refuse to appoint anyone and instead let Marienburg be governed by a directorate comprising the greatest of its Merchant Houses and temples. Business would go on as it always had - taxes would be collected, trade goods would flow into and out of the Empire, and Imperial peace and unity would be preserved.

The Emperor, according to legend, prayed hard for several days and nights. In the end, he agreed and declared the Barony ceased, renaming it the Province of Westerland and placing the merchants in charge. All seemed to be in order, and things ran so smoothly that subsequent Emperors came to take Marienburg for granted and largely forgot about it.

Whether it was part of a grand plan on the part of Marienburg's plutocrats or simply a canny sense of the opportunities that came their way, over the next century the Directorate concentrated more and more power in their hands, loosening the ties that bound them to the Empire. First, the Merchant Houses gained the right to arm and maintain large private militias, ostensibly to deal with the pirates of Reavers' Point. After the successful campaigns of 2378, this right was made permanent and the Imperial garrison was withdrawn.

Playing on that success, the Directorate offered to take over the maintenance and operations of the Imperial Second Fleet, which had been stationed in Marienburg for over a thousand years. The financially strapped Emperor Leopold was only too happy to agree, freeing the funds he needed to fight wars to the east and put down revolts at home. Content to leave the defence of Westerland to its helpful burghers, Leopold swiftly disbanded the Second Fleet. Not surprisingly, its ships and sailors quickly found their way into the private forces of the Merchant Houses.

Finally, the Directors appointed their own excise service in 2399 I.C. to see to the efficient collection of taxes and tariffs and control of smugglers. Every penny was neatly counted and tallied before it reached the Imperial Legation, while the Marienburg excise men proved themselves skilled at catching smugglers. Some said at the time that the innocent people were framed when no real smugglers could be found, just to make things look good. A grateful government in Altdorf allowed the Imperial Excise Service in Marienburg to wither until it did little more than receive the Directorate's payments.

The final break with the Empire came at the end of the reign of Emperor Dieter IV, last of the Unfahigers, who imposed heavy taxes on beer and sausages to prosecute his invasion of the Border Princedoms. In the chaos caused by revolts against the taxes and Dieter's deposition in favour of Grand Prince Wilhelm of the Reikland, the Directorate seized the moment and had the Stadsraad declare Westerland's independence.

The newly made Emperor Wilhelm III did not take the news quietly. He sent three expeditions against Marienburg. All three were defeated, and the last resulted in the surrender of the Imperial Army at the so-called Battle of the Grootscher Marsh. This also revealed the ties between the Directorate and the Sea Elves, whose wizards were decisive in the final campaign.

With threats on all sides, Wilhelm acceded to the inevitable and recognized the independence of what was now proudly calling itself the 'Wasteland'. With the treaty of 20 Kaldezeit 2429, Marienburg was free to chart its course in the world.

COMPETITION

With conquest impractical, the nobles and wealthy merchants of the Empire have often tried to break Marienburg's stranglehold on trade. Many tried to find an overland route through the mountains to Tilea, but Ores, bandits and bad weather make the risks too great. The most ambitious attempt came in the reign of Wilhelm II 'the Wise', when the electors of Middenheim, Ostland, Nordland and Hochland financed a wild scheme proposed by Jens-Peter Riemanns of Wolfenburg.

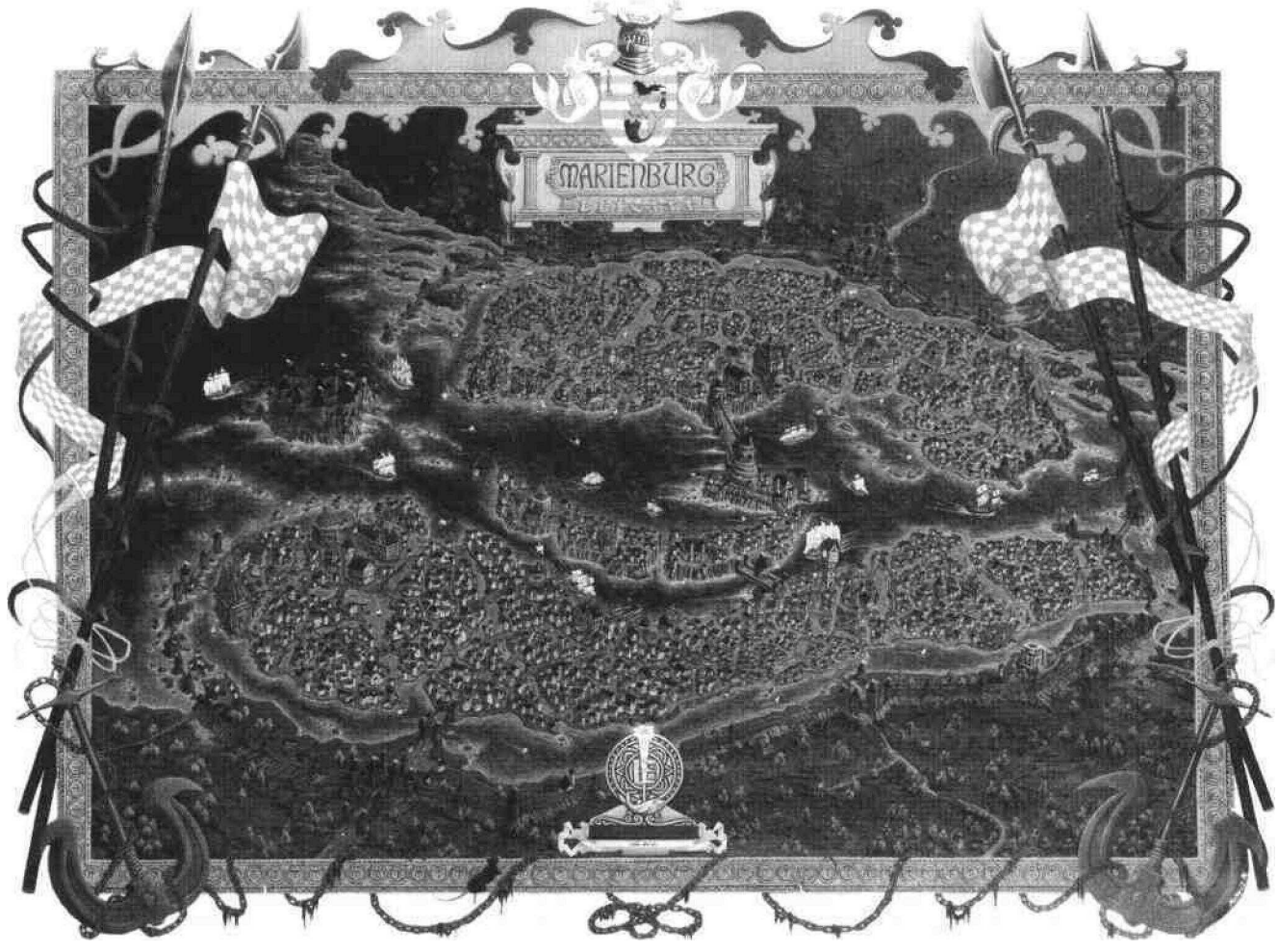
Riemanns convinced the grandees to finance two new ports along the Empire's bleak north coast and to pay for the building of five trading ships for each. In return for letting Riemanns' newly chartered Societas Mercatoria Septentrionalis ('Northern Mercantile Society') run the new ports, the rulers of each province would get a cut of the profits in taxes, and their merchants would get their goods to sea more quickly on ships bypassing Marienburg. Visions of stealing the trade of the entire eastern Empire and Kislev danced in their heads.

It was with great fanfare that the ports of Neue Emskrank in Nordland and Salkalten in Ostland opened in the spring of 2462 IC. With musicians playing and priests laying blessings on the ships, their captains and crews set sail, full of confidence that the world's wealth was theirs for the taking.

The dream lasted a year.

Three ships never came back: one was rumoured to have struck out for the Great Southlands Gold Rush of 2463. The paved roads connecting the ports to Salzenmund, Wolfenburg and points beyond were never finished - without good roads and armed protection, few merchants were willing to risk trips through the forests when they could sell their goods to riverman bound for Marienburg. Worst of all, Riemanns and his backers underestimated how far the Directorate would go to protect their business. Using their considerable personal fortunes, the Ten sold so low and bought so high that they lost money on every deal they made in the East for five years.

But their gambit worked: after a few years of declining traffic and almost no profits, the electors revoked the Society's charter. The ports were assigned minor nobles to govern them and have since declined into obscure backwaters. Riemanns spent five years in a Salzenmund prison for incompetence and, after his release, was never heard of again.





TIMELINE

-4,550 Elves establish fortress of Sith Rionnasc'namishathir at the mouth of the Reik.

-4,500 Coming of Chaos.

-4,119 Elves and Dwarfs combine armies and drive the last remnants of Chaos from the Old World.

-2,839 Pledge of friendship between Dwarfs and Elves. The sea wall, Vloedmuur, is built by the Dwarfs.

-1,997 The 400-year War of Vengeance begins between Elves and Dwarfs.

-1,502 Sith Rionnasc'namishathir falls to the Dwarfs after a long siege. Fortress is *razed* to the ground.

-1,501 Elves withdraw from Old World, leaving isolated colonies in the deep woodlands (the largest in the Loren and Laurelorn Forests).

-20 After his defeat by the Teutognens, Marius receives a vision from Olovald to lead his people the Jutones west from Nordland. There Marius the Fen Wolf, the first King of Jutonsryk, begins 10-year campaign to rid the Reik marshes of marauding bands of Fimir.

-10 Marius comes upon the ruins of Sith Rionnasc' namishathir and founds Marienburg at that site. Begins construction of Rijker's Isle fortress.

501 Independent Marienburg absorbed by Empire during reign of Emperor Sigismund II, the Conqueror. The King of the Jutones becomes an Imperial noble, the Baron of Westerland.

632 Norscan raids commence. Marienburg sacked for the first time.

765 Barony of Westerland and Norscans conclude treaty ending the latter's raiding at the Althing of Traktatsey.

936 Marriage of Maud du Goiscin, daughter of Duke Simon Beaumanoir of Moussillon, to Arnout van Daalen, heir to the Barony, cementing an alliance against L'Anguille.

1,087 Marienburg concludes treaty with the eastern kingdoms of Albion.

1,102 Council of Marienburg. Cult of Manaan declares Olovald "not a god, a servant of Manaan". Cults are merged; history is rewritten to make Manaan the patron deity.

1,109 Norscans resume raiding. Marienburg sacked and occupied by army of Snorri Half-hand, who proclaims himself Jarl of Vestland. Barons of Westerland hold out in Rijker's Isle.

1,110 Devastating outbreak of Black Plague begins in the Empire and spreads throughout the Old World over the next five years.

1,111 Norscans abandon Marienburg.

1,152 Inconclusive Electoral Council starts the 200-year Age of Wars. Westerland ignored by the rest of the Imperial Provinces.

1,360 Start of the Imperial Civil Wars. Defenceless Marienburg sacked for third time.

1,547 Age of the Three Emperors begins.

1,550 Steady disintegration of Empire over next 430 years sees increase in the number of Daemonologists and Necromancers, as well as proliferation of secret Chaos worship.

1,597 Marienburg seized by Bretonnian army under Duc de L'Anguille. Five-year occupation ends when army under Grand Duke of Middenland approaches city. Occupation army severely harassed over five years by Marienburgers.

1,604 Baron van Buik grants seats on City Council to merchants and ship-owners. Beginning of democratic government in Marienburg.

1,850 Norscan raids along the coast of the Sea of Claws resume. City sacked for the fourth and last time.

1,980 "Wizards' War" reaches Marienburg from Middenheim. Dark Ages spread as central authority collapses in the Empire for the next 230 years.

1,991 "Wizards' War" ends in the banishment or execution of a number of Daemonologists and Necromancers.

1,993 Religious pressures bring a bloody repression of sorcery in the Old World. Marienburg wizards are given protection by the Fraternal Order of Burgomeisters (precursors to the Wasteland Export-Import Exchange).

2,000 Old Worlders discover the Elf Lands, and are denied access by the Elves.

2,150 Sea Elves return to Old World. Marienburg signs treaty granting them exclusive trading rights with Sea Elves. Sea Elves return to a portion of Sith Rionnasc fortress.

2,301 Incursion of Chaos.

2,302 Magnus the Pious appears in Nuln and unites the Empire. Paulus van der Maacht, last Baron of Westerland, dies in battle against Chaos.

2,305 Emperor Magnus the Pious decrees the cessation of the Barony and formally establishes the Province of Westerland. An appointed Council drawn from the burghers of Marienburg is installed to govern the Imperial province.

2,378 Merchant fleets and militia from Marienburg conduct a highly successful campaign against pirates.

2,391 Two days of riots result from Elves arresting a Human in the Suiddock and dragging him off to Elftown. Many Elves lynched before tempers are calmed.

2,402 Discovery of Lustria.

2,403 First traders return from Lustria.

2,421 Discovery of the New Coast.

2,423 First traders return from the New Coast; Ivory Sea-Route established.

2,429 Marienburg City Council declares the Wasteland's secession from the Empire. Battle of Grootscher Marsh deals decisive blow to Imperial designs. Emperor Wilhelm III recognises the Wasteland's independence.

2,448 A harsh winter is followed by spring floods, putting nearly half of Marienburg underwater. Vloedmuur defences are extended and the drainage system improved. Dwarfen magic and engineering are used to control the flow of water through the various channels.

2,449 Rioting spreads from the Suiddock throughout the city in response to anti-Labour Guild laws passed by the City Council at the behest of the Export-Import Exchange (the 'Change). Scores perish before the two sides agree to rescind the offending laws and limit strikes.

2,463 Gold discovered in the hills around the New Coast. Southlands Gold Rush begins.

2475 Lustrian trade develops, trade with the Southlands, Nippon, Cathay and Araby continues to bring in wealth.

2,502 Karl-Franz elected Emperor of the Empire. Marienburg Directorate denies bribing Elector-Counts.

"The nature of Marienburg's situation, sailing between the rocks of the Empire and Bretonnia, dictates that we favour neither; so we treat all nations equally, without preference. We are neutral, but - Ob! - it is a splendid neutrality!"
- member of the Stadsraad Foreign Affairs Committee

"Tailing Bretonnian spies is easy: they always douse themselves with lavender water to cover their stink."
- Fog-Walker veteran to a new recruit

"Why spend a dozen soldiers when a dozen guilders will do as well?"
- priest of Haendryk

DIPLOMACY

FOREIGN RELATIONS AND TRADE

Marienburg is like an acrobat on a tightrope, constantly balancing a dozen spinning dishes on a pole while trying not to fall into a pool of sharks. Should her leaders overbalance one way or another, the whole act would collapse and she would be eaten alive by one or another of her powerful neighbours. So far, the Directorate has shown itself to be a master of the high wire.

Marienburg lacks obvious sources of wealth: no gold or silver mines, no fertile farmlands, no sources of gems or timber. Fish alone do not make a great power, and in fact the city imports much of its food. What it does have, however, is position: Marienburg sits astride the only reliable access to the Old World's interior - the Reik and its tributaries. Overland paths are too dangerous. The mountains have few good passes, and these, when not blocked by bad weather and landslides, are haunted by bandits, goblins and worse. And should these routes be open, there are still onerous taxes and levies. The risks are so high that it is cheaper to move a cargo of rare Estalian saffron from Magritta to Talabheim via Marienburg and the Reik than it is to go overland across Bretonnia and the Grey Mountains.

Even for goods going to and coming from Kislev and the East, the river route through Marienburg is still the preferred one. Erengrad is too distant for most, its harbour is choked with ice for nearly half the year, and the moods of the Sea of Claws make most captains happy to stop at the Reik's mouth. The occasional Chaos ship in the eastern seas is another incentive to stick to the rivers. The sporadic attempts by the rulers of Middenland, Nordland and Middenheim to compete with Marienburg by founding ports on the north coast have never met with any real success, and these towns languish almost unused and nearly forgotten.

Marienburg has a choke-hold over the most important trade routes in the Old World, and that has made the city and its rulers very wealthy indeed. The ten families that comprise most of the Directorate are not only rich through trade: in recent centuries they have become the bankers to the rest of the Old World. When the Tsar of Kislev, for example, wanted to raise an army to clear the goblinoids from the Belyevorota Pass, he had two choices: raise taxes or borrow the money. Faced with the prospect of a peasant revolt, he instead floated a loan with the House of van de Kuypers large enough to pay for the entire campaign.

The Directorate has never been shy about using the influence its wealth and position gives it. During the revolt against the Empire, it imposed a blockade on all traffic through the Reik's mouth. Tremendous pressure from the Imperial middle classes and nobility to get trade moving again played a large part in Wilhelm Ill's decision to recognize Marienburg's independence. And the previous King of Bretonnia, Henri 'l'Unredi', found his ultimatum to be toothless when, after he ordered the raising of an army to invade the Wasteland, he discovered that the Directorate had already hired all the available mercenaries.

Not that Marienburg relies solely on money to protect herself. Mercenaries, mostly from Tilea, Kislev and Norsca, supplement the city's watch and levies on the rare occasions that they have to take the field. The Great Houses have provided ships for the suppression of piracy and the protection of Marienburg's far-flung interests since the 24th century, manning them with well-trained marines who are, in truth, each family's private army. Beyond that, the ships, marines and sailors of the Temple of Manaan and the Elf Quarter constitute an elite reserve for times of emergency. Outsiders may think the Marienburgers are soft from easy living, but behind the decadent face lie the teeth of sharks.

But war costs money, and humiliating your opponents time and again makes them eager for revenge. Marienburg's government always prefers quiet diplomacy, making people see that the *status quo* is in their best interests. Combined with the occasional well-placed gift, this policy has been very effective.

BRETONNIA

Bretonnia would give anything to annex the Wasteland. Her rulers drool at the thought of controlling Marienburg's vast wealth, while the mere idea of gaining control over the Empire's trade is enough to make King Charles and his courtiers giddy with desire. Since the time of Guillaume Barbenoire over a thousand years ago, Bretonnian kings have claimed the Wasteland as their country's "natural frontier". They danced for joy when Marienburg won its freedom, both for Emperor Wilhelm's humiliation and for the prospect of annexing the area later. They're still waiting for the latter.

In the meantime, the King sponsors espionage and subversion in Marienburg both to bring her under Bretonnian influence and to foil Imperial attempts to regain control. Through 'Le Maitre de le Chambre Noire', the anonymous bureaucrat who heads King Charles's intelligence service, Bretonnia pays for

"Our spies have subverted many of the Directors. It is only a matter of time before the city votes her submission to Our Royal Self and We control the Reik's mouth. Then those fools in Altdorf shall bend the knee to us! Butfirst, a game of croquet." - King Charles de la Tete d'Or of Bretonnia

spies, agitators, saboteurs and assassins. Wild speculation among Marienburg gourmands has laid the recent murder of the popular Halfling chef, Willy Greenbriar, at the feet of the Bretonnians, who may have thought he was an Imperial agent. (He was found roasting in his own pan with an apple in his mouth and basted with raisin sauce. Raisin sauce is a favourite of King Charles.)

The ports of Bretonnia want to see Marienburg humbled too. L'Anguille harbours an ancient rivalry verging on obsession: her royally appointed governors have long envied the favour shown to Marienburg by the Sea Elves - after all, was not the Great Tower built in their city? Though L'Anguillois merchants have tried to tell the governors that high tariffs drive ships to Marienburg, the Royal Position is that the Wastelanders have done it through bribes and other corruption. Rumour has it that L'Anguille's leaders are behind much of the piracy that afflicts Marienburg traffic.

On the other side of the guilder, the port of Brionne enjoys a brisk trade with Marienburg. True to its nickname of the 'Thieves' City', most of this trade is "under the counter" - smuggling of one sort or another. While publicly condemning Marienburg for unfair trade practices, the Governor and leading merchants make handsome profits by laundering goods stolen from the ships of Marienburg's rivals by wrecking and piracy. It's an open secret in Brionne that some of Marienburg's merchant houses are active, if clandestine, sponsors of this practice. There are even rumours that the Brionnese are go-betweens in the body-trade, their activities hiding any evidence of the involvement of Marienburg's elite in the sale of sacrifices and slaves.

THE EMPIRE

On the wall of the sacristy in the Cathedral of Sigmar in Altdorf is a map of the Empire, graven in stone and set with gems, lapis lazuli and mother-of-pearl. Before each service the Grand Theogonist and his priests bow before the map and say a prayer that commits them to preserving the Empire's unity. And each time they say this prayer, they are reminded of their failure to keep their oath, for the map shows a province that no longer exists. Westerland has become the Wasteland, the only province of the Empire to successfully break away and defy the Unity of Sigmar.

The Imperial nobility acts as if Marienburg were still a part of the Empire. The Emperors have frequently claimed to be the protectors of the Wasteland, though really they're only concerned that King Charles and his toadies do nothing more ambitious than upstage each other in tournaments. The idea that the Oisillon Palace might gain control of the Reik's mouth is a nightmare for the Empire. The last time it happened, when an army under the Duc de L'Anguille seized Marienburg and occupied it, the resulting blockade throttled the Imperial economy and deepened the chaos of the Age of Three Emperors. Altdorf has made it clear that a Bretonnian invasion of the Wasteland would mean war with the Empire.

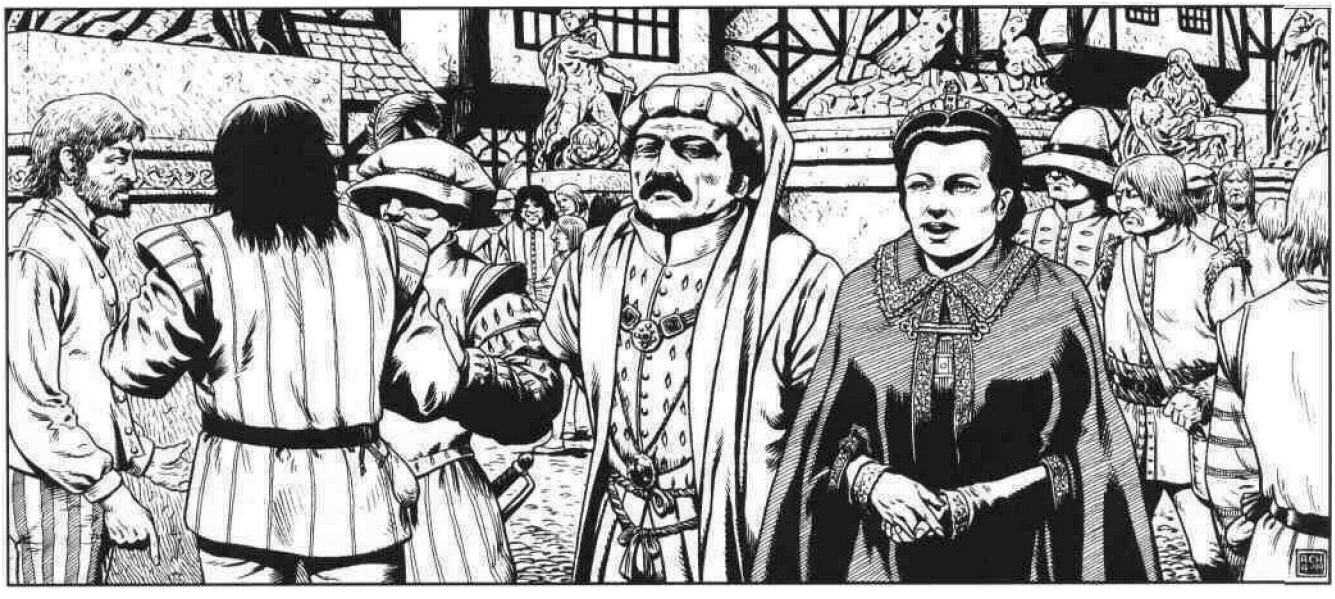
> *"Treaty or not, Westerland is still an Imperial Province, albeit one in rebellion. While We could reclaim it at any time, We simply have more pressing matters at the moment. We advise Our Colleague of Bretonnia to forget his games of conquest and instead play croquet."*
> - Emperor Karl Franz II to the Bretonnian ambassador

While Emperors have occasionally thought of reconquering the Wasteland, often at the urging of an aggressive Grand Theogonist, they've quickly put the idea aside as ridiculous. War would mean another blockade, and the merchant houses of Marienburg are often a source of loans for the Emperor when the electors refuse him more taxes. A failed attempt would only anger his creditors and weaken his position.

Looked at rationally, the situation is not at all bad for the Empire. The Directors are just as firm as Altdorf in keeping Bretonnia at bay, and are equally scrupulous in maintaining the free movement of trade along the Reik. Though taxes no longer flow to the Imperial coffers from Marienburg, excise revenues make up for the loss. Still, the Imperial intelligence services maintains several agents in Marienburg. Their main mission is to foil the schemes of the Bretonnian 'Chambre Noire' and provide the Empire with information about the Directorate's plans.

Many of the Great Provinces of the Empire maintain their own relations with Marienburg, both commercial and diplomatic. Seeing themselves as the equal of the Emperor, the electors refuse to let Karl-Franz II speak for them in the Staadtholder's Palace. The Electors of Talabheim and Middenland have full consulates in Marienburg and almost all the others, at one time or another, have sought to raise money there. Court gossips in several provincial capitals have clucked their tongues in pity over the foolishness of the Grand Prince of Ostland. It's rumoured that the recent large loan he obtained was secured with the deed to his cas-

> *"It's plainer than that wart on your nose, Otto! The Wastelanders bribed someone at Court into banning Bretonnian brandy. They can make far more by smuggling it in. Just like them to create a scarcity and then jack up the price. And all we can do is take it and smile politely."*
> - Bogenhafen merchant



tle outside Wolfenburg, and a joke making the rounds claims he has a new title: Chamberlain of Schloss Fish.

ULTHUAN

This is Marienburg's key alliance. If the Wasteland is an acrobat on a tightrope, and if the Empire and Bretonnia are the jaws of death on either side, then the treaty with the High Elven Kingdom of Ulthuan is the balance pole that keeps her on the high wire. Few are willing to risk a war with the power of the Elves. Not only must would-be conquerors worry about the Sea Elves and their marines and wizards, but what influence does Ulthuan have over the Wood Elves of the Loren and Laurelorn Forests? For 400 years, this alliance has been the city's ace-in-the-hole, to be laid on the table in moments of crisis.

When the Treaty of Amity and Commerce was signed in 2150 I.C., both Marienburg and the Sea Elves were at pains to assure Imperial officials that the agreement was meant to preserve the unity of the Empire. In fact, when the House of van der Maacht failed during the Incursions of Chaos and the Counts of Moussillon claimed the throne, Sea Elf squadrons appeared off Bretonnian ports as if to remind King Pierre III "Le Flatulant" of the price of adventure. To the disgust of his nobles, King Pierre was satisfied merely to gather his army and make noises along the border.

But no one outside the innermost circle of power in Marienburg knew about the secret protocols that bound the Elves to defend Marienburg against all attackers. It became painfully clear, though, after the defeat of the Imperial Army of the Lower Reik when Count Zelt was forced to surrender his sword to a Sea Elf wizard before a combined force of Wastelander militia and Sea Elf Marines. Whatever their reasons, the High Elf Kingdom of Ulthuan has committed itself to the defence of Marienburg.

Marienburg gets solid benefits from its relationship with Ulthuan besides military protection. The Treaty also secures her predominant role in New World trade. Ever since Erik the Lost found the New World in 2000 IC., explorations from the Old World have grown more frequent. As Old Worlders grew more confident sailing the deep ocean, they sent more and more ships to trade and raid the natives there. They also sent colonists, who would send goods back only on the ships of their own lands.

While preaching free trade, the arrival of the Sea Elves gave Marienburg a golden opportunity to grab the most profitable business for themselves. The Elves have contacts in the New World that give them access to the most precious goods in quantities far higher than Old Worlders can find on their own, and these rarities can only be sold through Marienburg. If a grandee of Bilbali wants the finest Lustrian sapphires for his lady's new necklace, then he has to send to the Wasteland for them.

The relationship isn't at all one-sided. While Marienburg isn't required (so far as anyone knows) to give the Elves military aid, goods sent from Marienburg to the New World must travel on Sea Elf clippers. Given Marienburg's place as the commercial capital of the Old World and its near choke-hold over exports from the Empire and the East, Ulthuan has made a fabulous amount of money from the deal. Their regular patrols of the sea lanes between the two continents makes smuggling difficult, as does their habit of sinking all ships carrying contraband, seizing the goods, and then selling them through Marienburg. It also lets Ulthuan control all access to the New World. What they don't want the Old Worlders to find there is anyone's guess.

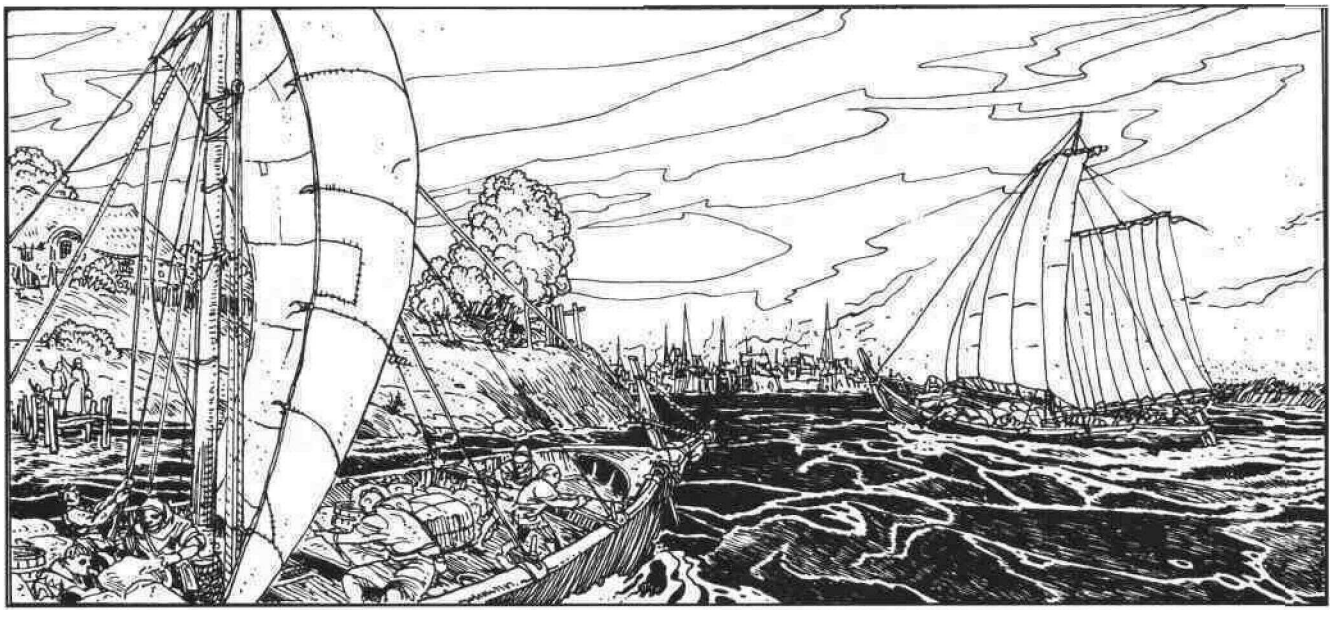
There are political benefits for the High Elf Kingdom, too. The re-establishment of Sith Rionnasc gives them a window onto the affairs of the Old World, letting them keep a close watch on developments there. Though long separated from their kin in the Loren and Laurelorn forests, the High Elves, through the Sea Elf Exarch in Sith Rionnasc, have established themselves as patrons and protectors of their continental cousins. When the Grand Duke of Middenland a few years ago began to gather troops to enforce his claim to the right to farm portions of Laurelorn, a quiet word from Sith Rionnasc was enough to put the matter to rest. Whether the Wood Elves appreciate this concern is another matter.

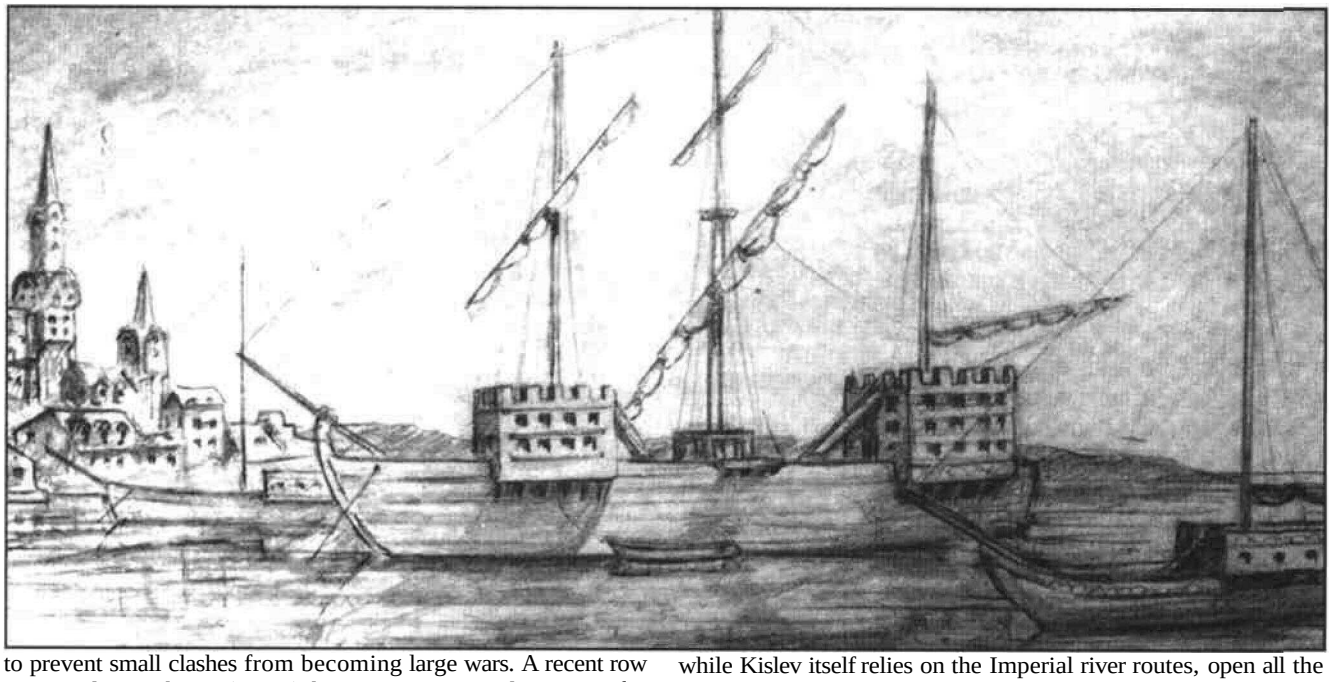
OTHER COUNTRIES

TILEA

Marienburg maintains good relations with the Tilean city states, seeing them as trading and banking partners. Rather than trying to dominate the trade on the Southern Sea itself, Marienburg lets Tilean ships and Tilean agents handle its goods, in the employ of the merchant houses. The Great Families of Marienburg and the ruling houses of the city states regularly exchange letters of credit to support their commercial activities.

True to its professed policy of neutrality, Marienburg shows no favouritism towards any of the Tilean realms, not even for its biggest partners, Miragliano and Remas. The Directorate has, in fact, used its influence to moderate disputes between the cities to try





to prevent small clashes from becoming large wars. A recent row over 'trade poaching' (piracy) between Remas and Luccini, for example, was recently soothed over by the 'carriage diplomacy' of Henryk von Kissingen, an expatriate Imperial who has put his considerable intellect at Marienburg's service.

ESTALIA

On the theory that 'the friend of my enemy had better be watched', the Estalian Kingdoms are cool towards Marienburg, irritated with the Wasteland for its closeness to their Tilean rivals and its near monopoly of the lucrative New World trade. Bilbali in particular feels the pressure from its northern rival - its ships have often been victims of Brionnese piracy, and its rulers are certain that many of the stolen goods are destined for Marienburg.

In recent years the merchants and ship-captains of Bilbali have placed great pressure on their ruler, Queen Juana la Roja, to do something - anything - about the danger they face. Rumour has it that the Queen is considering a strike against Brionne or licensing privateers to attack Marienburg's shipping, while Bilbali ships have become more active in the New World, smuggling and raiding, with the consequent risk of conflict with the Elves.

MAGRITTA

Magritta is more tolerant of its difficulties with Marienburg, perhaps because it too is dominated by merchants who understand that business is business. Most of Magritta's trade comes from the Arabian caliphates and the South Lands routes to Ind and Cathay, so much of their business is complementary to that of Marienburg, and Magrittan ships frequently visit the city. But the Magrittans are unhappy with the Directorate's relations with the Doges and Counsellors of Tilea. Given their clashes with Tilean vessels over trading rights in the Southern Sea, the financial aid given to their enemies by the Houses of Marienburg rankles. Should the shipowners' faction gain control over the puppet King Carlos DC, then relations with Marienburg could take a turn for the worse.

KISLEV

Kislev is far from Marienburg and has little sea trade to speak of. The ships from Erengrad rarely venture farther than Marienburg itself, and Kislevites are renowned as clumsy sailors prone to getting lost the moment they go out of sight from the shore. Other nations' vessels carry far more of the Erengrad traffic, such as it is, while Kislev itself relies on the Imperial river routes, open all the year, to bring them the imports they need.Of far greater concern to Tsar Radii Bokha and his boyars, though, are the threats they face from the Chaos Wastes to the North, the Hobgoblin and Human nomads to the East, and the dangers of rebellion at home.

In constant need of soldiers, the Tsar's government spends a fortune raising native elite troops and hiring mercenaries. With his people already stretched to the limit by taxes, the Tsar has recently floated large loans on the Marienburg Export-Import Exchange. In particular, Jaan van de Kuypers, head of the most powerful family on the Directorate, holds several Kislevan promissory notes. His influence with the Tsar is so great that he has become Kislev's *de facto* ambassador in Marienburg.

NORSCA

Norsca was once Marienburg's enemy, the city's riches catching the greedy eyes of the jarls and kings. But the rulers of the Wasteland kept plying the Norscan with the benefits of trade, and convincing them that others made better targets, and now no Norscan city lacks a Wastelander-run trading hall. The kings of southern and eastern Norsca and the jarls of the north all appreciate the ease with which the finer things reach them, and the profits that their own goods make in Marienburg.

Norscan sailors often work aboard Wastelander ships and a company of High King Svein's bodyguards serve as Templars at the Cathedral of Manaan, while a Rothemuur agent manages the Royal Trading Hall in Svein's capital of Olricstaad. This is fine by the Norscans, for there are plenty of other people to fight.

ARABY

Marienburg but does not dominate trade in Araby as it does in the New World, Empire and Norsca, mostly because of the closed, suspicious nature of Arabyan society. The emirs, sheikhs and caliphs distrust Marienburg's "government by usury" and fear that foreign sailors' talk of "ruling themselves" might seduce their own people. Consequently, outlanders are restricted to walled foreign quarters, beyond which Old Worlders venture at their own risk.

On the other hand, adventurous Arabian traders regularly sail their dhows to the Wasteland, knowing that they'll find ready buyers for their silks, spices and oils. Over the centuries a small but thriving Arabyan community has grown in Marienburg, some families having been there for generations.

"Do not punish a greedy child. Train him to be a merchant. Greed is the root of ownership."
- Lea Jan Cobbius, explaining the chief lesson Marienburgers learn from the Great Houses

"The business of Marienburg is business."
— Director Jaan van de Kuypers

"Of course they should be Directors! Their very success shows they have Heendryk's favour. What's good for them is good for Marienburg."
- priest of Haendryk answering a student radical

POLITICS

GOVERNMENT

Marienburg is so different from the rest of the Old World in its culture that it is unsurprising its government is different as well. Since the passing of the Barons of Westerland, it has had no royalty: no kings, no princes, no dukes - not even an odd baronet or two to form a proper government. Needing something to describe themselves to others, the scholars of Baron Henryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magicks recently coined the term 'democracy', meaning 'rule by the masses'. Marienburgers are proud to say that they make their own laws, and see themselves and their city as shining examples of how good things can be. "Let each man have his say, let each tend to his own business, and it'll be clear sailing for all", according to a Wastelander proverb.

That's how the visitors' bureau says it's supposed to work, at least. The truth, as always, is somewhere else, and it's far darker than the "thousand lamplights" Staadtholder Buusch liked to brag about. While Marienburgers enjoy more social mobility than their Imperial cousins, the city is dominated by a clique of the wealthiest of the wealthy, governing from the smoke-filled lounges of the Export-Import Exchange with no more regard for the common man than a kennel owner has for his dogs. While a haughty matriarch sips cold Norscan *akavit*



and stuffs herself with Kislevan caviar in Goudberg, families starve in tiny rooms in Suiddock. And in between are all the factions, people who've gathered together to protect people like themselves from people who aren't, all aiming to climb another step up the ladder towards riches.

STADSRAAD

The Stadsraad is the building occupied by the two houses of the Wasteland's parliament, in the Paleisbuurt district (see p. 120). The upper house is the Rijkskamer, a sleepy body comprising all the priests of the recognized cults, the deans of the university and the few of the old nobility that remain. The Staadtholder presides over it on the rare occasions that it meets. The lower house is the Burgerhof, a rowdy chamber in which are represented all the city's guilds and aldermen elected by the householders of the city's wards and the major Wasteland towns. It meets more frequently, and its sessions are marked by sharp debates and even fist-fights. The Burgerhof's leader is Speaker Nieut Gyngrijk (see p.121), a firebrand demagogue especially popular with the working classes. A skilled political manoeuvrer, he is adept at manipulating the various factions to get what he wants.

Though it has the authority to pass laws, conduct investigations and set Wasteland policy, the Stadsraad is really just a glorified debating society whose true role is to approve decisions already made by the Directorate. Many of its law-making powers have been passed to the guilds, who make regulations concerning their own trades. Even when it issues formal "instructions" to the Staadtholder and the Directors, the crucial decisions have already been made behind the scenes by the leaders of the city's many factions. The Clerk of the Stadsraad, Ulric Van-den-Bogaerde, acts as the informal conduit for instructions between the Directorate and the two houses of the parliament, and once a law reaches the floor of the Burgerhof, Gyngrijk deftly makes sure that, while the debate flows freely, the votes follow their destined course. Clandestine gifts from the Directorate make him quite happy to do that. The Rijkskamer meets mostly when called by the Staadtholder to veto some objectionable measure that has slipped past the Speaker's best efforts.

> *"Figgers all them roosters would want the best-lookin' hen house to squawk in. 'Course, it's the common man what has to clean up the droppings. Mustard wif that?."*-Paleisbuurt herring-sausage vendor

DIRECTORATE

The Directorate is the Executive Council of the Stadsraad, which meets in weekly sessions to make the major decisions affecting the Wasteland's affairs. Its meetings in the New Palace in Paleisbuurt are open to any citizen of Marienburg and its debates are a matter of public record. Decisions are made by a majority vote, with the Staadtholder voting in case of a tie. Its membership consists of the High Priests of Manaan, Verena, Shallya and Haendryk, the Rector of Baron Henryk's College and the heads of the ten wealthiest Merchant Houses. Its public image is of Marienburg's finest citizens working mightily in a dangerous world for the best interests of all the Wasteland's people.

Like the Stadsraad, this carefully crafted tableau hides the realities of power. While the seats held by the priests and the university are permanent, the ten chairs held by the merchant houses are supposedly open to any member of the Burgerhof, rich or poor. Since the time of Magnus, though, these seats have been reserved in all but name for the merchant houses. By informal agreement, the heads of the ten wealthiest families win election at the start of each two-year term, their liberal patronage ensuring that they have the necessary votes. The only way to lose one's seat among the Ten, short of treason or murdering one's granny in public, is to suffer such a reversal in the family's fortunes that one's house is no longer among the richest. Predictably, there is stiff competition among the almost-wealthy enough merchants to make that final leap to the top. Most of the time, this

> *"Amazing, isn't it? Rulers of the most complex city in the world, and yet their meetings are models of efficiency and unity. It's almost as if they knew in advance what the decisions would be... but that would be dishonest, of course."* - lawyer of the Inns of Court





is done by means of (relatively) honest business competition, but impatient or less scrupulous houses may use nastier methods to sabotage the business of a Director who seems vulnerable.

The Directorate achieves its amazing unity because it reaches its decisions through back-room deals. Those in the know refer to the Boardroom, the private meeting room of the governors of the Export-Import Exchange, as the genuine centre of power in Marienburg. It's no coincidence that its membership comprises most of the Directorate. Here, and in the opulent drawing rooms of the wealthiest of the wealthy, is Marienburg's real government.

STAADTHOLDER

As a concession to the sensitivities of the Empire's noble houses, incensed at having mere shopkeepers put in charge of the Empire's wealthiest province, the Merchant Houses of Marienburg agreed to have one of the Directorate elected Staadtholder, to act as regent "until a true heir to the House of van de Maacht can be found". Of course, no heir has ever been found. The Directorate is careful to see that no one can meet the conditions.

"Van Rcemerswijk is the ideal Staadtholder. He lets the Directorate get on with business, while he concerns himself with looking good at balls and parades." - Director Clotilde de Roelef

The Staadtholder is chosen each year from among the Directors, and has always come from the heads of the ten Great Families. While he chairs the meetings of the Directorate and sets its agenda, his role is strictly ceremonial. He only votes to break a tie and, on the rare moments he has had to do this, always sides with the interests of the merchant houses. To maintain this pleasant situation, the Ten and their allies on the Directorate are always careful to choose the least ambitious and most pliant among them. With the considerable perks of the office and the opportunities to advance one's own House, no Staadtholder has ever betrayed his fellows.

Among his duties, the Staadtholder receives foreign ambassadors and represents the Wasteland at various state functions, such as the ceremony that officially opens the year's trading season. He is the commander of the Wasteland's military, giving him authority over the City and River Watches, the Excise Service, the city's mercenaries and its militia. But these commands are usually in name only, their daily affairs being run by various commissioners, captains and commandants. He can even, in times of emergency, commandeer the private militias and ships of the city's merchant houses and temples, though this hasn't been done since the war for independence. He is also a priest of Haendryk and Manaan, though the titles are strictly honorary.

In one way, though, the Staadtholder has real power, power that a ruthless man or woman could use to become supreme on the Directorate, and thus in Marienburg. In a side room accessed only through his office sits his permanent secretary, officially known as the Steward of the Palace. He is actually the head of Marienburg's intelligence service, the Fog Walkers. Quiet and unassuming in public, few outside the Directorate know his real job: to gather information and take covert action against all internal and external threats to Marienburg's position. He maintains an extensive network of spies and informants throughout the Old World and Marienburg itself; even, it's said, in the mansions of the Directors. He makes daily reports to the Staadtholder. In a city of secret deals, information is worth more than gold.

MINOR BOARDS AND COMMISSIONS

The Directorate and the Stadsraad would be overwhelmed if they had to take care of every niggling detail of Marienburg's business themselves. Happily, such work is best left to those best suited to minutiae: bureaucrats.

Befitting a city set in a marsh, the bureaucrats work through a morass of commissions, chambers, offices, guilds, departments and boards of all sizes, each with its own jurisdiction that often overlaps and conflicts with other bureaux, and all of which require forms in triplicate. Some are so ancient that their purpose has been almost forgotten. This confusing system has spawned an entire class of lawyers who do nothing but deal with administrative law - for large fees, of course.

Because the bureaucrats are so adept at justifying their funding to the Stadsraad (and because these positions are often simply sinecures handed out to favourites and family members), they are almost never eliminated in the name of efficiency. Ever resourceful, Marienburgers have become experts at cutting through the red tape with a well-placed bribe or two, often couched as a donation to the office 'shrine club'.

The Board of Public Health in the Temple District is a typical recent creation, a pet project of Sister Anneloes van de Maarel, High Priestess of Shallya. Under the direction of its head, Dr Anders Vesalion (see p.90), it pushes the strange idea that disease may be caused by dirty canal water and insects, and spends much money hiring poor people to scoop filth out of the canals. Its small successes in improving the health of poor Suiddockers by teaching them to boil water has earned it the derisive name of "muckrakers" from the Physikers' Guild, which considers it a threat to business. It also frequently files complaints against the Elf Quarter for its practice of using small water elementals to sweep trash out of their canals and into the rest of the city. Though ignored by the Directorate, its lack of tact has earned it some powerful enemies, who are seeking to have its budget cut at the next session of the Burgerhof.

The Commissariat of Public Works and Reclamations is charged with maintaining the canals, the great floodwall and the breakwater. Headed by the Dwarf Waltonius Joken Fooger, a cousin of Director Fooger, it is the source of large contracts for the city's labour guilds and architects. Though hotly denied by the commissariat's public relations office, it is an open secret that Commissioner Fooger favours whoever gives him the last and best bribe, which has led some to call him "Goldbeard" behind his back.

WARD COMMITTEES

If dealing with dozens of obscure commissions isn't confusing enough for someone doing business in Marienburg, there's also the by-product of the Wastelanders' egalitarian nature: a proliferation of local committees for each district in the City. Chosen by acclamation in public meetings, the boards are filled with respectable citizens who are charged with collecting funds to maintain the local stations of the local Watch and the Black Caps, and providing crossbowmen for the militia.

"All right, m'lads! What's all this, then? Red codpieces, is it? Advertising, eh? I don't care if it's legal in Winkelmarkt! I'll have ye know we're respectable folk here in Noordmuur, with proper laws! That'll he a two-guilder fine for each of ye, and change your clothes!" - local watchman in bad mood

The ward committees have the authority to enact by-laws "for the maintenance of the public good". Rarely reviewed, this has led over the centuries to a mountain of ancient, picayune and often contradictory regulations that vary from district to district, most of them forgotten soon after their enactment. These regulations deal with everything from public conduct (beggars may only once curse someone who refuses them in Oudgeldwijk) to local commerce (Remeans and Miraglianese aren't allowed in the same taverns in Kruiersmuur, as they fight too much).

The only time most people encounter them is when some watchman or other official takes a dislike to someone and decides to levy a spot fine, ranging from a shilling to a couple of guilders. Few bother to contest these fines, since it almost inevitably leads to a charge of 'resisting lawful authority' or 'public disorder' and a larger fine, a day in the stocks or even a beating. That the money collected often winds up in the pockets of the watchman rather than the ward treasury is written off as part of everyday life in Marienburg.

GREAT FAMILIES

Long before the Incursions of Chaos, merchants, traders and sea captains had become Marienburg's real rulers. Having led the resistance to L'Anguille's occupation, they demanded a share of power, and they got it. Over time they accumulated more and more influence: first the barons were so in their debt that they could do little without prior approval, then they convinced the Emperor to place them in charge, and finally they told the Empire to "kiss the Chaos Moon". By the time of independence, the greatest among them had come to be known as the Merchant Houses, the Great Families, or simply the Ten.



One criterion alone determines the membership in this exclusive club: wealth. Whilst Marienburg sports dozens, perhaps hundreds, of mercantile concerns, only the richest gain the coveted seat on the Directorate and admittance to the boardroom of the 'Change. There is no fixed measure for this - it simply comes to the notice of the Directors and other savvy observers that, while one House is in serious decline, another is on the rise, perhaps even helping the fall of the former. This is permissible as long as it is not too obvious or violent. When the challenger has demonstrated sufficient will, business acumen and a willingness to play by the rules of the game, the next election in

the Burgerhof sees the fading House defeated and the newcomer in its place, perhaps taking the loser's mansion, overseas interests and even their household militia.

> *"The Ten? It's simple, my friend. They're the sharks left to guard the minnows."* - Suiddock innkeeper

A place among the Ten does not mean that all is peace and harmony among the elite. Each has its own interests, and the competition for even more wealth and power is fierce, sometimes violent. While recognizing the need for peace and stability in Marienburg, the Houses use spies to ferret out each other's secrets, hire criminals for occasional acts of sabotage and burglary, and even, it is said, send pirates and wreckers against each other's trading fleets. Assassinations are not unknown, though such extreme measures are usually limited to blows against lesser retainers - Directors are reluctant to send killers after one another, for fear of the vendettas that make Tilean politics such chaos.

But one should not assume the Great Houses are in a state of war with each other: far from it. While individuals and even Houses may come and go, their instincts as a body remain true. They are businessmen, and it is because of their ability to see mutual need and make a deal that they retain their hold on power. With marriages among their peers and generous patronage for those loyal to them, they have built a web of relationships and obligations that gives many in Marienburg an interest in keeping things just the way they are. And while the other Directors, lesser merchants, powerful labour guilds and even the Elves demand their share of the prize, the Ten keep their hold on the purse strings, as they have since the long-ago fateful meeting with Magnus the Pious.

HOUSE VAN DE KUYPERS



The van de Kuypers are by far the richest and most powerful of the Ten. Clawing their way to power before Marienburg's independence through sharp, brutal business dealings, they earned their seat on the Directorate with the fall of House Winkler in 2351. Marienburgers still talk about how old man Kuypers tossed Grandfather Winkler and his family out into the canals after Winkler had lost his shirt over Ostlander pork bellies. One of the founders of the Directorate, Winkler died a broken alcoholic in Suiddock.

The family head is Jaan van de Kuypers, 57 years old. Reputedly the richest man in the world, he became the head of the family when his elder brother, Bertold, went insane and slaughtered their parents and sister. He counts among his personal friends the Tsar of Kislev, the King of Bretonnia, the Sultan of Araby and even Emperor Karl Franz and the Electors. All of them owe him money. He is the true leader of the Directorate: through his web of clients and contacts, he commands a block of eight votes. Allied to House van de Kuypers are Houses van Raemerswijk, van Scheldt, den Euwe and Rothemuur. Among the permanent seats, the High Priests of Hasndryk and Verena appreciate his pious gifts to the cults, while the Rector of Baron Henryk's is his cousin. Jaan van de Kuypers has never lost a vote on the Directorate, and some fear he plans to make all the Directors his puppets.

The family has the broadest interests of any of the Ten, ranging from Averlander corn futures to medicinals from Cathay. Jaan van de Kuypers takes a personal interest in the Lustrian trade. The family mansion is in Goudberg, almost connected to the New Palace. Their symbol is a carmine shield divided into three parts: fist topmost, then a gold coin and a quill.

HOUSE VAN ONDERZOEKER



Thijs "the Lesser", aged 27, took over the family interests a year ago after the sudden death of his father Rembrand van Onderzoeker, whose body was found floating in a Suiddock canal. An official inquest ruled that the elder van Onderzoeker had drowned after a night of heavy black lotus use, but Thijs has refused to accept this, claiming his father had never taken more than a glass of sherry with his dinner. Refusing to make any public accusations, rumours flew after Thijs refused to shake the hand of Director Leo van Haagen during the last Oath of Manaan ceremony at the start of the trading season.

The van Onderzoekers concentrate on the continental trade, with extensive interests in the Empire, Kislev, Norsca and northern Bretonnia. They have been particularly aggressive in expanding their contacts among the mining towns and Dwarf holds of the western Reikland, trying to cut out middlemen and making their deals directly. Recent years have seen them forced to spend a small fortune to fight mostly losing court battles with houses whose trade they have infringed, the longest and most expensive against the junior branch of the Haagen family in Bogenhafen.

But Thijs inherited a damaged position from his father, who lacked the family's traditional business savvy. House van Onderzoeker is heavily in debt, with many of its holdings mortgaged. Thijs's efforts to expand trade with the Reikland Dwarfs has cost him his alliance with the Foogers. Though still allied with House van den Nijmenk, speculation is rife that Thijs may not have the political and business talent to save his family's seat on the Directorate. The family mansion is in Guilderveld. Their symbol is crossed tridents over a merchant ship, on a blue shield.

HOUSE DE ROELEF



Clotilde de Roelef, 47, is the only female director other than the High Priestess of Shallya. She is also the matriarch of the de Roelef family, the only family of the Wasteland's old nobility to succeed in business. She and her extended family still live in their ancient mansion in Oudgeldwijk and are the *de facto* speakers for the old nobility who exist there in genteel poverty. She is unmarried and continues to spurn all suitors, even Jaan van de Kuypers himself. Her heir is her niece, Clara de Roelef, 15, who goes nowhere without her Arab bodyguard, Hakim. A hard-nosed businesswoman, Clotilde earned her seat on the Directorate fourteen years ago when House Akkerman collapsed in scandal, seven of its elders revealed as Slaanesh cultists.

The de Roelefs specialize in luxury imports from Arabia, Tilea and Estalia, and export Imperial cloth, liquors and Wasteland lace. They have important contacts throughout this area, and Clotilde counts several Estalian kings and Arab rulers among

her friends. At home, the de Roelefs *try* to maintain good relations with all the Directorate, save for Jaan van de Kuypers, for whom Clotilde holds a thinly disguised contempt. She is a friend to Arkat Fooger, and is considering joining him in his new insurance brokerage. The family's symbol is a white shield with a black griffin resting its paw on a bag of money.

HOUSE VAN HAAGEN



Headed by Leo van Haagen, 67, House van Haagen is the second wealthiest of the Ten. Its mansion is in Goudberg on the edge of Zijdemarkt, and its symbol is a shield of blue and white chevrons, unadorned. Leo's heir is his son, Crispijn, 35.

Like the van Onderzoekers, the family concentrates its trade in the northern Old World, consequently finding itself often at odds with them. The van Haagens' trading interests are eclectic, ranging from luxuries to basic everyday items. Ruling his family with an authoritarian hand, "old Leo" has placed young relatives in many cities to oversee family interests, preferring blood-ties to agents' commissions. While heads of local operations are allowed to develop specialities based on the local market, all receive frequent letters of instruction from Leo, and all fear his wrath should profits drop.

Perceptive watchers have noticed that the van Haagens' wealth seems greater than their business would warrant. Conspicuous consumption seems to be the motto of the family, even their retainers. Speculation has it that the van Haagens are deeper into smuggling than most of the Directors, even arranging bans on goods so that they can make more money by smuggling them into the city.

There are even furtive rumours, passed in whispers late at night in Suiddock taverns, that young Crispijn van Haagen, nicknamed "the strutting cock" for his expensive and decadent tastes, has a hand in the illegal but very profitable "body trade", the traffic in living beings for sale as slaves or even sacrifices. This may or may not be true: certainly, nothing has ever been proved, but the rumours persist.

HOUSE VAN SCHELDT



House van Scheldt has its headquarters in a fortified compound at the eastern, newer end of Suiddock, its opulence made more striking by the slums that surround it. So paranoid is Wessel van Scheldt about the "low-life scum and animals" that are his neighbours that he has the white-washed outer wall patrolled by household marines and their dogs. Armed guards check the bags and baskets of servants coming to the estate, even those who have worked there for years. The 80-year-old patriarch never travels Suiddock's streets, preferring to take his barge from the mansion's private lagoon. Lately, he has only left the house to attend Directorate meetings.

House van Scheldt makes its money from fishing. Many of the city's fisherman owe the House money, and others have become employees after having their boats foreclosed for failure to pay their debts. They are obligated to sell their catches at below market price to van Scheldt packing houses, where the fish are either salted and cured for export to the Empire and Kislev, or ground and blended into liquamen, a sauce that has become popular in Tilean and Estalian cuisine. It was an almost-successful attempt on his life by an indentured fisherman several years ago that sent the naturally suspicious Wessel over the edge of paranoia.

Wessel has no heirs or close family, though there has been talk that he will adopt the one man whom he apparently trusts, his chief clerk Rudolph Blaak, and name him heir. The House is allied with van de Kuypers, Raemerswijk, den Euwe and Rothemuur, but Wessel's suspicions have distanced him from all the Directors, and the House's influence is declining. The House van Scheldt's crest is a boar's head over a barrel on a green background.

HOUSE VAN RAEMERSWIJK

One would think that the family that provided the Staadtholder would be the most powerful among the Ten. Usually, one would be wrong. Luitpold van Rasmerswijk, 62, has been described



as an "old bull seal", more for his corpulence and impressive moustache than for any business acumen or aggressiveness. Content to enjoy his Estalian claret (starting at breakfast each day) and to represent Marienburg at state functions, van Raemerswijk was made Staadtholder precisely because he will never threaten the interests of the other Directors.



The family mansion is in Goudberg, though the Staadtholder himself lives in the New Palace where he likes to throw extravagant state dinners and wine tastings. Rather than conduct its own trade, House van Rasmerswijk is the junior partner in many ventures, happy to let others do most of the work while collecting a good profit. So passive is the House on the Directorate that some wits have renamed it "House Raemerkuypers", as the Staadtholder has always cast his tie-breaking vote in Jaan's favour.

The family's crest is a gold coin over a ship on a black shield. The current heir is the foppish Anton van Rasmerswijk, who spends most of his time racing small boats around the bay.

HOUSE FOOGER



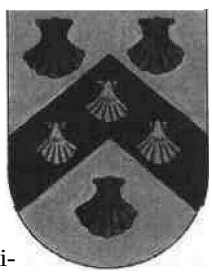
Still spry and alert at 177, Arkat Fooger is not only the oldest member of the Directorate, but also the longest-serving, having won his seat the year before the War for Independence. House Fooger serves as the spokesman for Marienburg's small Dwarf community and the few Dwarfs who still mine the hills west of the Bitter Moors, a role traditionally reserved in other cities for the Dwarfen Engineer's Guild. As the only non-Human on the Directorate, Arkat Fooger also looks out for the interests of the city's Halfling and Gnome communities. He has become the *de facto* protector and patron for all the alien communities in Marienburg, from the Cathans and Indies to the Bretonnians and even the Channel Rats, the waterborne relatives of the gypsies. Decades of careful work have given House Fooger extensive contacts and allies, ones whose power is often scoffed at by ethnic Wastelanders. Should push come to shove on the Directorate, Arkat Fooger might surprise them all with the resources he can bring to bear.

House Fooger does not have extensive overseas contacts, though it naturally has the best relations with the Dwarfholds of the Grey and World's Edge Mountains, buying the products of their mines and selling them luxury goods that can't be produced under a mountain. The House also controls the letting of public works contracts through a commission headed by Arkat's avaricious cousin, Goldbeard Fooger. This has led to a close working relationship with Lea Jan Cobbius, head of the Stevedores and Teamsters Guild and the most powerful labour boss in the city. This assures that the many Fooger warehouses throughout the dock districts always have plenty of help, and that the labourers don't take too many breaks.

Over the last two decades, House Fooger has literally invented the insurance business. In return for moderate but frequent payments from their clients, the Fooger clan guarantees to reimburse ship owners and merchants in the event that their vessels and goods are lost, for whatever reason. The service has become very popular, with merchants happy to pay a little money to hold off possible financial ruin. However, a recent string of ship losses has stretched House Fooger's resources thin, and Arkat desperately hopes for an alliance with de Roelef. Another few big claims could spell its financial ruin. Arkat Fooger has come to suspect that more than a run of bad luck is at the root of this, and is looking for trustworthy but expendable agents to put a stop to it.

The clan mansion of House Fooger is located in the Dwarf quarter and looks more like an archaic keep than a modern home, with heavy stone blocks and six-storey hexagonal tower. Arkat recently named young Roenekaat Fooger as his heir, which has caused a minor rift within the family, since Waltonius Goldbeard is the most senior after Arkat and had expectations of becoming clan-head one day. When pressed about his choice, Arkat would only mutter something about "...rather leave a ghoul to guard a graveyard". The House symbol is a bicolour shield, red over blue, decorated with a white rose.

HOUSE VAN DEN NIJMENK



Sasha van den Nijmenk, 43, doesn't really want to be a Director - he'd much rather be sailing to inspect the family holdings in Kislev or Norsca, or even leading an expedition into uncharted areas of those wild lands, as he did in his younger days. But he's the last of his line and there is no one he can surrender his responsibilities to. Lacking an heir, he has resigned himself to staying in Marienburg, guarding his family's interests, and hunting for a suitable wife. Still, he hears the sea's call every night and he often sneaks away to sail his small skiff single-handed for hours on the Manaanspoort Zee.

Like all the Ten, van den Nijmenk's provides banking and money-lending services. It's rumoured that the Grand Duke of Middenland is particularly in Sasha's debt. The House also specializes in furs, amber, gems and other products unique to Norsca and Kislev. The family is famous for the many unique and wondrous items it brings back from its explorations, each of which commands a fabulous price when sold. While on a failed expedition to find the lost Norse Dwarfhold of Karaz Krogmort, Sasha made a small fortune from his discovery of an ancient High Elf orrery, with mechanisms of gold and planets of exquisite crystal. Bought by Baron Henryk's College, the device has been the source of academic controversy: while accounting for the Sun, the planets and Mannslieb, there is no crystal that represents Morrslieb, the Chaos moon. Some scholars claim that it comes from a time before the Great Disaster, while most think it is some Norse Dwarf joke and that the College wasted its money.

The family mansion is in Goudberg, and the household staff comes almost entirely from the nearby Indie ghetto. The family symbol is a shield of inverted blue and yellow scallops. House van den Nijmenk's private militia is unusual: almost all are Kislevites, retainers of Sasha's maternal relatives, fiercely loyal to the House, and dour and morose except when caught up in a drinking and singing contest in a local tavern. In those cases the Watch usually has to be called to clear them out. Because of the inevitable brawls that result, Sasha has established a special fund to cover bail and damages.

HOUSE DEN EUWE



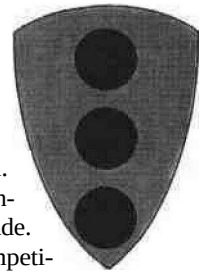
The den Euwe family is based in Handelaarmarkt, across the Green Moon bridge from the Nipponese quarter. Like many of the houses of the wealthiest families, the den Euwe mansion encloses a private lagoon for boats. Here, the decorations of the lagoon reflect House den Euwe's oriental interests, with its waters overhung by willow and cherry blossom trees. Small statues of Nipponese and Cathayan gods stand guard from their perches atop the mooring posts. All is serene and peaceful here, a welcome change from the bustle of the surrounding city. The House's symbol is a jade oval decorated with the white Nipponese character for prosperity.

Headed by the 59-year-old Karl den Euwe, this smallest House of the Ten has made its fortune through the trade in gems, precious metals and rare alchemical ingredients. From its fortified and heavily guarded counting-house next to the mansion, the den Euwes buy and sell diamonds, gold, rubies, jade, powders and liquors of occult power - a vast fortune passes through their vaults each year. Though a small House, their business has given them important contacts and influence with powerful people throughout the continent. This is no more true than at the glittering court of Grand Countess Emmanuelle Liebwitz of Nuln, who will only buy her diamonds in Marienburg. And they are influential not just with the wealthy who buy and sell gold and jewels like candy, but with wizards and alchemists who cannot conduct their researches without the items that only House den Euwe can supply. They are close to many of the wizards of Marienburg, especially the Gold Wizards of Baron Henryk's, for obvious reasons.

While part of the clique dominated by Jaan van de Kuypers, Karl den Euwe has come to feel that Jaan's power has grown so much that it threatens to render all the rest insignificant. Carefully and gradually, he has been building ties to the Foogers, van den Nijmenks, de Roelefs, van Onderzoekers and the Cult of Shallya. Though his plans are vague, he sees the need for a counterbalance "before we all become Jaan's footmen". He has even recently begun sending secret subsidies to Thijs van Onderzoeker to cushion his losses while providing him with sound advice.

All this may come to naught. His heir is Egmond den Euwe, 18, son by his Nipponese wife, Lady Katsi Okumoto. While on his first trading trip around the South Lands to Nippon and Cathay, Egmond was converted and is now a secret but enthusiastic worshipper of Lord Tsien-Tsin, known in the Old World as Tzeentch.

HOUSE ROTHEMUUR



The Rothemuur mansion is in central Goudberg, a palace built in a gaudy Tilean style and decorated with pastel marble and ornate fountains. The family's symbol is a shield with three red dots on a yellow field. Headed by Maximilian Rothemuur, 66, it concentrates on the Arab and New World trade. The former has placed them in direct competition with House de Roelef, while the latter trade is conducted in alliance with House van de Kuypers. The Rothemuurs also have particularly close contacts with the Sea Elves, and consequently obtain many valuable goods from the New World.

While a firm van de Kuypers ally, Maximilian is always looking to increase his House's stature. In his view, you either sink or swim: there's no treading water. (Ironically, old Max is terrified of the water and won't even travel on a canal boat, instead taking a sedan chair everywhere.) It shouldn't have surprised anyone, then, that he proposed to end the rivalry with House de Roelef by proposing marriage to Clotilde at a recent Directorate meeting. It did, however, surprise him when she responded by laughing so hard that tears rolled down her cheeks. Maximilian hasn't forgotten this public humiliation and would dearly love to have revenge on "that ageing gutter queen". His heir is his son, Stefan, 40.

GUILDS

The Ten aren't the only ones to see the benefits of sticking together: almost all Marienburgers are members of trade guilds. The guilds exist to regulate business, protect members from competition from outsiders, and provide the only social safety net in the city outside of Shallyan poorhouses. While all Old World cities and towns have guilds, from the highly controlled 'tame' guilds of Talabheim and Kislev to the anarchic 'clubs' of Brionne and Miragliano, in Marienburg the guild system has reached its highest development. There are so many guilds wielding so much power that an Imperial playwright, when told that he would need workers from four different guilds just to set up and strike his sets, cried out that he was "a bard trapped in a guilded cage."

There are around a hundred guilds in Marienburg, from the massive and wealthy to the tiny and insignificant. Three of the most important are described in detail later: the Stevedores' & Teamsters' Guild (p.54), the Rivermen's Association (p.56) and the Pilots' and Seamen's Guild (p.58). But there are others: the Masons and Tilers, with their secret handshakes and rituals; the Glassmakers' Guild, banned to a small island off Rijkspoort because of the frequent explosions in their workshops; and the Physikers' and Barbers' College, formed in the days when Marienburg law allowed only barbers to perform surgery. Every possible trade has one and sometimes several guilds: even beggars must join the Unfortunate Brotherhood, which regulates who can beg where.

No one can work or practise a trade in Marienburg without belonging to a guild. The city has closed its ranks to prevent outsiders from coming in and stealing business and jobs from its citizens. Want to find work as a Judicial Champion? You'd better have a permit from the Litigants' League, otherwise it's a hefty fine and your client loses his case to boot! Thinking to make a few extra pennies by putting on a street show? Just wait until the local strongmen from the Entertainers' Guild hear. They know how to take care of what they call poachers. And if you pass the hat for money - now you're in trouble with the Unfortunate Brotherhood too!

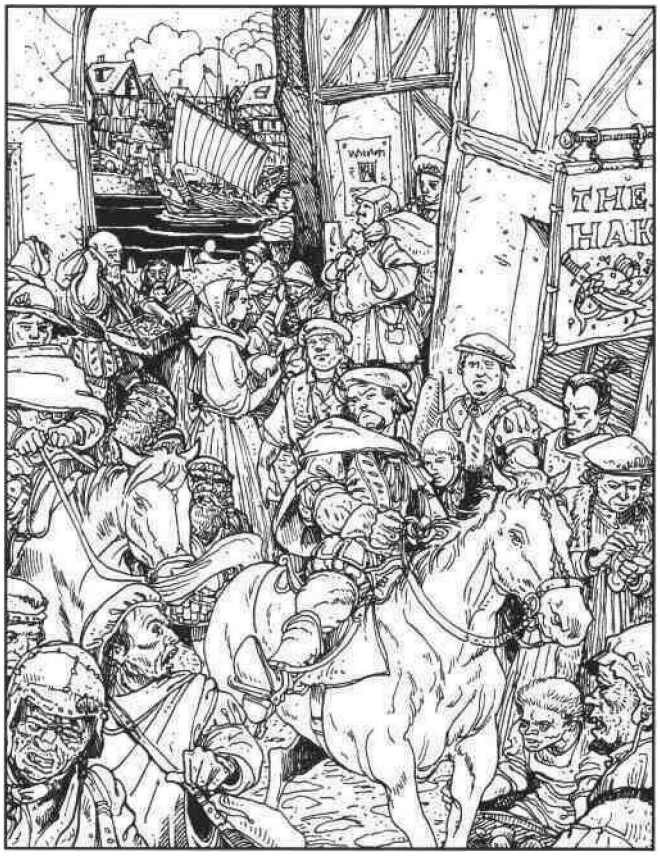
Enforcement of privileges varies from guild to guild. Some take legal action and bring the Watch down on the offenders, usually resulting in a spot fine of 5 Gu and a temporary permit for another 2D6 Gu, good for one week. Anyone practising the trade for more than one week must either apply for full guild membership or be subject to criminal charges, usu-

ally fraud. Repeat troublemakers are eventually banned, meaning no master of that trade may ever hire that person nor teach them the secrets of the guild.

Other guilds are harsher in protecting their turf. Unlicensed practice of medicine in Marienburg is seen as attempted murder, with five years on Rijker's as the minimum sentence. Wizards new to Marienburg should report immediately to the Board of Examiners at Baron Henryk's, or the authorities must regretfully assume them to be Necromancers and turn them over to the cult of Morr and the Temple Court for interrogation and burning - unless they wish to take an emergency exam, at short notice and for an extortionate fee. The labouring guilds are more direct in their approach: off-loading your own cargo from your ship will earn you a "chat" with four or five members of the Stevedores in a back alley. If you're stubborn about it, well, fire is a hazard of shipboard life...

While setting standards and collect dues, guilds also provide their members with many benefits, the most basic of which is finding work in the first place. People needing work done go to the guild hall, which assigns the work amongst its members, perhaps even subcontracting portions to other guilds. Captains with cargoes to move shouldn't hire anyone around the docks - not if they want to keep their knees. They either go to the guildhouse or, more commonly, find a foreman on the docks and hire a crew from him. For an extra bit "for the widows and orphans fund", he may even see that your ship is unloaded before next Marktag.

The guilds serve as a welfare system, too, a way of giving a hand-up to one's fellows. Often this is done through "shrine clubs", dedicated to honouring an aspect of a favoured deity, such as Ranald the Protector. One member acts as deacon and keeps all donations at the shrine. How elaborate such support is depends on the size and wealth of the guild. Some are very basic: the Bilge Muckers' Guild is so poor that it doesn't have its own guildhouse, or even a room in another guild's headquarters. Instead its members meet in the Lucky Loon tavern in Suiddock, where the owner acts as deacon and keeps their meagre funds in a box behind the bar. All the guild can provide for its members is a pint of ale every other Festag and a shilling to pay a priest of Morr to say a few prayers over a mucker's corpse so he doesn't show up at the next meeting.



"Sure the guilds are a racket! But the guildmasters came from ordinary folk and they don't forget their own. They may be crooks, but they're our crooks."
- Marienburg pilot

At the other end are the elaborate benefits offered by powerful guilds, like the Stevedores and Teamsters. Not only do they guarantee work at a fair wage, but regular breaks, widows' pensions, subsistence wages while you're sick or during a strike, a Hexenstag "goose club" and loans for bail money should you be arrested. In return, the guild expects absolute loyalty: you work when it says work, strike when it says strike, and don't ask about those funny crates being loaded. And woe betide anyone who turns scab.

Guilds are central to the common man's social life and a throat for his voice in politics. Guild halls or taverns are a place to meet like-minded people, talk about the day's events and trade gossip. Families will gather at the guild hall on religious and civic holidays. Many guilds sponsor sporting teams that compete with teams from other guilds or districts: darts are popular, as are ninepins, wrestling, swimming, canal-boat racing and the sport of waterball. This game was originally a form of Snotball, but a pig's bladder was substituted when it became clear that bound snotlings didn't float.

They are also a shelter in time of crisis. When the Directorate banned all strikes in 2449 I.C., the riots organized by the "beer-hall cabal" of guildmasters brought the city to its knees, and ensured the right to guild membership and tea-breaks for all. Since then, the Directorate made sure that any pending legislation involving guild interests is checked with the relevant guildmasters in advance.

PCs who wish to practise a trade in Marienburg should join a guild. Given that apprenticeship starts at age 13 and traditionally lasts 5-7 years, most PCs will probably start as independent journeymen, so they can set up shop right away. GMs can either roleplay the PCs' encounter with the guild hierarchy, or use a series of skill tests appropriate to the trade (to show competence) and Fel and bribe tests to convince the guild's examiners of the character's sincerity. Success gives the applicant a one-year membership and a licence to practise, for a fee of 2D6 guilders. Failure gets a polite smile and encouragement to try again - next year.

Remember that one of the guilds' reasons for existing is to ensure employment for their existing members. If there's only enough business to keep all the current members of the Guild of Sailmakers sewing, why make the soup thinner by serving more? By the same token, the GM is under no obligation to let PCs practise a trade that doesn't fit their plans for a campaign. Simply have the guild secretary tell them, "Sorry: we've got all the lawyers we can handle. But if you need work, you could try the Scale-scrapers' Guild."

"First you've got the Black Caps and the River Watch - but they don't like each other. Then there's the militia - not the real militia, the bully-boys of the Ten, but they're as good as the law. Then there's the Excisemen, the Temple marines - don't mess with them, lad! And don't ferget the Elves. You don't see the Mannikins - Elf Watchmen - much these days, not since the riots, but tf'n they want ye, yer as good as got, and yez better know a good lawyer."
- sailor explaining Marienburg law to a newcomer

"The only two real crimes in Marienburg are being poor and getting caught."
— taproom lawyer explaining the legal system

CRIME AND LAW

Marienburg is a wealthy city - money and goods flow through in immense quantities every day, and everything about life in Marienburg encourages people to make more money, make a deal, get rich quick. At the same time, layer after layer of government and guild laws stifle the creative businessman. So, being enterprising people, many Marienburgers turn to other means to get ahead: crime.

The most common crime in Marienburg is smuggling. Almost everyone engages in it to some degree, from the seaman hiding a few baubles in his personal chest to professionals like Donat Tuersveld at the Red Cock Inn (see p.89) and big-time operators like Adalbert 'Casanova' Henschmann and his Suiddock-based empire (see p.67). In some cases they are simply avoiding the many taxes and tariffs imposed by the city: "engaging in a bit of free trade", as they put it. In others, however, smuggling is the only way to go because the cargo itself is illegal: drugs, stolen goods, forbidden magic, or even human (or other) flesh.

Other types of crime are common, ranging from simple back-alley robbery to arson and murder in clandestine feuds amongst the Ten. Swindlers abound, always looking for someone new to the city and its ways, and therefore ripe for the picking. More than one visitor has bought a worthless deed or phantom cargo only to discover that the seller has disappeared. And pickpockets love the crowded docks.

But where there's crime, there are crime-flghters. Several law enforcement agencies, public and private, have been set up in Marienburg over the centuries. Given the confusing mass of often contradictory local and city-wide laws, jurisdictional conflicts between these agencies are common, especially between the City Watch and the River Watch. Many a suspect has languished for days in jail while these two sort out whether the crime was "wet" or "dry".

THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN ENTREPRENEURS

Contrary to public opinion in the Empire, Marienburg is not some grand den of thieves all waiting to steal everything you have the moment you arrive in the city. Far from it. But, with all the wealth flowing through, both in money and goods, the criminals here have become organized and made a business of it.

The League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs, more commonly known as the League or "The Guild We've Never Heard of", is not a single monolithic gang. Rather, it's an alliance and clearing-house for various regional and ethnic gangs and independent operators that acts more like a trade guild. Its so-called Masters form a board that oversees League affairs, moderates disputes between gangs and ensures that all the 'guilded' criminals in Marienburg get their piece of the action.



"Thieves' Guild? Never heard of it, pal. And take my advice, you never heard of it neither."
- world-wise Suiddocker

The occasional skirmish over turf is inevitable, but the Masters of the League want it kept at a low level. None of them want a repeat of the last feeding frenzy nearly fifteen years ago, when gangs fought gangs - there were so many bodies in the canals that it was attracting sharks. Even though tensions among the gangs these days are running high, the League likes things nice and orderly and it intends to keep it that way. It has its finger on the pulse of almost all criminal activity in Marienburg, and Shallya help the poor fool who gets in its way.

The League does not have its headquarters in one location. Over the years it has moved from place to place for security reasons, and the building is never obvious - there's no brass plaque outside with 'THIEVES' GUILD' on it. In recent years, though, it has been an open secret that the leaders meet most often in the private lounge at the Marienburg Gentlemen's Club on Three Penny Bridge, Suiddock. In the midst of what many call 'murder alley', under Henschmann's leadership (see below) the League has felt secure enough to stay in one place. Certainly, when the Watch enters the area around Three Penny Bridge, they go in large numbers, if they go at all.

SIGNIFICANT MEMBERS

'Gentlemen' don't advertise their League membership, adhering to long-standing League policy that discretion is good for business. Still, nearly every crook in Marienburg has some affiliation with the League. These are a few of the more prominent members.

Adalbert 'Casanova' Henschmann is the rumoured president of the League. He is certainly the boss of the biggest and meanest crime syndicate, personally controlling nearly all illegal activities in Suiddock with a ruthless and brutal hand. He is also a fat, greasy pig who fancies himself a ladies' man. In truth, he repulses even his dog. But don't let him hear you say that. See p.67.

Lea-Jan Cobbius, head of the Stevedores' and Teamsters' Guild, is known to have dealings with the League. According to some, he even sits on the Board. See p.55.

Wilhelmina Thistledown, proprietress of the Gull and Trident Inn, in the Palace District, is whispered to be the biggest fence in the city. See p. 124.

Guan Lo Fat, supposedly a simple herbalist in Little Cathay often seen playing dominoes at the Gentlemen's Club, is rumoured to control most of the ethnic gangs in the north half of the city, specialising in drugs and the body trade. He's recently felt the pressure of rebellious lieutenants.

Trancas Quendalmanliye, owner of the Three of a Kind casino near Elftown, may or may not belong to the League. He's one of the biggest information brokers in Marienburg and sometimes visits the Gentlemen's Club, but his behaviour doesn't mesh with that expected of a League member. How this Wood Elf has avoided coming under the League's thumb - if he has - is a mystery to many. See p.73.

Dmitri Hrodovsky, a pharmacist and herbalist in Kruiersmuur, is the League's expert on drugs and controls the trade in the southeast of the city. The story goes that he got the job by agreeing to supply seduction potions to Henschmann for free. See p. 110.

Miguelito Nunez, also known as "Little Round Head". A balding midget with a bad temper, he controls the smuggling and strong-arm rackets in Messteeg, Noordmuur and part of Handelaarmarkt. He's very ambitious and has been putting pressure on Guan Lo Fat's operations in recent months. Scuttlebutt around the Guild puts a gang war no more than six months away.

CONTACTING AND JOINING THE LEAGUE

Wise adventurers will try to contact the League before doing anything illegal - after all, that's stealing work from its members. Hapless PCs who irritate the League will receive a quiet warning, usually a knife pinning a note to the character's bed, found when they wake up next morning. The Board merely wants newcomers to know that others have prior rights in the area, and that they shouldn't interfere with the operations of the League bosses.

Those who persist in going their own way will eventually find themselves stuffed in a gunny sack while several large men beat them almost, but not quite, to a pulp. On top of that, stubborn outsiders will be expected to make good any losses their activities have caused the League. Push it any further and they'll likely find themselves swimming the canals with chains around their ankles.

Presuming the PCs try to contact the League first, the initial meetings will be with low-ranking members who know little of the League's operations. After all, the PC may be a Watch spy. Worse yet, outsiders are notoriously stupid and unreliable. Characters wanting to join the League or establish friendly relations with it will have



to come with a strong recommendation from an established member.

If the PC passes the League's scrutiny, he'll be invited to a second meeting. This usually involves being kidnapped, blindfolded and led on a circuitous route to a basement or abandoned warehouse somewhere untraceable. His eyes uncovered, the character finds himself nearly blinded by bright lights - he can just make out a figure beyond the lights, their face hidden in shadows. This person does all the talking, and tells the character "the rules". The only words required from the PC is the answer to: "Do you understand, punk?"

If the adventurers manage to come to an understanding with the League or even to join it, they still face an uphill struggle. New members are watched constantly: the League checks on every person they contact, observing everywhere they go and just how much money they make. Almost anyone could be an informant, and the League is very suspicious. New members are also allotted a particular patch and told to work there and nowhere else. Encroaching on someone else's turf is one of the worst offences in the League's eyes.

In return for a licence, the League demands one-sixth of a member's earnings, no matter how the money was made. It also has first claim on anything particularly valuable or magical, compensating the character with 10% of the item's worth. Greedy members usually only hold out on the League once.

TRAINING AND SERVICES

Persistent characters who manage to join the League can obtain training in any criminal skill or career. They can all be found in Marienburg and - for the right price - a character can always find a tutor.

The Guild We've Never Heard Of can also provide skilled services to clients with the right contacts and enough money. While anyone can rent a thug to beat someone up in almost any tavern in the city, the sophisticated talents of a cat burglar, a forger or even an assassin are best obtained through the League. In fact, few of these specialists will take any job offers from outsiders without first having the client vetted by the League.

The League has made much of its money by providing these services for centuries, as the Great Families wage their secret wars and hatch nefarious plots against each other. Once the League is certain about a client's bona fides (and they're very good at spotting traps and set-ups), they will provide anything the client can afford. As long as the service doesn't run counter to League interests, of course. Anyone trying to hire an assassin to rub out Lea-Jan Cobbius is asking for a second mouth.

BROTHER GERARDUS HONDSCHOEN

LEVEL 2 PRIEST OF RANALD THE 'NIGHT PROWLER'. AGE 43
EX-BURGLAR PRIEST (LEVEL 1), PICKPOCKET, INITIATE AND THIEF



M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	47	35	4	5	9	54	1	51	55	42	31	57	60

Skills: Acute Hearing, Flee!, Arcane Language - Magick, Cast Spells levels 1 and 2, Concealment Urban, Evaluate, Identify Undead, Magical Sense, Meditate, Palm Object, Palmistry, Pickpocket, Pick Lock, Public Speaking, Read/Write - Old Worlder, Scale Sheer Surface, Scroll Lore, Secret Languages - Classical and Thieves', Secret Signs - Thieves', Silent Move Rural and Urban, Sixth Sense, Spot Trap, Swim, Theology.

Spells: Assume Illusionary Appearance, Bewilder Foe, Cloak Activity, Conceal Illusion, Ghostly Appearance, Hallucinate, Marsh Light, Open, Remove Curse, Sounds, Zone of Invisibility, Zone of Silence

"I have my own way of taking up a collection."

Trappings: Nondescript set of workingman's clothes with an 'X' pattern secretly worked in; black clothes, mask and cloak for "work;" pouch with 5D6 guilders; portable altar, cloth and sacred dice; dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); book "Madame Poerveld's Path of the Palm"; sling bag; lock picks; Boots of Leaping (see ***WFRP*** p. 184)

Brother Gerardus Hondschoen has always enjoyed a challenge - ever since he was a lad in Suiddock, stealing to support his mother, he's relished going into places he shouldn't, taking things that weren't his and doing his best to embarrass the rich and powerful. A locked safe is like tossing down the glove to him, a duel between him and the locksmith. A greedy landlord is someone just begging to have a chamber pot emptied on his head.

With a balding pate surrounded by a ring of graying brown hair and sporting a goatee, he looks more like a scholar or an artist than a master thief. He is also extremely superstitious, taking all sorts of omens seriously. He is fascinated with palmistry, and is very good at it (+10 to his **Int** test). Many locals come to him for readings, and any PC seeking his trust will have to submit to his analysis.

A priest of Ranald noticed him early on and initiated him into the faith. Since then he has become a devotee of the god's 'Night Prowler' aspect, an arch-connoisseur of stealthy theft. Violence sickens him - a thief who prefers force is little more than a thug. A daring theft only discovered hours after a clean getaway is the Raven's way. Because of his aversion to violence, Brother Gerardus has always had mixed feelings about his membership in the League. On the one hand, it is an article of faith for him that thieves should stick together. On the other, he can't help but fear that the Guild's trade in violence will be its downfall - someday someone will accept the wrong contract and that will be the end of the game. He has always preached the way of the 'Night Prowler', showing how to get a piece of the pie without cutting yourself on the knife. He's popular among the Gentlemen and has converted a few, but many more prefer the easier way of a brick through a window and the blackjack to the head. He's clashed with Henschmann more than once over the years, and some in the League wonder when Adalbert will finally rid himself of this troublesome priest.

Brother Gerardus is an excellent contact for stealthy types in Marienburg: he can teach most skills, and if he can't then he can easily find someone who can. He takes a special interest in priests and initiates of Ranald, and less experienced PCs may gain him as a mentor, if they're devout. He is an excellent source of leads and clues to all sorts of information - "You'd be amazed what you can find out poking around people's studies", he says. He is on good terms with Trancas Quendalmanliye and Hieronymous Deecksburg, the artist.

He will help friends who've run afoul of the League or the Watch, especially if they have refused to commit some murderous act for one of the Guild bosses. He has several bolt-holes and safe houses in Marienburg, and will share these with deserving characters who need a place to hide till the heat is off or they can flee Marienburg. He will, however, never, ever, get involved with any plan that involves co-operating with the authorities. That is the worst sin in Ranald's eyes.



LAW ENFORCEMENT

THE BLACK CAPS

Officially known as the Honourable Company of Lamplighters and Watchmen, Marienburg's city Watch is better known for the distinctive floppy black hats they wear. They are charged with the protection of property and public order, and the investigation of all crimes that occur on land. They are also empowered to administer spot justice in small cases such as public drunkenness, disturbing the peace and breaking ward laws. Such matters are usually dealt with by the sergeant of the local Watch house, with punishments ranging from a small fine (no more than 5 Gu) or a night in jail, to a few hours in the stocks or even up to ten lashes if the sergeant is in a particularly bad mood.

The Black Caps are organized into Watch Barracks, one for each named district in the city except for the foreign ghettos, which are under the jurisdiction of a barracks in a neighbouring area. The size of each barracks varies from ward to ward, depending on the area covered and its local character. Small, relatively peaceful areas like Schattinham have a correspondingly small presence, while Suiddock rates the largest Watch presence in the City and a barracks that looks more like a fort. Headquarters is in a large building in the Palace District near the High Court. Typically, though, each barracks is left to handle its own affairs. Ward Captains only request help from headquarters when a case requires specialized investigators or resources.

> *"Where's a Cap when you need one?"* - Imperial merchant finding his purse missing

Watch Posts are placed at strategic points in each of the city's districts. Each post is manned by anywhere from four to twelve Watchmen, depending on the Ward Captain's judgement. The staff of each post are responsible for patrolling their area and enforcing any laws and bylaws, referring serious crimes to higher authorities. In some areas, these patrols are supplemented by citizen volunteers who help by lending numbers to the Watch patrol and acting as impartial witnesses. In poor quarters like Suiddock or the foreign quarters, anyone doing this is seen as little better than a traitor and a spy, and had better not be caught alone near a convenient canal.

The Black Caps also form the core of Marienburg's militia. Dating back to the patriotic fervour that followed the expulsion of the Bretonnians, the law requires that each ward shall provide a certain number of volunteer crossbowmen to fill out the ranks of the Watch in times of emergency. Since the secession, though, the city has come to rely on mercenaries and the alliance with the Sea Elves, and the Watch's militia roles have been allowed to atrophy until its monthly crossbow drills are little more than social events and contests.

MARIENBURG SECRETARIAT FOR TRADE EQUITY

This office, located within the Admiralty Building on High Tower Isle, operates both the Excise Service and the River Watch. It is charged with making sure that the city gets the tax money it demands from its inhabitants and with enforcing Port Law - the body of law that governs ship traffic within Marienburg and any crimes that are committed on the water. It has the responsibility to stop smuggling, and has jurisdiction over any crimes in the harbour or on the canals.

The River Watch functions as the Secretariat's enforcement arm, always at the service of the excisemen. As a body they are zealous, but undermanned, underpaid and overworked. They have city-wide power to arrest suspected tariff-dodgers, though an ancient statute limits this authority to within 100 feet of any canal. Creative River Watch officers have been known to interpret this to include the sewers, much to the irritation of the Black Caps. Arrested suspects are held in the Lord Harbourmaster's jails under the Admiralty Building.

At the order of the Excisemen, the River Watch also has the power to collect taxes by force, impound vessels and cargoes, and auction the properties of anyone defaulting on their payments. They can also order fines, imprisonment or even the destruction of the vessel of any captain whose craft is impeding traffic in the harbour. (The Directorate will not tolerate any impediments to the free flow of commerce!)

The Secretariat can also commandeer the services of the Watch at any time. This leads to mutual dislike and resentment between the two forces, since the Black Caps hate being associated with the unpopular tax collectors, while the River Watch consider their land-bound cousins to be a bunch of corrupt slackers.

PRIVATE MILITIAS

Among the privileges of being one of the Ten is the right to maintain a private militia. Originally an emergency measure to deal with the threat of piracy, these became a permanent fixture after the Battle of Reavers' Point in 2378. The militias are generally used to protect House interests overseas. House van de Kuypers, for example, keeps a flotilla of more than twelve carracks fitted for war and a company of more than 500 marines - not counting their armed merchantmen and their crews.

While they are *not per se* a law enforcement agency, the militias of the Great Houses do act as guards and nightwatchmen for the more important properties of their Houses. They have the power to make citizen's arrests and to hold a trespasser for the Watch. In times of extreme civil disorder they can be used as paramilitary forces to defend their House's property, as they were during the anti-Elf riots of 2391.

ELFTOWN LAW

Elftown (Elfsgemeente), while technically a part of Marienburg, is governed under Sea Elf law. By the Treaty of Amity and Commerce, all crimes involving Elves - even Wood Elves from the interior of the continent - fall under the authority of the Phoenix King of Ulthuan through his regent, the Exarch of Sith Rionnasc' namishathir.

Similar to the Star Chamber, the Exarch claims authority over crimes committed by non-Elves against Elves, even if said crime happened in Marienburg proper. Sea Elf law is different to Marienburg's, more subtle in many ways, and many lawyers have found themselves entangled in it and their clients unexpectedly found guilty.

People accused are brought before the Exarch for judgment under the laws of Ulthuan. Those convicted in Elftown face punishments roughly similar to those in Marienburg: minor offences warrant fines or floggings, while serious crimes such as murder and arson earn the culprit a sentence of death by drowning. The Elves do not maintain jails.

Elftown's Watch is known around Marienburg as the Mannikins, a corruption of the Tar-Eltharin word *Manniocs-quinsh*, or 'Guardians of the Peace'. Though they have the authority to make arrests for crimes involving Elves anywhere in the Wasteland, under most circumstances they do not leave Elftown - not since the riots of 2391, which erupted after the arrest and execution of two men who had killed an Elf in a fight. More often they rely on the City Watch to arrest and extradite suspects. Anxious to maintain good relations with the Elves, the Directorate has ordered that this be done as efficiently as possible. This means that the suspect is often arrested, hauled across the Elfgate bridge and handed over within hours, with no way to appeal for help.

If a case is important and the need is urgent, the Mannikins will operate undercover outside their own quarter. Though the Watch has no love of them for this, their orders are to stand aside rather than risk an incident.

WITCH HUNTERS, BOUNTY HUNTERS AND OTHERS

Like the rest of the Old World, official law enforcement agencies aren't the only ones interested in fighting crime. Marienburg plays host to many bounty hunters, amateur sleuths and Witch Hunters, careers all suitable for PCs who want to clean up the city. In addition, several vigilante organizations do their best to help the course of the law, with varying levels of success.

Though most people associate Witch Hunters with the Temple Court (and there are a few in its employ), they do not operate as freely in the Wasteland as they do elsewhere in the Old World. Soon after the secession, the Stadsraad passed a law that required all Witch Hunters to be licensed, and set down guidelines for the conduct of secular witch trials.

Not requiring any rules for evidence and proof of guilt, the Witch Hunters had earlier come to be one of the weapons of choice in the clandestine wars between the Great Houses. Nowadays, many Witch Hunters seek their prey covertly, not wanting to obey an insipid law which they believe was obviously authored by Chaotics.

Foremost among the unofficial law-enforcement groups is the Knights of Purity. Publicly a social club dedicated to works of charity, it is really a group of vigilantes that often takes the law into its own hands. Rumoured to be dedicated to Solkan the Merciless, the Knights have infiltrated the judiciary, where they apply the letter of the law without exception. They also have mounted raids into all areas of the city, even wealthy Goudberg, hunting for criminals and mutants. The slums of squalid Doodkanaal are a favourite target for their activities, and though the Watch officially deplores such actions, unofficially it is happy to leave them to it.

THE COURT SYSTEM

Somewhere, somehow, the player-characters are going to get into trouble with the law. It's as certain as anything can be in the Old World. They may find themselves sued in a civil proceeding, trying to avoid a heavy fine, or possibly imposing one on someone else ("Your Honour, how can I prove that she's a swindler after she's stolden all the evidence?") or hauled into criminal court, facing a flogging, jail or possibly even death ("But, your Honour, I tell you he was a Necromancer! He only appeared to be a toymaker!"). In either case, while the specifics of the law vary, the procedures are the same. In fact, the same courts are used for both civil and criminal proceedings.

Characters who break the law will find themselves facing arrest by one of the many law-enforcement agencies of Marienburg, and sometimes by several at once. PCs who are sued will receive a summons to appear in court. Failure to appear results in a bench



warrant for the character's arrest for contempt of court.

In addition, specialized courts have arisen over the years to allow various groups within the city to make and enforce laws in their own areas of interest. Sometimes they act as supports for the main court system, but more often this leads to bewildering arguments over jurisdiction, with the courts bickering with each other. A wily lawyer can tie a case up for months or years by encouraging such squabbles, and some cases have been running for decades.

THE CRIMINAL AND CIVIL COURTS

Marienburg's criminal courts - from the sergeants' hearings and Ward Assizes through the High Court in the Palace District - deal with all violations of criminal law, including ward by-laws. This covers a great many offences, from public drunkenness to murder, so which court handles which case depends on the seriousness of the charge.

Commonplace crimes such as vandalism, being drunk and disorderly, and violations of by-laws are handled by the Watch officer on the scene, or in the nearest Watch post, depending on the latitude that the post sergeant gives his men. The local Watch has some discretion to decide punishments, from a fine of no more than 5 Gu to a few hours in the stocks, a night in jail, or even up to ten lashes.

As one can expect, the attitude of the Watchmen and the social standing of the accused plays a big part in the determination of arrest, guilt and punishment. Only the most hard-nosed Watch Sergeant will object to Crispijn van Haagen relieving himself on the steps of a public inn. On the other hand, a Tilean boatman who's had frequent brushes with the law might get a few lashes just for singing off-key at three in the morning.

While there is no way to appeal against the sergeants' court, outraged defendants can complain to the local Watch Barracks and ask for a review by the Captain. Complaints like these have a way of getting lost among all the paperwork for all but the most well-connected defendants.



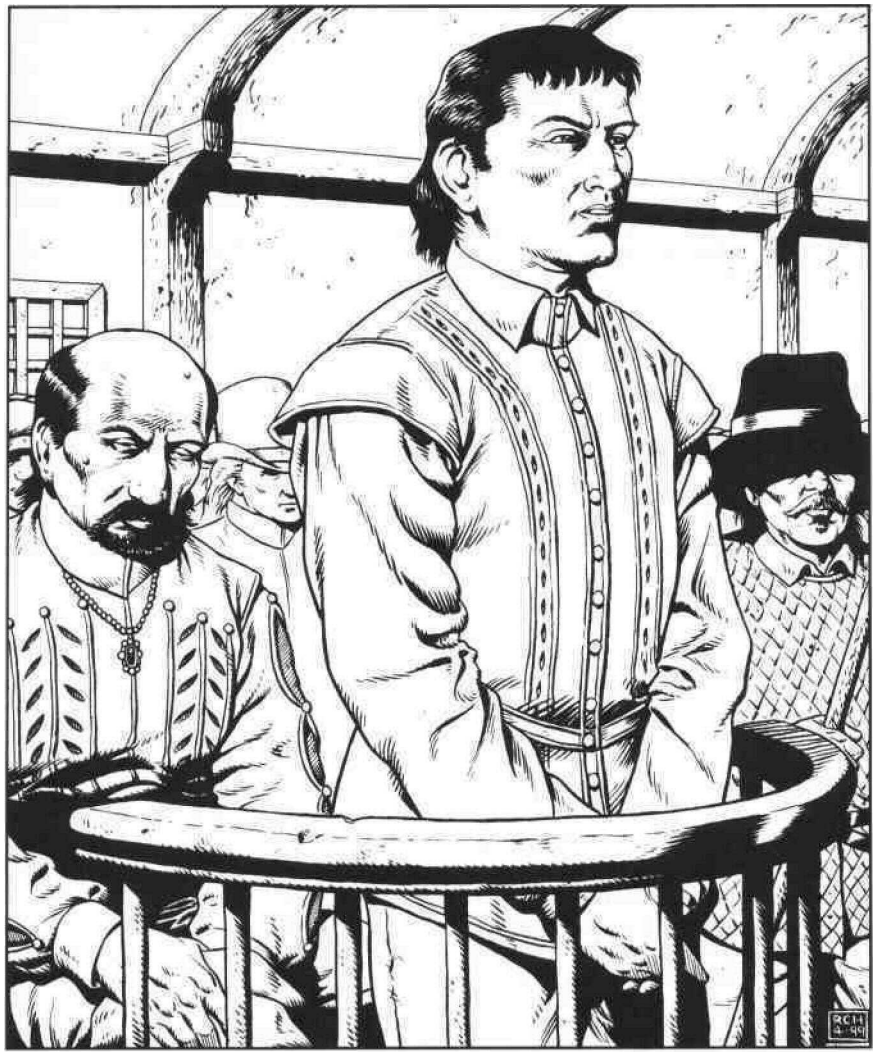
More serious crimes are handled by one of the courts which are headquartered in each Watch barracks — the Ward Assizes. Junior magistrates are assigned to these and hear cases involving assault and crimes involving money or property of no more than 500 Gu in value. The accused is held in either the Watch post or barracks while evidence is gathered and witnesses questioned. While Marienburg has no right of *habeas corpus*, bail is an accepted tradition and a defendant may be released on bond, unless the court rules that he is likely to flee. Defendants are allowed lawyers in the Ward Assizes, and trials are generally held within two weeks.

Magistrates of the Assizes have the authority to order fines of up to 500 Gu, 30 days' imprisonment in the Ward barracks, or thirty lashes. (Branding is still on the books, but only the harshest judges ever impose it.) The presiding judge will usually refer the case to the High Court should evidence come to light that the crime is more serious than first thought.

The most serious criminal cases include assault that causes permanent injury or mutilation, arson, rape, murder, kidnapping, crimes of money or property involving more than 500 Gu, forging commercial papers or deeds, fraud and so forth. Being a city dependent on trade and the confidence of traders, the Export-Import Exchange, through its dominance of the Directorate, has made sure that most commercial crimes fall into this category. And they've ensured that the punishments are very heavy indeed.

Defendants are normally first held for a preliminary hearing in the Ward Assizes, where a magistrate will confirm the charges and refer the matter to the High Court. The accused is then taken to the Tombs, the great dank warren of holding cells beneath the High Court, there to await trial. No man may represent himself at the High Court (the Litigants' League has seen to that), and someone without representation automatically loses their case. Though the cults of Shallya and Verena sometimes provide attorneys for the needy, they have limited funds and can't meet the demand. Should a PC in the dock find themselves absolutely without a lawyer, you might want to charge them a Fate Point to find one willing to take the case out of charity, or even on a 'no-win, no-fee' basis.

Each chamber of the High Court (there are four in the building) is presided over by a panel of three senior magistrates, one of whom acts as President of the Court. They take an active role in the case, interjecting their own questions and comments about the proceedings. Verdicts are decided by a majority vote, and the Court has unlimited discretion as to punishment. These



range from heavy fines to imprisonment for any length of time, confiscation of all assets, hard labour (sea-wall and canal repair is a favourite), debt slavery, mutilation and even death.

Those sentenced to imprisonment inevitably receive at least the year-and-a-day minimum needed to send them to Rijker's Isle (see p. 125). Defendants have the right to appeal the verdict and sentence to the Staadtholder and Directorate, but the permission of the Court itself is needed for this. It is rarely granted.

Civil cases are similar, and will be assigned to the appropriate court based on the money or value involved. Corporal punishments are rare, the courts preferring to award damages to the victorious party. Anyone failing to pay fines or damages is considered to be in contempt of court - a criminal act.

GUILD COURTS

The myriad guilds of Marienburg are (in theory) responsible for policing their own members over the practice of their trade. The Stadsraad has given them various powers of coercion to enforce this authority. For example, the Merchants' Guild (which has become synonymous with the Export-Import Exchange) makes all commercial law in Marienburg and has the power to resolve all commercial disputes, which puts them in a powerful position with regards to the other guilds in the city, should they choose to exercise their authority.

Guild courts can fine, suspend, or even expel a member. In addition, the court of the Export-Import Exchange hears all cases relating to trade, and can order fines, confiscations and even imprisonment. Sentences of imprisonment face review by the High Court, but this is usually a mere technicality.

HANDELSRECHTBANK

Located in the busiest of the docklands, the Handelsrechtbanken are special commercial courts run by referees appointed by the 'Change. Trade is too important to Marienburg to allow anything to be tied up in legal wranglings, so these courts have the authority to hear disputes immediately and render instant judgements. Most commonly, they hear cases involving the valuation of a cargo for tax purposes or the validity of a contract. Other commercial crimes are referred to the court of the 'Change and, if need be, to the High Court. Losers have the right to file a civil suit for redress, but the commercial court's judgement is immediately enforced.

ADMIRALTY COURT

This court is located in the Admiralty Building on High Tower Isle and hears all cases involving violations of Port Law, smuggling, piracy and those crimes occurring on water that would normally be heard by the Ward Assizes and the High Court. Like the Handelsrechtbanken, the emphasis is on speed and efficiency.

The Admiralty court has the authority to order fines, confiscations, whippings, imprisonment, and even death by hanging (usually reserved for pirates and mutinous lower-class seamen). There is a right of appeal to the High Court, but it is little inclined to trample on the Lord Harbour-master's authority.

TEMPLE COURT (STAR CHAMBER)

Religious matters are the province of the Temple Court, also known as the Star Chamber for the night-sky mosaic that decorates its ceilings. It is a grim building, built of dark stone and decorated with ugly gargoyles. It is always guarded by a squad of templars provided by the cult of Manaan. Located in Tempelwijk, it is the main library for canon law in Marienburg, though each cult will keep a copy of those laws that deal with their particular sect. Like so much of the law in Marienburg, canon law has accumulated over the centuries and is a confusing mass of often contradictory statutes, which only a skilled lawyer can hope to interpret.

The court has jurisdiction over all crimes that involve religious doctrine, temple property and personnel, and all templars and priests may make arrests in its name. A priest accused of a crime under the secular law of Marienburg may demand trial in the Temple Court. Likewise, laymen accused of crimes against the cults, such as striking a priest, are under the jurisdiction of the Star Chamber.

These trials are open to the public and are presided over by a panel of three priests. Two are chosen by lot from the priests assigned to the Temple Court by the cults. The third, who acts as chairman of the tribunal, is always drawn from the cult most directly affected by the case. Anyone found guilty is either fined or flogged for minor offences, or condemned to Rijker's Isle in serious cases.

GUILTY OR NOT. HOW SAY YE?

Defendant has a past record:	-10 per conviction
No lawyer:	-30
PC with *Law* skill learnt in Marienburg:	+20
PC with *Law* skill learnt elsewhere:	+10
Tried under Sea Elf Law:	-30 (-10 if Human has learned Sea Elf Law)
Tried in "specialty court": (Temple Court, Guild Court, etc.)	-20 (unless the PC or lawyer has training in the specialty law)
PC uses *Blather* skill:	-5
PC uses *Etiquette* skill:	+10
Skill of the Lawyer:	+lawyer's Int/2
Social Class of the PC *(see Apocrypha Now,* p.21):	
A/B/C/D	+20/+10/-10/-20
Social Class of the accuser/victim:	
A/B/C/D	-20/-10/+10/+20
Evidence against PC:	
confession	-40
caught in the act	-30
witnesses	-15
circumstantial evidence	-5
Roleplaying (if desired):	-30 to +30 (GM fiat)
This is an appeals hearing:	-10
(all other modifiers apply, appellant's social status counts double)	

Crimes against religious dogma such as heresy, apostasy (worshipping proscribed cults or consorting with demons and mutants) and necromancy are judged in secret trials in a candlelit chamber beneath the court building. Defendants may not call witnesses on their own behalf and are allowed no counsel other than that appointed by the court itself. This has often led to the odd scene of a counsel for the defence referring to their client as the "heretic" or the "chaotic filth". The verdict is usually "Guilty", after which the defendant has only to wonder if their execution will be public or private, and whether it will be by burning (always popular), keelhauling, hanging or immurement. Most executions are performed publicly as a lesson for the righteous, unless the crime is so heinous that even its existence must be kept secret.

"Yerhonour! I wuz framed!" - famous last words, oft heard

HOLDING A TRIAL

Staging a trial can be as simple or as complex as you like, but bear in mind that gamemastering it can be very tricky. Not only is Marienburg a complex place, but as referee you will be both the prosecutor and the judge, and you already know everything that has happened! The procedures below should allow you to run a trial smoothly, though you will have to improvise many things, depending on how complex or abstract you want to make the experience for your players.

GENERAL PROCEDURES

Civil and criminal cases proceed in roughly the same way, as they do in all Marienburg's various courts. One or more people are accused of something, and must prove their innocence. (In Marienburg, as with the Empire, the accused is presumed guilty unless proven innocent.)

Both sides in a civil case will usually hire lawyers, while the prosecution in a criminal case will be an attorney hired by the government. Plaintiffs and defendants are allowed to represent themselves in the Ward Assizes, but magistrates (often being members of the Litigants' League themselves) tend to turn a jaundiced eye towards such amateurs.

In all cases, the prosecution (or the plaintiff, in a civil matter) states its case in an opening argument and then presents witnesses, eliciting testimony from them via questions. The defence may then question the witness in a cross-examination. At any time, judges may interject their own questions and objections. Some have been known to come down extremely hard on lawyers who they feel are wasting the court's time, even sentencing them to time in jail.

Once the prosecution or plaintiff has finished with its witnesses and summarized its case, the defence (except in the Star Chamber), calls its own witnesses and questions them, subject to cross-examination from the prosecution or plaintiff. The defence may not recall prosecution witnesses, unless new evidence comes to light that was not brought out during the witness's first appearance.

At the end, the defence then sums up its case, the prosecution makes a rebuttal, and the magistrate sums up the case, renders a verdict, and pronounces sentence, if needed. Sentences of imprisonment are carried out immediately, even if there is an active appeal. Sentences of death or mutilation are held in abeyance for two weeks (one, in the Temple Court) pending any appeal. Prisoners awaiting execution are held at Rijkers' Isle, in a cell that gives them a nice view of the gibbet.

REACHING A VERDICT

How you resolve a trial depends very much on the amount of preparation you want to do, the kind of roleplay you and your players enjoy, and your campaign's immediate needs. Hack-and-slash players who want to get on with the search for the Lost Wastelander Mine probably won't enjoy going into too much detail.

On the other hand, players who are fans of mysteries or who enjoy in-depth character-play will relish the chance to go through the whole procedure. Player characters can take on the roles of lawyers and investigators for both sides, minor courtroom personnel and witnesses. You might even want to bring in friends to play the part of some NPCs, perhaps even the presiding judges.

The "Guilty or Not" table on this page gives guidelines meant to help you reach a verdict. You can either use these to guide your thinking before making a decision, or as strict modifiers for a deciding die roll. The die roll is made against the defendant's **Fel,** or against the highest **Fel** if the PCs are being tried as a group. Rolling below the adjusted **Fel** means "not guilty", while rolling above it means "guilty as charged".



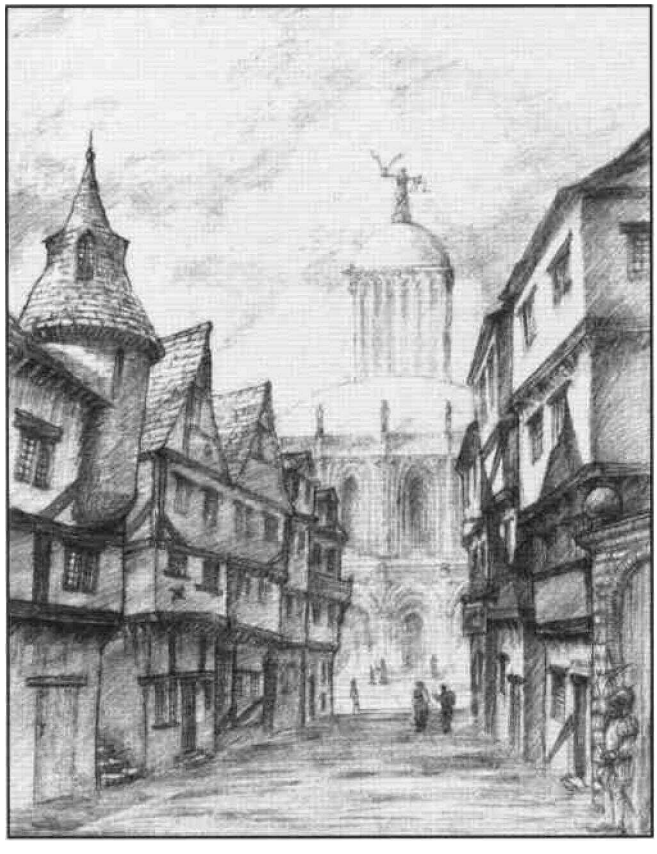
"Worship of the Gods is, for the Wastelander, like everything else in his life — a business deal in which he has every expectation of making a profit. It's little short of blasphemy."
— disapproving priest of Sigmar

"This city was built on the back of the common man. Isn't it time we looked after him and his children, rather than build yet another palace?"
- Shallyan priestess

"Marienburg is the axis of the World • break it, and the Empire will crash down in its wake."
- priest of Tzeentch

RELIGION

Religion is a part of everyday life in Marienburg, pervading almost everything Marienburgers do, think or say. They see the reality of the gods all around them: when a priestess heals a dying child, it is because Shallya heard her prayers; when a ship carrying a loved one returns safely, it is because of Manaan's protection; and when a merchant makes a small fortune on a single deal, it is because Haendryk favoured him. Marienburgers perform small rituals with each act, almost unconsciously invoking a god's favour: a trader will spit on his palm before shaking hands on a deal, affirming to Ranald 'the Dealer' that his business is clean. A mother will tie the first tooth to fall from her child's mouth in a bag and hang it on the child's bed to remind Morr of her baby's innocence and beg for its protection.



Organized religion and formal worship are important to Marienburgers, too. The census of I.C. 2500 listed 157 recognized places of worship, from the great temples and cathedrals of Tempelwijk to small churches and shrines hidden down nearly forgotten side canals. And there are many more private shrines to gods and saints in homes, businesses, offices, boats, guilds, etc.

All this is not to say that Wastelanders are religious fanatics. Their attitudes toward their gods are just as pragmatic as the rest of their views. The High Priest of Haendryk describes it as an attitude of "religious commerce - I give the gods worship and, in return, they give me what I need. Everyone comes out ahead." And, like other Old Worlders, they pray to whatever god most fits the circumstance.

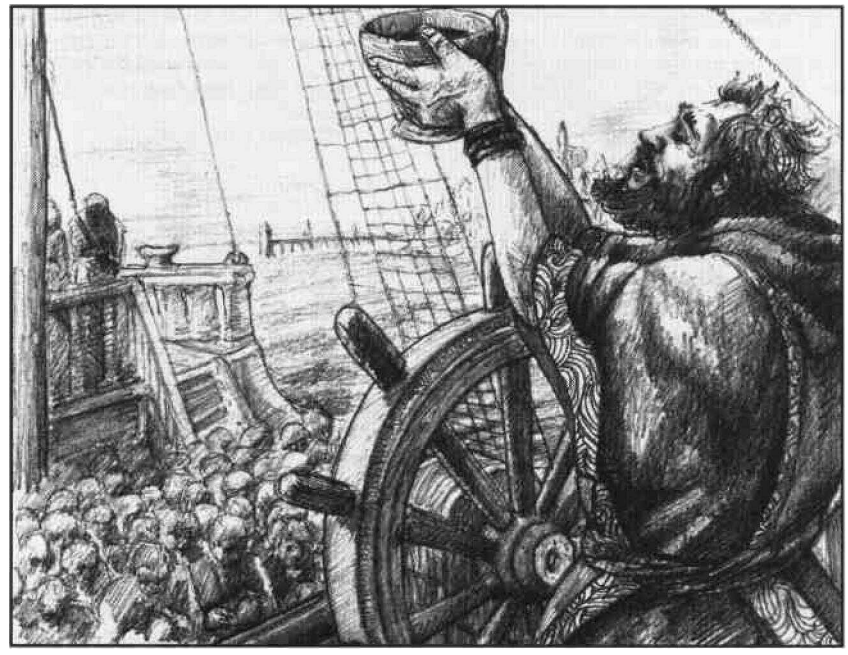
A lawyer on his way to court might stop at a shrine to Verena, but never to Morr (unless his client's prospects are particularly bleak). A docker playing dice at the Pelican's Perch would say a quick prayer to Ranald, not Shallya. While a Marienburger might have a favourite god, exclusive devotion is rare, a thing for saints and other fanatics. Even priests will pray to other gods from time to time, sometimes even officiating at the services of friendly cults when no cult priest is available.

The calendar is filled with major and minor religious holidays, and the sight of a parade by some guild or other organization to honour their patron god or saint is common in Marienburg. And not just in honour of the Old World gods, either, for Marienburg is home to large communities from Araby, Nippon, Ind and Cathay. Each has brought their gods with them, and their public celebrations lend an exotic air to the city's daily life. More open and tolerant than most of their Old World cousins, Marienburgers take it all in their stride. It's not at all unusual, for example, to pass a solemn procession of Shallyan penitents at one corner and have to wait for a parade of leaping and singing red-robed Indie monks at the next. Many Marienburgers take this religious stew as a sign of their city's vitality.

Many, but by no means all. The Star Chamber and its Witch Hunters watch the foreign cults for signs of Chaos worship, while conservative factions in the temples press for campaigns to convert the heathen, peacefully or otherwise. Many among the labouring classes and the poor resent foreigners - even other Old Worlders - accusing them of taking work that rightfully belongs to "real" Marienburgers. Their cults and churches become a lightning rod for this resentment, often leading to violence and vandalism. Guildsmen of the Stevedores and Teamsters have been blamed for a recent series of arson attacks against shrines in Elftown, their anger over the Sea Elves' labour practices well known to all.

MAJOR CULTS

Of all the religious cults and factions in Marienburg, five are most important: the churches of Manaan, Haendryk, Verena, Shallya, and Ranald. Together they dominate the religious life of the city, though the cult of Ranald operates in a semi-clandestine manner, its activities not often appreciated by the authorities.



MANAAN
GOD OF THE SEAS AND SEA LIFE

In the minds of many Old Worlders, Manaan and Marienburg are linked the way a devoted husband and wife are - one can't be thought of without the other. The cult's greatest temple in all the world is in Marienburg, and the city's prosperity and power is a sign of the Sea King's favour. As long as Marienburg forsakes conquests on the land and devotes herself to the seas and rivers (ruled by his father Taal in his aspect as Karog), Manaan will always defend her. It's a lesson the priests teach in their sermons each Godsday and the initiates drum into children at the temple schools. The Great Cathedral of Manaan is adorned with treasures and artefacts brought back by generations of Wastelander seamen grateful for Manaan's patronage. (For more information on the Great Cathedral, see p.92)

Manaan's priests are kept busy throughout the year with their duties. The lower-ranking priests are charged with the inspection of the city's shipyards, the blessing of all new vessels at their naming, and officiating at the dozens of smaller churches around the city. The higher clergy concern themselves with supporting Archpriest Wouter Berkhout's positions on the Directorate. As the chief priest of Manaan, he is the senior member of the clergy on the Directorate and could reasonably expect to command the other cults' votes. While an ambitious man of 52, he nevertheless regularly finds himself outmanoeuvred by Jaan van de Kuypers and consequently unable to expand the church's role in the city's governance. His ineptitude at diplomacy have lead some of his colleagues to refer to him as "Old sardine-fingers" behind his back.

> *"Manaan, we have a contract"* - Marienburg captain's prayer

The cult has several holy days throughout the year, to honour the important events and saints in its history. Two of the biggest are the Oath to Manaan and the Days of Remembrance, each three days long and culminating on the spring and autumn equinoxes, respectively. The first marks the official opening of the trading season and the return of calm seas. Two days of parties and boat races, including the famed Marienburg regatta, concludes with a High Service in the Cathedral of Manaan. Afterwards, all the seaworthy vessels in the city sail in a gaudy parade past the Archpriest's caravel, anchored beyond Rijkers' Isle, to receive his blessing. During this, subordinate priests led by the Staadtholder recite the Oath, the agreement between the city and its god.

The Days of Remembrance is a sombre feast of memorial, marking the end of the trading season and the return of winter and its storms to the Sea of Claws. Marienburgers, almost all of whom have lost friends and family at sea, gather around the hearths at inns, their homes or the guildhall to share ale and memories of those who never come home. Priests of Manaan traditionally stand watch at the end of the Grand Pier of Manaanshaven, watching for those who will never return. By sunset of the third day, all activity in the city is supposed to come to a stop, not to be resumed till next morning. Even thieves fear to break this stricture, for being out that night shows disrespect for the Lord of the Sea.

HAENDRYK, GOD OF MERCHANTS, PROSPERITY AND TRADE

Marienburg is the centre for the Cult of Haendryk in the Old World and perhaps in all the world. The largest temple to the Lord of Commerce and Prosperity is here in the Wasteland - its two closest competitors (in Miragliano and Magritta) are nothing more than pale imitations. Elsewhere, such as in Bogenhafen in the Empire (where the god is known as Handrich), temples of Haendryk are staffed by successful merchants who act as lay-deacons.

Its small size notwithstanding, the Cult of Haendryk is the second most important in the city, behind that of Manaan, because it governs Marienburg's very reason for existence: the making of money, hand over fist. Its High Priest, Simon Goudenkruin, is both a Director and the only priest to sit on the Governing Board of the 'Change. The lesser priests act as witnesses to contracts, arbitrators of commercial disputes, moneylenders and advisors to merchants who request their help. Always for a fee, of course.

The cult is close to many of the merchant concerns of Marienburg, not only for spiritual reasons, but because many families contribute their younger sons to the priesthood. Because of these family connections and their duties as advisors, priests of Haendryk are privy to many secrets, commercial and otherwise. Confidentiality and discretion have thus become one of the chief virtues of the cult, and cult priests are valued as go-betweens, trusted with delicate information and secret messages.

The cult is most associated with the upper and middle classes in Marienburg, for it teaches that prosperity is a visible sign of the righteous life. Haendryk favours the virtuous with success in this world. If you're poor, you must have done something to deserve it — it's a sign of your moral weakness. Understandably, its presence in the city's lower-class districts, like Suiddock, is weak.

In recent years, though, the sect has fallen into some disrepute with the city's more morally conservative factions because it has become more obvious in its quest for wealth. Simon Goudenkruin is openly allied with Jaan van de Kuypers, an alliance from which the cult profits greatly. More disturbingly, church offices and positions are now for sale to the highest bidder. Goudenkruin has put forward the doctrine that, since wealth is virtue, the cult should take on the virtuous as priests and make a profit from it - which has lead some to complain of the "heresy of Simony".

For more information on the Cult of Haendryk and the god himself, see appendix one.

VERENA, GODDESS OF WISDOM AND JUSTICE

The cult of Verena is powerful in Marienburg not for the commodities it trades in or the ships and warehouses it owns - though it has several of each - but for the knowledge it holds and its influence over the Wasteland's legal system. Under its High Priestess, Director Leontine Tolenaar, Verena's cult has come to exert a subtle but powerful role in the city. It influences education at all levels and enriches its own store of knowledge by its sponsorship of voyages of discovery to all corners of the world.

While Wastelanders value learning, there is no such thing as public education in Marienburg. All schooling is done in one of several ways: either a child is tutored privately by an educated parent or a scholar, or in groups at a scholar's home or a church-sponsored school. Hired tutors are preferred, with those with the best academic pedigrees sought as status symbols as much as for their educational talents. Promising students may then take entrance exams for Baron Henryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magicks, Marienburg's world-renowned university (see p.93).

The doctrines of the cult of Verena shape all education in the Wasteland. Secular tutors must pass examinations administered through Baron Henryk's before they can legally teach in the Wasteland, and all the faculties of the University have their Verenan priest as a member who monitors the quality of the instruction and keeps an eye out for heresy. A senior Verenan priest, Julius ter Meulen, also administers the University Library. While charged with maintaining and expanding the collection, he watches for those whose researches may be taking them into forbidden grounds, reporting their activities as needs be to the Star Chamber.

The Verenans are active in the new Age of Discovery, underwriting expeditions to newly discovered lands and those with which contact was lost long ago. Player-character explorers with a good idea may well find themselves with temple backing, providing funding - perhaps even a ship - in return for a first look at any new discoveries. Successful adventurers will find the cult to be a ticket to the higher strata of society, sponsoring their appearances at lectures for the elite at meetings of the Wasteland Geographical Society and other learned organizations.



While the cult of Verena encourages learning, scholarship and discovery, it is not equally enthusiastic about the dissemination of all knowledge, even in relatively liberal Marienburg. Some information is too dangerous for anyone outside the higher reaches of the cult to know. Consequently it maintains a private collection in the Great Temple, a restricted library to which only those trusted by the hierarchy (or with a great deal of influence) may have access. Rumours abound about the terrible knowledge contained within - blasphemous books and artefacts that some say contain the secrets of Chaos or date even from the times before Man, items that are better kept safely under lock and key. And while no proof has ever been offered, tales are told of heretical items stolen by agents of the cult, their former owners kidnapped and forced to join a secret order that then enforces their silence.

> *"The key to wisdom in Marienburg, and the first lesson you must learn, daughter, is that everything has a price."* - priest of Verena teaching an initiate

SHALLYA, GODDESS OF MERCY AND HEALING

Shallya is a popular goddess in Marienburg. The poor and the working classes pray to her for healing when the doctors have failed - or their fees are too high - and the wealthy salve their consciences by donating money to her charities or spend time working in her almshouses... or at least they instruct their servants to. The rulers of the city value the cult, for its teachings of peace and acceptance of one's lot in life have often kept the lid on the volatile anger of the lower classes.

Like the high priests of Manaan, Verena and Hasndryk, the High Priestess of Shallya is a Director. Sister Anneloes van de Maarel is the common people's voice on the Directorate, and she works hard to see that they are not forgotten in its work. When a new tax is ordered, for example, she arranges that some of the money goes to support the cult's work among the sick and poor. Through her efforts the Stadsraad has agreed to pay for the establishment of a few soup kitchens in the city's poorest districts, even though her colleagues in the council think it no better than tossing money over the wall into the fens.

For all its good works, the cult's influence among the governing elite is small, and the benefits it gains aren't nearly enough to meet the need. The cult's standing among the other churches was recently weakened by a scandal involving a heretical priestess who advocated treating mutants with mercy. Even though the heretic fled and is commonly presumed dead, the fact that she was a protege of the High Priestess has left the whole cult under a cloud of suspicion. As long as the city continues to grow and prosper, then Sister van de Maarel's will be a lone voice of compassion amidst the tumult of commerce.

Much to the consternation of the other temples and their wealthy patrons, the Cult of Shallya maintains a hospital attached to its cathedral in the Tempelwijk district. Their reasons are logical: the sick are often in need of miracles and what better place to find them than next to the altar of the White Lady? That the wealthy and healthy are offended by the sight of lepers and other unfortunates is of little concern to the Shallyans. "Let it serve as a reminder of how Shallya has shown them mercy" is a common answer to complaints.

The Cult of Shallya also sponsors Heiligdom, a monastery and asylum in Kruiersmuur, near the foetid Dead Canal (see p.115). Run by the Order of the Dove of Peace, a group which exists within the Cult of Shallya, it serves a dual purpose: it is a retreat for those who have heard the call of religion and wish to withdraw from the hurly-burly of the outside world, and it is a home for the mad,



those who have lost their minds and can no longer function in society. They have been committed here either by families or occasional benefactors who agree to pay a yearly fee for the inmates' upkeep. The priests and priestesses who serve here have dedicated their lives to helping the worst cases. While many admire their work, few ever venture through the decaying neighbourhoods and stand before the age-blackened gates, the screams of the mad coming from within, to offer help. And Heiligdom has its critics, those who say Sister Astrid was not alone in her heresy and that the asylum harbours mutants as well.

RANALD, LORD OF THIEVES. TRICKSTERS 6 MERCHANTS

Ranald has no great temples and few permanent shrines in Marienburg. The closest thing the cult has to a Chief Priest, the infamous charlatan Kurt von Shent, does not sit on the Directorate - in fact, he'd probably be arrested the moment he stepped into the New Palace. No high-ranking member of the cult acts as any part of the official government of the city. And yet the cult's influence on the city and its life is very strong.

Not surprisingly, the cult is most popular among gamblers and the non-violent criminal classes: thieves, confidence-tricksters, charlatans and smugglers - all of whom depend on stealth, daring and wit. Many of the members of the Guild We've Never Heard Of are worshippers of Ranald, and the cult's priests are a moderating influence on the League's more violent tendencies.

But those who call Ranald merely a god of thieves are wrong - at least according to his worshippers. He is really the patron of anyone who has been stepped on by someone more powerful, someone in audiority. Those who are willing to take risks and cut corners to get ahead, who want to make the powerful look foolish rather than hurt them - these are the people who favour Ranald. Naturally, his cult fits in very well in Marienburg and is popular with the city's lower classes and more daring businessmen.

"Ranald helps him who helps himself, and I believe I will help myself to that exquisite tiara."
- priest of Ranald in act of worship

In fact, Marienburg has spawned a new sect of Ranald-worship, the sub-cult of the Dealer. This aspect of Ranald embraces ruthless businessmen who will do almost anything to get to the top. Half-truths, lies, stolen information and outright swindling - all these things are fine by the cult, as long as there is no violence. Followers of the Dealer claim they are doing what everyone else does, it's just that they're open about it. Not surprisingly, the cult is ill-regarded by the priests of Haendryk, who regularly seek to have it outlawed.

Ranald is also Lord of Trickery and Illusion, and shares the governance of illusionists with his occasional rival Morr. Their earthly cults are friendly in Marienburg, and priests of Ranald in Marienburg will not rob a place of burial warded by Morr's signs. Because they can go places and hear things Morr's priests can't, they pass on information they learn about any Necromancers or undead in the city. In return, Morr's priests will sometimes shelter someone on the run from the authorities or carry sealed packages to other cities, no questions asked.

This divine "odd couple" also puts on the Circus Illuminatus, a marvellous carnival and magic show held every year in Suiddock on the day after Geheimnistag, for Marienburg's poor children. Officially sponsored by the Cult of Morr in his role as Lord of Dreams and Illusions, it really serves as a recruiting ground for Ranald, his priests secretly observing the children present for any signs of strange talents, magical or otherwise. Why the two cults co-operate like this in Marienburg when they don't anywhere else in the Old World is a mystery neither can answer. When pressed, their priests give a typically Marienburger response: "That's the way it's always been. As long as it works, who cares?"

MINOR CULTS

Marienburg plays host to dozens of minor and even obscure cults, their worshippers coming from all parts of the globe and adding their pieces to its patchwork. Detailed below are a few of the more well-known. Gamemasters should feel free create new cults, adapting from our own world's mythologies and literature, and applying the Warhammer touch. There's always room for more.

SlGMAR

The cult of Sigmar, patron of Imperial unity and the fight against Chaos, has fallen on hard times in the Wasteland. Other than being the chief cult of the Empire as a whole, it was never supreme in the Wasteland, being eclipsed by the cults of Manaan and Haendryk. Still, people worshipped out of habit and duty, and it had its strongest influence among Imperial emigres and the residents of the inland towns. In the interests of Imperial peace and unity, it strongly supported the agreement with Emperor Magnus the Pious that established the Directorate.

The coming of independence shattered the cult and any influence it had over the government. The hierarchy had backed the Empire and planned to open the gates for Count Zelt's army. When the invasion failed and their plot was discovered, it was only the intervention of Director Arkat Fooger before the doors of the temple of Sigmar that kept the enraged mob from lynching every priest within. Spared their lives, the cult had to surrender its seat on the Directorate and close its temple, moving to a much smaller facility in Ostmuur. The old building in Tempelwijk remains closed and locked to this day.

"Havefaith! Soon we shall be in Sigmar's loving embrace. The Emperor has not forgotten his loyal subjects." - Lector Stepan Johanneszoon of Kalkaat, Cult of Sigmar-Orthodox

In the crisis following the secession, the cult split between those who remained faithful to the Em-

> *"The fight against Chaos is paramount! By removing ourselves from the Empire, we honour Sigmar and renounce the moral decay of his homeland, remaining vigilant and pure."*
> - Arch-Lector Andries van Aperen of Marienburg, Cult of Sigmar-Reformed

pire and those who cast their lot with Marienburg. The former call themselves Uniates or Orthodox Sigmarites, emphasizing their loyalty to the Grand Theogonist. They are based in Kalkaat, in the Wasteland (see p.9), an area of strong traditional Sigmarite feelings, though they have learned to be tight-lipped about it: government informants are occasionally unmasked within the cult, and the Uniates have been persecuted during invasion scares or when the city needs a scapegoat. They have steadfastly rejected the claims of the arch-lectors in Marienburg to have any authority over them. Any city-priest who visits the towns of Kleinland had better be accompanied by a few bodyguards.

The Reformed cult has the official sanction of the Stadsraad. The Directors hoped that it would keep the restive country yokels happy and provide a tame Sigmarite presence in the city. It has been only partially successful. The Grand Theogonists have always refused to recognize the reformed cult, declaring the seat of the arch-lector to be vacant. More tellingly, the changeable nature of city life has left few 'traditional' Sigmarites - their children have mostly passed on to cults that offer better opportunities.

Most Sigmarites in the city are recent arrivals from the Empire, or their descendants, who bear grudges against the Empire and find the cult's de-emphasis of Imperial unity attractive. Since these exiles tend to be wealthy nobles, the cult has done well financially, in spite of having a small membership. Emigre Sigmarites also are often the most rabid Wastelander patriots, often accused of being "more Marienburger than the Staadtholder". All the same, the Fog Walkers keep an eye on the cult, looking for clandestine Imperial agents.

In spite of their political and doctrinal differences, priests of both sects can cast spells. Exactly why is hotly debated, with each side accusing the other of heresy and demon-worship. Given the hostility between 'city' and 'country' Sigmarites, their theological discussions have a way of turning into brawls very fast.

SOLKAN, LORD OF VENGEANCE

There aren't many worshippers of stern Solkan in Marienburg - most Marienburgers are by nature too tolerant, too open-minded to worship one of the unforgiving Lords of Law. While it has never been officially banned, the cult is regarded as a haven for reactionaries at best, and dangerous extremists at worst.

Though few in number, devotees of Solkan have infiltrated the courts and the law-enforcement agencies, especially the excise service. They dedicate themselves to an unbending enforcement of the letter of the law against the criminal classes - meaning all who are not as devoted to the Law protected by Solkan as they are. Believing themselves to be in the midst of their enemies, they often conceal their cult affiliations, though it is widely believed that at least two judges of the High Court are Solkanites.

The cult's one public presence in Marienburg is in the Goudberg offices of its charitable organization, the Brotherhood of Purity. This foundation, which officially exists to aid widows and orphans, is in reality a front for a violent and secret vigilante group, the Knights of Purity. Few in the city have heard of the Knights, and their membership is a closely guarded secret. Given some of the prominent names found on their rolls, it is one they are willing to kill to protect.

> *"Your mutation is the visible taint of the Chaos in your soul, a judgement against you. I am here to execute that judgement!"*
> - Knight of Purity

The Knights' self-proclaimed mission is the eradication of all mutants and even the smallest taint of Chaos in Humanity. In pursuit of this dream, they regularly stage mutant hunts in the lower-class quarters of the city. Their victims need not even be obvious mutants - showing any taint of Chaos, as defined by the Knights, is enough to warrant a beating or even death. The Watch does not often intervene, both for the influence the Knights seem to have and for the belief that "they're just saving us the trouble". Occasionally the Knights go too far, as they did when they raided the home of a wealthy lawyer in Noordmuur, beat him for "chaotic greed", and left him crippled. Unfortunately for them, he was a cousin of Director van Haagen. Rumour has it that the Knights and the Brotherhood avoided a disastrous public trial only by executing the offending members themselves.

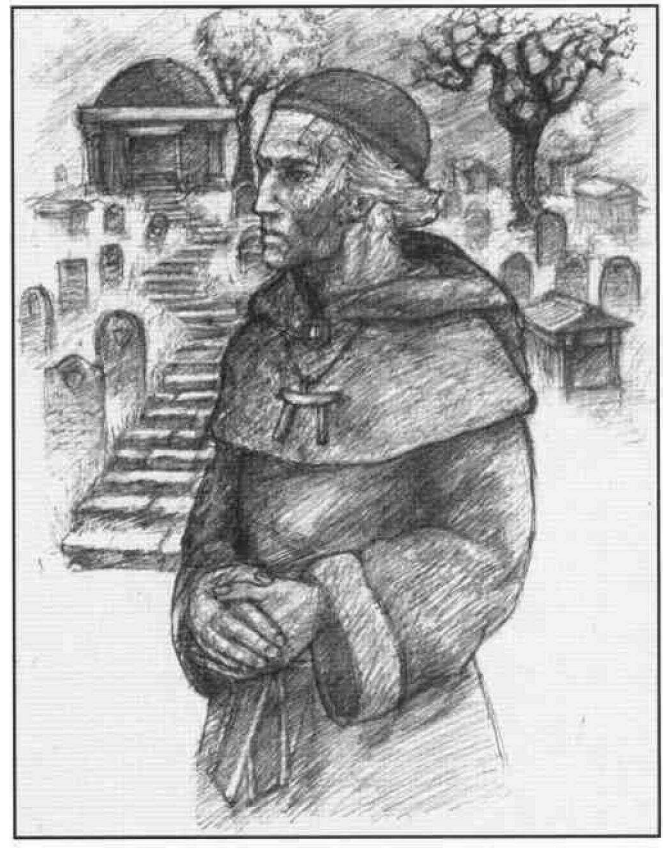
MORR, LORD OF DREAMS, PROTECTOR OF THE DEAD

The cult of Morr has authority over the dead and all places of burial in Marienburg and the Wasteland. It also has primary responsibility for rooting out Necromancers and any undead that may arise. It even serves as an oracle, interpreting dreams for those with troubled sleep. The cult is respected, if not often spoken of, since everyone winds up in its care in the end.

Traditionally the guardians of tombs and burial places throughout the Old World, Morr's priests face problems in Marienburg - in a city where almost every square inch of dry land is taken by the living, what do you do with the dead? The cult maintains several graveyards around Marienburg, but they were filled centuries ago. Even burying the dead one atop the other didn't help: you can't keep digging forever. Rich families have crypts in the deep cellars of their mansions, old rooms in the ancient labyrinthine foundations which have been converted to tombs.

> *"The trouble with the dead is keeping them that way."*
> -priest of Morr

But what about the masses of common folk, who want something better than to have their bodies tossed into the fens? The solution was two-fold: for those too poor to pay for a plot, the cult will, for two pennies, have the body carted to a crematorium in Doodkanaal, near



the Halfling quarter, Kleirunoot. There a quick blessing is said over it before it is given to the fires.

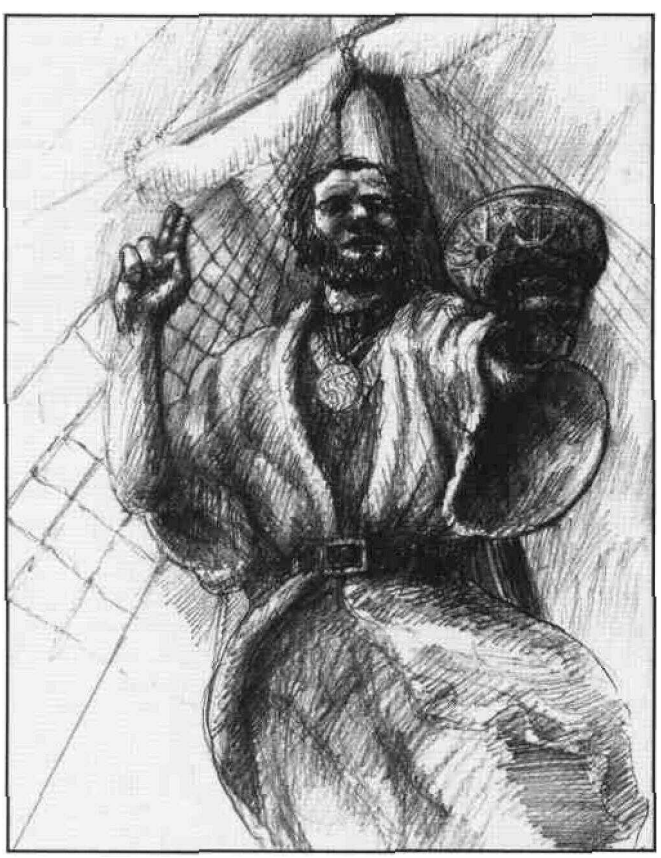
Those who can pay for a place in the city's cemeteries are buried in a shroud after being treated with quicklime, which speeds the body's decay and leaves the plot ready for further use in a relatively short time. Only those who can afford the exorbitant fees or have done some great service for the cult or the city are allowed to have an undisturbed rest, their grave usually marked with an elaborate monument or even a small crypt.

While the cult forbids necromancy of any sort, it will interpret dreams for people who come to them, since the dead are known to try to communicate with the living through dreams, especially around the dread days of Hexenstag and Geheimnistag. The knowledge the priests gain from this interpretation, as well as from what people let slip during it, has given them an intimate knowledge of the inner workings of Marienburg. And, as Morr is Lord of Dreams, the law requires Illusionists to register with the cult, which is also used as a cover for Ranald-aligned Illusionists.

OLOVALD, SPIRIT OF THE DELTA, LORD OF THE WATER'S BOUNTY

Few outside of Suiddock have heard of Olovald, other than as a more-or-less important saint of the cult of Manaan. His one church is a run-down building in Suiddock, unknown by anyone except the locals, and even the hierarchy of Manaan barely knows it is there (see the Church of St Olovald, p. 64).

However, ancient records in vaults of the cults of Manaan and Verena record that, in the centuries after the founding of the city, the cult of Olovald was a separate and thriving entity, its priests important advisors to the early kings and barons. Long-forgotten documents attest that it was Olovald who spoke to Marius in his dream and bade him bring his people to the delta; he who taught his priests the art of fishing and survival, and Olovald's priests who learned to craft the Marienburgers' first ocean-going vessels.



After the Imperial conquest, as they travelled farther out on the seas and grew wealthy from it, Marien-burgers gradually turned from the worship of Olovald to the Empire-sanctioned cult of Manaan. In the year 1010, a council of Manaan's priests declared that Olovald was really a saint of the cult, subservient to Manaan. The old churches of Olovald were taken over and turned into shrines to Morr, his remaining priests absorbed into the greater cult, and history was rewritten.

> *"Though we have all but forgotten him and the priests of Manaan have degraded him, he still honours his ancient promise to his people."*
> - Sister Hilaria of St Olovald's, Suiddock

But worship of Olovald the god continues to this day. A small but active cult exists in all strata of society among those who have heard his call in their dreams, even among some of Manaan's priests. They must be careful in professing their beliefs, though, since assertion of his divinity and denial of the Council of 1010 is tantamount to heresy. And the punishment for heresy in the cult of Manaan is keelhauling.

ULRIC. LORD OF WINTER. WOLVES AND BATTLE

Ulric has almost no organized worship in Marienburg, his simplistic doctrines and rituals out of synch with the sophisticated urban population. His worship is most popular among the Norscan immigrants, his lone temple in the Norscan ghetto, Noormanswijk. Many of the Norscan Ulric worshippers find themselves working as mercenaries, often as marines in the private armies of the Ten or the cult of Manaan, Ulric's nephew. While the cult itself has no political influence, if united in anger it can provide the side it favours with a formidable fighting force.

MYRMIDIA, LADY OF STRATEGY AND THE ART OF WAR

Marienburg is a city that relies on diplomacy to protect itself. Should diplomacy fail or internal strife wrack the metropolis, the Directorate has had the wisdom to hire first-class mercenaries and pay them enough to ensure their loyalties. Many of these have come from Tilea, whose *condottieri* are famous for their tactical and strategic skills. These in turn brought with them the worship of Myrmidia, popular in the southern Old World as a patroness of officers and all who rely on thought and planning over blind force.

Myrmidia is especially popular with the Tileans of the Company of the Red Talons, mercenaries first hired after the Directorate was established to provide the garrison of Rijker's Isle. Because of their loyal service since then, they have been allowed to construct a small temple in Tempelswijk (see p.99). It is attended not only by Tilean and other mercenaries, but by the high-ranking officers of the Watch and the private armies of the Ten. With this plus the wealth brought by gifts from members and a grateful government, the cult of Myrmidia exerts an influence out of proportion to its small size.

> *"War is a science. Only the foolish or the desperate charge first and think later."* - Don Marco Bizzari, chaplain of the Red Talons, Rijker's Isle

GUILD CULTS

Most guilds in Marienburg keep a shrine to one or more gods, often in the form of some divine aspect, a sub-cult of a major deity, which represent some ideal of the guild and serve as a focus for guild business and social activities. Though there are usually no priests in attendance, guild leaders will officiate in ceremonies before meetings.

Two examples familiar to most Marienburgers are the cults of Karog and Rijkstrum. Karog is an aspect of Taal worshipped by rivermen who ply the lengths of the Reik and other rivers between Marienburg, the Empire and Kislev. Rijkstrum 'the Guide' is an aspect of Manaan adopted as patron by the Brotherhood of Sea-

men and Pilots (see p.58). With the continuing friction between the Rivermen's Association and the Brotherhood over the latter's right to pilot all vessels in the harbour, religious festivals associated with either sub-cult often become the targets of hooliganism by adherents of the other.

FORBIDDEN CULTS

Tolerant as Marienburgers are, there are some cults whose worship is so obscene and threatening that even the Directorate cannot look the other way. Membership in these cults is considered apostasy, and apostasy is punished with death by immurement, burning, hanging, or keelhauling. The convict is not allowed a choice.

ALL CHAOS

Worship of the Lords of Chaos - Tzeentch, Khorne, Nurgle, Slaanesh and the minor godlings - is forbidden in the Wasteland, as it is in most of the Old World. But, for all their protestation of practicality and virtue, some Wastelanders have fallen prey to the seductions of Chaos.

Within the wealthiest families, someone always wants *more* - whether it's sex, power or money doesn't matter. Among the priests and academics, someone inevitably wants to know *more* - even if knowing more damns their soul And among the oppressed, there are those who want revenge - whether it's the bloodbath of Khorne or Nurgle's slow slide into sweet decay.

"Think not of your sacrifice as death, little girl! Rather, rejoice that you shall find truth in eternal madness!" - priest of Khaine comforting a sacrificial victim

The temples keep a close watch for the taint of Chaos, but the average Marienburger sees Chaos only as a distant threat, and themselves as "too smart to fall for the con". This conceit may well be their undoing.

KHAINE, LORD OF MURDER AND THE BAVENING DEAD

Encompassing assassins, murder-worshippers and Necromancers, the cult of Khaine has its adherents among those who lust for power in Marienburg. And killing is power: power over those weaker than yourself, power over those who are stupid enough to trust in the protection of mortals or whimpering gods.

Cultists prey mostly on the lower classes and visitors to city who would never be missed - sailors, for example. Insane by any definition used in polite society, they are also dedicated to protecting any undead who find their way to Marienburg.

STROMFELS, LORD OF PREDATORS

The cult of Stromfels occupies an odd place in the life of Marienburg. While it is a cult devoted to predation on the high seas (including wrecking, piracy, human sacrifice and other crimes), it is also a part of the cult of Manaan, an ancient part that represents a balance with the sea.

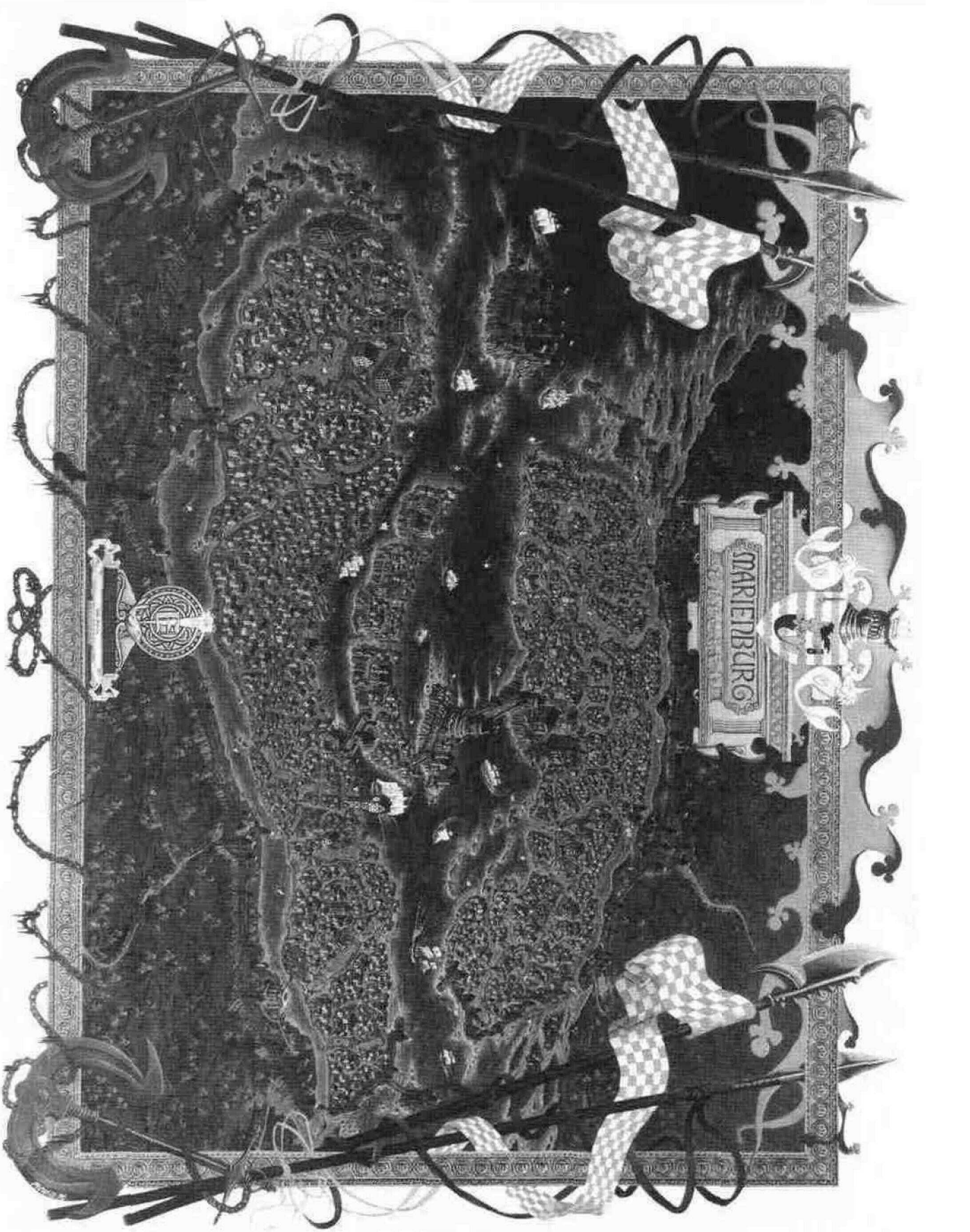
"Feel that sou-wester blowing up? There'll be gifts from Stromfels scattered on the shore tomorrow morning, and a few more souls in his jaws this night." - Marienburg sailor

The truth is that Stromfels is an aspect of Manaan, known as the Wrecker. Outlawed as heresy after the signing of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce with the High Elves, it claims its adherents primarily from among those who gain their livelihood through piracy or wrecking.

Rumours have it that the cult is centred among the criminal classes of Broekwater, though no official investigation has ever turned up enough evidence to prove anyone's guilt. Of course, cynical wags have put it about that this is because some among the Ten support the cult's piracy, especially if it should be directed against the Sea Elves.

Though banned in Marienburg, the cult of Stromfels is not an evil cult - but it is certainly predatory.




MARIENBURG

DISTRICTS

The image of Marienburg around the Old World is of a city filled with warehouses, docks and vaults, stuffed with fabulous trade-goods and treasure. The streets are cobbled with gold nuggets and the windows are glazed with real glass. Everyone is either a merchant, a banker, a lawyer or a wizard. Even the poor dress in rags of silk. And no one goes hungry.

Of course that's nonsense. Marienburg is a patchwork of neighbourhoods, each with its own personality and fortune: some rich and opulent, others a morass of stinking poverty, desperation and crime. The quilt is so big that this book can only cover some of the districts in detail, providing you with locations and personalities that can be fit into many kinds of adventures. Other areas have been left for you to develop and flesh out as you want.

WARDS AND BOROUGHS

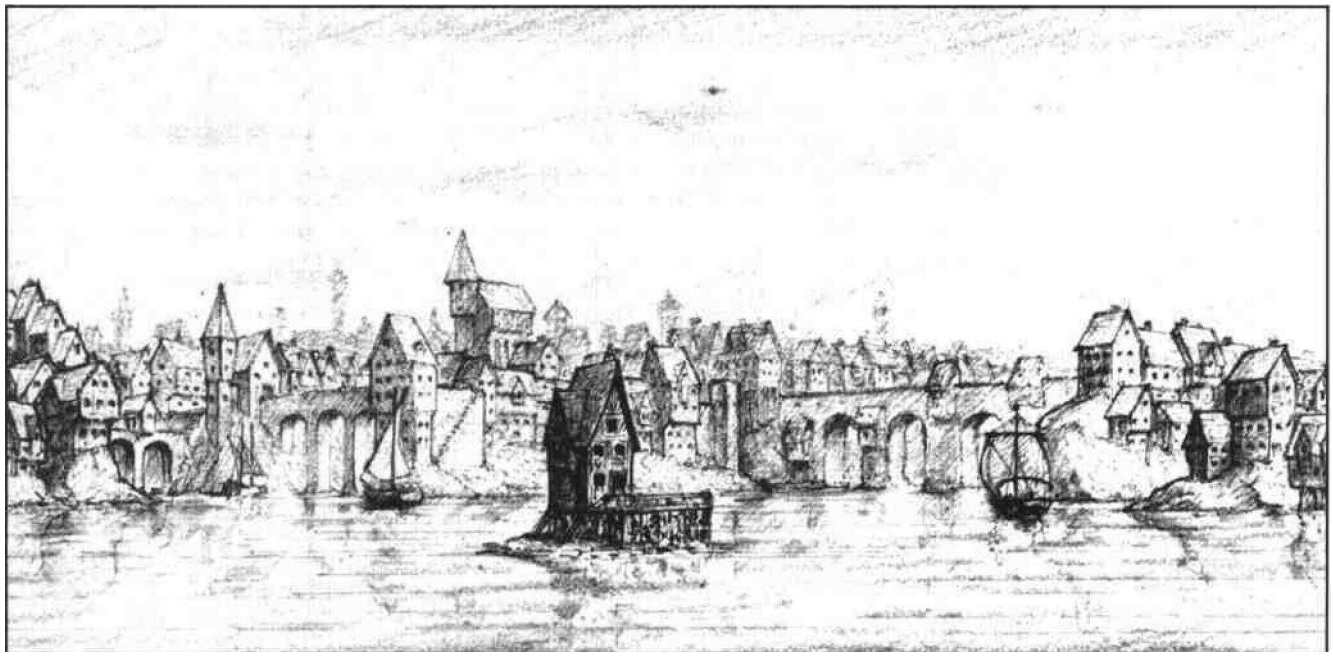
The city is formally divided up into twenty wards; districts that have their own legal identity. Wards have the right to elect Ward committees, pass by-laws, send representatives to the Burgerhof, the lower house of the Stadsraat, and even to raise taxes to pay for extra Watch patrols, road and bridge maintenance, or - since many Wards committees have become excuses for greedy citizens to do a little empire-building - pocket-lining and palm-greasing.

Not all named areas of the city are Wards. Some with reputations beyond the city walls, such as the great harbour of Manaanshaven, have no legal status at all. Others, mostly the enclaves and ghettoes forms by various social and racial groups within the city, are usually referred to as 'boroughs'. Just because a borough does not have any legal status does not mean that it is simply a part of the ward in which it exists: most boroughs have their own rules and laws (often unwritten), their own temples, holidays and religious festivals, and their own community leaders who, while they may not have as much power as the members of the Stadsraat, almost certainly have more respect from the borough's citizens, as well as their own ways of getting things done.

As befits somewhere with as much international traffic as Marienburg, the city's foreign boroughs are numerous, and are little diluted by the city's own personality. There are people in Remasweg, Noord Miragliano and Messteeg, for example, who speak no Old Worlder at all, even though some are second- or even third-generation Marienburgers. Walking into these places is like stepping into a Tilean or Estalian city, with only the damp climate to remind a traveller that they're still in Marienburg.

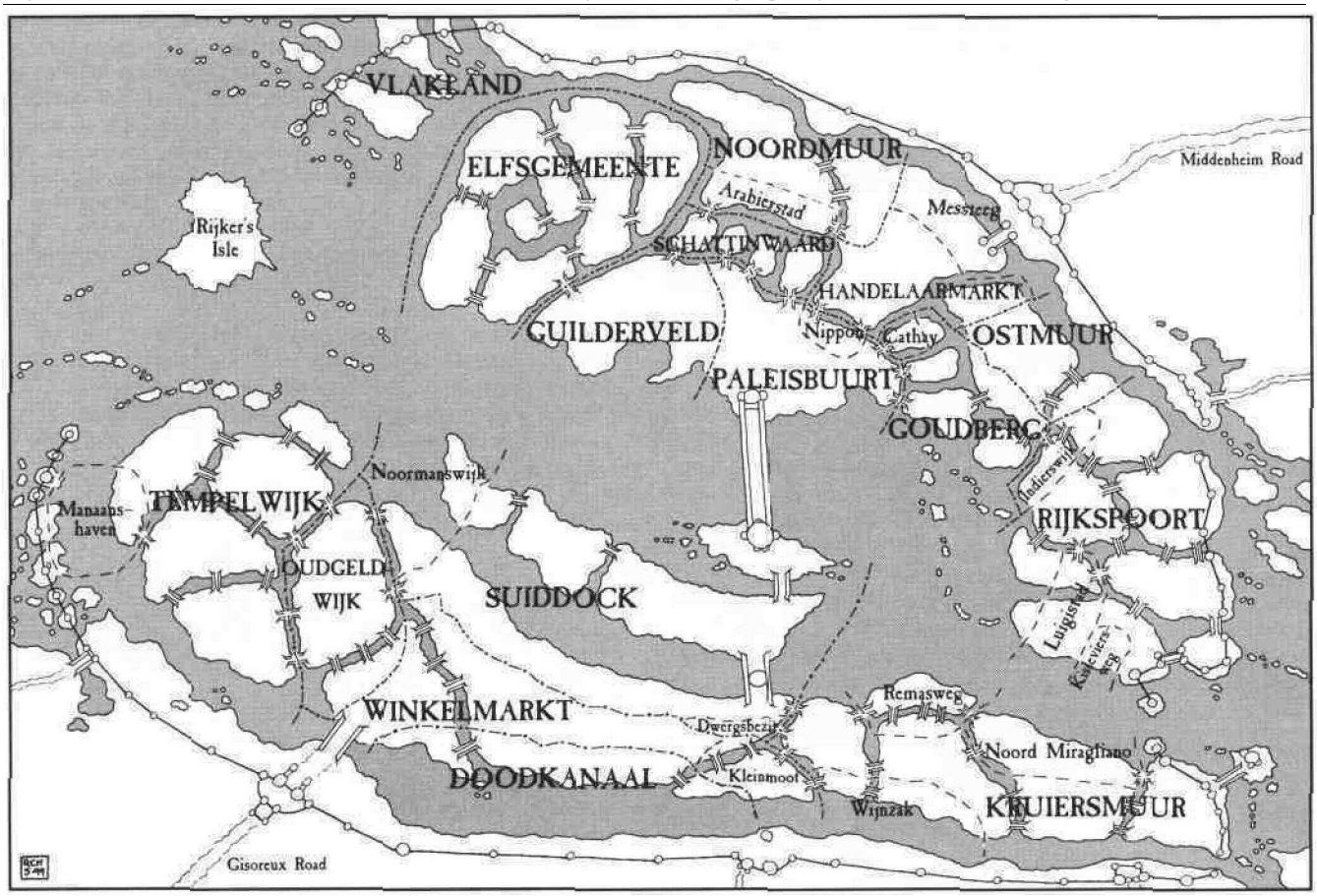
Tension and resentment simmers between many wards and boroughs, over new issues or more often over decades-old insults or scandals. These battles are fought not only in the ward committees and in the Burgerhof, but also outside taverns, in dark alleys and - rarely - in pitched battles in the streets. Wise visitors do their utmost to stay out of this part of local politics.

The table on the next page lists all the city's major wards and boroughs, giving the Marienburger name for each one, followed by the English translation and a brief note about the area. Wards are shown in CAPITAL LETTERS while boroughs are in lower-case. All of the ones named in **bold type** have their own chapters later in this book.



WARDS AND BOROUGHS OF MARIENBURG

NAME	TRANSLATION	NOTE
Arabierstad	Arabtown	No alcohol allowed here. Renowned for fine private tutors.
DOODKANAAL	Dead Canal	The worst of slums, feared and shunned. Dying and blighted.
Dwergsbezit	Dwarf's Hold	The home of Director Fooger. Many fine stone buildings.
ELFSGEMEENTE	Elftown	Sea Elf enclave, self-governing.
GOUDBERG	Gold Mound	Fashionable upper-class neighbourhood.
GUILDERVELD	Guilder Field	Major commercial and banking houses, along with other services for the rich.
HANDELAARMARKT	Dealers' Market	A breeding-ground for up-and-coming small businessmen. Sharp reputation.
Indierswijk	Indie District	Spice merchants, house servants and petty magicians.
Kislevіersweg	Kislevan way	Mercenaries and labourers.
Kleinmoot	Little Moot	Halfling district, containing the headquarters of the Bakers' Guild.
KRUIERSMUUR	Porters' Wall	Old working class district, in decline. One of the Rijk chain-towers is here.
Luigistad	Luigi's Town	Derogatory name for area where most Tileans live.
Messteeg	Knife Alley	Estalian district, known among other things for a violent crime gang.
Nipponsstad	Nippon Town	Labourers, fishermen. Often work for Elves as house staff.
Noord Miragliano	North Miragliano	Tileans from Miragliano. There are frequent brawls with the Remeans.
NOORDMUUR	North Wall	Upper middle class. Conservative. Devout Manaan and Haendryk worshippers.
Noormanswijk	Norscan town	Sailors, dockers and mercenaries. Vendetta law.
OSTMUUR	East Wall	Middle-class area with a championship water ball team.
OUDGELDWIJK	Old Money Ward	Original home for nobility, now in a state of genteel poverty.
PALEISBUURT	Palace District	Official centre of Marienburg's government.
Remasweg	Remas Way	Tileans from Remas, who often brawl with the Miraglianese.
RIJKSPOORT	Rijk's Gate	Working-class and fishermen. One of the Rijk chain-towers is here.
SCHATTINWAARD	Treasure Holm	Few residents; mostly warehouses and counting houses.
SUIDDOCK	South Dock	Original port area. Busy, but a slum despite the presence of the 'Change.
TEMPELWIJK	Temple District	Home of Baron Henryk's College and many of its students.
VLAKLAND	The Flats	Inhabited by poor fishermen and others. Often flooded out.
Wijnzak	Wine sack	Bretonnian district. Named for their refusal to drink the local water.
WINKELMARKT	Craftsmarket	Small boat-building and famous sausages. Lower middle-class, in decline.
Zijdemarkt	Silk market	Cathayan district. High quality silks, tea. Small banking houses.



"This, me friends, is the crossroads of the World! Right here, wher'n ye stand. Everything can be bought and sold in Suiddock — and if'n yez not careful, ye can wind up the goods instead of the seller - know what I mean?" — **old trader**

"Suiddock is the heart and soul of Marienburg — and considering what a run-down pesthole it is, that's a frightening thought."
- young broker at the 'Change

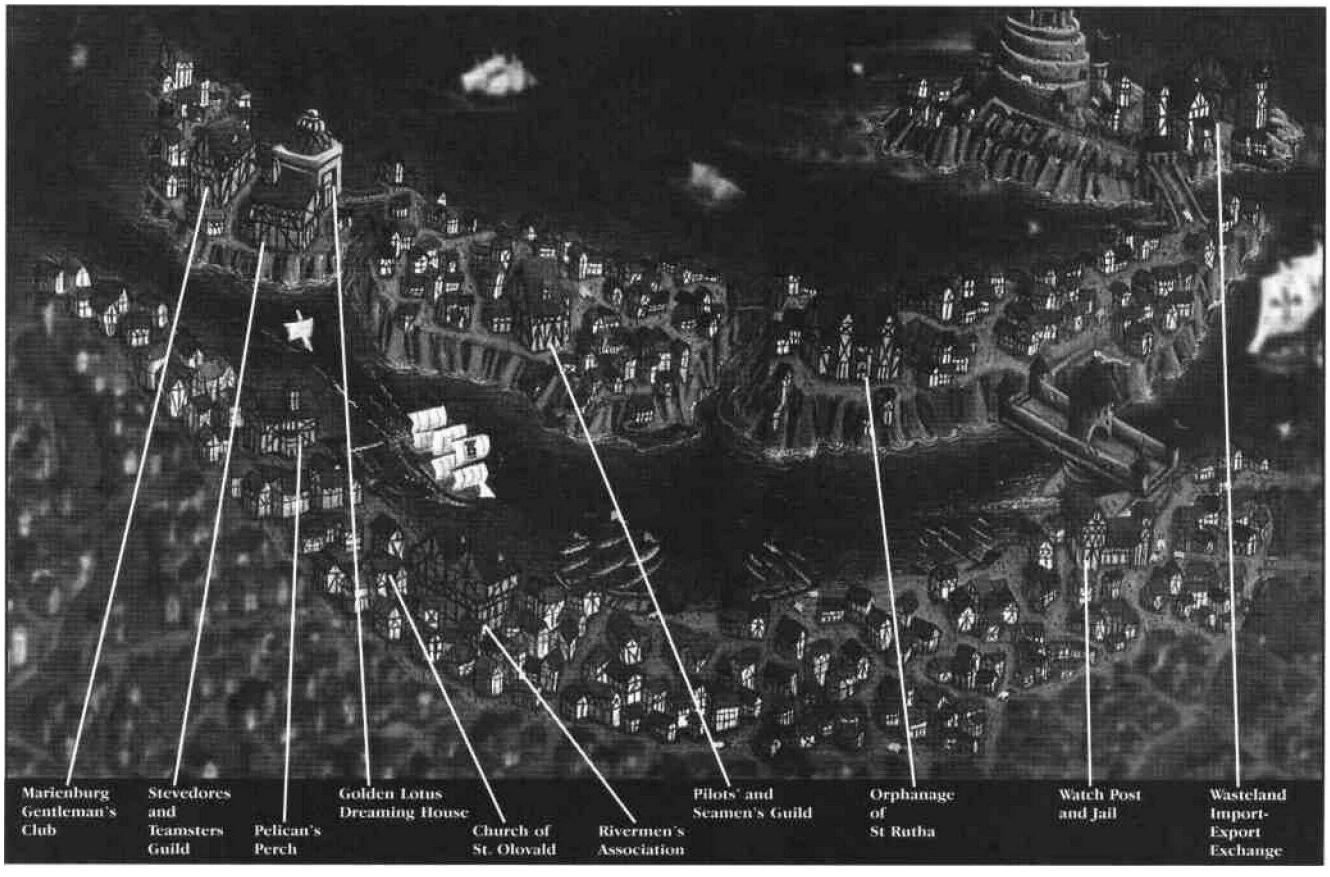
"'tis the oldest part of the city, this is - they say Marius hisself is buried round here somewheres. Though, if'n he is, he's awful wet."
— local tavern keeper

SUIDDOCK

The Bruynwater canal is one of the few waterways in Marienburg deep enough to handle ocean-going vessels. It runs for almost a mile, both sides crammed with warehouses, docks, offices, shops, taverns, flophouses, shipyards, tenements and brothels. Its streets are filled with crowds of people always in motion, all Marienburg's classes and races blending together in an ever-changing swirl. The Bruynwater itself and its many side canals teem with ships large and small, from sea-going clippers, caravels, ketches and dhows to riverboats and barges from the interior of the Old World. Amongst them all dash the small dories and skiffs of the locals, darting in and out of the traffic like water-beetles and creating nightmares for pilots trying to bring large vessels into dock.

The north side of the Bruynwater takes in the islands of Riddra, Stoessel and Luydenhoek, from west to east, while the south bank runs from one tip of Sikkeleiland to the other. The magnificent Hoogbrug bridge rises from Hightower Isle, the northernmost isle of Suiddock, which is itself connected to Luydenhoek by the Nederbrug bridge. Foot and wheeled traffic across the Bruynwater is only available via the Draaienbrug swing-bridge.

The oldest parts of Suiddock - and arguably the oldest parts of Marienburg itself - are in the west. Starting in Noormanswijk and heading east to encompass the western half of Stoessel and the corresponding portions of Sikkeleiland, this heart of the Suiddock has become a warren of run-down slums where the





Watch rarely ventures and only the residents really feel at home. Many of the docks and buildings have a decrepit look to them, and the warehouses only sometimes hold legitimate cargoes.

Over the last few decades, most of the area's commercial activity has headed east, into the relatively newer portions of Suiddock. It is here, in what Suiddockers variously call the Luydenhoek Stretch or the East End, that one will find the newest and busiest docks in the city. It's also here that most of the real business of Suiddock is done, among the hardworking and pragmatic East Enders.

Travellers coming to Marienburg will likely start their visit in Suiddock. Coming by road from Middenheim, they will enter via the Oostenpoort Gate, racing through the sights, sounds and smells of Messteeg, Handelaarmarkt, Nipponsstad and Paleisbuurt to cross the Hoogbrug bridge and finally disembark in Beulsplaats (Hangman's Square) on Luydenhoek. The coaching companies keep their depots here because of the cheap (for Marienburg) land and their contracts with the Stevedores and Teamsters Guild. From here, passengers can either walk or hire small boats to other parts of the city.

Travellers coming from Bretonnia enter through the Westenpoort Gate, their carriages moving as quickly as possible through the parts of Winkelmarkt that border on Doodkanaal to get to their destinations. Coachmen who frequent the Suiddock inns still talk about the Four Seasons coach that stopped too near Doodkanaal so the coachman could answer nature's call. When it was found the next day, the doors had been hacked off and all that was remained of the crew and passengers was a woman's severed hand.

Finally, those arriving by river or sea will almost certainly disembark in Suiddock. Almost all ship traffic passes through here - especially if it has something to hide.

STEVEDORES AND TEAMSTERS GUILD

The Stevedores and Teamsters Guild has its headquarters in an old converted warehouse on Riddra Isle, south-west from Three Penny Bridge, down a cobbled alley in the old heart of Suiddock. It looks much like any other ageing structure in the docklands: half-timber construction with a peaked shingle roof and a mangy hound guarding its front door. Other than the sign of three barrels hanging over the doorway, there's little to mark it as the headquarters of one of the most powerful forces in Marienburg.

The interior is well-kept and quite comfortable, especially by Suiddock standards. A great fireplace warms the meeting hall, heavy tapestries line the walls to guard against the chill, and a fresh keg of ale is always present to slake a workingman's thirst. Since Lea-Jan Cobbius came to power over thirty years ago he has made sure that all stevedores and teamsters feel welcome in their own guildhall. Consequently, there are upwards of twenty guildsmen to be found here at all hours of the day or night, either on guild business or simply playing cards and sharing a drink and some gossip.

The upper floor houses the business offices of the guild, which are as well furnished as the meeting hall. Even the waiting area outside Cobbius's office is outfitted with comfortable chairs, and the Guildmaster himself has a chamber worthy of one of the Ten, a desk of imported Kislevan oak resting atop an Arabian carpet, and a library of over a dozen books. These reflect Cobbius's eclectic tastes, ranging from *Legendary Beasts of the Sea of Claws* through *Admiralty Law* to di Martini's *Rules of Tilean Pit-Fighting.*

The Stevedores and Teamsters Guild enjoys a complete monopoly over unskilled labour on Marienburg's docks. Its power dates from its victory in the general strike of 2482, which came about in response to a law passed by the Stadsraad that only guilds certified by the Stadtholder's office could represent the city's workers. The guild provides the most complete set of benefits for its members of any labouring guild in the city and possibly the world, with payment of medical bills, widows' and orphans' pensions, and even short-term unemployment pay for those temporarily unable to work. In return, though, the guild demands absolute loyalty from its members. The harsh treatment given to the occasional scab works as a reminder of the benefits of loyalty.

What's more, through Cobbius's leadership the guild has come to be seen as a speaker for the Suiddock as a whole - which is not surprising given that most of the residents are members.

"The Stevedores and Teamsters Guild controls everything that moves on or off the docks. If it's on a ship or a cart, it takes a guildsman to move it. Even the Guild we've never heard of has to use Cobbius's boys to haul their booty. But you never heard me say that..." - Suiddock 'free trader'

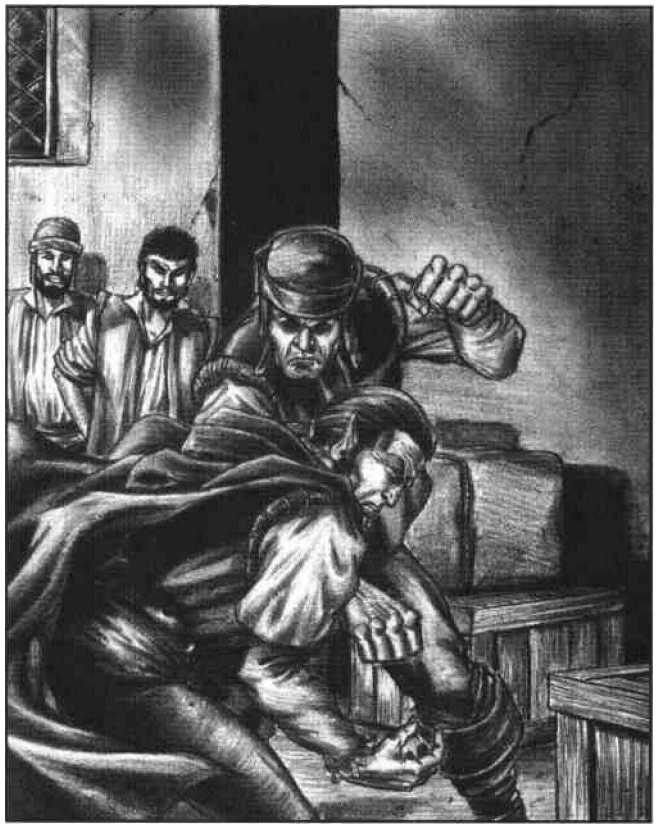
Open meetings are held once a month, at which Cobbius and other guild officers review the guild's business and other important issues for the membership. They are loud and raucous affairs, but an astute observer will note the guildmaster's control of the seeming chaos. While any member can challenge or question the officers at these meetings, such is the loyalty of the membership to Cobbius that his view always prevails.

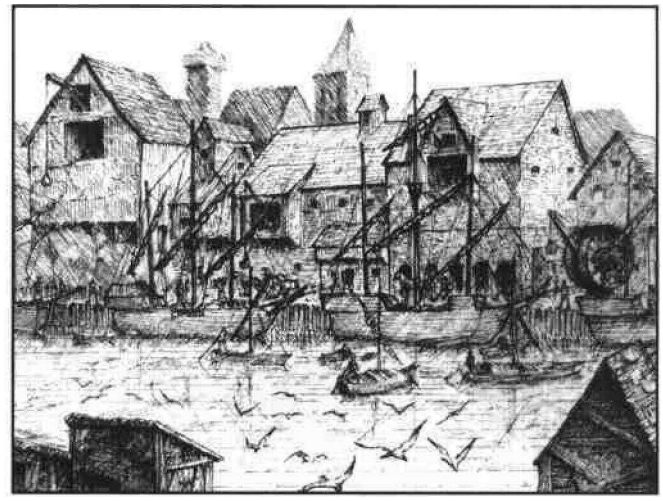
"Guildmaster Cobbius is a Director in all but name. At a word from him, the dockers and haulers stop working. And if they stop, the whole city stops."
- Suiddock merchant

The guild's day-to-day business is managed in weekly meetings of the Central Committee, headed by Cobbius and filled with his hand-picked lieutenants. These meetings are surprisingly open. Cobbius actively solicits the opinions of his underlings, who in turn are free to speak their minds. However, everyone understands that the final decisions always rest with the guildmaster.

A records room keeps extensive files on the guild's business, both legal and illegal. Off-limits to all but Cobbius and his lieutenants, there are not only records of members, income and expenses, but also detailed lists of illicit cargoes that the guild has handled on behalf of others. The guild maintains this information as a form of blackmail and insurance, to make sure that the merchant houses don't take undue advantage of Suiddock's working men. The Excise would love to have access to these files, but so far all their attempts to get to them, clandestine and otherwise, have failed.

Lately, though, stormclouds have appeared on the horizon, threatening the Guild's little empire. Suiddockers have always resented the Sea Elves' habit of docking only at their own docks and using only Elf labour to move their cargoes. While this is legal under the terms of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce, hotheads among the membership have grown tired of Cobbius's counsels of patience and have taken matters into their own hands. Cases of Elf-bashing are on the rise, and a series of fires in Elftown have been laid at the door of the Guild. After a recent beating of some

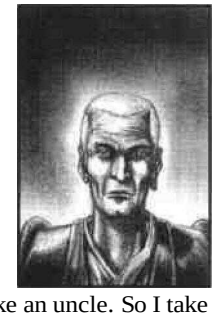




dockers by revenge-minded Sea Elf marines, Guildmaster Cobbius was able to avoid another anti-Elf riot only by personally promising to do something about this. What this something is, though, Cobbius has yet to figure out.

LEA-JAN COBBIUS
MASTER OF THE HONOURABLE GUILD OF STEVEDORES AND TEAMSTERS
Racketeer, ex-labourer, footpad and bodyguard

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	55	50	5*	5*	8	40	2	31	49	31	38	33	38



Skills: Carpentry; Charm; Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Engineering; Haggle; Read/Write; Silent Move Urban; Specialist Weapon - Fist Weapon; Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Super Numerate; Very Strong*; Very Resilient*

Trappings: sword; dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); leather jack (0/1AP, body); pendant with guild symbol; 4D8 guilders

Quotes: "Here's the deal. You can take it, or you can take it. You have no other options."

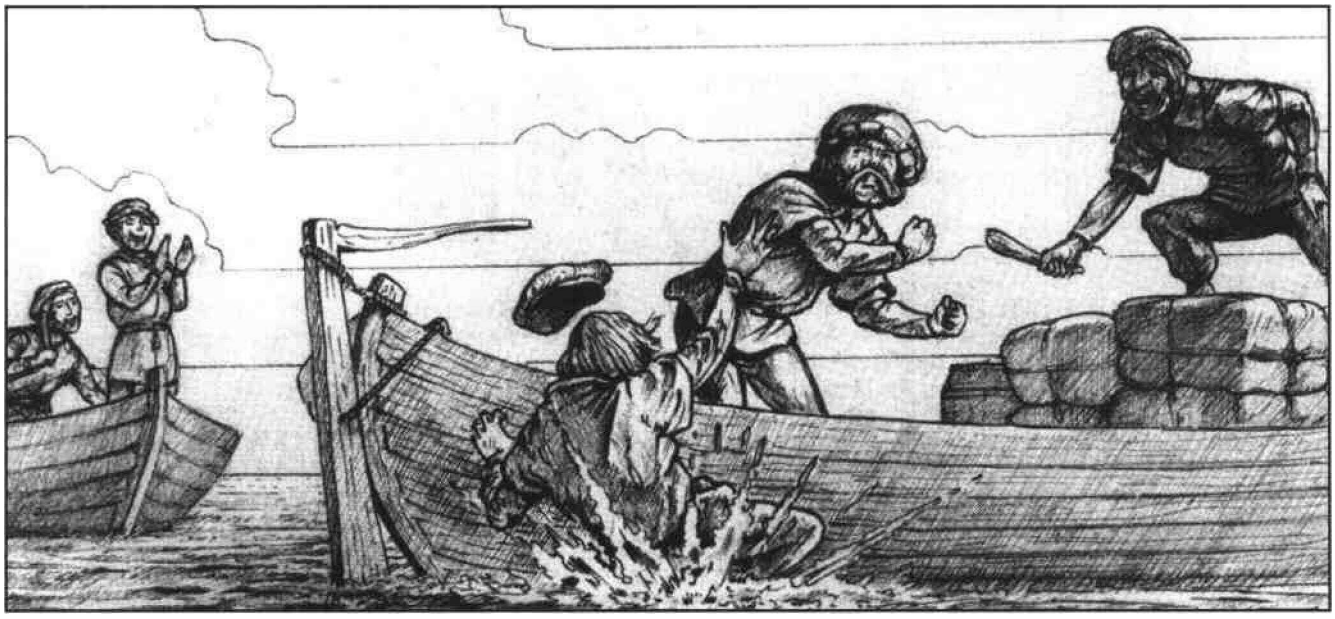
"These are my people. They look up to me like an uncle. So I take care of them, offer them advice and favours when needed, and protect them from the sharks that run this city. It also means that I keep them in line, so they don't hurt themselves or each other."

Appearance: Tall and lanky, his muscles are still powerful in spite of his age (62). His white hair is cropped close, and his steel-grey eyes can stare daggers down his aquiline nose. There is a two-inch scar just below his right eyebrow.

Personality and motivations: Tough, arrogant and brutal. A sharp negotiator, he has made the Merchant Houses realize that to get anything done on the docks, they have to go through him. He is loyal to those who are loyal to him and ruthless with those who aren't. Deeply loves Suiddock and its people.

Connections: Cobbius has some link to Granny Hetta - he occasionally passes money to her through his bodyguard, Big Piet, and has been known to arrange "accidents" for anyone who hurts her. He has clandestine contacts with most of the Directorate and the Exarch of Sith Rionnasc. He regularly deals with Adalbert Henschmann, who controls all the rackets on Suiddock not run by the Stevedores. Brother Albertus of St Rutha's is his brother, though the two haven't spoken in years.

Guildmaster Cobbius can be a source of muscle to adventurers who have proved themselves to him, with one condition - that such help never be used to harm the people of Suiddock.



RIVERMEN'S ASSOCIATION

Located in a small building on Sikkeleiland, across from Stoessel where the Geligwater Canal enters the Bruynwater, the Rivermen's Association is the enemy of the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots. The rivalry was born over a century ago when a group of bargemen formed their own breakaway group because they felt the Pilots' and Seamen's Guild was favouring saltwater sailors at the expense of those who really kept the port moving. Bad blood has run between the two groups ever since, with disagreements between them often turning into full-scale brawls.

"You know that barge that went aground in the channel last week? The captain got fined for not having a pilot. But he did! My cousin swears he saw the man jump off just afore the collision. Seems like the captain had been complaining about the rules too loud and too public."
- stevedore gossiping over a beer

The root of the dispute lies in a clause in Admiralty law giving members of the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots the right to guide all boats and ships entering or leaving Marienburg harbour, for a fee of 1/- per foot of boat. The Rivermen, all of them experienced and many of them native Wastelanders, resent this because they feel they know the river and harbour as well as any pilot.

Many Reik users, whether rivermen or not, claim the Pilots are little better than racketeers, and their power to call on the River Watch to enforce their rights rubs salt in an already open sore. There have been recent groundings and collisions that the Rivermen's Association claims were arranged by the Pilots to discredit those who were complaining too loudly.

But the Association is poor and lacks the influence of the better-connected Brotherhood. Relations between the rivals aren't helped by the fiery temper of the Rivermen's Association guildmaster, Axel Huurder, who's known across Suiddock for his sharp tongue and his disputes with the Pilots' leader, Albert Loodemans. The guild can't even afford to maintain a full-time staff: Huurder still has to make a living off his own boat (and pay piloting fees to boot). While some members staff the Association's small office on a volunteer basis, its doors are often locked and the windows shuttered.

"Dammit, I grew up on these canals and I know them like the back of me hand! I don't need no high-and-mighty pilot to tell me how to run my own lighter!"
- angry riverboat owner

Although the guild, and Axel in particular, are vocal about their complaints, lately some Rivermen have been talking more quietly about its lack of success. There have been discussions about the Pilots' dirty tricks, and whether it might be time for the honest rivermen of Marienburg to begin fighting back with the same weapons. At present it's no more than talk, but feelings are running close to boiling.

AXEL HUURDER, GUILDMASTER OF THE RIVERMEN'S ASSOCIATION

Boatman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	36	32	4*	3	7	46	1	30	43	34	41	38	31



Alignment: Neutral (Manaan)
Skills: Fish; Haggle; Orientation; Read/Write; River Lore; Row; Very Strong*
Trappings: Leather jack (0/1AP, body); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); sword; 2D10 shillings.
Quote: "I shouldn't have lost my temper like that, but - blast it! - the law's unfair and those Pilots are taking bread from our mouths. I want to avoid a war over it, but if it's a fight they're after, well...."
Appearance: Tall, bony and youthful (age 34), he wears long red hair and scruffy whiskers, a trait some say he got from his Norscan ancestors. He talks fast, even for a Marienburger, with a staccato delivery that always makes it seem as if he's arguing.
Personality and motivations: Axel is angry, and he isn't going to take it much longer. He wants the law changed so that Rivermen are treated with the respect they deserve. He works hard during the day running his boat and then long hours into the night on Association business, in meetings or recruiting among the dockside taverns. He can talk endlessly and passionately about the unfair treatment and harassment the rivermen receive from Loodemans' Guild. Quick to reach for a stick at the first sign of a fight, he may be the wrong person to avert a war with the Pilots.
Connections: Axel has frequent, if acrimonious, dealings with Albert Loodemans of the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots. He has a passing acquaintance with Lea-Jan Cobbius, and he'd dearly like to bring him over to the Rivermen's side. He's well known to Ward Captain Theophilus Graveland, having been arrested for brawling several times. He is also deeply in debt to Delftgruber and Sons of Guilderveld (see p.83) for supplies for his boat.

WILLIBRORD 'WEIRD WILLI' MOLENDIJK, SERIAL KILLER

Watercoachman (pilot), ex-labourer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	45	27	5*	4*	8	38	2	47	51	39	48	38	25



Alignment: Evil (Khaine)
Magic points: 9
Skills: Acute Hearing; Art - mask making; Carpentry; Cast Spells - Illusion 1 (one spell only); Concealment Urban; Consume Alcohol; Dance; Dodge Blow; Engineering; Excellent Vision; Fish; Fleet-footed; Lightning Reflexes; Orientation; Row; Sailing; Scale Sheer Surface; Secret Language - Thieves' Tongue; Secret Signs - Thieves' Signs; Silent Move Urban; Specialist Weapon - fist weapons; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Surgery; Swim; Torture; Very Resilient; Very Strong; Wrestling
Spells: Assume Illusionary Appearance
Trappings: Boat; club; dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); D6 deathmasks of his previous victims; flask of gin; garrote; rope; various surgical saws and knives.
Quotes: "Need a lift, ma'am?"; "I need company, I'm lonely"; "Mother left me, but you never will."

Willibrord Molendijk - "Weird Willi" to the street children of Riddra - is one of the human monsters that a slum like Suiddock will sometimes spit forth. In his early forties, he looks twenty years older thanks to his depraved life. Abused and abandoned by his prostitute mother, never knowing his father, he grew up on Suiddock's harsh quaysides tormented and friendless because of his stutter, shyness and hideously pock-marked face. Unable to gain an apprenticeship, he survived by working odd jobs, selling salvage, and the occasional robbery. Lacking the price of a doss-house bed, he lived on an abandoned boat.

A few years ago, Willi refused to to turn over a valuable bauble he had found in Oudgeldwijk to Henschmann's thugs. They took it anyway and torched his boat for fun. Fleeing, he hid in the basement of an abandoned warehouse on Riddra. There, he uncovered an old sealed door that led to a cistern, built perhaps a thousand years before to catch rainwater.

Willi became fascinated with the well, the strange markings along its rim, and the oily, inky black depths of the water. He'd sit for hours brooding over all the people who had hurt him, the women who had rejected him, who made him lonely. He hated them. He told the well about them.

One day the well answered. It felt his pain and encouraged his hate. It told him how he could have friends forever.

Willi came to worship the Voice from the Well. At its urging, he stole another boat and became a watercoachman. Using the magic the Voice gave him to disguise his appearance, he lured prostitutes with the promise of easy coin, while footsore goodwives and trusting children welcomed a free ride in a watercoach. He overpowers them and takes them back to the well, where he tortures and abuses them for the Voice's entertainment. Finally he kills them, cuts off their heads, and mounts each on a shelf so he can have his new friends nearby. The bodies he tosses naked into the well, where the Voice feeds on them. Willi keeps the clothes in a pile in the corner of the room.

In the last five years Willi has killed 17 people. He does so when an old head stops talking to him (they don't move their mouths, but Willi can hear them in his mind) and the Voice tells him he needs to find a new friend. Friends are so inconstant - they keep leaving. But Willi can always find more.

THE VOICE IN THE WELL. SPIRIT OF HATE. DAEMON OF KHAINE

During the plague that ended the reign of Boris the Incompetent, a cult of Khaine took root in Marienburg. At its height, the cultists summoned and bound a servant of Khaine, feeding the corpses of their victims to the well in which it was bound. Eventually the cult was smashed but the spirit was not discovered, and its room was sealed behind a false wall and forgotten.

Now it has a new worshipper, a weak fool who listens to its creed of hate and murder, who regularly feeds it flesh and blood. The daemon binds the souls of each new victim to its severed head and forces it to say nice things to its cultist. When the daemon is hungry for more worship, it consumes the captive soul and tells Willi that he must bring home another.

No statistics for the entity are given here. It is bound to the well and has no combat skills, its only powers being the seduction of weak minds, binding and compelling souls offered in sacrifice, and the granting of one spell. It can be dismissed only by a ritual exorcism performed by priests of Morr.



BROTHERHOOD OF SEAMEN AND PILOTS

Dead centre on the Stoessel waterfront and in sight of the Rivermen's Association lies the guildhall of the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots, one of the oldest and most respected guilds in the city. The guildhall is a well-kept building with a pillared facade and a painted mermaid figurehead jutting from the cornice. On its small dome is a brass spire, topped with a representation of Manaan's crown.

The guild exists to protect the interests of seamen and harbour pilots, and represent them in dealings with the Lord Harbourmaster's office. The Brotherhood is at pains to maintain good relations with local temples, seamen being a superstitious lot, and regularly gives money to the temples and charities such as St Rutha's orphanage. The guild also houses a small chapel dedicated to Manaan in his aspect of Rijkstrum the Guide, where members can make offerings and pray in private.

The Brotherhood harbours a grudge against the Rivermen's Association because of the latter's complaints about piloting fees and, lately, accusations of sabotage by members of the Brotherhood against the Rivermen. While no proof has been offered, a few Pilots have been bragging late at night in dockside inns about how "we put them durned river rats in their place, we did."

One of Suiddock's landmarks is the mess hall on the ground floor of the guildhall. Lots of guilds serve food, but no one serves hot fish stew as cheap or as good as 'Old Eric' Roergang, a retired ship's cook who also is caretaker for the hall. Eric receives a pension from the guild and cooks for the love of sailors' company and the swapping of old stories- the cost, half the normal price elsewhere in Suiddock, is just to cover supplies. To the dismay of many in Marienburg, though, the mess hall is open only to members of the Brotherhood.

"It's one of the most effective guilds in the city- not a racket like the Stevedores and Teamsters, but it still takes care of its own. And the Guildmaster, Loodemans, has got more than his fair share of good sense. Likes to think things over, come to a reasonable solution. Too bad they can't bottle some of it and give it to that hothead across the channel."
- Suiddock fisherman

Albert Loodemans has been the head of the Brotherhood for five years. He's a respected figure around Suiddock, and can be found at the Guildhall most days and often well into the night. Lately his time has been taken up trying to reach some sort of understanding with Axel Huurder.

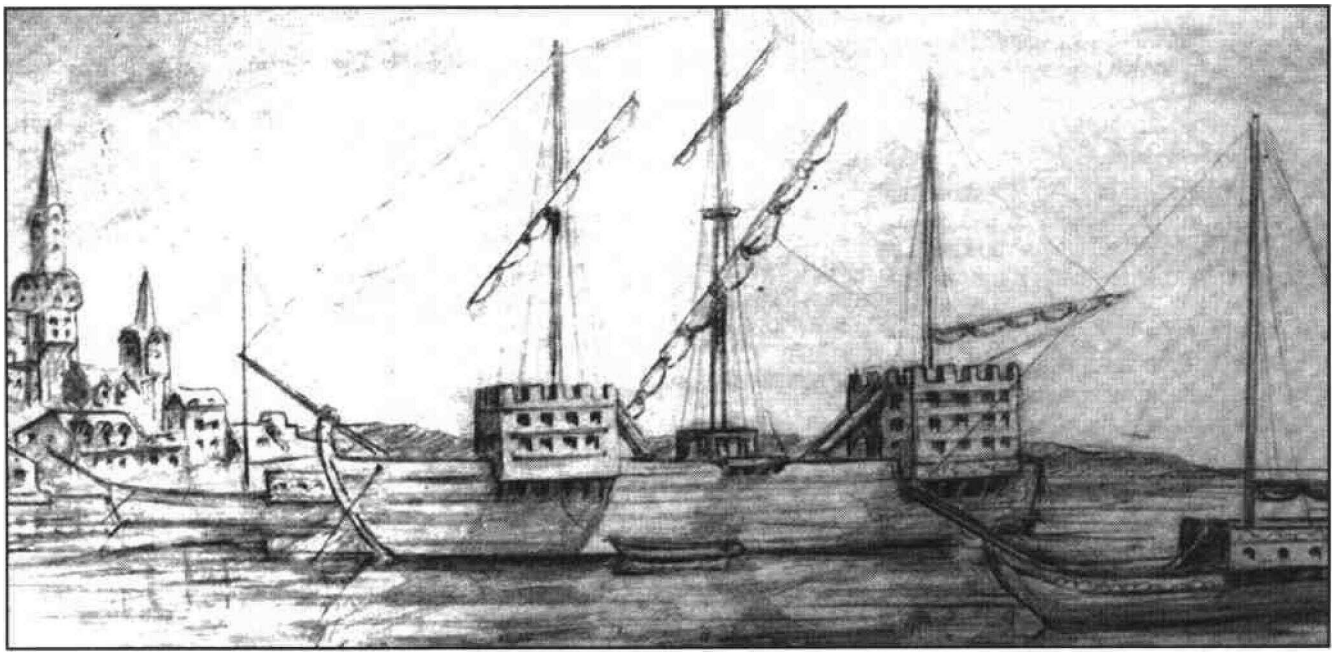
ALBERT LOODEMANS
GUILDMASTER OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF SEAMEN AND PILOTS
Pilot, ex-seaman and boatman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	39	4	4	11	40	2	34	32	32	43	37	38



Alignment: Law (Solkan, not devout)
Skills: Astronomy; Dodge Blow; Fish; Orientation; Read/Write; River Lore; Row; Sailing; Swim
Trappings: Ring with guild seal; dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); walking stick; 2D6 guilders
Quotes: "I'm sure we can come to an agreement that meets both our needs."
"What should we do? Give them all a test to see who needs a pilot? Who would administer it? Who would enforce it? And who would compensate our members for the lost income? It's a complex problem and demands thought. Let's not make any rash decisions."
Appearance: Short, heavy-set, balding on top, with deep blue eyes and a ginger beard. His nose was broken in a brawl with the Rivermen years ago, and has given his voice a nasal tone.
Personality and motivations: Albert is calm, reasonable, thoughtful and a devout worshipper of common sense. He wants to avoid trouble with the Rivermen, and tries to stay on good terms with Axel Huurder, though with limited success. He has earned the trust of most in Suiddock through his scrupulous honesty and unfailing diplomacy.
Connections: Albert has frequent dealings with the Lord Harbour-master, Odvaal van den Huister, and high officials of most of the Merchant Houses. He cultivates the goodwill of Speaker Gyngrijk, knowing that the man's influence in the Stadsraat could be crucial in preventing any repeal or weakening of the Piloting Laws.

Unbeknownst to any in the guild, though, Albert is a member of the Brotherhood of Purity, the outer front for the secretive Knights of Purity (see p. 39). Albert thinks it is merely a Goudberg drinking club, a place where he can relax and let loose his true feelings about all the non-human and foreign trash dirtying Marienburg's streets. Fooling himself, he turns a blind eye to any hints he sees of the organization's vigilante work.



ORPHANAGE OF ST RUTHA

Known throughout the city as "Brother Bert's", this multi-storey building is made up of three houses knocked together to make one. It is on the small canal known by Luydenhoekers as the Stink Water.

St Rutha's orphanage looks after waifs who lack parents or guardians, or whose families are too poor to care for them. Children stay up to the age of 14, or until they can be apprenticed in a respectable trade. The headmaster, Brother Albertus Cobbius, is always willing to show visitors around; his star pupils chant their thirteen times table, recite the lengths of all the major rivers in the Old World and demonstrate other feats of learning. There are currently 30 children here, ranging in age from six months to 13 years old.

"Bloody pests, that's what they are, always jingling their cups and begging for money. They should go out and get honest jobs." - irritated 'Change broker

The orphanage is staffed by just a few full-timers: Brother Bert; Granny Emma, who cooks for the children and teaches the girls cooking and sewing; and the hulking Krabbenbos brothers, Julius and Jozef, who act as resident handymen and look after the children when they go "collecting". Other people can be found there working as volunteers. Anders Versalion (see p.90) comes once every other week to check on the children's health. Haam Markvalt, the leader of the radical Vrijbond "debating club" (see p.99), spends each Marktag at the orphanage teaching reading, writing, arithmetic and geography. Every week seems to bring in someone new who has been cajoled by Brother Bert to spend a little time "for the children".

St Rutha's is a source of pride, amusement and even irritation in Marienburg. Brother Bert has made a name for himself with his strange ideas. For instance, there is his notion that Marienburgers should give money to help those less fortunate than themselves. The older and more trustworthy children are sent out, in distinctive blue and white uniforms which immediately set them apart from the average street urchin, accosting passers-by for donations. As far as anyone knows, this is the orphanage's only source of income, and the collectors can be remarkably persistent. Marienburgers have been known to take to their heels at the sound of coins rattling in a tin and the sight of a child in blue and white.

Then there's Brother Bert's belief in "knowing how to take care of oneself, when reason fails". A former pit-fighter, he teaches the children street-fighting tricks to disable an attacker without serious injury. Only his insistence that violence is a last resort, and then to be used only to facilitate an escape, keeps him from being disciplined by the cult hierarchy.



BROTHER ALBERTUS COBBIUS, HEADMASTER OF ST RUTHA'S ORPHANAGE

Initiate of Shallya, ex-physician's student, bounty-hunter and pit fighter



M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	50	45	6*	5	8	42	1	38	25	35	39	40	40

Alignment: Good (Shallya)

Skills: Cure Disease; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Follow Trail; Heal Wounds; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Shadowing; Silent Move Rural and Urban; Specialist Weapons - Fist, Flail, Lasso, Net, Parrying, Two-Handed; Sixth Sense; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Theology - Shallyan; Very Strong*

Trappings: Robes; holy symbol; staff; pledge book; pencil; sling bag with bandages and medicines.

Quotes: "Ah, pleased to meet you. We've got a hole in the roof at the south end which looks like it'll take twenty guilders to patch. How much can you spare?"

"We need support and not just moral support. And it's not charity - it's an investment in the future. Every child I get into a trade means one more craftsman and one less thief. I think that's worth paying for, don't you?"

Appearance: A tall, powerful man in his late fifties, black hair thoroughly salted with grey. He has sad, compassionate brown eyes and a ready smile.

Personality and motivations: Brother Bert is a straightforward, no-nonsense man who gains many

"Old Brother Bert may be a Shallyan, but he ain't no pushover. Some dumb Tilean thug tried to mug him one night over by the Niederbrug, figgering he had an easy mark. Well, quicker than you can say 'cock-a-doodle-loo', Albert's taken his blade and tossed him in the canal. Didn't hurt him, just embarrassed him. He's teachin' his brats how to take care of themselves, too, though I heard his higher-ups don't like it."
- Luydenhoek peddler

of his donations through sheer persistence. Like his estranged brother Lea-Jan Cobbius, he loves the Suiddock and its people, but is appalled at the corruption that eats at its soul. While he grew up a fighter to survive the streets, a change of heart late in life led him first to medicine and then the priesthood. He is dedicated to protecting Suiddock's children from the evils that infest the docklands.

Connections: He is the younger brother of Lea-Jan Cobbius, but they haven't spoken in years, having quarrelled over Lea's methods. He is a friend of Director Fooger, who generously donates to the orphanage. He is well known among Marienburg's craftsmen and has placed many apprentices with them. He knows Sister Hilaria of St Olovald's (see p.64). While she respects him, she is also jealous of his ability to raise money for his charges. Brother Bert can sometimes be found in the Pelican's Perch, sharing an ale with Ishmael Boorsevelt, the owner.

Secrets: In his former life as a pit-fighter and bounty-hunter, Albertus became mixed up in underworld dealings and feuds, and made some enemies outside Marienburg. While it's likely that after this time his involvement has been forgotten, it's possible that one day his past may come back to maim him.

PELICAN'S PERCH

At the end of a narrow alley off the street that runs behind the warehouses is a large but unobtrusive hostelry called the Pelican's Perch. Every true Suiddocker knows where it is, and it is a favourite watering-hole for stevedores, rivermen and dubious traders of all kinds. It opens from noon till midnight.

The interior of the Pelican's Perch is larger than one might expect from the modest entrance. There is a large common room, and a number of curtained booths and side-rooms for those patrons who require privacy. It is rumoured that there are secret passages leading to all the canals around, used for smuggling and other nefarious activities.

The Pelican's Perch is owned by Ishmael Boorsevelt, a former ship's mate who lost his leg (and, some say, a few of his marbles) when his last ship was destroyed by a sea-monster in the Sea of Claws. Sailors are known for being superstitious, but Ishmael is legendary. For instance, he fears being known only by his last name: "That's the mark of a dead man," he mutters. "Just call me Ishmael." Few people even know he has a last name.

The Pelican's Perch offers a wide range of local beers and spirits, including the notorious Alte Geheerentode rum and Braakbroew strong ale. It also boasts an array of brandies from Bretonnia and The Empire, Kislevite vodkas, Albion uisce beathadh and Norse akavit. The range of drink available is well-known throughout the Suiddock - as, indeed, are the prices, which are lower than one might expect. The Perch also offers accommodation - there is a bunk room upstairs, with twelve bunks. Ishmael charges 3/6 per person per night, in advance, whether you get a bunk or not, and he is not averse to

"Whatever you do, don't whistle in the Perch. Or talk about the weather. Last time someone started whistling, old Ishmael damn near blasted'em with his blunderbuss. Superstitious, you see. Don't ever ask his last name, either, or tell him yours - he says only dead men are known by their last names." - watchman



overbooking. According to the regulars, the record is thirty-two people in the bunk room.

Entertainment at the Pelican's Perch includes singers, storytellers and exotic dancers, all on a nautical theme. There is no regular program of entertainment - "it happens when it happens", as the regulars say. A loaded blunderbuss behind the counter prevents critics in the audience from getting out of hand.

The Perch is named after Ishmael's pelican, Beaky, who has the run of the place - much to the discomfort of unwary customers.

ISHMAEL BOORSEVELT, OWNER OF THE PELICAN'S PERCH
Trader, ex-seaman and mate

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	48	33	4	3	11	44	2	43	38	47	34	45	33



Alignment: Neutral (Manaan)
Skills: Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Numismatics; Read/Write; Row: Sailing; Specialist Weapon • Gunpowder Weapons; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Swim
Trappings: leather jerkin (0/1AP, body); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); blunderbuss (R 24/48/250, ES 3, Rld 3 - kept under bar); wooden leg. A critical hit to Ishmael's left (wood) leg destroys it, knocking Ishmael to the ground but causing him no lasting harm.
Quotes: "Won't have that sort o' behavyer in here. Agin luck, it is." "Now go outside and run round the building three times with some salt in yer 'and. And mind you don't go near no cats neither."
Appearance: Old Ishmael, as he is universally known, is a tall, lean man in his forties. His face is almost hidden by shaggy dark-blond hair, and he has an unkempt beard of the same colour. His eyes are blue and generally glassy. Those who have known him for years say that he has never been the same since he lost his leg.

Ishmael's left leg is wooden from the knee down. This is reflected in his M score; in addition, all I tests for movement-based activities (e.g. dodging) are made with a -20 penalty. I tests for non-movement activities (e.g. observation) are made with Ishmael's full I score.
Personality and motivations: Ishmael is quiet to the point of sullenness, never using a word when a grunt will do - except when someone breaks one of his superstitions. He generally lets other people do the talking. He can never be induced to talk about his seafaring days or how he came to lose his leg, and he has been known to throw persistent questioners out - strange behaviour for a man as fond of a profit as he is.

Because of his injuries, he has 4 Insanity Points and two disorders: Hatred *(WFRP,* p.85) of all sea creatures larger than a man; and intense superstitiousness. Ishmael firmly believes in every superstition you've ever heard of, plus any you care to make up when a customer breaks one of his. Make up something that is forbidden here, and Ishmael will immediate Cl test. If the test is failed, Ishmael becomes hysterical and throws the customer out - he'll calm down after five or ten minutes, but the customer will receive a stern warning never, ever to do 'that' (whatever 'that' happened to be) again in the Perch.
Secrets: Once a pirate, Ishmael was first mate of a crew that terrorized the seas off Estalia and Bretonnia, until that last voyage that cost him his leg. Pursued by revenue cutters from L'Anguille, his ship ran aground on the Bitter Moors during a storm. How he came to hobble into Marienburg on a crutch, his left leg missing and his wound neatly tended, he doesn't know. Nor does he know why he was carrying just enough gold to buy the rundown inn that was for sale in Suiddock - nor why he felt compelled to buy it. At night, though, he dreams of a cove on the coast of the Bitter Moors that is marked on no map, the screams of his dying shipmates from somewhere behind him, and a rasping voice that says, "You are just what we need, so we shall save you." The nightmare ends as the image of a bloody saw descends toward his leg. And, when he opens for business each day, he wonders if that will be the day when "they" come to collect for their kindness.



Connections: Lea-Jan Cobbius and Big Piet from the Stevedores' and Teamsters' Guild generally drop in for a drink just after sundown, and Brother Bert from the orphanage will, too, though the brothers avoid each other. Axel Huurder of the Rivermen's Association comes in occasionally. Granny Hetta buys her rum from Ishmael, and comes in most days. Captain Kalahaan of the Watch comes in on Festag nights after he gets off-duty.

WASTELAND EXPORT-IMPORT EXCHANGE

This four-storey stone and timber building is one of the largest structures on Hightower Island, apart from the High Tower itself. Its multiple pillars, huge windows and ornate mouldings show that money has been lavished on it, and the constant coming and going of merchants reinforces the impression that something very important happens here. If trade is the life-blood of Marienburg, then the Exchange is the city's heart; all Marienburg's bulk trade takes place here, and cargoes of all types are bought and sold within its walls.

The 'Change, as Marienburgers call it, started as the home of the Mercantile Guild. Centuries of increasing trade brought changes to what was once a common-room where merchants met to talk and drink. It's still officially a guildhall, but most merchants prefer to meet in their private clubs - the 'Change is for business.

The 'Change is run by the eleven-strong Commission of Overseers of Trade. Traditionally these are the heads of the ten wealthiest trading families in Marienburg, plus the High Priest of Haendryk. However, since everyone claims to be extremely wealthy to impress their rivals, and extremely poor to avoid taxes (usually in the same breath), the Stadsraad avoids controversy in selecting its officers and appoints the ten 'elected' Directors with the most experience of mercantile matters - the Ten, in other words - as Overseers. The current Master Overseer is Director Jaan van de Kuypers (see p.30). Staadtholder van Raemerswijk (see p.31) is a very minor member of the board.

Whoever the Overseers are from year to year, the deals struck in the opulent privacy of their boardroom affect the economics of the City and the northern Old World. Perceptive observers of Marienburg politics know that it is here that the City is really governed, and behind the great oaken doors that true fortunes are made. Lesser mortals, such as the Pit brokers, hear only rumours and feel the Overseers' shadowy influence.

The Pit, the 'Change's central trading chamber, is a madhouse to the uninitiated. During trading hours, between ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, the place is a frenzy as the brokers work. Sellers' agents shout offers and signal concessions, while men working for the buyers scream counter-offers, acceptances and rejections. The buyers are also trading among themselves, exchanging contracts and promissory notes, and selling cargoes that none of them will ever actually see.

"The 'Change? That's where all the trading's done. All the large-scale stuff, anyway. Millions upon millions of guilders a day go through that building-that's where all the serious money is made."
- local merchant



Pieces of paper fly everywhere, and the runners who post the latest prices on the hall's giant blackboard often have to rub out prices before they've even finished writing them up. It is said that to truly understand the 'Change you have to work there, and that only the mad work there.

The 'Change also includes a small temple to Haendryk, the God of Trade. Although small, the shrine is richly appointed and well-frequented by merchants hoping to make a killing in the Pit. Each day's trading begins and ends with prayers to Haendryk, and tradition dictates that every trader in the 'Change should make a daily donation of a guilder to the shrine.

DENIZENS OF THE 'CHANGE

The 'Change is peopled by merchants of every type, from the powerful members of the Commission to the frenzied brokers on the floor of the Pit. The PCs are unlikely to meet the merchants themselves, but will certainly have dealings with their functionaries. What follows are brief descriptions of the 'Change's inhabitants. For full profiles, refer to Appendix Two.

Merchants' clerks are the clerks, notaries, junior merchants, scribes and general lackeys who form the bulk of the population of the 'Change. These are the people with whom PCs will probably have to deal with if they want to do any trading in Marienburg. They are well-paid and generally quite loyal to their masters: assess a -20 to any *Bribe* test.

The Brokers, on the other hand, are the people who do the real business of the 'Change: the buying and selling on the floor of the Pit. Some are employed by the great merchant houses of Marienburg, while others belong to small independent firms and hire their talents to non-Guild traders. Brokers do everything very rapidly and loudly; they seem to live at twice the pace and twice the volume of other people. Stimulant addiction is common.

Merchants frequent the 'Change, but it is often difficult to meet them, protected as they are by cohorts of loyal clerks. These are seated members of the Mercantile Guild, whose lives are wrapped up in making ever more money to win that coveted seat in the Boardroom and the Directorate.

MAKING DEALS

Cargoes of almost anything can be bought or sold in the 'Change. If you use the Trading Rules from pp 101-102 ***of Death on the Reik*** (summarised in Appendix Six), the following notes should be borne in mind when trading in the 'Change.

The 'Change is run by - and mainly for - the Merchants' Guild, and specifically the powerful families whose representatives make up the Overseers. For a fee, non-members can hire a broker - which is essential, as all trade in the Pit must be conducted through an accredited broker: one can't just wade in and start shouting prices. The major merchant houses include brokering among their commercial activities, and there are a few small independent firms of brokers who are allowed to do business in the Pit. The 'Change provides notaries to witness transactions and attest that all taxes and fees have been paid. These charges are as follows:

Trade tax: The city imposes a 2% tax on all transactions, levied on the seller.

Brokers' fee: Non-members of the Mercantile Guild must pay a brokers fee, typically 1% of the transaction's value.

Notary charge: No transaction is valid without paperwork provided by a notary in the 'Change. This costs 5 guilders, regardless of the amount of the transaction.

Cult Donation: All traders (including the PCs) are expected to donate 1 guilder per day to the Cult of Haendryk. This sum is traditional, and must be paid whether a trader makes one deal or a thousand in his day in the 'Change.

If characters are wanting to buy, discover whether a cargo of a specific type is available by making five rolls on the appropriate column of the Cargo Table (p. 154). If any roll indicates the desired cargo, then it is available. To determine a cargo's size, use a trade sales constant of 25000. Marienburg is a trading centre, so modify the final cargo volume accordingly.

There is always demand for all kinds of cargo. If PCs sell a cargo through the 'Change, they will always find a buyer. They must, however, accept the price decided in the 'Change: this is a condition of trading there.

MARKET PRICES

Forget about haggling in the 'Change; prices are fixed by the market. Each commodity has two prices; a buying price and a selling price. These shift throughout the day, and should be re-calculated for each transaction. To determine the buy-

"The 'Change? Bunch of overpaid 'ooligans runnin round shoutin' at each other. They're supposed to make thousands of guilders on trade in there. One of 'em explained it to me once, but it made me 'eadache, it did. I still don't see 'ow it's done. I reckons it's some kind of dodge m 'self."
- old riverboatman

ing price of a cargo (if the PCs are selling), roll 3D10 and add 80. To determine the selling price (if the PCs are buying), roll 2D10 and add 90. These numbers are percentages of the cargo's base value, calculated according to the Trading Rules.

It is difficult - but not altogether impossible - for PCs to make money by buying and selling cargoes on the 'Change. In most cases the dice rolls used to fix the prices make it risky to play the market. The margin between buying and selling prices has to be better than 3% just to cover the various city taxes. Only really competent merchants can make a living by trading in the Pit as things stand. Don't change the dice rolls given here unless you want your PCs to turn from a life of adventure to one of brokering.

THE GOLDEN LOTUS DREAMING HOUSE

At the Riddra end of the thieves' den known as Three Penny Bridge, hard by the spot where the Red Lantern Canal enters the channel, squats a dilapidated three-storey timber and stone building that has an evil, sick look to it: the Golden Lotus Dreaming House, the most notorious drug den in all of Suiddock.

Older than anyone's memory and added to by everyone who's owned it, it leans at crazy angles and is built so far over the canal that folks wonder why it hasn't fallen in yet. The only sign marking its business is a faded board over the door with a gold lotus painted on it - that, and the telltale odour of Black Lotus that carries on the breeze.

The inside is like a vision from some Shallyan nightmare. Down the flight of creaking, stained stairs from the alley door, past the silent Nipponese bouncer, lies a single large room, dimly lit. There clients sprawl in three-high bunks, their hands clutching drug pipes, their jaws slack and their eyes dilated, seeing who knows what. Smoke perpetually hangs in the air, choking those not accustomed to it. (T test to avoid a coughing fit.)

"The Golden Lotus isn'tyour average drug den, chum - oh no, it's a real palace of poison. And possibly something worse." - Sister Hilaria om Klimt

There are 4D6 customers here at any one time, but the only motion in the room usually comes from Kroeller, the attendant who refills the pipes and takes the money. New customers are admitted only after being screened by the bouncer through a small panel in the alley door. **(Fel** test -20 to gain admittance, or at normal **Fel** if showing one of the tokens that the Golden Lotus gives its clients.)

On the second floor are private rooms, little more than cots behind a closed door, reserved for special customers for only a guilder per pipe. The House promises discretion in its operations, and some of Marienburg's finest and most prominent come here to indulge their filthy habit. The topmost floor holds the private quarters of the owner, an Indie named Venk Kataswaran but commonly called "the Lascar", and his assistants: a Nipponese ninja (assassin) known only as Toko and the bouncer, a hulking Nipponese mercenary named Masahito. Both are fanatically loyal to Venk.

"I love it, and I hate it! It's killing me, but it's my only escape from this miserable life." - despondent Marienburger

VENK KATASWARAN. PROPRIETOR OF THE GOLDEN LOTUS
Merchant, ex-wizard 1, wizard's apprentice, slaver and trader

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	45	40	4	5	9	60	1	48	57	55	60	56	52



Alignment: evil (Khaine)
Magic points: 15
Skills: Ambidextrous; Arcane Language - Magick; Blather; Cast Spells - Petty, Battle 1; Drive Cart; Evaluate; Haggle; Identify Plants; Law; Magic Sense; Manufacture Drugs - Chemical & Plant; Numismatics; Prepare Poisons; Ride; Row; Read/Write; Rune Lore; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical, Guilder; Sixth Sense; Speak Additional Language - Arabic, Indie; Strike to Stun; Super Numerate.
Spells: Petty - Curse; Gift of Tongues; Glowing Light; Magic Alarm; Magic Lock; Reinforce Door; Sleep; Battle 1 - Cure Light Injury; Fireball; Flight; Steal Mind
Trappings: dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); fine Indie clothes; grimoire; medallion of Merchant's Guild membership; poison (Manbane, Elfbane, 5 doses each); Robe of Toughness +2 (see ***Apocrypha Now,*** p.45); 4D6 guilders; rings worth 2D10 guilders each
Quotes: "Me, sahib? No, I never touch the stuff."
"He's dead - the fool had a weak heart. Masahito! Take the body to Noormanswijk and dump it in the canal. Make it look as if he was robbed. If anyone asks, he left here in perfect health, understand?"
Appearance: Somewhere around 60, of medium height and slen-



der build. His head is covered in a scarlet turban. He is missing the third finger of his left hand, and his eyes have a rheumy, vulture-like look to them.

Personality and motivations: Venk's soul is as black as the deepest pit. He doesn't care a jot about any other living beings - he sees even his loyal assistants as useful tools, nothing more. His only goal is the acquisition of power and money, through magic and by blackmailing clients who have become addicts. He wants to seize control of the body-trade within the city, and thus become the leader of the Khaine cultists in Marienburg.

Connections: The Lascar pays protection money to Adalbert Henschmann, who suspects that Venk fronts for someone else. He does regular business with Guan Lo Fat, not trusting Dimitri Hrodovsky (see Dmitri's Apothecary, p. 110). Although many assume he smuggles his own drugs into Marienburg, in fact he relies on Wilbert Ree for his supplies (see Ree's Wax Museum, p. 101), and will act to defend Ree if the man or his business are threatened. And, most sinster of all, he is an important part of a slaverring operating in the city, involved in the trafficking of adults and children throughout the Old World. Some of the sleeping bodies in the Golden Lotus have been drugged against their will.

THE CHURCH OF ST OLOVALD

At the far western end of the channel on the edge of Noormanswijk stands an ancient and crumbling temple to Manann. It's built of old stone around a central nave, with wings on either side of the apse that curve outwards and around like the hooks of an anchor. The area around the temple has become a squalid maze of slums and tenements, and very few worshippers come there nowadays.

The whole temple is filled with the kind of damp chill that sinks into your bones and stays there; moss grows thickly on many of the walls, the old frescoes are peeling and are black with mildew, and in some places the floor is carpeted with lichen, making the footing slippery and treacherous. Yet despite this the temple has an air of life and vitality which belies its derelict appearance.

Once the look of the place matched this vitality. Long ago, this was the spot where Marius first made sacrifice to Olovald, the god that had called his people to the Wasteland. For over a thousand years this church was the spiritual heart of Marienburg, until the Great Cathedral of Manaan was built. Even after the cult of Olovald declined after the Imperial annexation, this church was important to the city, as the place where the Barons were crowned.

By the 11th century, the cult of Manaan had grown so strong that it was able to declare in the council of 1010 that Olovald was not a god, merely a misremembered saint. His churches were taken over, his priests absorbed, the Barons went elsewhere to be crowned, and only this one rundown temple was all that was left to honour the god's name. The temple has only one attendant, a Cleric of Manann named Hilaria om Klimt, or Sister Hilli. Her congregation is made up largely of local tramps, 10-20 at any time, many of them seamen who can no longer find work due to age, injury or drink. They use the west wing of the temple as a makeshift hostel, even though parts of its roof have recently collapsed.

There is an air of mystery to the temple. Rumours persist among the city's lower classes that a great treasure lies concealed somewhere in its crumbling stonework, and it's even whispered that Sister Hilli knows of it, and uses her 'mission' to disguise her searches for it. Stranger still, from time to time someone will die in Marienburg, leaving a large amount of money - often far more than their relatives suspected they owned - to the Church, "for services rendered". What those services might be is never stated. And occasionally a ship docks in Marienburg and pilgrims speaking foreign tongues, or not speaking at all, disembark, come to the church, spend hours or days in prayer and then leave the city, their business seemingly finished. Perhaps the cult of Olovald is not as dead as it seems; or perhaps these visits have a more sinister origin and purpose.

"Nobody uses it now except beggars and drunks. They crawl in there to get out of the weather. That could be warehouses, and a good stretch of docks, hut will those temple fools listen to a reasonable offer? No. They think that a run-down dump is still a temple!"
- frustrated speculator

"It's run by some crazy crippled woman who won't leave. She thinks she has a mission to look after the scum in the Suiddock. The Watch ought to do something."
- a clerk of the 'Change

HILARIA OM KLIMT, PRIESTESS OF MANAAN
Ex-seawoman, ex-initiate

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	46	36	4	5*	11	47	2	43	44	42	35	52	49



Alignment: Neutral (Manaan/Olovald)
Magic points: 25
Skills: Arcane Language - Magick; Boat Building; Cast Spells - Clerical 1 and 2; Consume Alcohol; Dodge Blow; Identify Undead; Luck; Magical Sense; Meditate; Navigation; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Row; Sailing; Scale Sheer Surface; Speak Additional Language - Arabic, Norscan; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Sing; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Swim; Theology - Manaan, Olovald; Very Resilient*
Spells: Petty - Glowing Light; Protection from Rain; Remove Curse; Sleep; Zone of Warmth. Elemental 1 -Breathe Underwater; Cloud of Fog (variant of Cloud of Smoke); Walk on Water. Elemental 2 - Clap of Thunder; Extinguish Fire; Part Water; Resist Fire
"**trappings:** Robes of Manaan, knotted end of rope
Quotes: "Makes me sick. People work hard to make the merchants rich and then they're just thrown away. If I had my way, I'd bring all the fat boys in Tempelwijk and the 'Change down here once a week to look at the people who really made their money."
"I'll tell you a secret. Sometimes, late at night, just as I'm drifting off to sleep, I can hear a voice, a god's voice - not Manaan, you chumhead! Olovald! He ain't just some saint! I hope the Temple Court doesn't find out I know the truth. But I can't be the only one."
Appearance: Hilaria om Klimt is a strong-boned but not unattractive young woman in her middle to late twenties. She is 5ft Sin tall, and has slightly wavy light-brown hair reaching down to the middle of her back; her eyes are light brown. She has a slight limp from a badly set broken leg, a legacy of her seafaring days.
Personality and motivations: Sister Hilli is brusque, direct and possessed of a fiery temper. She is genuinely respected by the tramps she tries to help, and is mildly contemptuous of the cult hierarchy which allows merchants to cover the main Temple of Manann in gold while ignoring the folk who make such wealth possible. At the same time, she has great respect for Manaan and feels certain that he would approve of her efforts to revive the worship of Olovald. To this end, she has formed a clandestine worship group from among the derelicts and a few Suiddockers, each of whom heard the old god's call in their dreams and found their way to the temple. She holds a particular hatred for the underground wrecker-cult of Stromfels — a perversion of Manann in her eyes. She takes no nonsense from anyone, and is used to fending for herself with a devastating left hook.
Connections: Sister Hilli is known by everyone who frequents Suiddock, and is well liked by the poor. She is less loved by the junior administrators of the Temple of Manann, whom she badgers constantly for support and funds, but few others in the main temple are even aware of her existence. Hilli has had some deal-

ings with Brother Albertus (see p.59). Sometimes the Temple of Shallya gives something towards Hilaria's work with the poor, but by and large the cult assumes that because she is working in Suiddock, they can concentrate their efforts elsewhere.

SUIDDOCK WATCH POST AND JAIL

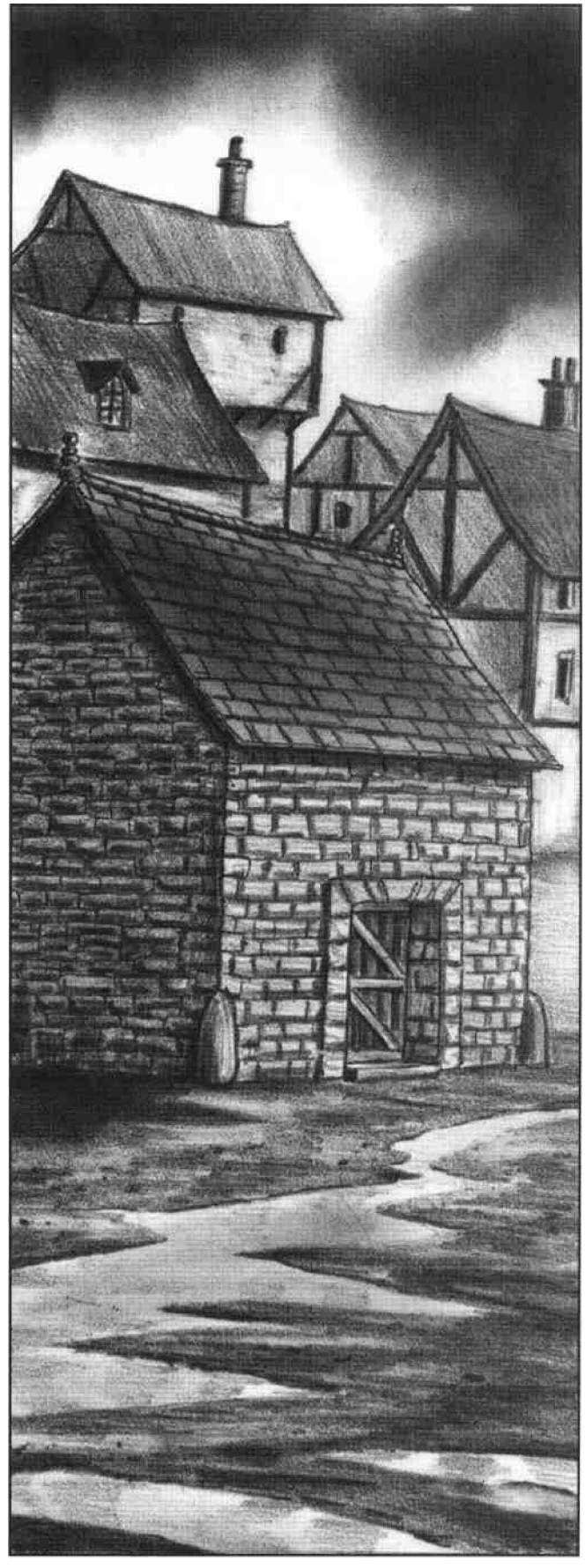
On the south end of the Draaienbrug swing-bridge stands a Watch Post - Gram Dawys Memorial Post Number One of the Honourable Company of Lamp-lighters and Watchmen, to give it its full name. (It's named for a Dwarf duellist who gave his life defending it when a lynch mob came after an unjustly accused goblin.) To the casual observer, it looks much like any of the other small shops and houses that surround it, until one notices the strength of its only door and the absence of windows.

The Watch-house is built of stone and timber, and is at least two hundred years old, like most of the surrounding area. It is typical of the small Watch stations that are scattered throughout the city. Post Number One is manned by six local Watchmen, two of them occupying the place in each eight-hour shift.

The Post Sergeant is Garik Svitzher, while the night and graveyard shifts are commanded by Sergeants Dumo Pasternak and Crispijn Bezemer. Their beat includes the whole east quarter of Suiddock on Sikkeleiland and most of Dwergsbezit. A jailer, Tobias Baas, lives here and keeps an eye on any prisoners. They report to Captain Graveland at the Suiddock Ward Barracks on Luydenhoek, and can call on reinforcements from the barracks.

The Watch-house holds an office and a couple of cells generally used for cooling off drunks. Occasionally someone accused of a more serious crime will be held here until the necessary paperwork is drawn up and the suspect can be transferred to the Suiddock Ward Barracks.

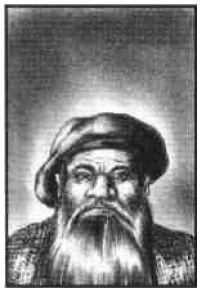
The Watch-house is separate from the buildings around it, with no adjoining walls. The single door is strongly made of iron-bound oak (T 6, D 17); it may be locked from the outside (CR 40) or bolted from the inside (D +6). The walls are of timber-laced stone (T 9, D 10 per yard). The two cells are separated from the rest of the building by stout iron bars (T 8, D 16). The bars are an inch thick and spaced six inches apart; a character with the skills *Contortionist or Escapology* can squeeze through them on a successful I test (Elves +5, Dwarfs/Halflings -10). The locks on the cell doors may only be opened from the outside (-10 modifier to pick them from the inside) and are rated at CR 30. Each cell is equipped with a hard wooden bunk and a none-too-clean bedroll - spending a night in here gives a character a 75% chance of picking up fleas (**Fel** -30 when dealing with members of the middle and upper classes; all tests at -5 due to constant itching; medical attention or Druidic *Delouse* spell to remove the pests).



GARIK SVITZHER, POST SERGEANT OF SUIDDOCK WATCH POST ONE

Watch Sergeant*, **ex-watchman**

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	61	42	6	6*	12	40	2	21	63	31	61	51	32



** The Mercenary Sergeant template has been used for profile advances*

Alignment: Neutral (Grungni)

Skills: Consume Alcohol; Dodge Blow; Gamble; Mining; Sixth Sense; Smithing; Speak Other Language - Khazalid; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Very Resilient*

Trappings: Club; crossbow (32/64/300, ES 4, Rld 1/1); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); floppy black cap with badge of office; lantern and pole; mail shirt (1 AP, chest)

Quotes: "Let's say you generously offer a contribution to the Boys'

WARD CAPTAIN THEOPHILUS GRAVELAND
COMMANDER OF THE SUIDDOCK BLACK CAPS

Watch Captain*, ex-watch sergeant*, watchman and bounty-hunter

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	67	55	5	5	11	70*	3	40	69	48	60	46	37



**The Mercenary Captain & Sergeant templates have been used for profile advances*

Alignment: Neutral (Verena)

Skills: Acute Hearing; Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Follow Trail; Law; Lightning Reflexes*; Lip Reading; Luck; Marksmanship; Night Vision; Read/Write; Row; Scale Sheer Surface; Set Trap; Shadowing; Silent Move Rural & Urban; Specialist Weapon -Lasso, Net, Parrying; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Strike to Stun; Swim; Torture; Wrestle

Trappings: Baton of rank; brace of customized duelling pistols (8/16/50, ES 4/3/3, Rid 2/1 each); ceremonial breastplate and helm (1AP, chest and head), rarely worn; floppy black cap with badge of office; Ring of Protection against edged weapons (WF/ZPp.187); Sand of Flinging, two packets ***(Apocrypha Now,*** p.47); sword

Quotes: "You're right, sir, I shouldn't have shot the Director's nephew. I'm sure there was a perfectly valid reason why he was about to plunge a knife into an old lady."

"Certainly I'm interested in the money, thank you. By the way, you're under arrest. What about the cash? I'll deliver it to the poorbox at St Olovald's, like you intended."

"You think that hurt, scum? Tell me where the child is hidden, or I'll tear your arm out of its socket."

"I don't care that it's the law. Look out that window - up and down these docks the *real* crooks are breaking your precious law into a million pieces every damned day. And then those rats use the law to protect themselves. Sometimes I have to do what's right, not what's legal."

Theophilus Graveland came to Marienburg from Kalkaat, a town in Kleinland. He started his career as a bounty hunter, tracking smugglers and pirates who preyed on river traffic. Not because he cared, but because tracking and hunting other people was the only thing he was good at. Almost all his travels led to Marienburg, and to Suiddock. In the time he spent hunting criminals there, he came to know its people and found among them and their vitality something he lacked - something to care about and protect for its own sake, not just for the reward money. And so he became a member of the Black Caps, taking promotions only when they allowed him to stay in Suiddock. He was finally promoted to Watch Captain a few years ago, and has been tireless in guarding the docklands and its people.

His career hasn't been easy. The Stadsraad and the Directorate have left the Suiddock Black Caps chronically underfunded - just enough to prevent most brawls from becoming riots but not enough to fight crime. And the donations from the Ward Committee are barely enough to buy beer. He knows that many of his men are taking bribes but he can hardly blame them - just so long as it's only to cover up minor crimes.

Sometimes the only way to really fight crime, in Theo's mind, is to cut corners with the law and not waste time with formalities. This has given him a reputation for brutality, albeit deserved, which has in turn led to a reputation for corruptibility, this time undeserved. He takes advantage of it - it's amazing what criminals will say if they think you're one of them, and he's used this to trap villains. That he sometimes entraps otherwise-innocent folks who think they're only playing the system - well, they'd have done something, sooner or later.

Captain Graveland is most often found wandering the canals and side streets of Suiddock, something he does day or night. Some wonder if he sleeps at all. A tall, lanky man in his early forties with piercing grey eyes and a withering sneer, he regularly leaves the office in charge of his assistant, Lieutenant van Prim. He can be found in all parts of the district, even going alone to the Marienburg Gentlemen's Club for drinks with Henschmann, though what those two have to talk about is anyone's guess. He's often in trouble with the Marienburg Watch Commandant, General Escottus van Haaring, who has to deal with angry merchants complaining that Graveland doesn't respect their status.

Captain Graveland is the occasional lover of Sister Hilli at St Olovald's - she admires his devotion to the people of Suiddock, but his ruthlessness leads to arguments, and he has no time for her talk of old gods. He also has occasional dealings with Trancas Quendalmanliye (see p.73), who supplies him with useful information. The Knights of Purity (see p. 39) have tried to recruit Captain Graveland without success.

"Watch? Don't talk to me about those lousy Lamplighters. They spend all day bothering honest folk who just want to make a living, awl when you face them with a real crime they don't want to know. Only last week my brother's shop got broken into, and would they do any thing? In calm seas they did. Too busy, they said, got a murder, they said. Took a bribe, I say."
- Marienburg labourer

shrine club. And let's say I dismiss the charges for lack of evidence. Now, I'm not saying that one would automatically follow the other..."

"Principles? Bah! Principles don't put bread on the table."

Appearance: A grizzled Dwarf, old but still powerful. The lobe of his left ear was torn off in a fight years ago.

Personality and motivations: Garik is burned-out and tired - he's just marking time till retirement. He once believed in his job, but the pervasive corruption, the power of the gangs, the lack of funding and his failure to earn promotion have worn him down. Now he does just enough to satisfy his superiors. He tries hard to ignore the activities of the League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs, but it still galls him to see what they get away with. When he's in a truly bad mood, he takes his frustrations out by enforcing petty ward bylaws on passers-by. He does care about his men, though, and accepts bribes to forget minor crimes, salving his conscience by using the money to buy things the post needs. A long-ago fight with a Sea Elf nearly cost him his ear, and thus he hates them - he's secretly let a prisoner or two "escape" rather than turn them over to the Elftown Watch.

Connections: He's on rocky ground with Captain Graveland, who's looking for a reason to replace him. Garik can frequently be found at the Pelican's Perch, where he talks of retiring to Uebersreik to help manage a clansman's mine. He knows most everyone on his beat by face, and will quickly hear about anyone new. When he is interested in a case, he knows Granny Hetta is a good source of information. He does not trust the Krabbenbos brothers at the orphanage, and thinks Brother Bert is a fool to do so.

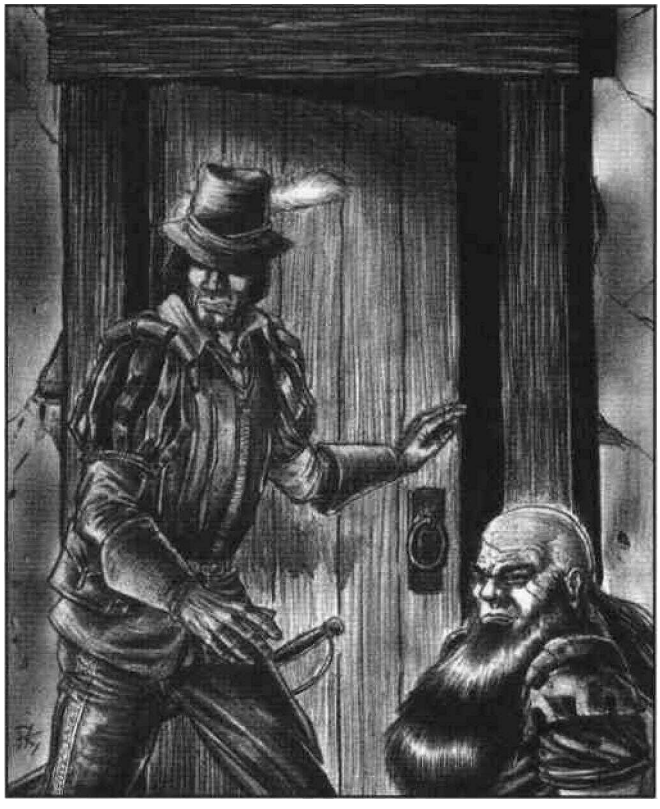
THE MARIENBURG GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

To many people, the Marienburg Gentlemen's Club is Three Penny Bridge. In physical terms, it squats at the west half of the northern side of the bridge, and as most of the locals are well aware it is the headquarters of the dreaded Guild We've Never Heard Of, the nerve centre of the thieves' den. At a casual glance, the Marienburg Gentlemen's Club looks much like any of the small taverns of Riddra. Three centuries old, it is structurally sound but needs some external repairs. Parts of the frontage are cracked and peeling, and a few roof-tiles are missing. The windows are mostly cracked and filthy, making it very difficult for someone outside to see in. But to the average passer-by, it seems innocent enough.

The tavern sits above the Cut, which crosses between the Bruynwater and the Rijksweg, with the north end standing on piles out over the Cut. The ground floor stands well above the level of the canals - 15 feet at low tide and 4 feet at high tide.

Most of the ground floor is the low-ceilinged, dingy bar-room. The narrow space between the Club and the abandoned building next door is known to the regulars as the Privy Chamber, and a pair of outward-opening doors lead onto it. It is a common joke for regulars to tell drunken newcomers to the Club that the water-closet is through those doors, and wait for the resulting splash. The doors are also used to eject troublemakers. At the other end of the bar is the Surprise Room. It is windowless and completely dark, and the floor is built to drop away, depositing anyone inside into the Cut. People asking too many questions are often directed into here, and dropped unceremoniously out of the building.

The upper floor contains three rooms: Adalbert's opulent bedroom, a smaller chamber for his bodyguard, Helga, and the mockingly named Directorate, used by Henschmann for meetings of the League's Board of Masters and occasional private gambling. Off the Directorate, through a secret door which can only be opened by pressing a hearth-stone in the fireplace outside, is a bolt hole used for storage - sometimes holding trouble-makers until Adalbert decides on their fate. The door has T 4, D 12. The walls are fitted with iron rings for chaining prisoners up - T 6, D 6 each.



ADALBERT "CASANOVA" HENSCHMANN
MASTER OF THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN ENTREPRENEURS

Racketeer, ex-fence, footpad, bodyguard, smuggler, thief and labourer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	56	48	4*	5*	13	54	2	44	48	37	46	43	35



Alignment: Neutral (Ulric)

Skills: Acute Hearing; Bribery; Concealment Urban; Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Evaluate; Excellent Vision; Immunity to Disease; Immunity to Poison; Lip Reading; Magical Sense; Night Vision; Palm Object; Read/Write; Row; Secret Language - Thieves' Tongue; Secret Signs - Thieves' Signs; Silent Move Urban; Sixth Sense; Specialist Weapon - Fist Weapon, Parrying Weapons; Spot Trap; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Super Numerate; Swim; Very Resilient*; Very Strong*

Trappings: leather jack (0/1 AP, body/arms; Amulet of Iron +20; Amulet of Watchfulness; Belt of Toughness +2; Ring of Protection vs. poison; magical left-hand dagger +3 protection; sword

Quotes: "If you have business, get on with it. I don't like my time wasted, especially by little people."

"Take this man, break three bones of your choice, and throw him out."

"I can tell, my dear, you are attracted to a man of power. No, don't say anything. Let me kiss your hand."

> *"The Gentlemen's Club? You have a death wish, right? You're completely out of your mind."*
> - Suiddock boatman

Appearance: Adalbert is fifty, medium height and heavy build, but somehow he looks more powerful than he is. He exudes an almost tangible air of menace, and a definitely tangible odour. His clothes are of fine quality but show a complete lack of taste, and he slicks his hair down with too much Bretonnian mousse. His voice is phlegmy and rough - he tries to sound sophisticated but cannot get rid of an edge of menace.

Personality and motivations: Someone once asked Casanova what he wanted from life. "I want *more,"* was the reply, as he forced the questioner to sign over his business. He is interested only in money and sex, and anyone who gets in his way had better know how to swim with chains on. He took control of the League fifteen years ago in a vicious war that broke the power of the then-Master, the elder Delftgruber (see p.84). Now he uses all his influence - and thugs - to prevent a similar war. His rule is harsh, and so long as everyone acknowledges that he is the boss then no one gets hurt. When people do get hurt, on the other hand, it's generally in a spectacular fashion.

The nickname "Casanova" is ironic, and not uttered where Adalbert can hear it. He truly thinks he is the gods' gift to women, and will make a pass (expecting to succeed) at every good-looking woman who enters the Club. Most women would rather be seduced by a snotling.

Connections: Adalbert deals with Lea-Jan Cobbius as an equal, and the two have healthy respect for each other's power. Between them, they keep the peace in Suiddock in a way the Watch can never match. Adalbert has frequent dealings with Guan Lo Fat, Donat Tuersveld (see p.89), and officials from the Houses of the Ten. He has regular contact with Trancas Quendalmanliye (see p.73) and even Captain Graveland, though their meetings are always private. He has strong connections to the Norscan community, often using them for labour or strong-arm work. It's rumoured that he can call in favours from Cobbius and the Norscans for a lot of extra muscle, if needed.

> *"It's all right, is the Club, whatever they say. The beer's good and you'll be all right as long as you keep to yourself and don't poke your nose into anyone else's business."*
> - Riddra resident

GRANNY HETTA

Trader, ex-boatwoman, smuggler, burglar and pickpocket



M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	38	47	2	4	8	31	1	48	32	42	40	31	46

Alignment: Neutral (Ranald)
Skills: Acute Hearing; Blather; Concealment Urban; Consume Alcohol; Drive Cart; Evaluate; Excellent Vision; Fish; Haggle; Orientation; Numismatics; Palm Object; Pick Lock; Pick Pocket; River Lore; Row; Secret Language - Thieves' Tongue; Secret Signs - Thieves' Signs; Silent Move Rural; Silent Move Urban; Spot Trap; Swim
Trappings Boat; stick (treat as club); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); small spirit stove; flask of spirit; bag of bread rolls; bag of sausages; eyeglasses
Quotes: "Hot food! Hot drink! Only a shilling a go!"
"What do I know? Ooh, you'd be surprised what I know, dearie."

Granny Hetta is one of the multitude of canal-people who make their living from the dockworkers, sailors and boatmen of Suiddock. A frail-looking woman, she paddles her boat up and down the Bruynwater to sell the hot drinks and victuals that she cooks on her small spirit-stove. Her wares are basic - hot sausage in a bun, hot tea and rum - but they are very welcome after a hard morning's work, and her boat is a well-known sight. It's a rowing-boat about twelve feet long, with a tented awning at the back where she sleeps and keeps her few possessions.

Granny Hetta is a little over five feet. Her hair is grey, tied back in a bun, but wisps are always escaping and hanging down in her eyes. She is thin and frail-looking, with rapid, birdlike movements, but anyone observing her for a few minutes will realize that she's stringy rather than frail. She wears a pair of cracked and filthy eyeglasses jammed on her sharp nose, but she always looks over them, not through them.

Hetta has a good heart, sharp eyes, and is tough as nails - she has to be tough to have lived this long in the docks. She always has a hand-out for folk who are genuinely down on their luck and will provide a free meal for anyone who is down on their luck. She has had run-ins with Sister Hilli from St Olovald's, who tries to stop her giving rum to the drunks who congregate around the temple.

Opinion is divided over Granny Hetta. Some people thinks she's a poor old woman who's become a little touched after so long on the canals, and buy her wares as much from pity as hunger. Others know she is as sharp as ever, and little that happens on Suiddock escapes her notice. She is allowed to wander where she wants to sell her food and drinks, and no one takes much notice of a harmless old lady. As a result Hetta sees much of what is going on, and is a great source of information. She'll sell this to anyone, and her activities as a lookout and listening-post for various organizations and individuals supplement what she makes from food-selling.

Just about everyone on Suiddock knows Granny Hetta, and anyone who causes her trouble will make enemies very quickly, either among the community of people who live on the canals (the Channel Rats), the people to whom she sells information, or both. No Suiddocker would raise a finger to harm her. Stories are told of a Norse sea captain who pushed her over in the street a few years ago. His ship somehow broke loose and grounded on the edge of Stoessel, costing him a hundred-guilder fine. Then the captain himself was found by the Watch, hanging by his feet from the underside of a quay, minutes before the incoming tide would have drowned him.

Granny provides information for Lee-Jan Cobbius, and most Suiddockers guess that he was somehow behind the Norseman's ill luck. She is also friends with Ishmael at the Pelican's Perch; even Beaky recognizes her as a friend and source of an occasional sausage. She likes to visit St Rutha's, where the children love her. She often looks in at the Pilots' Guild to visit Eric Roergang and gossip about the old days.
Secret: Many good-hearted people wonder at Granny's refusal of their offers of shelter and a bed, and Shallyan nuns cluck their tongues at the old lady's obstinacy. But she has good reason to prefer the canals and the company of derelicts: hidden among the Suiddock flotsam, she is safe from her old life. She is Director Jaan van de Kuypers' grandmother, who fled from her wealth and family on the night that Bertold "went insane" and hacked her son, daughter-in-law and granddaughter to pieces. She knows the truth -Jaan summoned a demon to murder his family, and then blamed his brother for the crime, leaving him heir to the de Kuypers fortune. He knows she's still alive somewhere, and although he hasn't found her in 30 years, he's still searching.



"Why fight the Humans for control of the seas? It would be a war without profit. Let us show them instead the wealth to be gained by trading with us. Our ships are faster and carry more cargo, and we have dealt with the Western Lands for centuries longer than they. We will control them with the promise of more riches than they could ever imagine."
- Wavemaster Sullandiel Fartrader speaking to the gathering of Clan Lords before the Phoenix King, 1C 2149

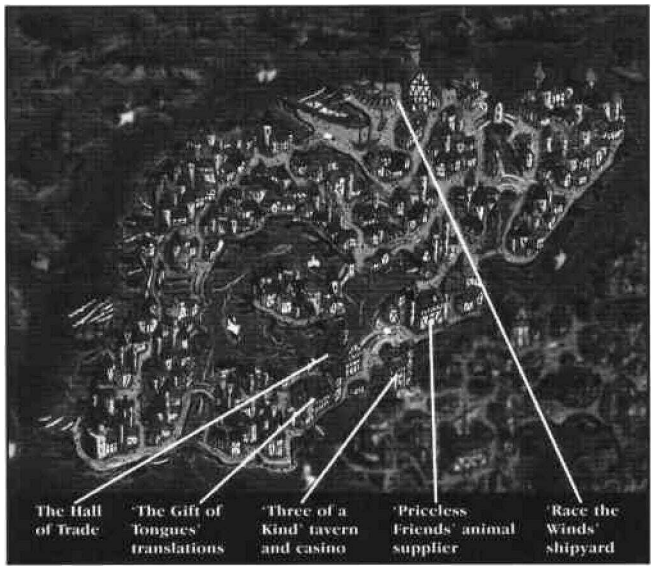
"For Shallya's sake, man! Don't go pickin' a fight with an Elf if you're likely to get caught. The Watch'll turn you over to them quick as a wink! Business is too important to risk over a poor Marienburger."
- Ostmuur boatbuilder

ELFTOWN

Marienburg is home to what is one of the most unusual spots in the Old World: Sith Rionnasc'namishathir, the Elf Quarter, known formally as the Continental Exarchate of the High Kingdom of Ulthuan, called 'Elfsgemeente' by the Stadsraat and simply known as 'Elftown' by the locals.

Set at the mouth of the Rijksweg Channel, on its north bank, and perched uneasily between the opulence of Guilderveld and the poverty of the Flats, Elftown is literally a piece of the High Elf Kingdom, the last remnant of their millennia-gone empire. Through the eyes and ears of his Sea Elf subjects here, the Phoenix King keeps apprised of Old World doings from his throne at Lothern, and also maintains a benevolent, if not always appreciated watch over the Wood Elves of the Loren and Laurelorn forests.

The enclave at Sith Rionnasc'namishathir is also profitable for both Elves and Men. The Sea Elves are by far the world's greatest ocean travellers, and the carrying trade between the Old World, Cathay, Ind and the New World brings riches back to Ulthuan. In particular, the Sea Elves claim that they have exclusive trading rights with Lustria and most of its coveted goods are sold by them alone. It is a claim which some Marienburgers refuse to recognise, however, and although battles within the city over it are rare, stories of ambushed expeditions, piracy and sinkings are told by both sides.



'Star-Gem-by-the-Sea' is also the port of choice for High and Sea Elves setting out on a grand tour of the Old World. Here they can have a taste of home before they go out to rough it amongst the natives. Those whose sensibilities are too delicate often venture no farther than the bistros at Elftown's edge, content to view the swarming masses of humanity from a safe distance.

To the casual tourist, Sith Rionnasc'namishathir seems much like any other well-to-do portion of Marienburg, albeit cleaner. But first impressions are deceptive. Broad canals form the main avenues, lit at the intersections by silvery lamps. The chief waterway leads from Elfgate Bridge, the main entry to the quarter, past the glittering shops and bistros to the Grand Circle Canal, a favourite with Marienburg lovers because of the beautiful park it surrounds. From the Grand Circle and the other boulevard canals branch narrower side-channels that lead between the islands which support the clan mansions and the docks. These are private ways, limited to the Elves, their guests and those who have business with the clans. Trespassers are turned away by details of Sea Elf Watchmen who patrol in fast boats.

The clans live in sprawling complexes known as the Mansions, although they are more than that. Not only is each home to more than eighty Elves, but there are halls for entertainment, private study and meditation areas, and docks and workshops for individuals' private boats. Many of the manses are built around a small bay where private craft may dock, with the entrances facing this pool, the outer walls projecting a nearly blank face to the world. Some Mansions have grown so large over the centuries that they cover most of an island: winding corridors sometimes lead to wings that are rarely used, perhaps even forgotten.

The canals themselves are kept pure and clean by magic. Sea Elf Elementalists in the service of the clans have bound small water elementals to the canals, which sweep the water incessantly, driving garbage and other filth into the rest of the city's waterways. Though these are an occasional bone of contention with Marienburg's Board of Public Health, good

relations with Elftown are too important for the Staadtholder to raise more than a perfunctory protest. A wizard or priest using the *Sense Magic* skill or the *Detect Magic* spell in Elftown will notice flitting patterns of magic in the water that never cross Sith Rionnasc's boundaries.

Player characters are most likely to enter Elftown on some business, buying or selling goods. Perhaps they will engage in some smuggling, moving a cargo past the many restrictions the City and the Exarchate place on their commerce; or they may be seeking out a contact, or a fugitive. Whatever they do, they had best have their wits about them.

GOVERNMENT

Though the maps hanging in the city's offices and sold in its cartographers' shops show Elftown as one of many wards of Marienburg, the Exarchate is its own separate town and community, albeit with its fortunes tied closely to those of Marienburg. It governs itself, making its own laws and enforcing them with its own Watch.

"We can learn much from the Elves of Marienburg, for they are a true democracy - the liberty of the individual is placed first and foremost. Everyone is free to speak his mind on any topic, even to denounce his rulers. Do the same in Marienburg and you'll get three years on Rijker'sfor sedition!" - Haam Markvalt, student radical

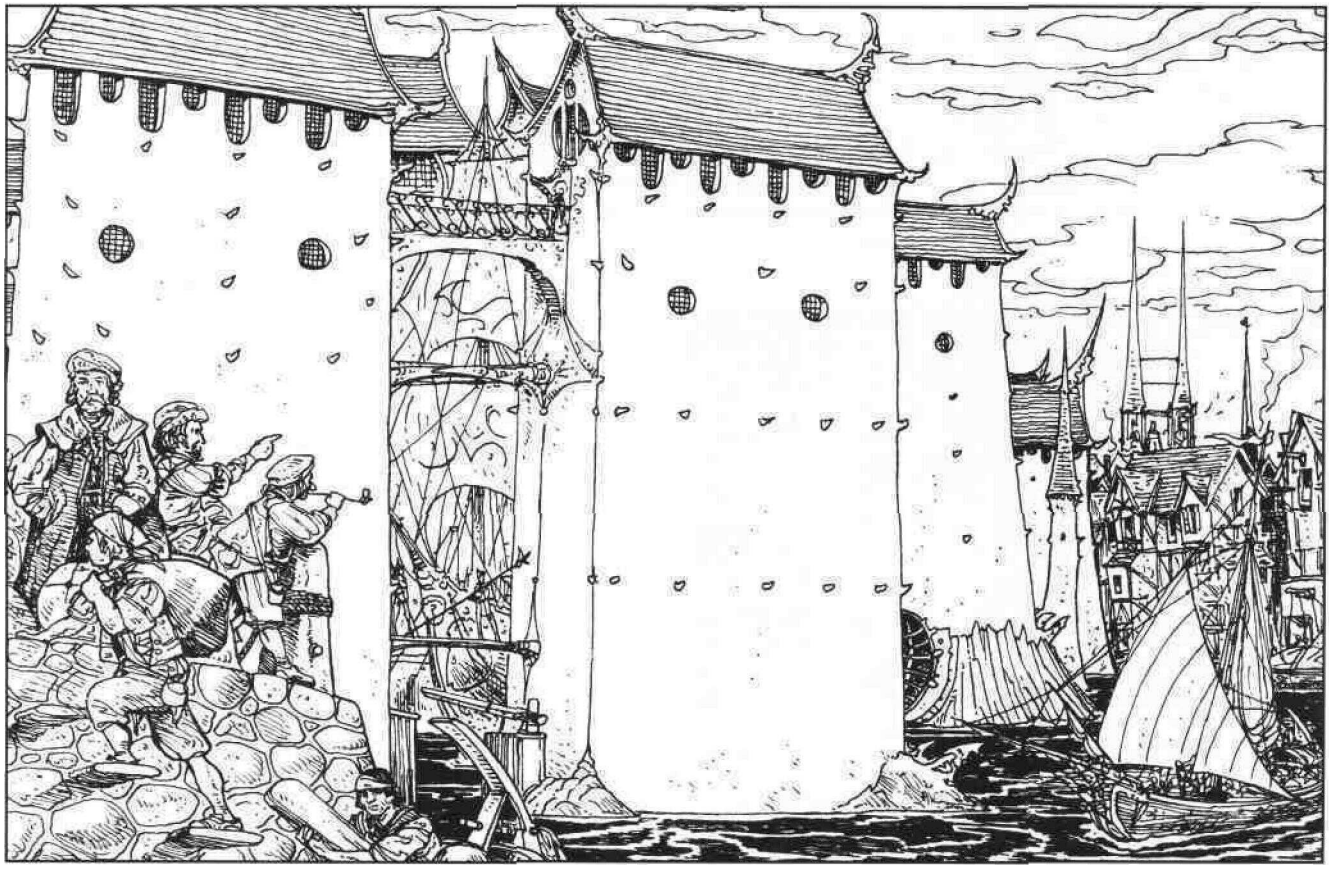
Elftown's affairs are guided by a council of the Lords of the eight clans in Sith Rionnasc' namishathir, headed by the Exarch, the Phoenix King's Viceroy in the Old World. The current Exarch is Tarmonagh din-Ciobahn, Lord of Clan Ulliogtha and grandson of Sullandiel. Though young to hold the position, he takes his responsibilities seriously and sees himself as protector of the interests of all the Elves of the Old World. His active and somewhat haughty nature has bred resentments among the Directors, the courts of the various Old World kingdoms, and even among the Elves of the forests, but his faithfulness to the treaty and his skills at diplomacy have earned him great respect.

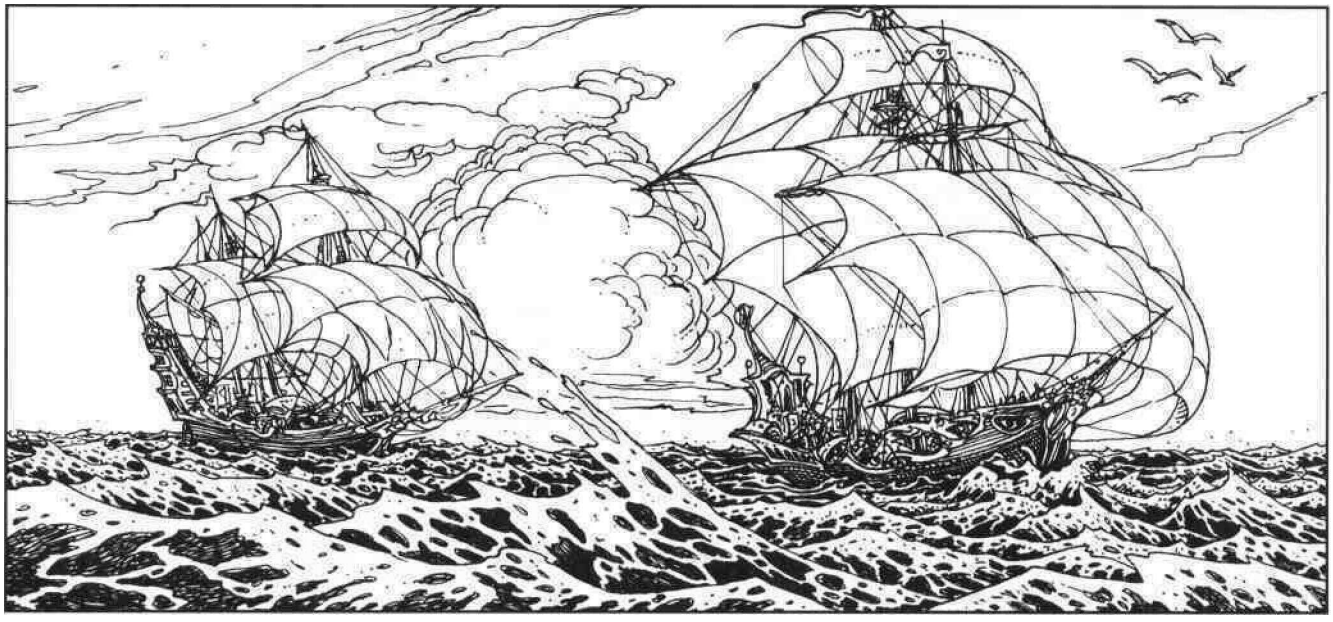
"They do things awful strange over there - no sense of planning nor whatever. But they pay well and the food's good." - Halfling servant

The clans are generally free to order their own affairs. Each Elf is answerable for their actions to their Clan Lord, who may impose penalties for minor crimes such as public drunkenness or brawling. Punishments include, among other things, a reduction in the share from a voyage's profits or extra duties aboard ship. Greater crimes, including any involving residents of Marienburg are tried by the Exarch and his council.

Once each year, on the spring equinox, the Elves of Sith Rionnasc gather at the Hall of the Four Winds to honour Mathlann, their equivalent of Manann, and to mark the start of the trading season. An open council is held at which all Elves may speak freely. They may voice their opinions on any matter and criticize the Exarch and the Clan Lords without fear. Elves may even apply for adoption by a different clan, if they feel unfairly treated by their own. This meeting also sees new clan lords confirmed in their offices.

The most recent gathering erupted in violence when the assembly removed Mearoseagh Strongbreeze as head of Clan Lianllach when he was revealed as a smuggler and slaver. He





killed two Manniocs-Quinsh who tried to arrest him and vanished in a cloud of coppery smoke as he fled from the Hall. His whereabouts are unknown, though rumour has it that he has taken refuge with his allies, the wrecker cult of Stromfels. The Exarchate has tried to keep knowledge of the scandal from spreading into the rest of the city itself, though garbled versions of it have reached the Fog-Walkers and the Directorate, who are interested in learning more.

THE CLANS OF ELFTOWN

Sea Elf clans have divided the tasks of day-to-day life into areas of nearly exclusive responsibility, mutually agreed upon by all clans in a particular region. They are bound neither by the legal charters of Human guilds nor the unbending traditions of the Dwarfs. Each Sea Elf clan is free to change their area of responsibility every few generations to seek new avenues of growth and development.

Eight clans of Sea Elves make their home in Sith Rionnasc' namishathir, along with many other *NaSbathiri* (clanless) Elves, including a few High and Wood Elves among them. The four most important clans are detailed below.

CLAN ULLIOCTHA

The largest and most important of Sith Rionnasc's clans is headed by the Exarch himself. Because of the honour brought to the clan by Sullandiel Fartrader's role in the refounding of Sith Rionnasc, it is known *asuBdon-Shathiras* (noble-explorer) clan. Clan Ulliogtha owns the most ships of the eight clans and has important trade contacts in the Lustrian interior, the South Lands and Ind. It also has the most widespread dealings with the City's merchant houses, and tries to stay friendly with them all.

The clan is in financial trouble because of recent shipping losses on the New World to Marienburg route. Two clippers laden with valuable trade goods have vanished in the past year with no trace, and the clan's agents are pressuring the House of Fooger to pay its claim.

CLAN AISELLION

Headed by Gilleriad Fairwind, Clan Aisellion is a *doiramasuctb,* a service clan. It has devoted itself to providing those services necessary to the maintenance of Sith Rionnasc: dockworkers, warehouse operations, watch patrols, and overseeing the Hall of Trade. Lord Gilleriad treats all clans equally and maintains strict neutrality in any inter-clan dispute. Aisellion has few ships, which concentrate on trade with Araby and the South Lands.

CLAN LIANLLACH

Known as the hardest bargainers and most ruthless competitors, Clan Lianllach has no lord at the moment, being led by a Council of Wavemasters after the treason of their previous clan chief. It has the second largest fleet, after Clan Ulliogtha, and trades extensively in Nippon, Cathay and the New World. Late-night whispers have it that it also maintains an illegal commerce with the Dark Elves of Naggarond, though this is unproven. It is aggressive and chauvinistic in its dealings with Marienburg and the other clans, and is largely responsible for any reputation for arrogance the Elves have in the City.

CLAN TALLAINDELOTH

Headed by Lady Angaliel Tallaindeloth, 'the Impulsive', this clan is known as a *doiricshathir,* a "curious clan". Strong individualists in a race already considered eccentric by most Humans, Clan Tallaindeloth has produced some of the most noted Sea Elf explorers of the past several centuries. Driven by an insatiable urge to go further, their ships will sail anywhere at any time, seemingly at random.

Trade is often a secondary motive for the Tallaindeloth: they will divert from their course at the drop of a hat to explore new coasts or to simply check the accuracy of old charts. They have even tried to map the warped coasts of the Northern Chaos Wastes. Since their travels have frequently taken them to areas filled with unknown dangers, Clan Tallaindeloth boasts the largest number of wizards of all Elftown's clans. The skills of the clan members are of such repute that several

have lectured at Baron Henryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magicks.

RELATIONS WITH THE CITY

Though Elftown has a political role as Ulthuan's window on the Old World, trade is its life-blood and its reason for being. From the secret deals of the clan lords with Marienburg's merchant-princes to the labourers who work as house servants, Wastelanders' feelings about Sith Rionnasc are shaped by its commerce with all layers of the City's society.

Many of Marienburg's working poor serve the Elves as domestic staff - housemaids, kitchen staff (though the chefs are inevitably Halflings), lackeys and valets, among others. They arrive before dawn and leave well after dark, for Humans are not allowed to live in Sith Rionnasc, save for a trusted handful who serve as major-domos in the clan mansions. They are paid well: an average of 20% above the going rate in Marienburg (see ***WFRP,*** p.297).

The merchants of Marienburg deal with the Sea Elves in two ways. The average member of the Export-Import 'Change will trek to the early-morning auction in the Hall of Trade each week, to view the available merchandise and bid on it in an open auction. The bidding is as fast and furious as anything seen in the 'Change, since everyone knows that goods brought by the Elves sell quickly and bring a fine profit.

But all this is "salt water", according to Marienburgers, compared to the kind of deals made between the Elven clan lords and the heads of the city's great trading houses. Hidden away in club rooms and the opulent salons of the clan mansions, the richest merchants bargain for the most sought-after goods: rare alchemicals from Lustria, cloth of Cathayan spider-silk and spices from the Isles of the Monkey King, south of Ind. The Elf Lords prefer dealing with regular customers for their best wares, men who will pay a hefty price to have the best goods set aside for them. And since many of these same clients sit on the Directorate, they are expected to remember favours done when considering matters of interest to the Exarchate.

Yet not everybody is happy with the ways that the cards are stacked. Marienburgers are entrepreneurs by nature and many merchants chafe under the Elves' monopoly of the Lustrian trade. Many also resent the favours shown to the great merchants, and feel cheated that the best goods aren't put up for auction.

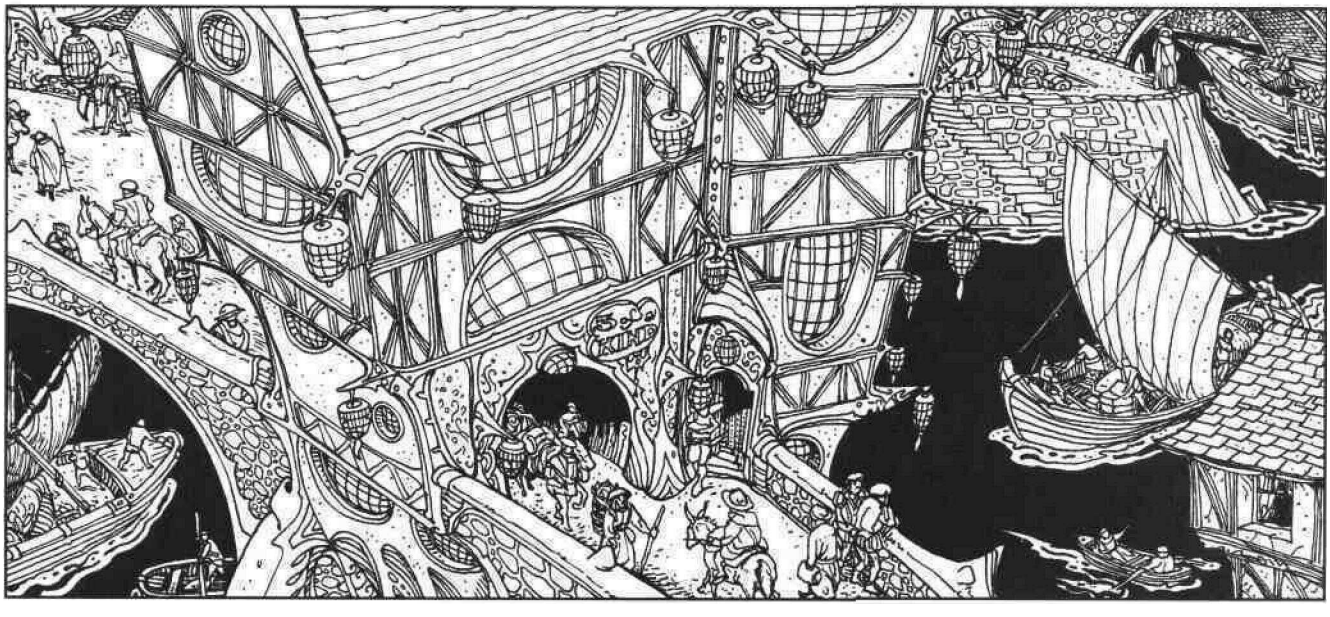
In recent years, some have moved beyond resentment. Several Sea Elf clipper ships have vanished on their way back from the New World. The ships and crews have never been seen again, but their rich cargoes have appeared in other Old World markets. Whispers have it that a consortium of powerful merchants - perhaps even the Directorate - are backing pirates operating out of Bretonnian and Estalian ports. The most scandalous gossip says that this group has connections to the Stromfels cult, though nothing has ever been proven.

On a smaller scale, merchandise sometimes vanishes from the warehouses of the great mercantile houses, independent trad-

"It's a crime, I says. All the wealth they bring into that harbour, you 'd think they could deign to share a bit of it with honest dockers like us in our own city. But no, Elves docks at their own docks and unloads their own cargoes, cheating us of work! I'll tell you true, friends, there's plenty of us fed up with their kingly ways. If Guildmaster Cobbius don't do something, we'll take matters into our own hands." - angry stevedore in front of a guild meeting

"Tut tut, dear boy. Our arrangement with the city is mutually beneficial. From Sith Rionnasc we maintain a protective eye on our forest kin who lack our experience and wisdom. As for Marienburg, our trade brings in quite a sum of money, and our wizards and mariners are well appreciated. We monopolize the New World trade, but that is our right."
- Clan Llianlach wavemaster

"We have made certain legal and territorial concessions to the Sea Elves, true. They are tough bargainers. But we have gained the better end of the deal. Let them have their enclave: their goods bring the world's merchants to our city. As for their monopoly on trade with the Western Lands... well, pirates and privateers have been taking a toll of that of late, haven't they? Hmm?"
- Director van Haagen



ers or the holds of moored boats and secretly wends its way up-river to the Empire or along the old highway to Bretonnia. If a warehouseman isn't corruptible, Marienburg's many gangs are happy to arrange a break-in.

The Elves of Sith Rionnasc are undoubtedly least popular with the Stevedores and Teamsters guild and the Pilots Association. Only Elves are allowed on the Elftown docks, and Clan Aisellion provides all the loading, unloading and hauling services within Sith Rionnasc'namishathir. Dockers who go looking for work are only offered the lowest menial labour, at rates far below what they earn on Suiddock. Their resentment at the Elves' high-handed treatment has lead to angry debates at guild meetings and to demands that Guildmaster Cobbius do something about it. Frustration has recently boiled over into violence, with several incidents of Elf-bashing. So far the incidents have been relatively minor and easily papered over, but the first overreaction by either side will lead to serious trouble.

THREE OF A KIND CABARET AND CASINO

Situated midway across the bustling Elfgate Bridge, neither wholly a part of Marienburg nor of Sith Rionnasc'namishathir, this three-storey building is one of the liveliest nightspots in the northern Old World. From dusk till dawn it serves people of all races who seek good food and drink, wonderful entertainment, high-stakes games of chance, or the opportunity to be seen amongst the wealthy and the beautiful. Revellers can always finds it, even in the thickest fog, for its eaves are decorated with gaily coloured lanterns that burn all night.

Owned and operated by Trancas Quendalmanliye and his friends Fredrik Greendale and Morgaine Bauersdottir, the club's ground floor is a cabaret where guests enjoy exotic meals prepared by Henri Le Feu, the club's Bretonnian chef. Their meals are enlivened by the finest comedians, magicians, singers and musicians from all over the Old World - and sometimes by Henri's outbursts when some poor fool doesn't pay his cuisine proper respect.

The lower level, built into the Elfgate bridge itself, is an exclusive casino. Everyone seeking entry is stopped at the top of the stairs by a bouncer who waits for a yes-or-no signal from Trancas or one of his henchmen. The decision is final, and those who argue too much are summarily ejected. Gamblers can find any game of chance they want down below, from dice to cards to wheels of fortune, and the house regularly waives the limit of 20 guilders per wager for good customers. Drinks are free in the casino, which often leads to extravagant and foolish betting.

The upper storey is a private residential area for Trancas and his friends. The stairs are behind a locked door off the bar (CR -30%), and no one is ever admitted without the express invitation of one of the three owners. Along with the living quarters, the upper floor contains Trancas's study and magical workroom, but no great hidden treasures.

Three of a Kind is a favourite meeting spot for those wishing to conduct confidential affairs away from more formal and public settings. A private lounge lies down a hallway off the entry foyer behind a thick wooden door, through which veiled ladies and masked gentlemen whisk before the club's normal patrons can get a good look at them. A large bouncer further guarantees that the occupants won't be disturbed. Available for 5 guilders an hour or 30 for the whole night, this room is popular with any seekers of secrecy, and trysting lover in particular. There is a well-stocked bar next to the fireplace, and users are charged for anything drunk when their time is up.

"What kind of a place is Three of a Kind? Oh, dear boy, everyone who's anyone comes to Three of a Kind."
- Goudberg socialite

"Sacre bleu! Zat peeg dares to put salt on my Escargots au Gratin?! Donnez-moi le chopper! I kill!"- Chef Henri le Feu

Quite a stir was caused last winter when a prominent lawyer and his bodyguards invaded Three of a Kind hunting for his wife and her Tilean lover. The fracas ended with the cabaret's staff "convincing" the outraged husband that he and his thugs should instead take a swim in the canal. Regulars still joke that the couple in the room never knew anything was amiss. But certain peoples' tempers run high when Three of a Kind is mentioned, and more than a few would not mourn it if it were to burn down or fall into the canal.

TRANCAS QUENDALMANLIYE, CO-OWNER OF THREE OF A KIND

Illusionist level 1, ex-war wizard (level 1), wizard's apprentice, gambler, charlatan, outrider, thief and burglar

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	47	41	3	4	10	86	1	64	64	77	71	65	72



Alignment: Neutral (Ranald)
Magic points: 17
Skills: Animal Care; Blather; Cast Spells - Petty, Battle 1, Illusion 1; Charm; Disguise; Excellent Vision; Evaluate; Follow Trail; Gamble; Identify Plants; Luck; Mimic; Musicianship - harp; Night Vision +7 yards; Orientation; Palm Object; Pick Lock; Ride; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Rune Lore; Scroll Lore; Secret Signs - scouts', thieves'; Secret Languages - Classical, Thieves; Silent Move Rural, Urban; Sing; Specialist Weapons - lasso, rapier; Speak Additional Language - Cathayan, Fan Eltharin, Tar Eltharin; Wit
Spells: Petty - Glowing Light, Reinforce Door, Curse. Battle 1 - Fireball, Steal Mind, Cure Light Injury, Flight. Illusionist 1 - Bewilder Foe
Trappings: Amulet of Thrice-Blessed Copper *(WFRP,* p. 183); Bag of Middenheim ***(Apocrypha Now,*** p.43); Boots of Silence ***(Apocrypha Now,*** p.44); elegant clothes in predominantly black, scarlet and emerald. Rapier (I +20, D-l); leather topcoat; wide-brimmed hat with a scarlet feather; pair of loaded dice; deck of marked cards. 2D20 guilders.
Quotes: "Oh, you might say I've been around a bit."
"I said the casino is closed to you. Your money is good at the bar, be grateful for that!"
"Why drink ale when you can have cognac?"
Appearance: A Wood Elfin early middle age (he's 126), Trancas shows the world a sophisticated, daredevil, almost flippant face. He steeples his hands when talking business, and frequently arches the brows of his hazel eyes in a look of arrogant amusement. His blond hair is tied in a ponytail and he talks with a friendly, breezy manner that hardens only when



he is angered. His dress is always smart and debonair, and more than one human woman has pleaded undying love to his uninterested heart.

Personality and motivations: Trancas is unusual for a Wood Elf - he has completely rejected his past and has chosen to live among humans. In fact, he *likes* humans. His easy manner hides a deeply scarred soul: his family and village in the Laurelorn Forest were destroyed by Ores in his childhood (He is subject to Hatred against greenskins - ***WFRP,*** p.69). Since then, he has wandered the Empire and Bretonnia before making his fortune and settling in Marienburg. Insatiably curious, over the last few years he has become the biggest information broker in Marienburg, with contacts at all levels of society. For a price, a buyer can find almost anything out. For a higher price, Trancas will try to find something out if he doesn't already know it.

His abiding goal is to destroy a ring of child-snatchers whose activities he has traced for years through the Reik Valley and northern Bretonnia. He is convinced the gang is based in Marienburg, but he has yet to find any solid leads.

Secret: When he has drunk too much, Trancas will sometimes mutter to himself, "It's a good thing for us Elves that we live so long, and that men have such short memories." He has never explained this comment, not even to his lover, Morgaine.

The fact is that Trancas is wanted for murder in Carroburg, the capital of Middenland and seat of the von Bildhofen family. It was not an ordinary killing, either - seventy-five years ago he killed the heir to the Grand Ducal throne, Hans-Dietrich von Bildhofen, grand-uncle to the current Grand Duke, Leopold. The elder von Bildhofen wanted forest lands near his estates that were occupied by the small Wood Elf village in which Trancas lived. When Ores invaded Middenland from the Middle Mountains, Hans-Dietrich bribed them through agents to attack the Laurelorn Forest instead. The Wood Elves drove off the Ores, but not before the rest of the village was massacred. Trancas was the only survivor.

Upon learning the truth, he stalked von Bildhofen and slew him in his study, escaping as the family guards were breaking down the door. Though the wanted posters have yellowed and almost anyone who could be a witness is dead or senile, there is still a 2000-crown reward for his capture, dead or alive.

Connections: He is fast friends with Freddie, to whom he leaves the day-to-day running of Three of a Kind. His lover is Morgaine, an ex-mercenary sergeant who is also co-owner of the inn. Trancas has regular dealings with both the Exarch and the Steward of the Palace, head of the Fog Walkers. He pretends to be a rogue of the worst sort, hoping to pump information from Adalbert Henschmann and his cronies. He is a regular visitor at Hieronymous Deecksburg's studio (see The Sign of the Brush and Gull, p. 105) and the two are close friends.

THE HALL OF TRADE

Sitting on the outer edge of the Grand Circle canal near Elfgate Bridge, the Hall of Trade is the centre of public commerce in Sith Rionnasc. Trade goods not reserved for the great merchants of Marienburg are put here by the Sea Elf clans for auction to the highest bidder. It is perhaps the most famous building in Sith Rionnasc, and is run by Clan Aisellion, which in turn operates the hall for all Sith Rionnasc.

The Hall of Trade is one large room with a couple of offices attached. Running parallel to the canal, its blue shingle roof is curved and peaked to represent ocean waves, and atop the central spire is a golden weathervane in the shape of an Elven ship. The roof over the portico is supported by wooden columns carved to resemble trees. The portico roof itself has a frieze of carved and painted wood showing an Elf and a Human shaking hands before a background of ships and sea birds.

Auctions are held weekly, beginning promptly at 8 AM on each Marktag, but traders arrive long before that, since the doors open at dawn to let potential bidders examine the samples on display. The hall is always thronged at this time with eager traders sipping mugs of Arabian coffee and morning-beer provided by the hall's managers. When it happens, bidding is frenetic: a complicated combination of shouts, hand-signals and other obscure gestures. Presiding over the bedlam with a constant rapid-fire sales pitch is Fidelius Cloverhill, the renowned Halfling auctioneer working for Clan Aisellion.

"All the best goods are for sale there, lad, except for what goes to the Ten. The trick is getting in - and not buying something when you thought you were scratching yourself."
- Guilderveld warehouse owner

To bid in the auction, a non-Elf must be a member



"Don't even think of stealing anything from the Hall! Them Elves have got the place locked up tighter and guarded more than Old Adriaan's liquor closet."
- old burglar

of the 'Change: this is stipulated in the Treaty of Amity and Commerce and strictly upheld. Identification, however, is not checked until after the bidding for an item has ended, when prompt payment is expected. If someone successfully bids for an item without the requisite qualification or identification, the Hall of Trade withholds the goods and fines the bidder ten per cent of their successful bid, before throwing them out. The Clan Aisellion marines who guard the hall, usually stifle any objections. Repeat offenders or those who can't pay the fine are brought before the Exarch and charged with fraud.

PCs in the hall may become unwitting participants in an auction. For each PC in the Hall of Trade, roll a secret **Dex** test once every few minutes, or whenever they make any sudden or odd movements. A failed test indicates a character has inadvertently made a bid. Three successive failures means that the character has unknowingly bought something. Failure by more than 30% means that the PC has made a truly amazing bid, which immediately chokes off all competition. The successful bid should be in the range 6D 10x10 guilders. Add another 50% if the character has made a spectacular bid. And don't forget the fine.

PCs who are members of the 'Change may really want to buy something. In this case, establish an opening bid of 2D 10x5 guilders. Let PCs make whatever bid they wish. Assume their competitors have a WP of 45, and make a WP test each time the PC makes a bid. A successful test means that someone has raised the bid by 10%; a failed test indicates the PC has won the auction. The GM should assign an appropriate (-10 to -20%) penalty to the WP test if a PC makes a truly outlandish bid. Payment in full is expected immediately, though a draft drawn on an account with a reputable money changer is acceptable.

FIDELIUS CLOVERHILL

Halfling auctioneer (charlatan), ex-raconteur and trader

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	25	32	2	3	6	66	1	52	30	41	34	60	75



Alignment: Neutral (Ranald)

Skills: Blather; Charm; Comedian; Cook; Evaluate; Herb Lore; Mimic; Public Speaking; Seduction; Story-Telling; Wit

Trappings: 2D10 guilders; 2D10 shillings; elegant clothes and a large floppy beret; hand weapon; silver-tipped cane; liverwurst and onion sandwich

Quotes: "Sold! To the gentleman in the blue and yellow doublet with his finger up his nose. Now, what am I bid for this extremely desireable collection of Kislevan beaver-claw necklaces? Shall we start at a very reasoanble 50 guilders?"

"You don't have to prove you're a clown, sir. We've already heard about your love-life."

Appearance: As round as he is tall and in his late 60s, "Fat" Fidelius Cloverhill is a perfect pitchman. He's never without his cane in one hand and his sandwich in the other. And no matter how full his mouth is, he can call the bidding perfectly.

Personality and motivations: Fidelius Cloverhill is a truly remarkable Halfling - he is the best salesman in Marienburg, bar none. He can sell anything to anyone and leave the buyer thinking they've got away with a steal. He relies on a fast-talking patter leavened with humour and an ever-present smile, and finds it a challenge to sell strange cargoes that would otherwise rot on the docks. Cunning repartee is his speciality, and no heckler escapes unscathed. Many people come just to see Fidelius in action, as entertainment.

Connections: Fidelius reports to Gilleriad Fairwind once each week - Fairwind hired him after he had worked for years as a door-to-door brush-peddler for the firm of Fueller and Sons. Clan Aisellion hired him when he succeeded in selling the entire household nearly three dozen useless brushes, including seven to the clan lord himself. Rather than let a master salesman get away, the clan lord hired Fidelius to be the manager and auctioneer for the Hall of Trade.

During his off-hours, one can often find him either in his flat in Noordmuur or at a favourite inn in the Halfling quarter, spinning stories and splitting a seven-course meal with friends: five for him, two for them. Fidelius also hangs around the Pilots' and Seaman's Guild, lifting good stories and sharp insults from old Eric for future re-use.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES
TRANSLATIONS AND INTERPRETATIONS

This small business is located on Elfgate bridge above Heer Tvinink's famous tea shop, and is identified by a sign reading 'The Gift of Tongues' in seven languages. Inside lies a study and consulting room furnished with antique Tilean furniture. Beyond the chairs by the fireplace is a writing desk covered in neatly arranged scrolls and manuscripts - the bay window next to it provides a fine view of the bridge traffic. A small bookcase filled with dictionaries, grammar books and collections of Old World legends and folktales takes up part of one wall. Two doors lead out from the study, one to a small kitchen, the other to a equally well-appointed bedroom and a privy.

The proprietor of the Gift of Tongues, Ralmoris Galielholendil, is well known as one of the best linguists in the city. He has made a tidy sum serving the Houses of the Ten, the clans of Sith Rionnasc and anyone else who can afford to pay. Clients are most likely to need his services to interpret at meetings or to translate documents. Though he is not a scribe himself, nor does he employ one, he will dictate a translation to clients who can either write or bring a scribe of their own. Discretion is essential in his profession, and he guarantees absolute confidentiality. Bribes won't work at all, but it's just possible to learn sensitive information from him by convincing him that it affects the safety of either Elftown or Marienburg (**Fel** -40). His fees begin at 20 guilders per hour, with one hour paid in advance.

"He's the very best. I had a 500-year-old Tilean manuscript that no one could read - it was in some obscure Toharan dialect. Ralmoris translated it in less than a week! Too bad it turned out to be a pasta-maker's handbook."
- Rijkspoort book dealer

RALMORIS GALIELHOLENDIL

Sea-elf scholar, ex-student and seaman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	38	34	4	4	6	66	1	46	37	80	46	43	60



Alignment: Neutral (Mathlann (Manaan))
Skills: Arcane Language - Magick; Cartography; Cryptography; Dodge Blow; Excellent Vision; History; Linguistics; Magical Sense; Numismatics; Read/Write; Row; Rune Lore; Sailing; Sing; Scale Sheer Surface; Secret Language - Classical; Speak Additional Languages - Old Worlder (all dialects), Arabic, Cathayan, Fan-Eltharin, Ghazhakh, Grum-barth, Indie, Nipponese, Slann, Tar-Eltharin; Street-fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Swim
Trappings: Dictionaries of all types, notepad , dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20), 5D6 guilders, fine clothes, collection of antique Tilean furniture in his office.
Quotes: "Can I do the job? In a word: ja. Da. Si. Oui. Hai. Yusmite. Boorakka. The last is 'yes' in northern Slann, my ill-schooled friend."
"Yes, I'm quite sure of it. Without question he said, 'With due respect, your mother is a gravy-sucking pig.' I never make mistakes, Mijn Heer Wizard."
Appearance: Tall, spare and elegant. An unfailingly professional and scholarly gaze comes from his brown eyes. His chestnut hair is worn a bit long, to cover the damage to his ruined right ear.
Personality and motivations: Ralmoris began as a sailor on the ships of Clan Tallaindeloth, but retired from the sea after a wretched experience at the hands of Dark Elf pirates during a voyage to the New World. Having a flair for languages, he enrolled at Marienburg University, where he soon became famous as a linguist. Fascinated by Old World legends and antiques, particularly Tilean, he set up the Gift of Tongues to earn the money that would feed his hobby. He knows he is the best, and can be condescending to the less-educated.

His torture at the hands of Dark Elves has unfortunately left him with disorders that can cause occasional misunderstandings (he is subject to Fear of Magic and Dark Elves) Should anyone cast a spell in his presence, or should he become aware of the active use of magic or magical artefacts, he must immediately test against one-half his **Cl** score. Should he fail it, his translation will be mildly faulty. Failure by more than 30% means that he has made a grand error due to nervousness. Ralmoris will either be unaware of the mistake, or •will be very ashamed of this, and either way will deny vehemently that he has made a mistake, challenging his customer to prove him wrong.

"Oh, he knows his pluperfect subjunctive from his future passive, I'll grant you that, but, take my advice, don't get him near a wizard. Could lead to... er... incidents and misunderstandings, if you catch my drift." - doctor of Baron Henryk's College

Connections: Ralmoris has a wealth of contacts among the rich and powerful in Marienburg due to his work, and although he can be a bit of a name-dropper - his sole indiscretion - he objects strongly to being used as a source of introductions.

He regularly drinks with Trancas at Three of a Kind. He has done translation and cryptographic work for both the Fog Walkers and the League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs, and has a contract relationship with Marquandt's Escorts (p. 103).

RACE THE WINDS SHIPYARD

"You'll find it over on Oranjekoft island, facing the Plats. Good luck getting there, though. Even if you can get past the Mannikins, you still have to convince him to talk to you. Not to mention the ogre." - disappointed boat-buyer

On the far side of Elftown, across from the shanty-towns of the Flats, lies the most exclusive shipyard in the entire city. A wooden fence taller than a man surrounds the property, which includes an extensive carpenter's shop, a sailmaker's building and a great forge operated with unusual skill by two Elven blacksmiths and their apprentices. There are dry docks for six ships, each large enough to hold the biggest Sea Elf clipper, with four ships currently under construction: three clippers for the Elven clans and one pleasure boat for Staadtholder van Raemerswijk. Two yachts belonging to the lords of Clan Ulliogtha and Clan Aisellion are in for a complete refitting.

The boatyard is constantly busy and always noisy. The workforce of more than a hundred arrives shortly after dawn, and hammering can usually be heard until late into the night. Throughout the day, supplies of timber and new fittings will be either arriving at the main gate or at the dock, and a steady trickle of hopeful customers turn up at the yard's single gate, which is guarded constantly by Mordagg, the Ogre Watchman - tourists are not allowed!

Anyone wishing to commission a boat or ship from Race the Winds, no matter what the nature of the work, will find it difficult and expensive. Non-residents of Sith Rionnasc must first send a letter requesting an appointment, preferably accompanied by a letter of introduction from another client. If the letter is sufficiently flattering, a successful test against the writer's **Fel** will gain an appointment in one week. (Modifiers: + 10 for etiquette, +10 if written in TarEltharin, -10 if insufficiently flattering, -10 for obvious grovelling.) A failed test will produce a response that "Master Urdithriel Imraholen is unfortunately unavailable for the next three months". Only a personal introduction to Urdithriel by a Sea-Elf of high standing will bypass this, and then there's still the second stage to get through.

The prospective client will be invited to visit the boat-yards, and will be shown around by the Master himself, to see if he has the ability to appreciate true craftsmanship. Make another test against the character's **Fel** (+10 for Sailing, Boat Building, or Speak Additional Language: Tar-Eltharin). If the test is failed, the character politely shown the gate - or thrown out by Mordagg, if they are boorish enough to persist. If the test is passed, Urdithriel will deign to accept a commission. Prices begin at 1,000 guilders for a small sloop. He will never provide repairs for human-built ships.

Urdithriel's boat-yard has another reputation, albeit only known in certain circles of Elven sea-captains: his high standards of workelfship can be and often is used to create secret compartments and hidden holds ideal for smuggling illicit cargoes both large and small. Unknown to his clients, within



the strong-box in his office, Urdithriel keeps paper records of every ship in which he has fitted compartments like this, as well as information on where the secret chamber is, and how it can be opened. Should this information fall into the wrong hands, it could be extraordinarily valuable to its finder, and potentially disastrous to almost all Elven smugglers.

URDITHRIEL IMRAHOLEN, OWNER OF RACE THE WINDS

Sea-Elf, master shipwright (artisan), ex-artisan's apprentice and seaman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	50	43	3	5	8	79	1	61	41	59	68	43	48



Alignment: Neutral (Mathlann)

Skills: Acute Hearing; Boat-building; Carpentry; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Excellent Vision; Musicianship - dulcimer; Read/Write; Row; Sailing; Scale Sheer Surface; Speak Additional Language - Tar Eltharin; Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow; Swim

Trappings: Artisan's tools, leather apron (equivalent to a leather jerkin: 0/1 AP for the body only), ball of twine, utility knife, hand weapon, 2D20 guilders

Quotes: "Humans have no appreciation for speed and elegance. Galleons and cogs - hah! They're nothing more than horrid little rat-barges, if you ask me."

"Hard to starboard! Faster, faster! And let Chaos take the hindmost!"

Appearance: Urdithriel stands short for an Elf, with jet-black hair and an intense, arrogant stare. He is nearly 200 years old and he looks it: Urdithriel's skin is tanned and leathery from long years at sea, though he shows none of the wrinkling one would expect in a human sailor. His callused hands move with a sure grace and he is as at home among the rigging as he is on land.

Personality and motivations: Urdithriel Imraholen is, in his own widely accepted opinion, the finest boat-builder in the Old World, and perhaps even in the whole Known World. He is also certainly the greatest Elf chauvinist in Sith Rionnasc, which is quite a feat given that he is a member of Clan Lianllach. To him, no race other than Elves has any sense of grace and quality - all are equally crass in his eyes. He refuses to acknowledge human ships as even being seaworthy: "floating washtubs" is considered a compliment from him.

Master Imraholen is also a superb and passionate yacht racer. For the past century, he has entered the annual Marienburg regatta once every decade. He has won easily every time, his sloop, the Gull's Lament, leaving the competition far behind.

Urdithriel claims he races only to teach each new generation of sailors a lesson in Sea Elf seamanship they won't forget. But everyone knows that he thrills to the challenge of a race and casually undertakes the most dangerous manoeuvres. Those who have raced against him or encountered him on one of his pleasure jaunts in the waters near Marienburg swear he is not quite sane when at the helm. Because of his natural talent, his boat-handling test (see ***Death on the Reik,*** p.89) is made at a +10 bonus to the average of his Dexterity and Intelligence.

Connections: Master Imraholen has few close friends and rarely socializes outside of clan gatherings. He thinks Trancas must be a madman for liking humans. However, he occasionally takes meals at the Gull and Trident Inn (see p. 123), though Aunt Mina makes him keep Mordagg chained up outside. He has recently been approached by Governor de Beq of Rijker's Isle (see p. 127) to build him a yacht, and is considering the offer. The only person he is truly close to is his daughter Immarana.

Secret: Imraholen has been very concerned by the rising number of incidents of Elf-bashing that have been occurring in the city over the last few years, and by the lack of concern that the Clans and the Stadsraat have shown about it. Accordingly, he has begun to plan action himself by form-

"Finest boat-builder in the city, though it pains me to say it. I'm just lucky he's so snooty, or there'd be no business for the rest of us!"
- Rijkspoort boat-builder

ing a secret network of those who share his views and his contempt for non-Elfs.

The last few incidents of Elf-bashing have been answered by return assaults on random humans - "an ear for an ear" he calls it - under cover of darkness. As yet nobody has thought these were more than random muggings, but if Elf-bashing continues, Imraholen's unnamed organisation intends to answer every incident with five of their own. That this could potentially plunge the entire city into a bloody Elf-Human conflict does not seem to have occurred to him, or if it has then he doesn't care.

MORDAGG THE WATCHMAN

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
6	43	17	7*	6*	17	40	2	18	18	14	18	29	10



Alignment: Neutral
Skills: Consume Alcohol; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun (never used); Very Resilient*; Very Strong*
Trappings: Big axe, lantern, mail coat (1 AP, body, arms, and legs), dog whistle, collection of dead rats in a sack
Quotes: "Slim! Kill! Eat!"
"Mordagg chop!!"
Appearance: Huge, snaggle-toothed and hideously ugly.
Personality and motivations: Mordagg has served as the shipyard's watchman for 10 years, ever since Urdithriel bought his contract from a travelling pit-fight promoter. He lives in a shack on the property and never leaves the yards except to escort "Master" into Marienburg. He has plenty of food, lots to drink, two vicious dogs, his bag of dead rats, and permission to kill any trespassers. Mordagg is a happy Ogre. His only complaints are about the monthly baths Urdithriel makes him take.
Connections: None to speak of.

PRICELESS FRIENDS EXOTIC ANIMAL EMPORIUM

For those seeking the perfect pet, whether for companionship or to follow the latest fashions, there is no better place in Marienburg than Priceless Friends, the exotic pet emporium located on the Grand Circle canal. Here one may find unusual animals from all over the world, from trained Kislevan mink and hairless Arabian racing dogs to stranger creatures from the interior of the New World and Cathay. Though friends are priceless, Sumieren Imlordil will provide any animal if the money is right.

The shop itself is a broad, low timber-and-stone affair surmounted by a red tile roof. The outside of the building is painted white and all the windows are barred to prevent the birds inside from escaping. The front door is unmarked, but next to it is a brass plaque with a man and a dog engraved on it and the words 'Priceless Friends' beneath. The interior is a large warehouse through which visitors are allowed to wander. Behind the warehouse are stables for the larger beasts. Customers are greeted by Sumieren himself.

Though Priceless Friends keeps many animals in stock, Sumieren specializes in obtaining creatures on request. If a client is willing to wait even for several years, Sumieren guarantees that he will find the animal. If a customer wishes to pay extra, he will also train it to perform tricks. His skill with even difficult-to-train creatures has earned him the nickname "Beastspeaker". The current rage in in the upper circles of Marienburg society is for the four-armed green Lustrian Mimic-Monkey, which can imitate speech as well as a parrot.

The shop also provides larger creatures for the great public and private zoos of the Old World, including the renowned Bestiary of the Tsars in Kislev. When enough commissions have come in through his agent in the 'Change and stock is low in the shop, Sumieren will leave Marienburg for expeditions that can last as long as three years. While he is away, his two apprentices Muirghal and Fiaroth run the shop capably but without flair.

> *"If you're looking for a special gift for your fancy lady, take a look over at Priceless Friends - women are suckers for cute furry little things. No, I don't mean an 'alfling! I know! Get her one of them singing Qu-whatsit snakes from Lustria! I bet her 'eart will gopitter-pat when she opens the box and that beauty jumps out, an' no mistake. Yeah, 'notherpint, please."*
> - tavern lonely-hearts expert

Visitors to Priceless Friends will be almost overwhelmed by the cacophony and odours of all the animals. The current stock includes an Arabian camel (for the private collection of Countess Emmanuelle Liebwitz of Nuln), 10+D10 parrots, macaws and cockatoos, one Lustrian four-armed green Mimic-Monkey (sold to a social-climbing Middenlander noble), a matched pair of fine Tilean hunting dogs (sold only as a set), and a sacred Cathayan Temple Rooster, reserved for Director Jaan van de Kuypers. Prices begin at 2D10x5 guilders for the cheapest animal, a common Lustrian red-capped parrot.

SUMIEREN IMLORDIL, "BEASTSPEAKER"
Scout, ex-hunter and seaman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	54	53	4	3	11	77	2	41	53	62	69	48	37



Alignment: Neutral (Karnos)
Skills: Animal Care; Animal Training; Concealment Rural; Dance; Dodge Blow; Excellent Vision; Follow Trail; Game Hunting; Orientation; Ride; Row; Sailing; Scale Sheer Surface; Secret Language - ranger; Sing; Secret Signs - woodsman's, scout's; Set Traps; Silent Move Rural; Speak Additional Language - Arabic, Cathayan, Tar-Eltharin, Slann (including the dialects of the primitive jungle tribes); Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Swim
Trappings: Mail shirt (1 AP, body), sword, elf bow (32/64X 300, ES *4),* quiver with one score arrows, three Arrows of True Flight ***(WFRP,*** p.184), collection of cages and baskets, cheap and colourful trinkets as trade goods, a Horn of Hounds ***(Apocrypha Now,*** p.45), 20 doses of beastbane, in two-dose vials
Quote: "You require a Mukkavi desert-hound breeding pair, with matched blue eyes? Not a problem for one such as I, my lady. I know a tribal chief in Bur-Shitrak, in Araby, who has a

"You should have seen the look on my little girl's face! She kept saying she wanted a pink parrot, and I'll be burned if that Elf didn't find one for me - in time for her birthday, too! Now if I could only get it to shut up..."
- Goudberg ship-owner

fine pack, and he owes me a blood-debt. I'll have them for you in less than six months, I guarantee it."

Appearance: Sumieren is of average height for an Elf, just a touch over six feet, and ties his long black hair in a pony-tail. His face appears weather-worn, somewhere around middle age (he's 122). His heavy upswept eyebrows, pointed ears, and the piercing stare from his deep-set black eyes give him a devilish look, which he quite enjoys. He often dresses in specially tailored clothes of mottled greens and browns, to emphasize his role as a hunter.

Personality and motivations: While a sailor aboard Clan Ulliogtha's ships, Sumieren became fascinated with the exotic animals he saw on his journeys. A dispute over shares of a voyage's profits with his clan lord, the previous Exarch Valmathol Fairword, gave him the perfect excuse to renounce the clan and go into business for himself. For many years he served on the ships of any clan until thirty years ago he felt he was ready and opened Priceless Friends.

While not a devout follower of Karnos, Sumieren will only kill animals if it is absolutely necessary - he is a hunter, not a killer. He will never accept a commission to bring back a trophy or part of an animal for any reason. When possible he takes the time to judge the character of his customers, and may refuse wealthy clients because he feels they will be an abusive or neglectful owner.

Connections: Sumieren is one of the few outsiders to deal with the primitive tribes of the Lustrian interior, who respect him. He also has extensive contacts with the rich of Marienburg and many Old World lands, who regularly buy from him. He has become close friends with Hugo Delftgruber (see p.84), who once saved his life when Sumieren accidentally stumbled onto a smuggling operation. He also maintains a close relationship with Karl den Euwe, who loaned him the money needed to get his Merchant's Guild membership and buy his own ship. Jaan van de Kuypers is a regular customer.

Secret: If he has a home, Sumieren would say it is in Marienburg. He does not make a distinction between Elftown and the city and is, in fact, rather fond of the place. So he was concerned when Director Karl den Euwe told him of the dangers facing Marienburg - specifically the threat posed by the rising power of House van de Kuypers and its allies. Convinced that den Euwe wished only to help the city, Sumieren agreed to spy for him, using his access and favour with de Kuypers to ferret out information on the Director's illegal activities, passing it on via intermediaries at the Red Cock Inn. Discovery would mean Imlordil's life.



"Guilderveld's not as classy as Goudberg, but it's livelier and it's where I'd go to have a shot at some big deals with the Elves, without having to join the 'Change or get past the Mannikins in Elfsgemeente. Dress well enough and hang about in the right clubs, and they'll think you belong there doing business - seems we all look alike to them."
- devotee of Ranald the Dealer

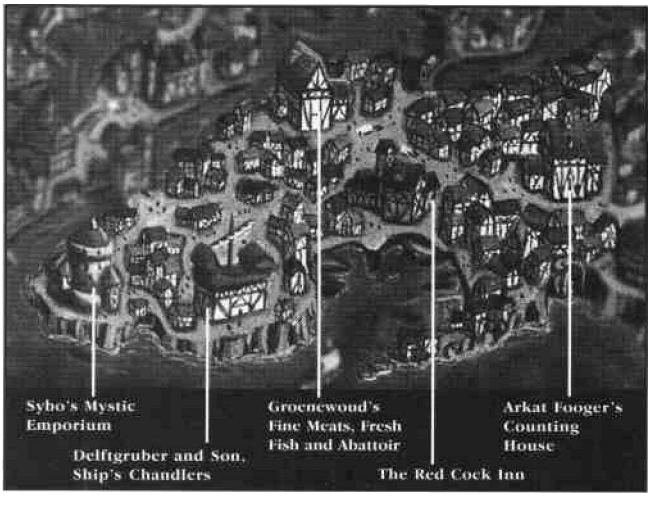
"Dratted vermin! No, not the rats, the chalk artists! Look at it! They've drawn an elf kissing the backside of a dwarf right on my stoop, and I'm expecting a representative from Clan Lianllach to arrive at any minute - and he has absolutely no sense of humour! Augh! They've even signed my name to it!"
- Guilderveld goldsmith

GUILDERVELD

Guilderveld ("Moneyfield") is one of the newer wards of the city, having been completely rebuilt after the signing of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce. Prior to the coming of the Sea Elves, it was a lower-class district known as Noordhaven, a decaying dockland that had never successfully competed with Suiddock. A mysterious plague struck it the year the Elves came - brought, it was rumoured, on a ship from Moussillon. Although the scourge did not spread much beyond the district, Noordhaven's population •was decimated.

In the wake of the plague, the Merchants' Guild presented Baron van Hoogmans with a plan: since the land was in a good location to take advantage of the new Elf haven, the Baron should simply seize the lands under his ancient rights - the Guild would then buy it from him and develop it. Baron Matteus agreed and, faced with a strong force of Tilean mercenaries, the locals had no choice but to acquiesce. Being poor already, they relocated to the city's slums, notably Doodkanaal. This act is known in history as "The Long Swim". While the Guild paid a considerable sum for the properties, the fortunes made since have more than repaid their investment.

Nowadays, Guilderveld is home to many successful businesses that provide services to the wealthy and upper middle classes of Marienburg and elsewhere. Large homes belonging to master craftsmen stand next to their well-appointed workhouses, the separate structures attesting to their owners' wealth. There are also the offices of many of the city's mercantile concerns, while goldsmiths and gemcutters share the area with successful artists and brokerage firms. Guilderveld's bustling streets and canals are well-tended, residents and hired help making sure that everything is neat and clean - even pavement artists are run off! Nevertheless, Guilderveld sports a large number of street entertainers who earn quite a bit from the tips of passers-by. Wealth, of course, attracts the attention of thieves and other crooks, so the local ward council is careful to keep the Black Caps well-equipped and happy, and night patrols are frequent and vigilant.



SYBO'S MYSTIC EMPORIUM

Sybo Haan is the ostensible proprietor of Haan's Custom Magicks, where items are given minor enchantments for those rich enough to afford their utility or luxury value. The shop is fairly spacious, the windows are usually shuttered, the curtains drawn, and the doors are both bolted and chained on the inside and have Reinforce Door spells on them. Sybo very rarely opens for business: most customers write to make appointments. Sybo's well-to-do landlord (an agent of the de Roelef family) accepts some minor magical services in lieu of rent, and this allows Sybo to advertise his influential patronage as a mark of the quality of his work.

Visitors - only seen with an appointment - are expected to wait in the reception room downstairs while Sybo prepares himself and any items he has readied for them. The slightly

"Used to be his brother Leo ran the business; he always was the more talented of the two. But he went on a collecting trip to the South Lands colony a few years ago and came back changed - strange, you might say. He wouldn't leave his house, nor deal with customers. One day, Sybo sent a message saying Leo had left and moved away - to Kislev, I heard. At first some folks suspected Sybo of doing away with his brother, but we still get letters from him, and he does pay his dues. Guess he just wanted a change." - Wizard's Guild member



twitchy young wizard usually entertains visitors with the sounds of his three Norse bloodhounds (huge, vicious, slavering watchdogs) growling and snarling. Sybo is always nervous and feels more secure with these dogs around.

Sybo's bedroom and his upstairs workroom, which visitors won't normally see, both have very strongly reinforced doors (with Reinforce Door and Magic Lock spells cast on them) which Sybo locks and bolts into the bargain. The windows of this house are made of enchanted glass, as tough as cast iron, and the window frames themselves are just as tough (Sybo is proud of having attended to this detail). The sash windows will only open if the signet ring Sybo wears is touched to the frames. The windows have T 9 and W 7 due to these enchantments, and if struck they emit a loud, ringing tone for 2D6 rounds.

Down in the basement, a spell rune is carved into the wall at the bottom of the steps. This is a Steal Mind rune of exceptional potency. **WP** tests are made at -20 to avoid its effects, which last 1D6 hours, during which time any affected creature is also forced to gibber and wail, thus advertising its presence to the wizard working and lurking down in the gloom.

THE HAAN RANGE

The Haans make fairly minor magics for the rich, and use many of them in their own home. They are talented improvisers, and their creations are enchanted variations of standard household items: among them are coffee-pots which stay hot for hours, talking door plaques that can hold a short announcement, fuelless room heaters and candles that light at a stroke of the wick.

"He's never open, dearie. Never opens a window or draws a curtain. The gods alone know what he does in there."
- char-lady near the Haan shop

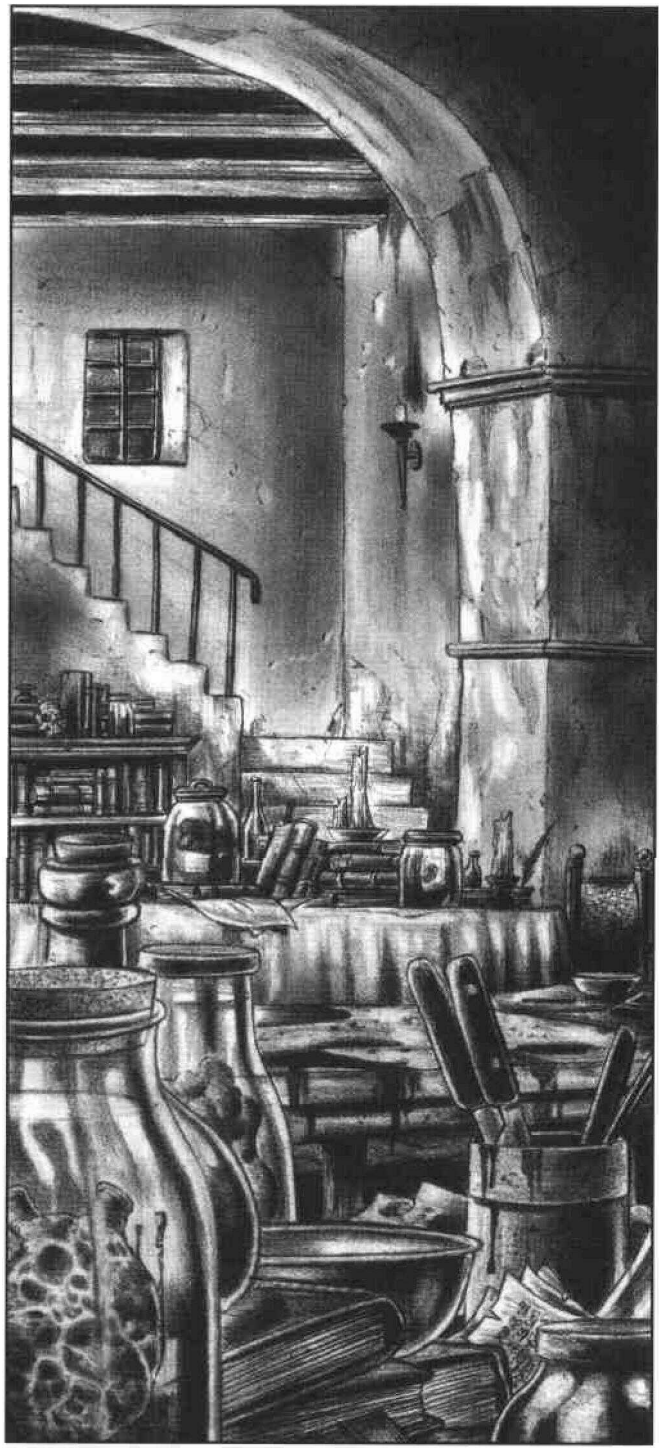
Prices for these items vary according to the size, utility and complexity of the item and the nature of its enchantment, and how much Sybo thinks his customers will cough up. Prices usually start at 50 Gu for a smail self-cleaning bedpan to 120 Gu for self-polishing and drying boots, and really elaborate magical fashions can cost 2000 Gu or more for a fine full evening outfit complete with magically sparkling ear-rings.

SYBO HAAN, CONSULTING SORCERER
Wizard (Level 2), ex-wizard's apprentice

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	55	25	4	5	11	55	2	50	42	54	44	49	37



Alignment: Neutral (Verena)
Magic points: 30
Skills: Arcane Language- Magick; Blather; Cast Spells - Petty Magick, Battle Magick 1; Battle Magick 2; Evaluate; Herb Lore; Identify Plants; Luck; Magical Awareness; Magic Sense; Meditation; Read/Write; Rune Lore; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical
Spells: Petty - Magic Alarm, Open, Reinforce Door, Sounds, Zone of Warmth; Battle 1 - Aura of Resistance, Cause Animosity, Cure Light Injury, Flight, Immunity from Poison, Steal Mind; Battle 2 - Aura of Protection, Cause Panic, Mystic Mist, Smash.
Trappings: Fine Tilean doublet and britches; magical dagger (+20 P, + 1 D above normal dagger); Amulet of thrice-blessed copper; Bag of Middenheim; 50 Gu (in magical bag, double this at nights).
Quote: "I can manage an appointment for you in, ah, two weeks after I've done the van de Merwe's scented commode tray. Perhaps you'd like a self-fitting corset? You're obviously a man of action, but age takes its toll, eh? And it keeps up appearances for the University Rector's brunch. Anything you can think of, I can try to make for you - for my usual fee, of course."
Appearance: Sybo is of average height and medium build, 28 years old, with curly fair hair worn fairly short. He has



well-defined facial features, and is quite handsome and charming. His blue eyes seem always to be alive, darting to and fro; disconcertingly, he avoids mutual gaze with others, which makes him appear slightly shifty. He dresses fairly sloppily most of the time, but when he goes out at nights he looks very sharp in blue, cream and silver Estalian-tailored doublet and britches.

Personality and motivations: Sybo is naturally a friendly person, sociable and warm, but he has a strong streak of insecurity and is paranoid about protecting his home and workplace - his brother's troubles are taking their toll on him. He frequently pays small considerations to Watchmen to make a detour or two past his home during their patrols, and when he is out the dogs have the run of the place.

Connections: Sybo is really only the junior partner in the custom-magic business. He has been happy to go along with it because the money is good and out of pity for his brother. But since Leo, his brother, has become more self-obsessed and has been drawn into butcheries and deals with grave-robbers Sybo has become unhappy about his life in Marienburg. He is even beginning to resent his work, and secretly plans a possible escape from his brother - possibly as far as Cathay.

Sybo does all the direct dealings with others, and by the nature of his work he often needs the help of craftsmen to fashion the items he enchants. He has to deal with Sumieren Imlordil of Priceless Friends (see p.78), who imports Lustrian monkeys for Leo's researches, and who wouldn't be at all happy to find out what Leo has been doing with them. Sybo also deals with Dmitri Hrodovsky (see p. 110) for certain rare "medicaments", and since both of them are salesmen they enjoy haggling with each other. Dmitri is convinced Sybo is an addict, and doesn't suspect the drugs are for Leo's researches. There is a rivalry with Wilhelm Rotkopf of Baron Henryk's (see p.93), however, and Sybo loses no chance to badmouth him. Lastly, because his work involves dealing with the rich, Sybo has developed a fondness for visiting places where the rich enjoy themselves, and the Red Cock Inn has become a frequent haunt of late.

LEO HAAN, VIVISECTIONIST

Wizard (Level 3), ex-wizard's apprentice

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	44	42	4	3	11	63	1	50	49	67	49	54	38



Alignment: Neutral (verging towards Evil)

Magic points: 41

Skills: Acute Hearing; Arcane Language - Magick; Cast Spells - Petty Magic, Battle Magic 1,2,3; Demon Lore; Evaluate; Herb Lore; Identify Magical Artefact; Identify Plants; Magical Awareness; Magic Sense; Meditation; Prepare Poison; Read/Write; Rune Lore; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Surgery.

Spells: Petty - Curse, Gift of Tongues, Glowing Light, Magic Alarm, Magic Lock, Open, Protection from Rain, Remove Curse, Sleep, Zone of Cold, Zone of Silence, Zone of Warmth; Battle 1 - Aura of Resistance, Cure Light Injury, Detect Magic, Fire Ball, Steal Mind, Wind Blast; Battle 2 - Cause Panic, Hold Flight, Mystic Mist, Smash, Zone of Sanctuary; Battle 3 - Cause Fear, Dispel Magic, Magic Bridge, Transfer Aura.

Trappings: Energy Jewel (8 MPs), Ring of Protection (Elves), Fortitude ring (+10 to all WP and Cl tests), Robe of Ethereality, scroll of spells - Mental Duel, Steal Magical Power; filthy cloak and clothing, surgeon's apron, dissection kits, alchemical equipment, casket with 255 Gu, South Lands fertility idol.

Insanity Points: 4
Quote: "If you find any freshly dead Halflings, I'll pay the best price you'll get. But they must *be fresh!* Freshly dead! Maybe not even quite dead yet."
Appearance: Leo is of medium height and build with thin fair hair, which has begun to fall out in patches. He is very self-conscious about his decaying appearance, which is exacerbated by his addiction to *caru,* an imported Lustrian stimulant. Leo suffers insomnia and anorexia, and his skin is raw and flaking badly, where it isn't scabbed. A desperate man, he might even be ripe for recruitment by a cult that offered the promise of lifting his curse. It is also obvious that his researches are taking him perilously close to necromancy.
Personality and motivations: Leo actually does most of the Haan business's enchantments, but has become increasingly reclusive to the point where people think he has left. Five years ago, aged 30, he stole a magical artefact from a shaman's hut in the South Lands, triggering a vicious and powerful curse. The curse makes his body slowly rot away, and Leo can't decide if it will eventually kill him or, worse yet, let him live as a horrible monster. Unable to lift the curse by the normal means, or to find a magician or priest who could do it for him, Leo has sunk himself into experiments to try to create a cure. Experiments with creatures resistant to magic and Chaos (especially Halflings), exotic live animals and their still-quivering glands, and worse fill Leo's time in the basement. He now only does magic-item work if it's beyond Sybo.

Leo always works alone in the combination of alchemical laboratory, morgue and vivisection parlour which comprises his workroom, spending almost all his waking time there, collapsing into drug-free exhaustion only after long experimenting sessions. The main workshop is a frightful sight, packed with preserved body parts, bottled organs and glands, pickled organs and much worse.
Connections: Leo has very few contacts and when, if ever, he goes out at night to meet them he wears a disguise or a hooded cloak to hide his appearance. He deals regularly with grave-robbers, and has some contact with junior morticians at the Physikers's and Barbers' College. While Leo formerly had several friends at the Guild of Wizards and Alchemists, over the years he has not visited the Guild and his full membership has lapsed, retaining only Corresponding Member status, helping to foster the belief that he has moved away from Marienburg to a location unknown.

DELFTGRUBER AND SON. SHIP'S CHANDLERS

"Used to be a big name hereabouts, did old Delftgruber. Then Casanova took over. That was a wild time -years ago, now, during the last 'feeding frenzy'. They found Delftgruber nailed to a Watch-house door, and it was a good thing he already had a son, if you take my meaning," - local "Gentleman"

At the end of Gold Harbour canal, close to what's left of the Noordhaven waterfront in the oldest part of Guilderveld, stands a small, unobtrusive doorway with a dirty window beside it and a peeling sign reading 'H. Delftgruber & Son, Ship's Chandlers'. The building looks like an old converted warehouse - which, for the most part, is what it is. There is nothing to indicate that it is also the front for a smuggling operation, and was once the headquarters of one of the largest gangs north of the Rijksweg.

"Go to old Delftgruber's chandlery and mention my name, andyou'II findyou can buy more than rope. But not a word to anyone else - if Adalbert hears about this we're all dead men." - independent smuggler

The worn door gives way to a small, neat shop area, with a bay window looking out onto a view of the great harbour's traffic. Hugo Delftgruber usually sits by the window to work, making the most of the daylight. Behind the counter are racks holding small items useful on a ship - lanterns, nails and so on, while a door leads to the warehouse for the larger items like barrels, sail cloth and crates of salted fish. Stairs from here lead to the upper floor, which holds the family's living quarters. A concealed door under the stairs gives access to the deep levels of Guilderveld island and a forgotten cistern in which Gijsbert's gang stores their boats.

The Delftgrubers were once a powerful local gang, but lost out in a gang war with Adalbert Henschmann (p.67). Gijsbert was only young then, and took no active part, but his father Hugo was found, mutilated and barely alive, nailed to a Watch-house door. His wife was never seen again. A broken man, Hugo Delftgruber is now content just to be alive and in business as a merchant.

Gijsbert runs a small-time smuggling operation with his father's collusion, but is careful not to do anything too large-scale or obvious, which might draw Adalbert's attention. Adalbert, of course, is well aware of what goes on, but lets the Delftgruber gang think that they are outside his knowledge and control with their little operation. In fact, he manipulates them as surely as he does any other criminal in Marienburg, but more subtly. And if they live in constant fear of him discovering them, he reasons, then his hold over them will be all the stronger, should he ever choose to exercise it....

GIJSBERT DELFTGRUBER, ASPIRING SMUGGLER

Ex-boatman, thief and trader

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	39	4*	3	10	45	1	48	32	43	40	33	46



Alignment: Neutral (Ranald)
Skills: Bribery; Concealment Urban; Drive Cart; Evaluate; Fish; Haggle; Numismatics; Orientation; River Lore; Read/Write; Row; Secret Language - Thieves' Tongue; Secret Signs - Thieves' Signs; Specialist Weapon - Fencing Sword, Parrying Weapon; Silent Move Urban; Street Fighter; Strike to Injure; Swim; Tailor; Very Strong*.
Trappings: loud clothes; rapier (I +20, D -1); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); jewellery worth 25 Gu.
Quote: "And supposing I did happen to know of a discreet and reliable trader who could lay his hands on the goods you seek, what would be your best offer?"
Appearance: In his early 20s, Gijsbert Delftgruber is a tall,

slim, handsome young man, and he knows it. His fastidious and fashionable appearance marks him out even among the wealthier residents of Guilderveld and he is something of a local character. While his father's business isn't the most prosperous, he appears every inch the gentleman of fashion.

Personality and motivations: Gijsbert would like to think of himself as a colourful swashbuckler, champion of the people and master of the victimless crime of smuggling. Full of ready wit and banter, he is the image of the stock character of Ranald out of the antique farces. Some people take him for a fool on account of his exterior, but he has a quick, shrewd mind and a sharp eye for the main chance. He is not lacking in courage, either - although some would claim that this is mere folly brought on by his dedication to his image.

Connections: With his colourful appearance, just about everyone in this part of Marienburg knows Gijsbert by sight. His smuggling gang is based in the Red Cock Inn near the east end of Guilderveld, and he is on friendly terms with the owner, Donat Tuersveld. He knows and is wary of "Casanova" Henschmann and his followers, and generally keeps away from that side of the town. Gijsbert regards Gerardus Hondschoen as his mentor and role model, and his father with sentimental pity.

HUGO DELFTGRUBER, FRIGHTENED TRADER
Ex-smuggler, racketeer and thief

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	57	53	5	4	10	43	2	43	41	38	38	29	35



Alignment: Neutral (Ranald)
Skills: Blather; Concealment Urban; Consume Alcohol; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Evaluate; Haggle; Law; Secret Language - Thieves'; Secret Signs - Thieves'; Silent Move - Rural and Urban; Specialist Weapons - Fist, Incendiaries; Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow.
Trappings: shop and account books; nothing else of note
Insanity Points: 1
Insanities: Agoraphobia; Dementia
Quotes: "You should talk to my son about that. I've no idea what the rest of the world gets up to."

"I don't remember. I just sell rope, that's all! I'm no one, from nowhere! Leave me alone!"

Appearance: Hugo Delftgruber, or Old Delftgruber as he is usually known, is a drab, scrawny-looking man in his late fifties. His narrow, sharp features are deeply etched, and he has a distracted, slightly absent-minded manner. His hands are slightly twisted, as if with serious arthritis. He wears fingerless gloves most of the time, but if anyone inspects his hands closely they will find scars on the palms and backs, as if nails were driven through them several years ago.

Personality and motivations: On matters to do with ship's outfitting, Hugo Delftgruber is as sharp, bright and efficient as any Guilderveld merchant charging three times the price. Apart from occasional periods of abstraction, he is a master of his trade and many ship captains deal exclusively with him.

Should the conversation drift onto other topics, however, Old Delftgruber's eccentricities come a little more to the fore. He knows very little of what goes on in Marienburg, as he hardly ever leaves his shop. His almost complete lack of knowledge and curiosity is rare among Marienburgers, and is enough for a number of his neighbours to be convinced that he's completely mad.

And he is timid in the extreme: if anyone should press him for the answer to a question, or raise their voice in his shop, Old Delftgruber must make a Cl test to avoid a spell of dementia (see ***WFRP,*** p.84). He does not care to hear about events in the outside world, and will ask people to change the subject; if they insist on forcing some item of news upon him, he must make a similar test.

Old Delftgruber never speaks about his past, when he was one of the north city's most feared crime bosses, or of his downfall at the hands of the dreaded Adalbert Henschmann - he either can't or won't remember anything from this period of his life, and if anyone tries to ask him about it, he must make a Cl test against dementia.

Connections: Old Delftgruber has a number of regular customers, but knows almost nobody else. Friends from "the old days" will occasionally drop in, but they don't stay long, since he gets upset easily. He tries to have nothing to do with the smuggling operation, or at least, as little as possible. Having tasted Adalbert's vengeance once, he is not keen to suffer again. He has a close friend in Sumieren Imlordil of Priceless Friends (see p.78), whose life Hugo once saved during the same gang war that cost him his power. Sumieren doesn't visit often, but his response would be instant and violent should he learn of anyone harming his friend.

GROENEWOUD'S FINE MEATS, FRESH FISH AND ABATTOIR

At the northern tip of Guilderveld by the Westbrug bridgetown and across from Schattinwaard sit two buildings far too elegant to be called "butcher shop" and "slaughterhouse" respectively.

The brass plaque by the entrance to the shop reads 'Fine Meats and Fish. B. Groenewoud, prop.' Small diamond-window panes provide passers-by with glimpses of mouth-watering sausages, delectable racks of ribs, and fresh fish, among other delights on crushed ice. Inside, a fur-coated lad offers herbal tea to warm the bones of high-born customers, warding off the chill brought on by the great blocks of ice imported at much expense from the distant north to keep the storeand its goods cold.

"Best meats and fish in the city in that shop, m'friend! Old Boni's a good soul, too. He gives duty Watchmen free meat pies and tea, to show his appreciation for the 'boys in black'. Good enough to make a Halfling cry for joy, they are. In fact, I think it's time for m'lunch break."
- Guilderveld Black Cap

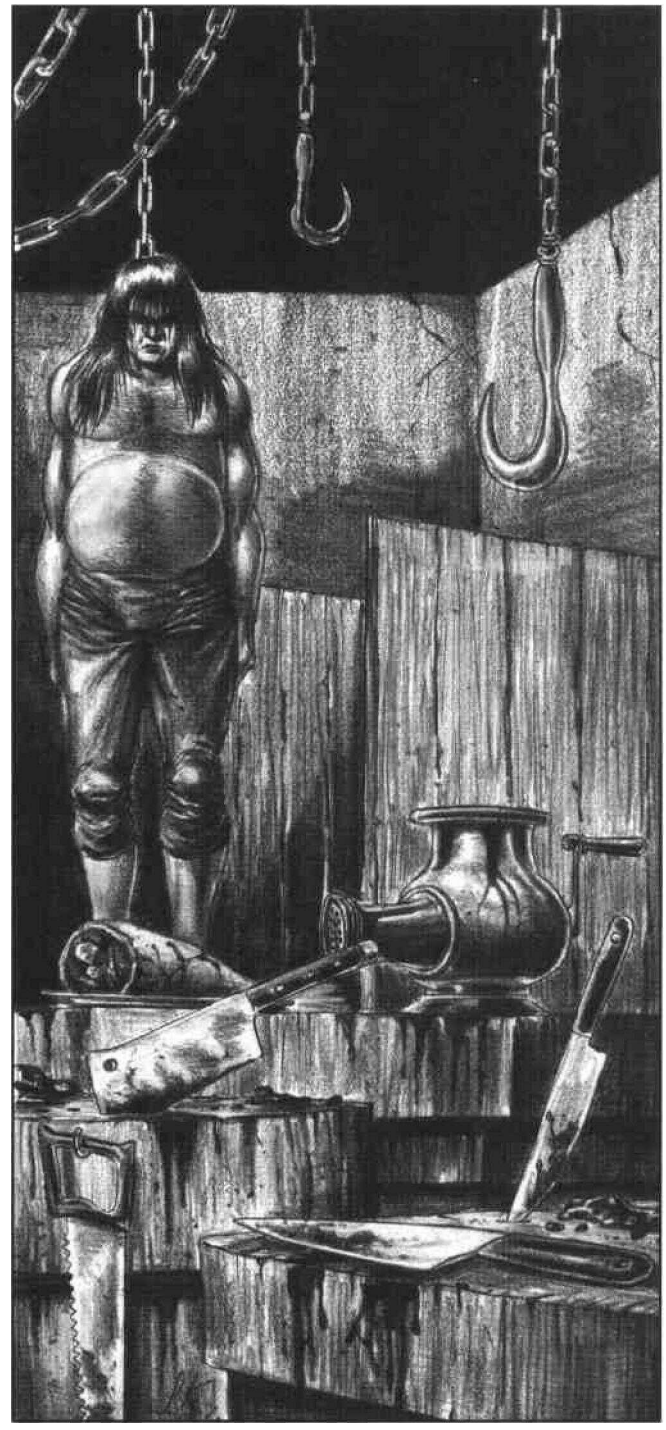
The two buildings sit in a walled compound. The shop itself, a two-storey half-timber structure with Bonifatius's quarters on the second floor, faces Three Fools' Lane. The lower portion consists of two rooms, a public display area with icebox cases that display the day's offer-

ings and holds both Groenewoud's desk and some comfortable chairs for clients waiting for their orders. Behind the cases and through a heavy locked oaken door is a cold locker that stores dressed carcasses ready for carving. Only Groenewoud and his abattoir staff are allowed in here.

The compound opens onto Three Fool's Lane via a double gate that is mainly used by drovers bringing Kleinland cattle and sheep the short distance from Schroedinger's docks - Groenewoud is careful to make sure the animals are delivered by back alleys and side streets, so as not to disturb his neighbours. Daily deliveries of ice arrive during the predawn hours and are handled by the slaughterhouse foreman. A large Imperial bearhound, Griff, has the run of the yard at night and discourages anyone from taking home free samples.

The abattoir squats at the back of the compound by the canal, a utilitarian structure with thick walls to keep the sounds of slaughter from disturbing the neighbours. Blood and other unused parts are sold to the Channel Rats, who market the remains to shops in the poor parts of town - places where people consider head cheese and pickled knuckles a delicacy. Inside the abattoir is a single large warehouse filled with killing pens, meat-hooks, bloody saws and knives still covered with bits of blood and bone, drains in the floor to collect the fluids, and the occasional human corpse hanging from a chain, ready to be ground up and spiced for tomorrow's sausages.

For Bonifatius Groenewoud is devoted to Khaine and delights in turning his upstanding neighbours into occasional cannibals.



BONIFATIUS GROENEWOUD. CANNIBAL BUTCHER

Assassin, ex-initiate (Cult of Khaine), artisan (meat cutter), trader and artisan's apprentice

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	58	49	4	6*	10	63	3	57	52	52	57	52	51



Alignment: Evil (Khaine)

Skills: Blather; Concealment Urban; Disguise; Dress Meat [(Int+Dex)/2J; Drive cart; Evaluate; Haggle; Magical Sense; Numismatics; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical, Guilder; Secret Signs -Artisan's; Shadowing; Silent Move Urban; Specialist Weapons - fist weapon, throwing knife; Swim; Theology (Khaine); Very Resilient*

Trappings: White smock and cap, set of carving knives on belt (I +10, D -2, P -20), Master's medallion - butcher's guild, 5D6 Gu, garrote, Khainite shrine and robes (in secret closet in abattoir).

Quotes: "I'm proud to say I've put meat on the Staadtholder's table. Care to sample the pate he'll be serving tomorrow?"

"There will be a ritual feast tomorrow night. Find a sacrifice and bring him here - you know what to do, you've done it enough times before. And no snacking!"

Appearance: In his late forties, "Boni" Groenewoud is a heavy-set barrel-chested man with thinning brown hair, a ruddy complexion, and twinkling eyes that speak of someone who loves his work and loves to chat with customers. His hands are thick and his fingers resemble small sausages, but they're surprisingly deft when he's handling a carving knife - or a garrote during ceremonies.

Personality and motivations: Outwardly a model citizen, Groenewoud is an insane cultist who seeks to spread his murderous master's worship by creating a nest of a ghouls in Marienburg. By feeding Human (and more rarely Elf, Dwarf and Halfling) meat to his unsuspecting clients, Bonifatius hopes to spontaneously trigger some innate tendency towards ghoulishness in Humans. He has had

some success, and over the last few years has created perhaps a half-dozen ghouls, who now reside in Marienburg's ancient underworld, regarding Groenewoud as their leader. It also appeals to his sense of humour to occasionally slip such meat to the high and mighty.

Boni hopes through all this to become a full priest of Khaine. While anxious to do the Lord of Murder's will, he is also cautious and only takes one victim per month - generally from among sailors or the nearby foreign ghettos.

Connections: Bonifatius Groenewoud is well connected, being on friendly terms with the local Watch and the wives and servants of many of the leading families of Marienburg - it is becoming a symbol of status to have one's meat supplied by Groenewoud's. He does business with Venk Kataswaran of Suiddock (see p.63), the drug dealer occasionally supplying him with sacrifices from among his clientele. The Lascar knows they are used for sacrifice, but knows nothing of the growing ghouls' nest. Groenewoud knows that Dr Vesalion (see p.90) deals with grave-robbers and hopes to use this information for blackmail - perhaps even to make a convert of someone highly placed with the cult of Shallya.

ARKAT FOOGER'S COUNTING HOUSE

At the eastern end of Guilderveld is an impressive building that speaks of wealth, power, tradition and security - the counting house and vaults of the House of Fooger, bankers to nobility, insurers to the world. Sitting among other banking and merchant houses along the canal known officially as Baron Frederik's Folly and more commonly as Usurers' Row, the building is an impressive four-storey structure built of stone and brick, capped with high-peaked roofs, each sporting several chimneys that speak of the luxuriant comfort of those within.

The Counting House sits well back from the canal, forming one side of a small plaza with churches to Haendryk and Verena to the right and left of it. Hundreds of people from all levels of society pass through the plaza each day, rushing from one deal to the next. Dozens of them make for the great double doors of "De Oud Foogershuis", built of imported oak and guarded night and day by four axe-wielding Dwarfs wearing the livery of the House of Fooger.

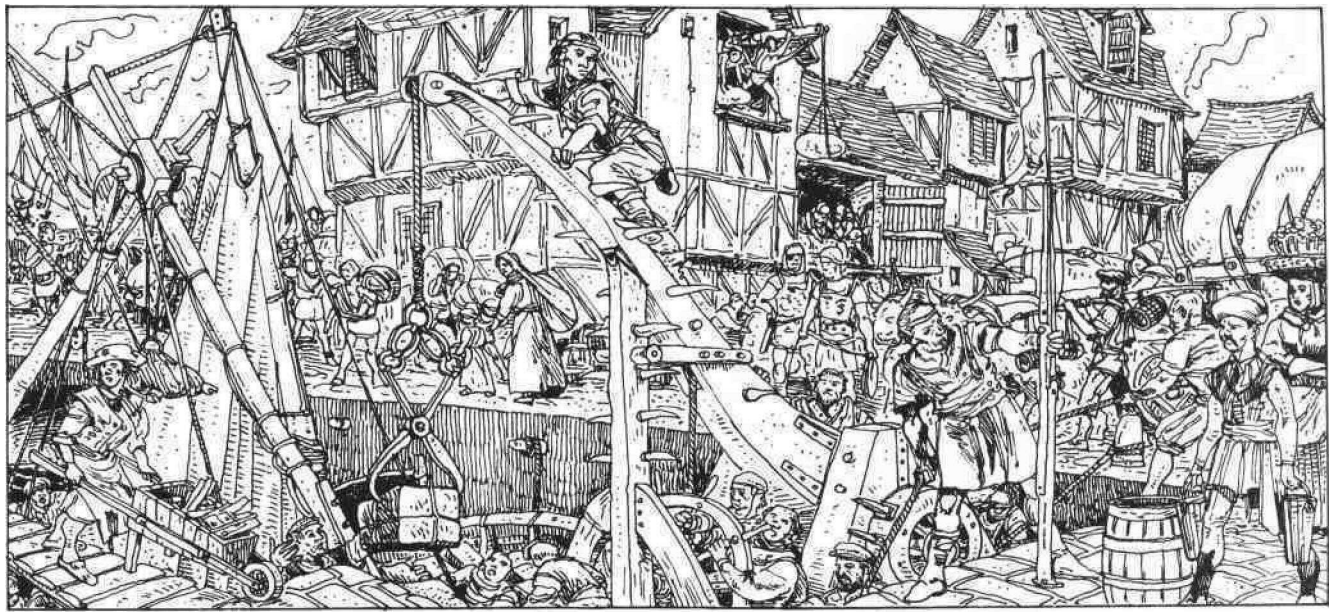
"Marienburg's a queerplace. Where else can an Elf walk up to a Dwarf, ask for money and, instead of being shown the door with a bootprint on his backside, get a loan? Then again, knowing Old Fooger, that same Elf's grandson will still be paying off the debt."
- clerk from the House of Fooger

The ground floor is one large room, a beehive of activity with more than a score of clerks furiously scribbling in their ledgers, tallying the day's profits and losses based on messages bought in by runners. Expensive tapestries line the walls, and a teak railing separates the foyer from the main work area. At the rail's gate, a Dwarf of House Fooger screens incoming clients to check whose business is legitimate and rich enough, and whose requirements "may best be served by other, lesser institutions than this".

Those who pass muster are escorted by pages to the second floor, where merchants in the House's employ handle all their financial needs. The third is given over to the new Fooger insurance brokerage, a revolutionary enterprise conceived and developed by Arkat Fooger himself, and one that has been very profitable until lately. The topmost office is the private domain of Director Fooger and his staff, where he personally sees important clients, including representatives of nobility and royalty from around the Old World. He also has private quarters here, used when he has to stay late on House or Directorate business. Finally, a secret passage on the ground floor leads down to the Fooger vaults, which hold the House's gold reserves and other precious items that clients pay to have stored there.

Player characters may have direct business with the House of Fooger when they need a large loan (smaller loans are better served by a pawnbroker such as Three Guilders





Emporium on p.111) or insurance, or if they wish to store valuables in the safest environment in Marienburg. But so much money, clean and dirty, passes through House of Fooger that many plot-threads could draw PCs here.

Loans accrue 15% interest per year, or 2% per month for loans of less than a year, and all loans must be made against some kind of physical collateral. The Foogers are very strict about prosecuting anyone who defaults on a loan, and very successful at getting their money from non-payers, in kind if not in cash. Insurance for cargoes is available for 5% of the declared value, which is set by inspectors in the House's employ. Those wishing to store items may do so for a fee of 1% of the item's value per week, minimum 1 Gu. Rates for longer terms are negotiable.

The bank uses its own team of bailiffs to recover property from those unable to pay their debts. These range from jewellery, paintings and cargoes to horses, houses, businesses and ships. Smaller items are stored in a large warehouse on the old Noordhaven docks, where on the first Guilstag of each month there is a large auction where everything is sold off, attracting people from all over the city.

ARKAT FOOGER, DIRECTOR AND MASTER BANKER

Merchant, ex-lawyer, trader, scholar and student

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	49	25	3	7*	9	34	1	25	81	80	73	85	40



Alignment: Neutral (Haendryk, Ancestor Gods)

Skills: Arcane Language - Magick; Astronomy; Blather; Cartography; Consume Alcohol; Cryptography; Evaluate; Etiquette; Haggle; History; Law; Linguistics; Luck; Magical Sense; Metallurgy; Mining; Numismatics; Public Speaking; Read/Write - Khazalid, Old Worlder; Rune Lore; Secret Languages - Classical, Guilder; Secret Signs - Lawyer; Speak Additional Languages - Arabic, Old Worlder; Super Numerate; Very Resilient*

Trappings: Rich clothes befitting a Dwarf of station; a gold clan head's ring worth 200 Gu; gold and ruby Director's pectoral worth 500 Gu; and anything else he wants. He's rich.

Quotes: "Of course, Count von Kohl, discretion is a specialty of the House of Fooger. You may tell your royal mistress that a credit note for 10,000 Crowns will arrive within a month, and no one else need ever know of it. The Crown of Margaritha will be as safe here as if it were in Haendryk's own purse. Just sign here. And I hope she enjoys her new wardrobe."

"Marienburg was as a co-operative in which everyone could profit. But now there are those on the Directorate who see it and its people as their personal property. That is the road to ruin."

"You think your Emperor is rich, Altdorfer? Look over there. See that building? Yeah, the one with the axe-boys guarding the front. That there is the Fooger bank, as in Director Fooger, one of the Ten! Enough money flows through there each day that he could buy your precious Emperor five times over and set him to digging ditches." - Wastelander exciseman

Appearance: An elderly but impressive Dwarf of over 150 years. Wrinkles of care and wisdom line his face, and his immaculate beard hangs over his paunch to his knees. His dignified bearing commands attention and respect.

Personality and motivations: Arkat Fooger was groomed from childhood to be his clan's head and a powerful financier. His father, Roenekaat, spared no expense for his education, and the investment has paid off. "Old Fooger", as he is respectfully called, has built his clan's fortunes until they can no longer be ignored, culminating in his elevation to the Directorate in 2428 IC. He is stern, reserved, and a very shrewd businessdwarf. While he gives nothing away to the competition, he never cheats his customers either. And, for over a century, his spoken word has been regarded as an iron bond. His devotion to clan and city are paramount, and the fortunes of the House of Fooger are irrevocably tied to those of Marienburg.



Lately, however, he has been under great stress, as the House's fortunes have suffered from recent losses. Several heavily insured cargoes have been lost at sea, and Arkat has had to dip deeply into Fooger reserves to meet the payments. He has begun to suspect that more than chance is at work, and that one or more of his fellow Directors may be plotting his downfall.

Secret: Strain has taken its toll on Director Fooger - nervous tension and a need for sleep have led him to use Black Lotus to relax. Now he is addicted, and finds he cannot get through the day without a pipe or two... or three. At first, his trusted major-domo Jan brought him his drug, but then refused (and was fired) when Fooger's need grew stronger. Now he ventures to Marienburg's "dream parlours" in the guise of a common Dwarf, his shame leading him to deny his problem even to those closest to him. He often spends whole nights on a filthy bunk in a blissful stupor. So far, no one has recognized him, but his closest aides fear the day he is exposed and are at a loss over what to do.

Connections: For information on his relations with the other Directors, see p.29-33. Arkat is a close friend of Albertus Cobbius of the Suiddock orphanage (see p. 59), having met when Brother Bert brazenly asked him for money, right there on the street. He is a patron of the arts and has decorated his mansion and offices with paintings from the students of Hieronymous Deecksburg (see p. 105), though he is puzzled at the Master's refusal to do a portrait of him.

A less friendly connection is Jan, the former major-domo. Not only is he resentful of his treatment by Fooger, he also knows a great deal about the inner workings of the bank, and its current vulnerability. He plans to extort money from Fooger in return for his silence, but if he doesn't get it then he may take what he knows to one of the Counting-House's many rivals, possibly even one of the other Directors.

"Fooger? I already own him - he just doesn't know it yet." - Director Jaan van de Kuypers

THE RED COCK INN

Midway along the inner shore of Gold Harbour, by the side of the Onionwater Canal, a thirsty traveller will find the sign of the Red Cock Inn, Donat Tuersveld, innkeeper. For over thirty years the Red Cock has been known for good food, good beer and a respectable atmosphere. And, for the same time, it has been the preferred safe house for smugglers in the north of the city looking for a place to store contraband.

The inn is a large single storey structure, built of stone and timber about two centuries ago. Up a small flight of steps and through the doors lies the main room, dominated by a central horseshoe-shaped bar that at night is busy enough to be worked by three bartenders. The ends of the bar sit against a wall that separates the main hall from the kitchens. At the rear of the kitchens are doors leading onto the canal, where deliveries are made by boat and trash dumped in the sluggish water.

"Now there's the place to do real business, laddie! Donat's one o'the gang, ye know, in like flint with 'Casanova'. Just don't he obvious and he'll provide a safe place to hide hot goods - or your own hot hide, should the Excise be after ye!"
- veteran smuggler

The inn's tables and semi-private booths are often populated by local merchants. While the Red Cock doesn't offer private meeting rooms, the staff make sure that customers who don't want to be disturbed aren't. Unlike many business owners, Donat Tuersveld does not live above his premises, preferring to rent rooms at a nearby boarding house.

The Red Cock has a second life that begins soon after the doors close at midnight. A grate with disguised hinges covers the entrance to what was once, centuries ago, a minor canal that fed the Onionwater. As the island was built higher and higher, the canal was gradually covered over and

> *"Excellent place to take a client. The food is marvellous - do try the herring in aspic - and even the riff-raff are well-behaved. They say Tuersveld was a pirate in his youth and may still have his hands in the barrel. Don't believe it, myself. He's not coarse enough."*
> - Guilderveld lawyer

forgotten. Tuersveld, a former pirate, bought the Red Cock when he discovered the old canal connected to a basement under the inn.

In the years since, many smugglers have hidden their goods in the Red Cock's secret basement, paying a storage fee to Donat that varies on the size and riskiness of the cargo, and how well he knows them. People needing to get in and out of Marienburg unobserved have also used the Inn's services, entering or exiting through the secret door in the kitchen's pantry. A careful watch of the Red Cock might reveal customers who enter but never leave, or who leave without having been seen to enter.

If, however, all you want here is a meal, price and quality are both 10% above average.

DONAT TUESSVELD, INNKEEPER

Racketeer, ex-trader, smuggler and seaman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2*	51	52	5	5*	8	41	2	28	39	46	44	35	45



Note: the M score reflects the injury to Donat's right leg.

Alignment: Neutral (Ranald)

Skills: Dance; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Evaluate; Excellent Vision; Haggle; Law; Night Vision; Numismatics; Row; Sailing; Scale Sheer Surface; Secret Language - Thieves' Tongue; Silent Move Rural/Urban; Sixth Sense; Speak Additional Language - Tar Eltharin; Specialist Weapons - Fist, Incendiary; Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow; Swim; Very Resilient*

Trappings: Good, practical clothes befitting a respectable businessman, dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20), keys to the pantry and the canal grate, 2D20 Gu in pouch, Fortitude Ring (+10 to **Cl** and **WP.** see ***Apocrypha Now*** p.46), magical 'Bag of Middenheim' ***(see Apocrypha Now*** p.43), gold loop earring in left ear worth 10 Gu.

Quotes: "Welcome! I've not seen you folk around here before, what's your pleasure? Eh? Sorry, you've the wrong place for that - try somewhere in Suiddock. How about some beer instead?"

"Lower your voice, for Ranald's sake - you're sticking out like a Halfling in a brothel! You want out of Marienburg? That can be arranged. The fee is 200 guilders, firm. Now do as I tell you. Come back next Guilstag - what, tonight? That's double the price. Go and sit over there, by the hearth. Say nothing, do nothing except enjoy a good meal until closing. Then we'll move you. And stop shaking, man!"

Appearance: A strong man in his late fifties, the muscle only beginning to turn to fat. Cornflower blue eyes sparkle in a friendly face framed by a trim sandy beard. Bald on top and with a broken nose, his skin has been weathered and burned by years at sea.

Personality and motivations: Donat Tuersveld was once a pirate, serving under the Sartosan captain Stefan Jaanszoon "the Howler". Injury lead him to reconsider the life of a reaver, and so he retired to his native Marienburg, bought the Red Cock when he discovered its secret, and began running both sides of its business. As it turns out, he has a natural talent at playing the gracious host.

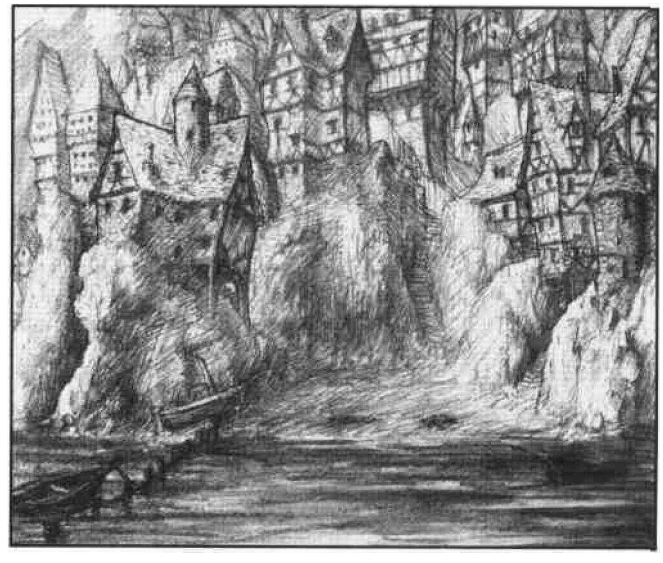
Tuersveld has no ambition other than to quietly run his business and die peacefully in bed. He is a high-ranking member of the Guild We've Never Heard Of, and tries to act as a mediator among the League's various gangs. More than most, he realizes that another feeding frenzy between the city's gangs would be bad for everyone's business.

Connections: Donat Tuersveld has many contacts among both the legitimate business community of Guilderveld and Marienburg's underworld. He is respected for his judgement by Adalbert Henschmann (see p.67), and is able to moderate "Casanova's" more violent impulses.

He despises the Lascar (see p.63) and suspects his involvement in the body trade. He regularly buys meat from Boni Groenewoud (see p.85), though he has no idea of the butcher's real business. He occasionally sells information to Trancas of Three of a Kind (see p.73) if it is in the League's interests. There is a reward on his head of 300 gold ducats from the Miragliano authorities, who know him by his old nom-de-guerre of Karl the Wolf.

Secret: While he gave up the life of a pirate years ago, Donat Tuersveld is still willing to take risks when the stakes are worth it. Now he is convinced that Adalbert Henschmann cannot prevent another gang war, and so he has begun building alliances, working to eliminate "Casanova" and put himself, a smart businessman, in charge.

By slowly making allies of the minor guilds, small gangs and solo operators in Marienburg, he hopes to gather enough influence and power to take out Henschmann with minimal bloodshed. He has recruited the younger Delftgruber to the cause, and among others has made allies of Guan Lo Fat and some of the many Tilean gangs in the city. Still, he is many months if not years from making his move, unless the sudden outbreak of another feeding frenzy forces his hand.

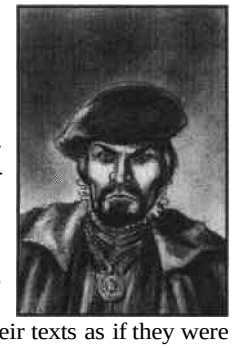




ANDERS VESALION
PHYSICIAN, UNIVERSITY LECTURER AND CRAVE ROBBER

Physician, ex-pharmacist, scholar and student

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	49	35	5	4	9	64	1	58	50	69	50	62	41



Alignment: Neutral (Shallya)
Skills: Arcane Language - Magick; Astronomy; Cartography; Chemistry; Cryptography; Cure Disease; Heal Wounds; Heraldry; History; Identify Plants; Immunity to Poison (chemical); Linguistics; Manufacture Drugs; Prepare Poisons; Read/Write; Rune Lore; Secret Languages - Classical, Guilder; Sixth Sense; Speak Additional Languages - Arabic, Cathayan; Super Numerate; Surgery
Trappings: Black bag with medicines and surgical tools; dark clothes, cloak and mask for grave robbing; dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); medallion of office from Baron Henryk's College; 2D10 guilders
Quote: "Those idiots in the Physiker's Guild stick to their texts as if they were the words of the gods! They're not interested in knowledge that might challenge their comfortable notions, and the cults back them up by making research illegal and calling it necromancy!"

Anders Vesalion is one of the truly good people of Marienburg, deeply concerned with the poor and the sick. Sadly, the resistance of the authorities to anything that might challenge established dogma has led him to take desperate measures that may one day cost him his reputation and perhaps his life.

Vesalion grew up in a middle-class printer's family, where he showed an early talent for learning. He won a scholarship to Baron Henryk's College and, moved by the condition of the sick who came to the nearby Temple of Shallya, he pursued a medical career, naively determined to advance medical science and better everyone's lot. He won his doctorate at a remarkably early age and set himself up in practice in Guilderveld. His success and skill eventually earned him an appointment as a lecturer in medicine and anatomy at the University.

Little did he realize that ideas that seemed obvious to him would be strongly, almost violently resisted by the medical and religious establishment. When he suggested that a clean environment would aid healing, his colleagues laughed at him. When he theorised that Arab treatments using poultices, good food and rest were more effective than leeches and cauterization, they tapped their fingers on classical texts and told him he was a fool. And when he suggested research to determine if the blood circulated in the veins rather than ebbing and flowing with the tides, the cult of Morr threatened him with an "inquiry".

Not everyone was opposed to him. The High Priestess of Shallya was intrigued by his ideas and arranged for his appointment to the Chair of the Board of Public Health. From here he spends his meagre budget educating the poor in such basics as boiling canal water before drinking it and filing complaints with the Directorate about the Elves' practice of magically pushing their garbage out into the Marienburg canals, but his complaints are just as regularly ignored. His only solid support comes from the Temple of Shallya, but if Sister van de Maarel knew of Versalion's other research activities, she would be calling for his burning.

Dr Vesalion seeks the knowledge he needs to rewrite medicine in the Old World. To this end he regularly engages the services of grave-robbers to bring him specimens. While he finds it distasteful to violate graves, he rationalizes it as being for the greater good. Unwisely he sometimes accompanies his contractors, somehow believing that this makes his activities less of a crime. It has occurred to him that the grave-robbers have damning knowledge about him, but he refuses to think of the possibility of blackmail.

Anders Vesalion can often be encountered on the streets of Guilderveld and the surrounding areas, treating the needy and charging only what they can afford. He sees a few wealthy patients at his offices in Guilderveld, but only to finance his other activities. He can also be found at the University, where he is known to all the faculty and students. He occasionally puts in an appearance at St Olovald's (see p.64), but Sister Hilli and he have a strong personality clash.

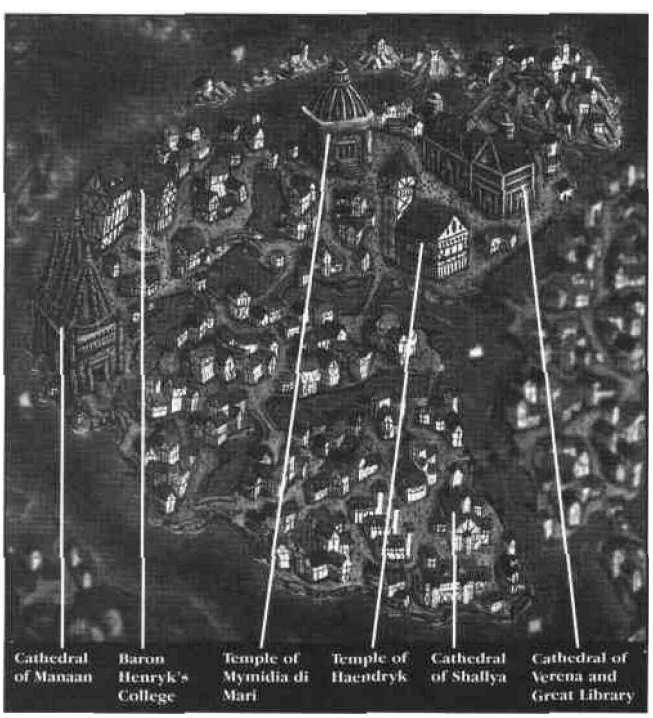
"You wouldn't expect a place with a bunch of temples and a college would be much for excitement, eh? But between the students' parties and the rabble-rousers always starting a ruckus and the beggars hanging on your clothes, you'd swear Tempelwijk was a snotball pitch or something. I feel safer out on the Sea of Claws. "
- Templar-Marine of Manann

"It's one of the oldest districts in the city, but it's not like Suiddock - the Stadsraad and the Directorate care about how Tempelwijk looks. Benefactors fall over themselves to donate money for prayers said in their name or to get part of a temple or university building named after them. I suppose it shows the gods they're making a profit. "
- initiate of Myrmidia

TEMPELWIJK

Tempelwijk is the intellectual and spiritual centre of Marienburg. While Suiddock makes money and the Directorate spends it, the denizens of Tempelwijk see to the city's mind and soul. Within the temples, priests and laity worship dutifully to maintain the blessings of the gods - all part of the deal, according to Marienburgers. Within the lecture halls of the University, the learned doctors of a dozen fields and their students work to maintain the city's standing in the intellectual world - Marienburgers are almost alone in the Old World in their belief that a broad education leads to economic strength. And in the plazas, inns, tea- and coffee-houses and taverns that dot the ward, priests and scholars mix with an ease that is rarely found elsewhere.

Tempelwijk is an impressive sight, dominated by three great structures: the Cathedral of Manaan with its great golden spires; the gaudy Temple of Hasndryk; and the former palace that houses Baron Henryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magicks, Marienburg's world-famous university. Along with the other, smaller temples,



Tempelwijk is home to ale houses, inns, bookstores, antiquarian shops, print-shops and scriptoria (notoriously unfriendly towards each other), boarding houses for students, faculty and priests - any sort of establishment that one can imagine serving an educated clientele. There is also the great harbour of Manaanshaven, where the warships and templars in the service of the High Priest of Manaan are based.

Tempelwijk is always active, even late at night when groups of drunken students serenade their neighbours with the latest bawdy songs. During the day, the streets and canals are crowded with traffic. Priests bustle hither and yon on errands for their superiors, professors dash to their next lecture followed by a gaggle of hem-kissing students, and squads of marines march to their posts as guards for the various temples. Amidst them all are the hundreds of support personnel who keep Tempelwijk running and the visitors who have business there. Not to mention the beggars - lots and lots of beggars, who flock to the prime patches by the Great Hospital.

Night brings out the more sinister side of Tempelwijk. Footpads and burglars of the Guild We've Never Heard Of find profitable work here, while students gather in their various fraternities to work off a hard day of studies with a hard evening of drinking. Almost inevitably, the Black Caps and the University Proctors are called upon at least once a night to break up a brawl between besotted marines and students. The Ward Assizes of Tempelwijk is famous for raking in the most fines of any in Marienburg.

Night is also the time of the witch-hunter. Access to knowledge often leads the weak or the corrupt down the paths of heresy, and the witch-hunters of the Temple Court are always alert for the taint of Chaos. More than one person has vanished in the night, the only evidence of his or her fate being a brief notation in the records of the Star Chamber - "Case closed".

There are a number of reasons PCs would seek out Tempelwijk: perhaps they simply want to learn an academic skill - they'll find the best (and most expensive!) tutors here. Tempelwijk is also the likeliest place to find someone to identify an obscure artefact or translate an ancient document. Perhaps they even want spiritual comfort.

Work may also bring characters here, for the scholars of Tempelwijk often hire adventurers to undertake expeditions for them, or to travel as bodyguards. Finally, there are the dark secrets buried within Baron Henryk's College or the vaults of the temples - for witch-hunters are not the only ones interested in forbidden things.

CATHEDRAL OF MANAAN

The "Crown Jewel" of Marienburg, the magnificent Cathedral of Manaan is the undisputed centre of the Sea God's cult in the Old World - even the Grand Chapel in Miragliano defers to its supremacy. Over two thousand years old, its cornerstone is said to have been laid by Marius himself in a pious act after his great victory over the Fimir. It rises at the south end of Heiligeiland ('Holy Isle') where Doodkanaal flows out into the main channel and thence into the bay. The modern structure was built of granite after the original temple was burned to the ground by mercenaries during the Bretonnian evacuation in 1602. Faced in bright white limestone, three tall bell towers sheathed in gold stretch heavenward from the comb of the roof in imitation of Manaan's great trident, Zeeoogster ('Sea Reaper'). The great doors are open day and night, and are closed only in the worst weather. They are guarded by two templar-marines, part of a squad that patrols the temple grounds, each squad doing an eight-hour watch.

"Here we stand in the centre of the cult that made Marienburg what it is - all that we are, we owe to the Lord of the Waves and Storms! And yet, we are ruled by coin counters who see the Great Sea as just one of their possessions? Blasphemy! We are in an age of decadence, headed for the Maelstrom, and even our Arch-Priest is too blind to realize that now is the time for mutiny."
- disgruntled priest of Manaan

The interior of the cathedral comprises two vast chambers. First is the nave wherein the faithful gather on holy days and individual worshippers may pray at any time. On either side of it are shrines to saints and divine servants, private chapels in which petitioners can pray alone or hold a special ceremony with a priest. Given the importance and prestige associated with the Great Cathedral, only the very wealthy or those honoured by the cult are granted such a privilege.

Beyond the nave nine steps climb to the apse, where sits the great altar, carved from a single stone that, according to legend, Marius stood atop of when he proclaimed the foundation of the city and its loyalty to Manaan. On either side of it stand gold and silver reliquaries, ornate masterpieces that hold important relics like the finger-bones or teeth of saints, which become focuses for worship on particular saints-days.

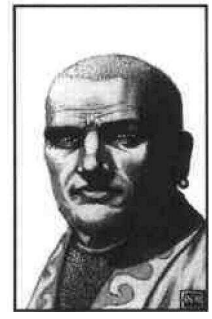
But behind the altar is what the Cathedral is most famed for. Rather than a statue of Manaan (the original was destroyed in the fire of 1602), the curving wall of the apse holds a large, crystal-clear plate of glass that gives a view into a vast aquarium, a tank behind the temple that holds hundreds of thousands of gallons of saltwater and a dazzling variety of sea animals, a living symbol of Manaan's kingdom. The aquarium was a gift from the Phoenix King of Ulthuan, in gratitude for the cult's support of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce - and Old World wizards to this day wonder at the great magics that made and preserve the glass, the tank and the purity of the water itself. Clearly an example of Elven High Magick, it's beyond anything even the heads of the great Colleges of Colour Magic in Altdorf are capable of creating.

The Arch-Priest of Manaan, Wouter Berkhout, is the acknowledged spokesman for the interests of the cults in Marienburg. Though the cults of Haendryk, Verena and Shallya have seats on the Directorate, when the temples must speak with one voice, they know better than to disagree publicly with Berkhout. The other directors are wary of crossing Manaan's Arch-Priest, too: not only is his religious authority immense, but he has at his command a force of a dozen warships and several companies of fanatically loyal templar-marines. Even Jaan van de Kuypers is careful to stay on the cult's good side.

BROTHER EGBERT HUIBERS. MASTER OF NOVICES

Priest (rank 1), ex-initiate, sergeant, marine and seaman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	57	52	4	6*	11	59*	2	38	50	37	46	42	36



Alignment: Neutral (Manaan, devout)
Magic points: 11
Skills: Arcane Language - Magick; Cast Spells - Clerical 1; Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Gamble; Excellent Vision; Lightning Reflexes*; Meditate; Navigation; Public Speaking; Read/write; Row; Sailing; Scale Sheer Surface; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Battle Tongue, Classical; Speak Additional Language - Norscan; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Swim; Theology - Cult of Manaan; Very Resilient*;
Spells: Petty - Curse; Gift of Tongues; Glowing Light; Magic Alarm; Open; Protection from Rain; Reinforce Door; Sleep. Elemental 1 - Assault of Stones; Blinding Flash; Breathe Underwater; Hand of Fire; Magic Light; Walk on Water.
Trappings: Chain shirt, helm and shield (2 APs head and body, 1 AP elsewhere); short sword; magic trident (**D** +1, **Ld** +10); cleri-





cat robes, cowl and prayer book; string of worry beads carved from coral; ball of twine and a small knife (I -10, D -2)

Quotes: "I love the marines. I thank Manaan for every day I spend in the marines! And when I'm done with you, you will too."

"Oh, is the young master tired? Maybe some exercise would perk you up. ONE HUNDRED PRESS-UPS, INITIATE, NOW! DROP!"

Appearance: Of average height but a powerful build: there isn't an ounce of excess fat on Brother Egbert's body. His thickly muscled arms and chest sport many tattoos of ships, sea serpents and religious symbols. In his late 40s, his intense grey eyes stare out from under salt-and-pepper eyebrows and a shaved head. A single gold loop hangs from his left ear. His weathered skin testifies to years spent at sea under a hot sun.

Personality and motivations: Brother Egbert is devoted to Manaan and the sea. He brags that he knew how to swim before he could walk and, before his appointment as Master of Novices, he came home to Marienburg for only as long as it would take to refit and head to sea again. He's dedicated to defending Manaan's kingdom and Marienburg (in that order) from the Chaos Reavers that plague the Sea of Claws. To make his templar-marines as tough as possible, he's developed a unique regimen of fortifying exercises. His favourite is the pre-dawn swim in the canals.

Connections: Brother Egbert knows most of the officers of the private troops in the households of the Ten - indeed, he trained many of them. While the two are fast friends, he has turned down repeated offers to lead the personal marines of Director van den Nijmenks. He knows Sister Hilli of Suiddock (see p.64) but dismisses her as a "dry-lander". PCs seeking to become Templars of Manaan will come under Brother Egbert's authority, since the Master of Novices trains the Templars in the Marienburg temple, while the Master of Acolytes trains the aspiring priests.

BARON HENRYK'S COLLEGE OF NAVIGATION AND SEA MAGICKS

On the seaward end of Tempelwijk by the entrance to Manaanshaven, Baron Henryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magicks is one of the Old World's premier centres of learning. Since 1947 IC, it has occupied the buildings and grounds of the former palace of Baron Henryk's mother, the Contessa Esmeralda Cioppino of Miragliano, remembered to this day as "La Donna Grossa" for her generosity and her girth. After her death, the Baron endowed the University and donated the palace to it, with the charge that it become a "centre for the study of the Sea and sea travel, for it is through Manaan's realm that Marienburg's true future lies".

"Dear Papa, send money"
- typical letter home

The traditional three-year curriculum is much like other universities on the continent: students finish with a MPN degree *("Magister Philosophiae Naturalis")*, having studied the core subjects of Rhetoric, Logic, Grammar, Music, History, Classical Old Worlder and Astronomy. Elective courses allow the prospective MPN to gain the skills listed under the Student career.

"There's quite a bit here to attract the man of learning. Scholars would sell their souls to have access to our libraries. In fact one did, but he was discovered and burned just in time. Need I mention the generous tuition fees? The Universities of Altdorf and Nuln are kindergartens by comparison. The Collegium Theologica in Middenheim? Don't make me laugh!"
- proud academic

But it is in the realm of advanced studies that Baron Henryk's leads the Old World. In co-operation with the guilds and temples of Marienburg, the University has pioneered research work. Doctors use the facilities of the Great Hospital of Shallya to teach medicine and surgery, the Inns of Court train new lawyers, and priests of Haendryk lecture on the new science of Economicks. Foremost among these, though, is the study of Navigation and Cartography, the late Baron's two great passions. Navigators licensed by the Marienburg Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots must have passed the exams at Baron Henryk's. Because of the high standards of the Brotherhood and the University, Marienburg-registered navigators are in demand across the Old World. Even Sea Elves from Sith Rionnasc have lectured here.

Baron Henryk's also supports research into applied sorcery, with an emphasis on magic useful to mariners and the merchant trade. Not only does this include Elemental and Illusion magic, but the dangers inherent in travelling about the world make battle wizards a desired commodity, too. The Directorate, through grants made via the 'Change, ensures that there is plenty of funding for training wizards loyal to Marienburg, not to mention the individual Houses of the Ten. Demonology and Necromancy are of course forbidden, and the temples keep an eye peeled for the first signs of forbidden research.

Student life at Baron Henryk's revolves around studies and status - life is a constant struggle to keep up grades and appearances. All this involves money. Not only must students pay their instructors, who share a portion with the University, but they group themselves into various clubs and fraternities based on interests, social class and - most importantly - the cash one they have to spend. Money is thus a frequent problem for students, especially for those who



come on a scholarship from middle- or lower-class families. After all, how can one be expected to show up to the Academy of Drinkers & Duellists, perhaps the most foppish of the University's societies, wearing last year's lace collar? Sadly, it's not uncommon for desperate young scholars to engage in questionable or downright illegal schemes to get a few more guilders.

Baron Henryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magicks often sends journeys of exploration to the corners of the world. Through the Wasteland Geographical Society - a University-sponsored fellowship of explorers, sea captains, scholars and anyone who has an interest in foreign places and the money for a membership fee — the College's knowledge of the wider world grows each year. PCs needing to avoid Imperial entanglements for a while might well consider signing on for that expedition to find Prester Johann's lost Sigmarite kingdom in the Southlands.

THEODORUS FRANSEN, KNOW-IT-ALL NIGHT PORTER
Servant, ex-wizard's apprentice and student

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	34	35	4	3	7	41	1	36	25	46	41	42	47



Alignment: Neutral (Ranald)
Magic points: 7
Skills: Acute Hearing; Arcane Language - Magick; Astronomy; Blather; Cartography; Cast Spells - Petty Magic; Consume Alcohol; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; History; Identify Plants; Numismatics; Read/Write - Old Worlder; Row; Speak Additional Language - Norscan dialect; Secret Language - Classical; Sing; Sixth Sense; Swim
Spells: Glowing Light; Protection from Rain; Zone of Warmth
Trappings: Ring of keys to the dormitories; silver chain of office; cudgel (**I**-10, **D**-2, **P**+10); flask of fine brandy (a bribe from a student)
Insanity Points: 1 (nightmares)
Quotes: "That's all right, Master Walijs, old Fransen will see you to your rooms safe indeed, and the proctors needn't know a thing. Careful! Oh, and on your nice new boots, too."

"Oh, aye. I've seen plenty of comings and goings I have. Could tell you stories about the great and the good. But m'throat's too dry for that, so it is."
Appearance: A rotund man in his late sixties, with a small head ringed by a fringe of grey hair, a pot belly and rheumy eyes behind wire-rim spectacles that sit on a bulbous, veined nose. Always friendly, with an understanding smile on his face.
Personality and motivations: "Old Fransen", as he is known around Tempelwijk, has been a fixture at Baron Henryk's for over forty years. Once he was a promising student of the wizard Nicolaas van Mil who, a secret dabbler in Demonology, was caught by Witch Hunters as he was summoning a demon in his University chambers. Theodorus was an unwilling participant in the rites and only narrowly avoided execution. As it was, the horrors of that night shattered his mind and left him a broken, haunted man.

When he recovered, the kindly rector of the University found him a position as night porter, keeping the keys to the dormitory quad and the rooms of the students. He's served in that capacity ever since, making himself invaluable to generations of students, for whom he's come to feel protective. He arranges room assignments for incoming students, sees to their cleaning by the domestic staff, and functions as a general trouble-shooter. In the latter capacity, he is not above accepting the occasional gratuity from a student who is in no shape to see himself home and wishes to avoid the University's proctors, or even the Black Caps.
Connections: Theodorus has seen much in his years at Baron Henryk's and has heard even more - many of the students regard him as a doting uncle and tell him things they would not reveal to anyone else. Consequently he is an excellent source of gossip for generous PCs interested in the extra-curricular activities of faculty and students.
Secret: Fransen isn't the feeble old rummy he pretends to be - he is a rummy, but he's also a recruiter for the Rainbow Flames, the Tzeentchian cult that seeks to corrupt the Vrijbond (see p.99). The demon that killed his master spared Fransen's life on the condition that he would serve the Lord of Changes, and Fransen does so willingly. Given the propensity of young scholars to embarrass themselves and their families' desires to keep things quiet, Fransen gladly takes their proffered tips to keep him quiet. Students with truly promising character flaws, however, are invited to the meeting of a "secret fraternity of Marienburg's best". By the time they understand what they've done, it's too late to get out.

TEMPLE OF HAENDRYK

The Temple of Haendryk is far grander than one would expect for such a small cult, until one realizes its importance here - along with the cult of Manaan, the cult of Haendryk represents one of the two reasons for the city's prosperity: the sea and commerce. Worshipped elsewhere only by merchants and peddlars, the people of Marienburg have taken the cult's message to heart: "Make money fast!" The temple has been adorned by generations of people grateful for striking it rich or hoping to gain Haendryk's favour, till it rivals the Cathedral of Manaan in splendour.

The temple is the centre of the cult of Haendryk in the Old World — indeed, it is by far the largest temple to Haendryk in the Old World and is one of the few holy sites to the god permanently staffed by priests. Cult shrines in most towns and cities are tended by lay-brothers, though priests are sent out on a regular circuit to tend to the faithful and collect tithes.

The interior of the temple is unusual: it's a bank as well as a shrine. Amidst the decorations of gold and silver and beneath the golden light from the expensive stained glass, priests sit at tables



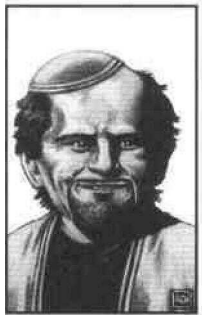
at which petitioners can seek financial advice or take out a loan. It's considered especially propitious to do this while services are in progress. For a fee, wealthy seekers can be counselled by higher-ranking priests of the cult, including Arch-Priest Simon Goudenkruin himself. The cult has a deserved reputation for discretion, so many come for advice on delicate matters of business.

The temple has often led the way in advancing business: not only do its priests lecture on the new science of Economicks at Baron Henryk's, but it has recently pioneered the use of letters of credit by private citizens in their daily lives. Within the last year it has introduced the "Marienburg *Carte d'Or"*, a small gold tablet which certifies that the bearer has a line of credit up to a certain pre-arranged amount. The tablet is a thin plaque intricately engraved with the necessary information - name, credit limit and so forth - which is pressed into hot sealing wax when a deal is made. The cult then pays the merchant, while the bearer is obligated to repay the cult. As a convenience, the bearer need not pay this debt all at once. The *cartes* are becoming quite popular, and the Merchant Houses are considering introducing their own cards.

Of course, the Gentlemen Entrepreneurs have seen the vast potential for profit in this and have set their forgers to work at reproducing the delicate designs and code numbers found on each *carte*. In spite of their limited success so far, the Stadsraad recently passed at the temple's request a law that makes forging a *carte* or possession of a forged *carte* punishable by life imprisonment on Rijker's Isle.

NORBERT VAN STRIJEN, BITTER SPIRITUAL AND FINANCIAL COUNSELLOR
Initiate, ex-trader

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2†	31	28	3	3	7	45	1	28	34	44	45	40	43



Alignment: Neutral (Haendryk, lapsing)
Skills: Charm (+10 to all relevant tests); Cryptography; Etiquette; Evaluate; Haggle; Law; Numismatics; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Super Numerate; Swim; Theology (Haendryk)
Trappings: Yellow linen robes and skull cap; abacus; purse with 2D10 guilders; hand weapon
Quotes: "We all have need of additional resources now and then. How may I help you?"
"Inept, am I? I'll show them!"

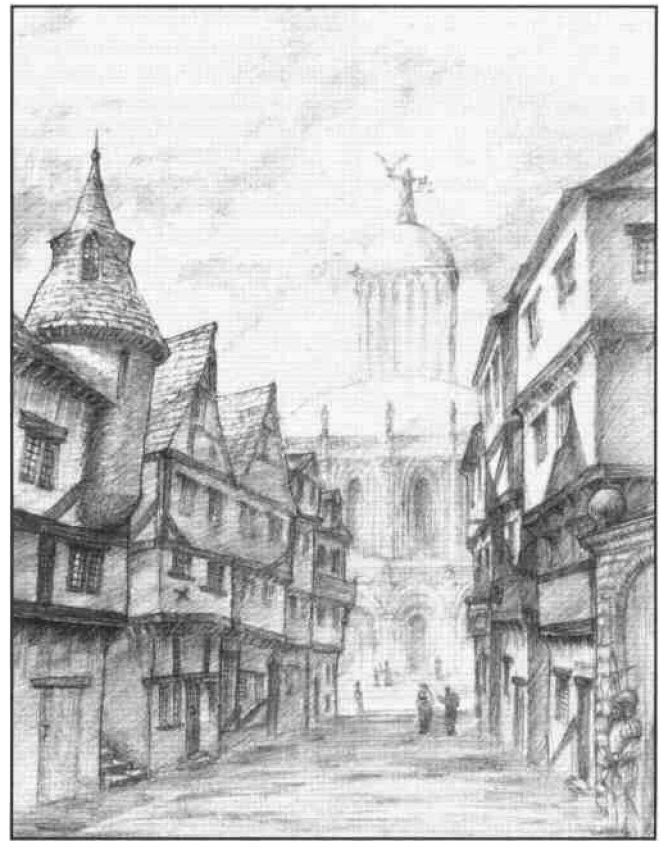
"This is efficiency! Where else can you pray and take out a loan at the same time?" - merchant-priest of Haendryk

Appearance: Youthful, short and pudgy, with soft hands that have never known a day's hard work. Brown tonsured hair. Green eyes and a ready smile that can charm the purse from a Dwarf, framed by a thin beard.
Personality and motivations: Wanting to strike it big like any good Marienburger, Brother Norbert bought his entrance to the clerisy with the proceeds from the sale of his late father's chandlery in Noordmuur. Unfortunately, since then he hasn't brought in as much income as the cult would like, so he has been passed over for promotion to the full priesthood twice. Convinced that he has been cheated by his superiors, he has put his talents to ill use. Brother Norbert believes he has broken the secret of the codes for the *Cartes d'Or*. He is making weekly forays into Suiddock, looking for contacts with the League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs, and is slowly screwing up his courage to betray the cult.
Connections: Brother Norbert might meet PCs if they come to the temple seeking a loan or advice on a deal, or they may run into him at the Pelican's Perch as he clumsily seeks contacts with the Guild We've Never Heard Of. A PC Forger might even be approached by Norbert offering the deal of a lifetime. He also knows Haam Markvalt, and is considering joining his group of radicals.

THE CATHEDRAL OF VERENA & THE GREAT LIBRARY

At the east end of Tempelwijk, along the shore of Sackbut Bay, sits one of Marienburg's jewels: the Cathedral and Great Library of Verena, one of the intellectual treasures of the Old World. Built in the Classical style with a colonnaded facade surmounted by a frieze of owls and the scales of justice above the entrance, the whole building resembles one of the law courts of the city-states of Tilea.

The interior is a model of simple dignity, unlike the heavy power of the Cathedral of Manaan or the gaudy display of the Temple of





Haendryk. A nondescript doorway off the nave leads to the Great Library, while other passages lead to the quarters and offices of the dozen clerics resident here, and to meeting rooms that are available to the public for a small fee.

At the head of the temple is the altar and statue of Verena, seated on her throne with a spear in one hand and an owl resting on her shoulder. Carved from imported Estalian marble and painted in stunningly lifelike tones by the finest artisans in Marienburg, it is a magnificent piece of art. Visitors have often commented that they felt that the goddess was watching them through the statue's eyes, reading their thoughts and intentions.

The temple and its staff play an important role in education and the administration of justice in Marienburg. The eldest priest traditionally sits as Chief Judge of the High Court and makes assignments of judges to cases. Currently, the post is held by Brother Kenrol Stonius, 87, who has served in the post for the last 25 years. Widely regarded as a scholar and respected for his pursuit of Justice over the letter of the law; he also is known for falling asleep in court sessions.

The Temple also supervises the Inns of Court, the associations of lawyers licensed to practise in Marienburg. The cult maintains a Board of Examiners to ensure the professional competence and ethical probity of lawyers. Other than administering the qualifying examination for new lawyers, however, the board only gets involved when complaints have piled up about a particular attorney, or if one commits a especially egregious act in public.

The Cathedral is closely involved with the University. Verenan priests or devoted laymen are members of the faculty of each department where, in addition to their teaching duties, they keep an eye out for signs of heresy among the faculty and students. It is suspected but has never been proven that the Verenans keep extensive records on the activities and attitudes of everyone at Baron Henryk's - even each other. It is true that damning statements that could be learned no other way have been introduced in Star Chamber proceedings.

"Of course we supervise the lawyers! You don't honestly think we'd let them operate unmonitored, do you? Lady Verena is the Goddess of Justice, after all." - canon of the Verenan cathedral

"You can find the answer to any question in there - any! Just he wary of the questions you ask."
- Tempelwijk student

The Cathedral is also famous for the Great Library. This is not like the libraries of Baron Henryk's: the temple library is a far older institution of which only a small section, mostly innocuous public records and legal texts, is open to the public. The main portion is only accessible to resident priests of the Temple, and to outsiders who complete a long application explaining in detail the reasons for their research, followed by an extensive oral interview with the Chief Librarian.

This practice was recently the centre of controversy, when a member of the Bretonnian court was denied entrance for "lack of scholarly purpose". It took several months of often-heated exchanges between the Directorate and the Oisillon Palace before ruffled feathers were smoothed.

Why the secrecy? Officially, the cult defends this unusual behaviour by stating that they have a small staff, and that they must restrict access to ensure that true scholars receive adequate help and to preserve the delicate materials in the collection. Rumour has it, though, that the Great Library also houses works that contain terrible secrets, things that would drive most men insane.

There are even rumours of a special library, dubbed 'Van Eyck's Files", that supposedly only the members of a clandestine inner cult are permitted to see. This library is rumoured to sit on an island in the Rijksweg, which many take as proof of the implausibility of its existence, but the rumours about it persist.

PCs may have need of the Cathedral and its library, and vice versa. Scholars of standing may want entrance to the restricted collection, or perhaps the PCs will come here seeking the answer to a problem or quest. The Cathedral also pays for rare and obscure tomes and artefacts brought to the city by adventurers, and



has been known to hire trusty laymen to travel to distant places to locate and bring back items it wants. They have also hired people to track down scholars suspected of stealing books and papers - in one case as far as Ind.

SISTER RUTHA VAN BAD ERGINZBERG, JUDGE AND MEDIATOR
Priestess (rank 2), ex-initiate, lawyer and student

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	43	39	3	5	9	62*	1	43	57	68	57	67	59



Alignment: Neutral (Verena, devout)
Magic points: 17
Skills: Ambidextrous; Arcane Language - Magick; Astronomy; Blather; Cartography; Cast Spells - clerical 1 & 2; Etiquette; History; Identify Magical Artifact; Identify Plants; Identify Undead; Law; Lightning Reflexes*; Linguistics; Lip Reading; Luck; Magical Sense; Meditate; Numismatics; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Secret Signs - Lawyer; Sixth Sense; Speak Additional Language - Norscan; Swim; Theology - Verena
Spells: Petty - Gift of Tongues, Magic Alarm, Magic Flame, Protection from Rain; Level 1 - Cure Light Injury, Flight, Wind Blast; Level 2 - Banish Illusion, Cause Panic
Trappings: Book - "Legal Proverbs of R. van Bork"; white robes and cowl embroidered with the symbol of an owl; walking staff; silver pendant of the Scales of Justice; ear trumpet
Quotes: "Eh?"
"Shouting accomplishes nothing, gentlemen. I'm sure if we think reasonably we can reach an agreement."
Appearance: Tall and statuesque, black hair turning to grey with middle age. A calm, interested and sincere look perpetually emanates from her face. Her brown eyes maintain a steady, direct gaze.
Personality and motivations: Truly interested in the pursuit of justice, Sister Rutha became disgusted with the advantage the wealthy have in the courts. Following her principles, she abandoned her career as a judge in the Suiddock ward assizes and entered the cult of Verena, intent on helping people sort out their differences and avoiding trial.

While partially deaf, her skill as a lip-reader helps her stay on top of all developments in a negotiation. Her goal is to succeed Brother Stonius on the High Court, where she can actively pursue legal reform.
Connections: Sister Rutha is well known in the Marienburg legal community and at the University, where she lectures on legal ethics. She is not popular with many of the Directors, especially Jaan van de Kuypers, whom she defeated when she acted as unpaid counsel for impoverished Suiddockers whom he wanted to evict to build a warehouse. Perhaps as a consequence, she has become a close friend of Director den Euwe.

CATHEDRAL OF SHALLYA

The Cathedral of Shallya and its attached hospital sit apart from the other churches in Tempelwijk, between the Groeneketter ('Green Heretic') and Doolweg ('Wrong Way') bridges across from Oudgeldwijk. Unlike Shallyan churches in more hospitable climes, the temple and hospital buildings are closed to the elements.

The temple itself, also known as the 'White Chapel', is a simple structure of whitewashed brick, the symbol of a red heart engraved and painted over the main doors. It is connected to the hospital by an enclosed courtyard where the sick can get out for a bit of sun and fresh air when the weather allows.

The hospital is also whitewashed, its interior having rooms for a surgery, apothecary and dormitory for the ill. The second floor contains the simple quarters of the priests and priestesses. The doors of both are unlocked at all hours of the day and night, giving welcome relief for those in need of aid or sanctuary, which makes the area a haven for down-and-outs and beggars, much to the consternation and complaints of the residents and other temples of Tempelwijk.

The White Chapel is famous in the Old World as a place of healing, but not just for the skills of its priests. At the foot of the Lady's statue is a large pool of pure water, constantly replenished from some unknown source, which is said to have been called forth by the first High Priestess many centuries ago.

The crippled and the infirm come from all over the Old World to bathe in the pool's waters, desperately seeking a miracle to relieve their misery. The crutches that hang from the rafters attest to the healings that have occurred here. In fact very few miracle cures happen - perhaps one or

"Filthy wretches! This is a church, where good folk come to worship! How can they let these cripples just mill about, begging for money and defiling Shallya's temple with their dirty ways? It's disgusting." - Knight of Purity on his way home to Oudgeldwijk



two a month - compared to the number of pilgrims the pool receives, but it's enough to keep the shrine's reputation intact.

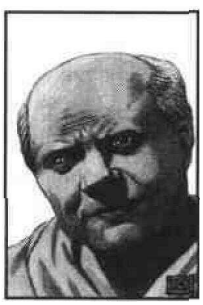
The White Chapel is the seat of Sister Anneloes van de Maarel, High Priestess of Shallya for the Wasteland and a member of the Directorate, well known for defending the rights of the poor. It also houses the offices of the Board of Public Health, set up by Sister van de Maarel and headed by Dr Anders Vesalion (see p.90).

Currently the centre of controversy, the Board is petitioning the Stadsraad to grant it oversight over the practice of medicine in Marienburg, effectively replacing the Physiker's and Barber's College - which, of course, is angrily defending its ancient rights.

The temple is no stranger to rancour: it was here that the heretic priestess Astrid von Nimlsheim publicly preached a doctrine of healing and mercy for all, including mutants. The outrage was so great that even the rights of sanctuary couldn't protect her, and she only just escaped ahead of the Witch Hunters of the Star Chamber. The temple still hasn't recovered from the damage done to its political influence, and recently graffiti praising the Knights of Purity has been found scrawled on its walls.

BROTHER DOMINIC, HERBALIST. HEALER AND IMPERIAL SPY
SPY. EX-CHARLATAN, INITIATE, PHYSICIAN'S STUDENT AND HERBALIST

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	49	58	4	5	10	57	2	52	50	55	80	51	64



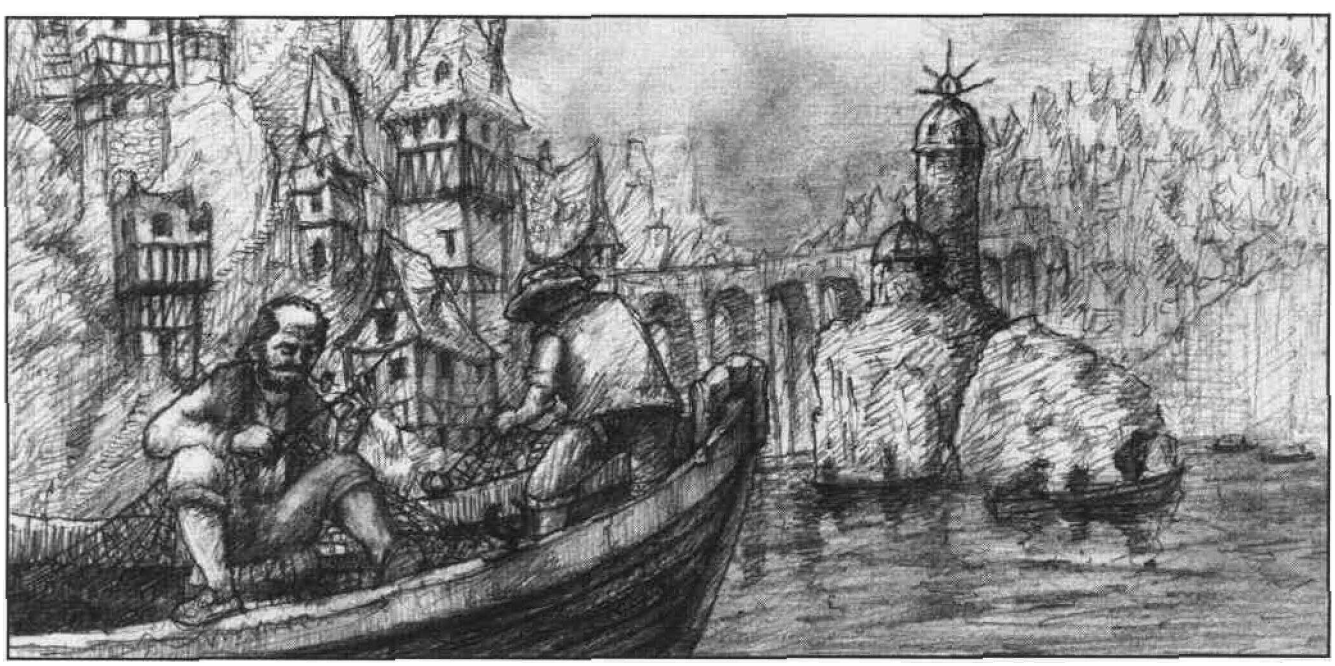
Alignment: Good (Shallya, devout)
Skills: Act; Acute Hearing; Arcane Language - Druidic; Blather; Bribery; Charm; Concealment Urban; Cryptography; Cure Disease; Disguise; Evaluate; Flee!; Heal Wounds; Herb Lore; Identify Plant; Linguistics; Luck; Manufacture Drugs; Mimic; Palm Object; Pick Lock; Prepare Poisons; Public Speaking; Read/write; Ride Horse; Scroll Lore; Secret Languages-Classical, Guilder; Seduction; Shadowing; Silent Move Urban; Sixth Sense; Theology (Shallya); Wit
Trappings: Homespun robe and hood; sling bag containing herbs, bandages and medicinal whiskey; amber Shallyan prayer beads (15 Gu); Imperial codebook, wrapped in cloth and hidden under a floorboard of his workroom.
Quotes: "You'd better let me lance those boils - you've been so close to the Chaos Wastes, they might start talking."

"We have to know what the Bretties are up to. Blackmail is fine, but no violence, you understand?"

"Why, just last year I saw a crippled beggar - on crutches with a gammy leg and running sores all over him - walk out of here as healthy as a new-born babe! It were a miracle, it were. Don't believe me? Well, them are his crutches hanging right over there." - mason at work at the Cathedral

Appearance: A bit under 5'6", in his mid-50's his body is finally turning to fat. Grey, tonsured hair rests above sympathetic blue eyes. His beardless face shows keen intelligence and is well-furrowed by lines of concern. He affects a slight stutter.
Personality and motivations: Brother Dominic came to the cathedral six years ago with papers showing he had been sent there by a minor temple in Sudenland. It was a lie. He was actually an experienced Imperial spy who had been placed there to rebuild the network of Empire agents that had been broken by the Fog Walkers. He had been a Shallyan initiate, long ago, but had fallen from the faith. Working in the infirmary has seen his faith reborn and now he serve serves two masters: Shallya and the Emperor.

He reconciles the apparent conflict through the nature of his mission: not to subvert Marienburg but to thwart Bretonnian actions and prevent their gaining influence over the Directorate. Although a pacifist (he will defend himself if attacked, however), he and his organization have been instrumental in thwarting the plots of the Chambre Noire (see pp22-23), employing increasingly creative means to avoid violence. At the same time, he is serious about his work in the infirmary and is well liked both by the staff and the resident patients, none of whom know his secret.
Connections: Brother Dominic has extensive contacts among the poor of Marienburg, especially in the south of the city - many have come to him seeking treatment. He also knows many influential students from Baron Henryk's, who visit in the morning for his secret hang-over cure. His immediate ring of lieutenants, including respected members of the Marienburg establishment, know of his covert identity. He has no direct dealings with lower-ranking members of the organization to protect his secret. His true role is known to Trancas Quendalmanliye, with whom he occasionally trades information.



TEMPLE OF MYRMIDIA DI MARI

The temple of Myrmidia is a recent addition to the religious life of Marienburg. Built in the 24th century by the Tilean mercenaries who guard Rijker's Isle, the temple is a rectangular basilica surmounted at the far end by a pentangular bell tower. Each corner of the tower bears a gilded eagle, while a statue of Myrmidia in Tilean armour stands upon the pinnacle. Unlike the other temples of the ward, Myrmidia's temple is guarded by two members of the Rijker's garrison, who are replaced weekly.

At the side are barracks with quarters for the priests on the upper floor, while the lower holds kitchens and a classroom for the teaching of strategy and tactics. The interior of the temple is decorated with friezes of weapons, eagles and warships. Like the cult of Sigmar, there are no benches for the worshippers: they either stand at attention or kneel, facing the altar where the priest officiates. Above the altar is a beautiful triptych depicting Myrmidia in her three aspects as Goddess of War: the Ideal Captain, the Mistress of the Battlefield and the Resolute Warrior.

Though well endowed and generously supported by cultists and gifts from the Directorate, the cult of Myrmidia is not large in Marienburg. Besides mercenary Tileans and Estalians, most of the cult's members are soldiers, marines and watchmen, particularly their officers. This gives the cult and its leaders potentially substantial influence among those who guard the city's rulers - a potentially powerful fact that has not been lost on the Captains-General of the Great Temple in Magritta.

PCs might come to the temple looking for the goddess's blessing, training in various martial skills, or to seek contacts among Marienburg's military elite. The cult also maintains extensive records of the military history of the northern Old World - PCs may well find clues here to hidden history, lost battlefields and legendary weapons.

> *"One of their priests taught a class here on the History of the Great Incursion and used little lead statues to illustrate the battles - moved 'em about on a sand-table with tiny trees and buildings and what-not, and the students would take sides. There were statues of Imperials and Kislevan cavalry and beastman and even one of Magnus himself! All beautifully worked and painted. It's caught on, too. There's even a craftshouse on the Priesterlijk canal that specializes in making the little statues - they're making money hand over fist! Oddest way to win converts I've ever seen."*
> -University doctor

HAAM MARKVALT, STUDENT RADICAL

Agitator, ex-student

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	35	42	3	2	9	45	1	28	48	41	41	30	40

Alignment: Neutral (Ranald, slipping)

Skills: Arcane Language - Magick; Ambidextrous; Astronomy; Cartography; Consume Alcohol; Dance; Excellent Vision; History (+20); Identify Plants; Numismatics; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Speak Additional Language - Kislevan dialect; Secret Language - Classical; Super Numerate; Swim

Trappings: Dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); labourer's clothes; innumerable revolutionary pamphlets; book, "The Class Structure: dupe of Chaos", by Max Gorkius, in Kislevan; medallion of membership in the Vrijbond

Insanity Points: 1

Insanity: Megalomania

Quote: "Fool! You question me? You are nothing but a bourgeois lackey of the decaying plutocratic order! Who else but I, Haam Markvalt, is fit to lead Marienburg to her inevitable democratic glory, to finish the Revolution, to bring change?"

Haam Markvalt is the son of Imperial immigrants and spent his formative years among the poor working folk of Suiddock. His father died when he was four and his mother, left destitute, was reduced to total poverty. When she was murdered a few years later, he was placed in St Rutha's orphanage (see p.59). His quick wit and sharp mind were noticed by Brother Cobbius,who arranged tutoring for him at a Verenan shrine. The priest there was so impressed that he arranged through contacts at the Cathedral for young Haam to receive a scholarship to Baron Henryk's College, where he has distinguished himself in all his studies and has shown particular brilliance in History. Young Markvalt has made it clear that intends to become a lawyer. Many expect him to be one of the best seen in the courts in many years.

But many also fear him. He never got over the bitterness he felt over his parents' fates, and the wretched condition of the working poor and the callousness of the ruling classes lit a fire of rage in him. Soon after enrolling at Baron Henryk's, he joined a debating society that was more of a drinking club, the Vrijbond. He quickly became its leader and transformed it into an engine of radical social change. Through club meetings, pamphlets and speaking in taverns in Tempelwijk, Suiddock and other working class districts, Markvalt and his followers spread the word about the need for change, about how Marienburg's "democratic revolution", stolen by the Ten, remains to be finished - by violence, if necessary. Usually laughed at, Haam Markvalt gains a few converts each night, until there are now Vrijbond chapters in several parts of the city. Though Marienburg has a tradition of tolerance for radicals that's unusual in the Old World, the Fog Walkers have noted Markvalt's success and have begun discussions about "corrective measures".



But the greatest threat to Markvalt and his dream of democracy comes not from the Establishment. Others have noticed his talents and passions, and have begun to subvert him to their ends: the Rainbow Flames, a Tzeentchian cult based in the University, has infiltrated the Vrijbond and its agents are gaining more and more influence with Markvalt, though he has no idea of their true allegiance. The medallion he received from one as a gift is actually enchanted with a tiny piece of Warpstone: it eats at his mind, feeding his resentments and ego, and slowly warps him to the will of the Changer of Ways.

Haam Markvalt is tall, over six feet, and thin as a reed. His mop of curly blond hair is always unkempt, and his green eyes reveal a passionate fire when he speaks of the crimes of the ruling class. His beard lines his chin in the fashion popular among radicals, and when he speaks his hands are continually moving in emphasis. The force of his personality is obvious, and people either hate him or admire him after only a few minutes.

Haam Markvalt lives in Koester's Boarding House in Kruiersmuur (see p. 117), where Mother Koester dotes over him like a son. He is still on good terms with Brother Cobbius of the orphanage, though they disagree strongly on politics. He knows and has a grudging respect for Captain Graveland of the Suiddock Black Caps (see p.66) - both seek to protect the common man, both have contempt for the lazy rich, but Graveland's dedication to law and order keep them from being friends. Markvalt has connections with two or three printers who secretly produce the Vrijbond's more radical pamphlets.

SISTER MARIA TON KONCZYK. SERGEANT OF THE WATCH
Initiate, ex-mercenary sergeant, mercenary and noble

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	51	60	5*	5	11	51	2	44	56	40	44	35	36



Alignment: Neutral (Myrmidia, devout)
Skills: Ambidextrous; Blather; Charm; Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Gamble; Heraldry; Luck; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Ride; Secret Languages - Battle Tongue, Classical; Sing; Sixth Sense; Specialist Weapons - Flail, Rapier; Scroll Lore; Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Swim; Scroll Lore; Theology (Myrmidia); Very Strong*; Wit
Trappings: Blue cowl over a white robe with red trimming, the symbol of a spear behind a shield is sewn into the left breast; rapier; knuckledusters (WS -10, D -1); antique Myrmidian prayer book, "Aphorisms on Tactics", by St Gonzalo of Magritta (worth 35 Gu)
Quote: "We must resign ourselves to be forever outnumbered by the hordes of Chaos. Only through discipline, leadership and intelligence do we stand a chance."
Appearance: Small and thin at 5'4", Sister Maria is nonetheless a powerful woman who carries herself with the bearing of her class. Her brown hair is drawn tightly into a bun under her cowl, and her brown eyes have a steady gaze. She bears several small scars from her military life, and on her right forearm is a tattoo of a boot crushing a snake, the legend reading "Mistfall". She refuses to explain its significance.
Personality and motivations: The third daughter of a minor noble family of Ostland, Maria refused to accept an arranged marriage or relegation to the dull life of a Shallyan nun. Craving action, she ran away to join a band of mercenaries. By the time her unit found itself in Marienburg, she had discovered a natural talent for command and a dedication to the tenets of Myrmidia. She is serving her novitiate as officer of the temple guard, and will soon be posted as chaplain to the Red Talons on Rijker's Isle to complete her training for the priesthood. She is a dynamic leader, able to inspire her troops to great effort and admired for her calm under fire. She longs to be posted to Kislev, where she hopes to take the war to the Chaotic enemy.

However, her devotion to the temple and her flair for military matters have thrown her weakness into sharp relief: she is not a diplomat. She seems to have a talent for making her views too stridently known, or simply saying the wrong thing in front of the wrong people. This has led to several clashes with her superiors, and seems destined to hold back her career within the temple. On the other hand, it makes her a potentially useful source of news, gossip, information and honest opinions.
Connections: Maria is well liked by the Tileans she commands and the staff of the temple. She has made several visits to Rijker's and is on good terms with Governor de Beq and the Red Talons Captain, Jacopo d'Arezzo. She has only contempt for Arhennius Vogt, High Warden of Van Zandt's Wall, and the feeling is mutual.

THE SWORD OF SOLKAN

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	55	63	3	4	12	60	3	39	51	55	44	47	38

Alignment: Law (Solkan)
Skills: Concealment Rural; Concealment Urban; Disguise; Follow Trail; Marksmanship; Prepare Poisons; Shadowing; Silent Move Urban; Specialist Weapons - Blowpipe, Lasso, Net, Throwing knife, Two-handed weapons; Strike Mighty Blow
Trappings: Robe of protection +2 (2 APs, all locations); magical sword with properties of spell absorption and mighty strike; spell ring with the spell Assume Illusionary Appearance; smartly tailored town clothes; gold signet ring; purse with 10 Gu.
Quotes: "I understand that you have observed something unusual about your neighbours' step-child. Perhaps some form of corrective intervention is required. Such matters can be distressing for the authorities, who may prefer to avoid them. Of course, those of you forced to live with such offensiveness thrust into your god-fearing faces cannot take such an indolent view. Which is why you should be grateful that men such as I walk the streets."

"Understand this. We are at war with Chaos. The Elder races are corrupt and dying, which leaves Humanity as the world's only hope. But Mankind's strength lies in its purity - we can afford no weakening taint. Your vile corruption weakens us all, signor, and so you must die. Nothing personal."

The Sword of Solkan is an agent of the Knights of Purity and is among their most active members. He belongs among the most radical and vociferous group of mutant-hunters in this organization, but his identity is unknown even to them.

The Knights of Purity have let it be known through circuits of rumour in low places that if messages and letters testifying to the existence of mutants or cultists are left in a niche in the gargoyle statue that tops the old dry fountain near the base of Tarnopol's clock-tower in Kruiersmuur, action will be taken. Nobody who has lurked at the base of the clock-tower has ever seen the messages collected, though they're inevitably gone by morning. But who this unseen crusader is, nobody knows - or nobody's saying.

This has lead to wild rumours that the Sword is not a man at all but really a spirit of vengeance or a powerful wizard or even a priest. While cooler heads dismiss the crazier theories, the fact is that no one knows. What is known for certain is that his killings have taken place in all parts of the city, even in Elftown. Residents of Kruiersmuur who blame the area's decline on the influx of "furriners" regard him with a perverse local pride. But it's in Tempelwijk that most of the discussion about him takes place: not only does the vigilante's name invoke one of the gods, but his actions tread on the toes of many of the temples, organisations and power-groups of the area, from the Shallyans who deplore his killing and the Verenans who demand proper justice, to the witch-hunters who believe although it's right for mutants and cultists to be killed, they should be killed by the right people and in the proper way.

The Sword of Solkan can adopt many forms due to his magical ring. This is slightly different from the usual spell ring, since it regenerates its magic points at a rate of 1 per 2 hours, allowing repeated use of the spell within it. The Sword also has a natural disguise skill which he utilizes if it amuses him.

Deliberately, the identity and contacts of The Sword of Solkan are not specified here, beyond his membership in the Knights of Purity. GMs can determine how the mystery of this sinister and powerful character fits into their vision of Marienburg. It is, however, almost certain that the Sword of Solkan is from one of the rich families of Marienburg, perhaps from the old aristocracy or even one of the Ten, and he must also have contacts within the Black Caps - not surprising since some of them are members of the Knights of Purity themselves.

"It's beautiful here, Mama - there are trees lining some of the canals, fountains in the squares and real parks. It's so pleasant to walk in Goudberg that you forget that you're in the middle of a swamp."
- Imperial tourist writing home

"All the money that flows into the city winds up in the hands of the bull seals who live here. If you searched their studies, I believe you'd find title deeds showing they owned each and every one of us."
- thoughtful watercoachman

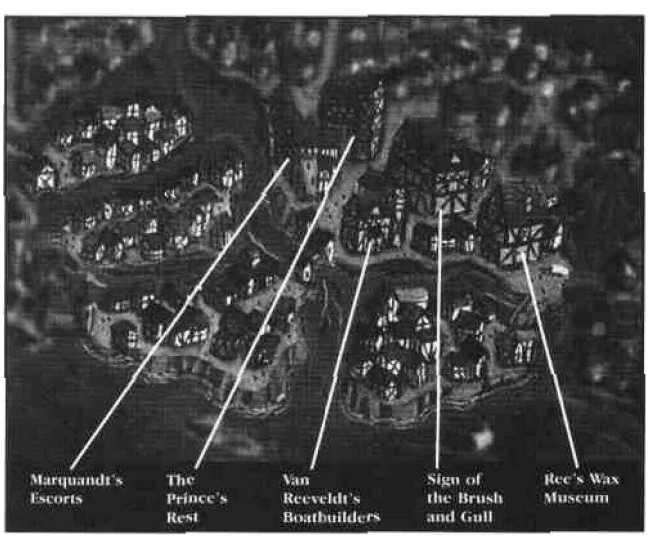
"My brother and me were walking by van de Kuypers' place, and ten of his thugs started beating the tar out of us! Just for walking where any Marienburger is free to go! They'd have killed us if the Watch hadn't arrived and arrested us for trespass."
- Suiddock labourer

GOUDBERG

Goudberg is one of the wealthiest districts of Marienburg, along with Guilderveld and Oudgeldwijk. Unlike Guilderveld, the pace here is more sedate and genteel, while lacking the backward-looking lassitude of the old nobility in Oudgeldwijk. The people who live in Goudberg, the rich and the filthy rich, can afford to live apart from their businesses, leaving their scores of flunkies to do the real work.

Elegance is a byword in Goudberg, and the buildings in the ward reflect that. Though small by the standards of Old World nobility, the mansions of the rich are heavily decorated in whatever style was the fashion when they were built. Tilean fluted columns and Nulner statues of Winged Victory mingle with gargoyles and faux-battlements from the time of the War of Independence. The interiors are lavish, and many a rural Imperial noble has felt like a bumpkin after paying a call. Everyone in Goudberg has servants, even if it's just one or two to do the cleaning and cooking. The mansions of the Ten are staffed to the rafters with liveried servants, many drawn from the Cathayan, Nipponese, Indie and Kislevan ghettos under Goudberg's jurisdiction.

Businesses in Goudberg tend toward luxury, service and the arts. The playwright Willibrord Mengelberg manages the highly regarded Aardbol Theatre, partly famous because it puts on farces lampooning the elite of Marienburg while receiving subsidies from the government. In a house donated by Jaan van de Kuypers, the renowned scholar Timotheus Rogeveen tutors the children of the elite in the finest private Lyceum in the city. In Goudberg the pavement artists, streetwalkers and cutpurses of mundane Marienburg are replaced with sculptors, courtesans and dashing, debonair cat-burglars.



During the day, the ward streets and canals are filled mostly with servants and functionaries dashing hither and yon on their masters' affairs. Tradesmen make deliveries or perform services, while lesser merchants and brokers cut deals over lunch at elegant cafes. Beggars are forcefully discouraged.

At night, the streets and canals grow quieter as Goudbergers begin their nightly rounds of social calls. Small parties travel in lantern-lit canal boats from one mansion to another in a whirl of diner parties and less formal affairs. Younger sons of the well-to-do sally forth in small groups of rakes, cutting dashing figures with their cloaks and rapiers, hopping from one drinking-club to the next.

As one would expect, the Black Caps are well-funded and very sharp about protecting the property of the residents. Because the private marines of the Great Families in Goudberg protect their masters' homes, the Watch is free to concentrate its efforts elsewhere in the ward - although they still come quickly when Mijn Heer Director van den Nijmenks calls. Consequently, the League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs is circumspect in its operations here: the targets are tempting, but the risks are very high. Alternatively, according to some wags, the Gentlemen are less active in Goudberg because they see no sense in robbing their own.

REE'S WAX MUSEUM AND STUDIO

Down Sweet Street off Baron Huybrecht's Square near the Slangenbezweerder bridge, a wanderer in Goudberg will come across an odd building among the scriptoria, confectioneries and luxury flats common to the area. Tall and narrow, it's finished in sombre colours that look ominous amidst its more brightly decorated neighbours.

Under a dark awning, a hooded headsman stands unmoving, his axe held before his chest as if he is patiently waiting for the condemned. A closer look shows that the figure is merely a wax mannequin, albeit exquisitely executed. Next to him, an ornately painted sign reads "Ree's Museum of Wax Sculpture. Twelve chambers of Marvels, Delights, & Terrors renowned throughout the Known World. Open 8 days, noon to midnight. Admission, one guilder." Within the foyer, a hunchbacked Tilean

"It's a fascinating place, dearie! The sculptures are so lifelike, you'd swear they could talk." - Goudberg matron

"Oh no, sahib! Sahib Ree is a great artist! He is like the legendary Sorcerer of the Monkey Isle, who could give life to a rock with but a touch of his whisk. Scenes of romance and danger, horror and comedy abound in his most excellent museum. Yes, yes, yes! For only two guilders I, the unworthy Hadji, will guide you through Sahib Ree's wonders with most expert knowledge." - Indierswijk bawd, looking for a quick guilder



named Giovanni takes the visitors' money and escorts them to the stairs that lead up to the three floors of exhibits. On each floor are four rooms around a central landing, and all four hold exhibits designed around a theme. Each exhibit changes every few months, so that there is always something new to see.

The first floor is the Realm of History. It features stunning tableaux that depict great moments of the past: one room shows the surrender of Count von Zelt to the commanders of Marienburg's army; the next depicts the great struggle between Admiral Jaan Maarten and Batholomeus the Black; the third shows the meeting of the Merchants' Embassy with Emperor Magnus the Pious, while the last displays Marius enthroned.

The second floor is the Realm of Legend, displaying scenes from the classic epics and romances: the doomed love of Romero and Juliana of Remas; the comedy of how Ranald won immortality; the Swan Maiden of the Mirror Moors; and the Bretonnian Lady du Lac, reviving the mortally wounded Gilles le Breton to be her Green Knight. The topmost floor is the Realm of Chaos. Here dark dreams are given form, and visitors see disturbing scenes of Chaos Warriors, witches, undead and other nightmare creatures. In the basement lies the sculpting and casting workshop, with vats of wax and three or four figures in various stages of preparation. This is where Giovanni, Ree's Tilean artistic assistant and the target of most of his wrath, works.

All who visit the museum come away impressed by the artistry and skill of Wilbert Ree. Few fail to comment on the lifelike quality of the statues, without realizing how much pain and despair are contained within their wax forms.

WILBERT REE, MASTER ARTISAN AND DRUG-SMUGGLER

Artisan, ex-alchemist, alchemist's apprentice and artisan's apprentice

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	44	34	2	5*	9	53	1	52	33	56	57	44	44



Alignment: Neutral
Magic points: 20
Skills: Arcane Language - Magick; Art - Sculpting; Brewing; Cast Spells - Petty, Battle 1; Chemistry; Drive Cart; Evaluate; Excellent Vision; Herb Lore; Hypnotism; Magical Awareness; Magical Sense; Metallurgy; Read/Write; Row; Specialist Weapon - Duelling Weapons, Fencing Sword; Swim; Very Resilient*
Spells: Petty - Curse, Glowing Light, Magic Lock, Sleep, Sounds; Battle 1 - Steal Mind
Trappings: Artist's smock and large, floppy beret; belt pouch with sculpting knives; swatches of fabric; rapier (I +20, D-1); left-handed dagger (D -2, P -10); D20 + D4 guilders
Insanity Points: 2
Insanities: Megalomania (regarding his skills as an artist)

Quotes: "Giovanni, you idiot! I said mauve, not puce. NOT PUCE!! You've ruined everything! Baroness Nikse ascended in a mauve dress, you cod! I should know -I was there. And who better than I to sculpt her memorial? What are we going to do with ten yards of puce velvet?"

"I know your master is impatient for the wax bust of his mistress, but he must understand that I will sculpt in no material — none - except for the unique wax that I alone import from Ind. Until the next shipment arrives, we can do nothing."

Appearance: Ree is slim, effete and tall at 6'3". With his large nose and prominent Adam's Apple, he looks like a scarecrow - and dressed in his exaggerated artist's clothes, like a temperamental one. He affects a pose of dignity with high-born clients.

Personality and motivations: At 32, Wilbert Ree is a flamboyant member of Goudberg society, and that's the way he likes it. A high public profile is good for business, and he looks and acts as if he fits perfectly into the surrounding society. When they commission him to sculpt themselves and their families, the wealthy of Goudberg expect a temperamental and dramatic artist, and that's what they get. The middle-classes who visit the museum expect erratic genius and scandalous tittilations, and that's what they get. And both of these images let him get away with much more than any ordinary merchant or smuggler.

Ree studied in Tilea, and with the skills he learned during his apprenticeship to the deranged Luigi Spadolini of Tobaro (later burned at the stake for his researches into the taxidermy of humans), he has become a brilliant student of anatomy and a wax sculptor *nonpareil*. However, he understood from the beginning that there was little money to be made from sculpting, and much more from other fields - particularly the Black Fields of Araby, where the Black Lotus blooms.

Playing the perfectist artist, Ree has made it known that his is the only wax museum in the Old World to only use Ivory Wax from Ind, created - so he says - from the tallow of elephants and the wax of the giant bees which exist there. Shipments of the wax arrive on ships from Ind every few months: hundreds of heavy blocks, each a cubic foot in size. Although each one is stamped with Ind marks and seals, the blocks are actually from Araby. Each one has a small cavity deep in its centre, filled with about a pound of Black Lotus powder. Wilbert Ree is the largest smuggler of Black Lotus in Marienburg.

Ree believes his smuggling is undetectable: if the wax is melted the drug dissolves with it, and only by cutting a block in the right place (through the Ind seal) will one hit the hidden cavity. However, his business is threatened by something else. A few weeks ago Ree discovered to his total shock and horror that four of the figures in his museum are more than they seem. Like the raw blocks of wax they have something unpleasant inside: Giovanni, his assistant, has been obtaining bodies, covering them in wax and building them into the tableaux.

Giovanni is a brilliant artist in his own right, as mad as his master, and a devotee of Slaanesh - the cult is a good customer of Ree's, and lured Giovanni into its clutches a year ago. Some of the corpses he uses have been obtained through the Body Trade, others he abducts from the streets himself; mostly beggars and foreigners. Needless to say, if this is discovered it will be the end of the museum, possibly of Ree, and certainly of the smuggling operation. Ree is in a desperate quandary. He knows he must get rid of both Giovanni and the corpses, but while he's so far got the former addicted to Black Lotus, he has no idea how to deal with the latter.

Connections: Ree is well-known through the upper-crust of Marienburg society - he is on the A-list for every party in Goudberg, and more and more social-climbing parents want their children to be immortalised in wax by him. Ree is also on good terms with Venk Kataswaran of the Golden Lotus (see p.63): the Lascan is a major customer, although at present he has owed something over 500 guilders for more than a month. Ree has threatened to cut off his supply and is worried that perhaps Venk has found another supplier. Giovanni is familiar to the few ghouls of Marienburg, who act as intermediaries with the most depraved of bawds and cut-throats who supply his victims. Deecksburg (see p. 106) knows Giovanni and fears him, for he has seen the touch of Chaos through his own sketches and knows it has consumed him.

MARQUANDT'S ESCORTS

Footpads and cutthroats, burglars and pickpockets, racketeers, kidnappers and even hired killers - the dangers to life, limb and property in many of the Old World's cities are a constant worry. The Watch, over-worked and under-manned, if not incompetent or corrupt, can rarely do anything about it. And when they are honest and competent, they still get involved most often only after the crime has been committed - little comfort to the corpse cooling on the cobbles.

"That's the third of these letters you've had this month, Alfons! You must take it seriously. What will you do if they come after your wife and children? I'm taking you to see Marquandt. If anyone's trying to kill you, he's your best hope of staying alive."
- Guilderveld banker to a friend

The poor and the middle classes of Marienburg can do little but carry a dagger and pray that it's the other guy's turn. But, for the person of means who wants the best in protection, there is no better place to go than Marquandt's Escort Service, at the sign of the crossed swords and shield, along the Zwaansloop canal in Goudberg.

"It's a racket, I tell you. Marquandt or one his hoys conveniently show up to offer his 'protection' right when someone needs them. Why do you think that people threatened by the Guild We've Never Heard Of who hire Marquandt stay safe? It's because he's in on it and gives the League a cut, that's why."
- suspicious Goudberg resident

Marquandt's storefront occupies the ground floor of a four-storey building next to the Prince's Rest Inn, with Marquandt's own dwelling above. The ground floor is divided into two offices: one manned from 8 o'clock till dusk by Velma Rutten, a former scribe and excisewoman who acts as Marquandt's secretary and accountant. It's her job to weed out the dross from those who might really need Marquandt's help. She is very loyal to her employer and takes her duties seriously. There are usually one or two of Marquandt's "boys" around, too, who are only too happy to eject people who don't take Velma seriously.

Marquandt's own well-furnished office is behind a heavy oaken door. Here he interviews clients, determines their needs and sets his fee. The office is dominated by a heavy wooden desk topped in Tilean marble (a gift from a grateful client) and the walls are decorated with weapons and armour from Marquandt's adventuring days. His clients include some very important Marienburgers, though rarely anyone closely associated with the Ten, since they have their own household troops. Marquandt's Escorts also provides protection to wealthy visitors to Marienburg, and his agency is popular with those who plan to go "slumming" in the rougher parts of town, like Suiddock. His fees average ten guilders per day per bodyguard, payable in advance.

PCs may well come to Marquandt when looking for work: he has a high turn-over of staff, losing them to injury or even death. He provides better than average bodyguards, so characters had better have good experience under their belts. His line of work also puts him in possession of often-interesting information, but his dedication to confidentiality is quite strong and he is above blackmail. Anyone seeking to learn something delicate from Marquandt needs to show an excellent reason.



TOBIAS MARQUANDT, PROTECTION SPECIALIST
Duellist, ex-bounty hunter and watchman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	65	48	5	6	10	47	2	31	37	62	64	57	30



Alignment: Neutral (non-aligned)
Skills: Acute Hearing; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Follow Trail; Marksmanship; Read/Write; Scale Sheer Surface; Shadowing; Silent Move Rural/Urban; Specialist Weapon - Crossbow Pistol, Fencing Sword, Lasso, Net, Parrying Weapons, Pistol; Strike to Injure; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Swim
Trappings: Rapier (I +20, D -1) and left-handed dagger (D -2, P -10); crossbow pistol (16/32/50, ES 1, Rid 1/1) under cloak, dart coated with 3 doses of Manbane; brace of duelling pistols (8/16/50, ES 3, Rld 2/1) kept in office, always loaded; good quality doublet, hose and cloak; flask of brandy; knuckledusters (WS -10, D -1); D20+ D10 Gu.; tin of high-quality snuff; spell ring - Aura of Protection ("Tutela") and Cause Fear ("Fugete"), 17 MPs
Quotes: "So you cheated a Llianlach agent and now you think he's out to get you? We can protect you, but it will cost you. A lot."

"Velma, take a message to Little Roundhead. 'Dear Miguelito comma I've heard of your plans and I congratulate your audacity comma however, the Baroness du Piquet is under our protection full stop. If you value what little is left of your hair and the scalp to which it is attached comma I suggest you stick to rolling drunks. Full stop. Marquandt.' Send it the usual way."
Appearance: Of medium height and a wiry but powerful build, Marquandt has brush-cut blond hair and a handlebar moustache on an otherwise clean-shaven face. A duelling scar on his left cheek and a broken nose work to make him look older than his 39 years. His grey-green eyes are always alert, never failing to take in the entire scene.
Personality and motivations: Tobias Marquandt loves a challenge and the game of cat and mouse. After travelling the Empire and Kislev as an adventurer, he realised that he could put his talents to profitable use by protecting others. He puts his heart and soul into his work, and doesn't take it at all well on those rare occasions when the opposition gets through. He is a firm believer in the idea that payback, as he puts it, "is a bitch".
Connections: Marquandt has extensive contacts in Marienburg society, from Goudberg to Doodkanaal, and in several cities of the Old World. He has neither encouraged nor discouraged the rumours of his corruption, because these have led to useful contacts within Marienburg's underworld and actually brought in business. And, though he has been known to trade information of use to the League, he has never betrayed a client.

He knows that Aunt Mina (see *p.124)* is a fence, and uses her as a conduit to get messages to Adalbert Henschmann. At present he is considering a request to provide clandestine protection to Margaretta of Kruiersmuur (see p. 118). The request came not from her, but in a letter from an anonymous person who sent along enough gold to pay for a month's service. Marquandt is naturally curious about the author's identity.

THE PRINCE'S REST

Next to Marquandt's Escorts stands an ancient three-storey inn that is among the smartest establishments in Marienburg. Named the Prince's Rest for its popularity with Grand Prince Rikard of the Reikland, who always stayed there when visiting Baron Matteus, the inn cultivates an elite, exclusive atmosphere that is reflected in its clientele. Only the best (i.e. the wealthiest) can afford to eat and sleep there, though dedicated social-climbers from the middle classes have been known to save for years to afford one evening at the Prince's.

The Prince's is most known for its exquisite cuisine and impeccable service. The dining room seats a dozen tables of various sizes, between which servants in royal purple tabards glide - the right to use this colour was granted by Grand Prince Rikard, whose letter is framed above the mantle. The kitchen is supervised by Master Chef August Bardolino, a Miraglianese whose last assignment was in the Royal Palace at Oisillon itself. The wine cellar is without equal in Marienburg, and stocks only the finest Bretonnian, Estalian and Tilean vintages ("Imperial wine" is a contradiction in terms, according to the owner.)

"The food is exquisite there! Why, Director den Euwe himself raved about the Grootscher Eel in jelly. I love eating at the Prince's Rest -all the best people do, you know." - social-climbing Goudberger

Rooms are available, though most are taken up with standing reservations. Those few that are available have waiting lists stretching sometimes into years. The rooms themselves are uniformly luxurious, with goose-feather mattresses



> *"What a bunch of snoots-in-the-air! They acted as if I didn't belong - me, the Master of the Bakers' Guild! Why, I had waited months for those reservations, and I even finagled a room for the night - don't tell my wife, please. What do I get for my trouble? Roast duck that I swear was haunted and a bed that had sprouted mushrooms! No, I'm not joking! The staff practically accused me of pranking! I'm sticking to places that I can trust after this."*
> - disgruntled Halfling

and pillows, satin sheets and lamb's-wool blankets. Each has its own private attendant only a bell-pull away. Sparing no expense, all the chamber pots are magically scented by Sybo Haan himself. Security for the guests and their valuables is provided through a standing arrangement with Tobias Marquandt. PCs planning an evening at the Prince's Rest should expect to pay 500% of the standard prices.

Rudolph Aasenberg owns the most exclusive inn in the north-western Old World. So why is he unhappy? Why does he pray to Shallya for mercy every night and spend countless guilders consulting useless seers? Because poor Heer Aasenberg is convinced that his inn is haunted and if knowledge of the embarrassing goings-on became widely known, he and the Prince's Rest would be ruined.

Heer Aasenberg's problems don't stem from any ghost. Rather, he has an unknown guest, a boarder who only wants to help.

SKWIKNIBBLE MOLDYEYE, SHAMAN OF THE MOTHER FUNGUS
Snotling extraordinaire

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	27	47	2	2	7	60	2	34	24	34	24	34	24



Alignment: Neutral (Mother Fungus)
Skills: Acute Hearing; Concealment Rural/Urban; Contortionist; Dodge Blow; Flee!; Fungus Lore (variant of Herb Lore); Identify Fungus; Immunity to Disease; Lightning Reflexes; Luck; Silent Move Rural/Urban; Speak Additional Language - Old Worlder; Theology - Cult of Mother Fungus
Trappings: Soiled loincloth and vest; stolen dinner knife; collection of cat-droppings in bag; amulet of Fruitful Glee (swallowed, embedded in stomach) - this allows him to create minor magical effects of the kind a snotling might enjoy: sprouting mushrooms and other multi-coloured fungus, "whoopee cushion" sounds (the ruder, the better) and transport his bodily waste to any nearby location, for example. None are directly harmful, and should be played by the GM for effect and humour.
Quote: "Me like. Me help."
Appearance: Two feet, two inches tall, stooped and filthy. A few bristles of hair sprout from his warty green head. The rheumy yellow eyes show far more intelligence than one would expect from a snotling.
Personality and motivations: Skwiknibble was once the pet and companion of the Elementalist Carstein, an Imperial Wizard who took pity on the little greenskin he found cowering in a goblins' cave he had just cleared. Recognising the faint glimmer of intelligence (the snotling could actually count to four), Carstein tamed him and actually became quite fond of him. Knowing that he could not openly take Skwiknibble with him, he carried him in a small valise drilled with air holes.

Carstein met an unfortunate end while in Marienburg. Having acquired an artefact of odd powers, he interrupted his investigations in his room at the Prince's Rest to answer nature's call. He came back just in time to see Skwiknibble swallowing the amulet. Before he could shake the jewel out of the snotling, his anger got the better of him and he died in an apoplectic fit.

Skwiknibble couldn't understand what had happened, but he knew he was in trouble and had to hide. He also knew he had nowhere to go. Since Carstein obviously liked the Prince's so much, he decided to stay there, hiding in the walls and the cess pool, to help these nice people. Soon he discovered that he could make the place more "homey" (for a snotling, that is) just by "wishing". Having forgotten about the shiny piece of glowing rock he had swallowed, he assumes this is a blessing from the Mother Fungus herself, and that he is a great shaman. He has spent the last month adding just the right touches here and there around the inn, and the staffs' reactions have made him very happy. He's even started a puffball patch on the attic rafters.
Connections: Aasenberg and his staff have occasionally heard the faint pitter-patter of tiny feet at night, but they have assumed these are caused by the "ghost". Only one being knows the truth - the cat, Harry. He's seen Skwiknibble dashing about the inn at night and the two have become friends. Harry will sit for hours staring at a spot in the wall behind which the snotling is hiding, or meowing over the hole of the bench in the loo, waiting for him to come out. Of course, the staff just think the cat has found a mouse.

SIGN OF THE BRUSH AND GULL

> *"He's the finest painter Marienburg has ever produced - artists imitate his style all over the Old World. The sad thing is, he's stopped painting. Drink got to him, I think. Now it's his students who do all the work at the studio, though none have matched his art."*
> -would-be critic

Towards the north end of Goudberg, near the working-class homes of Ostmuur, is the Garret, an area of winding canals and narrow streets leading to small squares around which many of the successful artists of Marienburg and elsewhere make their homes. Sculptors, painters, goldsmiths, glassblowers and other masters not only produce great works of art here, but pass on their knowledge to apprentices who show either talent, a full purse, or preferably both.

The most famous of these houses is the sign of the Brush and Gull. Not a tavern, this is the studio of Hieronymous Deecksburg, widely regarded as the finest painter and portraitist in the history of Marienburg. Unusual for Marienburg, the top floor of three is the studio, wherein students study technique under the watchful gaze of the master. Over a dozen easels are occupied by aspiring artists during the day, studying light and shadow, perspective and paint-making. The lighting is good thanks to several skylights, and the air is redolent with the scents of paints, oils and solvents.

The ground floor is occupied by a stuffy Ostmuur master stonemason and his family, social-climbers who are ecstatic to have the great Deecksburg as their neighbour. So far, he has managed to fend off their incessant invitations to a little "get-together".

Deecksburg himself lives alone on the second floor, though a housekeeper from Ostmuur makes his meals and to "make sure he doesn't just drink his supper!" His digs are just what one would expect from an artist - it looks as if a storm from the Sea of Claws has just blown through. Sketchbooks and canvasses with half-finished works are scattered everywhere, and it looks as if the armoire hasn't been used in years. Empty bottles of fine liquor lie amidst the flotsam, testimony to the artist's troubles. It is here also that one will find Deecksburg's very private collection of charcoal sketches, hidden in a secret compartment in the armoire. The supreme expressions of his great talent, they could easily get him killed if they are ever discovered.

> *"Imagine, turning me down! My money was perfectly good, and it's not as if he has dozens of commissions waiting - he hasn't done a portrait in five years'. All he would say is that I 'wouldn't like what I saw'. Hmph! I think he's lost his artist's eye, if you ask me."* - priestess of Haendryk

HIERONYMOUS DEECKSBURG, MASTER ARTIST AND ACCURSED OF VERENA
Artisan, ex-initiate and apprentice

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	33	23	3	4	8	58	1	55	45	33	38	43	48



Alignment: Neutral (Verena)
Skills: Ambidextrous; Art - Painting; Chemistry; Drive Cart; Etiquette; Magical Sense; Read/Write; Sailing; Scroll Lore; Secret Languages - Classical, Guilder; Secret Signs - Artisan's; Super-Numerate; Swim; Theology - Verena
Trappings: Artist's smock; sling bag with brushes, charcoals and coloured chalks; sketch book with key lock (the key is around his neck); flask of fine brandy; dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); 2D10 Gu in belt purse
Quotes: "Try again Anton. Your sense of perspective is close, but not quite on. No, I won't show you, it wouldn't do any good. You must see the truth with your own eye."

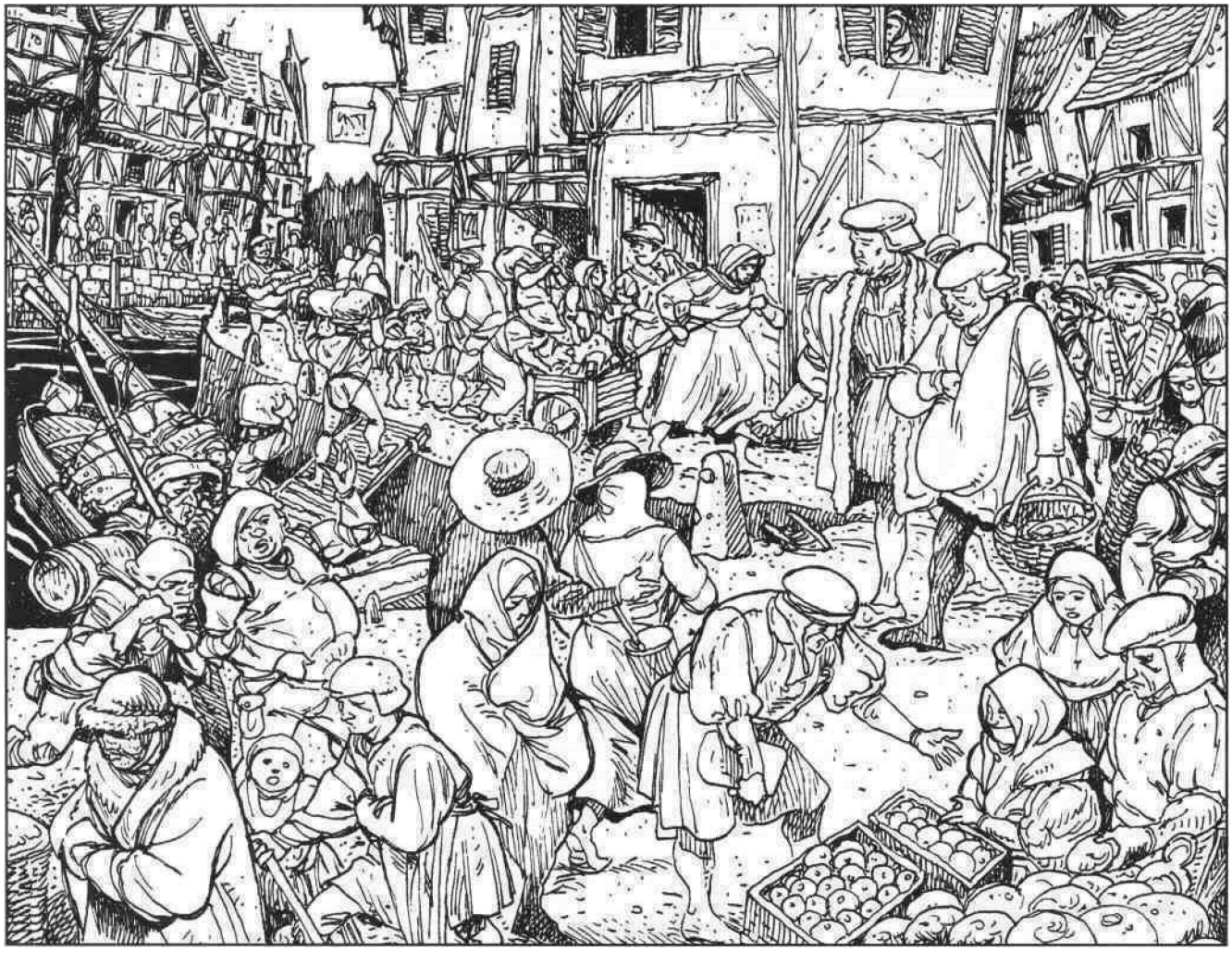
"The poets have written that 'Art is Truth'. If so, then I have betrayed both."

Appearance: In his mid-forties, Hieronymous is a once-handsome man whose face is beginning to show the ravages of drink. His blond, curly hair falls in ringlets to his collar, and his clean-shaven face sports a sad, knowing smile, but his eyes still have the piercing focus of a great artist. Nearly six feet tall and solidly built, he still cuts a quietly impressive figure when he enters a room.

Personality and motivations: Once Deecksburg loved his art and was proud of his talents. Now he still loves art, but fears his talents instead. An amazingly perceptive portraitist of the Marienburg "Realist" school, Deecksburg felt that Art was his road to truth, that he could cut through all life's veils on his canvas. So ardent was he in the pursuit of artistic truth that he joined the priesthood of Verena as an initiate relatively late in life. He seemed blessed after entering the order, for his art began to reveal the inner character of individuals, not just their surface features.

One day, painting a portrait of the High Priest of Haendryk, he slipped into a trance and painted at an amazing speed, though he later remembered nothing. When he was done, though, he was appalled and afraid, for his portrait was of a venal and greedy man without an ounce of compassion in him - and yet unmistakably it was the face of Simon Goudenkruin.

Hieronymous refused to show his work to the priest, claiming there was just a little more to be finished. Quickly, overnight, he made a new portrait that showed Goudenkruin in a much more heroic - and dishonest - light. For that betrayal of his vows, he was cursed by Verena to forever paint only the Truth; and he can't stop himself. His works show every fault and every virtue of his clients. Sadly, the wealthy who want their portraits done usually have far more of the former. Since he has no way of knowing how a portrait will turn out before he begins it, he now refuses all commissions and lives solely off teaching others.



But Verena - or perhaps Deecksburg's own love of Art - won't let him off so easily. He has a compulsion to sketch, and his sketches are starkly illuminating. He has done charcoals of many of Marienburg's powerful at their public appearances, and what he has learned of them has driven him to drink. He keeps the sketchbook under lock and key, and shows it to no one.

Secret: Hieronymous Deecksburg doesn't draw much any more — the pain of his curse and the memory of his failure before Verena weigh too heavily on him. But, one day, he was watching a ceremony at the opening of the Stadsraad when the pomp and pageantry moved him to sketch the scene. When he was done, he realised in horror that he had fallen into another of his trances and what at first seemed a harmless doodle showed instead the Cathayan diplomat, Hong Fu Chu (see p. 123), as a mutant monster bent on corrupting Marienburg and beyond. He has seen how Chu's reach is stretching into Marienburg, but the depression caused by his alcoholism and the fear of revealing his "talents" keep him from talking about this to those who would care.

Connections: Deecksburg knows many of the upper-crust families in Marienburg, many of whose children he tutors in art, whether they have any talent or not. As he doesn't sell his work any more, he depends on their largesse and the income from his studio for his livelihood. He consequently has a large range of contacts, but few close friends, and nobody knows his secret.

He is a close friend of Trancas Quendalmanliiye of Elftown (see p.73), who regularly visits the studio. The Elf is concerned about Deecksburg's alcoholism, but doesn't yet know the reason behind it. Deecksburg also knows of the corruption and depravity of Giovanni, Ree's assistant. He knows he should speak out, but to do so would reveal his own secrets. The torment has driven deeper into the bottle, and he is often found in taverns and cheap hostelries. Recently someone has suggested that Black Lotus might ease his pain better, and although he is resisting the temptation, he may not be able to hold out much longer.

VAN REEVELDT'S BOATBUILDERS

Along the Zijdenmouw canal sit some of the best dockyards in Marienburg. These shipyards specialize in smaller craft, boats that travel the canals of Marienburg or the rivers of the Empire. From early in the morning till after sunset, craftsmen can be seen hard at work along the sloping shorelines, their hammers rapping a steady beat across a wooden skeleton or their voices singing a chant as another boat slides into the water. Captains with money or who demand the best bring their boats here for repair.

The best among these are the yards of Maria van Reeveldt, a master boat-builder who retired from a prosperous life of river-trading to devote herself to her true love - building exquisite river and canal boats. Opening her first yard in an out-of-the-way portion of Kruiersmuur, van Reeveldt quickly established her reputation as an artisan who would tolerate nothing less than the best. Soon she was able to buy the yards of a failing establishment in Goudberg and her business has soared like a Cathayan rocket.

"Ifyou want a sea-going vessel, take your guilders to Suiddock or Rijkspoort - or even Elftown. But if you want something that'll make their heads turn while you're tooling along the canals, or the best little ketch for enjoying the bay, then head down to van Reeveldt's. It'll cost, but she makes the finest day-boats around." - major-domo of House van den Nijmenks

Unique among the Goudberg builders, van Reeveldt also sees to the maintenance of the canal boats she sells. Rather than waiting for them to come in for repair, she has been entrusted with keys to the private lagoons of many of the wealthy residents of Goudberg, Guilderveld, Oudgeldwijk and Tempelwijk. All of them see the possession of a genuine van Reeveldt as a sign of status. She and her employees have leave to come and go as they please to inspect the boats, recommending work as needed. These keys are kept in a safe imported from the smiths of Zhufbar (CR -40), and they are signed in and out every day by van Reeveldt herself. During the night, a guard hired from Marquandt's Escorts stands watch over the safe.

PCs are likely to come into contact with van Reeveldt in connection with something underhand. Should they actually wish to commission a boat or have theirs repaired, van Reeveldt charges twice the usual rates.

"Too bad she's honest - you sure she's Wastelander? You sure she's female? I mean, the woman's got keys to the private lagoons ofall the rich fish - and just to maintain their boats? Codguts! A chance like that and we let it go to waste! We ought to lean on her." - frustrated Goudberg 'gentleman'

MARIA VAN REEVELDT, MASTER BOAT-BUILDER

Artisan (shipwright), ex-boatman and artisan's apprentice

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	48	42	5*	4	9	47	1	51	48	35	34	41	40

Alignment: Law (Solkan)

Skills: Ambidextrous; Astronomy; Boat Building (+20 due to exceptional skill); Carpentry (+20 due to exceptional skill); Consume Alcohol; Drive Cart; Excellent Vision; Fish; Magical Sense; Orientation; River Lore; Row; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Guilder; Secret Signs - Artisan's; Swim; Very Strong*.



Trappings: Carpentry tools and leather apron (0/1 AP, body); hand axe; D3 rolled plans; flask of bitter herbal tea; tidal almanac; medallion of Knights of Purity (under shirt).

Quotes: "That cursed Elf up in Elftown may think he makes the best boats, but he doesn't know a thing about building something that can actually get around in the canals."

"You want what? Get out! Out of my yards! I'll cut my wrists before I make a deal with that greasy cut-throat Henschmann!"

Appearance: A few inches over five feet and weighing nearly eleven stone, Maria's weathered face testifies to years spent outdoors. With arms like hams and iron-grey hair tied in a loose bun, she is never seen without a flask of herbal tea and her tools. Her blue eyes look straight at you - never subtle, never deceptive.

Personality and motivations: Maria van Reeveldt loves the rivers of the Old World, and she's travelled most of them. She is straightforward and honest and has devoted herself to her craft. To her, Marienburg's boat-traffic is a joy, and she dislikes the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots, and their unfair hold on it.

Maria is also a deeply bigoted woman. Resentful of the Sea Elves for taking work from good Marienburg dockers and angry at the growing Tilean membership in the Pilot's Guild, she has taken Solkan's dictat of racial purity to heart and is now an avid member of the Knights of Purity, and a generous contributor to its coffers. She only employs native-born Wastelanders in her yards and makes no secret of her disdain for "mongrels", as she refers to foreigners. At the same time, she is loyal to the trust her clients place in her and would die before betraying them.

Connections: For some strange reason that neither really fathoms, she is a close friend of the artist Hieronymous Deecksburg, who often spends hours in her yards, watching the water traffic or the builders at work. While she sees him occasionally sketching, she respects his privacy and does not ask to see his work. She is friends with Axel Huurder (see p.86), and the two regularly drink together. She also often visits the Brotherhood of Purity to attend private meetings of the inner order of Knights. While she has not participated in any of the Knights' vigilante activities, she will sometimes make unmarked boats available for their use.

BLIND WILLEM, PATHETIC BEGGAR

Charlatan, ex-soldier and entertainer (actor)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	44	2	5*	10	52*	1	42	38	50	53	40	48



Alignment: Neutral (Ranald)
Skills: Ambidextrous; Animal Care; Acting; Blather; Charm; Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Disguise; Dodge Blow; Lightning Reflexes*; Mimic; Palm Object; Ride - Horse; Scale Sheer Surface; Secret Language - Battle Tongue; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Very Resilient*; Wit.
Trappings: Beggar's rags and bowl; rich clothes of a young gentleman; wigs, make-up and scarf across his eyes; 2D20 guilders in pennies; concealed dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20) for night.
Quotes: "Tarry a moment, gentle lord or lady - for I know not which you are! - spare a penny or two for an old soldier. Ah, bless you, noble soul! 'May the gods serve you and keep you, and may joy shine upon you like a rosy spring dawn' - *Gloriana*, act one, scene two. Bless you."

"'Pity the beggar, ye with roof and hearth, for he is the cherished nestling of the White Dove' -*Merciful Precepts of Shallya*, book IV, verse 17. Blessings to you my child. Hmm.... Gold and ruby bracelet under the cuff. The League will be interested."

If he weren't so lazy, Gunnar of Nuln might well have been one of the greatest actors in the Empire. As it is, his life has been a quest for the most gold for the least effort. Raised in the slums of Nuln, he joined a light cavalry unit as a youth to find excitement. What he got instead was discipline, endless drill and constant abuse from his sergeant and mates.

One day, a travelling carnival passed through Nuln and Gunnar decided the life of a travelling player was the one for him. Touring from town to town, meeting pretty ladies, accepting the accolades and money of the crowds: it was a dream of paradise. He deserted his unit and joined the circus as it left Nuln.

Though he had talent as an actor, the truth turned out to be different from his fantasies. Up at dawn, endless rehearsals, breaking camp and cleaning up after the dancing bears - this was not what Gunnar wanted! The money was lousy, too. There had to be an easier way to live life and get rich.

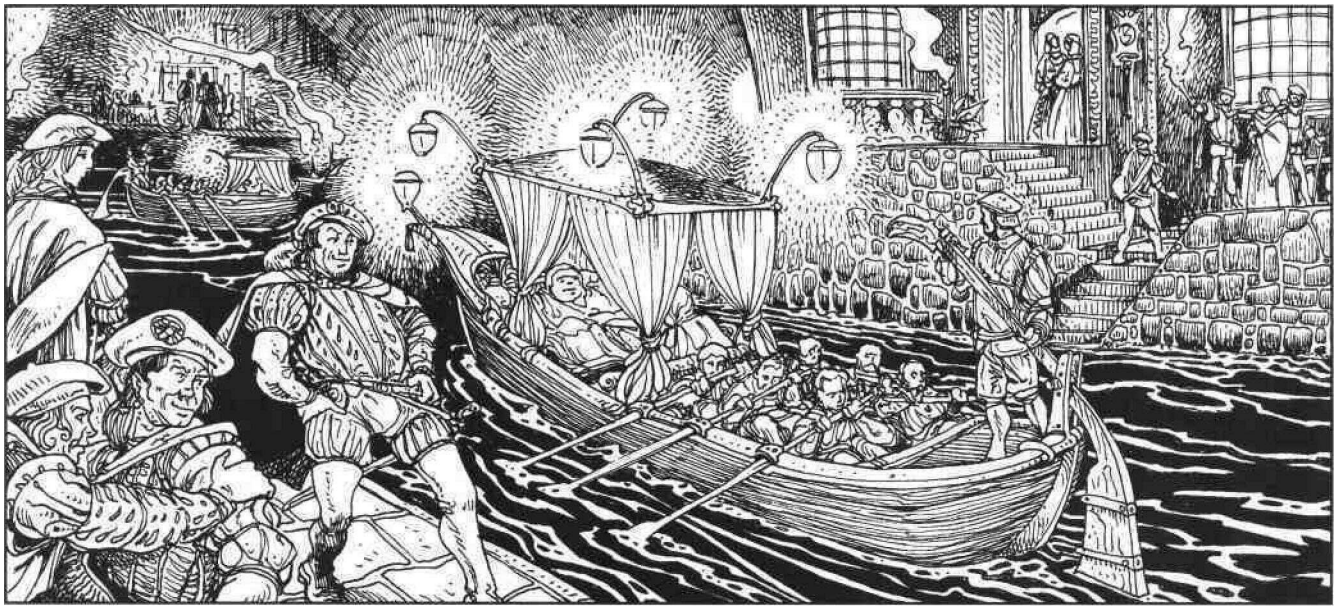
While performing in Altdorf, Gunnar sneaked away from rehearsal to see the sights. On a square near Brass Alley, he saw an amazing thing: a one-legged beggar was telling jokes to the crowd, and they were giving him money! No kicks, no abuse, no spittle, but pennies and shillings — even gold crowns.

It was as if light had broken through the clouds. Gunnar had at last found his easy street. Returning to the carnival, he stole a make-up kit, some wigs and a scarf of thin material that allowed actors to portray blind men by wrapping it across their eyes while leaving them able to see. Then he bought passage to Marienburg and used the journey time to perfect his act.

Thus was born "Blind Willem". For several years Goudberg and Tempelwijk have been home to an old soldier well schooled in literature but reduced to begging by the wounds he had suffered in combat. Working near the temple of Shallya or the Aardbol Theatre, he begs for sympathy and has been wildly successful. By day he earns his money as Blind Willem and by night he lives as the well-heeled Baron Gerhard von Nebelkrank und Liebwitz, frequently seen at the Prince's Rest and - perhaps - a relation of the Countess of Nuln. Only the owner of a seedy Ostmuur pawnshop from whom he rents a loft knows his secret. A few shillings a week are enough to buy the man's silence.

During the day, "Willem" looks like a filthy beggar, 60-70 years old, diseased, ugly, scarred and blind. He says his lines and clutches at those nearest him. Some take pity, enjoy his quotations and give him a few coins; others toss something in his hat to make him go away. He's popular with the Black Caps who like his wit and ability to recite from the latest comedies. None know that he is also an "eye" for the League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs (see p.67), who have arranged a place for him with the Guild of Beggars. Gunnar doesn't tell them everything: with particularly rich or easy targets, he'll steal the items himself- a risky activity, but one which stirs his blood.

His blood might be more stirred if he knew that the commander of his old regiment was in Marienburg. Desertion from the Imperial army is treason against the Emperor, and Commander Ralf Holstein has not only a good memory for faces but also an unswerving love of justice and a hatred of cowards. He might not recognise Blind Willem but he'd be sure to remember the true identity of 'Baron Gerhard', if they were to meet.



"They're hard-working, solid people. Not the most popular place to live, what with it being off that damned ditch -you know, the Dead Canal - but the folk there take care of their own business — even the Bretties. Too bad they're stuck with that loony-bin."
- sympathetic East Ender

"I'll grant the house needs some repair, mijn beer, but the ward has plenty of character. Well, yes, it has been troubled in recent years and local property values have fallen, but that just makes this a better investment opportunity."
— Guilderveld property broker

"OWTLANDERS GO HOME!!"
— graffiti in Kruiersmuur

KRUIERSMUUR

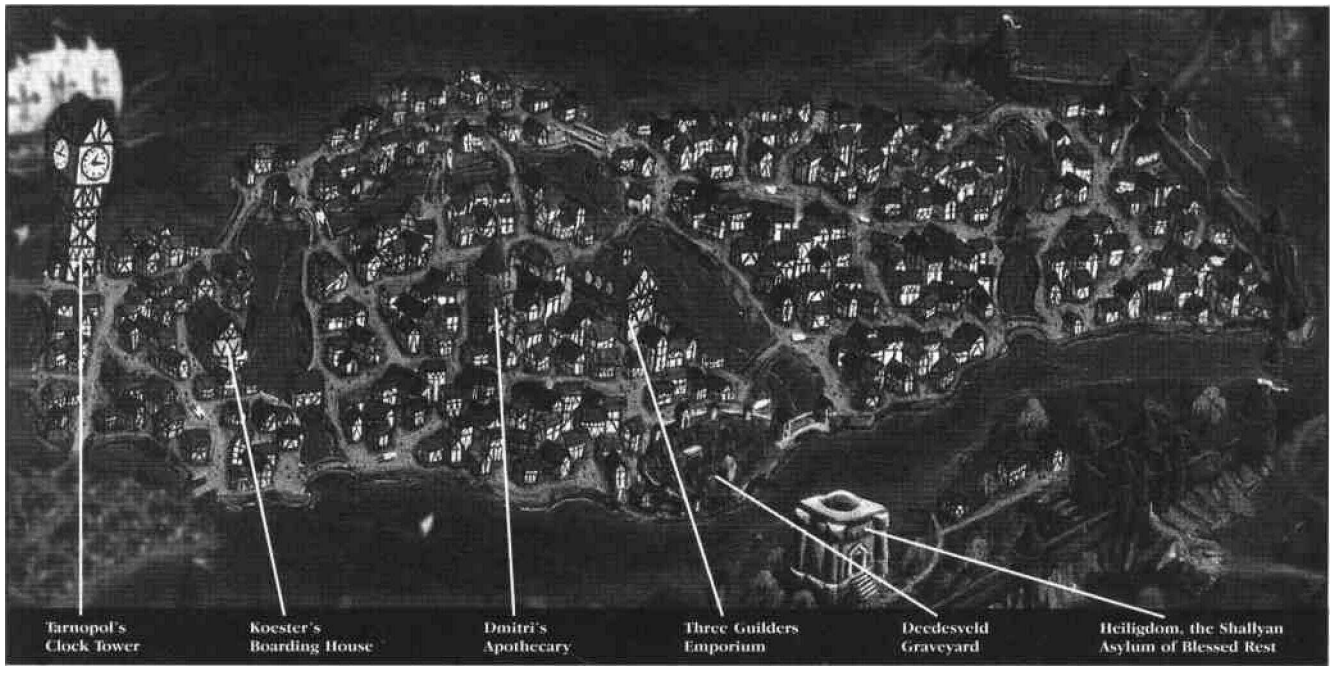
There are several working-class neighbourhoods in Marienburg, places where the average man and woman have regular jobs and make enough to live with some small comfort and security. Noordmuur, Ostmuur, Rijkspoort, Handelaarmarkt and Schattinwaard all are home to Marienburg's middle classes. Kruiersmuur ('Porter's wall') is the oldest such area in the city, occupied mostly by artisans and shopkeepers. Like most of Marienburg, the buildings are tall and narrow, usually two or three storeys above a ground-floor business. The shop owners typically live on the floor above their businesses, while the floor or floors above are rented out.

Time and progress haven't been kind to Kruiersmuur. The south side of Marienburg has been gradually declining for some time - more and more trade has moved to the wards north of the Rijksweg, and the people have gone with it. While the windows still sport flower boxes and the locals go to the neighbourhood churches each Festag, Kruiersmuur is decaying around the edges. The paint is peeling on the eaves and shutters, and graffiti mars the walls. Though the people here are typical Marienburgers - friendly, quick-witted, always hustling for a guilder - the residents of Kruiersmuur are oppressed by the thought that luck is against them, and that if things are ever going to get better, they'll get worse first.

One thing that weighs heavily on the minds of Kruiersmuur's residents is the changing nature of the ward itself - as people move out, more and more "outlanders" are moving in, making the area seem less and less like Marienburg. No less than four foreign ghettos fall under the ward council's jurisdiction.

The Remeans and the Miraglianese are constantly at odds, and their brawls keep the Kruiersmuur Watch busy on many a night. The south-east has become known as "little Bretonnia" or "Garlic-town" for the culinary preferences and breath of the residents, and at the furthest end of the ward are the Halflings of Kleinmoot. Kruiersmuurers prefer them over any of the human foreigners, both for their sensible attitudes and for the buffer they provide with the dying Doodkanaal district.

This immigration has in turn has bred resentments among the self-titled "real" Marienburgers, making Kruiersmuur a fertile recruiting ground for groups like the Knights of Purity.



DMITRI'S APOTHECARY

In the heart of Kruiersmuur on the Zoutevis canal is the shop of Dmitri Hrodovksy, a Kislevan apothecary who emigrated to Marienburg about 15 years ago. It occupies the ground floor of a two-storey half-timber building, while the upper floor holds Hrodovsky's bachelor living quarters. A sign hanging over the door proclaims "D. Hrodovsky, Chemist & Herbalist", with a picture of a mortar and pestle above it for those who can't read.

> *"A fine man and a pillar of the community! Most chemists would charge an arm and a leg for the medicines you need, but Dmitri is always willing to extend credit to the needy. And people repay his kindness by going back time and again."*
> - Kruiersmuur physician

Beyond the leaded glass windows and heavy wooden door, the shop is filled with hanging bundles of herbs and shelf after shelf of glass and clay jars holding a multitude of powders, crystals, fluids and seeds. Precisely labelled in Dmitri's spider-like script, they have exotic names like "Tincture of Ogre Tears", or "Powdered Web of Giant Spider". Behind the stained wooden counter sits Hrodovsky himself, measuring and grinding and mixing his concoctions. Many of his customers regularly travel quite a distance, forgoing their local apothecaries to do business with Dmitri.

Of course, it's easy to get repeat business when half the medicines you sell are designed to make an addict out of the user.

Hrodovsky is a drug-dealer who verges on being a poisoner. His victims, from upstanding burghers and merchants to little old grannies and small children, are given medicines laced with various drugs, the sole purpose of which is to make the users feel terrible if they don't get a regular dose. Since they have no idea their medicines have been spiked, and since the same medicine from other pharmacists doesn't have the same effect, they're forced to go back to Dmitri, only to find him claiming that "market forces have sadly left me no choice but to raise prices." All this has given the Kislevan a very tidy and steady income, and a bevy of testimonials from people who have benefited from his so-called tonics.

"I WANT... ER... SUGAR. YA. SUGAR." **(WINK)**

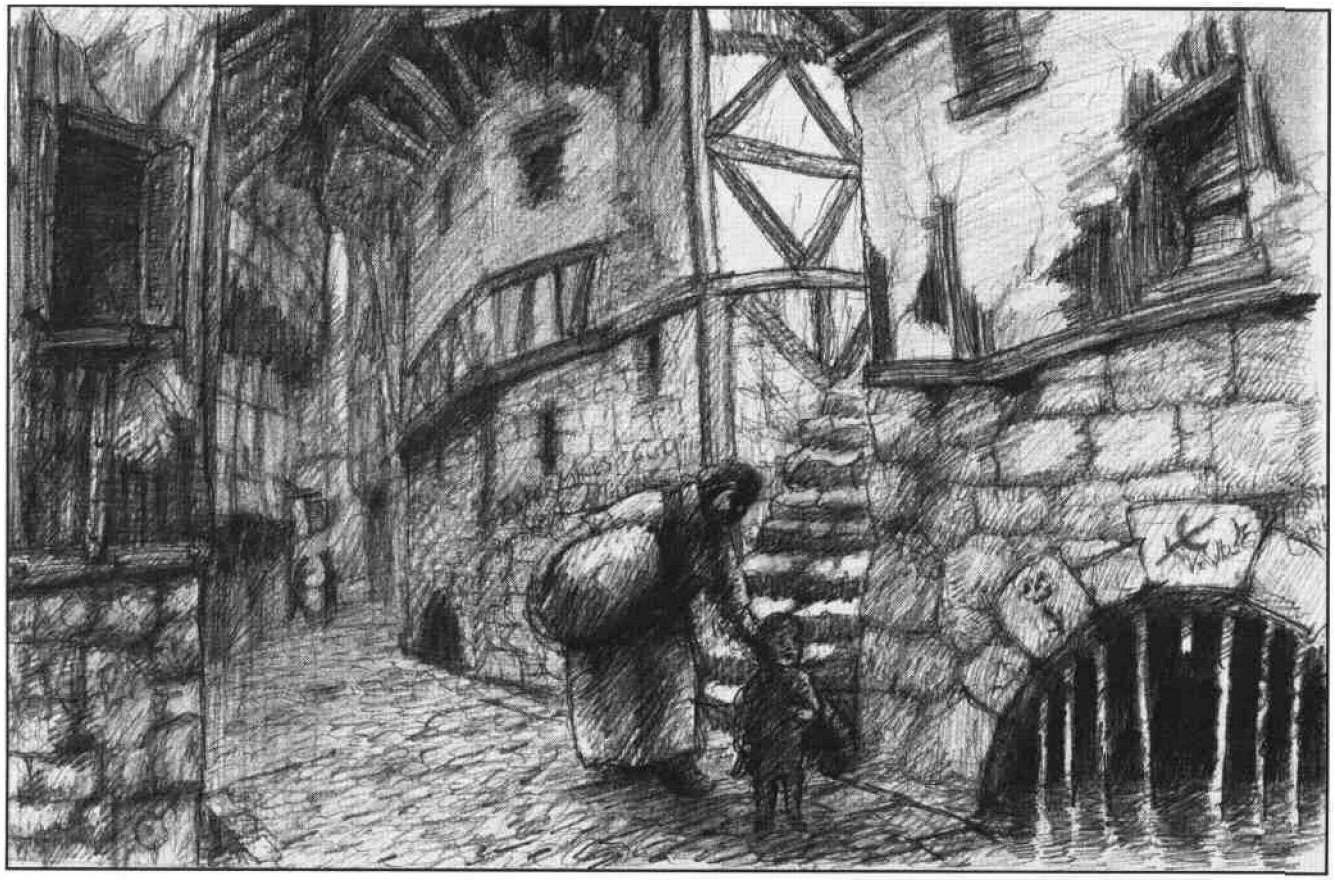
PCs are likely to deal with Dmitri when they need to buy illegal drugs. As a high-ranking member of the League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs, he can procure almost anything the PCs have the money for, and is well known for it in the city's underworld. Use the standard drugs and poisons from pp81-82 of **WFRP** and assume an availability of "common" as per the consumer's guide on p292 *of **WFRP*** (Marienburg is a big place, after all). Hrodovsky charges 5 Gu per dose for every-day substances, more for anything rare or dangerous, and he will only sell to people who have been vetted by the League, or who are known to it. He will not negotiate his price.

DMITRI HRODOVSKY, CHARLATAN, PHARMACIST AND HERBALIST

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	35	41	2	3	11	53	1	50	51	52	49	52	64



Alignment: Evil (Kislevan spirits)
Skills: Arcane Language - Druidic; Blather; Charm; Chemistry; Cure Disease; Disguise; Evaluate; Heal Wounds; Herb Lore; Identify Plant; Immunity to Poison - Chemical; Manufacture Drug; Mimic; Palm Object; Prepare Poisons; Public Speaking; Seduction; Specialist Weapon - crossbow pistol, blunderbuss, rapier; Wit
Trappings: Fine clothes appropriate to his profession and station; 1D4 packets of "tonic powder"; equipment and texts necessary to his profession; swordcane/rapier (I+20, D-1); crossbow pistol (16/32/50, ES 1,



Rld 1/1) tipped with concentrated Manbane (4 doses); blunderbuss (24/48/250, ES 3, Rld 3/1); leather-bound pocket-book; police whistle

Quotes: "No need to pay now, tovaritsch! You are sick, and I am sure you are good for the money. Take this with wine when you get home. I promise you will feel much better. You can pay the next time you come in."

"My recipes are more effective because they are handed down from ancient sources I discovered - at great risk to myself- in the steppes beyond the World's Edge Mountains. They are the perfect remedy to the stress caused by modern city-life."

Appearance: A heavy-set man in his fifties with a great salt and pepper beard, Hrodovsky seems genuinely concerned about his clients' welfare - more concerned with their health than with money. His piggish brown eyes somehow manage to convey deep sympathy from under their wild eyebrows. He is precise in his work, a consummate professional.

Personality and motivations: Human (or other) pain and suffering mean nothing to him. People are just mines from which he can extract wealth. Still, Hrodovksy is always careful not to let his true feelings show and, given that he doctors the medicaments of only one-fifth of his customers, no one has suspected anything so far. Established as a respectable businessman since his arrival in Marienburg from Erengrad ten years ago, he is planning to study Alchemy in an attempt to find an elixir of life.

The only weak link in his scheme is his memory. Brilliant at remembering formulae and dosages, he cannot remember faces and names. So, to remember which patients are receiving his spiked medicines, he keeps a list of names and prescriptions in a leather-bound pocket-book which he carries at all times. It is written using the Kislev alphabet and is indecipherable to anyone who can't read that language. Addicted patients have a star beside their names.

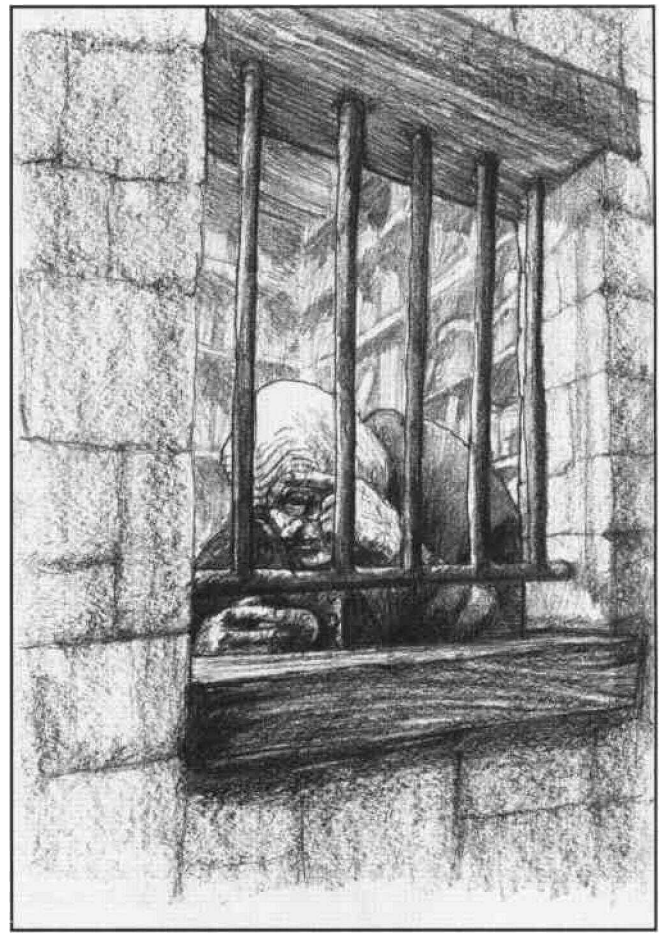
Connections: Hrodovsky is one of Adalbert Henschmann's lieutenants, supplying him with "tonics of virility" (a mild stimulant, one dose) in return for control of the drug trade in the south-east of the city. He is also the sole supplier for the growing number of drug dealers in Kruiersmuur and the surrounding ghettos. He lusts after Margaretta, and looks forward to his chance to ensnare her. He deals regularly with Gideon Scheepscheers, from whom he buys valuable items people pawn to raise money for their "medicine". He refuses to buy drugs from Wilbert Ree, who he regards as trespassing on his territory. Hrodovsky is very friendly with the local Black Cap sergeants, several of whom are "regulars". Consequently, the Watch will not take kindly to roustabouts who make slanderous claims against respectable citizens like Mijn Heer Hrodovsky.

"If yer cleared by the League, then Dmitri's the one you want to see. He can get you any drug you need, any time. Just don't drink anyfing he gives ya, mate. That's how he gets his customers!" - local "gentleman"

THREE GUILDERS EMPORIUM

Three gold-painted wooden coins hang from a yard-arm, the symbol of Gideon Scheepscheers, pawnbroker and usurer. The small, unprepossessing storefront sits on the edge of the Wezelwater canal, across from Miraglianese ghetto in the heart of Kruiersmuur. Windows of heavy leaded glass display the varied goods pawned by the desperate, now unclaimed and for sale. The windows are protected by bars and the heavy doors (one streetside, one on the canal) are each reinforced by a ship's timber that can be slid across the inside at closing time (T6, D15 each).

Beyond the doors is a hallway bare except for a few chairs where clients can wait their turn to deal with Scheepscheers through a barred and shuttered teller's cage. A single door as stout as the outer doors gives admittance to the storeroom and Scheepscheer's spartan living quarters. Through the bars of the cage and the



streetside window, prospective clients can see an amazing variety of goods shelved in a random array. Scheepscheers hires two guards to protect the premises during the day, and one maintains a watch during the night. The three floors above are rented to tenants for an exorbitant rate.

People come to the Three Guilders when they need cash quickly and have something to offer as collateral. They never get what the item is really worth, but are usually in such straits that they will take what they can get. Locals desperate for rent money, sailors with gambling debts, businessmen whose fortunes have declined and addicts who need their next fix - the clientele at Scheepscheer's is a cross-section of Marienburg society. Gideon will usually offer one-fifth of what an item is worth, less if he thinks a client is particularly needy. He can be bargained up to no more than one-fourth after a successful *Bargain* test. Pawned items are held for almost a month, with an interest rate of 10% per week. After 30 days, the item is offered for general sale, and the original owner can only redeem it by paying its full value.

PCs might also come here to buy something. Scheepscheers posts a list of "Today's Specials" outside both doors, but adventurers might also hear of something desirable through some poor sod's tale of woe. Almost anything one can think of has passed through the Three Guilders at one time or another, so GMs should feel free to stock it with whatever they wish. Gideon will ask 120% of the item's value, though he can be bargained down to 90%, since he's making a profit on it in any event.

"That bilge-sucking thief! First he gives me a tenth of what me Mum's silver teapot is worth, then he 'spects me to pay full price to get it back! What do I tell 'er?" - Kruiersmuur labourer

GIDEON SCHEEPSCHEERS, PAWNBROKER

Merchant, ex-fence and trader

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	55	57	3	4	11	41	2	42	41	54	50	50	52



Alignment: Neutral (Ranald the Dealer)
Skills: Ambidextrous; Blather; Evaluate; Haggle; Law; Magical Sense; Numismatics; Palm Object; Read/Write; Row; Secret Language - Guilder; Sixth Sense; Speak Other Language - Tilean dialect; Super Numerate.
Trappings: Severe, conservative clothes; dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); 2D12 Gu; gold-rimmed spectacles; 1D6 promissory notes; guild ring; account book; tin of snuff; medallion of Morr
Quotes: "Welcome to the Three Guilders! How may I serve you? I understand, sir, we're all caught short at times, but do creditors listen? A musical Estalian pocket clock, sir? I'll offer you 12 guilders for it - just sign here, mijn heer."

"My rates are posted for all to see, so you have no complaint! You failed to pay the loan within a month, and I was within my rights to sell it! Now get out and stop wasting my time!"

Appearance: Gideon Scheepscheers is tall but stooped, a man in his early sixties whose wrinkled face and perpetual squint make him look like some huge dried-fruit doll. He wears severe black clothes that went out of fashion twenty years ago, but he keeps them because they're still "perfectly good". He almost always seems to be checking his accounts or inventorying his stock, when not dealing with clients. He never leaves the shop without his bodyguard.

Personality and motivations: Unctuous, almost fawning to prospective clients; he has no patience with "deadbeats" - his word - who can't pay their debts. He knows the debtor's law like the back of his hand, and has privately prosecuted more than one person and sent them to jail for unpaid bills - the law allows him to do this when he has been unable to sell an item that is also unclaimed. He adheres to the letter of a contract and has never been known to show leniency to anyone. The fact that people will accept his terms to get money he takes as a sign of his good business sense, as was his decision to get out of fencing nearly 30 years ago into something far more profitable and far less dangerous, though he is still careful of those who might resent his riches.

Connections: He is friendly with Marquandt of Marquandt's Escorts (see p. 103), from whom he hires his bodyguard. Dmitri Hrodovksy regularly buys items here and often joins Gideon for a game of dominoes at a local private club, the Blue Heron. Gideon has seen the ghost of Tarnopol's Clocktower and knows it is after him. He will not go to that part of Kruiersmuur for any reason.

DEEDESVELD GRAVEYARD

Situated on the southernmost point of Zanderveldt island, looking southward across the Doodkanaal to Heiligdom and the Vloedmuur and eastward towards the keep of Rompvanger Redoute and the Reik Towers, Deedesveld is a small burial-ground dating back seven centuries or so. The site was originally occupied by a small fishing-hamlet connected by cliff-steps to the Doodkanaal below, which was then a main avenue for ships. As Marienburg grew over the centuries the area turned into the notorious Breedmoers slums, which became such a stronghold of lawlessness that the area was eventually cleared by the military in 1796 and demolished. The site was acquired by the cult of Morr and dedicated as a burial ground in 1798.

"Those ravens that nest in the graveyard aren't normal birds, ye know. Three years ago, one flew out of the graveyard, circled three times round Marts Haderman's chimney and flew back. Marts was dead within a week - and buried in Deedesveld." - old-timer in local tavern

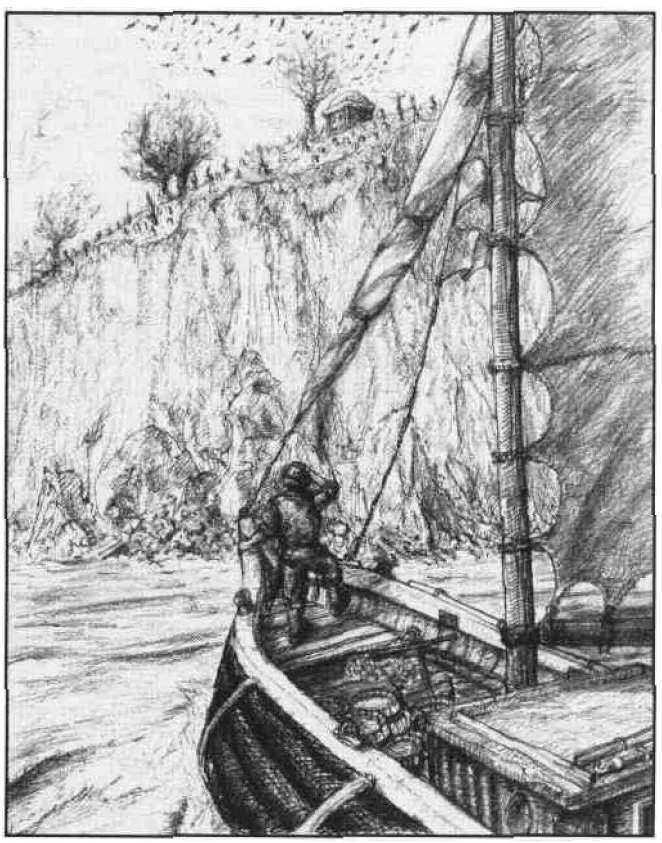
Deedesveld is shaped roughly like the blade of a shovel, with a stone wall forming the northern perimeter and the cliff edge marking the southern boundary. The cliff is unstable, and after a storm it is not unknown for bones and coffin fragments to be found on the rocks below, having been washed out of the collapsing cliff face. The smugglers' steps said to have been cut into the cliff hundreds of years ago are long gone.

"Haunted? Haunted be damned. There's nothing supernatural about the resurrections that go on in Deedesveld. The whole area's a rat's nest - those that aren't smugglers are bodysnatchers. A lot more than the lamented dead passes through Morr's gates in that graveyard, you mark my words." - Kruiersmuur watchman

The trees in Deedesveld support a large colony of ravens, and since they are one of the sacred animals of Morr, everyone is happy to have them there. A local superstition claims the ravens are Morr's eyes watching over the dead, and it is said that if the ravens should ever leave Deedesveld then the whole city is doomed.

In a city like Marienburg, where land is at a premium, few can afford the cost of a burial plot. The middle classes often pay for the "basic" interment, which involves placing the corpse in a sack or cheap coffin, filling it with quicklime, and then placing more quicklime atop the sack after it is placed in the grave. This way the grave is soon ready for another occupant. Markers tend to be temporary, replaced when someone else needs the space. Wealthier Marienburgers or those who have performed some great service for the city can get a permanent plot with a formal headstone. Deedesveld has accumulated many of these over the centuries, and such burials have become very rare in recent times.

Unknown to all but a few, some of the houses of Breedmoers had deep cellars cut into the rock, linking to hidden passages which were - and might still be - used for smuggling. And al-



though every precaution has been taken to ensure that those buried in Deedesveld don't get up again, every now and then one will inevitably slip through the net. Add to this the occasional forager for spare parts in aid of magical or medical research, and you will understand that Deedesveld is far from dead as graveyards go.

PAL KOSTER. GRAVEDIGGER
Labourer, ex-initiate

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	31	26	3	4	9	38	1	25	22	28	43	40	22



Alignment: Neutral (Morr)
Skills: Consume Alcohol; Divining; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Theology - Cult of Morr
Trappings: leather jack (0/1 AP, body/arms); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); shovel; bottle of cheap liquor
Insanity points: 5
Insanities: Alcoholism, Introversion
Quotes: "Sod off!"
"Too dry to talk. Been working."

Appearance: Pal Koster is a stocky, surly man in his forties or fifties. He dresses in scuffed and filthy working clothes, his face and hands are dark with ingrained dirt, and his breath always smells of whisky. If he were a little more outgoing, he'd look like the kind of man that parents warn their children about.

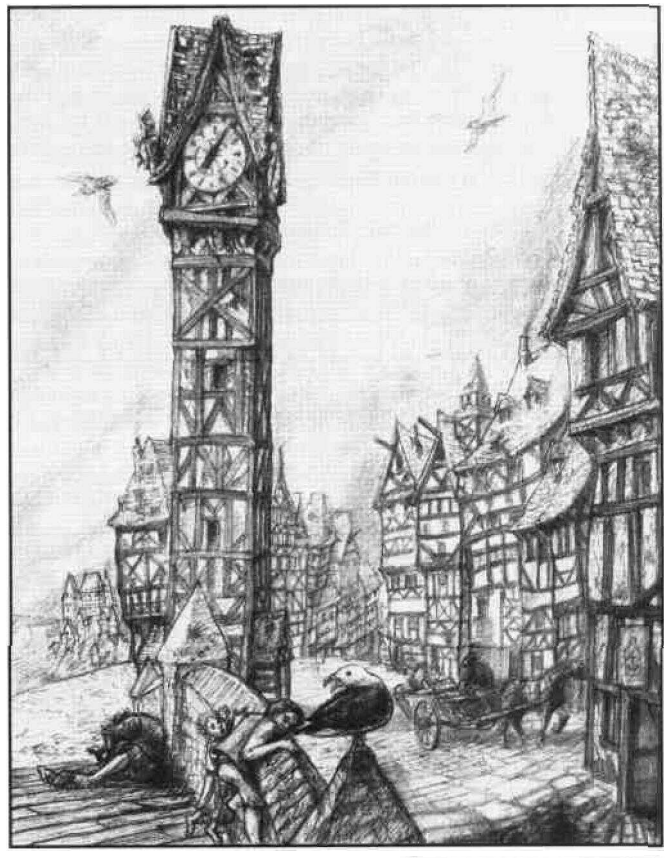
Personality and motivations: Koster spends more-or-less equal amounts of his waking hours slumped in his cottage in a drunken stupor and wandering about the graveyard with a shovel, doing very little. He will dig a grave when called upon to do so, and from time to time he will even cut down the rank growth of vegetation around a particular grave if requested to do so by the next-of-kin - given a little liquid persuasion. His naturally gloomy and introverted nature has been enhanced by thirty years of living and working in the graveyard. There have been a couple of encounters with smugglers, grave-robbers and other, more terrifying things, and Koster has ended up sullen and withdrawn, with only bottles as his friends.

As the sexton, grave-digger and ground-keeper for Deedesveld, Koster is a member of the Mourners' Guild and has received the mandatory initiation into the cult of Morr. He was an inattentive student, though, and has never had any reason or occasion to use the things he learned during his cult training - as a result, he tests on half the relevant characteristic when using any skill except *Consume Alcohol*.

Connections: Koster has never left the confines of the graveyard in living memory. A local innkeeper cooks food and takes it to him every day, along with the occasional bottle. The only person who has dealings with Koster on a regular basis is Anders Versalion (see p.90). Rumours links Koster with a range of the city's more unsavoury characters, from grave-robbers to Adalbert Henschmann. Others refuse to believe it: after all, if anything untoward is going on in Deedesveld, Koster would probably be the last to realize.

TARNOPOL'S CLOCK TOWER

Tarnopol's clock tower is a weird folly on the water's edge within sight of both Suiddock and Remasweg. It stands 50 feet tall, but the bulk of the uppermost storey is crumbling and unsafe, with gaping cracks in the walls. The metal struts and girders supporting the great bronze bells are still intact, though, and the bells survive. The grotesque gargoyles and arabesques which decorated the original design have either fallen into the street (once or twice a year more bricks fall from the tower, prompting calls for its demolition) or have been defaced, but the main doors to the clock tower are still intact and show signs of being kept in working order.



"You want to be careful round that tower when the nights draw in. They say that you can hear ghostly bells ringing in the night, and see a figure sitting on the bells themselves, riding them like demons ride souls down into damnation!" - nanny scaring children

Why haven't thieves attempted to remove the bronze bells, worth many guilders as scrap? The answer is, of course, that they have tried, although few have been so foolish or ignorant as to attempt it recently. The reason lies in the clock tower's history.

The tower was built as a mausoleum for Lech Tarnopol, a rich Ostlander merchant who emigrated to Marienburg in the 25th century. He was proud of his adoptive home in Kruiersmuur and fancied himself as something of a public benefactor. When he died, rather than having an ordinary ornate tomb or mausoleum with tiresome alabaster angels spreading their wings in all directions, Lech's will left instructions for the erection of this edifice. With his tomb in the basement, the tower's bronze bells would be rung every hour to remind the people of Kruiersmuur, where Lech had done so much of his business, of his generosity in providing such a service.

When Kruiersmuur started to fall into decline, the clock tower was as affected as anywhere else. The Tarnopol family made no attempt to pay for the work needed to keep the clock tower intact. Most of them hated old Lech, who had made an eccentric will which imposed ridiculous duties and restrictions upon them, and were in no mood to maintain his monument. However, while the tower crumbled, it did not do so unoccupied.

What keeps the thieves at bay is the ghost of Wim Masaryk which still haunts the tower. Masaryk met an tragic and untimely end and his ghost has come back to haunt the tower which was the scene of his death. Here he frightens potential looters and pillag-

ers. But in life the eccentric lad always had a soft spot for children and has never attacked or threatened the Captains since they first fled here, pursued by cut-throats and scum who wanted to sell them into slavery. They, in turn, grew used to the ghost and see him as their protector; they put new ropes on the bells for him, and they have even begun to try to repair some of the stonework on the upper storeys of the tower.

THE CAPTAINS, LIGHT-FINGERED CHILDREN
Pickpockets, ex-thieves

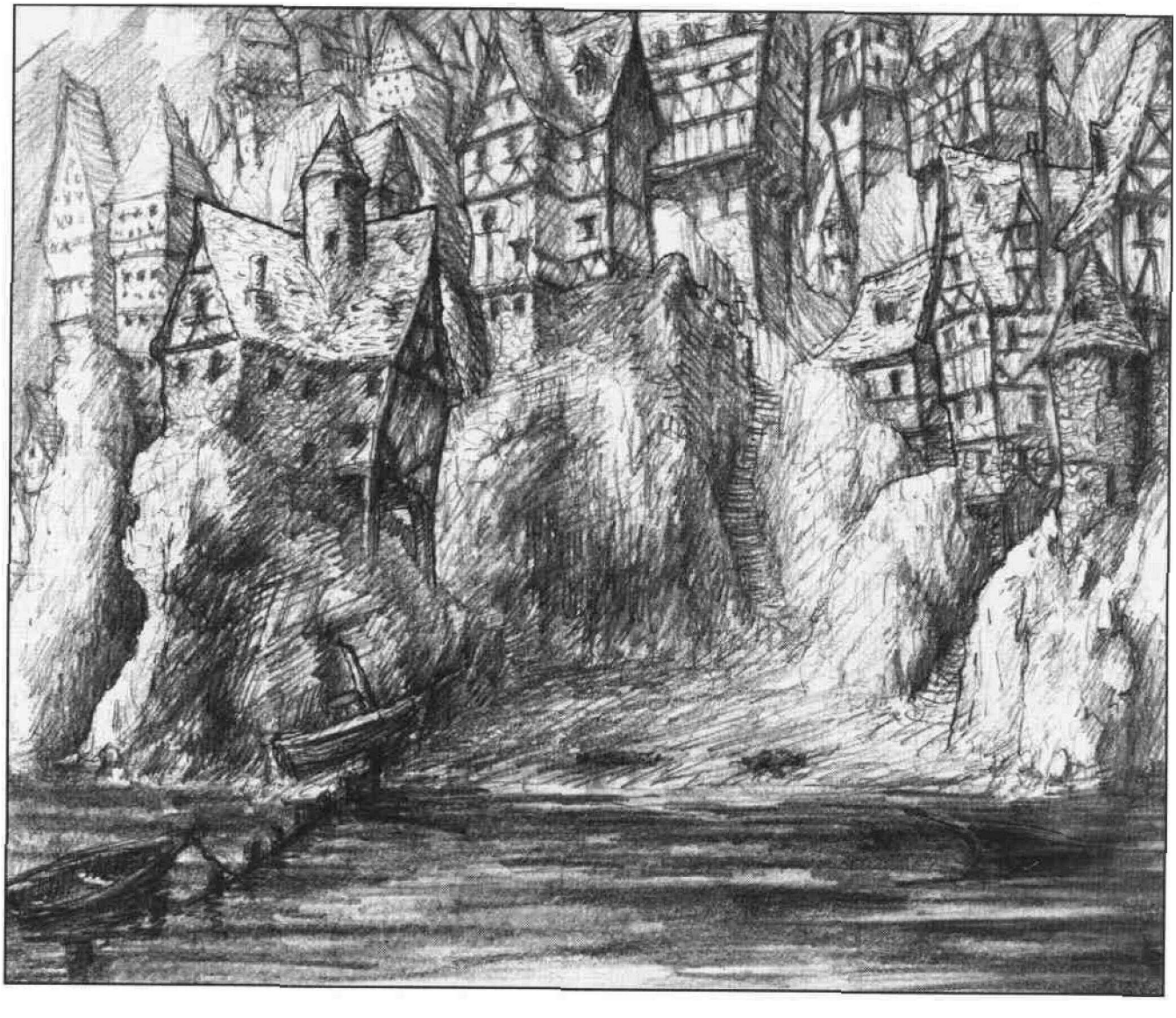
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	27	29	2	3	5	33	1	35	28	32	28	28	34

Alignment: Neutral
Skills: Concealment Urban; Flee!; Palm Object; Pick Pocket; Silent Move Urban/Rural
Trappings: Leather jerkin (0/1 APs, body), purse with 2 shillings and 2D10 pennies, knife (+101, -2D, -20P), slingshot (treat as sling), bag of minor items (marbles, handkerchief, string, etc.).
Quote: "Sybo, stop crying! You're six now, act like a big boy! I'm sorry, sir. But he's 'ungry. Couldja mebbe spare a shillin" or two, just for a crust of bread?"

Appearance: Raggedy clothes, sooty faces, and perpetually runny noses. But behind each set of eyes is the look of a survivor.
Personality and motivations: To stick together and make it through each day. Older than their years in many ways, the friendship they share with each other and Wim's ghost keeps the core of a child's innocence and hope alive in each. But they are still very suspicious of outsiders.

"There's something strange going on round there. Nothing to do with all this ghostly lark; that'sail superstitious nonsense, of course. But theplace isn't deserted; there are things running about at night... maybe some more of those snotlings that escaped from that circus lastyear."
- impoverished lecturer from Baron Hendryk's, living nearby

The Captains are a group of street-children who live in the dock-tower. Some are orphans, some runaways, and some nomads who occasionally return to their homes. But they're all poor, dirty and perpetually hungry, as well as being wily, unscrupulous and mischievous in a fairly brutal way. Enough of them have suffered at the hands of adults for all of them to be wary of any grown-ups, particularly ones who ask too many questions, although with hard work and a lot of food it might be possible to win the confidence or even the trust of a few of them.



CLAUDIA KILSCH. STREET-THIEF
Pickpocket, ex-thief

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	36	33	2	3	6	48*	1	31	37	37	39	32	36



Alignment: Neutral (Ranald Protector)
Skills: Concealment Urban; Dodge Blow; Evaluate; Flee!; Lightning Reflexes*; Luck; Palm Object; Pick Pocket; Scale Sheer Surface; Secret Language - Thieves Tongue; Secret Signs - Thieves; Sixth Sense; Silent Move Rural; Silent Move Urban.
Trappings: Leather jerkin (0/1 APs, body), purse with 2 shillings and 2D10 pennies, knife (1+10, D -2, P -20), bag of minor items (marbles, handkerchief, string, etc.).
Quote: "Well, sir, I do know where you can get some lanterns at a low price. Its my uncle, sir, he hasn't had the heart for business since my poor aunt died of the scrofulous quinsy, and he's selling up all his business, poor man. No, sir, he doesn't care for folk to visit his shop, so black is his mood after his tragic loss. Meet me at Haagens Wharf in two hours and you shall have your lanterns."
Appearance: Claudia is *14* years old, although she can look a couple of years younger or older as she wishes. She usually has dirty brown hair, close-cropped, her eyes are blue-grey and she has somewhat sallow skin. She is pretty after a fashion, but with a hard edge.
Personality and motivations: Claudia is the oldest of the Captains, and acts as a combination elder sister and foster mother to the rest, who range in age from five to twelve. She's very wise in the ways of the streets of Suiddock and Kruiersmuur and doesn't tolerate fools - she robs them. She's also very firm in her loyalties and convictions: the other Captains are her family, the ghost of Wim Masaryk is her friend, and woe betide any fool who harms any of them.

WIM MASARYK, GHOST

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	25	0	0	3	17	30	1	0	18	18	18	18	29



Alignment: Neutral
Psychological Traits: Ghosts are subject to instability outside their bounded area but are otherwise immune to psychological effects and cannot be forced to leave combat. Ghosts cause fear in living creatures.
Special Rules: Ghosts cannot be wounded by non-magical weapons, and cannot cause damage themselves. Their touch, however, can cause fear; when a Ghost strikes an opponent, the victim must make a **Ld** test with a -10 penalty. If this is failed, they must flee from combat. Ghosts may pass through solid objects, such as walls, without penalty, and may become visible or invisible at will.
Quotes: "Damn you, Scheepscheers! You'll pay if it takes eternity!"
"Leave them alone, or I'll suck your soul!"
Appearance: Wim appears as a man in his mid-twenties, dishevelled and scrawny. When the light's just right, the viewer can faintly see what's behind him - he's translucent. Around his neck is a noose and a rope; this isn't real, but the force of his obsession has caused it to become part of his ghostly manifestation.
Personality and motivations: Wim killed himself ten years ago when it became known that he had lost family heirlooms - a gold Tilean salter and an icon of Morr — after pawning them to pay gambling debts. He blamed Scheepscheers for not giving him more time to recover them. Rather than face his family, he hung himself from the bell ropes of Tarnopol's clock tower, and the ringing of the bells was the last thing he heard. Wim's body is actually buried in Deedesveld graveyard not far away.

Since death, Wim has become partly deranged. He believes that he has become the tower's bell-ringer, and that by ringing the bells regularly he can summon Scheepscheers and exact his revenge. Scheepscheers won't be able to resist the allure of the pealing bells, Wim thinks. This idea is crazy, but then Wim is crazy. Wim believes that he is ringing the bells and goes through the motions - which doesn't have any effect on the real bells, but he thinks it does and will fly into a furious rage if this is denied.

Wim Masaryk can be laid to rest if either he is shown proof of Gideon Scheepscheer's death (since this would likely involve murder, this is perhaps not the best course); or if he is shown that his family heirlooms have been recovered and returned to his parents, tailors who live in Rijkspoort. The items are currently in the possession of Governor de Beq of Rijker's Isle.
Connections: Wim knows Scheepscheers very well, and is convinced some dark magic helps him resist the bells. He retains enough of his humanity to be fond of the Captains, especially Claudia, their leader.

HEILIGDOM, THE SHALLYAN ASYLUM OF BLESSED REST

Across the Doodkanaal from Deedesveld graveyard sits the dark stone bulk of Heiligdom, an ancient building originally constructed as a small fort during the Age of Three Emperors. Gifted to the cult of Shallya by the last Baron, Paulus van der Maacht, before he left to join Magnus the Pious's army, its outer walls were torn down, the keep redecorated in a more classical style and the grounds around it replanted and decorated in a fashion designed to be restful for the mind. But there is an old Dwarf saying that a structure reflects those who live within it, and Heiligdom can't disguise the madness and pain it houses, for this is where Marienburg's mentally ill are sent to scream and moan out their days.

Heiligdom took its modern form in the 18th century, when Baron Loos Ruijkeyser replaced the old fort with a rectangular keep over 100 feet tall. The upper three floors are used as dormitories for the inmates, the trap doors to each kept locked and chained. The first storey is a residence for the nuns who have specialized in caring for the insane. The ground level, accessible both through a trap door in the first floor and a heavy, reinforced outer door, is a storage chamber where supplies are kept.

At each corner of the 10-foot-thick walls are drum towers 30 feet in diameter. Three are flush with the roof of the keep while the south tower, the Tower of Lamentations, rises another 20 feet. This tower holds the most violent and dangerous cases, and the interior door at its base is secured with iron bars and heavy locks. The topmost chamber, once the residence of the castellan, is now a solarium where the tower's inmates can take the sun without being exposed to the rest of the asylum's population.

Of the other towers, the north tower is the residence of the Abbess and her assistants. The east one is home to the small library and infirmary, where Sister Katja Faasen is the chief pharmacist and physician. She often experiments with new concoctions made from ingredients brought from the swamp. Rumour has it that her less-successful experiments end up in the Tower of Lamentations.

The west tower, alone among the buildings of Heiligdom, is empty and its entrances sealed with

> *"There's more to Heiligdom than meets the eye, mark my words. I have evidence that they harbour mutants and arrange for their escape to the marshes! Yet one more example of the cult hierarchy's disgusting weakness of heart and mind."*- Kruiersmuur magistrate, member of the Knights of Purity

"I don't like thinking of all those tainted people locked up in there, raving and festering and Manaan knows what... but better that than having them loose on the streets." - lapsed priest of Manaan

brick. By order of the first abbess, Sister Eefje Denkers, none are to enter the tower, ever. Her order was reinforced by the Council of Quenelles in 2420 IC. in the sternest terms: its violation is the only death penalty in Shallyan canon law. Only the senior members of the cult know the reason for the edict, and they won't talk about it.

Within the half-acre perimeter are the gardens, work buildings and chapter house of the order. Concealed by the walls, the inmates can relax, receive therapy and generally escape from the often cruel attentions of "normal" Marienburgers. Nuns not directly involved with treating inmates see to the various mundane tasks of maintaining a monastery-hospital: cooking, laundry, carpentry and so on.

Heiligdom is administered by Sister Monica Aarden, an elderly but still active priestess who has dedicated her life to helping Shallya's "lost nestlings". But suspicion lingers about the asylum's activities because she was one of Sister Astrid von Nimlsheim's defenders when the latter was charged with heresy for advocating treatment instead of execution for mutants. The Knights of Purity are convinced that Heiligdom gives comfort to those touched by Chaos, and the witch-hunter van Goor has sworn to expose them. Heiligdom has been subject to occasional raids by the Fen Loonies, after which one or more patients are usually reported missing. Still, there is no proof of Chaotic infiltration, and the asylum's status as a sanctuary has kept it so far free from formal investigation.

People (and PCs) can wind up in Heiligdom in one of several ways: committed there by the courts after a finding of mental incompetence; placed there by concerned family and friends who pay the Shallyans for their upkeep; and occasionally brought in off the streets by Heiligdom's nuns who happen to cross their path. Treatment for the non-violent consists of work-therapy, prayer and supervised walks in the garden. The violently insane — anyone who resists, which means the majority of Heiligdom's inmates - are confined to cells and chains to keep them from hurting themselves or others. Burly labourers feed them their meals and clean their cells, and always escort the nuns on their rounds through the wards. A player character incarcerated in Heiligdom for more than a week amongst the howling and screaming inmates must make a *Terror* test at the end of each week or gain 1 insanity point, whether they had any to start with or not.

PEPIJN BARENDREGT, INMATE

Artisan (builder, stonemason), ex-artisan's apprentice

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	26	33	4	4	8	62*	1	54	37	38	42	47	47*

*Adjusted to reflect Pepijn's disorders



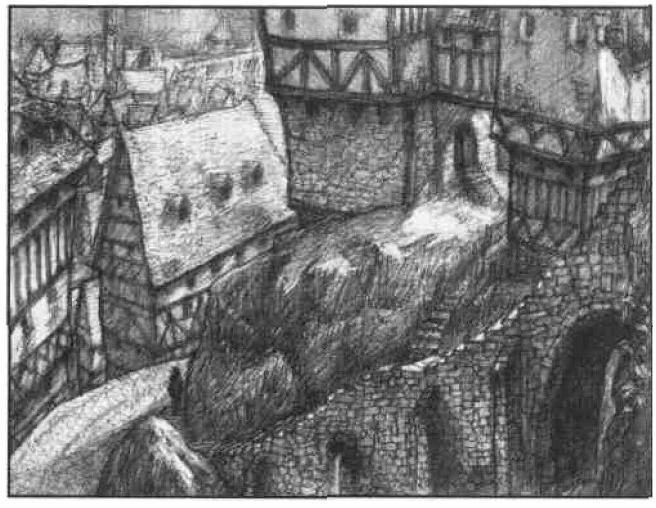
Alignment: neutral (Shallya)

Skills: Ambidextrous; Art - charcoal sketching; Blather; Carpentry; Drive Cart; Excellent Vision; Flee!; Magical Sense; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Guilder; Secret Signs - Artisans; Stoneworking; Super Numerate

Trappings: Artisan's tools (kept by the sisters, so he doesn't hurt himself); homespun smock and sandals; charcoal and sketch pad; headless doll named Wilmer

Insanity points: 4

Insanities: Manic; Nightmares; Phobia - Mutants, the Grootscher Marsh (Subject to Fear); Paranoia (-10 to **Fel** tests); Scotophobia (reduce **Cl** to in total darkness, 1/4 in semi-darkness); Talks to self (and Wilmer).



Quotes: "Them! Them! THEM!!"

"They're there, you know - in all the corners and all the dark places, just waiting for Marienburg to stumble. And when it does, they'll come to take us, but we'll already be one of them!"

Appearance: In his late thirties and tall at 6'4", this once proud man has been broken mentally so that he now walks with a nervous step, his eyes twitching back and forth, as if looking for something or someone that could come from anywhere at any time. His harrowing experiences have left him looking twenty years older, and the patches of grey hair that remain jut out at wild angles. He is suspicious of everyone and keeps on a constant move to make sure he can't be trapped again. He is never without his sketchpad and charcoal sticks, nor without his best friend, Wilmer.

Personality and motivations: Pepijn is a paranoid lunatic who is convinced that the mysterious "they" will come for him. But being paranoid doesn't mean that someone isn't out to get you.

Pepijn was once an up-and-coming member of the Mason's and Tyler's Guild in Marienburg. The youngest Master ever, he knew all the secret handshakes. He was so skilled that the Dwarfen Engineer's Guild recognized his talents and made him an honorary member, the only non-Dwarf to have been so honoured in living memory.

Then one day, Pepijn vanished while inspecting the ancient cisterns and sewers under Kruiersmuur. No one saw him for days, and his friends began to assume that he had either met with an accident or, worse yet, run afoul of some criminal gang. Then, weeks later, he was found wandering the canalsides in Winkelmarkt, raving about "them" and "they're everywhere" and "we're them!" Unable to care for himself and a potential danger to others, the ward court committed him to Heiligdom.

Pepijn had been captured by a band of Fen Loonies who had used almost-forgotten ways to enter Marienburg. Held prisoner and tortured for weeks, he managed to escape and somehow wandered back into the city. He suspects the warders of being mutants and is just waiting for them to take their masks off and reveal the drooling beasts beneath. While he's become a little calmer, thanks to the Sisters' ministrations, it wouldn't take much to unhinge his delicate mind and send him over the edge again.

Connections: His paranoia prevents him from having any real friends - he doesn't trust the staff and his friends from the outside have given up on him. He does like Sister Lise, who gave him his pad and charcoals and encourages his art, at which he's quite good. Wilmer is his only real friend, though, because he doesn't have a face that can hide an enemy. He does, however, know the way to the Loonies' camp in the Fens and could lead adventurers there - if they could only gain his trust, overcome his phobias and get him out of Heiligdom.

KOESTER'S BOARDING HOUSE

Towards the far end of Cutler's Road by Kleermakersvaart ('Tailors' Canal') stands a old house with a small converted shack next door to it. Both properties are owned by the widow Beatrijs Koester and, although separate, they're both known as Koester's Boarding House. There's usually a sign on the door of the larger house announcing that rooms are available and listing prices. The boarding house doesn't look especially prepossessing, but whether it's a good idea staying there depends on the reaction of Koester. If she likes the look of you then you can live there cheaply and, if it isn't luxury, you can at least avoid extremes of discomfort.

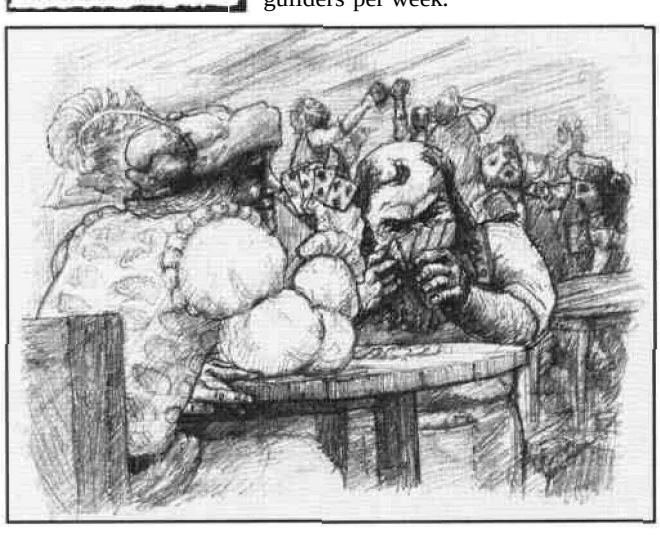
Getting into the building isn't as easy at it might seem. In the larger house, Widow Koester is usually to be found in the kitchen-cum-common room. She may be passing the time of day with any of her boarders here. Once Koester has been located and her charges negotiated, a room to stay in may be reached up the main stairs just next to the kitchen, or via some rickety wooden steps round the back of the building to a single, separate upstairs room if this is the room she offers. In the smaller house next door, the ground floor is a large common room where a bunch of labourers usually flop for the night after a hard day's work. The upper-storey rooms here are accessed via a separate entrance at the front of the building, but these aren't currently to let. Koester herself occupies two of them and Haam Markvalt occupies the other.

STAYING AT KOESTER'S

The cheapest way of staying at Koester's is to doss down in the common room, where beds and bunks are available for up to 12 people. (Koester only admits men to the common room). You get an uncomfortable bed with a single blanket, and it's necessary to share with a bunch of labourers, often drunk, smelly or both. However, the subdivision of the common room into three smaller rooms helps one to avoid the more obnoxious sorts if a bed can be found far enough away from them. There are washing and toilet facilities, but they're primitive. For such princely accommodation, Koester charges 3/6 per night or 1 guilder per week, payable in advance.

"She takes in a weird kind of boarder - not at all respectable! I mean, there's that troublemaker from Baron Hendryk's, Hamhock or whatever his name is. The Watch already busted up her place arresting him once." - local watercoachman

For individual rooms, the widow charges 77- per night or 2 guilders per week, and for this a person gets their bed linen changed once per week and the room cleaned on an irregular basis (whenever she feels like getting in some scullion to do it). This charge is for one person. If two people share a room, Koester charges 11/- for the room or 3 guilders per week.



Koester does not haggle over prices. Her rates are standard and she doesn't budge on them. Any attempt to haggle will be taken as evidence of the PC's ignorance by Koester, but anyone being persistent (and attempting to use a relevant skill such as *Haggle)* will have to make subsequent **Fel** tests with Koester at a -10 penalty, and Koester will make her dislike clear! And if you don't pay her on time, she's been known to sell anything left in peoples' rooms for the rent-money.

"It's not a bad place to stay. The rates are cheap arid the beds are clean. You just have to put up with Widow Koester's preachin' over your breakfast. Kind of hard to take when you're hung over." - Kruiersmuur local

Koester only provides a breakfast of dumplings, gravy and tea, but the wood stove in the kitchen always boasts a kettle and pot of tea and sometimes a turnip stew will be offered up for general consumption; if you happen to be around at the right time, you might have the good luck to get some of this - if you think eating some distinctly greasy soup is good luck, that is. Of course, you'll also have to listen to Widow Koester's lectures about "Shallyan right-living". But if you're short of coin...

BEATRIJS KOESTER, LANDLADY

Trader, ex-labourer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	37	26	4*	4	7	39	1	22	35	30	36	30	40



Alignment: Good (Shallya)
Skills: Acute Hearing; Carpentry; Cook; Drive Cart; Evaluate; Haggle; Numismatics; Read/Write; Row; Scale Sheer Surface; Sing; Swim; Very Strong*
Trappings: Everyday clothes; iron ladle (improvised weapon, I -10, D-2, P +10); Shallyan book of sermons, carpentry tools
Quotes: "Don't you complain to me about street kiddies begging for a penny or two from you. We can all spare something for those less fortunate than ourselves. Those children have nothing but what charity gives them and I reckon you could come up with something. If there's one thing I hate, it's a skinflint."

"I don't haggle. I charge a fair rate and offer clean living. Two guilders, or find yourself somewhere a lot less pleasant to stay."
Appearance: Beatrijs is sometimes known as "Battleaxe Koester" but that refers more to her temperament - sometimes grouchy and rather reactionary - than to her appearance. The Widow Koester is in her mid-sixties and, despite being short (5'1") is built like a brick outhouse. Barrel-chested and thick-thighed, she has biceps that would put a man to shame and her generally tough appearance is emphasized by her large head. Her broken nose and furled brow render her appearance even more intimidating.
Personality and motivations: Widow Koester is actually rather a gentle woman, devoted to Shallya. While she's gruff and takes no nonsense from anyone, she can tell a deserving case from a shyster. But with deserving cases, she's a kind and caring woman. She regularly gives money to the orphanage and aggressively entreats others to do the same. She is also very friendly to young Haam Markvalt (see p.99), preparing his food and taking care that his laundry is delivered to washerwomen. She hangs around the kitchen of the main boarding house and enjoys talking to any of her residents about almost anything. Koester has sufficient income from her boarding house that she doesn't need employment, although she has enough to do keeping the houses in good shape and maintaining order if one or more of her guests gets a little rowdy.

Koester has an unusual hobby, as the rickety wooden steps leading up from a balcony outside her own living room to the flat,

slatted wooden roof suggest. On the roof of her house is a stout wooden aviary containing her pet racing pigeons. Koester is an ardent devotee of pigeon breeding and racing and has won prizes for her avian pets. Locals mutter about the mess they make in Cutler's Road, but there is also an element of civic pride in the fact that one of the area's regular inhabitants has a silver trophy or two stashed away in her cupboards.

Secret: Recently, Widow Koester found a surprise in her coop — a pigeon she hadn't seen before, obviously exhausted from a long flight, and with a note tied around one if its legs. She read the note - something about children and cargoes, it didn't make much sense - tied it back around the bird's leg, fed it and sent it on. A few days later, it was back, with a new note. She read it and sent it on, and again it came back. After a few months, she has come to realize that she had stumbled on a trade in kidnapped children - the Body Trade. And the notes clearly implicated someone senior in House van Haagen, one of the Ten! The implications frightened her, and she is terrified that an agent of the van Haagens will see the bird alighting in her coop.

Connections: Apart from her residents, Koester is well known to Brother Bert (see p.59) for her generous donations, and to several ship captains, whose sailors she often boards. Granny Hetta (see p.68) sometimes shares a drink or two with Koester. The two women have a melancholy element of their pasts in common. Granny's husband was drowned some years ago, while Koester's husband died of the dreaded Bloat twenty years ago. If Widow Koester ever has too much to drink, it's usually in the company of Granny after hours in the kitchens. Finally, Koester is generally well known around Kruiersmuur because she has enough free time to wander around chatting with the locals.

MARGARETTA, GIRL OF THE STREETS

Pedlar, ex-prostitute

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
6*	48	44	5	4	7	41	1	34	34	32	31	28	46



*Note: the Prostitute career is adapted from the Bawd (see **WFRP**, p.22), with skills assigned as appropriate.*

Alignment: Neutral (Manaan)

Skills: Blather; Charm; Consume Alcohol; Dance; Evaluate; Excellent Vision; Fleet-Footed*; Haggle; Herb Lore; Pick Pocket; Row; Secret Language - Thieves'; Secret Signs - Pedlar; Seduction; Sixth Sense; Specialist Weapon - Fist Weapons; Street-Fighting; Swim; Wit.

Trappings: Pushcart; small boat with cabin; assorted pots and pans; coloured ribbons; pins of all sizes; cheap but serviceable cutlery; dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); knuckle-dusters; old handbills for practising her reading, writing and mathematics.

Quotes: "Ribbons and pins! Pots and pans! The best goods at the best prices!"

"Keep your hands to yourself, you creep! I'm not selling that any more!"

A woman from the wrong side of the canal, Margarerta symbolises the hopes of every Marienburger to wheel and deal their way to the top. Once a common streetwalker, she peddles an ever-changing variety of goods from her cart, hoping to earn enough to get a shop and then buy into a cargo, becoming a real merchant with a membership in the 'Change. Tall at 5' 11", her blonde hair and blue eyes speak plainly about the unknown Norscan who must have been her father.

"Margi" was forced onto the streets when her mother died just before her 13th birthday. With no skills and no prospects, she had to do what she could to survive. Petty thievery, prostitution and begging seemed to be all that life held for her. Shortly after she turned 21, her life nearly came to an end when she was discovered holding out on her bawd, "Slick" Willi, hiding money that she was supposed to give him. Beaten and left in the gutter of an alley near Little Bretonnia, it was there amidst her tears that she came to the conclusion that she would either have to turn her life around, or die before she turned 22.

Taking what little she money she had saved and "borrowing" some more from a former client who didn't want Margi and his wife to meet, she paid what she owed her bawd, bought a run-down houseboat on Cattail canal, and bought the cart and goods of an old pedlar who had retired. Now she gets up before dawn almost every day and peddles household goods along the streets of Kruiersmuur and its foreign ghettos. On Marktags she goes to the docks in Suiddock and sees if there is anything she can buy from the sailors that might bring her an extra shilling or two. The trouble is, many often remember her from the old days and expect she's there to sell, not buy. With Margi, that's a quick way to a black eye.

For all she's been, one might expect her to be a hard-bitten hellion with a bitter hate in her heart. Far from it. Once she had set her life's course, Margi's naturally sunny disposition came to the fore. Always good at selling and putting people at their ease, she discovered a natural talent for business - something she enjoyed. People look forward to her visits to their neighbourhoods and often find themselves buying something just because they've had such a good time talking to her. This same success has not made her popular with many of the established merchants of Kruiersmuur, who resent her success at selling the same goods more cheaply. Only her membership in the Pedlar's Guild has kept her from being hauled into court facing a civil suit.

But her ambition doesn't stop at owning a pushcart. She's seen the fancy houses of the merchants, their nice clothes and servants, and good food whenever they want it. She wants that too, but on her own terms, not marrying for it. Margi is husbanding her money carefully, waiting for the day when she can buy a shop and become a real merchant. She's even learning to read and do maths, with occasional lessons from a sympathetic Verenan priest. For no reason she can explain, she knows her chance will come.

PCs will often see Margaretta selling her wares when they're in Kruiersmuur. If they gain her trust, they'll discover that she's a valuable source of information. She knows a lot of dirt about supposedly upstanding citizens, and might let a tid-bit or two slip while doing business. However, she knows the value of everything and is unlikely to give away anything really worth knowing for free. As far as she's concerned, anything that earns her more money - well, almost anything - is good.

Margi knows the many of children who live in Tarnopol's clock tower and is on good terms with them. She's heard of the ghost, but thinks it's just a fairy story. She's one of the few who will stop to talk with old Pal Koster, and she's sure that some kind of illegal operation is run out of the cemetery. Margi also knows, but avoids, Dmitri Hrodovsky, who was a customer of hers in the old days. The way he looks at her makes her uneasy, and she's sure he's up to no good.

"It's actually not a bad place to live. The rich prefer Goudberg or Guilderveld, so most of the locals are bureaucrats or lawyers - and those snooty foreigners sticking their noses into our business."
— local tavern keeper

"If you're looking to study architecture, you can't do better than the Palace District. If you're interested in government, try the 'Change instead."
— civil servant

"You can't walk ten feet through Paleisbuurt without someone trying to buy or sell you secrets."
- clerk of the Stadsraad

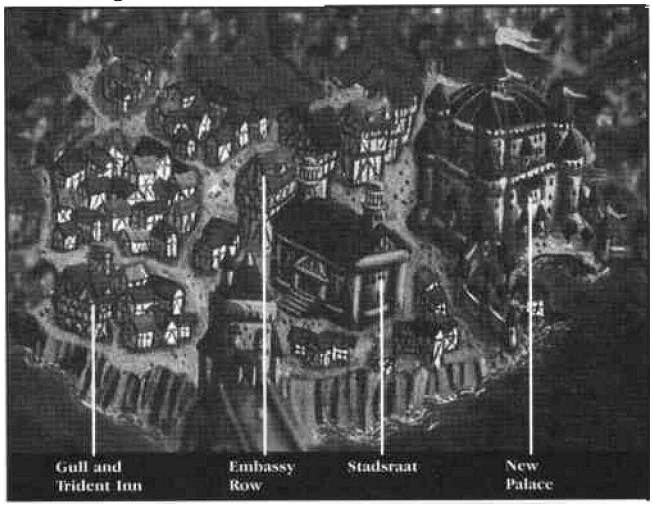
PALEISBUURT

The Palace District is the centre of Marienburg's official government. A showcase for the city's success, generations of rulers - both Barons and Directors - have lavished money here. Many of the government buildings are architectural gems and students come from as far away as Araby to study the works of the continent's greatest architects. It's also the site of the famed Tivolo Gardens, a rare square of urban parkland that's constantly maintained by a small army of groundskeepers paid for by the Staadtholder.

During the day, Paleisbuurt teems with people who are either in the government, or who have business with it - all classes of Marienburgers have reasons to come here at one time or another. Many, if not most, are headed to the High Court: the lawyers to try their cases, the defendants to plead their innocence, and their families to worry. Others seek audiences with the officers of the Stadsraad or even the Staadtholder himself - Marienburg has a long tradition of its rulers being accessible to the people.

The ward is much quieter at night. The residents are mostly bureaucrats and lawyers who go home after a busy day to spend a quiet evening with family or exchange visits with friends. Rents for flats in areas off the main canals are actually quite reasonable. But the placid veneer hides subtle intrigue, for the offices and embassies in Paleisbuurt hide secrets that draw spies like Skaven to warpstone.

Paleisbuurt is also home to the exotic sights of Embassy Row, where the governments of all the Powers of the Old World and beyond maintain official representatives to guard their interests in the City. Anxious to know the plans of the Directorate and each other, the embassies will often resort to any means to gain the information they need. Spies, agents and information-brokers for every side and faction operate in Paleisbuurt, some serving several masters at once.



As one would expect, the Watch maintains a strong presence in Paleisbuurt. The central headquarters are located in a building next to the High Courts. Black Caps there are responsible for guarding prisoners consigned to the cells under the courts, and for the security of public buildings. They have ample funds, and Headquarters maintains a large supply of firearms in case of civil disturbance. They even have several wizards under contract, whose magic is used for both investigation and enforcement.

THE NEW PALACE

Though its foundations were laid nearly 1,000 years ago, Marienburgers typically call the home of the Staadtholder the "New Palace", a reference to the time when the city's ruling family lived in the fortress of Rijkers' Isle. The palace was begun under Baron van Buik in the late 16th century and served as the headquarters of the Bretonnian governor during the occupation. It was burned during the Bretonnian withdrawal and rebuilt with funds borrowed from the Merchants' Association. Because of the role these loans played in the expansion of political liberty in Marienburg, the palace is also known as "Democracy's Cradle".

Though the city has not been sacked for 700 years, the New Palace still looks very much like a fortress: four stout towers guard the approaches, and the lone gate that pierces the keep wall is made of solid steel, forged by the Dwarfs of Karaz-a-Karak and enchanted with guarding runes. An elite troop of the Black Caps under the personal command of General Escottus van Haaring guards the palace day and night, ready to smite any foe with their halberds and pistols.

Of course, peace and prosperity have taken their toll on the venerable keep: the walls have been holed in many places with large, modern windows out of place in a defensive structure and, on the north, a great unfortified chapel and banquet hall were added by Staadtholder Willem van Tafte "the Corpulent" in the last century. The watchmen spend more time chasing away beggars than invaders, and one of the towers houses a coop for Staadtholder van Raemerswijk's prized racing pigeons.

"Looks like a big wedding cake, doesn't it?" - Imperial tourist

Still, this is the official centre of Marienburg's government - the Direc-

torate meets here in the Azure Gallery, while the Staadtholder hosts state functions here. It is also the headquarters for the Fog Walkers - so security is good, even though it is not obvious. There are secrets hidden here that could bring down more than one government in the Old World.

SJEF GERHITSE, CHAMBERLAIN OF THE BALLROOM
Bawd, ex-servant

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	40	33	3	3	8	41	1	27	29	32	28	45	48

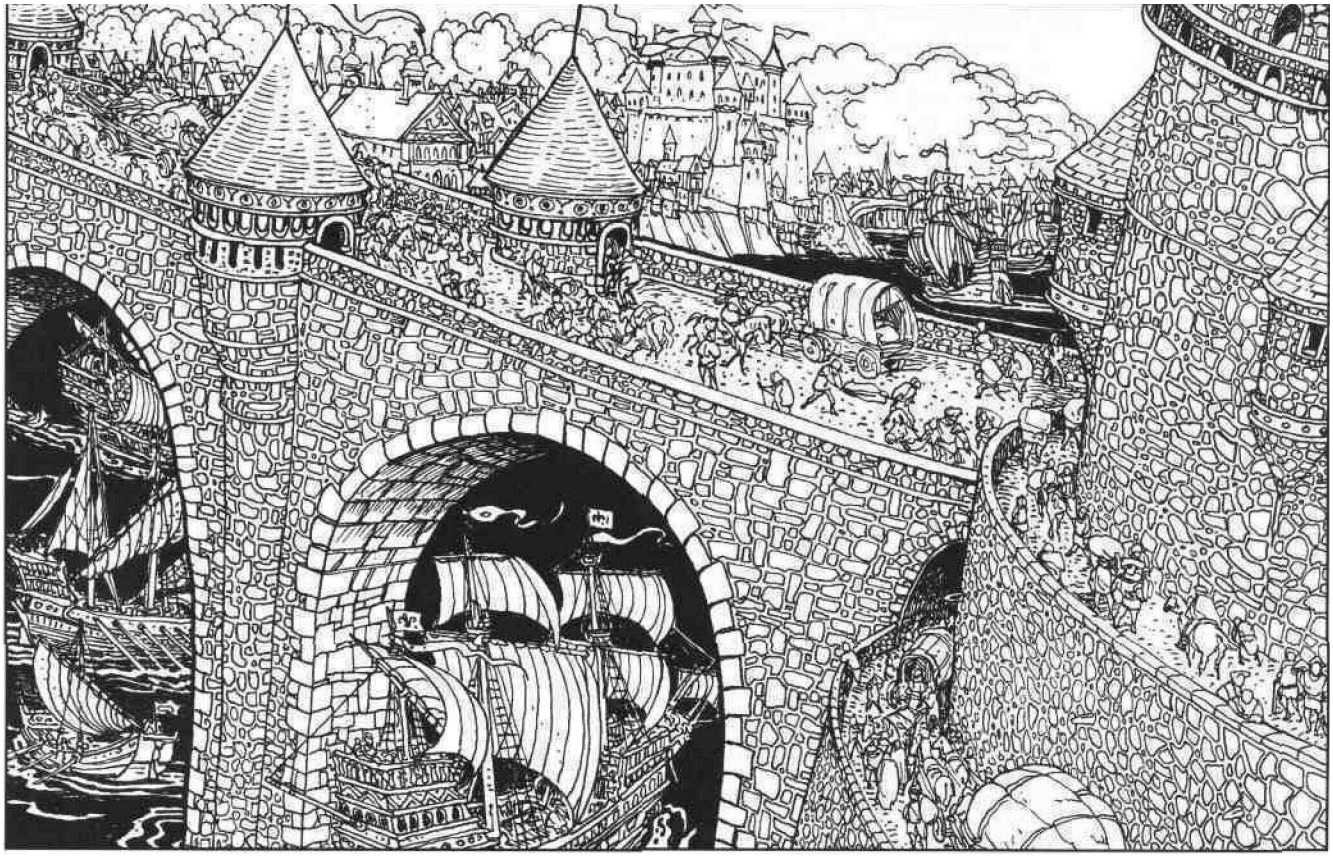


Alignment: Neutral (Ranald the Dealer)
Skills: Acute Hearing; Blather; Bribery; Cook; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Etiquette; Heraldry; Luck; Secret Language - Thieves' Tongue; Street Fighting; Swim; Wit
Trappings: Fine clothes in the livery of the New Palace; dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); keys to the rooms of van Tafte's wing; staff and orb of office; tin of imported snuff
Quote: "Yes, of course I can get you into the Geheimnistag Ball, my dear, but whether it's as servant or guest depends on the quantity and nature of the favours that you're prepared do for me."
Appearance: Slightly under medium height, Sjef's thinning sandy hair is hidden under a powdered periwig. Watery grey eyes peer disdainfully from behind a monocle when dealing with a social inferior, but are humbly lowered in the presence of Marienburg's elite. His skin, though treated with the finest cosmetics, is showing his middle age and the effects of his dissolute lifestyle.
Personality and motivations: Greed and cynicism are the guiding lights in Sjef's life. Starting as a kitchen servant, through a creative combination of gossip, backstabbing, flattery and pandering he has risen to be the arbiter of who gets accepted to Court social life, and who is left outside. A born petty tyrant, few make that final leap to high society without paying his toll. A well-placed rumour from Sjef can make or break any social climber's season.
Secret: Gerritse is secretly an extreme human chauvinist, and his dislike of non-humans has lead him to co-operate with the Knights of Purity, in spite of their dedication to the tenets of Solkan. He has used his influence to cover their trail after the recent assaults and arsons in Elfsgemeente, even to the extent of letting them use portions of the New Palace as a safe house. The damage to relations between Marienburg and the Exarchate would be enormous if it were ever discovered.
Connections: Sjef Gerritse knows the staff of the New Palace thoroughly - and he despises them as much as they hate him. Agents seeking access to the Palace's social functions know to drop him a few guilders if they want admittance. This makes him unusually knowledgeable about who's who in Marienburg's espionage community. While he has few true friends, he avidly cultivates relationships with the Ten and other power figures in Marienburg, such as Speaker Gyngrijk. At the same time, many among Marienburg's would-be elite seek his favour to advance their own standing. When he ventures out of the Palace just to relax, he can be found at the Gull and Trident, at his private table.

Gerritse is well liked and trusted by the Staadtholder. Playing on this, Sjef is manoeuvring to become the Staadtholder's permanent secretary coveting the unofficial power of the position. However he has no idea of the current holder's true position as head of the Fog Walkers, a blind-spot likely to be fatal to his plans.

STADSRAAD

Opposite the New Palace across the famed Tivolo Gardens sits the magnificent Stadsraad, Marienburg's city council and the Waste-



"I hear that the Sergeants-at-Arms have been ordered to keep the noise from the fights in the Burgerhof to a minimum, lest the shouting wake up the sleepers in the Rijkskamer." - judge of the High Court

land's parliament. Built in a flush of municipal pride after independence, the building is a gaudy triple-domed structure of cream-coloured stone decorated with Tilean columns and gold trim, with a massive flight of stone steps leading up to its entrance doors. Atop the domes of the two Chambers are regal statues of Marius, while surmounting the central dome of the great atrium is a gilded statue of the city's symbol, a mermaid holding a sword and a bag of money.

The building sits on the west side of the plaza known as Mariusplein, which is dotted with marble statues in the Tilean style and bordered on one side by the New Palace and a smaller temple to Manaan, and on the other side by the High Court, the Inns of Court and various civil offices including the City Records Office. Opposite it, the Grand Sweep stairs lead down to the Reik's edge and the docks where important visitors are given a state reception.

The central chamber of the Stadsraad is an atrium, with a vast mosaic of the city-state's symbol inlaid in its floor. In niches surrounding the chamber, statues to most of the gods bear eternal watch over Marienburg's fate and receive the prayers of the Chief Priest of Verena, Leontine Tolenaar, at the opening of the first session of each new year. Perhaps unsurprisingly, both Ranald and Sigmar are conspicuous by their absences.

The Burgerhof is a smallish chamber, with tiers of benches on either side of the central aisle, at the head of which is a dais that holds the desks of the clerks and the throne of the Speaker. The Burgerhof is the scene of lively debates as the members of the various factions hurl questions and sometimes rotten vegetables at each other - the junior members, called "backbenchers", are especially enthusiastic hurlers. A door to the side of the Speaker's dais leads to the Burgerhof library and offices, including the office of Speaker Gyngrijk himself.

The Rijkskamer is much more spacious and comfortable, as befits the senior Chamber. There are chairs, not benches, and they are cushioned in velvet. It is also much cleaner, since the honoured members prefer polite debate to chucking cabbages. When called into session by the Staadtholder, the Rijkskamer becomes a sea of colours and courtesy, with each member dressed in splendid robes and wigs and gracing each other with flowery speeches. It meets rarely, however, and the staff spend much of their time dusting and polishing on the off-chance that someone might unexpectedly want to use the place.



NIEUT GYNCRIJK, SPEAKER OF THE BURGESHOF
Demagogue, ex-lawyer and student



M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2*	41	42	3	5	9	57	2	54	60	75	62	56	78

Alignment: (Neutral, Haendryk)
Skills: Acute Hearing; Arcane Language - Magic; Astronomy; Cartography; Consume Alcohol; Dance; Etiquette; History; Identify Plants; Law; Numismatics; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Secret Language - Classical; Secret Signs - Lawyer; Speak Additional Language - Tar Eltharin; Swim
Trappings: Robes; medallion (Thrice-Blessed Copper, see *WFRP* p. 183) and sceptre of office; concealed, loaded pistol (8/16/50, ES 3, Rld 2/1); ring of Mastership for the Litigants' League; bag of saltwater taffy.
Quotes: "How're ya doing? Good to see ya! Always glad to meet the people!"

"Sure, I feed the people dreams. But their dreams might one day put me in the Staadtholder's chair. Want some taffy?"
Appearance: In his forties, of medium height and portly build. His bright grey eyes seem welcoming and cheerful, though a piggish squint reveals the calculating, selfish personality within.
Personality and motivations: In a city that specialises in back-room deals, Speaker Gyngrijk is the consummate mass-politician. He rose from a middle-class family in Noordmuur and quickly gained a reputation as a firebrand orator for the rights of the working man in Marienburg's courts. But he is not an idealist - rather, he desires power and money. Since his birth denied him the advantages of the rich, he pragmatically created his own power base: the resentful and unsophisticated who seek to blame others for their own troubles.

His success brought him to the attention of the Directorate. But, instead of arranging a anonymous trip to Rijker's for him, they played on his venality and came to a

mutually beneficial arrangement: he would become their creature, especially of the van de Kuypers faction. He would use his considerable skills to protect their interests in the Burgerhof, and they would see he enjoyed the perquisites he had always wanted. For the past seven years, he has served them well.

But Nieut isn't satisfied to be the cats-paw of Jaan van de Kuypers. He's set his eyes on the greatest prize of all - he wants to be nothing less than Staadtholder of Marienburg.

Connections: The Speaker has regular contact with all the Directors, especially van de Kuypers, van Haagen and de Roelefs. Recently, his contacts with the de Roelefs family has taken on a more intimate tone, as he has recently begun to pay court to Clotilde de Roelefs niece, Clara, who has just reached marriageable age. Nieut Gyngrijk has become a regular visitor to the Rood Haan Paleis in Oudgeldwijk. Director de Roelef herself is considering the match, since it would bring the Speaker's considerable public appeal into the anti-van de Kuypers faction. Clara's opinions are unknown.

Speaker Gyngrijk makes frequent visits to working-class neighbourhoods of Marienburg, where he "presses the flesh" and lets everyone know he's in the common man's corner. He's especially popular in Kruiersmuur. Understandably, the Elves and Dwarfs are quite cool to him.

Someone, though, actively dislikes him. Recent rumours and suspicious happenings have convinced him that someone wants him dead. But who? Taking no chances, he has engaged Marquandt's Escort Service to provide a round-the-clock bodyguard.

EMBASSY Row

Embassy Row is a series of walled compounds near the Vreemdelingsvaart ('Foreigner's Canal'), north of the Mariusplein. Like Elf enclave of Sith-Rionnasc'namishathir, each of the foreign embassies is considered extra-territorial - an area of foreign land, not Marienburg. Unlike Sith Rionnasc, the territory is limited to the grounds around each mansion - and given that this is Marienburg, this isn't much land at all. All embassies, however, are off-limits to the civil and military forces of Marienburg, who may only enter with the permission of the relevant ambassador. To do otherwise is considered an act of war. At the same time, Marienburg is responsible for the security of each embassy: when a recent riot broke out over some intemperate remarks by the Imperial Ambassador, Baron von Heinsoo, it was the Paleisbuurt Black Caps who had to keep the rioters from breaking down the gates. Not surprisingly, the Watch doesn't appreciate having to break Marienburger heads to protect ungrateful foreigners.

"Of course they spy on us from their embassies - but at least we know where they're doing it from." - undercover Fog Walker operative

"The Black Caps could take some lessons about gallantry from those foreigners! Just last week I was walking home from St Arne's when three hoodlums accosted me on Embassy Row and tried to steal my purse! My bodyguard ran off, the coward. But, out of nowhere, three guards dashed out from the Bretonnian embassy and not only recovered my purse, but left the blackguards trussed for the Watch. And the only reward they asked was to kiss my hand!" - Guilderveld matron

For all these rules of gentlemanly behaviour, though, Embassy Row is a focus for intrigue and espionage. Marienburg's intelligence service, the Fog Walkers, both tries to find out what's going on in each embassy, and guards against the spying attempts launched from each embassy. What's more, various private interests (including the Houses of the Ten, the Elves of Sith Rionnasc and the League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs) hire freelance agents to ferret out the foreigners' secrets.

Not that the embassies themselves are innocent victims. All the legations employ spies to some extent. Some, like the Arabyans, rely on relatively open contacts with their kinsmen in their Marienburg ghetto to report what they've seen and heard. Others, like the Bretonnians and the Imperials, run multiple spy rings, each unaware of the other and reporting to the embassy only through the most indirect means, if they are known to the embassy at all. Several embassies hire native Marienburgers as agents, and there are freelance agents who sell their skills and information to the highest bidder, or sometimes to several bidders, playing one off against another.

There are embassies for all the major powers of the Old World along the Vreemdelingsvaart: Araby, Bretonnia, the Empire, Kislev, Miragliano, Remas, Magritta and Bilbali. From farther afield, both the Monkey King of Cathay and the Divine Sun of Nippon have recently opened formal relations, though their strange customs and impenetrable language make it hard for Marienburgers to divine their intentions. However, it's clear that there is no love lost between the two delegations.

PCs are most likely to encounter the embassies, in one of two ways: either through dealings with their staff on their errands in Marienburg, or through involvement (willing or otherwise) with the web of plots that surrounds each and every one.



HONG Fu CHU. CHAOS RECRUITER
Spy, ex-charlatan and entertainer (bunko artist)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	49	46	3	4	11	52	2	49	55	54	64	51	50



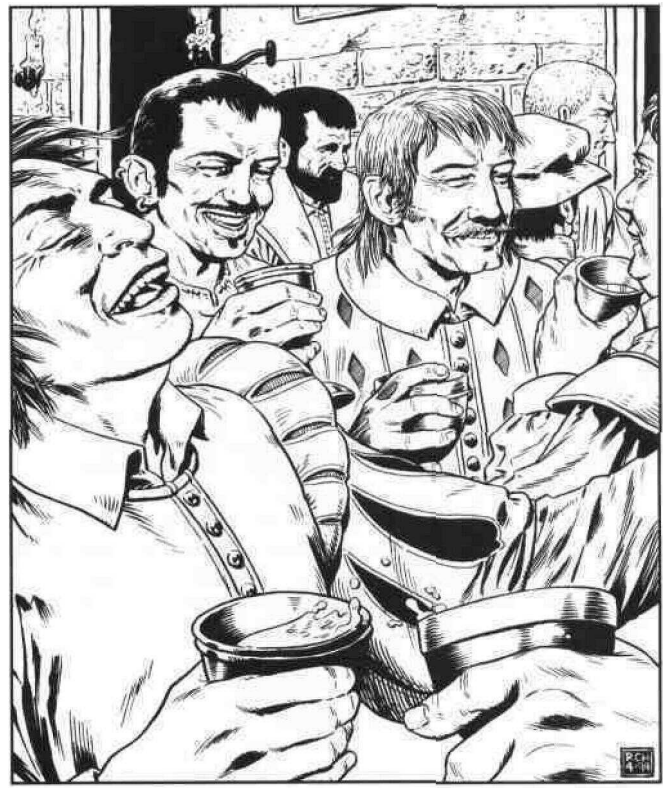
Alignment: Chaos ('Lord Tsien-Tsin', or Tzeentch)
Skills: Act; Blather; Bribery; Charm; Cryptography; Dance; Disguise; Evaluate; Flee!; Linguistics; Mimic; Night Vision; Palm Object; Pick Lock; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Seduction; Shadowing; Silent Move Urban; Sixth Sense; Wit
Trappings: Spell Ring (17 MPs, Pink Fire of Tzeentch, command word: "Tsien-Tsin"); floor-length mandarin's robes of the finest silk; four-cornered tasselled cap; rings and gems worth 300 Gu.; collapsible fan; dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20), specially altered to inject 4 doses of Manbane on any hit that does net damage of 1 wound
Quote: "Just as the dragon shows infinite colours, so Truth shows infinite faces. I shall show you the Truth in the infinite forms of Chaos."
Appearance: Hong Fu Chu is a little over five and a half feet tall, with a fat belly and a round, jowly, pock-marked face. His head is hairless, except for two long curly locks descending from his temples and a long thin moustache that hangs beneath his chin on either side. His robes hide the legs of a bird, covered in purple feathers to the backward knees and ending in yellow claws, a gift of mutation from his Chaotic Lord.
Personality and motivations: A schemer and a deceiver, his sole goal is to implement Lord Tsien-Tsin's desires for change among the barbarians of this land. He is cruel the way a cat is, and enjoys offering his lord sacrifices by slow torture, ceremonies that sometimes last for days.
Connections: Hong Fu Chu arrived in Marienburg about a year ago, bearing news that a new faction was in power at the Celestial Court, one devoted to the Lord of Change. The ambassador, a veteran of Cathayan politics, has accepted this without question - or without having it further confirmed from his Emperor. Nor does he make mention of his new First Secretary's unusual gait.

Chu does not venture from the embassy, but has used its existing contacts with the Cathayan community to begin his master's work. Slowly, he is taking control of the underworld in Little Cathay, but is careful not to reveal his growing influence yet to Guan Lo Fat, the ghetto's crime lord. He has also made discreet contact with another Tzeentch cult in the city, the Rainbow Flames, and is hatching plans to use their influence over Haam Markvalt to his own ends.

THE GULL AND TRIDENT INN

In a city known for its attractions, with its many inns and hostelries catering to travelling merchants and even tourists, one of the best and best-known is the Gull and Trident, owned and run by Wilhelmina Thistledown. It's in Paleisbuurt, west of the High Tower Bridge. Her bed and breakfast is very popular with both travellers and locals. A double-wing, two-storey structure built along the bank of the Rijksweg, it boasts very comfy rooms, excellent food and a magnificent view from its terrace. Coaching and riverboat agents from as far away as Talabheim and Nuln recommend it to their clients, and it's nearly always booked months in advance.

Of course, that's understandable when one of the most popular hotels in Marienburg is also a front for the biggest fencing operation between Erengrad, L'Anguille and Altdorf. Many local thieves come to the inn for its celebrated breakfast, and order the



"special gull-meat sausages" - a signal that they have something to sell. The staff will always tell them that there's a delay of between five and thirty minutes, which is actually how long they should wait before leaving their table and going to the inn's coach house. There they will be met by Egbert the blacksmith/bodyguard and Aunt Mina, who will be smoking the foul cigar she always lights when doing business. Mina will always give good prices, typically about 35% of value, or 30% if the item is particularly "hot". A successful *Bargain* test will add 5% to the price she is willing to pay. She will insist that the client stay and pay for breakfast. "A working man must keep up his strength, dearie," she says.

Some of the newlywed couples and tourists who stay at the inn are actually agents representing the biggest gangs in the Empire and Bretonnia. They come to see what's available or by special invitation of Aunt Mina. Stolen goods are sold at roughly 60% of street value, or more if the item is well-known or several gangs are bidding for it. A successful *Bargain* test will reduce her selling price by 5%. Many clients make regular trips several times a year.

PCs new to Marienburg can hear of the Gull and Trident through contacts when they try to sell or trace stolen goods. Perhaps they will be visiting the inn for its famous breakfasts and become suspicious when two or three men all order gull-meat sausages and then disappear for a time. They might order it themselves and then be surprised when the sausages don't arrive but Egbert - who has no sense of humour at all — comes to find who's been wasting their time. Aunt Mina can also be a source of training to players wishing to follow a Fence's career or seeking a meeting with Adalbert Henschmann. He will be less suspicious of anyone referred by her.

"If I may advise you, take your honeymoon in Marienburg at the Gull and Trident Inn. It's in the best part of town: you'll have a beautiful view of the river and be near all the finest theatres and shops. The food is superb, too. All prepared by Wilhelmina Thistledown, the owner. Many couples go again and again. Why, I book one Altdorf couple three times a year." - Four Seasons coaching agent

WILHELMINA THISTLEDOWN, PROPRIETRESS OF THE GULL AND TRIDENT
Fence, ex-trader and servant

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	49	58	3	2	9	68	1	41	37	47	32	55	53



Alignment: Neutral (Ranald, average)
Skills: Animal Care; Cook; Cryptography; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Etiquette; Evaluate; Haggle; Numismatics; Palm Object; Silent Move Rural; Super Numerate.
Trappings: Apron and soup ladle; practical homespun dress; two or three recipes traded with friends in Kleinmoot; 1D4 Lustrian cigars, one usually lit.
Insanity Points: 1
Insanities: Phobia (drowning)
Quote: "Just call me Aunt Mina, dearie. You've come for breakfast? Perhaps you'd like to sit out on the terrace - you can see Rijker's Isle today. Now, what will you have? The gull-meat sausages? I see.... [in a whisper] Right! I'll see you in the coach house, ten minutes. Make like you're going to the garderobe. And don't forget to pay for breakfast. You wouldn't want to upset Egbert, would you, dearie?"

Appearance: Heavy, round build, barely 4'0" tall. Looks like everyone's grandmother. Rosy cheeks, greying hair tied up in a bun. She admits to being "not a day over 75, dearie!"
Personality and motivations: A protective, doting woman. Loves to feed people. Smokes cigars when alone or doing business. A sharp, competitive businesswoman who doesn't take nonsense from anyone.
Connections: Aunt Mina has been able to operate for the past 15 years because of the special patronage of "Casanova" Henschmann (see p.67). Years ago, when Henschmann was fighting for his life in the gang war that gave him control of the League, Aunt Mina gave him shelter at a dangerous moment. Henschmann never forgot, and after he won he set her up in the Gull and Trident. She is under his special protection, and no one in his right mind would ever think of harming or double-crossing his "little mama".

Mina has contacts throughout the Marienburg underworld and beyond, both from her association with Henschmann and her reputation as a square dealer. On the rare times that Hugo Delftgruber (see p.84) gets out, he likes to come here to pay his respects. Out of pity, Mina gives him extra portions for free. Hieronymous Deecksburg (see p. 106) also occasionally eats here, though he has yet to stumble on the inn's secret. She has refused to buy her meat from Groenewoud's (see p.85), as something "doesn't smell right to her nose" about the butcher and his shop.

SANDER VAN OKKER, FORGER

Ex-scribe

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	49	45	2	4	8	39	2	65	37	48	49	39	38



Alignment: Neutral (Ranald)
1 Skills: Arcane Language - Magick; Art; Blather; Read/Write; Secret Language - Classical; Speak Additional Language - Bretonnian dialect; Super Numerate
Trappings: Engraving tools; magnifying glass; sword; writing equipment; 2D4 fake seals and sealing wax of various colours
Quotes: "Just an 'umble copyist, that's right, ha ha. Just an 'umble copyist. Copy anyfink, I will. Even if I hasn't seen the original, if you catch my drift, squire."

"Look, you only asked me to redo the letter you shown me. You didn't say nuffink about no watermark. Course I saw it on it, but you didn't say nuffink about it, so I didn't fink it was important. Now where's my mon-argh! Gerroff! Watch! WATCH!"

In a city like Marienburg, where so much depends on paperwork, bills of sale, promissory notes and letters of introduction, there's a lot of money to be made if you're a man with top-class skills at forging and duplicating documents. Sander Van Okker likes to think he's that man. And he's wrong.

Van Okker is a short, thin man who dresses in a garish mix of fashions that he thinks is daring, but is really just poor taste. A day's worth of stubble dirties his cheeks and weak chin, while a thin brown moustache struggles to survive on his upper lip. He looks thoroughly out of place among the merchants and diplomats in the taverns and drinking houses he frequents around the edges of Paleisbuurt and Suiddock.

He relies on an increasingly thin network of friends and contacts who recommend him, or who need work done on the cheap, but as they disappear or lose faith in him, he's increasingly being driven to tout for business for himself.

Van Okker's prices vary depend on how he's feeling and whether his rent is due, but he'll usually start his haggling at at 5 Gu for a simple signature and go up from there. He refuses to do work anywhere except for in his own home, a scruffy flat at the east end of Suiddock, which means that even the smallest piece of work can take two or three hours, and a longer piece may take days or even weeks, depending how dilligent he's feeling and whether he's fallen in love recently. He falls in love quite often.

The trouble with Van Okker is that he could be the first-rate forger he imagines himself, if he put some effort into his work. His technique is excellent, but he has a tendency to overlook inconvenient details in the copying: he may use the wrong sort of paper, or mis-spell a name, and will then try to blame his error or carelessness on the client not having briefed him properly. This puts him very low on the list of favoured forgers among the city's underworld, which is why he relies so much on new business: he doesn't get a lot of repeat customers.

He has three other failings: he lacks focus, he's greedy and he can't keep a secret. The combination means that he is always scheming and scamming, looking for other ways of earning money, searching for the big strike that will make him rich with the least effort possible - and meanwhile he doesn't give enough attention to the work which pays his bills and which might, one day, make his reputation.

Van Okker is the sort of person who'll copy a bill of transportation for a dubious trader, and will then sell the information that was on the bill to a friend of his in the Gentlemen Entrepreneurs. Then, when the trader inevitably works out how the shipment was stolen, or when any other of his pigeons come home to roost, Van Okker will be surprised that anyone worked out his scam. When it happens, which is often, he usually goes to stay with his aunt in Aarnau for a few days.

He's had run-ins with the Watch, and enough of his former clients have been landed in Rijkers for him to dread the possibility of being sent there. But his lust for glory won't let him stop his low-life lifestyle. He knows he'll end up a big player one day or die trying, but he still hasn't realised how likely it is to be the latter.

"Every time I sail into this bay, the first thing I see is that prison, like a watchman guarding his master's jewels. And I can't decide if Rijker's stands guard against the foreign invader or against the Marienburgers' own worst selves."
— Capitan Pedro de Alinodovar

"She's got a split personality, does Rijker's. The outer bailey's full of bustle and life, but beyond the Wall it's as barren as the Waste and nearly as quiet. Nary a sound, 'cept the creaking of the gallows after the trapdoor's dropped out."
- Marienburg boatman

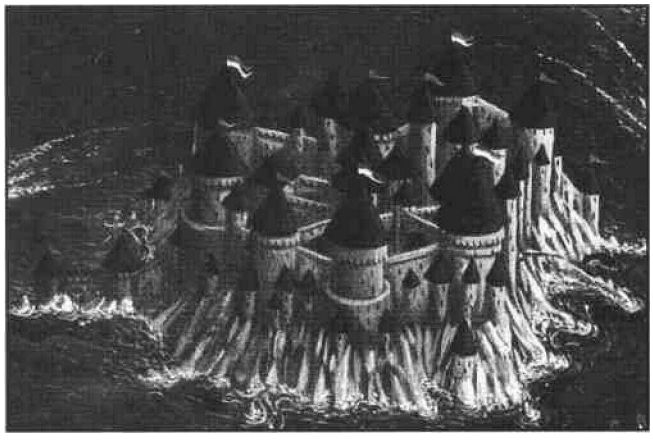
"Of course, Frau Helga, we can accept your 'guest' for as long as you like. No, no reason is needed: I'm sure a solid citizen such as yourself has excellent reasons. A donation of 500 guilders? You are mostgenerous."
- Ludwig de Beq, prison governor

RIJKER'S ISLE

Rijker's Isle has been occupied since the Jutones first came to the area, when they built a fort atop the Elven ruins there to serve as a refuge during times of war. Later the Barons of Westerland took the island, then known as Verrepunt, and built a castle with substantial granaries that would enable it to hold out should the rest of Marienburg be overrun. When the Norscans and later the Bretonnians occupied Marienburg, its grim castle was the Barons' last redoubt - and no one has ever successfully assaulted it.

During the 17th century, Rijker's Isle took on its present role as both fortress and prison after the Barons moved their residence to a far more comfortable palace in the centre of the City. Since then the prison has housed criminals convicted of the more serious offences such as arson, rape, murder and smuggling. Death sentences are carried out here, the keep's sombre bell announcing each execution with thirteen chimes.

With the extinction of the House of van Hoogmans and the independence of Marienburg, Rijker's Isle has come to serve a darker, more unofficial purpose. The City's directors, not trusting each other with command of the strategic fortress, invested hereditary governorship in the family of an exiled Bretonnian noble, Vicomte Louis De Beq. De Beq and his heirs have served the Ten well, quietly imprisoning those whose "disappearance" has been desired for whatever reason. Rival heirs to family fortunes, victims of inter-house feuds, lovers who have cuckolded an influential husband, and foreigners deemed too dangerous to be free in their homeland have all spent years, sometimes even their whole lives, within the island-prison's ancient walls.



LAYOUT

Occupying most of the island on which it sits, the prison itself is surrounded by a curtain wall built on an L-shaped plan, with a great keep at the inner point of the elbow, facing the sea. The walls are 50 feet tall and 30 feet thick, with battlements facing both in and out. Towers along the edge rise another 20 feet, and atop each one is a brace of cannon meant to repel ships invading Marienburg harbour.

Van Zandt's Wall, an internal barrier forty feet high and fifteen feet thick, divides the fortress into inner and outer baileys. The outer bailey, in the southern half, houses the quarters of the island's garrison, a battalion of 120 men comprised of gunners, mercenaries and men-at-arms. Here also are the homes of most of the prison's guards and jailers, though the few with families often prefer to reside in Marienburg itself and take the daily supply boat to and from the island.

Visitors to Rijker's will find what seems to be a small, bustling village inside the curtain wall. The southern half contains the fortress's armoury, food stores, smithy and a workshop where trustee prisoners make reed baskets for sale in Marienburg. There is a chapel shared by Myrmidia, who is honoured by the mostly Tilean mercenary garrison, and Verena, patroness of Rijker's in its role as an instrument of justice.

The inner bailey is almost the exact opposite, barren and paved with grey slate flagstones. Unoccupied most of the time, its monotony is broken by just a few features: the chapel to Morr where the condemned spend their last night in prayer, the three great black iron doors along the inner face of the curtain wall that lead to the cell blocks themselves, and the gallows in the courtyard's centre.

At the crook of the island's elbow sits the fortress's ancient keep, known simply as the Castle, or 'de Kasteel'. It anchors the curtain wall and the seaward end of Van Zandt's Wall. Its grim walls and turrets are built of a very dark stone quarried long ago in the foothills beyond the Bitter Moors - sailors refer to it as Marienburg's Black Eye. Once the home to Marius and his successors, it is now the residence of the prison's governors, the eccentric De Beq family. And sitting incongruously atop the Castle's highest tower is the dome and telescope of an observatory, the personal playroom of the current Governor of Rijker's Isle.

At the opposite end of Van Zandt's Wall sit the Hopeful Tower, named with bitter humour for the view it gives of Marienburg and its bustling harbour. According to tradition, prisoners condemned to death or life in prison are taken to the top of this



tower and given one last view of freedom, to remind them of the price of crime. The Tower also houses the gatehouse that serves as a residence for the prison's High Warden, and its portcullised arches form the main path between the inner and outer baileys. Among the prisoners, the gatehouse is known as Morrsgate.

The cell blocks are within the curtain wall of the northern bailey, two of its floors above ground and a third below. The curtain wall itself is divided into three parts by the Governor's Keep, the Hopeful Tower at the opposite end of Van Zandt's Wall, and two intervening towers. Each block is thus cut off from its neighbour by the thick granite walls of the towers or the keep, stifling communications between the prisoners of different blocks and preventing any riots from spreading. The top of the curtain wall, protected by battlements on both sides, runs uninterrupted around the circumference of Rijker's, allowing for the quick, protected movement of troops and supplies.

Beneath the ground floor of each block lies a level of cells known as the Crypts, used for isolation and punishment. Inmates condemned to death, those sentenced by the courts for grave crimes that do not warrant the death penalty, and those who have committed some serious infraction of the rules are kept here. Convicts in the Crypts are not allowed even basic contact with outsiders. Their jailers are not permitted to speak with them or acknowledge their presence. Meals and water are passed through a panel in the bottom of the cell door, waste buckets are emptied down a tiny sluice in the cell floor, and the inmates' only light comes from the single candle they are given once a week. The prisoners are anonymous, referred to only by their block and cell number.

This anonymity is key to Rijker's unofficial role, for the Crypts are also home to the "disappeared", those whom the Governor is holding at the request of someone powerful. No records are kept of their names: the Governor and the High Warden simply remember who they are, should the time to release them ever come. Some have been in the Crypts so long that their existence has been forgotten by all save the turnkeys who bring their meals.

On the outer side of the second floor of B block, Rijker's northernmost wall, is another set of special cells, reserved for more of the "disappeared". The cells are, however, far more comfortable in their furnishings, bordering upon the elegant. These are suites, with a sitting room, bath, garderobe and even a view of the Manaanspoort Sea. Prisoners in these cells are usually of high station, their captors wanting them out of the way but not kept with the common lot. They are given the best food, and all their needs are met save those of companionship and freedom. In this regard, they are as deprived as the captives in the Crypts.

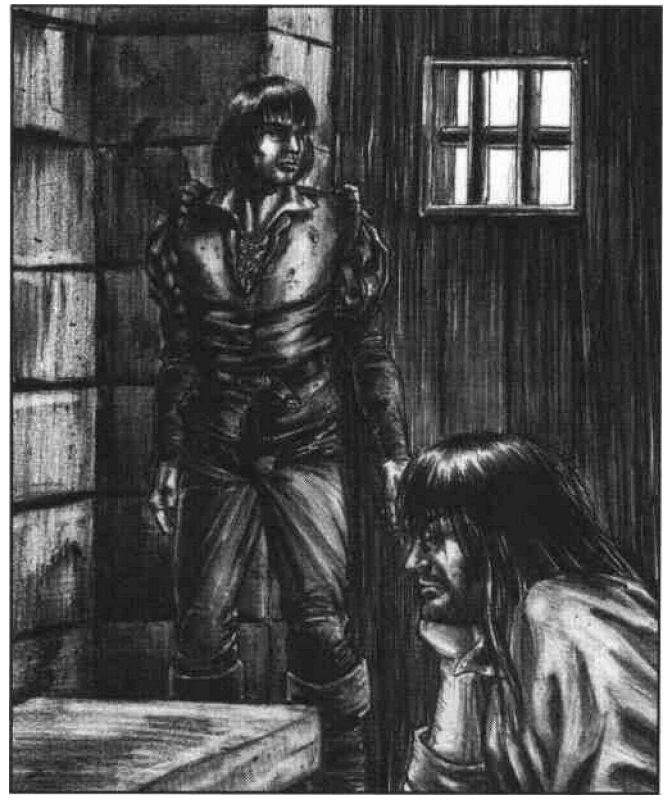
WHO'S IN CHARGE?

The governor of Rijker's Isle ostensibly has command over the entire fortress-prison and all its mercenaries, jailers and prisoners. Marienburg's Directors, however, were not so foolish as to trust one man with such power. In fact they have deliberately established a divided and overlapping chain of command to prevent someone with too much ambition from holding Marienburg hostage by choking off all its overseas shipping.

Under normal circumstances, the governor may give any order and expect to have it obeyed. The Captain of the Guard, however, may countermand any order he feels harmful to the security of the fortress or Marienburg itself. The Guard Captain also reports weekly to the Staadtholder, who may issue orders in the name of the Directorate.

The governor is not just a figurehead. Under the terms of the original grant to the De Beq family, he "shall have use of any and all resources necessary to maintain order and see that justice is served within the confines of the prison". Every De Beq since the first has interpreted this to mean command over the mercenaries as well. Their will is enforced by the fact that the governors and their lackeys control access to the fortress's gunpowder stores and are the only ones allowed to distribute the monthly pay.

This confusion has lead to some catastrophic rows in the past, with orders being issued and countermanded one after the other,



although this has occurred only rarely. The current governor, Ludwig De Beq, enjoys a good relationship with the mercenary Captain of the Guard, Jacopo d'Arezzo, and allows him considerable latitude in the day-to-day affairs of the fortress.

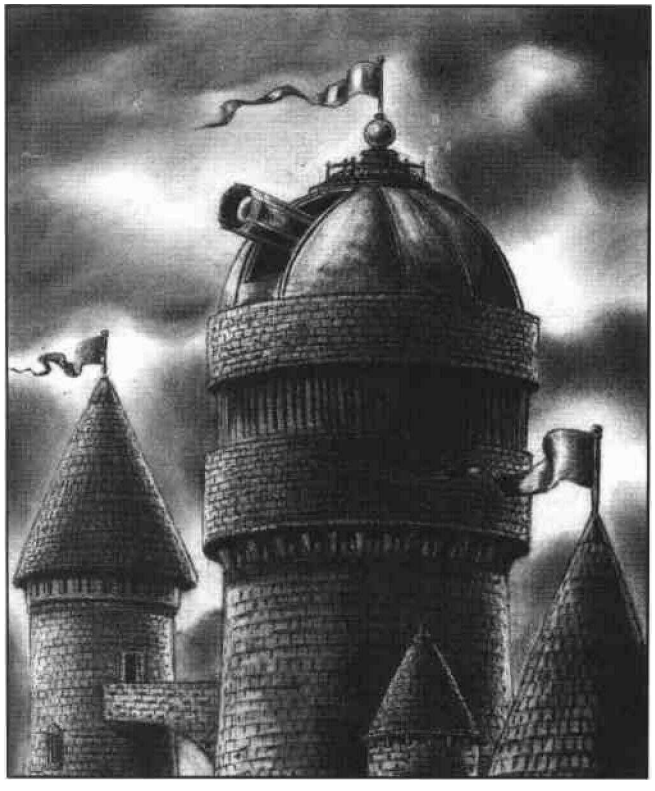
As far as the prisoners are concerned, the mercenaries are distant figures high up on the walls, unless they happen to be pointing their crossbows down into the courtyard. Of more immediate concern are the wardens and the turnkeys, the jailers with whom the inmates deal on a daily basis.

Chief among these, and second only to the Governor in authority over the criminals, is the High Warden of Van Zandt's Wall. From his office in the gatehouse of the Hopeful Tower, the High Warden oversees the assignment of new prisoners to cells, the distribution of meals, processes the occasional release and orders any punishments short of execution. Prisoners hope never to see him between their arrival and release, for it almost always means a severe punishment.

Under the High Warden are the wardens of the individual cell blocks, who each have an office just within the iron blockhouse doors. These doors are the only known ways into and out of the buildings, and the wardens control all access. On each floor a turnkey holds the keys to the cells, passes out the food, collects individual prisoners when summoned and supervises them in the courtyard during their weekly half-hour recreation period. Various hirelings assist with menial tasks.

PRISON LIFE

The life of a prisoner in Rijker's Isle is described by two words: hard and dull. Two prisoners normally share a cell five feet wide by seven feet deep. They are given two buckets, one filled with fresh water every day, and another used to hold bodily wastes. The jailers bring them two meals a day: a thin broth in the morning and a leek stew in the evening, to which is added chunks of fish every Festag. The prisoners' cells each have a tiny window that allows them a view of either the courtyard or the sea.



There are breaks in the monotony, however. Thanks to pressure from the Cult of Shallya twenty years ago, prisoners are allowed a weekly one-half hour recreation period in the northern courtyard. Many take advantage of the time to exercise and converse with inmates from other blocks, while others simply enjoy the view of the sky and sun. Should the weather be bad or other adverse conditions exist (such as a riot), then the recreation time is cancelled and inmates must wait till the next week.

The Cult of Shallya, always interested in the possibility of reform, has also arranged that certain exemplary prisoners be made trustees with extra privileges. Most trustees work in the prison workshops, where they make baskets or weave plain cloth for sale to the city's merchants. For their labour they are paid six pence per week, which they may use to buy extra food or weak beer, or save against the day of their release. Trustees are also granted an extra hour per week of recreation time in the courtyard.

On the other side of the coin lies punishment for troublemakers or those who seek a way out. Minor infractions, like fighting with other prisoners, refusal to eat meals or stealing from fellow convicts results in a loss of all privileges for at least a month. More serious crimes, such as attempted escape, repeated minor offences, striking a guard or killing another prisoner can lead to transfer to the Crypts for between a month and life. Killing a prison official inevitably means a hanging.

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES OF RIJKER'S ISLE

THE HONOURABLE LUDWIG DE BEQ, GOVERNOR OF RIJKER'S ISLE, VISCOUNT OF MONT VILLAUNES (IN EXILE)
Scholar, ex-student, ex-noble

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	40	33	3	4	8	57*	1	45	46	53	41	55	43



Skills: Arcane Language - Magic; Astronomy; Blather; Cartography; Charm; Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Etiquette; Gamble; Heraldry; History; Lightning Reflexes*; Luck; Magical Sense; Public Speaking; Read/Write - Reikspiel; Ride; Rune Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Speak Additional Language - Bretonnian dialect; Specialist Weapon - fencing sword; Wit

Trappings: Fine clothes and wigs in the latest courtly Bretonnian fashion; rapier; small hand sextant; astrological texts; tin of snuff

Quotes: "It was an injustice! My ancestor was not dealing with slavers, he was setting a trap for them. My family was framed!"

'Ah, Mannslieb is in the sign of the Anvil, and a shooting star fell in the direction of Norsca. That means...What is it, Vogt? Time for a hanging? You see to it, I'm busy with important matters."

Appearance: A portly man in his early fifties, Governor Ludwig De Beq dresses the part of a Bretonnian nobleman and often dips snuff to punctuate his sentences. He is never without his book of astrological interpretations.

Personality: The Governor is a greedy man and regards the prisoners as animals. A devout snob, he is disdainful of those below him, while an unfailing toady to those above.

Motivations: De Beq is obsessed with seeing his family restored to the County of Mont Villaunes, and with astrology. All his actions, then, are geared towards gaining more money for the purchase of astronomical and astrological equipment, and for bribes

to press his case in the Bretonnian Court. He also wants to have as little to do as possible with the day-to-day running of Rijker's, while enjoying all its privileges.

JACOPO D'AREZZO, CAPTAIN OF THE RED TALONS
Mercenary Captain, ex-sergeant and mercenary

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	57	55	5	5	9	50	3	35	48	44	56	37	55



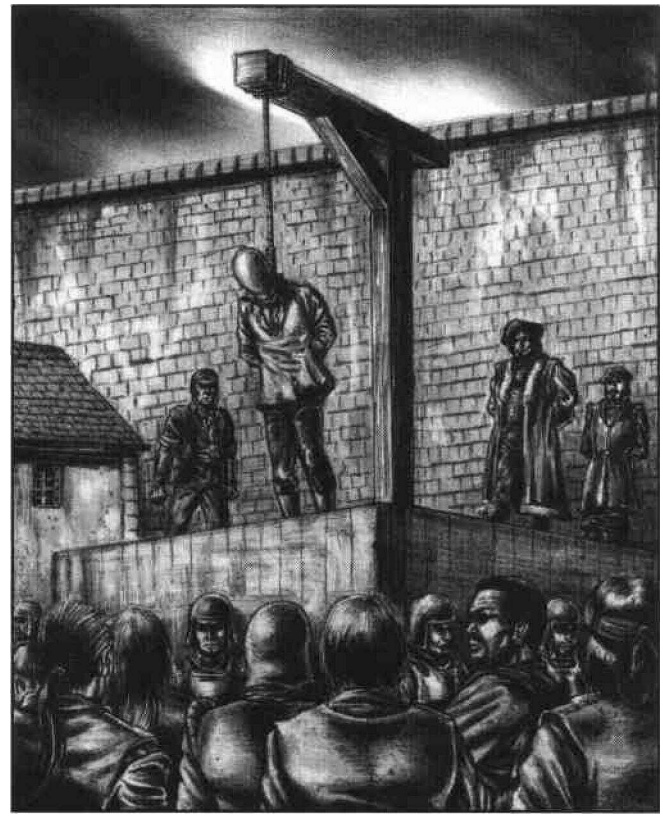
Skills: Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Heraldry; Ride - horse; Secret Language - battle tongue; Seduction; Speak Other Language - Reikspiel; Gamble; Specialist Weapon - parrying weapon, two-handed weapon, gunpowder weapons; Street Fighter; Strike to Injure; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun
Trappings: Rapier, pistol and dagger; rakish broad-brimmed hat with a feather; breastplate and helmet
Quote: "It is true, I am in the midst of danger every minute of the day on that island. It is only with the knowledge that I shield such delicate flowers as yourself, signorina, from the dangeros of such fearful criminals that I can bear the strain."
Appearance: Captain d'Arezzo is the epitome of a dashing, heroic officer - immaculately groomed, tall, with romantic brown eyes, a ramrod-straight back and the elegant movements of a panther. He is usually fashionably dressed, but not ostentatiously.
Personality: He is a consummate professional and a man of action. While he may seem to be an incorrigible ladies' man, and obsessed with little else, he truly cares about his troops.
Motivations: First and foremost are the well-being of his brigade and the honourable fulfillment of his contract. While this includes the security of the fortress, he will not sacrifice any members of the Red Talons unnecessarily. In his free moments, he is also devoted to bringing joy into the lives of as many of the lovely young ladies of Marienburg as possible.

ARHENNIUS VOGT. HIGH WARDEN OF VAN ZANDT'S WALL
High Warden (Judicial Champion), ex-warden (Watchman) and turnkey (Jailer)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	62	39	5*	5	11	54	2	38	36	40	43	31	34



Skills: Consume Alcohol; Dodge Blow; Immunity to Disease; Immunity to Poison; Palm Object; Silent Move Urban; Sing; Specialist Weapon - fist weapon, flail, whip, two-handed weapon, parrying weapon; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Very Strong*
Trappings: Clean white shirt and breeches;long black topcoat; heavy leather boots with steel toes; walking stick with a brass knob shaped like a skull; short sword
Quote: "What we have here is a failure to communicate. North of the Wall, I am your god! Cross me, and you'll never see the sun again. Make me angry, and you'll lose your worthless life on the gallows. YOU ARE LESS THAN VERMIN! Is that clear enough for you?"
Appearance: Arhennius Vogt is a man of medium height, powerfully built with a barrel chest that is only just starting to turn to fat. His lined, craggy face sports an almost perpetual sneer. With his great mane of white hair, he looks like a prowling lion as he walks through the cell blocks. He has developed spitting into an art form.



Personality: He is cruel and autocratic, a consummate bully. Though he acts like a gentleman around outsiders, he loves to lord his power over the prisoners, and he exercises it in petty and often brutal ways. He also collects death masks of executed convicts, a collection he is most proud of.
Motivations: He is concerned with the maintenance of his little kingdom, and the only fear he has is that he will lose control. To this end, he works to minimise the Governor's involvement, something De Beq makes quite easy.
Secrets: Arhennius Vogt is not a wealthy man, and it galls him that Governor De Beq grows rich while he, Vogt, does all the work of supervising the prisoners. And he has come to realize that the power he wields over the inmates, however personally satisfying, will not feed him when he is old. Consequently he has begun selling parts from the corpses of executed criminals through a middleman to unknown buyers in Marienburg. Arhennus doesn't do this often, just one in four is all - sometimes a heart, sometimes the an arm or a head, sometimes the whole corpse. His death-mask collecting "hobby" gives him all the cover he needs to continue with his sordid trade, and his own brutal reputation is enough to keep the trustees who toss the corpse sacks into the sea from asking why some sacks feel lighter than others.

BROTHER MARTINUS. PRISON CHAPLAIN
Level 1 Priest (Cult of Shallya), ex-initiate

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	22	34	5*	3	8	42	1	37	34	35	40	46	42

Skills: Cast Spells - Clerical 1; Cure Disease; Heal Wounds; Herb Lore; Immunity to Disease; Immunity to Poison; Meditate; Palm



Object; Public Speaking; Read/Write Reikspiel, Classical; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Silent Move Urban; Theology; Very Strong*
Spells: Cure Light Injury; Cure Poison; Aura of Resistance
Trappings: White, homespun robes, holy symbol, prayer book, slingbag of bandages and herbal medicines
Quote: "Lady Shallya needs no formal chapel here. In whichever cell a man cries out for mercy or compassion, there you find her temple."
Appearance: Brother Martinus is a young man, tall and strong. From beneath his tonsured hair, gentle, sympathetic eyes bring peace to everyone he meets. He always carries his prayer book and slingbag.
Personality: He is kindly and dedicated, persevering in the face of impossible odds. At night, when alone, the enormity of his task often overwhelms him till he weeps and drinks himself to sleep.
Motivations: He is driven to fight to reclaim lost souls, and seeks to bring about the reform of prison life and the elimination of the death sentence.

TYPICAL TILEAN MERCENARY

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	35	3	3	8	40	1	29	39	29	31	29	29

Skills: Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Secret Language - battle tongue; Sing; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun
Trappings: Crossbow and quarrels; hand weapon; metal breastplate; shield; mandolin or recorder





TYPICAL JAILER (TURNKEYS AND WARDENS)

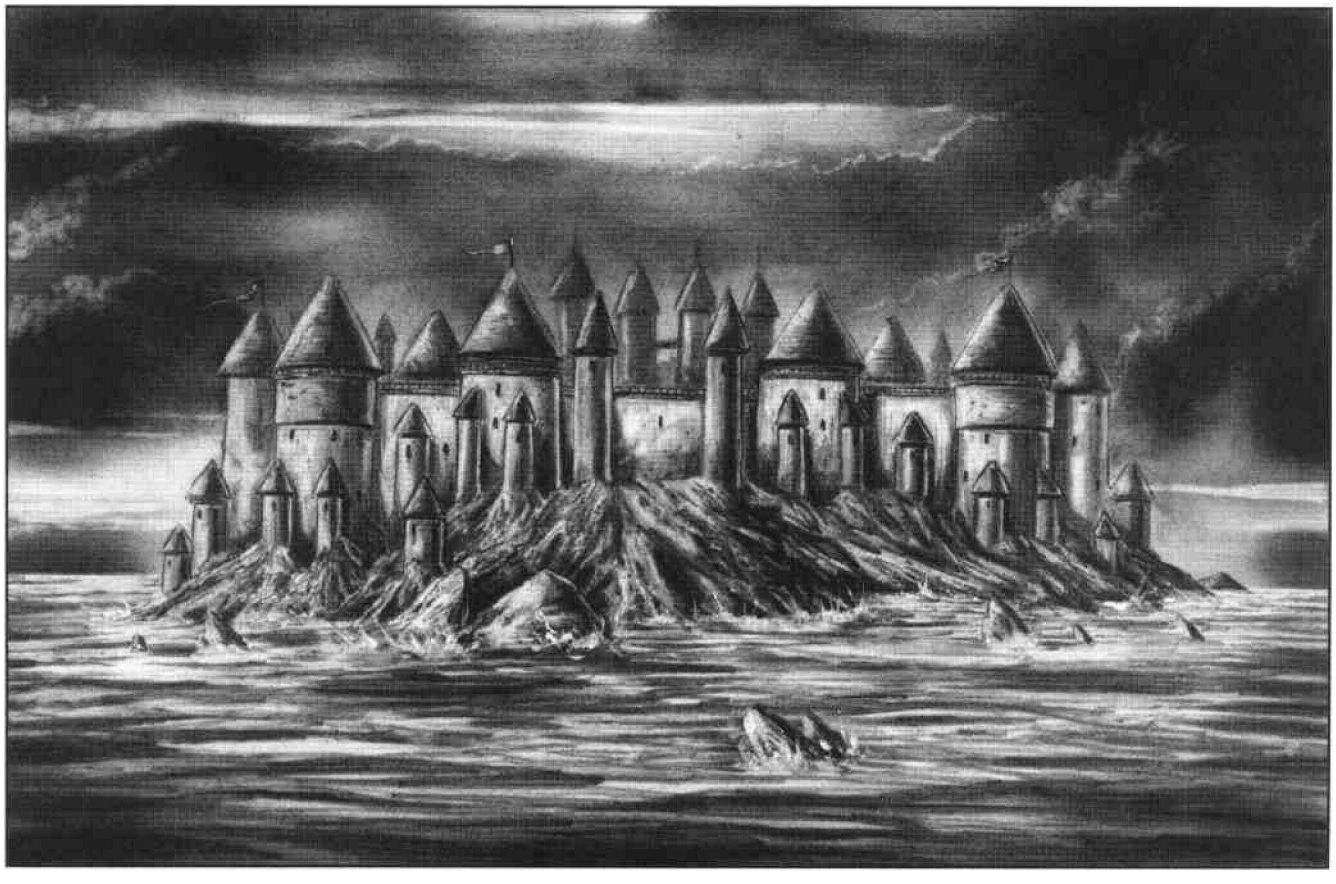
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	35	25	4*	5*	7	30	1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Skills: Consume Alcohol; Immunity to disease; Immunity to Poison; Palm Object; Silent Move Urban; Very Resilient*; Very Strong*
Trappings: Club; ring of heavy keys; bottle of rough wine; fleas

TYPICAL PRISONER

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	33	25	3	4	8	30	1	34	28	29	30	33	29

Skills: Flee!; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow
Trappings: Poor clothes
Note: This description is for the average common criminal who winds up in Rijker's on any of a variety of charges — murder, robbery, assault, accessory to this or that, any one of a number of crimes - but the island also houses dozens if not hundreds of more specialised offenders, such as charlatans, forgers and criminal alchemists.



Adventure Seeds

The following are a few suggestions for adventures that can be set in and around Marienburg.

THE TREASURE OF THE RIJKER'S MADRE

The PCs learn of an old Estalian pirate imprisoned in Rijker's, Rodrigo de la Gloria de la Madre. He is the last survivor of a pirate crew that hid a fortune in gold somewhere in the Grootscher Marsh before being hunted down by the Excise. He's dying, but will reveal the secret to any who can get him out so he can die a free man. The PCs will have to break into Rijker's and then spirit the prisoner out. To complicate things, agents of Clan Lianllach (see p. 71), from whom the gold was stolen, have heard of Rodrigo's offer, and trail the PCs to recover the fortune themselves. They may even try to beat the party to Rijkers and rescue the old man first.

PEARL DIVERS

Mirjam van Haagen, wife of Director Leo van Haagen, has lost her pearl engagement ring: she says it slipped off her finger as she was crossing the Zijdenmouw canal in Goudberg by river-taxi. Leo has offered a reward of 2000 Gu for the ring's return - supposedly only a third of its worth. River-urchins and mudlarks are searching the canal, diving like pearl-divers and dredging the mud, but so far the only thing that's been recovered is the weighted corpse of a missing merchant.

The PCs observe Mirjam travelling through the city in secret, to a meeting with her lover. They're planning to elope, and have in fact pawned the ring at the Three Guilders Emporium (see p. 111) to pay their costs. If the PCs help Leo van Haagen, this could develop into a thrilling chase across the Wasteland; if they decide to assist Mirjam then they learn that her lover has a secret, and another use for the money: hiring an assassin to kill Leo and place the blame on his widow.

THE BLACKMAILERS

Members of the League of Gentleman Entrepreneurs have stolen a unique pendant given by Stefan Rothemuur (see p. 33), heir to the Rothemuur fortune, in a fit of romantic fantasy to the daughter of the Lang Fu banking house. Worse still, both their names are on it. The League demands payment to prevent exposure. The Rothemuurs pay the heroes to recover the pendant, while the family of the girl tries to recover it themselves to protect her honour and maintain their hold over one of the Ten. In addition, agents for Clara de Roelef (see p. 30) also seek the pendant, since she looks for anything she can use to embarrass Rothemuur.

TAX

Don't forget that Marienburg's arcane and impenetrable bureaucracy can be used to frustrate and confuse adventurers almost endlessly. The tax laws are a particularly amusing nightmare, and can be used for all sorts of escapades if the PCs are getting too settled in the city. Wake the PCs early in the morning with a polite man who demands their business receipts for all transactions over the past year and, when they can't produce them, insists they pay at least a year's worth of various obscure taxes they've never heard of- an unfeasible amount of money that will force them to take any job they can find to raise the cash. This is a great way of forcing them into adventure-starting situations. Or face them with a polite and plausible man who demands a modest sum from them in taxes - and it's only when they're stopped a few days later and asked for the same tax that they realise the first one was a fraudster. Revenge is a great way to motivate PCs.

THE WRECKER CULT

More ships than usual have been lost along the coast between Marienburg and L'Anguille. Some are never seen again, while only wreckage is found of the others. In all cases, there have been no known survivors. Many of these ships were insured by the Fooger bank (see p. 86). Agents of Arkat Fooger hire the party (or coerce them, if they owe him money) to find the criminals and expose them. Investigations lead to a lonely inn near Broekwater that is a headquarters of the Stromfels cult. Evidence found at the inn hints at the involvement of the de Kuypers family.

THE MURDERS IN THE RUE CANAL

A vampire fleeing Imperial justice has taken refuge with the local Cult of Khaine. He is very weak and needs sacrifices brought to him before he can even feed normally. Cult members have been kidnapping Canal-Rats for his meals. The Watch won't help these low-lives, so they turn to the player characters. If the PCs are efficient in their investigations, they can break the cult before the vampire is strong enough to wander the city on his own. The Cult of Morr will help if the heroes can provide proof of Necromancy.

MONKEY BUSINESS

A rare four-armed talking Lustrian Green Monkey has escaped from Priceless Friends Exotic Animal Emporium (see p. 78) in Elftown. The buyer, a wealthy visiting Imperial noble, has already paid for it and will come in three days to collect it. Sumieren Imlordil can't afford to return the money, since he is in debt to the Gentlemen Entrepreneurs. Nor can he look for it himself, since that would tip-off gossips that the animal is missing. The players are hired to find the beast before it is killed or captured by someone else who won't give it back.

The trouble is, the monkey has become the friend and pet of a young Suiddock girl, and she doesn't want to give it up, even for a reward. The monkey is an excellent mimic - it possesses both the *Ventriloquism* and *Mimic* skills, and is 90%

successful in their use - and gains an annoying amount of joy from practical jokes and fooling people.

A BRIDGE TOO HIGH

Adventures can be given extra impact by setting them somewhere dramatic, and there's no location in Marienburg more dramatic than the mighty span of the Hoogbrug bridge (see p. 14), hundreds of feet above the river. The PCs happen to be present as a carriage filled with gold, destined for the vaults of Fooger's Counting House, is intercepted in the middle of the bridge by a crew of thieves.

But something goes wrong and their well-planned heist collapses into a messy hostage situation, with the PCs caught in the middle. The bandits have hostages, long ropes and a boat waiting below the bridge, but the authorities have archers and short tempers. Mix in tensions on both sides (why do the bandits need the gold? How well disciplined are they? Who are the hostages, and might some of the authorities prefer to see them dead?) and you have a thrilling evening's mix of emergency diplomatics and high-energy derring-do.

EYE FOR AN EYE

Remember the drowned merchant who was found during the search for Mirjam van Haagen's ring? The PCs are approached by a mage who had paid the man a lot of money to obtain a pouch of rare spell components for him, and is anxious to know whether the goods had arrived before the merchant disappeared. After some hunting (and a bit of unpleasantness with the people who killed the merchant and who think the PCs are after them) the pouch is located - his next of kin had it - and it is discovered that the components in question are actually human eyes. (How can they tell? There's a glass one in there too.)

Do the PCs deliver the pouch to the wizard, who is almost certainly a Necromancer, thus possibly putting themselves in his power; or do they deliver it to the Watch - incurring the Necromancer's wrath; or do they try something else? And while the PCs are making up their minds, the friends and family of the eyes' original owners turn up...

TUNNELS AND TOLLS

The PCs are approached in an inn by a dishevelled man who asks if they would like to buy the Broeklijn Bridge. The PCs may laugh him away, but can discover that he is Pirn Broeklijn, whose father built the Broeklijn toll-bridge between two islands in Schattinwaard just weeks before the Stadsraad passed a law abolishing all private tolls in the city. The family was bankrupted by the cost of maintaining the bridge, which Pirn is still trying to sell.

Unbeknownst to him, smugglers have built a tunnel into its stonework and use the underside of the bridge as a secret dock for transporting their goods. When their operation is discovered they frame Pirn for the crime. The PCs know he is innocent and has an alibi, but can they prove it and send the guilty to jail?

BETTER THE DAEMON YOU KNOW

If you ever need to persuade the adventurers to accept a job they'd prefer not to, and the overdue-taxes method hasn't worked, then you can always set them up. Give them a simple but legally dubious job to do (say, transporting a sealed crate to a ship anchored in the bay) and on completion they discover that it was a sting operation by the Black Caps or the Fog Walkers, and not only are they not going to get paid, but if they want to avoid a trial and a year or so in Rijker's then they have to agree to work from time to time as unpaid informants or even undercover operatives. And it just so happens that there's a job that needs doing right now... As well as the chances for adventures, this is a good way of giving your PCs contacts among the city's law-enforcers or espionage community.

UNDER THE INFLUENCE

There is astonishment in the Stadsraat as the Staadtholder, Luitpold van Raemerswijk, makes a casting vote against Jaan





van de Kuypers. Many people, including Trancas Quendalmanliye, make it known they will pay richly to learn why.

The secret is convoluted: Anton van Rasmerswijk, heir to House van Raemerswijk, has become addicted to Dmitri Hrodovsky's special hang-over cures and pick-me-ups. For a while Dmitri has been happy to sting him for cash, but now he wants more: influence. When Adalbert Henschmann expressed a desire that a new law giving the River Watch powers to search barges for smuggled goods should not be passed, Dmitri sent Luitpold a letter: block the law or watch Anton die.

To discover this, the PCs will need to notice Anton making frequent visits to Dmitri's shop in un-chic Kruirsmuur; overhear Adalbert talking about how he stopped the law; make a connection between Adalbert and Dmitri; and learn about Dmitri's special product-lines. They can then look out for and intercept a second letter from Dmitri to Luitpold, proving everything.

But while this is happening, the Stadsraat is in uproar and Jaan van de Kuypers is calling for a new Staadtholder. The fall-out from the affair could make the PCs some powerful friends, or embroil them in trouble for weeks. And if Dmitri is arrested or has to stop his drug-related activities, the PCs will almost certainly incur the wrath of the League of Gentleman Entrepreneurs. Which wculd be interesting.

UNDERGROUND

Marienburg's network of hidden and lost tunnels is ripe with potential for hundreds of adventures, from old-style dungeon-bashing (PCs hired to clear a section of recently discovered tunnel, inhabited by people who have been hiding from daylight for generations) to intrigue and espionage. And who knows where tunnels might emerge? Not just under Pirn Broeklijn's bridge, that's for sure.

Perhaps the PCs, involved in trade or smuggling, discover a section of tunnel and use it for concealing their wares. The wares start disappearing. It could be due to other smugglers stealing them (cue underground turf-war), cultists, infiltration by Fen Loonies or even Skaven, or perhaps there's a group of people waiting in the runnels for a signal to emerge into the city... but who and why?

BOOTS ARE MADE FOR SELLING

In a city where anything has a price, the PCs are likely to start looking for the quick buck; and that makes them open for a good scam or two. Have the PCs meet a merchant from the west end of town who's desperate to buy Tilean shoes, as many as he can get, at almost any price. Half a day later they meet a different merchant who's selling just such shoes. If the PCs buy as many as they can, they'll find that the first merchant has mysteriously vanished. Naturally, he and the second merchant are business partners, and the heroes have just been bit.

As with the tax-collecting scam above, revenge can be a great motivator and is a brilliant way of getting characters into situations they normally wouldn't touch with a barge-pole. Alternatively, it can be used as a diversion to distract PCs' attention. "There's still no movement from inside the house you've been watching - but suddenly on the other side of the street you see the guy who ripped you off with those shoes." "That git! We chase him!" Ah, player characters are such wonderfully simple souls.

WET SIDE STORY

Urdithriel Imraholen, owner of Race the Winds boatyard (see p.76) has a daughter, Immarana; Adalbert "Casanova" Hensch-mann (see p.67) has a son, Jochem. Unknown to anyone they're in love, but their backgrounds and the differences in their class and race, not to mention the prejudices of their parents, make theirs an ill-augered match.

After the PCs save Immarana from street toughs as she's returning in disguise from seeing Jochem, she begs them for help in finding her and her lover a safe place to live. Then one of Urdithriel's militia accidentally kills a member of the League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs, and suddenly the PCs are involved with a romance that could plunge Marienburg and Elftown into war on the streets... or pull it back from the edge.

You can inject extra interest by making the PCs confront their own prejudices about inter-racial marriage; or you can add comedy by having Urdithriel mistake an Elven PC for his daughter's suitor. Don't forget the dramatic potential of balcony scenes, and don't be afraid to give the tale of these star-crossed lovers a tragic and poignant ending.

Adventure

The Lustrian Bubble

INTRODUCTION

This adventure is designed as an introduction to the city of Marienburg; not so much its geography and citizens as the way it works and the way it does business. It's best played with a group of player characters who are arriving in the city for the first time, whether by road, river or sea; or alternatively with adventurers who may have been in Marienburg for a while but who tend to think with their swords. Because it's an adventure which doesn't involve much fighting or physical tests, it's not too important how much experience the characters have: 'The Lustrian Bubble' is a test of wits not muscle, as well as an object lesson in why you shouldn't try to cheat Marienburgers at their own game.

THE SET-UP

Let's assume that the PCs have arrived in Marienburg on a Marktag (see ***Shadows over Bogenhafen*** p. 33 or the calendar in the ***GM Screen and Reference Pack).*** They're unlikely to know anyone in the city, so they'll need to stay at an inn until they find something more permanent - it doesn't matter which inn, so long as it's not an utter dive. Give them a chance to explore the city, buy fresh supplies and see the majesty of the Hoogbrug Bridge, the splendour of the Paleisbuurt, the bustle and hustle of the locals, and the fact that the moment a Marienburg trader hears an foreign accent, his prices go up 50%. Let them meet people and ask about employment, but don't give them any solid leads.

That evening, the characters are sitting in the main room of their inn when a short, well-dressed man comes over to the richest-looking of them and engages him in idle conversation. He introduces himself as Ludwig Prost, an Imperial trader from Talabheim. "Not the first time I've been here, of course, but glad to be back. Wonderful city. Salt on its breath and gold in its veins. Makes me feel alive."

He says he's in the city to negotiate some river-trade agreements with the De Cameron merchant family. Any character is or has been a trader or merchant will know of the De Camerons: they are an old and widespread trading family, very powerful about a century ago. They have outposts and members in every country of the Old World and in many beyond.

Prost tells the PCs that he arrived this afternoon by river-boat. As the boat was approaching the dock, it was struck by another vessel - "which knocked my document-case overboard, into the river. Well, 1 can't swim and by the time I could get anyone's attention it had drifted out of sight. Damned nuisance: had all my letters of introduction and the like in it." He changes the topic, asking the PCs what they've seen in the city, whether they know what plays are at the theatres, and the weather - "Quite a wind blowing up; I wouldn't want to be in a small boat on a night like this" - but after a few minutes he returns to his former subject.

"That lost case of mine," he says thoughtfully. "I was wondering - it's watertight, so it'll have floated downstream, probably washed up on the east bank below the city. And I do need those



papers. If you find it, I can't pay you much, but you look like men not in need of a few pennies. No, I can offer more than that: I can introduce you to some pretty influential people around the city. As a favour. When you find the case, bring it to me - I'll be staying here, or at the House of the De Camerons in Goudberg."

PERSUASION

This may not seem a wildly attractive offer, but you can spice it up by not giving the PCs much else to do, or by having arranged an encounter earlier in the day with someone who tells them that walking along the river-path is the best way to get the feel for the city. Either way, present this as a pleasant short-term diversion, a chance to explore the city and its environs, and a possible lead into more interesting adventures.

MUDLARKING

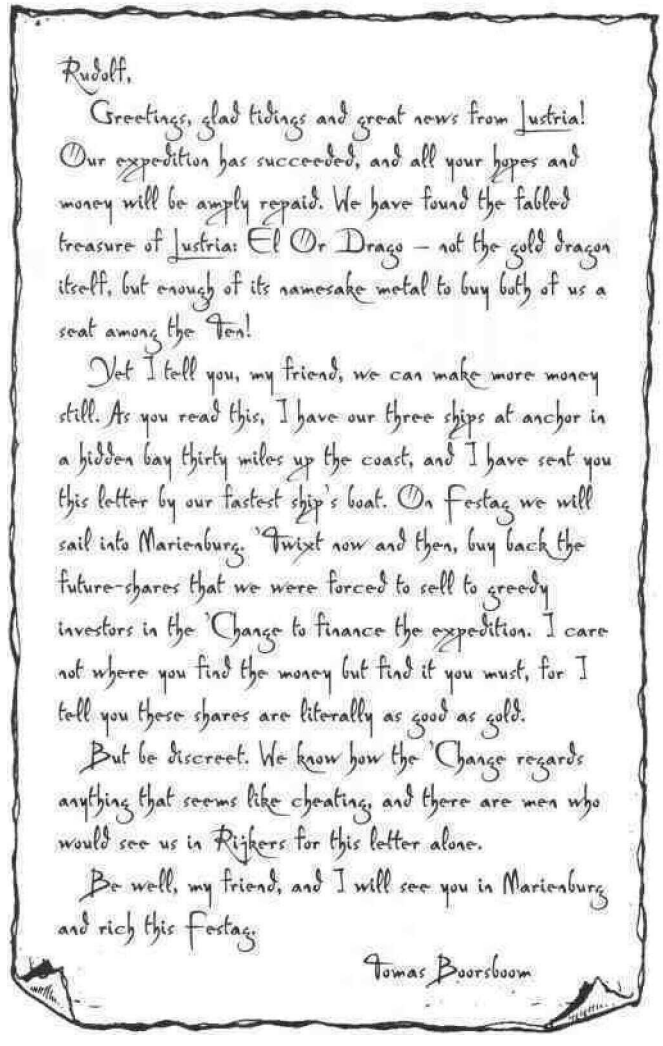
The following morning, Backertag, the tide is low and as the PCs pass beyond the northern edge of the city, beyond the Flats, the fortifications designed to keep invaders and the sea at bay, expanses of sand and mud sit and stink under a watery sun. Close to the city, a few filthy children and haggard beggars are searching the tide-line for flotsam and jetsam from the storm the night before. None have seen anything like a document-case.

A few hundred yards beyond the last mudlark, the PCs spot (I test) something made of leather close to the high-water mark. Close investigation reveals it's not a case but a leather jerkin of good workmanship, thoroughly sodden. If it's touched, kicked or moved in any way, a sealed letter wrapped securely in oilskin falls from an interior pocket (Handout 1, shown on the right). It bears no name or address on the outside.

THE PAY-OFF

The letter the PCs have found, seemingly washed ashore from a wreck in last night's storm, is a fake, deliberately planted for them to find. 'Prost' is in fact Rudolf Speijk, a former con-man who became a legitimate merchant a few years ago. Some months ago he bought a good number of future-shares in an expedition to Lustria. The expedition is now more than two months overdue, the value of his shares have hit rock-bottom and Speijk fears the worst. What's more, he's being pressured by his creditors to pay back certain debts he has incurred on other bad trading deals.

He may be a lousy merchant, but Speijk is a good con-man. He's forged three letters from Tomas Boorsboom, the captain of the Lustrian expedition he backed, and planted them on the shoreline this morning. Last night he toured several inns and asked three groups of travellers new to the city to help find his missing document case. What he's hoping is that they - or someone else - will find the letters and act on the information in them, bidding up



Rudolf,

Greetings, glad tidings and great news from Lustria! Our expedition has succeeded, and all your hopes and money will be amply repaid. We have found the fabled treasure of Lustria: El Or Drago – not the gold dragon itself, but enough of its namesake metal to buy both of us a seat among the Ten!

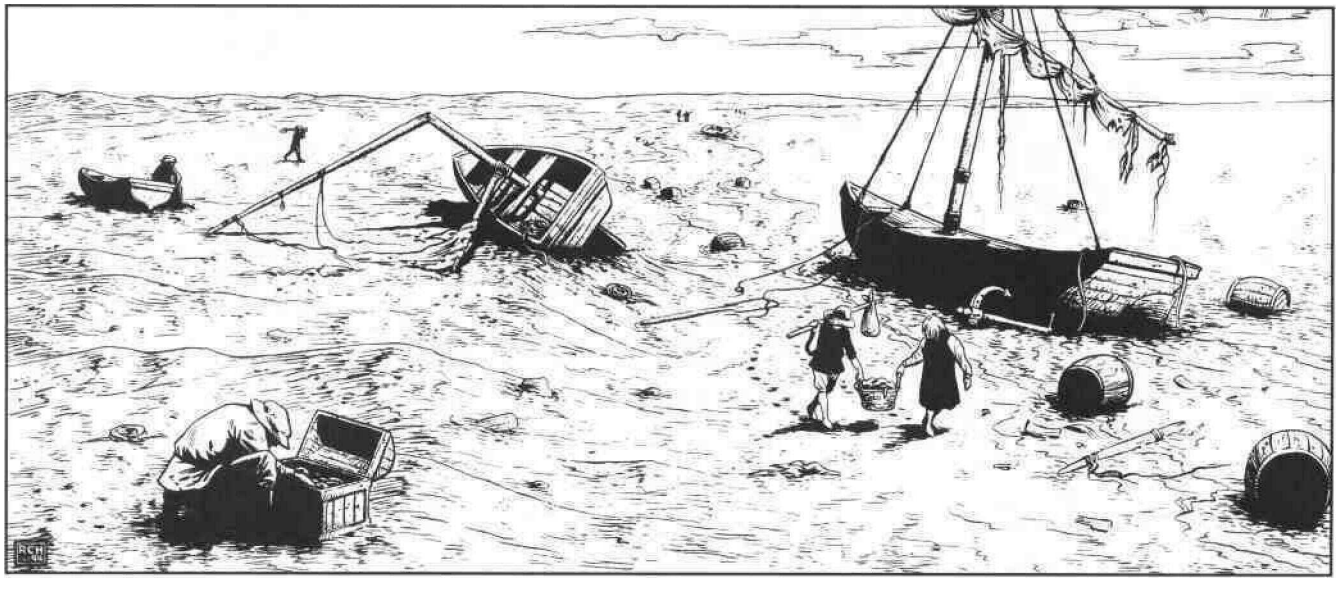
Yet I tell you, my friend, we can make more money still. As you read this, I have our three ships at anchor in a hidden bay thirty miles up the coast, and I have sent you this letter by our fastest ship's boat. On Festag we will sail into Marienburg. 'Twixt now and then, buy back the future-shares that we were forced to sell to greedy investors in the 'Change to finance the expedition. I care not where you find the money but find it you must, for I tell you these shares are literally as good as gold.

But be discreet. We know how the 'Change regards anything that seems like cheating, and there are men who would see us in Rijkers for this letter alone.

Be well, my friend, and I will see you in Marienburg and rich this Festag.

Tomas Boorsboom

Handout 1. See page 159 for full-sized version



the price of the future-shares in Boorsboom's expedition, so that he can sell his holding at a profit and pay off his debts.

From this point, the adventure can go many ways, and how the PCs do will depend entirely on their actions. If they take the letter's bait and follow it blindly, there's a good chance they'll lose everything they have - and incur some serious debts to powerful people too. However, they should notice several hints and clues that they're getting caught up in a scam, and if the PCs realise and play smart, they could make a lot of money — but risk imprisonment if they're not careful. And if they decide to go to the authorities, or do something else with the letter, they can make powerful contacts in the city, both friendly and hostile.

The key to the adventure is *not* realising that the letter is a fake and reporting it to the authorities. Some PCs may want to play it that way, but others may realise that knowing the share-boom is based on a hoax gives them the chance to make some serious money at the 'Change, if they can play the market right. Whatever they want to do, let them, and feel free to improvise details.

FUTURE SHARES

A brief word on future-shares. The 'Change will deal in almost anything, and over the last few years has begun to trade in 'future-shares', particularly on risky cargoes or commodities with prices that may fluctuate wildly.

A future-share is a stake in something that doesn't exist yet, such as the possible cargo that a voyage or exploration might bring back, and buyers gamble that it will be worth more than what they paid for the share. Sea-captains use them to finance expeditions. Say that a captain needs to raise 150,000 guilders to pay for two ships, crew and supplies, so he sells 10,000 future-shares in the expedition at 15 guilders each (or, more likely, creates 10,000 shares, sells 7500 of them at 20 guilders each and keeps the rest). When he returns his cargo will be sold and the revenue divided between the shares' owners. If it makes more than 150,000 guilders in total, they win. If it's worth less, they lose; and if the expedition is lost at sea, they lose everything. It's a high-stakes game, but the fact that a single ship's cargo of spices, salt or silk can fetch up to 200,000 guilders makes it worth playing.

Anyone associated with the 'Change or any Marienburger with the *Bargain* skill will be able to explain this to the PCs, but will casually enquire why the PCs want to know. Either they're looking for a tip on cargoes and shares to buy, or they'll give a hot tip on a share to watch, or they'll recommend their broker at the 'Change, who may give them a kick-back. What happens if the PCs reveal the contents of their letter to outsiders is described below.

NORMAL TRADING

The two other groups who have found copies of the letter (on different parts of the shore, of course) both decide to act on them.

The first are a group of grain-traders from up-river, resting in town for a few days before returning home. They take the letter at face value and, with four days to go until Festag, they spend the rest of the day borrowing money from their contacts in the city and finding themselves a 'Change broker to buy the shares for them. They start buying on Bezahltag morning.

The second group are young Imperial priests of Handrich on a pilgrimage to the god's temple in Marienburg. They suspect something fishy is going on, but sense the opportunity to make some money. Accordingly, they have obtained a loan from the Temple and are watching the price of the shares carefully. If the price begins to rise then they will buy, but they're cautious.

Twelve thousand Boorsboom shares were originally sold for 20 Gu each, but there has been little trading in them for about ten weeks, and over the last month their price has slipped to two guilders. It's generally believed that the expedition has been lost at sea. If the PCs do nothing, as the market opens on Bezahltag morning the shares' price will jump to 2 Gu 6/2 as the grain-traders begin buying, and then jumps again to 2 Gu 13/5 within half an hour as the priests notice and also start buying. A buzz begins to develop about the Boorsboom shares and other investors begin to move in, and from then on the price follows the dark-grey line on the graph on page 137. The light-grey line is the average price of other Lustrian shares, which get caught up in the boom.

For every share the PCs buy - if they do - the price increases by one penny, so buying 200 shares will push the share-price up by a guilder: add any increase to the price shown on the graph. On the first day of trading, selling a share will drop the price by a penny; but after that, as the boom builds, it won't affect it at all - unless the PCs dump more than 1000 shares, which may spark off the Crash (see later). Remember that the 'Change has strict rules on buying shares to force the price up and then immediately selling them, and using inside information to manipulate or abuse the market. Penalties include harsh fines and even jail sentences.

If the PCs start buying shares on Backertag then the priests will follow, but assume that the share price doesn't begin to change until Bezahltag morning, as shown on the graph.

RAISING INVESTMENT CAPITAL

If the PCs decide to buy shares, they'll need two things: capital and a broker in the 'Change. How much capital they'll want depends on how many shares they want to buy. Only 2000 Boorsboom shares are actually up for sale on Backertag, so it's impossible to corner the whole cargo in one move, and even to buy all those available shares would cost 4000 Gu. If your PCs carry around that sort of money, you've been too generous.

There are three ways to raise capital quickly; four if you count stealing. Firstly, the PCs can sell anything that they own, such as horses or a river-boat, although if they want a fast sale for cash they must be prepared to accept 4D6+10% below the usual price. Secondly, they can pawn their possessions instead, and the Three

RUDOLF SPEIJK, BOGUS MERCHANT
Charlatan, ex-trader and thief

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	28	38	3	3	8	41	1	44	32	53	37	34	47



Skills: Blather, Charm, Concealment Urban, Disguise, Evaluate, Haggle, Mimic, Numismatics, Palm Object, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Secret Language - Thieves' Tongue, Secret Sign - Thieves' Signs, Seduction, Silent Move Rural/Urban, Supernumerate, Wit

Trappings: Dagger; quality clothes; hat; another hat hidden inside the first.

Quotes: (as Prost, in a Talabheim accent) "Business? Business is fair to good, fair to good. I'm thinking about investing in a Lustrian expedition - fine prospects out there, they say." (As Speijk, in a Marienburg accent) "I'm sorry, I don't believe we've met. Who? Ludwig Prost? I don't know him, but you're not the first to comment on the resemblance. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have business...."

Speijk's motto is "He who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day", and he lives by it. If things begin to look heavy, he will flee as fast and as far as he can. Unfortunately his creditors have caught up with him, and have given him a week to pay back the 5,000 Gu he owes them. He's already preparing to run again as soon as he gets the chance.

Guilders Emporium (see p. 11) is perfect for this.

Thirdly, well-to-do PCs (social class A or B - see ***Apocrypha Now,*** p. 21) can take out a loan with one of the counting houses in Guilderveld, such as Fooger's Counting House (p.86), as long as the debt is secured against collateral such as a family estate, a business or a river-boat. Going to Fooger's has the advantage that if the PCs lose all their money then they will be indebted to the bank, which can be a springboard for future adventures. Any NPC with *Bargaining* will be able to advise on the best way to raise money: the best advisor is probably the PCs' broker.

FINDING A BROKER

Before the PCs can buy anything at the 'Change, they'll need the services of a broker - while it's possible for PCs to register themselves as brokers, it would take weeks longer than they've got.Finding a broker isn't as difficult as it sounds: although most of them are tied to trading houses, many middle-class Marienburgers dabble in buying and selling cargoes and interests in them, using independent brokers.

Several brokerages have offices near the 'Change. Although it's unusual for new customers to walk in off the street, the PCs can do this if they want - they'll end up with Erasmus Aaftink or someone just like him. However, almost any Marienburger will be happy to recommend a broker: it may be their own, a friend's, someone who has a good reputation, or their cousin who needs the business. Use this to work out who an NPC will recommend:

NPC is social class A	*+3*
NPC is social class B	*+2*
NPC is social class C	*+1*
NPC is social class D	*+0*

Add 1 point if the NPC is a *Merchant* or *Trader,* if they have *Bargain,* and if they have *Blather;* subtract 1 point if they don't have an advanced career. Recommendations are:

2 or less	*Erasmus Aaftink*
3-4	*Martinus Brobbel*
5 *or more*	*Siemon van der Struts*

Erasmus Aaftink is a 67-year-old Halfling who changed his name to a human one because it sounded better and would put him at the top of any alphabetical list of brokers. He operates from scruffy offices over a fish-shop in Suiddock, advertising his services on hand-bills given out on the streets. He calls everyone "geezer" or "squire", calls money "readies" or "dosh" and wears butter-stained red braces. His commission is 2% of each transaction he handles, with no minimum: he'll buy a single share for you if you want - but he'll try to persuade you to buy more. Most of his customers are shop-owners and small traders who play the 'Change as if it was a lottery.

"You sure you want to do this?" Erasmus will ask. "Lustrian market's very down right now, Elves getting heavy on things, and this shipment's overdue. But with a price as low as that, it's gotta be worth a gamble. Could be some very serious spondoolicks to be made, am I not right, squire?"

Martinus Brobbel is the junior partner in Brobbel and Son, based in Hightower Island. He is 24, tall and nervous, but his depth of knowledge about the workings of the 'Change is excellent, and on the trading floor he becomes a whirlwind of energy. He's a bit of a bureaucrat and a stickler for paperwork, refusing to do anything solely on trust. His commission is 1.5%, with a minimum investment of 200 Gu. Martinus is solid but lacking in flair.

"I'll be happy to work for you," he'll say, "but Lustrian expeditions are high-risk. I'm not familiar with this one, but if I were you I'd do a little research in the 'Change's records - I could do it for you, for ten guilders - to find out more before investing heavily. The prices of future-shares can go down as well as up, you know."

Siemon van der Struts works for Smits & Willemsen, in plush offices in Guilderveld. Siemon isn't actually a broker, but he'll liaise with Smits & Willemsen's crew of brokers in the Pit on behalf of the PCs - as long as they have at least 500 Gu to invest, and don't mind paying 5 Gu per transaction plus a 1% commission. Siemon is very smooth, very professional and doesn't give a damn about the PCs, their investments or whether they lose the lot.

"We're an old and reputable firm," he comments, "and as such we don't advise our clients to rush into buying rashly or willy-nilly. The Lustrian market is a volatile one but nevertheless has good potential for long-term growth. I can see that you are gent- I mean people of strong opinions, and Smits and Willemsen would be happy to act on your behalf."

All three brokers will do all the buying and selling the PCs require: the only difference between them is their commission and the type of advice they will give. The PCs can hire more than one broker, if they want — if, for example, they want the best spread of share-buying; they want to make sure they're not being ripped off; or if the players have read the adventure.

If the PCs show their broker the letter, he will explain that acting on confidential information like that is against the law of the 'Change, and could land the investors and himself in serious trouble. However, none of them suggest that the PCs should not go ahead. They will all refuse to comment on whether they think the letter is genuine.

EASY COME, EASY GO

Once the PCs have their broker and have instructed them what to do ("Buy! Buy!"), they can just sit around and see what happens over the next few days. Here's what happens.

Bezahltag : initially only the grain-traders, the priests of Haendryk and possibly the PCs will be buying. Remember that at this stage



only 2000 Boorsboom shares are available. By lunch, with the shares at 3 Gu 10/-, other 'Change traders have noticed what's going on and some are beginning to move in on the action. By the close of trading the shares stand at 6/-, and rumours circulate in the traders' taverns that night.

Guilstag: the shares open down slightly, as many original Boorsboom share-owners are selling. In the afternoon the supply slackens and the shares close with a sharp increase, passing their original issue price of 20 Gu. Other Lustrian shares begin to increase in value. Talk of the boom is circulating outside the 'Change.

Angestag: The Lustrian Boom takes hold: shares in all expeditions to Lustria begin to increase, even guaranteed money-losers like Amazon explorations. Private citizens are scrabbling to get on board. In the late morning, Rudolf Speijk quietly sells his 500 shares, causing the price to dip for a minute or two. From 2 o'clock onwards, the priests of Handrich begin to sell the 1200 shares they have amassed, in small amounts to avoid affecting the price. By the evening, everyone in the city knows about the boom.

Festag: Buying in the morning is frenzied, and as the market opens the priests drop their last 300 shares. If the PCs have kept their letter to themselves then at 2 o'clock the grain-farmers lose their nerve and sell their entire holding of 1500 Boorsboom shares at once. (Alternatively, if the PCs have revealed to anyone that the ships are due back today, people will start selling at 1 o'clock. The rocketing price begins to slow, and in less than an hour it has begun to drop.) The end result is the same: at 2 o'clock the entire market crashes. Not just the Boorsboom shares, not Lustrian shares, not future-shares, but the whole thing. People are screaming to sell cargoes, shipments and even ships, and nobody's buying. Fortunes are wiped out in minutes. See 'The Crash', below.

The Boorsboom ships do not return that day. By nightfall, three traders have leaped to their deaths from the Hoogbrug bridge.

DISTRACTIONS

The one thing that the PCs shouldn't do is invest their money and then sit back and wait for Festag. There should be enough clues already that something's not quite right, and more will come along. Encourage them to smell a rat and hunt around, or at the very least talk to people around the 'Change and try to get a better feel for the place... then drop in subtle hints that something's up: gossip about the share boom; traders talking about scams; or even glimpses of 'Prost', talking to someone who's calling him 'Rudolph'.

NOT INVESTING

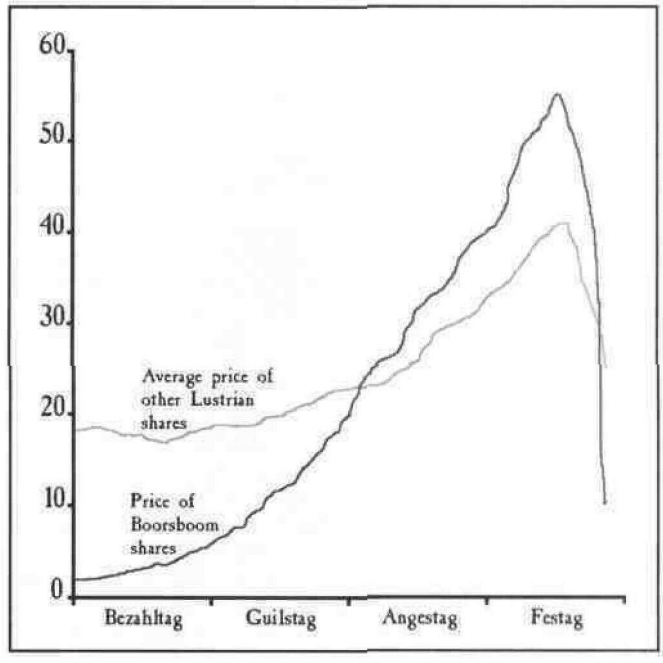
All the above assumes that the PCs will be investing at least some money in the Boorsboom shares, but PCs are an unpredictable lot and they may do something completely different. Still, there's a plot unfolding at the 'Change, and they may find themselves in a position to do something about it.

If the PCs do nothing, then for two days they hear nothing. By Guilstag people in taverns are talking about the 'Boorsboom boom', speculating that somebody knows something, and wondering what. On Angestag it's turned into the 'Lustrian boom' and everybody knows about it. By this time the PCs will probably want to do something, and it's not too late to invest, although prices are substantially higher and the risks greater than they were earlier.

If, however, they still do nothing then we're sorry to say that you have some very unimaginative players. We suggest you buy a copy ***of Dying of the Light,*** a full-length **Warhammer FRP** adventure set in and around Marienburg: there's a lot more slam-bang action and killing things in that.

LOOKING FOR PROST

Each time the PCs return to their inn, mention that there's no sign of Prost. Eventually they'll ask the tavern-staff if he has left, and the staff will have no idea who they're talking about. If they describe him, the staff have a faint memory of the man but don't know who he was - just someone having a few drinks, they thought.



Cautious PCs may want to check to see if the De Cameron family if they know of Prost. There are a lot of De Camerons in the city, many of them involved in trading, so they're easy to contact even if the PCs don't go to their house in Goudberg. You may even want to throw in a chance encounter with a De Cameron when the PCs are visiting the 'Change. They too know nothing of Prost. "Who is this Prost fellow? Someone else was asking after him just this morning. Tobias, you're from Talabheim, have you ever heard of him? No? Sorry, we don't know the chap."

IF THE PCs SHOW ANYONE THE LETTER

This depends what day it is. If it's Backertag or Bezahltag, the person who sees it will probably affect disinterest - "just something that washed up; it might be months old" - and will, as soon as possible, contact their broker or a friend with one, and start to buy Boorsboom shares. If it's Guiltag or Angestag, the shares' booming price is already well known - but, crucially, the letter mentions the day the ships will return. Word will get out: buy the shares before Festag. If the PCs wait until Festag to start buying, within an hour the market will crash.

The other problem with showing Marienburgers the letter is that word may get around, and some people might begin thinking that the PCs are connected with whoever wrote it, and that they were somehow responsible for it - maybe even profiting from the deal. Once the share price crashes, some of these people might look for whoever was behind the scam. They won't be happy.

TRYING TO FIND 'RUDOLF'

The honest thing to do with the letter would be to return it to 'Rudolf', so it's possible that a PC might try it. 'Rudolf clearly owns Boorsboom shares, and research at the 'Change library will reveal his identity (see 'Reseaching the Records', below).

If the PCs go to the address in the 'Change's records, they will be met by Speijk's housekeeper. "He's away on business. Don't know when he's back. Write him a letter." (Actually he's staying in town with a trusted friend.) Neighbours don't know where he is either, but last saw him on Marktag afternoon. They can describe him, if PCs ask: the description sounds a bit like Prost, and many other short, middle-aged merchants too. There are no other leads.

RESEARCHING THE RECORDS

The 'Change keeps full records on every set of shares issued. Anyone can access its library, although they will have to sign a register of visitors, and there is usually a delay of several minutes while the overworked clerks locate the correct ledger, get it from the shelf and chain it to a table before they'll let anyone read it.

The Boorsboom shares were issued eight months ago, by "Tomas Boorsboom, sea-captain", to raise money for an expedition to Lustria, searching for "spices and gold" with three ships: the Savonarola, the Marie-Ann and the Black Dove. Twelve thousand Boorsboom shares were issued: Boorsboom himself kept 2000, and the rest were sold for 20 Gu each. The estimated date of the expedition's return was six weeks ago. Among the original investors is Rudolf Speijk, owner of 500 shares, at an address in Handelaarmarkt.

If the PCs check the records on Angestag or Festag, they will see that Speijk's shares were sold on the morning of Angestag - and he acted as broker on them himself. Strange, especially since he's supposed to be out of town.

The PCs may encounter 'Prost' here (see 'Observing the Pit'), or learn that he has been here. Any PC checking the register of library users won't find the name 'Ludwig Prost' there, but they will spot 'Rudolf Speijk'. And if they check - don't let them make an Int test, let them think of it themselves - the word 'Rudolf in the register is an almost exact match for the 'Rudolf' at the head of the letter they found. The hand-writing is unmistakably the same. In other words, Rudolf wrote the letter to himself.

GOING TO THE AUTHORITIES

The authorities are the 'Change's Commission, meaning the Ten, meaning PCs will have to deal with clerks and agents whose job is to stop people like them wasting the Directors' time. If the PCs make a convincing argument for seeing a Director then it's possible they may be let through (roll against the NPC's WP, with modifiers at your discretion) to see Maximilian Rothemuur. He will be politely interested, making remarks about the difficulties of Lustrian trade and the Sea-Elf 'monopoly', and will mention that acting on the letter would be illegal under the 'Change's rules. That's it. Once the PCs leave, he starts buying Boorsboom shares. If they take the letter to any other authorities, the story is the same. The letter is interesting, not illegal of itself, and explains the increasing share-price, now go away so we can start buying.

However, if the PCs present the Commission with clear evidence of a scam (linking Speijk's hand-writing to the letter, for example), they will be received more cordially by a civil servant, Vincent Bakvis, who promises to bring it to the Director's attention as soon as possible. The Boorsboom shares will be suspended at the close of trading that day, on evidence of corrupt trading - but unless the PCs make very sure he can't, Vincent will take the credit for it himself. If, however, they fight through to see a Director, they will be well rewarded for their efforts: 100 Gu for their assistance in unearthing the plot, and the friendship of a Director. They'll also be required to give evidence at Speijk's trial, where the public gallery will be full of people who had money invested in Boorsboom shares, don't care if they were being scammed or not, and want revenge on the toe-rags who caused the trading to be cut short.

ADVICE FROM BROKERS

After the market closes on Guilstag, the PCs are sought out by their broker, who congratulates them on their investment, and hints that this might be a time for PCs to "diversify their portfolio" - in other words they're after hot tips on other shares. This is the moment that PCs can ask questions about how the share-trading is going. Any dealer will give any of the answers below if asked the right questions, but otherwise they will only offer the information that follows their name.

(Erasmus) "No, you weren't the only ones buying - when trading started on Bezahltag, there were two other buyers offering serious wonga for the shares as well. Not usual on a depressed stock, that ain't." If the PCs ask who these buyers were, or who their clients were, Erasmus will suck his teeth. "Not supposed to pass on stuff like that, but I can find out." By the following morning he's set up a meeting - see 'Meeting the Competition", below.

(Martinus) "Who's been buying? Oh, all sorts, from the smart set and the in-house brokers for the Ten to the small independents. No Sea-Elves, though. Still, they think they own the Lustrian trade-routes, so it's hardly surprising they wouldn't — but they usually like to flutter on the hot shares." See 'Into Elftown', below.

(Siemon) "There have been questions about why the shares started to move again - and whispers of someone having privileged information about the matter, which breaches the 'Change's rules. I understand the Commission maybe making enquiries before long."

OBSERVING THE PIT

Only brokers are allowed onto the floor of the Pit, but PCs can watch from the public gallery. As the week goes on, the number of brokers baying for Boorsboom shares increases, virtually attacking anyone with any to sell. On the giant blackboard at the end of the hall, the shares' price is constantly being erased and increased.

Three things may happen in the gallery. Firstly, observant PCs spending at least an hour in the gallery will notice that there are no Sea-Elves among the mob of Boorsboom traders. Secondly, at some time the PCs will run into 'Prost' here, watching the trading. (If they never come to the gallery, they will meet him the second time they visit the 'Change library.) He greets them amicably, apologises for leaving the inn so suddenly - "I found a rat in my bed and complained, and they asked me to leave" - and says that someone else found his document case. If asked why the De Camerons don't know him, he seems mystified: "I suppose there are a lot of them — big family, you know — and they don't all know each other's business". Any other questions will be forestalled by a wave of the hand: "I'd love to stop and chat, but I have to meet my broker quite urgently. But you can often find me around here."



The third thing that may happen is on Angestag morning, just before noon, a PC in the gallery may see 'Frost' enter the Pit and shout that he is selling 500 Boorsboom shares. They sell in seconds, for 32 Gu each. 'Prost' will leave by the front entrance.

MEETING THE COMPETITION

The PCs may want to meet the other people who bought Boorsboom shares before the boom started. They can find out their identities themselves (by checking the 'Change's records to find out who the broker was and bullying the information out of him, for example), or by arranging it through their own broker (see above). If the meeting was set up by Erasmus they meet the grain-farmers; if by Siemon then they meet the priests; and only Martinus can discover the identity of both parties. The meeting will probably take place before trading opens on Angestag.

The grain-farmers are very full of themselves and their success. They refuse to say where they got their information, apart from joking that "a little fish told them", but if asked if they're going to sell their shares, they shake their heads and say, "We'll wait for the ships to come in, and sail back up the Reik with a cargo of gold," which is a bit of a give-away: clearly they know something. However, they will not reveal anything about having a letter.

The priests, by contrast, are already suspicious that the scheme may be a scam, and will be wary about why the PCs want to see them, and will start by asking if they're investigators from the Commission. Once it's clear that they're not, the priests will become interested: if the PCs also have a letter to Rudolf, it would clarify the situation. They will give little away, answering queries with pointed questions of their own: "Do you think Boorsboom will return in the next few days?" "Given the ships' small holds, what cargo could they carry to justify the extraordinary price of the shares, would you say?" and "Have you had a chance to walk down the river-path? It's lovely at this time of year." Remember that these priests are the closest thing the Old World has to economists, so their blend of touchy-feely niceness and hard-nosed business instinct should be equally disarming and alarming.

Whichever group the PCs encounter, they should come away with a strong suspicion but no proof that there is more than one copy of the letter in circulation - which is all they need to know.

INTO ELFTOWN

The PCs wonder why no Sea-Elves are investing in the Lustrian boom. Only Elven PCs can investigate: anyone else will be greeted by stony looks, silences and slammed doors. A player with an Elven PC should understand that direct questioning will do no good: Elves simply don't work like that.

The best way is to approach the problem circuitously. If they can't work out a method of their own, let any Elf PCs make an **Int** test, (+10% *for Bargaining).* If successful, they realise they should approach an Elven broker at the 'Change — there are a few — about buying Boorsboom or Lustrian shares. If they find one and ask about buying Lustrian shares, he will stare at them and steeple his fingers. "I am surprised that an Elf would invest in a Human expedition to a country where we have exclusive trading rights," he says. "I do not believe it would best suit your interests to thus spend your money." If asked why, he smiles. "I have it on good authority from Clan Ulliogtha," he says, and ends the interview.

The next step is to ask Clan Ulliogtha, or one of its representatives, and that can only happen in Elftown, the only part of the city not gripped by Lustrian fever. The doorkeeper of the Clan building will refuse entry to any humans, and will direct any Elves asking about Lustria or Lustrian trade to a business representative of the Clan who, having heard the question, will suggest that they talk to Captain Daefvid Maicross.

Elven traders will know of Maicross: he's a successful merchant importing goods from across the Great Ocean. He will be found



on the docks, supervising the loading of a huge Elven vessel. Short for an Elf but handsome, with cut-short hair, he looks more Wood Elf than Sea Elf, with an accent that indicates he's spent much time around the far isle of Aeryn. His manner is blunt and aloof, but he is clearly intelligent, confident, and utterly honest. He stares at the PCs as they ask questions, then produces a bottle and glass, pours out a golden liquid, sips it, and speaks.

"I returned from Lustria two months ago," he says, "and what I tell you is from Elven lips for Elven ears, and must not go beyond. We sailed from Lustria with a cargo of spices and jewels, following the coast north for safety. Ten days out we were attacked by three Human vessels, intent on boarding us. They had cannons but we had magics, and we sent all three to the bottom of the sea, just as their fellows would have done to us. Buy the shares if you will, but that is where you will find Tomas Boorsboom's expedition: under two hundred fathoms of the Great Ocean."

If PCs have more questions, Maicross has answers for them all: he remembers the ships' names (Savonarola, Marie-Ann and Black Dove); and in consultation with the Exarch decided to keep the news of the attack quiet to avoid an incident. His contempt for Humanity is clear: he regards them as barbarous parasites, and seems to find great humour in the high prices of the Boorsboom shares. He also emphasises that his tale is not to be spread beyond Elftown, and particularly not to any humans.

This gives Elven PCs a dilemma: clearly the expedition will never return, but if they tell their companions then they risk retribution or even exile from Elven society and the blackening of their family name. And Clan Ulliogtha is not stupid: if there is even a suspicion that the PCs told anyone, they will be able to learn of the characters' ownership of shares in Human expeditions to Lustria. How they solve this dilemma is up to them.

THE CRASH

When it comes, the crash is swift and sudden. You should make sure that the PCs are in or near the 'Change when it happens, if only so they can see Marienburg's financial world in full panic.



It starts in earnest at 2 o'clock on Festag, when the grain-traders lose their nerve and dump their 1500 Boorsboom shares all at once. The price, which was at 55 8/11 Gu and climbing, hovers, then suddenly drops back to 51 Gu, and from there it plummets. Within minutes brokers are screaming at each other, merchants in the gallery are screaming at brokers, the people writing prices on the huge blackboard give up under the strain, and it's chaos.

If the PCs try to sell their shares after 2 o'clock, they have half an hour — and remember they have to get the word to their broker to sell. For each minute that passes, the Boorsboom share-price drops a guilder and their chance of finding a buyer (initially 40%) drops 1%. Other Lustrian shares are dropping at 10/- a minute, and the effect passes on to all other shares and trade-goods. Prices collapse. This is, of course, an excellent moment to buy things.

The PCs may find one distraction: Speijk can't resist observing what he has created and will be in the gallery of the 'Change from 1 o'clock onwards. If the PCs are there, they will see him. If they've worked out the scheme then there's a good chance that they've made money, and may be friendly to him. If, however, they haven't realised they're at the heart of a scam, they will recognise him as 'Prost' and may want to talk to him - but he will protest that he is Rudolf Speijk not Ludwig Prost, and leaves quickly. If they follow, he will move faster. If they catch him, we leave the result to you.

At half-past two Lee-Jan Cobbius enters the Pit and announces that the 'Change is closed, and all trading in Lustrian shares is suspended pending a full investigation (see below). This has never happened before. It sends shock-waves across the city. That night, Marienburg has never been more subdued. However, those with sharp hearing may detect the sound of merrymaking from Elftown.

When the 'Change opens the next day, the crash has been averted, but business is very subdued. Trading in Lustrian shares resumes, with Boorsboom shares selling for 2 guilders and finding no buyers. Over the next few weeks, a good many beggars in once-fine clothes appear on the city's streets.

THE INVESTIGATION

Although the adventure is basically over at this point, there is still the matter of the Commission's investigation. It starts on Wellentag, the day after the crash, by examining the records of purchases and sales of Boorsboom shares, which will lead them to the PCs' broker and then to the PCs. So much for client confidentiality.

The investigating team of three will arrive at the PCs' lodgings late that morning, accompanied by two Black Caps. They have already talked to the PCs' broker, several random witnesses and the grain-farmers, whose bulk sale of shares provoked the crash, and who have given the investigators their copy of the Rudolf letter. However, the investigators won't tell the PCs this.

Questions will start easy and become harder. We suggest: "Did you know Tomas Boorsboom?" "What made you decide to invest hundreds of guilders in a moribund future-share?"; "Did you have information from an external source that the Boorsboom ships were due to return?"; "Why didn't you report your suspicions to the authorities?"; "What do you know of Ludwig Prost?" and "You realise that knowingly participating in corrupt trading will get you ten years in Rijker's?" but feel free to add more. Keep the pressure on. Any information the PCs can supply will be greeted with "Hmm" and the scratching of quills on parchment; anything which the investigators know to be untrue will be immediately shot down.

The inquisition lasts an hour or so. If the PCs have admitted buying the shares on the basis of the letter they found, it will be explained that they were trading on the basis of privileged information, and so all their profits (if any) are forfeited to the Commission. If the PCs have not admitted it but have given the investigators enough evidence to work it out, the same thing will happen. If they protest or try to resist, the Black Caps will call for reinforcements, they will be arrested and their assets are seized.

If the PCs have co-operated with the investigators, a week later Speijk is tried and found guilty of forgery, deception and corrupt trading, and is sent to Rijker's for twenty years. If they have not co-operated, or tried to lie their way out of trouble, then they may be in the dock alongside him... But that's another adventure.

EXPERIENCE POINTS

For finding the letter	10 eps for that PC
For recruiting a broker	5 eps per PC per broker
For each 500 Gu of capital raised	1 ep per PC
For showing the letter to people	-5 eps per PC
For contacting other share-buyers	10 eps per PC
For speaking to Padraigh the elf	10 eps for each PC present
For realising Prost doesn't exist	10 eps per PC
For researching the 'Change records	10 eps per PC
For linking Speijk's writing to the letter	30 eps per PC
For killing Speijk	-20 eps per PC
For co-operating with investigators	10 eps
For good role-playing	20 eps (GM's discretion)

APPENDIX 1

LOCAL GODS

HAENDRYK

GOD OF MERCHANTS, PROSPERITY AND TRADE

DESCRIPTION

Haendryk (the real spelling, as Wastelanders will tell you) is the divine patron of trade and merchants. His legends are many and contradictory: the official dogma of the cult in Marienburg is that he is a son of Manaan, a reasonable view given how much of Marienburg's trade depends on the sea. Others claim that he is Ranald's less imaginative brother. A variation holds that he was Ranald's mortal brother who bought his way to divinity by offering the gods a deal they couldn't refuse - and, unlike Ranald, Haendryk kept his word.

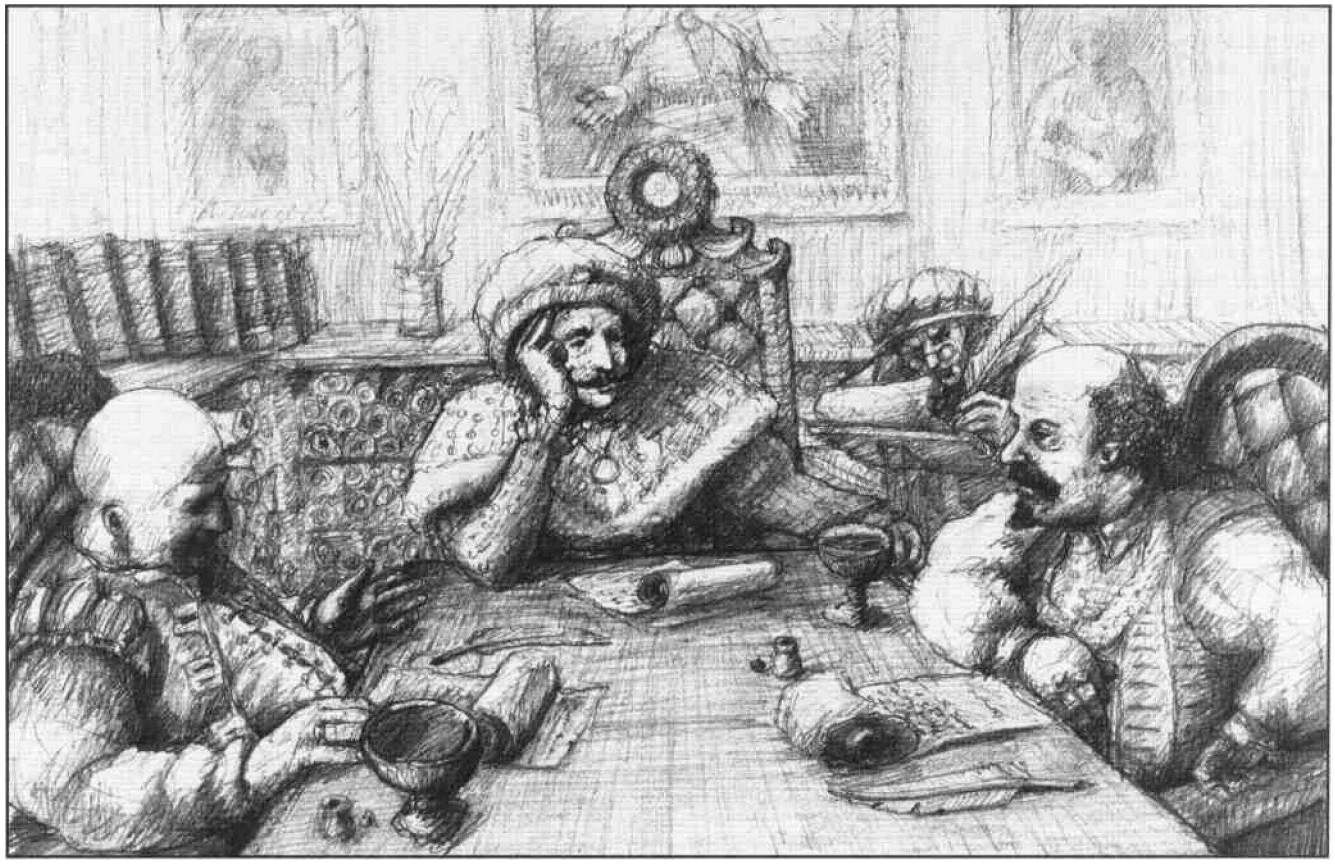
The average Marienburger claims that Haendryk was born in their city; more than one of the wealthy merchant families, even among the Ten, have hired scholars to trace their lineage back to "Papa Haeny". He is normally shown as a plump and prosperous merchant in vigorous middle age. Gold is the dominant colour of his clothing and he always has a gold coin between his thumb and forefinger. Followers see earthly prosperity as a sign of the god's favour. A smart businessman "has Haendryk whispering in his ear", so the saying goes.

ALIGNMENT

Neutral

SYMBOL

The most common symbol is the gold disk, representing a coin. The coin is not engraved - it is blank, representing all the coins of the world, which all belong to Haendryk. Wealthy followers will have small gold coin blanks worked into jewellery, such as a pendant or a cloak clasp. Two hands clasped in a handshake to represent a fair deal is also popular among Haendryk-worshippers.





AREA OF WORSHIP
Haendryk is known by many names in the Old World, depending on the local dialect of Old Worlder. In the Empire he is 'Handrich'; in Bretonnia 'Affairiche', in Tilea 'Mercopio', in Estalia 'O Prospero' and in Kislev 'Kalita'. His worship is not popular in Norsca (he's too much of an urban god), while the Arabyans disapprove of his association with usurers and have banned his cult. Elves and Imperial Dwarfs have no equivalent, while a few expatriate Dwarfs who live among Humans worship him in his local form. He is almost exclusively worshipped in large towns and cities, though country markets will set up a shrine to him.

TEMPLES
Only temples in large cities have regular priests - services at other temples and shrines will be overseen by a lay brother, usually a senior member of the Merchants' Guild. Temples consist of a main hall with a semi-circular apse holding private chapels and an offertory where offerings are displayed. Few towns have a temple of Haendryk, but there will be a chapel attached to the Merchant's Guild. Private shrines are also common in the homes of merchants and traders, or on a pedlar's can. A common type of shrine is a small model warehouse of clay or wood, with doors that open to reveal a small statue of the god.

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES
The cult of Haendryk is on good terms with most Old World cults, save that of Ranald. It particularly disapproves of the relatively new sect of Ranald the Dealer, which it sees as a competitor. Oddly enough, many lay members also worship Ranald, hoping for good luck in their business dealings. Cynics aren't surprised by this - to them, Haendryk and Ranald are just two sides of the same coin.

HOLY DAYS
In port towns, the first day of the spring sailing season is traditionally a day of sacrifice to Haendryk, in expectation of a good year of trading. Marktag ('Market Day') is a common day of worship for Haendrykers, and fairs and market days regularly begin with a ceremony for the local merchants at a nearby chapel.

CULT REQUIREMENTS
Haendryk's cult caters to merchants, traders and peddlers - in some areas, over 90% of the local cult. It is very unusual for anyone to be accepted into the cult who has not followed some sort of mercantile career. Within the cult, success at business is the main determinant of one's standing: prosperity is a sign of the god's favour, after all.

STRICTURES
The cult forbids false dealings, though sharp deals are okay. An oath is required to deal with members of the cult, and members must not let a day pass without making a profit. Charity is blessed, but not driving a hard bargain because of charity is not orthodox.

SPELL USE
Priests of Haendryk may use all Petty Magic and the illusionary spells *Banish Illusion, Destroy Illusions* and *Teleport.*

SKILLS
Haendryk favours the skills *Charm, Evaluate* and *Haggle.* Each time a follower of Haendryk advances a level, they may choose one of these skills (which they must already have) and buy a permanent + 10 bonus to the relevant tests for 100 experience points.

TRIALS
Trials set by Haendryk are of either of two types: if a character has to prove worthiness, they may have to strike some unlikely deal or make a profit in some unlikely area - selling stone to a Dwarf, for example. Penance might involve a long and dangerous trading journey, or a tour of duty as a caravan guard.

BLESSINGS
The skills listed above may all be favoured by Haendryk. Favoured tests are **Fel** for bargaining and **Int** for evaluating goods. A blessing from Haendryk might be a +10 bonus to either characteristic.

STROMFELS, THE SHARK

LORD OF THE RAGING SEA

DESCRIPTION
Stromfels is the god of the dangers of the sea - predators, violent storms and pirates. Unlike most Old World gods, he is neither the son nor brother of another deity, nor a mortal ascended to godhood. He is, according to the cult's members and the few scholars and priests willing to talk, Manaan himself - not an aspect or lesser servitor god, but Manaan seen for what he truly is. He is the sea in all its fury and its power over life and death.

Some scholars have argued that Stromfels is an ancient Norscan deity. Forgotten in his homeland, they say, he was enshrined in Marienburg during the Norse conquest of IC 1109 under Snorri "Half-hand". In the chaos that ensued, the two cults became one. Finally, there are those who see him as an aquatic aspect of Khorne, the Blood God, though this is a minority view.

Stromfels is normally depicted either as Manaan with a look of bestial rage on his face, or as a great shark, its jaws open to bite. He is the ultimate predator, whom pirates and wreckers hope to emulate and others hope to placate.

ALIGNMENT
Neutral but vicious.

SYMBOL
The most common symbols are a trident dripping blood, a huge shark and a bolt of lightning. The trident is a perversion of the Manaan symbol, and is used during the occasional human sacrifice or ritual combat with a shark. The shark is Stromfels' most common form, and crude drawings are made by his worshippers to signal others or to indicate a safe hiding-place. Lightning symbolizes the terrific storms of the Sea of Claws, and the most fanatic worshippers conduct their services during electrical storms.

AREA OF WORSHIP
Unique among the gods, Stromfels has the same name among most of the peoples of the Old World; except in Estalia where he is called El Bicho del Mar. He is worshipped along all the coasts of the Old World and along the great rivers. He is almost unknown elsewhere, except for an isolated cult in eastern Stirland, whose existence is unexplained, though their own legends show they may be descended from a pirate band that fled inland.

TEMPLES
The only temple to Stromfels that operates openly is a converted temple of Myrmidia in Sartosa. While built in the Myrmidian style, it is decorated with trophies and treasure taken in centuries of pirate raids over the Southern Sea. Elsewhere, Stromfels cults worship in hidden chapels and shrines, secret grottos and caves along the coast, where sacrifices are tossed to sharks that congregate in pools leading to the sea. In other areas, the shrine will be a certain rock on a beach, or simply an icon in a sailor's locker. In less reputable towns and cities, such as Brionne and Moussillon, there may be semi-clandestine shrines in sailors' guildhalls.

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES

The cult sees itself as the enemy of no other cult, save the Lords of Chaos and Manaan's hypocritical priests: it is merely fulfilling the natural order of the sea. The Cult of Manaan takes every chance to denounce Stromfels worship as heretical, but other Old World cults are neutral to it. Sea Elves attack Stromfels ships on sight.

HOLY **DAYS**

Like the Cult of Manaan, Mitterfruhl (the spring equinox) is held sacred, except here it's seen as the start of hunting season. Mittherbst, the autumn equinox, is a lesser holy day, being the start of the storm season when Stromfels' wrath lashes the oceans and coasts.

CULT REQUIREMENTS

The clerisy of Stromfels appeals to all those who prey on others via the sea: pirates, raiders and wreckers. It also attracts worshippers, though no priests, from those who seek to appease the god's anger and return safely from an ocean voyage.

STRICTURES

The cult forbids showing mercy to prisoners - if they deserved to live, they would have been strong enough to resist capture. Gatherings of more than ten cultists (and any priest, wherever he finds himself) must offer Human or Sea Elf sacrifice every equinox and solstice, preferably during a storm. Priests of Manaan have their tongues cut out and are thrown to the sharks after torture.

SPELL USE

Stromfels priests can use all Petty Magic and Elemental magic spells.

SKILLS

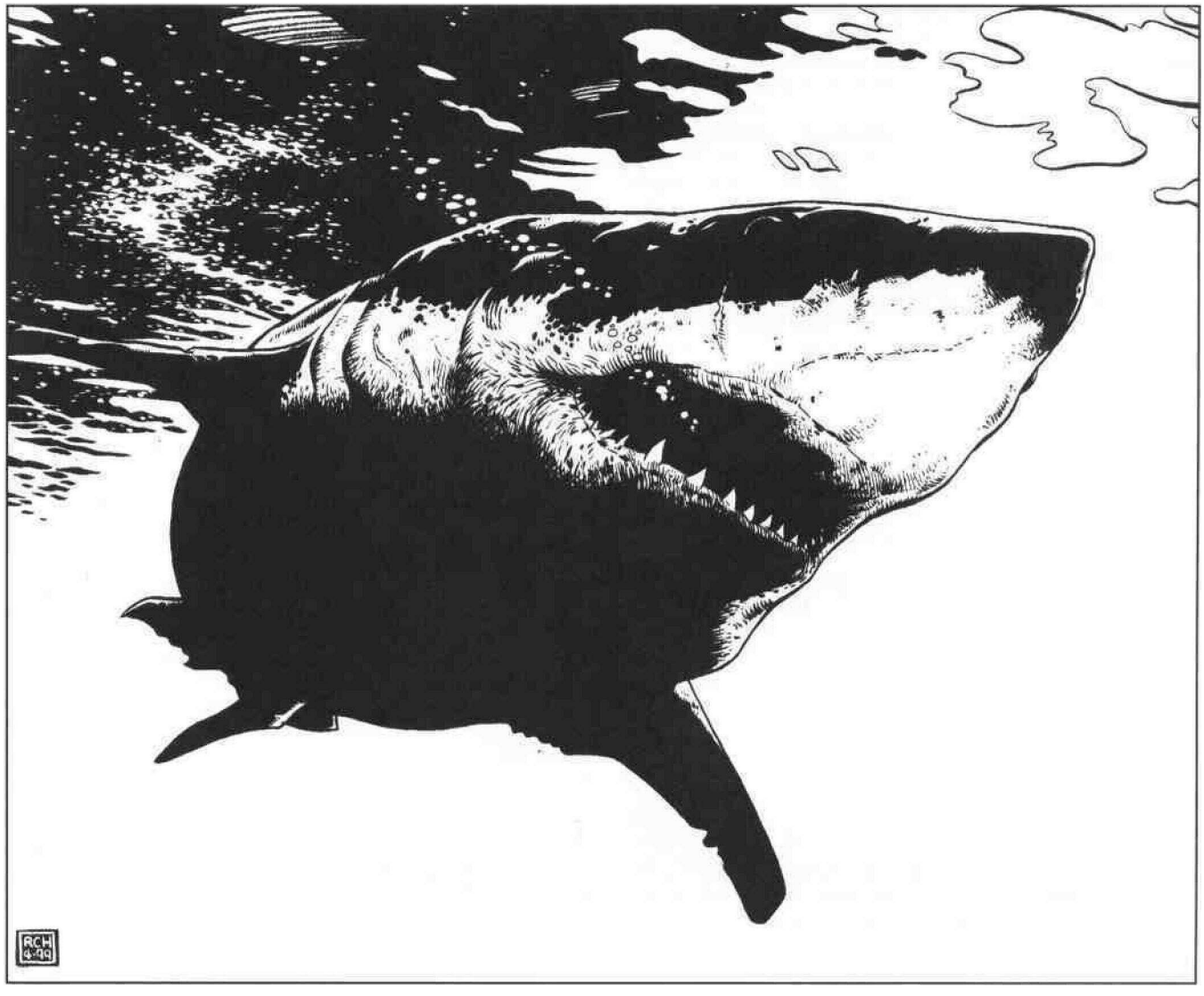
Stromfels favours the skills *Astronomy, Boat Building, Frenzied Attack, Sailing, Swim* and *Torture.* When a priest of Stromfels advances a level, they may choose one of these skills (which they must already have) and gain a +10 bonus to the relevant tests for 100 experience points.

TRIALS

Trials set by Stromfels might involve participating in or leading a particularly daring raid, perhaps to desecrate a temple or shrine of Manaan. Those who have offended the god are forced to fight a shark with only a dagger for a weapon.

BLESSINGS

The skills listed above are all favoured by Stromfels. In general, he favours tests involving WS or T in combat and **Ld** when leading others or intimidating the foe. A blessing might entail a +1/ +10 bonus to any of these characteristics.





APPENDIX 2

STANDARD NPCS

AGITATOR

Agitators always have a cause, with a capital "C". In Marienburg, agitators are found in all parts of the city. Whether raging about taxes, Elves, corruption, ticket prices to the theatre or everything in general, the agitator is always ready to raise the roof.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	39	41	3	3	6	32	1	29	35	31	30	28	34

Skills: Public Speaking; Read/Write

Trappings: Hand weapon; leather jack; 2D10 inflammatory pamphlets

ARTISAN

Artisans are the skilled craftsmen and women of Marienburg, who produce many of the city's goods and services. Some work alone in their small shops, others have many journeymen and apprentices under them. They are solid citizens and good guildsmen, always on the lookout for profit.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	33	31	4	4	8	41	1	43	39	31	38	42	45

Skills: Drive Cart; Magical Sense; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Guilder; Secret Signs - Artisan; various skills according to trade (see ***WFRP*** p. 95)

Trappings: Tools according to trade; 5D6 Guilders

BEGGAR

Beggars in Marienburg often have a hard time, given the popular view that wealth is a reflection of moral character. Still, they are Wastelanders, too, and have formed their own guild to protect their livelihood. Non-Guild beggars are sometimes found floating face-down in the canals.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	32	34	3	4	7	31	1	30	29	33	30	34	31

Skills: Begging; Concealment Urban; Consume Alcohol; Secret Language - Thieves' Tongue; Secret Signs - Thieves' Signs; Silent Move Urban

Trappings: Begging bowl; ratty clothes; crutch; fleas; 2D6 pennies; 25% chance of a knife

BOATMAN

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	31	35	3	4	6	30	1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Skills: Fish; Orientation; River Lore; Row; 50% chance of Very Strong; 25% chance of Boat Building; 25% chance of Consume Alcohol

Trappings: Hand weapon; leather jack

BROKER

The brokers are the journeymen merchants who do the real business of the 'Change. Some are employed by the great merchant houses of Marienburg, while others belong to small independent firms and hire their talents out to non-Guild traders, including ordinary citizens who want to dabble in big business. Brokers do everything very rapidly and very loudly; they seem to live at twice the pace and twice the volume of other people, not just when they're working but also when letting off steam in the evenings.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	41	3	5*	9	51*	1	31	41	41	41	41	41

Skills: Blather; Evaluate; Haggle; Lightning Reflexes*; Read/Write; Secret Language - Classical; Secret Language - Guilder; Super Numerate; Very Resilient*; 50% chance of Speak Additional Language: one from Arabian, Norse, Nipponese, Cathayan, Tar-Eltharin (Sea Elven); 25% chance of Law; 10% chance of Lip Reading

Trappings: Dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); writing equipment; good quality clothing; huge sheaf of papers

EXCISEMAN

Excisemen represent the city's revenue service, collecting taxes and tariffs as governed by Wasteland law. They are also charged with the prevention of smuggling and are known for their zeal. As a consequence, they are roundly disliked by almost everyone, foreigners and native Marienburgers alike. This situation isn't helped by the inevitable few who turn corrupt. They rarely go unarmed at any time.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	40	30	3	3	8	40	1	30	30	40	40	25	25

Skills: Blather; Numismatics; Read/Write; Specialist Weapon - Pistol; Super Numerate; 50% chance of Law; 25% chance of Embezzle.

Trappings: Sword; leather jack; brace of pistols; writing equipment; abacus; 4D6 guilders, precisely sorted

FISHERMAN

One of the most common professions among the lower classes in Marienburg, fishermen may specialize in the open waters of the Manaanspoort Zee or the fog-shrouded and dangerous channels of the Grootscher Marsh. Others fish wherever the fish seem to be, including in the city's canals.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	30	25	4	3	7	30	1	45	30	25	30	30	30

Skills: Fish; River Lore; Row or Sailing; Swim; 25% chance of Boat Building; 5% chance of Cartography

Trappings: Axe; leather jack; small boat; 1D4 guilders in various small coins



LABOURER

Labourers are the average working people of Marienburg, who make their living building, hauling, carrying and breaking. Their main escape from a hard day is a pint or two at the local tavern and a game of draughts or dice.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	30	25	3	4	7	30	1	30	25	30	30	30	30

Skills: Scale Sheer Surface; 75% chance of Consume Alcohol; 75% chance of Sing; 50% chance of Carpentry; 50% chance of Drive Cart; 25% chance of Engineering; 25% chance of Very Resilient; 25% chance of Very Strong

Trappings: Club; leather jack; sling bag with packed lunch; flask of herbal tea

LAWYER

Lawyers are everywhere in Marienburg, from the harried and impatient arbiters of the various commercial courts and the bewigged judges and advocates of the criminal courts to the halls of the Stadsraad where they advise the members. They are usually attended by one or two clerks, weighed down with scrolls and books.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	31	31	3	4	8	39	1	39	50	50	50	50	45

Skills: Etiquette; Law; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Secret Language - Classical; Secret Signs - Lawyer.

Trappings: Hand weapon; lawyer's wig and gown; 10D6 guilders; 1D3-1 lackeys

MARINE

Sea-borne infantry, either in the service of the Houses of the Ten or the Temple of Manaan, or as guards aboard ships that travel dangerous waters. To coastal people, there's often little difference between a marine and a pirate.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	40	40	4	3	8	30	2	25	30	30	40	30	30

Skills: Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; River Lore; Row; Secret Language - Battle Tongue; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Swim

Trappings: Sword or axe; bow or crossbow and ammunition; mail shirt; shield; helmet; grapnel and 10 yards of rope; 1D6 guilders

MASTER MERCHANT

There are many master merchants in Marienburg, but it is often difficult to meet them, protected as they are by cohorts of loyal clerks. The profile is for a typical merchant.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	41	4	4	9	51	1	41	61	71	51	51	51

Skills: Bribery; Etiquette; Evaluate; Haggle; Magical Sense; Numismatics; Law; Read/Write; Secret Language - Classical; Secret Language - Guilder; Speak Additional Language - D3 languages from Arabian, Norse, Nipponese, Cathayan, Tar-Eltharin (Sea Elven); Super Numerate

Trappings: Anything that money can buy

MERCHANT'S CLERK

This profile is typical of the hordes of clerks, notaries, junior merchants, scribes and general lackeys who form the bulk of the population of the 'Change and the commercial concerns. These are the people with whom PCs will probably have dealings in the first instance.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	31	31	3	3	8	41	1	31	41	41	31	41	41

Skills: Evaluate; Numismatics; Read/Write; Secret Language - Classical; Secret Language - Guilder; 50% chance of Speak Additional Language - one from Arabian, Norse, Nipponese, Cathayan, Tar-Eltharin (Sea Elven); 25% chance of Law; 25% chance of Super Numerate

Trappings: Dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); writing equipment; good quality clothing; seal and sealing wax (notaries only)

PRIEST

Dealing with the gods is part of everyday life, and many of the people of Marienburg see priests as the brokers who help make their deals with the divine. Priests are found in all parts of the city, from the great temples to the smallest half-forgotten chapel in a quiet neighbourhood. Not all are priests of Old Worlder gods. The profile below is for a common, low-level priest.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	29	29	3	3	8	39	1	28	33	31	40	38	37

Skills: Arcane Language - Magick; Cast Spells - Clerical 1; Meditate; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Theology; plus any for the specific deity or that have been acquired in intermediary careers.

Trappings: Robes; religious symbol; 1D6 guilders

SCHOLAR

Scholars find Marienburg a congenial home, for the wealth of the city has led to a great accumulation of books and artefacts, from the mundane to the arcane. Marienburgers value education, so a scholar can often find profitable work tutoring the children of the merchant classes.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	40	35	3	3	8	65	1	40	25	60	40	60	40

Skills: Arcane Language - Magick; Astronomy; Cartography; History; Identify Plants; Linguistics; Magical Sense; Numismatics; Read/Write; Rune Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Speak Additional Language

Trappings: Hand weapon; writing kit; 2D10 books; 3D6+6 guilders

SEAMAN

Seamen are a common sight in Marienburg, especially around the bars and bawdy houses of Suiddock. After a long voyage at sea, seeing only the same crew day after day, they are often all too ready for a night of carousing and brawling. The Suiddock ward courts are often crowded the day after a convoy arrives.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	35	35	4	3	7	31	1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Skills: Dodge Blow; Row; Sailing; Scale Sheer Surface; Speak Additional Language; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Swim; 75% chance of Consume Alcohol

Trappings: Bottle of cheap booze

SMUGGLER

The second oldest profession in Marienburg. According to some, if smuggling were stopped today, the city would be bankrupt to-

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	40	40	3	3	8	40	1	30	30	30	30	30	30

Skills: Drive Cart; Row; Silent Move Rural; Silent Move Urban; 50% chance of Consume Alcohol; Secret Language - Thieves' Tongue; 25% of Speak Additional Language

Trappings: Hand weapon; leather jack; horse and cart or small boat; 2D6 guilders

STEVEDORE

Sturdy labourers specializing in the loading, off-loading and storage of cargoes. Marienburg stevedores are famous for their defence of their rights, and their willingness to take action, or even act as hired muscle. They will almost certainly be members of the Stevedores and Teamsters Guild, which makes them a dangerous group to end up on the wrong side of.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	33	25	3	4	8	30	1	34	28	33	30	32	29

Skills: 25% chance of Street Fighting; 25% chance of Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Leather jack, dagger or club; 3D6 shillings

THIEF

The common member of the League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs. Marienburg has a higher percentage of swindlers and confidence tricksters than most cities, but that doesn't mean that pick-pocketing, snatch-and-run, burglary and daylight robbery have fallen out of favour among the city's criminal classes.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	35	3	3	7	30	1	39	29	29	29	29	39

Skills: Concealment Urban; Secret Language - Thieves' Tongue; Secret Signs - Thieves' Signs; Silent Move Urban; 25% chance of Evaluate

Trappings: Dagger or short sword; 1D6 silk handkerchiefs; 2D10 shillings

Burglar - as above, with the following skills: Pick Lock, Scale Sheer Surface; Spot Trap

Pick Pocket - as above, with the following skills: Flee!, Palm Object, Pick Pocket

WATCHMAN

The first defence in the maintenance of order in Marienburg, the Black Caps' primary duty is the protection of property. Life and limb come second.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	25	4	3	7	40	1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Skills: Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Specialist Weapon - double-handed

Trappings: Leather jack; black floppy cap; halberd or club; lantern and pole (night only, one lantern per patrol); whistle

WATERCOACHMAN

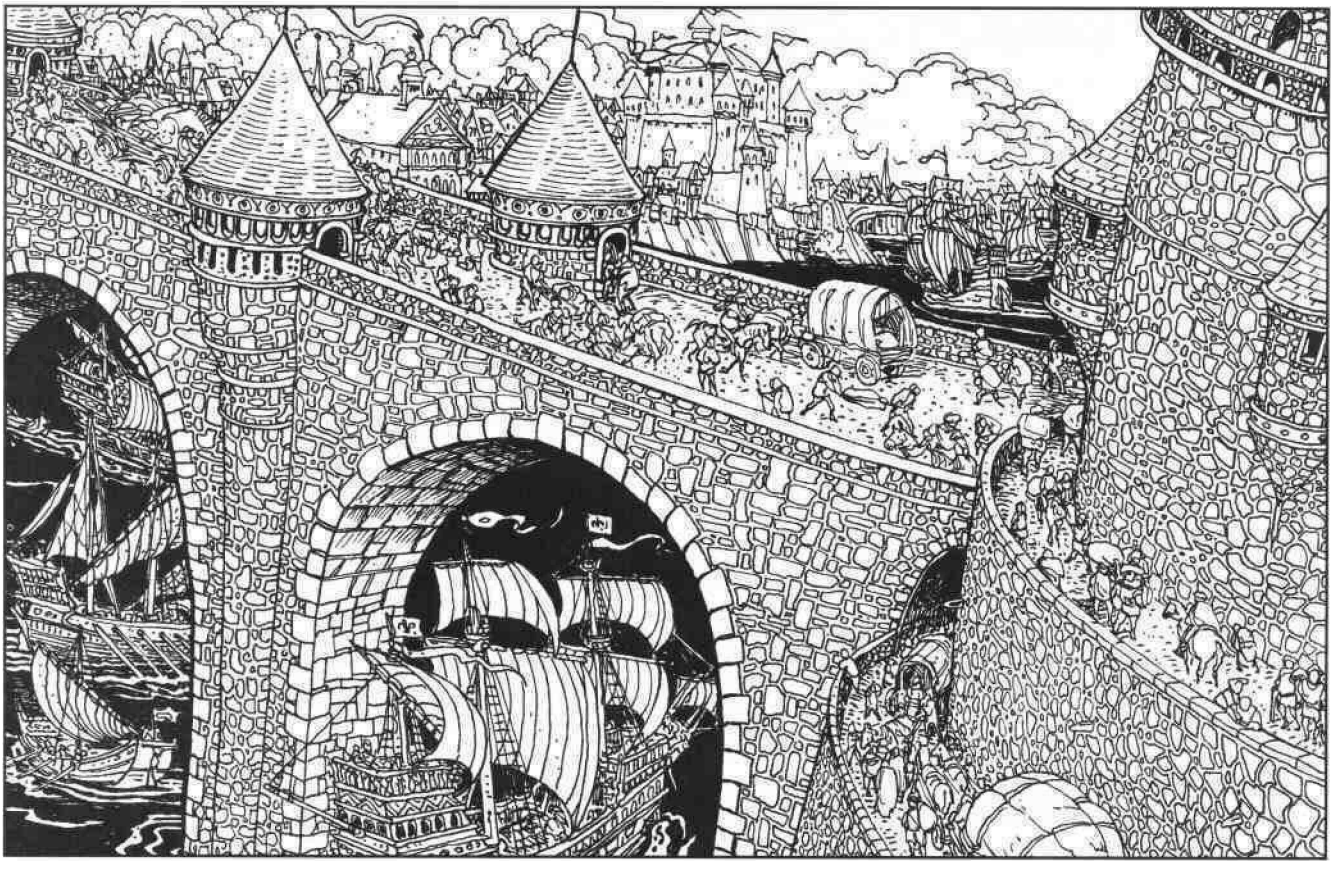
The twisting alleys and crowded bridges of Marienburg can often confuse the newcomer, especially during the frequent rains or fogs. An expert in the ways of the city, the watercoachman is invaluable to anyone who wants to get from Rijkspoort to Tempelwijk in a reasonable amount of time.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	34	29	4	3	7	31	1	31	29	29	29	29	29

Skills: Haggle; Linguistics; Orientation; Row; Street Fighting; Swim; 50% chance of Boat Building; 50% chance of Numismatics; 50% chance of Sail; 30% chance of Consume Alcohol; 30% chance of Very Resilient; 25% chance of Speak Additional Language; choose one of Comedian, Poetry or Sing

Trappings: Leather jack; hand weapon; boat and pole or oars; 2 lanterns; flask of alcohol or warm tea

Note: *Unless otherwise noted, every NPC on this list has an 80% chance of the* Swim *skill.*



APPENDIX 3

ENCOUNTERS

There will be times that you, the Gamemaster, find yourself stuck: the player characters didn't fall into the trap you oh-so-cleverly laid for them, but instead decided to wander into some canal-side inn you casually mentioned. To this end, we have provided you with a series of "typical encounters" tables. You can either roll randomly, or use the entries to spur your own imagination.

ENCOUNTERS IN SUIDDOCK

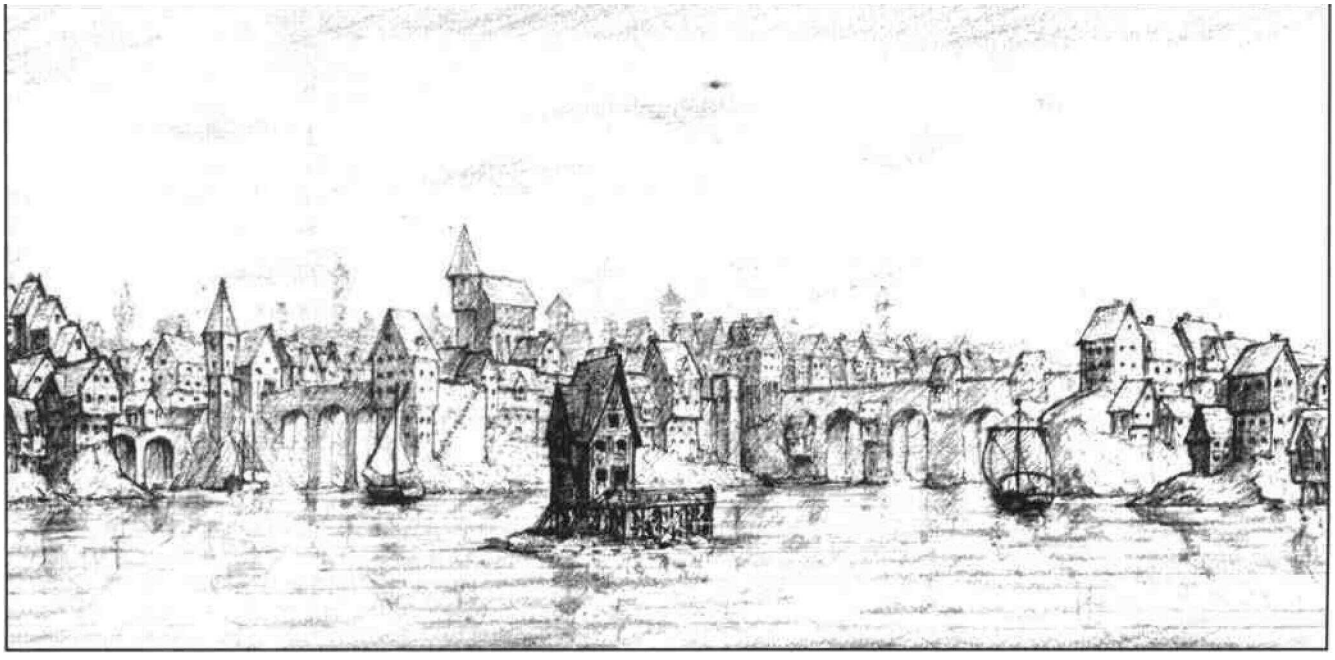
Day	Night	Encounter
01-10	01-05	Watch patrol[1]
11-25	06-25	Beggar[2]
26-50	26-40	Resident[3]
51-60	41-45	Excisemen[4]
—	46-60	Smuggler[5]
61-70	61-65	Agitator
71-80	66-80	Prostitute[6]
81-90	81-90	Trader
91-92	—	Scholar
93-96	91-98	Priest[7]
97-00	99-00	Wizard

NOTES:

1. 2D3 Black Caps in most parts of Suiddock. Another patrol of 2D3 is 2D3 minutes away after an alarm whistle is blown. In the old part of Suiddock, double the size of the patrol, but there's a 50% chance they skipped this part of their beat.
2. 15% of the time, these will be children from the Orphanage.
3. The average Suiddocker: sailors, labourers, etc.
4. Same as Watch patrol, but each will carry a brace of pistols.
5. As likely to run as fight.
6. Some 10% of these will actually be pickpockets or working with footpads.
7. Perhaps someone who has come to save the soul of a down-and-out Suiddocker.

ENCOUNTERS IN ELFTOWN

Day	Night	Grand Circle[1]
01-15	01-50	Resident
16-20	51-55	Visiting Elf[2]
21-35	56-60	Pickpockets
36-50	61-71	Manniocs-Quinsh (see p. 39)
51-60	72-80	Tourists[3]
61-00	81-00	Traders



NOTES:
1. No random encounters are given for the parts of Elftown outside of the Grand Circle. Encounters here will be with Elves of the Clans, Marienburg officials with business with the Clans, Marienburger servants of the Clans, or the Manniocs-Quinsh. The first three will always raise the hue-and-cry for the Manniocs-Quinsh if they see someone who obviously doesn't belong.
2. These are Elves from either Ulthuan or one of the Woodland Kingdoms of the Old World.
3. Not just sight-seers, but also young lovers getting away from domineering parents.



ENCOUNTERS IN GUILDERVELD

Day	Night	Encounter
01-05	—	Elf Tourist
06-50	01-35	Resident
51-60	36-40	Entertainer[1]
—	41-50	Pedlar[2]
61-70	—	Agitator[3]
71-85	51-70	Servant
86-90	71-75	Pickpocket
—	76-95	Racketeer
91-95	—	Rat Catcher
96-00	96-00	Wizard

NOTES:
1. Pavement artists and jugglers are the most common here.
2. By Guilderveld ward law, peddlers may only conduct their business after "reputable businessmen" have closed shop — at night, when it's most dangerous.
3. Lately, these have been anti-Elf sympathizers with the Stevedores and Teamsters Guild.



ENCOUNTERS IN TEMPELWIJK

Day	Night	Encounter
01-10	01-05	Beggar[1]
11-50	06-40	Resident
51-60	41-45	Entertainers[2]
—	46-60	University Proctor/Marine patrol[3]
61-70	61-65	Pedlar
71-80	66-80	Agitator
81-85	81-90	Footpad
86-87	—	Pilgrim
88-96	91-98	Students/Scholars[3]
97-00	99-00	Wizards/Priest

NOTES:
1. Canon law forbids the beating of beggars in Tempelwijk.
2. Often, these will be performing either morality plays, or comedies that lampoon public figures.
3. On their way to break up another student/marine brawl.
4. At night, these are heading for their various club meetings and favourite watering holes.

ENCOUNTERS IN GOUDBERG

Day	Night	Encounter
01-10	01-05	Beggar
11-60	06-60	Resident
61-70	61-65	Servant
—	66-80	Burglar
71-80	81-85	Pedlars
81-90	86-95	Pickpocket
91-00	96-00	Elite Resident[1]

NOTES:
1. These are members of the wealthiest of the wealthy families of Goudberg. They never travel without 2D4 armed comrades and bodyguards.



ENCOUNTERS IN KRUIERSMUUR

Day	Night	Encounter
01-10	01-05	Beggar
11-75	06-60	Resident
76-80	61-65	Entertainer
—	66-80	Thug[1]
81-95	81-90	Pedlar
96-00	91-00	Burglar

NOTES:
1. Gangs of 3D4 disgruntled residents, mainly young and intoxicated, looking to take their frustrations out on anyone unfortunate enough to cross their paths.



ENCOUNTERS IN PALEISBUURT

Day	Night	Encounter
01-05	01-05	Director[1]
06-54	06-70	Resident
55-60	71-73	Event[2]
61-75	74-80	Pedlar
76-85	81-90	Official[3]
86-90	91-95	Pickpocket
91-00	96-00	Agitator

NOTES:
1. Coming to or going from the Palace, they will have 2D4 household marines as bodyguards.
2. An event can be a parade, the arrival of an ambassador, a religious festival, a sporting event (water polo, snotball), etc.
3. Lawyers, clerks, Stadsraad members, Watch officers and others going about their daily duties.

APPENDIX 4

WASTELAND PCs

However much they'd like to deny it, Wastelanders and Marienburgers are closely related to their Imperial cousins. And yet their long early isolation from the mainstream of Imperial life and the unique position of Marienburg has lead to differences in names and common careers. This section provides tables to help you quickly generate random careers and points of origin for Wastelander PCs and NPCs, as well as suggestions for names.

WHERE WERE THEY BORN?

The vast majority of Wastelanders are born and raised in Marienburg itself. To them, there's nothing duller than the prospect of life in one of the Wasteland's villages or farmsteads. The tables below allow the GM and players to quickly determine the place of birth for Wastelander NPCs and PCs.

PLACE OF BIRTH

Die roll	Place
01-85	Marienburg
86-00	Wasteland; see "Wasteland births"

WASTELAND BIRTHS

Die roll	Place
01-18	Kalkaat
19-36	Leydenhoven
37-52	Erlach
53-70	Klessen
71-73	Fort Bergbres
74-78	Aarnau
79-81	Wouduin Tollstation
82-85	Fort Solace
86-90	Halsdorph
91-94	Broekwater
95-00	Other rural location

CAREERS

Rogue and Academic characters are generated by the standard method given in ***WFRP,*** ppl-19. The Warrior and Ranger Career Charts require some alterations, however, to reflect the conditions of life in the Wasteland.

RANGER CAREER CHART

D100 Roll				
Human	Elf	Dwarf	Halfling	Career
01-10	01-10	01-05	01-10	Boatman
11-15	11-20	06-15	11-15	Bounty Hunter
16-20	21-25	16-25	16-20	Coachman
21-30	26-35	26-30	21-30	Fisherman
31-35	36-40	—	31-35	Gamekeeper
36-40	41-45	—	36-40	Herdsman
41-45	46-55	31-35	41-45	Hunter
46-50	56-60	36-45	46-55	Muleskinner
51-55	61-70	—	—	Outrider
56-65	71-80	46-55	56-65	Pilot
66-70	—	56-70	—	Prospector
71-80	—	71-80	66-80	Rat Catcher
81-85	81-90	81-90	81-85	Roadwarden
86-90	—	91-95	86-90	Toll-Keeper
91-00	91-00	96-00	91-00	Watercoachman

WARRIOR CAREER TABLE

D100 Roll				
Human	Elf	Dwarf	Halfling	Career
01-10	01-10	01-10	01-15	Bodyguard
11-23	—	11-15	16-20	Labourer
24-32	11-20	—	—	Marine
33-40	21-30	16-25	—	Mercenary
41-45	31-35	26-35	21-30	Militiaman
46	36-45	36-40	31-35	Noble
47-50	46-50	41-45	36-40	Outlaw
51-55	—	46-50	—	Pit Fighter
56-60	51-55	51-55	—	Protagonist
61-75	56-65	—	—	Seaman
76-85	66-70	56-60	41-55	Servant
86-89	71-85	61-70	56-70	Soldier
90	86-95	71-75	71-80	Squire
—	—	76-85	—	Troll Slayer
91-00	96-00	96-00	81-00	Watchman

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The following paragraphs provide names that are appropriate to Wastelander characters.

MALE FIRST NAMES

Adriaan, Alexander, Alfons, Andreas, Andries, Antonius, Arnold, Arnout, Arthur, Bartholomeus, Benedictus, Bart, Bertold, Bonifatius, Boudewijn, Bram, Cees, Claes, Christiaan, Cornelis, Crispijn, Dagobert, David, Diederick, Dick, Dobbe, Douwe, Egbert, Egmond, Engelbert, Erasmus, Erik, Ernst, Erwin, Ferdinand, Frederik, Guido, Gustaaf, Gijsbert, Hendrick, Herman, Hildebrand, Hugo, Huybrecht, Jaap, Jacobus, Jan, Jelle, Jochem, Jodocus, Johannes, Jolle, Jozef, Julius, Justus, Karel, Koenraad, Koos, Krijn, Leo, Lodewijck, Marcellus, Marinus, Martinus, Matthias, Nicolaas, Norbert, Oldrik, Paulus, Pepijn, Peter, Pirn, Radboud, Reier, Reinbert, Reinaut, Reinier, Rembrand, Rien, Rikkert, Robert, Roderick, Roeland, Rolf, Rombout, Ronald, Ruben, Rudolf, Rhijnvis, Samuel, Sander, Seth, Siemon, Sjef, Stefanus, Stijn, Rudolf, Theodorus, Tomas,

Timotheus, Titus, Tobias, Valentijn, Vincent, Walewijn, Walter, Watze, Webbe, Wessel, Wilbertus, Wilfred, Willem, Willibrord, Zacharias.

FEMALE FIRST NAMES

Ada, Agnes, Anna, Anneloes, Annemarie, Astrid, Beatrijs, Belinda, Berta, Birgitte, Bregje, Catharina, Cora, Corine, Clara, Cornelia, Debora, Diede, Eefje, Eleonora, Elisabeth, Ellen, Emma, Erica, Eveline, Fernke, Geertruida, Helena, Helga, Ingrid, Jolanda, Juliana, Karen, Karin, Kim, Leontine, Liesbeth, Linda, Lise, Loretta, Lydia, Maartje, Margareta, Maria, Marianne, Marjolein, Martha, Mathilde, Miranda, Mirjam, Monica, Nadia, Nadine, Nora, Olda, Olga, Pom, Rauke, Regina, Ritske, Roosje, Rosemarie, Rosa, Saartje, Sara, Saskia, Sientje, Silvia, Tatjana, Tessa, Tina, Titia, Truusje, Vera, Wandelina, Wendela, Wilma.

FAMILY NAMES

Aaftink, Aalders, van Aalst, Aarden, Abrahamse, Adams, van Adrichem, van den Akker, Akkerman, Alberts, Alblas, van Aldegonde, Aleman, van Alphen, Altena, Andriessen, van Aperen, Arends, Arkenbout, Assenberg, Atema, Baaima, Baas, Baatenburg, Baauw, Bakker, Baksteen, Bakvis, van Balen, van Ballegooijen, Barendregt, Barends, van Barneveld, Bartels, Batenburg, van Beek, Beekmanhuijsen, Beenhakker, Beets, Bekkers, van der Bent, van den Berg, Bergen, van Berkel, Berkhout, Beukelman, Bezemer, Blaak, Blaauw, Bloem, den Boer, den Boogaard, van Bommel, van den Boogert, Boone, Borsboom, Bosch, Bosman, Bot, Bouman, Bovenderg, den Braasem, van Brandwijk, Bravenboer, Breedveld, Breeman, den Breems, Brobbel, Broek, van den Brouwer, Bruggeman, de Bruijn, Buistnan, Buitelaar, Bunschoten, van den Burgh, van Buuren, Buijnink, Bijkerk, Bijl, Clements, Coenen, Coster, Crans, Croes, van Daalen, van Dam, den Dekker, Denkers, Derksen, Dikken, Doelman, Does, van Dongen, van Dorp, van Driel, Driessen, van de Drift, Droppert, Dubbelman, Duijvestijn, van Dijk, Dijkshoorn, Edelbroek, Elderen, Emmerig, van de Ende, van den Engel, Engelberts, Eijgenraam, van Eijk, van Eijmeren, Faassen, Feringa, Foet, Fokkes, Fransen, van der Gaag, van Geest, Gelderblom, van Gelderen, Gerritse, de Gier, van der Giessen, Goedbloed, de Goede, Goedendorp, van Goor, Goudswaard, Gouma, de Graaf, Graveland, van Grevenhof, de Groen, Groenewegen, Groenheide, de Groot, Grottendieck, Haak, Haaring, Haas, van Haagen, Hakkeling, Hanemaaijer, Hart, van Hees, van der Heijden, van Hemert, den Hertog, Heijblom, den Heijer, den Hoek, van de Hoeven, Hofman, Holster, van Holte, de Hooge, Hoogendijk, Hoogerbrugge, Hoonhoud, Hoornweg, Hoppener, van Houten, Houtenbos, Huibers, Huisman, Jacobs, Jansen, de Jonge, Jordaan, Kalkman, van de Kalk, van de Kamp, Kapteijn, Kateman, Keijzer, van Kempen, van Kester, Ketelaar, Klaasse, Klapwijk, Meijwegt, Hooster, Knuppel, Koenen, Kok, de Koning, van de Kooij, Koppelaar, Korpel, Korpershoek, Krabbenbos, Kramer, Kroes, Kruijf, Kruijk, Kruijt, Kuijper, Lagerwerf, de Lange, Lans, Lansbergeb, van Leeuwen, van de Lelij, Lems, van der Linde, Louter, Luijendijk, van de Maarel, van der Mark, van Marrewijk, van der Meer, Meerman, ter Meulen, Meijer, van der Meijs, Middendorp, van Mierlo, van Mil, Moerman, Molendijk, Mostert, Mouwerik, Mulders, Muijser, van de Nagel, Nanning, Nederhof, de Neef, Nieman, Nieuwburg, Nieuwenhuizen, Nieuwkoop, Nieuwpoort, Noordam, Noordermeer, Noordhoek, Noordijk, Notenboom, Nijboer, Nijman, Nijssen, Odijk, van Oeveren, Okkerse, Oldenhuijs, Olthof, Ooms, van Oort, Oostdijk, van Oosten, Oosterlee, Oosthoek, Oprel, van Os, Osterman, Ottervanger, van Oudenaarden, Oudendijk, Ouwenbroek, Ouwenhand, van Overbeek, Overwater, Paalvast, Paardekooper, Pauw, Pakvis, de Pagter, Parre, Pasterkamp, Patijn, Peek, Peerenboom, Peeters, Pellikaan, van Pelt, van de Peppel, Petersen, Pieksma, Pieternel, Pieterse, Plantinga, van de Plas, Pleysier, van de Ploeg, Plugge, van der Pol, Poldervaart, Pons, Pool, Post, Pottinga, Prinse, Pronk, Proost, Punt, van Putten, van de Fiji, Quak, Quist, de Raa Raamsdonk, Raap, Ras, Ravensberg, Ravenzwaay, van de Ree, van Reeven, Remeeus, Remmerswaal, Renzen, de Reus, van der Reijden, van Rheenen, de Ridder, Rietdijk, Rigters, Ringelberg, Robbemond, Roodenburg, Roelofs, Roest, Roggeveen, Rombout, Romein, de Ronde, de Roo, Roodbol, de Roode, Rook, van Rhoon, Roos, de Rooij, Roozenboom, Ros, van Rosevelt, van Rosmalen, van Rossum, Ruigrok, Ruiterburg, de Ruiter, Rutten, Ruysbroek, Rijker, van Rijn, Rijnberg, Rijpsma, van de Sande, van Santen, Schaap, van de Schaar, Schalk, Scheffers, Schellenboom, Schenk, Scherpenisse, van Schie, Schilder, Schippers, Schoenmaker, Schokkenbroek, Scholten, Schonenberg, Schouten, Schriel, Schulten, Selhorst, Servaas, Diegers, Simons, Slager, Slangen, Slooff, van der Sloot, van der Sluis, Sluijter, Smeele, Smits, Snel, Snoek, Snijders, Soest, Sonneveld, Spaendonk, Spanjersberg, van de Spek, Speijk, Spoelstra, Sprong, Spruijt, van Staalduinen, Stam, Starmans, van der Steen, Steenbergen, Stekelenburg, van der Stelt, Sterrenburg, Stigter, Stolk, Stoof, Storm, van Straten, van der Struis, Struijk, van Strijen, van Stijn, Suurmond, Suijker, Swaan, Swanenburg, Swierts, Tak, Tamboer, Tang, Tas, Teerling, Teffelen, Terlaak, Terlouw, Teunisse, van Teijlingen, Theysen, Thijssen, Timmermans, Toet, van Tol, Tollenaar, van Tongeren, van Toor, Tulp, Uijtenbroek, van der Vaart, Valk, Valkenburg, Varekamp, van der Veen, Veenstra, van der Veer, 't veld, van der Velden, van Veldhoven, Vellekoop, van Velzen, Venema, Verbaan, Verboom, Verbrugge, Verburg, Verduijn, Verhagen, Verheulen, Verhoef, Verkade, Vermaas, Vermeer, Vermeulen, Versloot, Verweij, Verwoerd, Vink, Visser, Vliet, Vlugt, Vogel, Vonk, Voogt, Voorberg, Voort, de Vos, Voskamp, Vreugdenhil, de Vries, Vrolijk, Vroombout, van Vuuren, Vijfwinkel, de Waal, Wagenaar, Wakker, van der Wal, van Walsum, Wapemaar, Warnaar, van Wasbeek, Wassenburg, Weber, van Weele, Wekker, Welter, Weltevreden, Wessel, Westdijk, Westein, Westerhofj Westerwijk, Weijden, Weijgaert, Wiegers, Wielaard, Wiersma, van Wilgen, Willemsen, Wilmink, van de Windt, de Winter, Winterswijk, Wissenburg, de Wit, Wittenberg, van Woerden, Wolters, van der Wouden, Wout, van Wijk, Wijmans, Wijnhorst, Zagers, van Zaltbommel, van der Zande, van der Zee, Zeegers, Zegwaard, Zoete, Zomer, Zonneveld, Zuijderwijk, Zuijdgeest, Zwaard, van den Zwan, Zwanenburg, de Zwart, Zweers, van Zwieten, Zijdeveld, Zijlmans, Zijlstra



APPENDIX 5

GOODS & PRICES

The standard list of goods and services for a city of more than 10,000 people listed in "The World Guide" *(WFRP,* pp292-298) holds true for Marienburg. As a rule, treat all items as one category more plentiful - that is, *average* items become *common* and *common* items *become plentiful.* There are no *very rare* items, except for any special goods that the GM may want to make scarce.

There are some exceptions to this rule: large livestock, such as cattle or horses, are not common in Marienburg. Treat them as one category less available, with a limit of *very rare.* Someone wanting to buy a riding horse would do better to travel to Kalkaat, or to Carroburg for a warhorse.

Prices are a bit more complex. The prices given reflect the standard asking price in middle-class areas of town: Handelaarmarkt, Kruiersmuur, Ostmuur, Rijkspoort and Schattinwaard. Charge 30% more for upper middle-class areas like Elfsgemeente, Guilderveld, Noordmuur, Paleisbuurt and Tempelwijk. Double the standard price in wealthy Goudberg and Oudgeldwijk.

For lower class parts of town, such as Suiddock and Winkelmarkt, charge 75% of the standard cost. In a ruinous slum like Doodkanaal, goods and service cost half of standard. Quality is generally, though not always, in line with the price.

Housing is also scarce. In Marienburg's case, the "Dwellings" table on p. 297 of the ***WFRP*** rulebook refers to *rental* properties - the listed figure is the yearly rent. If the equivalent property is actually for sale, take the base price and multiply it by 5 - but start higher. Marienburgers love to negotiate, after all.

SMUGGLED GOODS

Smuggling is an ancient and honoured profession in the Wasteland, though not around the Excise. An enormous range of goods moves in and out of Marienburg all year round, and although only some of the various commodities traded are sufficiently valuable or sufficiently highly taxed to make them worthwhile for smugglers to either bring them in or take them out, there is still a wide range of contraband available.

Any time that the PCs encounter smugglers, or are themselves looking for a clandestine cargo to buy, roll first on the following

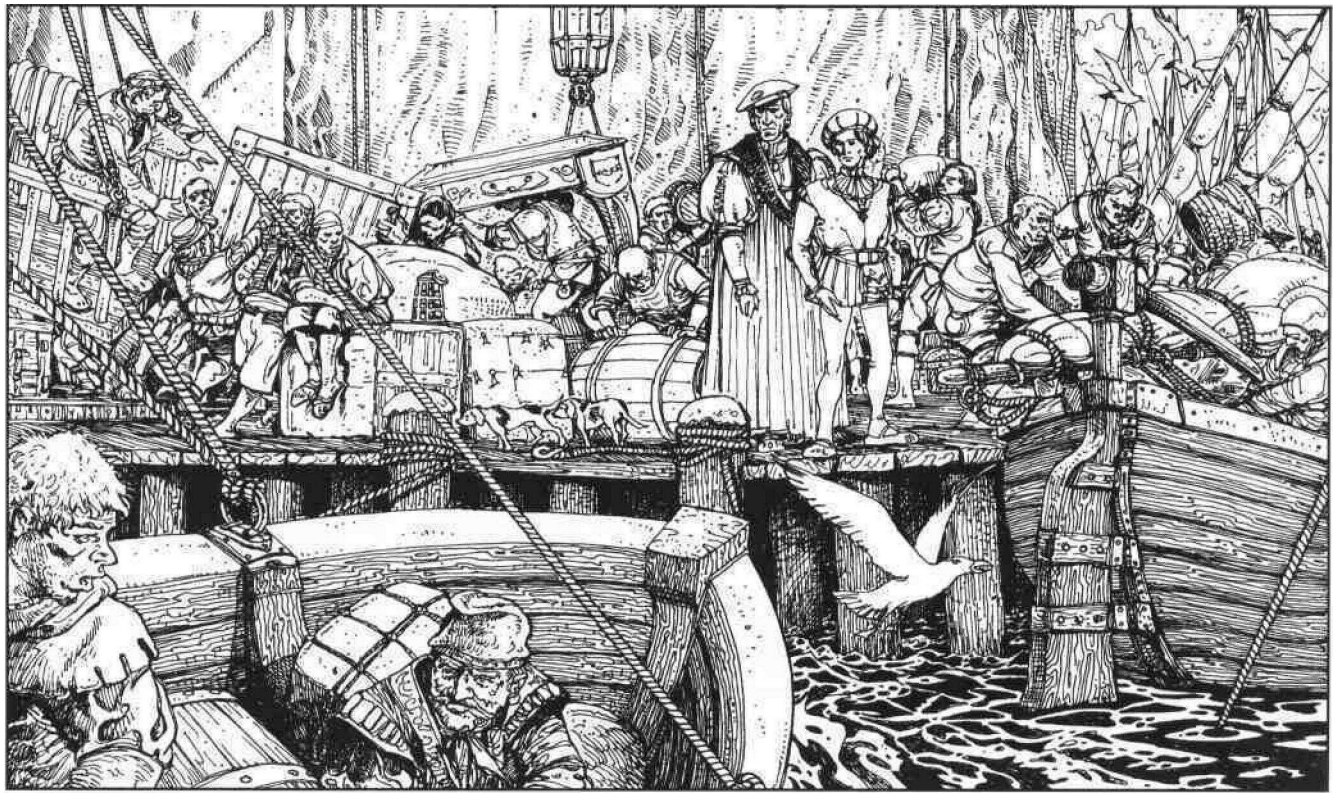


table to find the type of goods. The sub-tables that follow give the details of the contraband.

SMUGGLED GOODS TABLE

D100	Goods
01-55	Wines & Spirits (roll once)
56-85	Luxury Goods (roll once)
86-95	Luxury Foods (roll once)
96-00	Forbidden Goods (roll once)

WINES 6 SPIRITS

D100	Goods	Cases	Enc/Case	Value/Case
01-20	Bretonnian Brandy	D10+20	70	5 Gu
21-35	Estalian Brandy	D8+16	70	5 Gu 10/-
36-42	Norse Aquavit	D6+12	70	6 Gu
43-50	Kislevite Vodka	D6+12	70	6 Gu
51-55	Lustrian Mezcal	D6+6	70	8 Gu
56-60	Albion Uisce	D6+6	70	7 Gu 10/-
61-65	Nipponese Saka	D4+6	70	9 Gu
66-75	Moussillon White Wine	D20+20	70	4 Gu
76-85	Bretonnian Red Wine	D20+25	70	4 Gu 10/-
86-97	Tilean Fizzy Red Wine	D12+20	70	4 Gu 5/-
98-00	Sea Elven White Wine	D6+6	70	7 Gu

LUXURY GOODS

D100	Goods	Crates	Enc/Crate	\4due/Orate
01-05	Lustrian wood carvings	2D6	1002D	6 Gu
06-35	Tilean leatherwork	D6+12	150	20 Gu
36-60	Norse furs	D6+12	120	22 Gu
61-70	Kislevite silver	D6	80	75 Gu
71	Sea Elven art	D4	100	100 Gu
72-76	Cathayan porcelain	D12+6	120	25 Gu
77-80	Cathayan silk	D6+3	100	50 Gu
81-85	Arabian silk	D6+6	100	35 Gu
86-90	Cathayan incense	D4	60	25 Gu
91-97	Arabian incense	D6+3	60	20 Gu
98-00	Nipponese incense	D3	60	30 Gu

LUXURY FOODS

D100	Goods	Crates	Enc/Crate	\5due/Crate
01-60	Arabian spices	D4+6	40	20 Gu
61-80	Lustrian spices	D4	40	40 Gu
81-85	Cathayan spices	D4	40	35 Gu
86-90	Lustrian palm-nuts	D6	100	10 Gu
91-00	Arabian dates	D6+6	100	5 Gu

INDEX OF FORBIDDEN GOODS

D100	Goods	Enc
01-10	1/4 pint vial of mummy dust	2
11-50	Illegal drugs*	3D10
61-65	Goblin corpse in ice	600
66-70	Ore corpse in ice	700
70-71	Troll corpse in ice	900
72-78	Beastman corpse in ice	700
79-83	Chaos Warrior corpse in ice **	700
84-88	Chaos Sorcerer corpse in ice **	600
88-93	1/4 pint vial, Daemonic Servant blood **	2
93-95	Lesser Daemon Heart in ice **	20
96-98	1/4 pint vial, Greater Daemon ichor **	2
99-00	Greater Daemon Heart in ice **	50

NOTES

* The exact nature of the drugs, and their trade value, is for you to decide. Note that they are not illegal if taken in licensed "dream houses", but these places still have to get their supplies from somewhere. Descriptions of some Old World drugs can be found in the ***WFRP*** rulebook in the section on deleriant poisons (p. 82), and also ***in Middenheim: City of Chaos*** (pp90-91).

**You may wish to determine a patron Chaos power in these cases. If so, you may either choose or roll a D10: 1-2 Khorne; 3-4 Slaanesh; 5-6 Nurgle, 7-8 Tzeentch; 9-10 independent or lesser power.

No values are given on the Forbidden Goods table: because they are illegal and hard to come by, they are worth whatever a seller wants to charge or a buyer is prepared to pay. They are also very dangerous goods to trade in. Quite apart from the interesting situations which can arise if a frozen Troll thaws out while the adventurers are trying to find a buyer, running into a witch-hunter while carrying a daemon heart could be embarrassing. The adventurers will have to be very tough or very clever if they want to enjoy the profits of their actions. If they're lucky, the courts will forgo torture and simply execute them.

Remember that smuggling is illegal and smugglers are criminals, though they may not be the sort of criminals the PCs are expecting. There is no honour among smugglers, neither among thieves, swindlers, muggers, assassins, cultists and undercover agents from the Excise. Just because a man in an inn agrees to sell the PCs five crates of Cathayan silk for 450 Gu if they meet him at the Doodkanaal docks at midnight doesn't mean that he has any Cathayan silk, or that he can get it. All it means is that he and his associates know the PCs will be turning up at midnight with 450 Gu. Exactly who'll be there to meet them is up to you.



APPENDIX 6

TRADING RULES

These rules are synopsised from the ones given on pages 101-102 of ***Death on the Reik,*** which deal with all aspects of buying and selling cargoes up and down the Reik and elsewhere in the Old World. Specific modifications for using the same rules in Marienburg - mostly in the 'Change - can be found on p. 62-63

BUYING

1. AVAILABILITY

Cargo can only be bought in a settlement with a *Source of Wealth* listing better than 'subsistence' in the Gazetteer (Appendix 7). If 'Trade' is listed, there is percentage chance of a particular sort of cargo being for sale: cross-reference these two tables

SIZE OF COMMUNITY

Below 100 (Village)	**Below 1000 (Small town)**	**Below 10,000 (Town)**	**10000+ (City)**
35%	**60%**	**70%**	**100%**

WEALTH OF COMMUNITY (SEE APPENDIX 7: GAZETTEER)

1	2	3	4	5
-30%	-15%	—	+10%	+20%

2. TYPE OF CARGO

Any types of cargo listed under a community's *Source of Wealth* has an equal chance of availability. For places with no bulk cargo listed, roll on the Cargo Table (see next page).

3. SIZE OF CARGO

Cargo sizes are measured in Encumbrance Points: multiply the community's *Trade Sales Constant* by 5D10. (Double it if the place has Trade as a *Source of Wealth.)* Then multiply that by the seasonal *Volume Modifier* on the Cargo Table.

4 PRICE OF CARGO

Roll on the Cargo Table, then modify the price by a D6 roll.

D6					
1	2	3	4	5	6
-10%	-5%	—	+5%	+10%	+15%

Wine's price per 100 Encumbrance Units varies depending how much is available:

Less than 5000	5000-10000	10000-20000	20000-30000	30000-40000	40000 and up
30Gu+	25 Gu	20 Gu	15 Gu	10 Gu	5 Gu

5. HAGGLING

PCs may haggle over the price with the merchant. Make a *Bargain* test, modified by *Haggle* and other relevant skills. Failure means the trader will not negotiate the price. If the test succeeds, make a secret WP test for the merchant (if you have no NPC ready, use 30 + 2D10 to work out their WP). If they succeed, the price is reduced by 1D10%. If they fail, the price is reduced by the amount of the failure, but not more than 30%.

If the PCs want only part of a cargo, the price increases by 10% for inconvenience.

SELLING

1. DEMAND

To find the percentage change of the PCs finding a merchant to buy their cargo, multiply the community's Trade Buying Constant by 3D6. Add +30% if it has Trade listed as a *Source of Wealth* and +10% if any of the PCs has *Haggle.* Adjust this for the season using the Volume Modifier from the Cargo Table (see over):

2	**1.5**	**1**	**0.5**	**0.25**
-10%	**-5%**		**+10%**	**+20%**

No community will buy something it produces, except for fine wine (10 Gu or more per 100 Encumbrance Points) or if it has Trade listed as a *Source of Wealth.* Villages will only buy a part of a cargo (1D6 x 100 Encumbrance Points), and only if the GM agrees.

2. PRICE

The NPC merchant judges the value of the cargo: make an *Estimate* test (use 40+3D10 if you have no NPC ready). If successful, the merchant will offer 5 minus D10% of the base price from the Cargo table. If the test is failed, the merchant will offer 5+D10% of the base price. Then the PCs may haggle, as described in (5) above, but with the price increasing.





CARGO TABLE

Chance of Finding	Grain	Ore[1]	Luxuries	Metal	Timber	Wine	Wool
Spring	01-09	10-15	16-20	21-30	31-55	56-75	76-00
Summer	01-19	20-23	24-29	30-39	40-74	75-85	86-00
Autumn	01-35	36-40	41-44	45-60	61-80	81-95	96-00
Winter	01-19	20-23	24-29	30-44	45-60	61-95	96-00
VOLUME MODIFIER							
Spring	0.5	1	0.5	1	1	1.5	2
Summer	1	1	0.5	1	1.5	1	0.5
Autumn	2	1	0.5	1	2	1	0.5
Winter	0.5	1	0.6	1	0.5	2	0.25
BASE PRICE PER 100 ENCUMBRANCE POINTS (IN GUILDERS)							
Spring	**2**	**15**	**50**	**65**	**15**	**3-20**	**4**
Summer	**2**	**15**	**50**	**65**	**10**	**5-30**	**5**
Autumn	**1**	**15**	**50**	**65**	**10**	4-25	**7**
Winter	**1.5**	**15**	**50**	**65**	**17**	**3-20**	**8**

1. Ore (unrefined rock) and metal (refined ingots) are assumed to be iron. If you want to use other metals, roll on this table:

D100 roll	TVpe	Volume modifier	Price (ore)	Price (metal)
01-75	Iron	1	15	65
76-85	Lead	0.5	25	80
86-90	Tin	0.25	30	130
91-95	Copper	0.25	50	160
96-00	Silver	0.1	100	400



APPENDIX 7

GAZETTEER

NAME	SIZE	RULES	POP	WEALTH	SOURCE	TRADE CONSTANTS (SELLING/BUYING)	GARRISON/MILITIA	NOTES
MARIENBURG	ñ	Directorate	135, 000	5	Trade, government, fishing, smuggling, boat-building, textiles	18000/9 0	2,000b/5,000a (Private Militias), 20,000c (City Militia)	Largest city and port in the Old World
Aarnau	ò	Baron Martinus van Buuren	4,000	3	Agriculture, fishing	2400/1 2	150a/l,000c	
Broekwater	V	Village Elder	84	1	Fishing, salvaging, (rumoured) piracy	17/0	-/20c	
Erlach	ST	Town Council	818	2	Ore, sheep	327/0 2	10b/40c	
Fort Bergbres	F	Directorate of Marienburg/Due du Gisoreux	225	2	Bribes, duties from transport of goods	90/0	120b/-	Border keep jointly run by Bretonnia and Marienburg
Fort Solace	ST	The Wasteland Import-Export Exchange	310	3	Trade, high duties	186/01	20a/100c	Small port on Manaanspoort Sea
Frederick's Village	V	Village Council	53	1	Subsistence	11/0	-/15c	Newly founded
Grimpengratz	V	Village Council	78	1	Subsistence	16/0	-/24c	
Halsdorph	ST	Town Council	133	1	Subsistence	*27/0*	-/80c	Once prosperous town of 2,500, now dying
Kalkaat	ST	Town Elder (known as "The Mayor")	625	3	Agriculture, sheep	375/0 2	24b/120c	Seat of the "Uniate" (or "Orthodox") sect of the Cult of Sigmar
Klessen	ST	Town Council	422	3	Agriculture, sheep	253/0 1	15b/80c	Resting place on the Gisoreux Road
Lehmburg	V	Council of Village Elders	92	2	Subsistence	37Ä)	-/35c	
Leydenhoven	ST	Town Council	510	2	Fishing, sheep	204/0 1	22b/80c	
Niddesdorf	V	Village Council	43	1	Subsistence	9/0	-/18c	
Salfen	V	Village Elder	38	1	Subsistence	8/0	-/18c	
Wouduin Tollstation	F	Directorate of Marienburg	28	2	Tolls, duties on specific Imperial products	11/0	10b/-	Border station on the Middenheim Road

Settlement size: Ñ = City (10,000+), Ò = Town (1000-10000), ST = Small Town (100-1000), V = Village (1-100), F = Fort (any size)
Wealth: 1 = Impoverished, 5 = Very Rich
Trade Constants (Selling/Buying): see Trading Rules (ppl0l-102 ***of Death on the Reik,*** summarised in Appendix 6)
Garrison/Militia: Quality rated as Excellent (a), Average (b), or Poor (c)

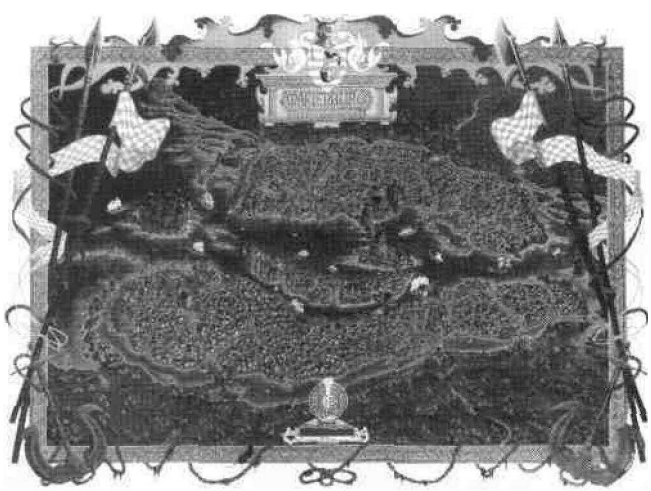
The Great Map

Included with this volume is a facsimile of the Great Map of Marienburg, a panoramic view of the city. Commissioned in 2509 by the Staadtholder, Luitpold van Raemerswijk, its unveiling was to be the climax of his Mondstille Ball at the end of that year's social season. The great Tilean artist and craftsman Ralf Hawkslay was commissioned to create the map, which was to be woven as a massive tapestry for the wall of the Staadtholder's Palace.

Hawkslay accepted the commission and arrived in Marienburg at the beginning of Brauzeit and the great autumn storms, with only three months to complete the commission. Having attempted to draw panoramas of the city from the top of the Hoogbrug Bridge, he declared that he needed more altitude, and had himself strapped to a great kite, which was in turn attached to a barge that had dropped anchor towards the mouth of the Reiksweg.

It was after three ascents and a good collection of preliminary sketches that a storm blew up and the barge, one of the Staadtholder's more ornate craft and not built for heavy swells, sank. Hawkslay was stranded in mid-air, in the teeth of a strengthening westerly gale. The weather was too fierce for any other boats to come to his rescue, and as night fell citizens gathered to watch the kite being swept across the sky, and to make bets on whether Hawkslay would be alive when he was finally reeled in. However, by the time dawn broke, two other things had broken first - the kite's rope, and Hawkslay's sanity. When he was finally found, crashed in a gorse-bush five miles west of the city, he was a gibbering wreck.

It seemed as though the commission would never be completed, but Hawkslay's agent and friend, Tomas Maurise, vowed that the map would be done, and on time. He and his charge retreated to a private rented apartment, where the weakened Hawkslay could have peace and solitude. For three months, nobody saw the artist, or his work. Maurise, by contrast, became a fixture on the Marienburg social scene: he attended flamboyant parties, patronised the city's finest tailors and eating-houses, turned away visitors to Hawksley's apartment with glib assurances that all was well, and that the map would be ready the evening before the Ball, and accepted van Raemerswijk's weekly payments.



It ended the day before Mondstille when van Raemerswijk came to the apartment, demanding a viewing of the Great Map, and pushed past Maurise into the artist's studio. Nobody knows what he saw there - he still refuses to speak of the incident - but when he came outside his face was white and he demanded the immediate arrest and trial of Maurise as a servant of Chaos. The militia-soldiers and Black Caps who immediately entered the apartment found nothing but bare walls and floor, and no sign of either Hawkslay or the supposed great tapestry.

They turned up at the Ball. At midnight, as the candles were being extinguished for the traditional minute, there was a thump. A large rolled tapestry had fallen to the floor from the domed ceiling, although it had certainly not been there a minute before. Unrolled, it was found to be the Great Map, finished and perfect. Rolled up at the centre of the tapestry was Hawkslay, or rather his corpse. He was dried and dessicated, as if he had been dead for weeks, and he had six arms like some monstrous insect.

How he came to be that way, how the tapestry came to be finished, how it came to fall from the ceiling and how the long-dead Hawkslay came to be at its centre has never been answered. The only man who might have known these secrets, Tomas Maurise, had been burned alive as a Chaos-worshipper six hours earlier.

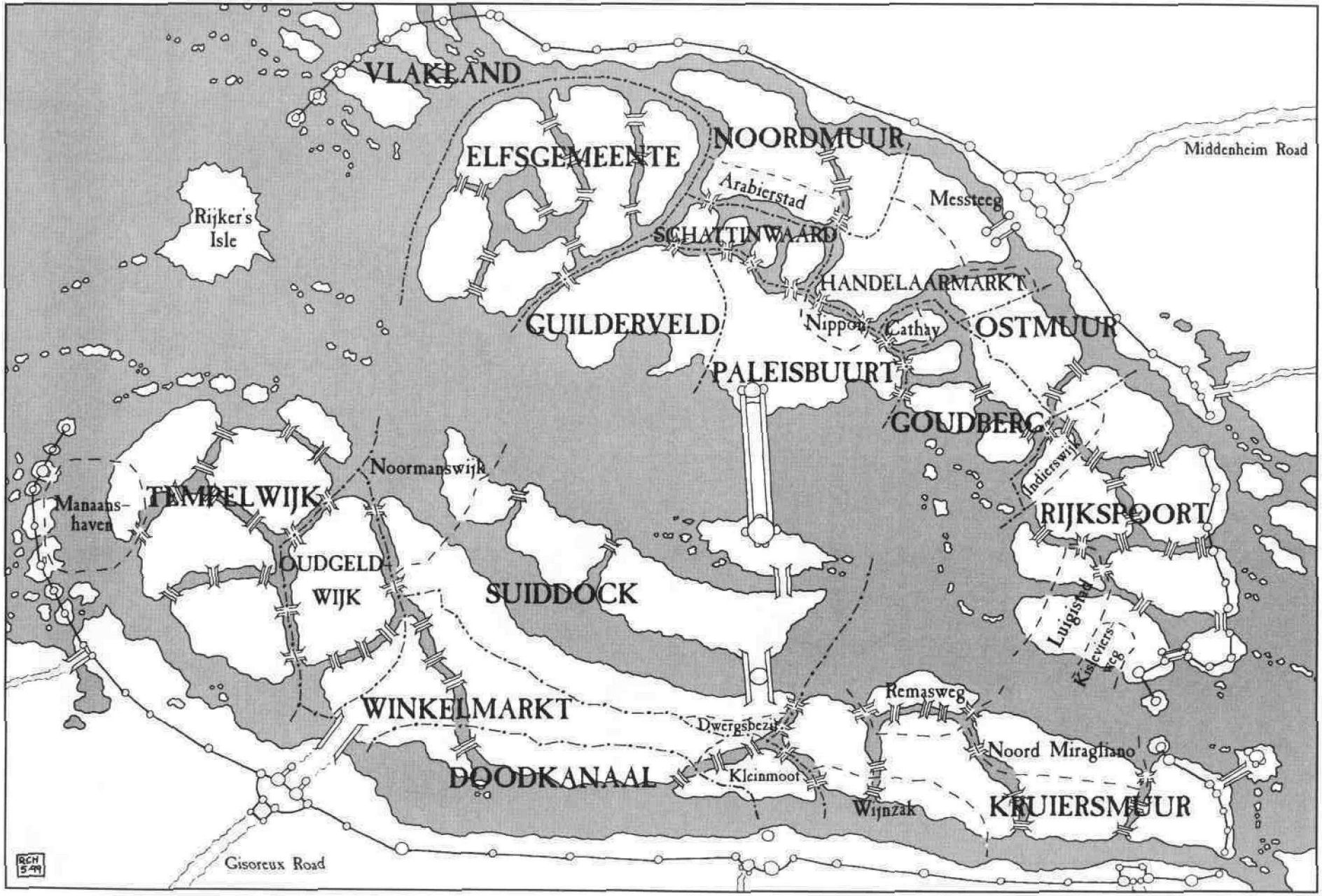
THE MAP'S LOCATION

Today the map is kept in one of the sub-basements of the Temple of Verena, behind locked and solid doors. Access to it is granted only to priests, witch-hunters or *bona fide* scholars for the purposes of research. Visitors are allowed in one at a time, accompanied by two temple guards. This is not only because of the Great Map's links to Chaotic worship: it is known that wealthy sources within the city have, for reasons that are unclear, offered up to 15,000 Gu to own the map, no matter how it is brought to them.

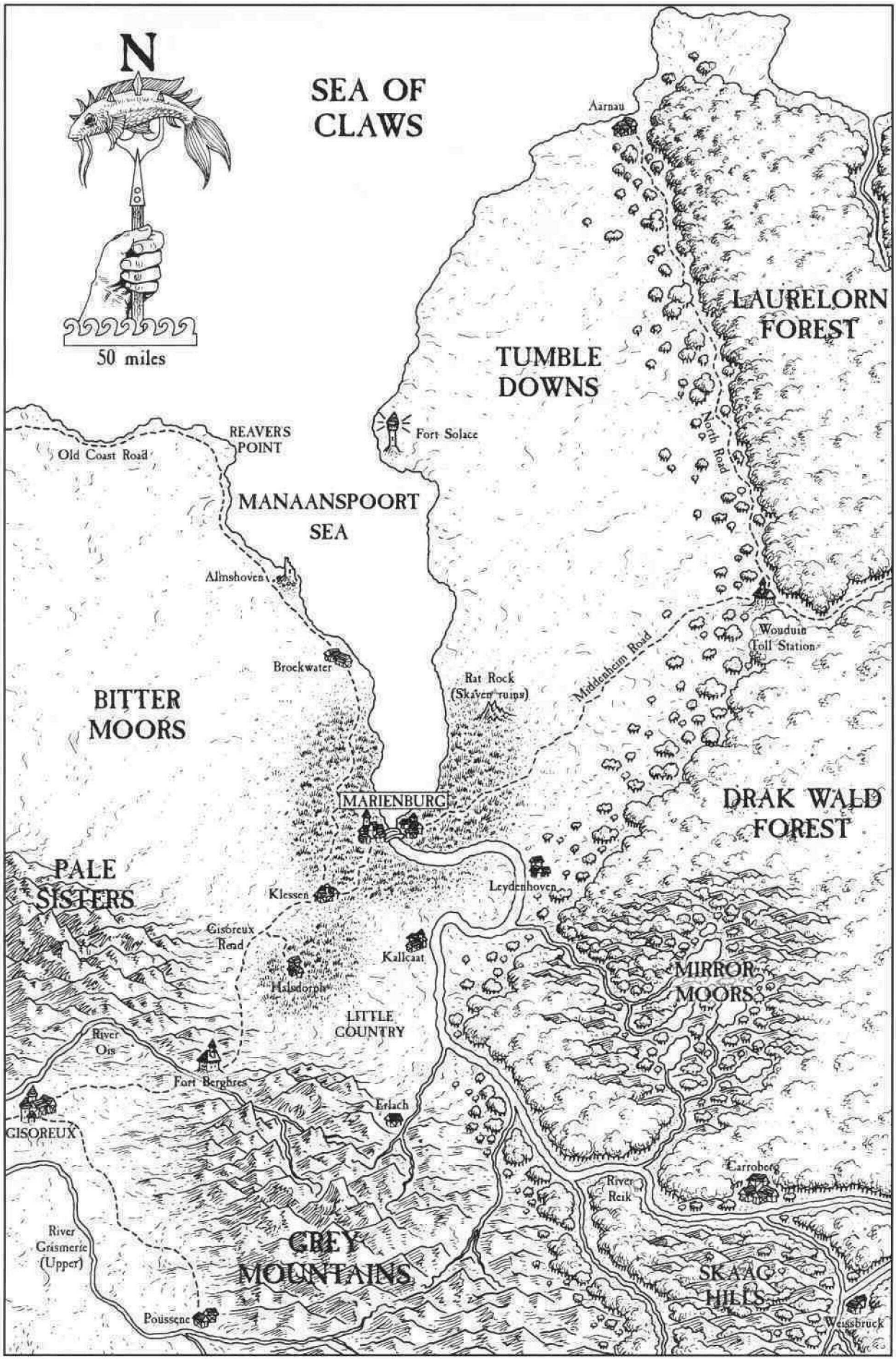
THE ACCURACY OF THE MAP

Like almost every map of the Old World, the Great Map is not completely accurate and should not be taken as authoritative. Some streets lie in the wrong direction, certain bridges have been omitted, and some buildings are shown wrongly, or appear as they looked two or three centuries before.

Subsequent to the great scandal and mystery it also became clear that Maurise had asked certain businesses and organisations for money, in return for emphasising their premises on the Map. Many had paid. Certain other sites, picked seemingly at random, have also been enlarged, although the fact that many of these are anecdotally associated with places connected with crime, depravity or other notorieties is probably coincidental.



Marienburg City Wards and Districts


N
50 miles
SEA OF CLAWS
Aarnau
LAURELORN FOREST
TUMBLE DOWNS
North Road
Fort Solace
REAVERS POINT
Old Coast Road
MANAANSPOORT SEA
Almshoven
Woudvin Toll Station
Middenheim Road
Brockwater
Rat Rock (Skaven ruins)
BITTER MOORS
MARIENBURG
DRAK WALD FOREST
PALE SISTERS
Klessen
Leydenhoven
Gisoreux Road
Kallcaat
MIRROR MOORS
Halsdorph
LITTLE COUNTRY
River Ois
Fort Berghres
GISOREUX
Erlach
Carroberg
River Reik
River Grismerie (Upper)
GREY MOUNTAINS
SKAAG HILLS
Pousseng
Weissbruck

Rudolf,

Greetings, glad tidings and great news from Lustria! Our expedition has succeeded, and all your hopes and money will be amply repaid. We have found the fabled treasure of Lustria: El Or Drago – not the gold dragon itself, but enough of its namesake metal to buy both of us a seat among the Ten!

Yet I tell you, my friend, we can make more money still. As you read this, I have our three ships at anchor in a hidden bay thirty miles up the coast, and I have sent you this letter by our fastest ship's boat. On Festag we will sail into Marienburg. Twixt now and then, buy back the future-shares that we were forced to sell to greedy investors in the 'Change to finance the expedition. I care not where you find the money but find it you must, for I tell you these shares are literally as good as gold.

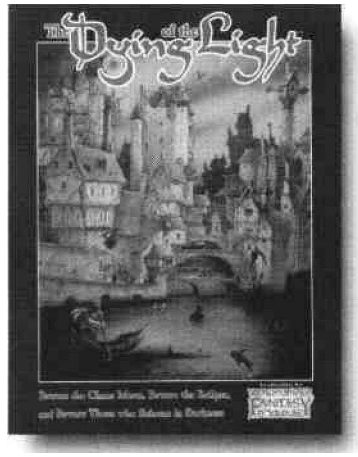
But be discreet. We know how the 'Change regards anything that seems like cheating, and there are men who would see us in Rijkers for this letter alone.

Be well, my friend, and I will see you in Marienburg and rich this Festag.

Tomas Boorsboom

Want more of Marienburg?

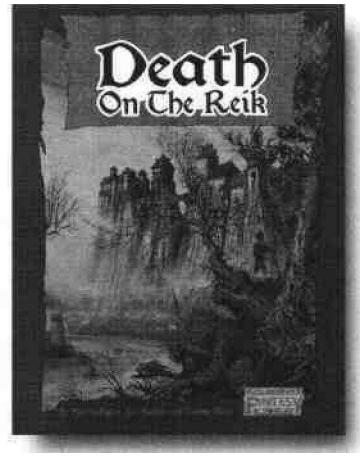
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