

WARHAMMER
FANTASY ROLEPLAY

CAREER COMPENDIUM™

BASIC ONLY



THE ULTIMATE CAREER REFERENCE



WARHAMMER
FANTASY ROLEPLAY

CAREER COMPENDIUM

A COLLECTION OF CHARACTER CAREERS & ADVANCES

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay Career Compendium*. This book presents a huge collection of careers from a wide range of *WFRP* products, organising and centralising information that was previously spread out among a dozen or more books into one convenient resource. We also introduce several new careers to help flesh out your campaigns and add more realism and depth to the Old World. Inside the pages of the *Career Compendium* you will find more than 220 careers, each career featuring new information and ideas for both players and GMs. The book also provides literally hundreds of adventure seeds and plot hooks to create engaging, memorable encounters and stories involving these careers.

The Career System

Why a *Career Compendium*? Perhaps more than any other game element, the system of careers is a signature part of *WFRP*. The careers provide flavour and identity to player characters as well as NPCs. There's a sense of realism the career system generates for the setting, filling the Old World with people from all walks of life, from the lowly Rat Catchers and Bone Pickers to Noble Lords and Warrior Priests.

It also provides a great tool to GMs to help create non-player characters for their campaigns. You don't have to decide how to shoehorn the leader of a village into a broad, generic class like "Fighter." Instead, you can find relevant careers that help create a fully fleshed out character concept and can populate your world with people that make sense.



Careers also help tell a story. As a character advances over the course of a *WFRP* campaign, the careers he adopts become a sort of journal of his life. The story behind the Rat Catcher who seizes an opportunity to strike it rich by becoming a Thief could be wholly different from the Rat Catcher who takes up arms and chooses to become a Shieldbreaker. Or the Apprentice Wizard who eschews the other wizardly careers to instead focus on academia and becomes a Scholar. The countless other career combinations also have their own unique stories to tell.

The career system provides a more fluid, natural progression than many other advancement systems. Characters tend to advance more gradually over time, improving here by a bit, getting slightly better at that – as opposed to the jarring, sudden surges in ability by having everything change at once. This gradual process makes progression easier to integrate into the story, and makes it easier for a GM to find opportunities within a campaign to justify advancement.

Based on the career system's importance to the *WFRP* experience, and seeing how much depth, flavour, and realism it adds to the setting, it is easy to see how valuable a sourcebook like the *Career Compendium* will be to your game.

Using This Book

The focus of this book is an alphabetical listing of careers. Each career has its own full-page listing, making it easier to skim through the book and find the career you're looking for, while also allowing us to devote more attention to the many different types of careers available in *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*. There are no separate chapters or sections, until you reach the Appendices.

If you are a player, you can use this book to quickly explore the advancement options available to your character. Rather than shuffling back and forth through several books, you can easily compare and evaluate your options right here.

As a GM, the *Career Compendium* will quickly become one of your most valuable tools. The book is filled with hundreds of ideas and a wealth of new information about the Old World and its people. And if your players go off in a direction you weren't anticipating during a session (as they are wont to do), you can quickly generate NPCs by finding appropriate careers.

Updates & Errata

Where possible, the careers found in the *Career Compendium* have been updated to reflect the most current errata and corrections. Changes to the advance schemes, talents, skills, and trappings have been flagged in **special text** to make identifying these updates easy.

Further, the career entries and exits have been updated and adjusted, allowing more fluid mobility between several careers. Previously, new careers found in other *WFRP* sourcebooks generally only provided career mobility between other careers from the same sourcebook or the *WFRP Core Rulebook*. The *Career Compendium* allows some of these careers to connect where there is a natural, logical relationship.

Useful Tools & Tidbits

At the end of this book are several Appendices filled with a series of charts and tables organising the careers in a variety of different ways. New master Character Creation charts allow players to generate characters using the entire broad spectrum of careers available.

Further, the charts are broken down into several categories, including charts using the popular career archetype structure presented in *The Thousand Thrones* campaign sourcebook. There are even tables with entries tailored to very specific needs – such as careers broken down by specific regions or environments.

New Careers and Illustrations

In addition to hundreds of careers from other sourcebooks, the *Career Compendium* introduces a number of new careers and illustrations. New artwork was commissioned for existing careers that did not have illustrations, such as the Chimneysweep from *Forges of Nuln* or the iconic Warrior Priest from *Tome of Salvation*.

The new careers offer a variety of interesting options for players and GMs alike. Here is a brief look at the eight new careers you will find in the *Career Compendium*:

Animal Trainer (Advanced): Animal trainers breed and train animals for transport, hunting, or entertainment. Their most common job is breeding riding horses and destriers for the horse markets, but animal trainers are also skilled dog and bird handlers that accompany nobles' hunting parties.

Cartographer (Basic): Cartographers chart the lay of the land for rich patrons, hardy explorers, and collectors. They accompany expeditions into the wild but also transcribe the shoddy work of others into a more readable form.

Dilettante (Basic): Dilettantes like to think of themselves as scholars, and, indeed, they may pass as scholars among most folk; they read and write, for a start. However, dilettantes often lack the discipline or passion that leads true scholars to focus on one task and become truly skilled at that.

Ex-Convict (Basic): The prisons of the Old World are brutal sub-realms unto themselves where only the strong and ruthless survive. Of the few convicts who do live through their sentences, most return to society as harder criminals than before they entered prison.

Farmer (Basic): The old feudal order of the Empire is no longer what it once was, and a new enterprising class is bridging the gap between peasant and noble, working to keep the people of the Empire well fed.

Lay Priest (Advanced): Priests who serve their god's will through worldly deeds are known as lay priests. Unlike their magic-wielding counterparts, lay priests do not labour day and night studying esoteric scriptures to achieve communion with the divine.



Prelate (Advanced): A prelate's ability to deliver sermons and debating legal statutes with equal proficiency makes him highly respected in both civic and religious circles. Prelates may also be known as vicars, curates, or arch-lectors, depending upon the cult.

Rapsallion (Advanced): Some young men have a certain charm to them. They aren't necessarily wealthy but they know how to wear clothes well, to make themselves look good in a dashing and slightly unconventional way. They're clever and quick and a little bit dangerous.

SOURCEBOOK REFERENCES

Many of the careers presented here in the *Career Compendium* originally appeared in other *WFRP* sourcebooks. A small abbreviation appears with each career to indicate which book the career first appeared in, making it easier for players and GMs to do further research or reading, if they choose. Here are the abbreviations used to identify the sourcebooks:

AoM	<i>Ashes of Middenheim</i>	RoS	<i>Realms of Sorcery</i>
BotD	<i>Barony of the Damned</i>	RC	<i>Renegade Crowns</i>
CotHR	<i>Children of the Horned Rat</i>	SoE	<i>Shades of Empire</i>
Core	<i>WFRP Core Rulebook</i>	SH	<i>Sigmar's Heirs</i>
FoN	<i>Forges of Nuln</i>	SoA	<i>Spire of Altdorf</i>
KotG	<i>Knights of the Grail</i>	TiT	<i>Terror in Talabheim</i>
New	<i>New Career</i>	ToC	<i>Tome of Corruption</i>
NDM	<i>Night's Dark Masters</i>	ToS	<i>Tome of Salvation</i>
RotIQ	<i>Realm of the Ice Queen</i>	WC	<i>Warhammer Companion</i>

AGITATOR

Friend—step closer! I would like to make you aware of a dire situation... an atrocity you may not be aware of. There's trouble my friend, trouble right here Altdorf.

(Core) For the most part, the people of the Empire have little say in politics. The Emperor and the Elector Counts make and enforce the laws, with the support of the various churches (Sigmar and Ulric most conspicuously). Nonetheless, ardent political activists are a common sight in the cities of the Empire. These Agitators organize on behalf of various causes, handing out leaflets, giving rousing speeches, and stirring up the populace. The lunatic fringe is simply ignored, but successful Agitators – those who can tap into the wellspring of Peasant and Burgher resentment – are usually viewed as a threat to the state. They are hounded by local watchman, accused of heresy by church officials, or forced to submit to the tender mercies of the Witch Hunters. Agitators continue on despite the risks. Some truly believe in their cause, but others are cynical power seekers as corrupt as those they rail against.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	–	–	+5%	+10%	–	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History) or Gossip, Academic Knowledge (Law) or Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Charm, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Breton or Tilean), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Coolheaded or Street Fighting, Flee!, Public Speaking

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), One set of Good Craftsmanship Clothes, 2d10 leaflets for various causes

Career Entries: Burgher, Captain, Herald, Highwayman, Scribe, Servant, Student, Zealot

Career Exits: Charlatan, Demagogue, Ex-Convict, Outlaw, Politician, Rogue, Zealot

No Rest for the Rhetorician

The agitator stands on a crowded street corner or market square, calling out controversial slogans in the hopes of generating interest amongst the bystanders. The agitator always keeps an eye out for the authorities – who will likely take a dim view of his activities. If watchmen appear he runs, unless he feels he has crowd on his side.

Once he gathers a crowd, the agitator launches into a more detailed critique of society, and outlines his vision for the future. He pushes his pamphlets on his audience, promising that they contain further information and points out that they are as cheap as he can possibly make them, that he is just hoping to cover his costs.

In the evening the agitator heads to a local tavern. His bar-stool philosophical discussions make him popular with those he drinks with. The agitator has a professional incentive for being there, however, and has an ear out for any embittered anecdotes or conspiracy theories he could use to reinforce his political agenda.

Late at night, the agitator pays a visit to a local printer's workshop. Most printers are too wary of the law to openly help such a notorious individual, but they may have rebellious young apprentices or run an illicit business at night. An agitator has to be careful in finding a willing producer of seditious pamphlets, and works hard to establish and maintain the necessary degree of trust.

Affiliations

An agitator is best advised to get to know the local watchmen and to make contacts in the underworld. In the case of the watch it is simply a case of knowing who to bribe or flee from. An agitator has a more complex relationship with organised crime. On one hand underworld

contacts can offer the agitator just the sort of information he needs to better attack his targets, and a place to hide if things get hot. On the other hand, they have a nasty habit of calling in favours. Many agitators wish to be perceived as idealistic and anti-materialistic, and do not like to be seen associating with criminals.

In the Land of Illiteracy, the Spoken Word is King

Many question how agitators can gain such large followings, or have such a strong influence over local politics and affairs. The role of the spoken word cannot be underestimated in a land where far more people are illiterate than literate. The illiterate are forced to rely on others for news and information, since they cannot read the newsheets themselves – an opportunity the savvy agitator is more than happy to seize.

Adventure Seeds

Are You Safe From the Ratmen? Sections of society seem reluctant to admit the danger posed by skaven, going so far as to deny their existence. An agitator makes it his mission to inform the masses of the reality of the situation and wants to interview people who have encountered skaven – such as parties of adventurers. However there are those who would like to silence the agitator and any allies he makes. Certain Imperial authorities are desperate not to see widespread panic resulting from 'irresponsible rumours.'

The Real Truth: Many agitators flocked to Wurtbad to support a charismatic demagogue there, but they found themselves leaderless when he died during a tavern brawl. Without a leader, the agitators formed various factions, each interpreting his vision for society in a different manner. An ideological turf war threatens to erupt unless the situation settles down. PCs may become embroiled if they sympathise with one of the agitator groups, or the authorities might approach them to help police the increasing violence.



ANCHORITE

Pain? What pain? There is no pain. Only penance.

(RC) Some people feel that they can only follow their own mystical leanings alone, away from the distractions of civilisation, conversation, and soap. These individuals become Anchorites, staking claim to a cave, or the top of a pillar of rock, somewhere in the Borderlands. They have few or no possessions, so bandits rarely bother them. Greenskins and other monsters are still likely to kill them if they can catch them, so Anchorites learn how to hide and run away.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	-	+10%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move

Talents: Flee!, Hardy, Resistance to Poison, Rover, Stout-hearted

Trappings: None

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Badlander, Mystic, Outlaw, Swamp Skimmer, Vagabond



BASIC

A Day in the Life

An anchorite's life is one of contemplation and meditation brought into focus by solitude and self-deprivation. Typically he finds a cave, hole, or boulder to shelter under, things the badlands of the Border Princes have in abundance. From this modest dwelling, he then begins his journey into enlightenment. He spends days, weeks and months in filth and hunger watching the movement of the sun, stars and moons while contemplating his insignificance. Occasionally, when hunger or thirst gets the better of him, he ventures out into the wastes to dig insects from the ground and lick the dew from rocks. Even when foraging, the anchorite is careful not to spend too long sating his feeble bodily needs, lest he waste precious moments of contemplation and endanger his chance at true awakening. The only other things that might disturb this cycle of meagre subsistence and endless meditation are the other inhabitants of the wastes, be they predatory wolves or big cats, or bloodthirsty orcs. When such an encounter occurs, the anchorite attempts to hide, or if this is impossible, flee, though the more devout (or crazed) remain within their retreat, convinced that their unwelcome visitor is sent to test their faith. Fortunately for most anchorites however, the stink and scrawniness of their bodies make them an unappetising meal, and all but the most desperate predators leave them alone.

The Path to Enlightenment

An anchorite's path to enlightenment is not an easy one. They must be willing to sacrifice all that they are to become more than they were. While each anchorite's journey is different, those that would tread this path must follow three simple rules.

Look within and ignore without – Meditation and contemplation become an anchorite's only priority, as he believes it is only through a lifetime of introspection that he can achieve enlightenment. To this end, an anchorite pays no heed to the feeble shadows of the world, ignoring what he considers the illusion of matter to better focus on the workings of the mind.

Break the shackles of the flesh – because an anchorite sees his body as a weak fleshy anchor pinning him to this plane of existence, he considers its needs and ills as insignificant. Hunger, disease and injury are all minor concerns and he will allow his body to be ravaged by boils, lice and lesions while devoting his life to meditation.

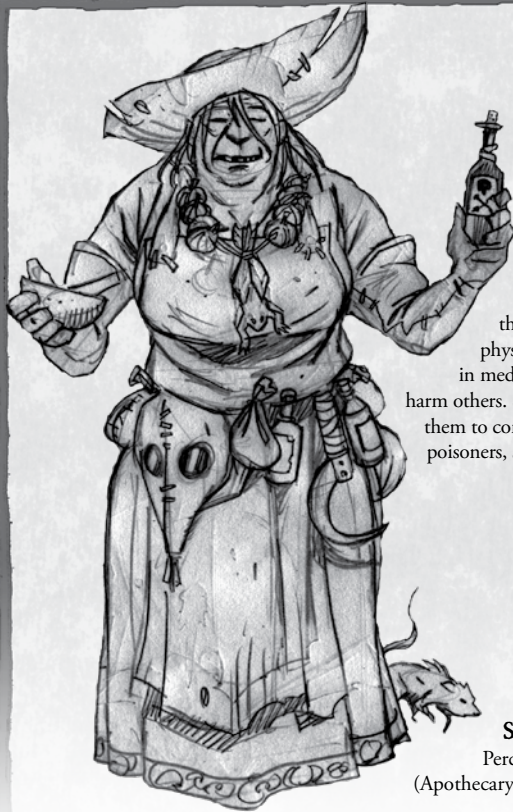
Cast off the burdens of society – The path of the anchorite is a lonely one. Society is a poison to the seeker of self-realisation, its rigid norms, expectations and its empty distractions a trap to lure away the weak of mind.

Adventure Seeds

Disposable Wealth: Rumour has it that somewhere in the Borderlands there is an anchorite who has stumbled upon the location of an ancient Dwarf treasure vault. If he could be found, he might be willing to impart this information (having no interest in material wealth himself) to a suitably enlightened soul.

Picking Up the Pieces: The Baron of Deepvale was deposed many years ago, his realm broken up and claimed by other border princes. Now, however, some of his loyal followers seek to restore the baron to power. Unfortunately for them, the baron has become an anchorite and is living somewhere in the wastes, so they must find him and somehow convince him to reclaim his barony.

BASIC



APOTHECARY

Two parts alcohol, one part powdered bear tooth and one part pasty phlegmberry. Infuse the solids until bubbles appear, then boil off the alcohol. It'll put extra power in your arms for a good hour, if you can take the cramps.

(SH) While physicians prescribe cures for their patients' various ills, it is the apothecary who actually makes the medicine. Specialists in minerals, chemicals, and salts derived from organic matter, the apothecary mixes powders to be taken with wine, unguents to apply to infected areas, and medicinal incenses to drive away unhealthy vapours. Guild law allows them to prescribe for minor ailments, such as a cold or stomach-ache, but few do since many physicians are resentful of the competition. While some apothecaries move on to higher careers in medicine or academia, others turn their knowledge to personal greed or succumb to a desire to harm others. Some apothecaries have been known to feed their clients drugs disguised as medicine, forcing them to come back and pay higher prices to feed their addiction, while others sell their services as poisoners, splitting the profits with an aggrieved widow or heir.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	-	-	+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science), Gossip, Haggle, Heal or Prepare Poison, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Classical), Trade (Apothecary)

Talents: Etiquette or Resistance to Poison, Suave or Very Resilient

Trappings: Healing Draught, Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Trade Tools (Apothecary's Kit)

Career Entries: Apprentice Wizard, Barber-Surgeon, Hedge Wizard, Student

Career Exits: Apprentice Wizard, Artisan, Barber-Surgeon, Embalmer, Grave Robber, Merchant, Physician, Scholar

Affiliations

The Apothecary's Guild is one of the weaker guilds in the Old World, under constant pressure by the more powerful Physician's Guild. For fees much lower than a surgeon charges, apothecaries will attempt to cure their patients by manipulating the body's four vital humours with chemical compounds. The Physician's Guild counters the competitive edge of the apothecaries by forcing them to sell their wares to physicians at a significant discount. The order of Gold Wizards also watches apothecaries' shops to ensure they aren't dabbling in higher alchemy.

Consequentially, some apothecaries supplement their meagre income by selling illegal drugs and poisons. An apothecary caught doing this faces expulsion from the guild in addition to criminal charges. However, many wealthy and influential customers use these black market products, and a threat or bribe from one of them can convince the Apothecary's Guild to overlook legal transgressions by its members.

Apothecaries are respected by the priesthood of Shallya, who support affordable medicine for all. Unfortunately, this goodwill rarely translates into political influence because the cult of Shallya is disinclined to challenge the Physician's Guild. Needless to say, many apothecaries pursue higher academic studies in their spare time, hoping to eventually obtain membership in both guilds.

Preparation Techniques

The apothecary trade is filled with all manner of unusual means to prepare components for their tinctures and potions. Apothecaries have their own terms to explain the complex processes they undertake in their craft.

Concoction: Mixture is heated or cooked at moderate heat for an extended period.

Desiccation: Substance is dried or heated to remove all moisture.

Elixiration: Mixture is converted into a potion or draught.

Imbibition: A procedure is extended by the gradual and continuous addition of a substance.

Luting: A flask or jar is sealed airtight using a waxy paste.

Putrefaction: Ingredient is rotted under gradual, moist heat.

Sublimation: Solid ingredient is heated, producing a vapour that condenses on the inside of a flask.

Trituration: Ingredient is reduced to powder by applying heat.

Adventure Seeds

Ancient Elixirs: While researching Arabyan herbs, the apothecary stumbles upon a historical reference hinting at the location of a Nehekharan prince's tomb. Even more interesting than the potential loot is the suggestion that the prince's court alchemist had discovered an elixir of transmutation. Perhaps the elixir's formula was buried with the prince, or the tomb contains a clue about its location.

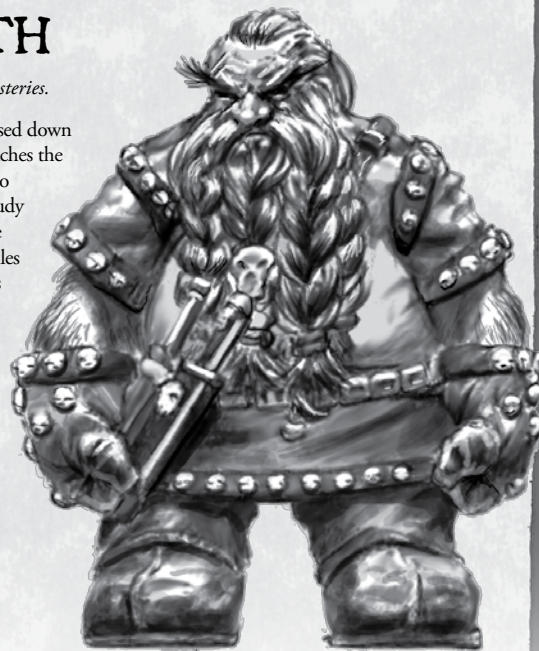
Toxic Trade: The Apothecary's Guild holds more influence than usual due to the shortage of licensed physicians in town. Now, the apothecaries are making great profits selling addictive remedies to the townsfolk. But a conspiracy among the guild's inner council pushes the game too far, when toxic agents are added to the formula to perpetuate the customers' maladies. Will anyone squeal?

APPRENTICE RUNESMITH

In another fifty years, perhaps I will have perfected this simple rune so I can learn deeper mysteries.

(RoS) The Runesmiths are effectively a clan containing a few ancient families who have passed down the knowledge and skills of Runesmithing over the generations. Each Master Runesmith teaches the fundamentals of fire and forge to young members of his family, selecting the most talented to become Apprentice Runesmiths. While selection is a great honour, it means long years of study and service to his master in the creation of more complicated runes. Runesmiths rarely write down the secrets of their craft and even when they do, the knowledge is buried beneath riddles and puzzles. Apprentices must be patient, clever, and perceptive to rise in status. During this time Apprentice Runesmiths often leave the service of their mentor to gather ingredients, tools, and supplies for the forging of new runes.

Note: Only Dwarfs can enter this career. If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Apprentice Runesmith for Scribe with your GM's permission.



BASIC / SPECIAL

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	-	+5%	-	-	+10%	+15%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	+1	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Runes), Evaluate, Perception, Read/Write, Runecraft, Speak Arcane Language (Arcane Dwarf), Trade (Smith), Trade (Armourer *or* Weaponsmith)

Talents: Rune (any two with an Inscription Number of 10 or less)

Trappings: Medium Armour (Leather Jack, Mail Shirt), Trade Tools (Runesmith)

Career Entries: Artisan, Runebearer, Scribe, Student

Career Exits: Journeyman Runesmith, Runebearer, Scholar, Scribe, Shieldbreaker

A Day in the Life

While the life of a runesmith is not an easy one, apprentices in this ancient craft have it slightly better than many other young trainees – they are carrying on a great family tradition and have been chosen due to merit.

They must perform the same scut work as any apprentice, but all of it serves a purpose besides the master vicariously paying back his own hard student years. Everything is a lesson, and if the apprentice doesn't see the lesson at once, he must puzzle it out, and as he does so, he learns more and more. The seemingly menial task of kneading dough might temper the wrists for carving steel.

The laborious copying of dull books of mining records teaches the way to precisely and perfectly form characters. The repairing of a broken clockwork device shows how parts relate to a whole, how to bring magic into what is otherwise a simple symbol. Without the proper training and understanding, a rune is worthless; a human smith could copy a rune exactly and it would perform no magic at all, because he doesn't understand it the way a dwarf does. The map is the territory; the rune is the power it symbolises.

Little Known Facts

The greatest day in an apprentice's life is when he is trusted with his First Carving, when he is given the tools and the blade and told to inscribe a rune upon it "for real", not for practise or training. The blade he makes will be given to a member of his own family for use in battle, and how that battle fares is considered to be an omen.

If the wielder of the First Carving triumphs, or even dies while helping the dwarfs to victory, it is considered a positive sign; if an enemy captures the blade, it is a sign of ill omen.

At times, runesmith bloodlines grow thin, especially after a major invasion by orcs. During these rare events – perhaps once a century –runesmith families will seek to adopt dwarfs from other clans. There are many competitions of lore, skill and courage, but a handful will be chosen, and will abandon all claim on their own heritage and be fully accepted as part of the rune workers' family.

Adventure Seeds

The Riddle Of The Rune: An apprentice runesmith, on a voyage to a nearby human village, hears a minstrel singing a song which happens to contain, amongst the seemingly nonsensical lyrics, some of the coded symbolic knowledge of the runesmiths. It is not a dwarf song that the bard has learned, but one of seeming human origin. How did he come to learn it? The runesmith is concerned that dwarf lore is somehow spreading among humans, and if so, this must be stopped.

Under A New Master: During what should be a routine journey, orcs set upon an apprentice runesmith and his master. The master dies while giving his apprentice a chance to flee, but not before he tells him to journey to a far-off dwarf hold where a new teacher awaits. This is a great way for a PC apprentice runesmith to begin adventuring. Alternatively, the characters could be hired to guide or guard the apprentice on his journey.

BASIC / SPECIAL



APPRENTICE WITCH

The winter's chill is my teacher. And it can be a cruel master.

(RotIQ) Every year, ice witches emerge from the frozen oblast to assess shivering Gospodar girls. The rare girl demonstrating magical talent is taken away and is unlikely to see her family again. Barely old enough to be called women, these apprentices-to-be are led into the depths of Kislev's cruel winter, and there, they are taught the ways of the Khan-Queens of old. Those who survive (and many do not) are forever changed: they are cold, aloof, mature well beyond their years, and very aware of their insignificance beside the might of the Ancient Widow's glacial heart. Eventually, these successful apprentices will be released from their mistresses and allowed to venture forth as "maidens of the ice."

Special Requirements: You must be female to enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	-	-	+10%	+5%	+10%	+10%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	+1	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic) (Int) **or** Intimidate (S), Channelling (WP), Common Knowledge (Kislev) (Int), Magical Sense (WP), Navigation (Int) **or** Perception (Int), Outdoor Survival (Int), Speak Arcane Language (Magick) (Int), Speak Language (Kislevarin) (Int)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement **or** Lesser Magic (any one), Hardy **or** Very Resilient, Petty Magic (Ice)

Trappings: Given the harsh conditions of their training, apprentice witches need survival gear, generally consisting of a sturdy suit of winter clothing, a pack or sling bag, a flask of kvas to warm their bones, and a few days of rations.

Career Entries: Any

Career Exits: Ice Maiden, Initiate of Ulric, Witch

A Day in the Life

In the months that follow, these young girls are trained in the ways of Ice Magic just as the Khan Queens have been for countless generations. They are taught to survive the cold winters in the Oblast while they mature and grow cold themselves.

Much of their daily routine involves tasks geared towards survival, like gathering firewood and setting snares to capture wild game, with the rest of their waking hours devoted to the practice and study of Ice Magic. Many do not survive this training under such harsh conditions, but those who do become protectors of the land and its people, and a force to be reckoned with.

Some apprentices find the challenges inherent in being an Ice Maiden too daunting and too lonely. Many of these use their knowledge to help others without embracing the solitary path of a Maiden of the Ice.

For those who remain steadfast and determined in the face of the countless challenges, however, the rewards can be significant. The prospect of unlocking further mysteries is certainly apparent, but not to be overlooked is the surge of self-confidence and growing awareness and acceptance of one's abilities and personal limitations.

Little Known Facts

Upon completing their initial training and earning their release from their mistresses, the former Apprentice's eyes turn an icy shade of blue, -- almost overnight. No matter their former complexion, upon completion of their apprenticeship, the soon-to-be ice maiden's skin adopts an almost translucent paleness, and is slightly chilled to the touch.

It is rumoured that an apprentice witch, on the first anniversary of her selection for her apprenticeship, must break a hole in the ice of a frozen lake without the aid of tools and plunge in. The apprentice must then survive the night out of doors, still wet, with only a thin blanket as a shield against the elements. Since neither apprentices, ice maidens nor ice witches will discuss about this ritual except amongst themselves, its veracity has never been confirmed.

Adventure Seeds

A Cold Calling: The party is sent by one of the Electors on a mission within Kislev. The guide provided for them is a teenage girl dressed in furs and skins, cold, aloof, and not very talkative. The party is unlikely to think much of her until trouble finds them, and she demonstrates her Ice Magic to get them out of a tight spot.

A Threat to All: An apprentice witch, bedraggled and half-alive, appears on the doorstep where the party is staying. She seeks help from any and all who are willing. A wizard loyal to the dark lord Tzeentch is attempting to capture ice witches and turn them to the worship of Tzeentch to corrupt Ice Magic forever. She was sent to warn the Empire and to seek aid from outside, for none within the realm of Kislev would dare raise a hand against an ice witch, even if she had become a follower of one of the proscribed cults.

Which Witch? Two young girls have shown promise in the frigid arts of the Ice Witches. However, the village seer is convinced one is a fraud -- in fact, a meddlesome spirit seeking to sow discord and mistrust amongst the villagers. Can the characters determine which young girl is destined to become an Ice Maiden, and rid the village of the pesky spirit?

APPRENTICE WIZARD

My exam is coming up soon. If I can light the candle from ten paces without setting my hair on fire, I'm sure I'll pass this time.

(Core) Humans born with magical talent are dangerous and feared individuals. Daemons and disaster gather about an untrained Wizard. To deal with this threat the Empire sends such people away to join one of the eight Orders of Wizardry. During their apprenticeship young Wizards learn how to practice magic safely, and contemplate which Order they will eventually join. Some apprentices will be bound to serve the Wizard who uncovered their talents, whilst others adventure to garner enough money to pay for their tutelage at the Colleges of Magic. Elves are naturally magical, and do not need to attend these Human institutions, learning from their own lore masters instead. See **Chapter 7: Magic** of the Core Rulebook for more details on the Orders of Magic.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	-	-	-	+5%	+10%	+15%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	+1	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic), Channelling, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement or Fast Hands, Petty Magic (Arcane), Savvy or Very Resilient

Trappings: Quarter Staff, Backpack, Printed Book

Career Entries: Dilettante, Hedge Wizard, Scholar, Scribe, Student

Career Exits: Journeyman Wizard, Scholar, Scribe

Note: If you want to be able to cast spells right away, you should increase your Magic Characteristic with your free advance during character creation. Halflings and Dwarfs may not enter this career. Magic users are feared and sometimes hated. Think carefully before choosing this career.

A Day in the Life

It isn't easy mastering magic – of those few with even a hint of the gift, fewer still manage to tame it and control it before it consumes them (or just gets them burned by an angry mob). Apprenticeship is often gruelling, demeaning work, with the master handing out only the smallest nuggets of real knowledge in payment for hours of tedious labour. However, it's the only even half-safe way to become a true wizard.

An apprentice's day begins early. There are candles to light, potions to tend to, runes to scribe, and meals to prepare. Even if the master could chop wood or skin chickens by magic, he prefers to let the apprentice do it – both to keep him busy and to teach him not to call on magic for trivial acts. Power must be respected! Over the course of the day, the apprentice will help his master with his many tasks, sometimes accompanying him as he meets other wizards or offers counsel to nobles and merchants. At times, if the master is pleased, there will be formal training in the art of magic, some genuine wisdom that makes the tiring labour of the day seem almost worth it.

Some apprentices leave before their training is complete – their master perished in some disaster and they barely escaped, or there was just one beating too many. Such individuals, with only the barest grasp on their gifts, can parley their limited powers into enough coin to pay for further training, or just learn as they travel, which can be dangerous to both themselves and their companions.

Affiliations

Apprentices have only the most limited status in guilds or academies, but wherever many wizards gather together, their apprentices will

likewise gather. They form loose-knit gangs, part study circle, part drinking club, part collection of backstabbing betrayers. The path from apprentice to full wizard is not easy, and while it's good to have the help of one's fellows, they also represent competition.

Such gangs rarely last long, but they can provide good contacts or connections once Apprenticeship is past. A typical conversation among former apprentices can often go something like this:

"Remember how you and me and Darryl used to all drink together at the Butchered Sow? Whatever happened to old Darryl, anyway? Eaten by a daemon? Damn, that's too bad. Anyway, I've got a favour to ask..."

Adventure Seeds

Return Of The Master: An apprentice wizard (a member or friend of the party) who has claimed to be a freelancer, is surprised to find his master – the one he said died in a mysterious fire – alive, well, and angrily looking for his former student. Was the 'death' story all a lie to cover up an apprentice running away? Is this an imposter, hunting the student for unknown reasons? Or did he survive the flames and now believes the student was responsible for his near death? The wizard doesn't seem too inclined to sit down for an explanation.

The Final Lesson: An arrogant but talented young apprentice has nearly completed his studies and has been sent on a complex errand that requires him to test his skills to the utmost. Or so he has been told. In reality, it's a complex prank by his master to teach him humility. Unfortunately, something has gone horribly wrong. The embarrassing curse of boils and flatulence the ritual was supposed to create has instead summoned a foul-smelling daemon, covered in boils and rupturing pustules. The master was overwhelmed by the daemon, which now waits for the apprentice...and anyone who might be travelling with him.

BADLANDER

Life's tough here, so we're tougher. The only hope here is the dream of leaving these rocks behind.

(RC) Badlanders, as the name suggests, live in the badlands of the Border Princes. These areas are often mazes of broken rock, containing little water and less life, and what life is present is unpalatable at best and hostile at worst. They have to travel constantly around the area to find food and water, which also makes it relatively easy for them to hide. A surprisingly high proportion of Badlanders have previous careers from which they are hiding; those who don't tend to dream of doing something worth hiding from.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+10%	–	+10%	+5%	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail, Outdoor Survival, Navigation, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Silent Move

Talents: Orientation, Sixth Sense

Trappings: Climbing Equipment

Career Entries: Anchorite, Peasant, Vagabond

Career Exits: Cat Burglar, Vagabond



BASIC

Finding Forgiveness in the Badlands

The Badlands hold a life of unbelievable hardship compared to life in the Empire. Living on the move in such harsh terrain forces the natives to be hunters and gatherers of any potential food and water sources. Where vagabonds might scavenge easily in a forest, badlanders must scour rugged rock and sparse ravines for the well-hidden edible plants or sheltered sources of water.

Because of these hardships, enduring the Badlands is a suitable punishment for those incurring a god's wrath. The length of one's sentence when exiled to the Badlands depends on his or her transgression, though a typical sentence is "his years in days and one, to prove his piety outweighs his maturity." Many penitents die in the Badlands before completing their contrition due to their inability to find easy food, water, or shelter (or because they fall afoul of the native Badlanders).

Beatrix "Crow's Daughter"

While many people with questionable natures flee to the Badlands to hide from the consequences of previous actions, some are born into the rough life "between the mountains." Beatrix knows little more than the struggles for life among the stone labyrinths.

Raised by Bretonnian and Averlander deserters, Beatrix has lived among the Badlands her entire life. The only evidence of her parentage is her much-pitted Bretonnian dagger, with a crow's head and wings for its quillons. She remembers only that her father was a strong, fierce fighter whenever outsiders entered "his" claimed territory, and her mother could make the worst stews palatable with her knowledge of herbs.

Now, as an adult, Beatrix wonders what life is like beyond the stone canyons and desolation of her youth. She plans on finding out, once she secures a bit more coin and a reliable map of the Empire.

Adventure Seeds

Cat and Mouse: A great deal of money can be made by pursuing deserters and criminals into the Badlands and bringing them back to civilization and justice. However, many bounty hunters bring half of their fees with them into the Badlands, where they become victims of those they hunt. The party can come in on either side of this, seeking either to hide among the Badlands or root out those who do so.

Threats from the North: Badlanders don't band together often except to drive out those who menace all of them. Such are the threats out of the World's Edge mountains – ghouls, goblins, orcs, beastmen, or the Chaos cults of the southern Empire. All prey on Badlanders for food, as they are easier and more succulent prey than the usual rock lizards and goats. The party can easily win favor within the Empire by hunting down these Chaos threats, beyond the usual reach of Imperial law.

A Rugged Proposition: A former criminal approaches the party with a proposition. On his most recent prison stay, the man had the good fortune to share a cell with a badlander who described an ancient crypt hidden deep within the rugged borderlands. All he asks in exchange for the information is an armed escort willing to brave the dangers of the Border Princes and help him locate and explore the ruins.

BAILIFF

Open up, Johann. I know you're in there. You always seem to be indisposed when it's time to collect the rent.

(Core) Bailiffs are manorial officials in the service of Noble Lords. While many of their duties involve the upkeep of the lands and resources of the manor proper, they are notorious amongst the peasantry for something else entirely. Bailiffs are collectors of rents and taxes from the villages surrounding their manors, and enforcers of the Peasants' labour obligations to their lords. These duties make them deeply unpopular with the villagers, particularly during the lean times. As the hated face of lordly imposition, Bailiffs are the first to die when the Peasants get angry and revolt.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+5%	-	-	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Animal Care or Gossip, Charm, Command or Navigation, Intimidate or Common Knowledge (the Empire), Perception, Read/Write, Ride

Talents: Etiquette or Super Numerate, Public Speaking

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap), Riding Horse with Saddle and Harness, One Set of Good Craftsmanship Clothing

Career Entries: Bodyguard, Jailer

Career Exits: Militiaman, Politician, Protagonist, Racketeer, Smuggler, Toll Keeper



BASIC

A Day in the Life

Being a bailiff is not an easy task. No one looks forward to seeing the bailiff on any occasion - especially when taxes or rent are due. During tax season, the bailiff can expect to work long, thankless days at his lord's many tasks. Rising early, a bailiff travels to the furthest outskirts to collect tithes and taxes from the farmers working his lord's lands.

As the day wears on, he winds his way back toward the manorhouse, collecting his due from local merchants, shopkeepers or proprietors renting space from the lord. His daily routine ends with him bringing the collected monies to his lord or the lord's steward to be applied to the many expenses associated with managing the land.

While the bailiff may not be popular, the rents and taxes he collects do not just sit idly to line his lord's coffers; the lord's buildings and domain must be maintained, and his advisors, soldiers and retinue must be compensated. And in times of need, it is often the lord's coin that replaces the village's broken mill wheel or pays to dig a new well in the village green for all to use.

But the bailiff earns no affection for his task. His is the face of avarice, detached indifference and all such things the commoners despise about their lord. Because of this, the bailiff may find himself subject to the curses, tirades and challenges a commoner would not dare levy against the lord.

After suffering from the spite of those he visits throughout the day, the bailiff finds it difficult to relax. His occupation puts him in an unenviable social position - the bailiff is generally reviled by the working folk and will find himself unwelcome in the taverns and inns frequented by the locals, yet he has no claim to nobility or the luxuries of life, so often finds himself without peers with which to socialise.

Bailiffs in the City

While bailiffs may be most commonly found in the employ of a noble lord or the burgher of a small community, it is not without precedent to see bailiffs in service in larger cities such as Nuln or Altdorf. In these cases, the bailiff often fulfills a slightly different role.

Large cities are comprised of myriad organisations, guilds and unions, each of which functions as a smaller community within the whole. It is within these sub-divisions and specialised communities where a bailiff finds his place in city life.

For example, a bailiff may be on the payroll of a local guild to make regular rounds throughout the city proper and collect fees and dues from its members, collect payments from organisations that rely on the guild's services, parcel out expenditures on behalf of the guild's leadership or all manner of similar tasks and responsibilities.

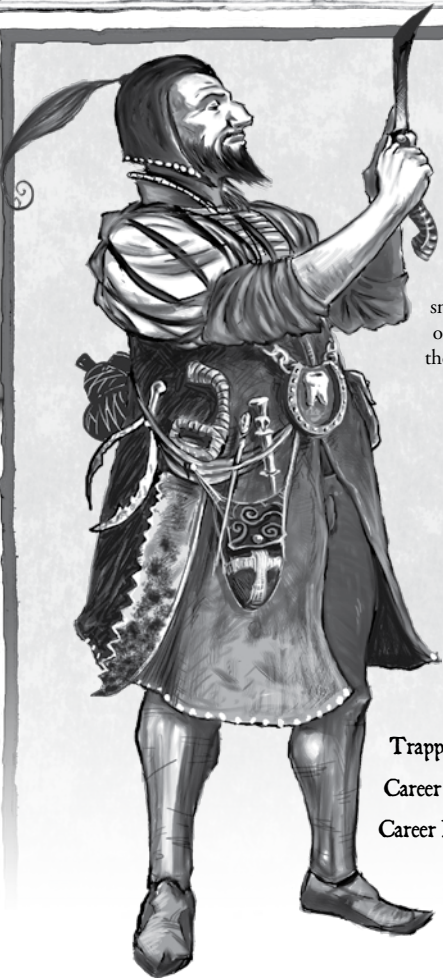
Adventure Seeds

An Unwelcome Task: The bailiff's employer is having difficulty covering unforeseen expenses stemming from an especially harsh winter. He decides to impose a new tax on the local farmers, assessing them two brass pennies per acre for any fallow or untilled fields, and the bailiff has the honour of both informing the farmers of the new tax, as well as collecting it immediately.

Local Unrest: The local populace chooses to express its outrage at the high cost of rent in their district by threatening to abandon the lord's domain and moving to a neighbouring rival's lands. The lord is furious and sends the bailiff to substantiate these threats, as well as identify the people behind this little insurrection and "deal with them."



BASIC



BARBER-SURGEON

This won't hurt a bit. Before I start, though, you may want to bite down on this leather strap.

(Core) Barber-Surgeons provide painful but effective healing to the common folk of the Empire. They are not as learned as Physicians, which is why Physicians maintain a separate guild, but they know quite a lot about anatomy. While they do cut hair and shave, they are more noted for their bleedings, surgeries, and amputations. Barber-Surgeons carry a variety of razor-sharp blades, from small scalpels to enormous bone saws. They have even more sinister looking tools for the most hated of their avocations: dentistry. Many large ships have a dedicated Barber-Surgeon as part of the crew; they are also common in towns and cities.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	-	-	-	+10%	+10%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Charm, Drive or Swim, Haggle, Heal, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel, or Tilean), Trade (Apothecary)

Talents: Resistance to Disease or Savvy, Suave or Very Resilient, Surgery

Trappings: Trade Tools (Barber-Surgeon)

Career Entries: Dilettante, Initiate, Student

Career Exits: Interrogator, Grave Robber, Physician, Tradesman, Vagabond

Affiliations

Barber-surgeons are closely regulated by their guilds, that are, in turn, regulated by the local authorities. When you consider that barber-surgeons hold razors to the throats of honest citizens on a daily basis, this is easy to understand. In many places, practising as a barber-surgeon without guild authorisation counts as assault with a weapon, a crime that often carries the death penalty. This makes expulsion from the surgeons guild a very serious threat for its members.

In most areas, the surgeon's guild is tightly controlled by a small group of families who carefully control admission into their circle. Some are primarily interested in keeping competition down, and thus admit very few new members. Others require ordinary members to pay a very large portion of their income to the guild, and ultimately to the controlling masters. Still others require members to pass on information they hear while shaving, or the details of the injuries they are asked to treat. Guilds that gather information may pass it on to the authorities, organised crime, chaos cults, or all of the above.

The guild conditions mean that there is almost always demand for the services of unguilded barber-surgeons. They might be cheaper, or better able to keep a secret. Guilds are active in hunting down these blacklegs and turning them over to the authorities for punishment. However, in some cases they might offer to allow them to continue operating, in return for information.

Barber-surgeons must either deal with the guilds' unreasonable demands, or make sure that the guilds never discover them.

Little Known Facts

According to an Imperial decree of the time of Magnus the Pious, any alleged physical mutation should be examined by an accredited barber-surgeon or physician, to confirm that it is not natural, before the mutant is executed. The decree has never been repealed, but it is almost always ignored, as the unnatural nature of most mutations is obvious. Executing a mutant without an inspection is, however, still technically illegal.

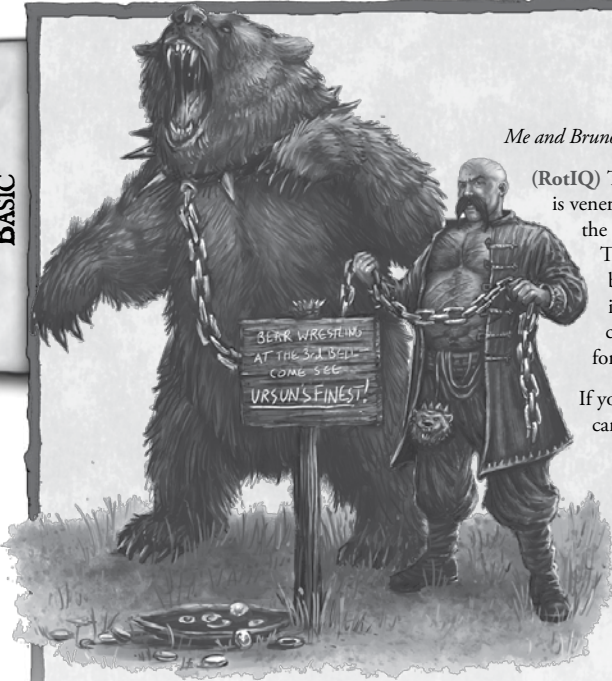
Most barber-surgeons refuse to work when Morrslieb is full, saying that the razor slips far too often when the Chaos Moon looks down.

Adventure Seeds

Never Mind How It Happened: The barber-surgeon is asked to treat a strange wound by someone who is evasive about where and how he acquired it. A few days later, a different person asks for treatment for an identical wound, and is just as vague about the cause. By the sixth person with the same wound, even the most obtuse barber-surgeon would surely be getting a little curious.

Fatal Flamboyance: A local nobleman is renowned for his elaborate hairstyles and, among barber-surgeons, for the absurdly high fees he pays his favoured barber. That fortunate individual dies in an accident, and the nobleman announces a competition to find a successor. The competition is supposed to be in hairstyling, but a surprising number of the city's barber-surgeons suffer from accidents, some fatal. The fees are reputed to be good, but really not good enough to kill for. What is going on?

BASIC



BEAR TAMER

Me and Bruno, we like brothers... share same food, share same bed... what so funny, eh, Empire-man?

(RotIQ) The bear is sacred in Kislev. It features in the myths and legends of both tribes and is venerated by the powerful Cult of Ursun. Bears are perceived as living embodiments of the land's enduring might and strength, and the struggles all Kislevites must endure. Therefore, boyars often recruit bear tamers to support their armed forces, keeping bears as inspiring mascots and sometimes for use in war. As Kislevites gather in great numbers to see bears, bear trainers are also common in Kislev's famous circuses and on the streets during festival time, where they dance or show-wrestle for coin.

If you are rolling randomly for your starting career and are not rolling a Kislevite, you can substitute bear tamer for entertainer with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	-	+10%	+5%	+5%	-	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care (Int), Animal Training (Fel), Charm Animal (Fel), Consume Alcohol (T) **or** Gossip (Fel), Perception (Int) **or** Performer (any one) (Fel), Speak Language (Kislevarin) (Int)

Talents: Coolheaded **or** Very Strong, Lightning Reflexes **or** Public Speaking, Very Resilient **or** Wrestling

Trappings: Bear tamers find that a bit of armour goes a long way towards deflecting the claws of an unruly or grouchy bear and so most wear at least leather jacks. As well, every bear tamer needs a collar and chain for his beast, and a whip or goad can't hurt. A starting bear tamer must also have a bear, which he can train over the course of his career.

Career Entries: Entertainer, Initiate of Ursun, Priest of Ursun

Career Exits: Animal Trainer, Entertainer, Initiate of Ursun, Pit Fighter, Soldier

Taming Ursun's Children

As a mark of respect to Ursun, Kislevite bear tamers prefer their bears companions to retain a spark of wildness, so they use bears captured in the wild rather than those bred in captivity.

The hunt for young bears begins in spring, when the cubs born at the end of winter emerge from their dens. The bear tamer joins the hunt, along with a priest of Ursun to bless the hunters. A mother bear is highly protective of her young, but killing her is prohibited, so cunning is employed to snatch a cub. Dozens of hunters perish each year, although there are many volunteers; it is a great honour to join a successful hunt.

While the hunters stalk their prey, the priest leaves offerings of food at the den to recompense the mother for her loss. In his prayers, he promises that her cub will be treated as a prince in its new life among humans.

A bear tamer regards a captured cub as his child. It undergoes a naming ceremony at a temple of Ursun, and will feed from the family table. When the bear grows to maturity, it is housed in a cage outside, decorated with household trappings to make it feel at home.

The bear will be taught to dance or play-wrestle, skills that will attract crowds at fairs and festivals. Popular bears can become celebrities, and can earn their tamers a small fortune.

Although the bond between a tamer and his bear is strong, many a tamer has been killed by an over-exuberant display of affection. A killer bear is held in awe, its aggression seen as a gift from Ursun, and it is transferred to the bear-pit of the god's temple.

When a bear becomes too old to perform, its sorrowful trainer takes it to a priest of Ursun for slaughter. The bear's flesh is consumed at a farewell meal, and its skin used for the family's clothing. What cannot be eaten is burnt at Ursun's altar, so that the bear's spirit can rejoin its father.

Warbears of Kislev

Many bear tamers are associated with a temple of Ursun, where they look after those bears consigned to the temple bear-pits on account of their size and ferocity.

The bears' aggressiveness is encouraged, although priests of Ursun and bear-tamers can walk among them unharmed. To give them a taste for human blood, criminals are sentenced to be dropped into the bear-pits, and the ensuing carnage draws large crowds.

In times of war, to demonstrate that Ursun protects Kislev, the priests drive the bears to the battlefield, and set them loose against the enemy ranks, where they cause mayhem. Bears that die in the service of Kislev are given solemn military funerals.

Sometimes high-ranking Boyars commission bear tamers to train bears as battle-mounts, the ultimate symbol of power. These tamers are among the most well-paid and well-respected.

Adventure Seeds

Bear Hunt: A bear tamer is embarking on an expedition to trap a cub, financed by a wealthy Boyar. The adventurers would win great respect from their Kislevite hosts should they take part, and a successful mission promises a great reward.

BASIC



BOATMAN

Are you looking for a ride up the river, sir? We – my captain and me, that is – can help you out with that -- for a small fee, of course.

(Core) The rivers of the Empire are vital arteries of communication and commerce. They provide speedy transportation and link most of the major cities of the realm. Boatmen ply these busy waterways, taking passengers and goods throughout the Empire and even into Kislev. Although the rivers are safer than the dark forest roads, they are not without danger. Many routes pass through wild country untouched by civilisation. Boatmen must be ready to protect their cargoes and fares from raiders and bandits. Experienced Boatmen are tough and resourceful, equally adept at boat handling, navigation, and combat.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	–

Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (The Empire or Kislev), Consume Alcohol or Gossip, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Row, Sail, Secret Language (Ranger) or Speak Language (Kislevian), Swim

Talents: Orientation, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Row Boat

Career Entries: Ferryman, Smuggler

Career Exits: Fisherman, Marine, Navigator, Seaman, Smuggler

A Day in the Life

Boatmen typically spend long days steering their boats downstream or rowing them upriver against the current. At journey's end, the faster the cargo is unloaded, the quicker a boatman gets paid and the sooner he can toddle off to the nearest tavern while the captain arranges cargo and passengers for the return trip.

Any downtime on board is spent mending, repairing and maintaining the vessel and equipment. The work is backbreaking and tedious, with occasional, long periods of boredom for good measure. Boatmen rarely spend much time in one place, so it's an ideal avocation both for passable mutants and for serial criminals.

Boatmen act not only as crew to load, unload and handle the river craft en route, but also as guardians against the many threats that seek to prey on river traffic. River pirates are not unknown, and the occasional clever bandits will create traps or logjams along the rivers to hinder or halt traffic altogether, making them easy pickings for resourceful thieves.

A successful boatman must be proficient in weaponry as well as the art of ship handling. Some skill in carpentry is useful as well, for submerged rocks and hidden snags can often damage a river craft; timely repairs can prevent the loss of not only the vessel and cargo, but the crew as well.

Affiliations

The career of a Boatman tends to be an unfulfilling one. Boatmen who are smart will save their money to either buy their own boat or buy a piece of land and take to farming. Many boatmen become pirates or smugglers, as the pay is better and the hours much shorter.

Still, boatmen tend to know members of the Dockers Guild -- responsible for loading and unloading ships in the larger cities -- as well as both merchant and military sailors. Connections such as these can help provide career exit paths as well as information and the occasional assist in not-strictly-legal acts.

It's not unknown for a boatman particularly shrewd in handling money to become a smuggler or merchant as soon as he has a few coins to rub together, and with the connections on the docks and knowing which palms to grease, such savvy individuals might make a nice living for themselves.

Adventure Seeds

Dangerous Transport: The party is recruited for a mission to rescue hostages captured by pirates or bandits upriver. The boatmen charged with getting the party close to their quarry could be helpful, or they may be in league with the kidnapers.

Smuggling Smugglers: The party is recruited to steal something from a docked ship. The cargo is small and light, but valuable and sure to be guarded. The players must rely on boatmen to get them close to the ship without being seen, then get them away from the ship and into the safety of a nearby marsh or the mouth of a river to avoid capture by the authorities and the owners of the stolen goods. When the party hands over the cargo, they may find their payment is more than they bargained for.

BODYGUARD

Back off! Nobody touches Mister Garibaldi!

(Core) Old Worlders claim Altdorf merchants are so dishonest they can't even trust themselves with their own lives – thus they pay Bodyguards to look after their assets. The Old World is, of course, a dangerous place and its cities are no exception. It's all too easy to end up with a knife in the back on the crowded streets of a major metropolis like Nuln or Middenheim. The rich and powerful use Bodyguards to protect themselves from thieves and common ruffraff. While many look like the thugs they are, others are gussied up in the livery of the Noble or Merchant House they serve. Some of the groups are so big that they are practically private armies.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+5%	+5%	+5%	–	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Dodge Blow, Heal, Intimidate, Perception

Talents: Disarm or Quick Draw, Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Specialist Weapon Group (Throwing), Street Fighting, Strike to Stun, Very Strong or Very Resilient

Trappings: Buckler, Knuckle-dusters, A Pair of Throwing Axes or Throwing Knives, Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Career Entries: Estalian Diestro, Jailer, Mercenary, Thug

Career Exits: Bailiff, Bounty Hunter, Interrogator, Jailer, Mercenary, Protagonist, Racketeer



BASIC

The House of Haessler

Perhaps the most famous bodyguards in the Empire are the black and grey-clad House of Haessler. Colonel Reinhold Haessler of Altdorf started this company after mustering out of the Imperial army. Badly disfigured and sporting a hook in place of his left hand, Herr Haessler decided that regardless of injury, retirement was not for him.

He recruited thugs and mercenaries, dangerous men who knew their way around a fight, and otherwise might have turned to knee-breaking or banditry. He equipped them and taught them military discipline. His contacts within the army attracted his first clients and word of mouth and his ruthless efficiency did the rest.

The House of Haessler has been in existence now for almost two decades and has known nothing but success. Colonel Haessler has built himself a private army and companies of the House are found in almost every major city of the Empire. Key to his success is his 'no questions' policy.

If a recruit obeys his rules and perform well in front of clients, the Colonel doesn't care where they come from. It is this very policy that has created controversy and suspicion. Some claim that some of the Empire's most wanted criminals are among the ranks of the House of Haessler, who have been given a reprieve from justice with the Colonel's help.

Luther Gorgen

Luther is a mountain of a man and among the most famous independent bodyguards in the Empire. His reputation began when he stopped an assassination attempt against a noble and his niece.

An assassin struck at the family, feathering Gorgen and three other bodyguards, with poisoned darts. The other bodyguards died instantly, victims of the assassin's poison. Luther not only survived, he went on to tackle the assassin and quickly subdued him while the noble's family escaped to safety.

An imposing figure at almost seven feet tall, some mutter that Luther Gorgen must have ogre blood somewhere in his family line. Entirely mercenary, Luther will work for anyone who can afford his salary, which is extremely costly. But which former clients swear is well justified.

What his employers often don't know is that the silent and stoic Luther has leveraged his reputation to become a very successful information broker. The quiet Luther hears much whispered by his employers in their rarefied halls of power.

Adventure Seeds

Escort and Explore: Colonel Haessler has received an unusual request from a client too valued to simply refuse. His bodyguards are poorly suited for this errand (though one of his men does still accompany the party). The client, a young noble ill-suited for dungeon exploration, wishes to go to an elvish ruin to retrieve a present for his elf-obsessed fiancée. The noble has promised a bonus for any particularly impressive items that will dazzle his beloved.

The Business of Life and Death: One of the bodyguards of a Merchant House is found dead in an alleyway, stripped of his livery. Rumours on the street say that the famed assassin and master of disguise, Alizandre, is in the city. Can the assassin be stopped in time?



BONDSMAN

The Jarl says you die. Slowly. And I am nothing if not loyal to the Jarl.

(ToC) The Bondsman is a warrior in service to a particular Jarl. He is expected to live in the Jarl's Hall, share the Jarl's food, and be steadfastly loyal. In exchange for his pledge of loyalty, the Jarl rewards service with gifts, such as weapons and armour, and to the very best, land and title. The worth of the gift is never measured in actual value, but rather the prestige it bestows on the Bondsman. It's important to remember such gifts do not make the Bondsman a mercenary; rather, it is a reward for constant and loyal service.



BASIC

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	-	+5%	-

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate

Talents: Coolheaded *or* Savvy, Menacing, Quick Draw *or* Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Hand Weapon and Shield *or* Great Weapon, Medium Armour (Full Leather and Mail Shirt), Skin of Ale, three Gifts (each worth 1d10/2 *gc*)

Career Entries: Berserker, Mercenary, Pit Fighter

Career Exits: Berserker, Bodyguard, Freeholder, Marauder, Mercenary, Reaver, Skald, Veteran, Warleader

Affiliations

Two relationships are of significant importance to bondsmen: their loyalty to their jarl, and their relationship with their jarl's other bondsmen.

Loyalty is everything to a bondsman, because it is only through his loyalty that he can advance. Jarls value insight, endurance and, especially, martial prowess, but consider loyalty more important than any of them. A bondsman with little talent beyond loyalty can advance to die a freeholder, while a superb warrior whose loyalty is suspect will find only an early death. A bondsman who betrays or fails his jarl risks losing everything, so bondsmen obey their jarl's orders without question.

Relationships between bondsmen in the same clan are far more complex. On the one hand, they must rely on each other during times of war, and all are loyal to their jarl, making them natural allies. On the other, they are in competition for the jarl's favour; a jarl has a limited number of gifts to distribute between his bondsmen.

The Norse are a quarrelsome breed, but a jarl keeps order by punishing infighting between his bondsmen with death. If a bondsman wants to advance at the expense of a rival, he must be subtle. A jarl may reward a bondsman who exposes disloyalty in another. There are always casualties in battle, and sometimes a bondsman might engineer an "accident" to befall a rival. However, anyone caught doing so may face a life of slavery or a swift death.

Bondsmen are interested in their jarl's success, because it directly increases their prosperity. This self-interest reinforces the oath of loyalty, and has made the system very resilient.

Little Known Facts

In some remote holds, where there is little wealth, few resources or no tactical defences, there may not even be a true jarl. Instead, the bondsmen swear loyalty to each other, and the fruits of plunder are distributed by the vote of all the warriors. The warriors must be devoted to a single ruinous power or to none, as mixed loyalties would soon tear the group apart.

Bondsmen swear loyalty to their jarl over a weapon, called an oath weapon, and traditionally use that weapon in their jarl's service. However, tradition holds that anyone who loses their oath weapon will be cursed with ill fortune. When a bondsman is not wielding his oath weapon in anger, he keeps it close, even taking it to bed with him at night.

Adventure Seeds

A New Life: A bondsman is instructed by his jarl to travel south, to the soft Empire, and gather information about possible targets for raiding. When he returns, he will lead the raiders, and the jarl promises land if he succeeds. Once the bondsman reaches the Empire, he has second thoughts, and wishes to leave the employ of his jarl and start a new life in the Empire. Can he be trusted, or is this all a ruse to learn valuable information he will take back to his jarl?

Ruinous Rivals: A bondsman suspects that one of his fellow bondsmen has made a secret pact with one of the Ruinous Powers. Before he informs the jarl, he needs to catch his rival in some nefarious act, and asks the characters to uncover – or contrive – whatever evidence is necessary to implicate his rival.

BONEPICKER

There's a lovely bit of rubbish over here...

(Core) Bone Pickers are scavengers, scraping a living together off the refuse of others. They lead their carts through villages and towns, collecting old bones, rags, and other junk and disposing of it in return for a few pennies or a small item in trade. Sometimes known as rag and bone men or rag pickers, they are a common sight in the Empire's cities, which generate large amounts of waste. Since many goods pass through their hands, Bone Pickers are also petty traders. What is trash to a wealthy Burgher is treasure to a poor Peasant.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	-	+5%	+10%	+5%	-	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care, Charm or Gossip, Drive, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate, Haggle, Perception, Search

Talents: Coolheaded or Streetwise, Hardy or Resistance to Disease

Trappings: Cart, 3 Sacks

Career Entries: Peasant, Rat Catcher, Vagabond

Career Exits: Camp Follower, Cat Burglar, Fence, Grave Robber, Smuggler



BASIC

Little Known Facts

Bonepickers are an excellent source of news and rumours. Going through people's trash daily as they do, they often have surprisingly thorough knowledge regarding the goings on of people in their community. Bonepickers can often be found waiting nearby for the result of a battle, as such conflicts hold relatively fine pickings, and the dead certainly have no need of their finery any longer.

There's always a market for used weapons and armour, and what's a little bloodstain if the price is right? There is a short window of opportunity for such gain, however, as the local constabulary or the surviving troops drive them away from such finds with vicious efficiency.

A bonepicker's life is filled with long toil for little gain, and rag and bone men – as they sometimes call themselves – typically scratch a living (as well as more than a few meals – bonepickers cannot afford the luxury of discerning tastes) from other people's trash.

Clever bonepickers know to offer the occasional small bribe to members of the City Watch, as they can often provide information as to the location of tasty pickings. For these reasons most citizens of the Old World view bonepickers with no small amount of suspicion. They are considered to be no better than vultures, feasting off the dead and the refuse of their betters with equal relish. In the social hierarchy, there are very few people a bonepicker can look down upon.

Affiliations

Savvy bonepickers will develop relationships with anyone and everyone, and will keep a mental list of things to look for that someone wants.

Bonepickers tend to carry their finds with them wherever they go, in large sacks or leather satchels strapped about their person; a truly successful bonepicker will own a cart and some unfortunate animal to pull it along, such as a donkey or a goat.

Extremely fortunate bonepickers may become modest merchants of the lowest class. Eventually, through patience, hard work, and a great deal of luck, they may even be able to build the sort of relationships necessary to leave behind the life of a bonepicker and move into a more traditional – and cleaner – line of work.

In fact, several successful merchants started out as bonepickers, though having grown used to the comforts their new lifestyles allow them, few would ever admit it.

Adventure Seeds

The Scroungers Will Know: The party is hired to help find a missing item – a piece of jewellery or some such trinket has gone missing. Theft is not immediately suspected, so the party turns first to bonepickers to see if they've found the item in the trash or in the streets. Perhaps they have and the item can be bought back from them. Perhaps they also have information that their new employer is not entirely what he or she seems to be.

Dark Discovery: A bonepicker approaches the party, hoping to hire them as bodyguards. It would seem that this particular bonepicker found something of unusual interest amongst the daily pickings, and that something could cause a great deal of trouble for an important person. Perhaps it's a hint of a dark past, or it may even amount to evidence of membership in a Chaos cult.



BOUNTY HUNTER

I'm bringing you back. Live, dead. Don't matter to me. Worth more live, but you seem to be the sort that won't come quietly. Dead it is, then.

(Core) Bounty Hunters live by tracking down wanted criminals, bandits, and fugitives and bringing them to justice. The lone Bounty Hunter can go places that ungainly military units cannot, which makes such men a useful adjunct to the watch and militia. Local rulers, guilds, and councils pay the bounties. They may find Bounty Hunters distasteful, but they are an effective counter to brigands, Goblin bands, and the like.

Bounty Hunters are professional killers who place little value on sanctity of life. They are utterly ruthless, using their formidable skills to track and eliminate their quarry. The poor view them with fear, since more than one Peasant has been murdered and passed off as the real culprit. The authorities view them as a necessary evil, but never a welcome one.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	+5%	-	+10%	-	+5%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Follow Trail, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Shadowing, Silent Move

Talents: Marksman or Strike to Stun, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Sharpshooter or Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Crossbow with 10 bolts, Net, Light Armour (Leather Jerkin and Leather Skullcap), Manacles, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Bodyguard, Fieldwarden, Hunter, Kislevite Kossar, Mercenary, Pit Fighter

Career Exits: Mercenary, Protagonist, Scout, Targeteer, Vampire Hunter



BASIC

Affiliations

While the watch, Imperial army, and the like tend to look down on bounty hunters, they are wise enough to see their uses and maintain ties with them. In fact many bounty hunters were once watchmen or militia members before circumstance or the promise of gold lured them away.

Successful bounty hunters use these ties to get their job done and a wise hunter keeps on good terms with the local watch. Within their own ranks, however, bounty hunters are usually far less cordial. After all, another hunter is someone who is after your bounty.

However, over the years and probably as a result of some unpleasant encounters between bounty hunters, an unwritten code has arisen. Known as "the bounty hunter's code" or just "the code," it prohibits a hunter from taking another's bounty once that bounty is caught. Of course, most hunters will say it is really just a set of guidelines...

On the rare occasions when a large or particularly dangerous bounty is on offer, hunters will team up to get the job done. These bounty hunter gangs are known as "hounds," and have a reputation for brutal efficiency in the pursuit of their quarry. A hound, however, is usually an uneasy alliance between dangerous men, and lasts only until they complete their task. Then, all bets are off.

Notable Figures

Bounty hunters have always had a reputation as a dangerous breed among the citizens of the Empire, and a rightly deserved one at that. However, even within the ranks of their nefarious profession, few can live up to the legend of the man known as Siegfried Schols.

Though not much to look at, this small and dishevelled old man is a ruthless and dogged adversary who will tirelessly pursue his prey to the end of the Old World and beyond.

In one famous case Schols tracked the infamous murder known as the Nightmare of Nordland across four provinces for more than a year, before finally catching him in a Carroburg gambling den.

It is rumoured that he hid for three days in the den's privy, knowing that his prey would eventually arrive, before leaping out and slapping him in manacles. Regardless of the rumour's truth, more than one wanted criminal keeps a keen lookout while visiting the privy.

Adventure Seeds

Too Good to Pass Up: It seems that the niece of the Earl of Sunderburg has been murdered, and the uncle is offering 200 gold crowns and a promise of land to the man that can bring the culprit to justice. Such a high bounty has attracted scores of interested parties, some of questionable motives, to Sunderburg. As more and more would-be bounty hunters arrive, the Earl is beginning to doubt the wisdom of his offer.

No Greater Prey: Word has come from the town of Gerzen in the province of Hochland that a bounty hunter by the name of Deitmarr Haus has been accused of a heinous crime and has fled into the Tangled Hills. Catching him is a challenge many bounty hunters will leap at, as they expect to find a worthy adversary in one of their own.



BASIC



BURGHER

Hmm? What did you need? Can't you see I'm terribly busy right now? This town doesn't run itself, you know.

(Core) As cities have become more and more important to the Empire, a new class of citizen has emerged: the Burgher. Burghers – or their ancestors – clawed their way up from the peasantry and made new lives for themselves in the cities. Now they are the glue that holds urban society together. Burghers are shop owners, petty merchants, excisemen, traders, and local officials. They are neither as despised as the peasantry nor as exalted as the nobility. While they suffer the most from plague, living in tightly packed neighbourhoods as they do, they would not leave the city for a life of hard toil in the country. In their minds, cities breed opportunity, not just disease.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	–	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire) or Consume Alcohol, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip or Read/Write, Haggle, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Breton, Kislevian, or Tilean), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Dealmaker, Savvy or Suave

Trappings: Abacus, Lantern, One Set of Good Clothing

Career Entries: Innkeeper, Servant

Career Exits: Agitator, Fence, Innkeeper, Merchant, Militiaman, Tradesman, Valet

A Day in the Life

A burgher's life begins with the dawn. No matter his job, he must wake early to prepare for it. A shopkeeper will rouse apprentices, a clerk will begin to warm his small office and sort through the paperwork from yesterday, a state official will take a quick breakfast and begin his long trek to work.

The day will usually pass as the day before, and the day after. The burgher must constantly work to please others. There are impatient customers, angry nobles demanding answers to their questions, and irate merchants wondering when their forms will be completed. Daily life is a constant game of inflicting indignities on those whom it is safe to harass, while humbly accepting them from those who must be heeded. On rare occasion, there are moments of unexpected pleasure – a wealthy man is pleased with his work and promises to recommend the burgher, or he has a chance to humiliate and crush a rival without fear of retribution.

At the end of the day, the burgher counts his coin, and compares it to his expenses. If there's even a small bit left over, he can store it, in the hopes he, or his children, may someday rise in station. On occasion, he dreams of adventure, of great risks and great windfalls, of the unexpected and the unplanned crashing in on his ordered, plodding life. For some this is a dream; for others, a nightmare.

Affiliations

A man alone is a man brought down! No matter a burgher's trade, he does it with the aid and consent of some sort of guild or brotherhood. The guild serves two functions – to protect its members from the outside, and to police its members so as to avoid trouble. The guild will

set weights, measures, standards, and pay scales. It will regulate the total number of professionals in a town, and certify any newcomers as fit to practice their trade.

It will serve to provide support in times of crisis, a pension for widows, and so on. It will also demand obedience. Guildmasters can end a man's career with a word, and a craftsman blackballed from a guild may never work again.

Anyone who deals with him will face the wrath of all the guilds, not just his own. Guilds veer between honest and corrupt, and the forces of Chaos find them excellent targets. Control a few key men, and you control all the professionals in a large city.

Adventure Seeds

Blood Is Thicker Than Water: A relative of the party, who is a powerful burgher in a large city, calls for his (son, niece, cousin) to come and help him. He claims that there are sinister forces afoot, and only someone skilled in arms (or perhaps magic) can stop them and keep the city safe. He might be right. On the other hand, he might be using his family as a tool to dispose of some rivals.

Adventure! A burgher with few, if any, useful combat abilities has decided he has had enough of the plodding city life and seeks to boldly strike out on an adventure! He will offer to use his not-inconsiderable fortune to fund any expedition or plot of the party...but he has to be an active part of their escapades. Will he learn to become a skilled adventurer, die or run from his first real fight, or simply get in the way?

CADET

Sir! Yes, sir! Right away, sir!

(SoE) Cadets are officers-in-training. They may attend formal schools like the Aquila Academies or they may receive direct tutelage from officers in the field. Although cadets do learn to fight, the focus of their training is leadership. Some come from noble families, but this is by no means a given. Those who earned a place with battlefield exploits are more respected because they have lived war, not just read about it in books.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Cadet for Soldier or Student with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	-	-	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire, *or* Tilea), Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel, *or* Tilean)

Talents: Disarm, Savy *or* Warrior Born, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing)

Trappings: Foil *or* Rapier, Light Armour (Full Leather Armour), Shield, Uniform (Cadet)

Career Entries: Estalian Diestro, Mercenary, Militiaman, Noble, Roadwarden, Soldier, Squire, Student

Career Exits: Herald, Mercenary, Pistolier, Sergeant, Squire, Student



BASIC

Cadet Training

Early each morning a bugle summons the cadets from their barracks for a bout of vigorous exercise around the parade ground. They must then don their uniform and rank up for inspection before they are allowed breakfast. The rest of the morning is occupied by classes, where topics such as the history of warfare, battle tactics and the theory of command are studied, usually taught by officers retired due to injury. The head tutor, known as the Commandant, is often a high-ranking officer, the veteran of many battles.

Another formation drill precedes lunch, and the afternoon involves more classes to sharpen the mind, followed by rigorous athletic activity and weapon practice to strengthen the body. The cadets are inspected a final time before supper, and evening is reserved for personal study, until lights out at midnight. During important festivals, such as Year Blessing, the evenings involve a formal meal in full dress uniform.

The cadets' lives are strictly regulated, and discipline is severe, instilling in them a healthy respect for order. Even on Festag, the week's holiday, the college's priest of Sigmar or Myrmidia lectures the cadets on moral fibre.

A cadet spends three years at college. During the summer month of Nachgeheim, cadets are attached to a regiment. If a cadet is lucky, the regiment will be at war, but experiencing army life firsthand in peacetime is also invaluable to his military education. Many officers find cadets a nuisance and give them ridiculous orders to keep them out of the way, or otherwise amuse themselves playing cruel pranks on them.

During their final year at college, cadets must study hard to pass their exams. Those that make the grade are commissioned as an officer of the Imperial army and leave the school to join a regiment, an occasion marked with riotous celebrations.

Cadet Schools

One of the most renowned cadet schools in Reikslund is the Diesdorf Military College, founded by Emperor Wilhelm III in 2440. The Imperial treasury funds the school, so entry is not reserved for the wealthy. The college attracts men already serving in the military whose talents for leadership have not gone unnoticed. Entry requires only a recommendation from a superior.

The yearly intake of 180 cadets is divided into companies of 60, commanded by a major, each further divided into platoons of 20, commanded by a captain. Platoons are named after a famous battle: Black Fire Pass, Blood Gorge, Hel Fenn, Nebelheim, Swartzhafen, Maustadt, Wolfenberg, Howling Hills and Grim Moor.

The college's Commandant is Captain Theocritus von Hayek, an old soldier retired from the army of Nordland after he lost his right arm to a Norscan's axe. He runs the place with the same fierce discipline with which he commanded his troops, and expects his students to graduate as the epitome of the officer class: loyal, selfless and bound by honour. His school has certainly been successful in this regard; among its alumni are many highly decorated Imperial officers.

Adventure Seeds

Missing in Action: A cadet from a wealthy noble family is missing, presumed dead, after a battle. His distraught relatives offer a reward for anyone who brings his body back for burial.

Desperate Measures: Casimir Faulheit's father has threatened to disown him if he does not pass his final year at cadet school. Terrified of failing, he hires the adventurers to break into his cadet school and steal a copy of the exam answers from the Commandant's office.

CAMP FOLLOWER

You must get awfully cold and lonely on the march. I can help with both.

(Core) In the Empire, armies are always on the move. Forces range from local militia units scouring the forest for bandits to the full armed might of the Emperor taking the field against greenskins or the forces of Chaos. No army travels alone. A caravan of Camp Followers always trails behind. They include petty traders looking to make extra money, war widows trying to make a wage cooking or sewing, and corpse looters hoping to scavenge battlefields. While scorned by the Noble leaders of many armies, Camp Followers provide key support for troops in the field.

BASIC



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	-	-	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care or Drive, Charm or Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Search, Any one of: Trade (Armourer, Bowyer, Cartographer, Cook, Gunsmith, Herbalist, Merchant, Smith, Tailor, or Weaponsmith), Speak Language (Breton, Kislevian, or Tilean), Sleight of Hand

Talents: Dealmaker or Street Fighter, Flee!, Hardy or Suave, Resistance to Disease or Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Lucky Charm or Trade Tools, Pouch, Tent

Career Entries: Bone Picker, Servant

Career Exits: Charcoal-Burner, Charlatan, Servant, Smuggler, Spy, Tradesman, Vagabond

A Day in the Life

Most people think camp followers are lazy, slovenly folk, who do nothing but trail behind armies and scavenge from their debris and the carnage after each battle. They're only partially wrong. Most camp followers are scavengers who survive by picking over campsites and battlegrounds, and most care little for appearance or cleanliness, but they are far from lazy.

Camp followers get up early each morning. Many camp followers earn small coin by fetching and doing other errands for soldiers, particularly minor officers. They move through the camp offering to mend clothes, carry messages, trim hair, and perform other minor tasks. Female camp followers may also offer companionship to lonely soldiers. More attractive women hope to become the personal companion of an officer (or two), who can keep them in better style.

Acquiring food is also a daily chore. Camp followers hoard any food they can find, from fresh produce swiped from local farms to scraps from the soldiers' meals of the night before. They eat quickly, wasting nothing, and then make sure their food supplies are secure before continuing their day.

Camp followers spend the day moving around the camp and any associated battlegrounds. They snatch anything of value that has been dropped, check any corpses for usable items and money, perform any needed tasks, and generally keep their eyes open, their backs ready, and their mouths shut. They eat after the soldiers, since mealtimes are the most common time for a soldier to send someone to fetch him more food or fresh water, and don't sleep until after the soldiers are all bed and the camp has been scoured one last time.

Little Known Facts

There is a pecking order among camp followers. Newcomers are not allowed to approach soldiers directly or to enter a battlefield. They have to take orders from more experienced followers, and get paid a share of any coin offered. Once the newcomer has proven himself, he is allowed to move through the camp and speak to lesser soldiers, though a more experienced follower keeps tabs on him. Only camp followers who have proven themselves are allowed to scavenge the battlefields.

Included in the pecking order is a sense of solidarity. Though camp followers compete to be assigned tasks, especially easy chores among the officers, they know that working together makes life easier for everyone. If a camp follower is too busy to take on an additional task, he will suggest another follower for it. If a follower sees something to scavenge and lacks the time or strength to get it, he will tell another about it.

Camp followers also protect each other. There is a certain amount of leeway allowed for soldiers and even more for officers; camp followers are used to occasional beatings, but excessive mistreatment will cause retaliation from the entire follower community, and they can destroy an army in a thousand little ways.

Adventure Seeds

Twist of Fortune: A young woman finds herself married to a soldier and follows him, only to discover the marriage is a sham. She has left her old life behind, however, and is forced to become a true camp follower in order to survive. This opens a whole new world to her, a dirty place, but full of strange new opportunities.

CARCASSONNE SHEPHERD

Shush, my little lambs. No man nor beast shall bother you while I'm here.

(KotG) The shepherds of Carcassonne are the dukedom's first line of defence against the Orc raiders who infest the mountains. They often work alone, though a new recruit may be paired with an older individual. Obviously, a single Human, no matter how well trained, cannot expect to take on an entire Orc war-band, so the Shepherds are trained to gather information, slow the band down, and report its location to the local nobility.

They also look after flocks of sheep. A shepherd who loses his sheep is mercilessly mocked by his fellows, which leads many of them to take absurd risks to recover even a single lost lamb.

Male and female characters may freely enter this career. Bretonnian nobles would have to conceal their noble background to do so, but that does happen.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	-	-	+10%	+5%	-	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

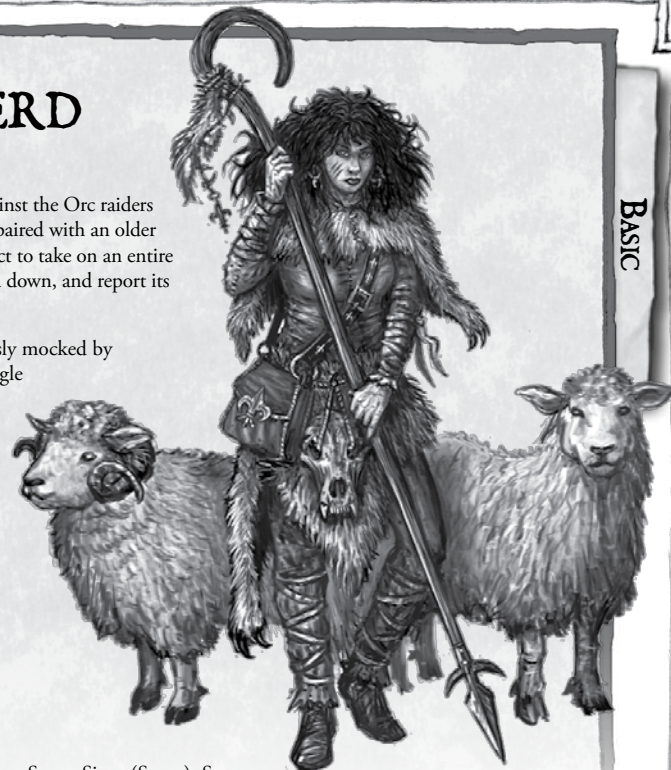
Skills: Animal Care, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Signs (Scout), Set Trap, Silent Move

Talents: Flee!, Fleet-footed, Rover, Sharpshooter

Trappings: Bow with 10 Arrows, Bretonnian Blue Sheepdog (optional), Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Shepherd's Crook (treat as Quarter staff), Herd of Sheep or Cute Little Lamb

Career Entries: Grail Pilgrim, Hunter, Outlaw, Outrider, Peasant, Woodsman, Vagabond

Career Exits: Grail Pilgrim, Herrimault, Outlaw, Scout, Vagabond, Veteran



BASIC

A Day in the Life

A shepherd's life on the high plains of Carcassonne is a life of duty, sacrifice, and isolation. As Bretonnia's first line of defence against the greenskins to the south, it falls upon the Carcassonne shepherd to patrol the lonely northern foothills of the Iranna Mountain range and the vulnerable pastures beyond.

The shepherd's day begins at the crack of dawn, or earlier if the moons were particularly bright and the flock was restless. Once the shepherd has gathered his flock, it's time to move on to greener pastures—literally. The shepherd's primary responsibility is to move his sheep from one grazing ground to the next in a constant progression towards fresh grasses. Because it takes time for grazing land to replenish, and certain areas are lusher in different seasons, most shepherds develop their own grazing routes over the years, which they follow habitually.

Before darkness falls, the shepherd and flock must locate their bedding ground for the night. This is a place with some kind of natural protection from the elements, such as a box ravine, a stand of trees or even the lee of a rock bluff. Most shepherds have their favourite bedding grounds dotted around his grazing route. Some areas have communal bedding grounds which can accommodate multiple shepherds and their flocks.

The shepherd community is small, but closely knit. When a group of shepherds converge at a bedding ground, it's not long before someone brings out a jug of wine and the campfire tales begin. A shepherd can travel for days in the desolate foothills without seeing another soul, so an evening spent among colleagues is a cherished occasion. These spontaneous meetings can also be an important opportunity for the shepherd to exchange news and reports of enemy movement.

The Bretonnian Blue Sheepdog

Often, a shepherd's only companion throughout his long patrols in the high country is his trusty sheepdog. The Bretonnian Blue Sheepdog has a long history of use among the shepherds of Carcassonne. No one knows for sure where the animals originated, although local legend has it that the intelligent creatures house the reborn spirits of dead fay.

The Bretonnian Blue plays an integral role in the shepherd's day to day control of his flock, as well as a vital security function. Bretonnian Blues have extremely keen hearing and eyesight, making it almost impossible for an enemy to approach undetected. Many older shepherds also believe that Blues can detect ghosts, but this is unsubstantiated. Bretonnian Blues are extremely loyal to their masters, and will defend them to the death.

Bretonnian Blue Sheepdogs use the statistics given for Dogs (see *WFRP* page 232), with the addition of Acute Hearing and Excellent Vision.

Adventure Seeds

A Wayward Flock: The intermittent sound of war-drums can be heard echoing from the mountains above. When a flock of untended sheep is discovered, the shepherds of Carcassonne call in all favours to locate their missing comrade.

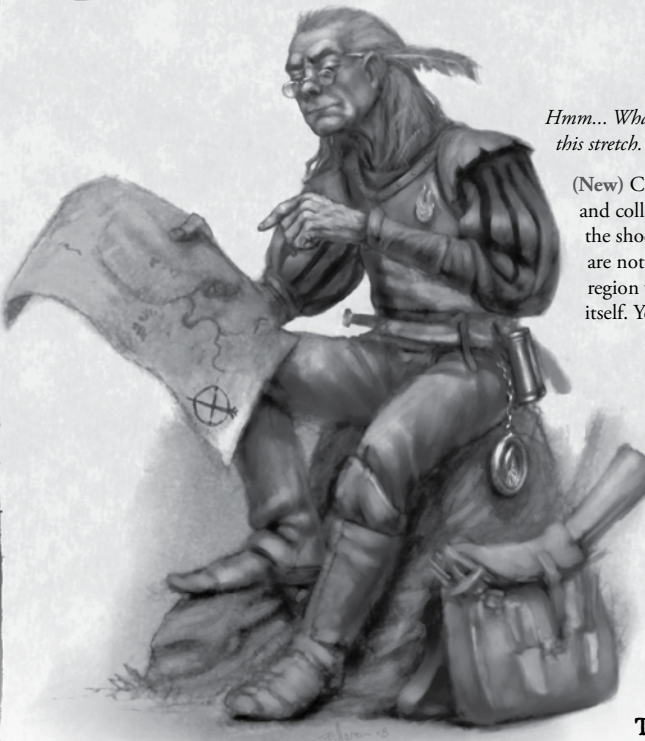
Buying Time: On the heels of a massive blizzard, a large host of greenskins has been sighted in a nearby mountain pass. The aftermath of the storm will prevent the lords of Carcassonne from responding before the orcs have long since razed the countryside. That is if the stupid greenskins don't cause an avalanche first... The task of delaying the horde to allow the muster of reinforcements falls to the shepherds, and they will be glad to receive any help they can get.

CARTOGRAPHER

Hmm... What an interesting anomaly. The details of the coastline suggest an inlet along this stretch. Perhaps we could land there and I could map out the interior?

(New) Cartographers chart the lay of the land for rich patrons, hardy explorers, and collectors. They accompany expeditions into the wild but also transcribe the shoddy work of others into a more readable form. Maps in the Old World are notoriously unreliable – whether they are surveys of local trails, ambitious region wide guides, or the mainly fictional representations of the Old World itself. Yet the services of Cartographers are still in great demand.

BASIC



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	–	+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (geography), Navigation, Outdoor Survival or Ride, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (any 2), Trade (cartography)

Talents: Excellent Vision, Orientation, Seasoned Traveller or Super Numerate

Trappings: Writing Kit, Pony with saddle & harness, 1d10 map cases

Career Entries: Coachman, Messenger, Navigator, Scout, Scribe, Student, Tradesman

Career Exits: Artisan, Explorer, Forger, Navigator, Scholar, Scribe, Vagabond

Lost

The man bundled down the dune, kicking up sand in an effort to re-find his footing, but failing. He rolled again and again, his pack coming loose and spilling its contents onto the burning sand. Finally he came to rest at the foot of the dune and settled in a heap. After a few moments, he stirred.

The traveller's lips were thin and his features gaunt from lack of water. His face was burned red and blistered from the sun. He did not remember losing his wide-brimmed hat; it must have gone some time earlier that day. He reached for his water skin and held it to his lips. Only a few meagre drops found its way into his parched mouth.

In the glaring light, the man scrambled back up the yielding sand, towards his pack. Digging around he found what he was looking for. He unrolled the large scroll of parchment and inspected it. He did not understand. His navigation should have been flawless. It was clearly marked on his map, the river valley that led across the great desert, with its oases and glades, its villages and roads, and its elephants. They were all clearly marked, but he had found no sign of them.

The man noted the map-makers name in a legend at the corner of the map; Kurt Brombeer, Bergsburg, Hochland, it stated. If that was as accurate as the rest of the map, then it was hardly likely this man even existed, but still he cursed that name with his dying breath.

Here be Dragons

Alois Krause's motto is 'Give them what they want.' If they are looking for treasure, he can come up with a treasure map; if they want a short cut through the mountains, he will deliver. He is a talented cartographer

with an artistic flourish, but he has never been known to let the truth get in the way of a good map. Surprisingly, he finds that the more outlandish his maps, the more fanciful the details, the more willing some gullible fool will be to pay for it.

And so he makes his living doing what he enjoys without having to go to the trouble of tedious groundwork like research or surveying. But he is modest, too. He never takes the credit for his works of art, preferring to sign them on behalf of more credible and reputed cartographers from around the Empire and beyond.

Adventure Seeds

Clerical Errors: The local noble calls on a well known cartographer for an audience. He is certain that the official maps in the provincial land registry are inaccurate. Because of this, several villages that should belong to his estate are in fact paying their dues to a rival baron. The noble needs a cartographer to travel into that barony and map it accurately from top to bottom. The only catch: the baron already suspects this may be happening, and has agents everywhere. And so the cartographer must do the entire project without anyone at all getting wind of it.

An Offer He Can't Refuse: One of the characters is awoken in the middle of the night and 'invited' to talk to an infamous crime lord. The crime lord informs the unfortunate soul that he will be required to accompany his men to a 'dig' and to make an accurate map of the site. Then he wants three identical copies of the map made. He witnesses the criminals, in the middle of nowhere, burying a heavy chest. It becomes obvious to him that once he has finished his maps, the mob will do him in. He needs to think fast.

CENOBITE

Suffering? Yes, it is the sweetest lesson that can be learned. And I have learned it well.

(RC) Cenobites live in communities, generally called monasteries, and follow the advice of a leader. The leader is often charismatic but often equally insane. At the very least, they are fanatical followers of a very personal vision of the truth (the con-artists do not set up in the Borderlands). Most Cenobites are Human; members of other races rarely show much interest, though most monasteries would admit them if they asked. Unwanted children are sometimes left on the doorsteps of monasteries. These children are taken in; those who do not run away are accepted as Cenobites. Most run away.

Option: It is possible for those who seek to purify mind and body to volunteer to become cenobites, even though most are raised in the role. With GM approval, the cenobite career may be entered from apprentice wizard, initiate, grave robber, or zealot.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	+5%	+10%	–	+5%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Blather, Common Knowledge (Border Princes), Heal, Perception, Torture

Talents: Hardy, Resistance to Poison, Stout-hearted, Strong-minded

Trappings: Filthy Loincloth and Tunic

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Mystic, Outlaw, Servant, Vagabond

A Day in the Life

Born in pain. That is what it means to be a cenobite. While each monastery differs, all share in common the belief that only through purification of the flesh can the mind and the soul be liberated. Some choose specific rituals and limitations – eating only the sparest of food, for example, or wearing clothes lined with thorns and briars which constantly tear at the skin. The reward is purity of mind – freedom from the temptations of Chaos.

Each day is one of routine, discipline, and study. Cenobites often go among the townsfolk, asking for alms or propounding their particular philosophy. Those who do not perform gruelling labour using primitive tools at the monastery. Only the most enlightened receive instruction in the higher mysteries, the secrets that the pain are meant to unlock.

The highlight of each day is the Evening Recital, where all members of the monastery will pronounce some revelation or insight their day of suffering has brought to them. This is where the oldest and wisest cenobites will cull the truly worthy from the weak, determining who is learning from their pain and who is merely being hurt.

A Cenobite Monastery

Every monastery has a different philosophy and a different focus. Some claim to teach meditation techniques that grant complete immunity to the powers of Chaos, others claim to unlock the completely safe magical power hidden inside every Human being, and others claim to impart ancient secrets of combat that go far beyond those known today. Evidence suggests that all of the monasteries are wrong, and the vast majority of Cenobites believe that the Cenobites at other monasteries are deluded fools. Almost all monasteries inflict great pain

and deprivation on their inhabitants, ostensibly as part of the path to enlightenment. It could be argued that, as many Cenobites flee their monasteries, this process actually works.

The buildings of a monastery tend to be simple, austere, and well-fortified. They have a single gate, representing the single-mindedness required to learn their secrets (and making it easy to defend), and at least one tall tower, representing the heights to which they can lead a person (and providing advance warning of any attacks). Beyond that, they are suited to the location and available resources. The members of a community are almost invariably of a single gender, though both male and female monasteries are known.

Adventure Seeds

Brothers at Arms: Exiled from their old home, a band of wandering Cenobites finds an abandoned ruin and begins to fortify it, planning to create a new monastery. Unfortunately, it's very close to an existing monastery, and the two factions have begun to fight in the streets. At first, it's just shouting matches, but lately, there have been some grisly murders. Each group blames the other and claims to be innocent, but more than just the Cenobites are starting to turn up dead...

Recover the Heir: Brother David has long since accepted the vows of the Blackriver Order and serves dutifully, but without distinction. Then, a group of powerful nobles arrive – they have proof David is the bastard of a nearby baron, who has died without any other heirs. David must leave the monastery and his life of deprivation and pain, and take up the mantle of a noble of the Empire. He doesn't want to go, but the baronial leaders risk a violent power struggle if no heir can be found. A direct assault on the monastery would be difficult, but if someone could manage to kidnap Brother David, this could all be resolved...

CHARCOAL BURNER

Don't mind the smoke, lad. You eventually get (hack, cough) used to it. (cough)

(Core) Charcoal-Burners can be found in every village in the Empire. They burn wood to create charcoal, an important fuel for the winter months. Since their work is both dirty and potentially dangerous, they work outside their villages. The outskirts of the forest are best, as wood is easily accessible. This proximity to the forest also makes charcoal-burning dangerous work, since isolated parties of such men are easy prey for the malign creatures of the wood. A Charcoal-Burner camp always has weapons handy, even if they are nothing more than clubs cut from the nearby trees.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	—	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire) or Concealment, Drive or Gossip, Haggle, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Secret Signs (Ranger)

Talents: Flee!, Savvy or Very Strong

Trappings: 3 Torches, Tinderbox, Hand Weapon (Hatchet)

Career Entries: Camp Follower, Hunter, Miner, Peasant

Career Exits: Hunter, Miner, Scout, Vagabond, Woodsman



BASIC

A Day in the Life

Being a charcoal-burner means days or even weeks living on the fringes of civilisation and spending long hours tending to the great turf kilns where they create their precious fuel. At the start of an expedition, a charcoal-burner rises early and treks into the woods, usually in the company of a group of his fellows. Once they have reached their chosen site, often picked for them by their employer, they begin felling trees. This is long and hard work, and while some cut the wood, others carefully watch the forest's edge for signs of trouble.

Once enough wood is downed, the real work of the charcoal-burner begins. They pile the wood in a great mound and cover it with turf and clods of earth, leaving holes around the base and at the top to let out the smoke. Then the mound is lit and the burners settle in to wait and tend the fires, a process that can take hours or sometimes days. After this comes the dirty task of digging out the charcoal and hauling it back to town, before heading back into the forest to do it all again.

The Secrets of Charcoal

While few citizens of the Empire would take the time to think about it, charcoal is a vital ingredient fueling their nation's industrial might and domination of the Old World. A prized fuel for cooking and heating, charcoal is far more valuable to weapon makers and gunsmiths. It keeps their forges hot and makes their steel hard.

Nuln, in particular, is home to a legion of charcoal-burners who work tirelessly to fuel its furnaces. Evidence of their presence is apparent for miles around the city – great plumes of smoke and acres of tree stumps. Though he will suffer long hours of work for little pay, most charcoal-burners know there is always work in Nuln.

Many people do not realise there are many different types of charcoal. These range from brown crumbling lumps to hard black rocks, and the harder and darker the charcoal, the better it will burn.

The best kind of charcoal comes from the hard wood of deciduous trees like the oak and elm, creating charcoal that burns hotter and longer. Old oak trees are especially prized, and charcoal-burners will sometimes spend days searching a forest for such a tree, then days more cutting it down and burning it. Such an effort is almost always worth the trouble, as the best weaponsmiths will pay handsomely for such fuel.

Adventure Seeds

The Secret Ingredient: To forge a very special sword, the wizard-smith Feldrek is looking for a very special charcoal made from the wood of the Emperor Oak. The Emperor Oak is the rarest of trees, said only to grow in the deepest parts of the Darkwald. Feldrek is looking for some experienced folk to help him find it.

A Beast of a Problem: A group of charcoal-burners are attacked by beastmen on the edge of the Forest of Shadows near the town Gugen. With only a handful of their number left they would abandon their work, if only winter was not so close and the fuel so desperately needed. With the beastmen sure to return, they need to find someone to watch their backs until the fires have done their work.

Up in Smoke: A roadside temple to Taal was burned to the ground, and the local priest of Taal suspects arson. Without the funds or clout to request an official investigation, he secures the assistance of several charcoal burners, well versed with fire and their results, to help uncover what took place.



CHEKIST

Does that hurt, comrade? I'm sorry; Sasha doesn't know his own strength sometimes. Please believe that I will learn what you're hiding from me; when I do, our next meeting will not be so pleasant.

(RotIQ) The principal goal of the chekist – the Ice Queen's secret police – is to ensure the personal and political security of the Tzarina and her family. This task is performed by any means possible, regardless of local laws; after all, in Kislev, what the chekist deems as law, *is* law. Their techniques employed to investigate the various Chaos cults, revolutionaries, criminals, hostile organisations, spies, and manifold other “threats” are often brutal, leaving the chekist with an ugly reputation. Their headquarters squat in Kislev city, but rumours suggest they have offices throughout the Ancient Widow's land, all siphoning information back to the capital. Some suggest the chekist even have agents in the Empire and beyond, each monitoring the activities of foreign threats to the Ice Queen and her rule; but this, of course, is denied.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law **or** Intimidate) (Int), Command (Fel), Common Knowledge (Kislev) (Int), Dodge Blow (Ag) **or** Shadowing (Ag), Follow Trail (Int), Perception (Int), Ride (Ag), Search (Int)

Talents: Disarm **or** Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Menacing, Strike Mighty Blow **or** Strike to Stun

Trappings: Chekist are all identifiable by their black uniforms. Most wear leather jacks and leggings, and they all have distinctive helmets. Chekist are armed with bronze-tipped cudgels (Hand Weapon) and ride black Kislevite horses equipped with saddle, harness, and saddlebags.

Career Entries: Kossar, Protagonist, Streltsi, Thug, Watchman

Career Exits: Jailer, Interrogator, Mercenary, Racketeer, Sergeant, Soldier, Spy, Veteran, Watchman



BASIC

Affiliations

Chekists have no official, structured organisations to speak of, save in their devotion and duty to the Tzarina herself. They rule through fear and intimidation – not qualities one seeks in a friend or drinking companion.

Very few men can take the strain of such constant vigilance; many chekist agents retire from the ranks after only a few years of active service. The ruthlessness necessary to do their job doesn't come naturally for everyone, and only a few individuals truly have the utter lack of compassion and unthinking dedication to their Queen that allows them to forget the pain and suffering they inflict on individuals – some of them innocent of any crime – for the good of the State.

Because of their connections to the chekist organisation, as well as the many skills they honed while in the Tzarina's service, retired chekists are highly sought-after by all of the crowned heads of the Old World. For the same reasons they are also prized by the criminal underworld, and can command fat salaries if their reputation is fearsome enough.

Little Known Facts

Chekists are well known by reputation, but few claim to know anyone actually belonging to the ranks of the Tzarina's secret police force. In the icy, wind-swept lands of Kislev, chekists are never spoken of openly, especially in public.

Each chekist has a network of informers that they cultivate wherever they go. These more frequently provide information for a little coin, but some do so for the good of the homeland and the Queen. Chekist's informers provide regular reports, just as the chekists themselves must

account for their own actions on a daily or weekly basis if at home, or weekly to monthly while in the field. Chekists have no desire to be needlessly cruel, and those within their ranks who are will ultimately find themselves suffering the same fate as those they tormented – at the hands of the chekist.

Adventure Seeds

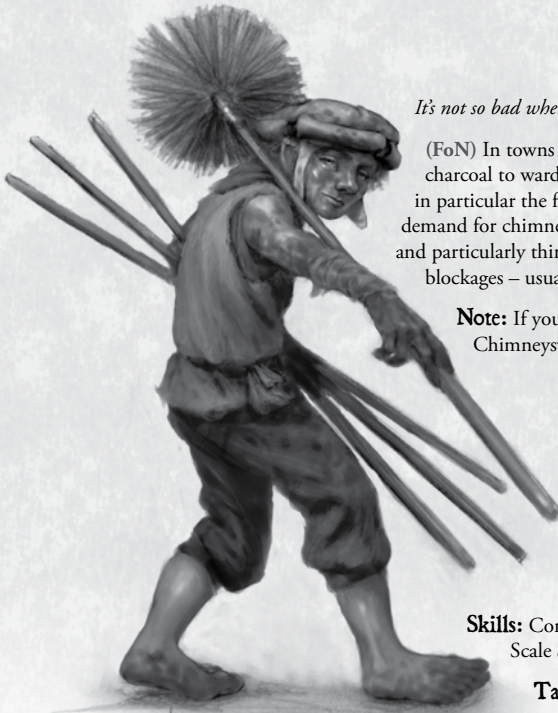
We've Got Company: The party, on an assignment in Kislev, is met by a lone horseman all in black. The natives openly fear this man, and his line of questioning of the party suggests he suspects them of being spies. If they are not able to convince him of their innocence, he may have them arrested, or he may follow them, hoping to catch them committing crimes against the state of Kislev. He will follow the party like a curse, appearing at the most inopportune times unless they can demonstrate a lawful reason for entering the realm.

Did You See That?: While travelling within the Empire, the party meets up with a merchant from Kislev. His warmth and gregarious nature belie his true nature, though he is a competent merchant and his wares – from his native land – are of top quality. However, a chance encounter allows one or more of the party to witness him handing a packet of papers off to a surly-looking Ungol, who mysteriously spirits them away. The party may be witnessing the acts of a spy in their very midst.

Watchful Eyes: A tradesman is growing increasingly distressed. His business is under constant scrutiny by a particular chekist. The tradesman's business is legitimate, and he fears the unwanted attention is due to the fact that the tradesman has fallen in love with a woman the chekist himself fancies.



BASIC



CHIMNEYSWEEP

It's not so bad when yer climbing up. It's the getting stuck bit I don't much like.

(FoN) In towns and cities throughout the Empire, households that can afford to do so burn charcoal to ward off the chill of winter. Many industries also make extensive use of charcoal, in particular the forges of Nuln. Heavy use clogs chimneys with soot, resulting in an increased demand for chimney sweeps. A good many of these workers are children, but many are halflings and particularly thin men. Working on the rooftops, they scrub out the chimneys to clear blockages – usually soot, but sometimes, far stranger things.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Chimneysweep for Charcoal Burner with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	+5%	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Silent Move

Talents: Contortionist *or* Very Strong, Streetwise

Trappings: Brush, Grappling Hook, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Charcoal Burner, Miner, Peasant, Rogue, Thief

Career Exits: Cat Burglar, Mercenary, Militiaman, Protagonist, Rat Catcher

A Sweep's Life

Chimneysweeps, or sweeps as they call themselves, often work in pairs; one feeding the brush into the chimney from the hearth, while his partner shimmies up the chimney cleaning out soot deposits. Human sweeps employ a child apprentice, normally taken from an orphanage at the age of five. Halfling sweeps take it in turns to do the dirty work. Their agility means they can do the job in a far shorter time than a human child, and so are often preferred.

The work is gruelling, with countless hours spent wriggling in sooty darkness. Sweeps often suffer from skin and breathing ailments, and frequently burn themselves while climbing still-hot chimneys. Child apprentices suffer the worst. Their masters takes the lion's share of the earnings, paying the apprentice with a few scraps of food, small compensation for the risks they face. When an apprentice gets too big to climb up inside the chimneys, he is quickly replaced by a younger boy and left to fend for himself.

Most sweeps travel from town to town looking for work, especially in the summer months, when work may be meagre and a master may force his apprentice to go begging. Some unscrupulous masters encourage their apprentices to sneak into rooms through the fireplace and pilfer objects from the homes they service. If the boy is caught, the master sweep can lay all the blame on him – it is easy enough to replace an arrested apprentice.

Lucky Omens

Among urban folk throughout the Empire, it is generally considered a good omen to meet a sweep first thing in the morning, as ancient superstitions ties soot and ash to rebirth and fertility. This has led to the bizarre ritual of some sweeps hiring themselves out to attend weddings early in the morning to bring good fortune to the union. At the marriage of a poor couple, a sweep can expect a free meal, but at the extravagant weddings of the nobility, he can earn the equivalent of a week's wages. Sweeps often come to blows to be the first to present themselves to the bride's father before the wedding starts.

Adventure Seeds

Old Bones: A sweep is employed by a merchant to clean the long-unused chimneys of a mansion he has bought. One of the chimneys is blocked... by a mouldering skeleton. How did the corpse get there, and what is the strange amulet gripped in its bony hand?

A Thief in the Chimney: A rake has gambled away his wife's jeweller, losing it to another nobleman. He hires a chimney sweep to enter the man's house on the pretext of cleaning his chimneys, and promises to pay him well if he steals the jeweller back.

COACHMAN

I'll make sure it gets there safe and sound. If I have to shoot every beastman and goblin from here to Nuln, it'll get there.

(Core) While the Empire is a mighty nation, its lands are far from safe. Large stretches of it have never been pacified or cultivated. A precarious system of roads connects the villages, towns, and cities, and it is here that the Coachmen earn their pay, working for one of the many Imperially chartered coaching companies. The roads are frequently in ill repair or plagued by Goblins, Beastmen, and brigands. Nonetheless, the Coachmen risk life and limb to bring passengers and cargo safely through the hazards of the Imperial roadways. Each day is a race to reach the next settlement or coaching inn before sunset. No one wants to be on the road in the dark of the night, especially when the Chaos moon is in the sky.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	-	-	+10%	-	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care, Drive, Gossip or Haggle, Heal or Ride, Navigation, Perception, Secret Signs (Ranger), Speak Language (Breton, Kislevian, or Tilean)

Talents: Quick Draw or Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder)

Trappings: Blunderbuss with powder/ammunition enough for 10 shots, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack), Instrument (Coach Horn)

Career Entries: Outrider, Messenger

Career Exits: Cartographer, Ferryman, Highwayman, Outlaw, Roadwarden, Scout, Smuggler, Toll Keeper

A Day in the Life

A coachman starts his journey in one of the great cities of the Empire. With his partner (coachmen typically work in pairs), the coachman prepares the coach for the journey, tends to the needs of the horses, and helps the passengers load their luggage and settle comfortably. Good coachmen engage their passengers in witty repartee, inform them about the journey ahead, and perhaps entertain them with a jolly tune on the coach horn.

The coachmen have one task that they must achieve above all others, to reach the next stage of their journey before night falls. After dark the forests of the Empire come alive with the howls of wild animals, beastmen, goblins, or worse. A lone coach makes an easy target for a raiding party bent on destruction or loot.

Even during the daytime a coach is far from safe. Gangs of outlaws or highwaymen sometimes block the roads, waiting for a coach to stop so they can rob the passengers. To this end each coachman is ever vigilant with his blunderbuss. After all, with such an intimidating weapon, only the most desperate brigand would press his attack.

Affiliations

Most coachmen in the Empire are members of one of the great coaching houses, such as Imperial Expressways of Nuln (a lavish and stately service), Tunnelway Coaches of Talabheim (a rather limited local run), or Ratchett Lines of Altdorf (a dilapidated shadow of its former self).

To be a member of a coaching house is to be a member of a guild in all but name. They provide coaches, equipment, training, and wages to the coachmen, and expect loyal service in return. The Houses also patronise

a number of coaching inns, fortified taverns that line the major coach routes and provide stopping points for the night.

The most successful coaching house is Four Seasons Coaches, operating out of Altdorf. From humble beginnings this company has become the foremost coaching house in the Empire. Even the name "Four Seasons" is something of a manifesto, as other houses run a limited service in the harsh winter months. The company even sponsors its own chain of coaching inns, making life for competitors even harder.

Adventure Seeds

A Little Dishonest Business: The travellers on a Ratchett Lines coach from Altdorf to Delberz are in for a nasty shock. One of the coachmen has decided to supplement his meagre income by coming to an agreement with a gang of outlaws. Two days into the journey the bandits descend on the coach. The coachman discharges his blunderbuss harmlessly over their heads, leaving the outlaws free to take what they wish from the passengers.

You Need to Get There Fast, Right? Cannon Ball Express coachmen have come up with a way to add a little spice to a routine run. When they leave Nuln they pick up a stamped card marked with the time of departure that they later hand to a man at the Broken Lance, a coaching inn on the outskirts of Kemperbad. Every four months the team who made the run in the shortest time are awarded a crate of Bugman's Ale at a secret party in Nuln. The contest is just seen as a bit of fun, but thrown horseshoes and damaged coaches can result in coaches pushed too fast. It's only a matter of time before a serious accident occurs, leaving the coachmen and their passengers stranded in the wilderness, far from the nearest coaching inn.

BASIC



DEEPWATCHER

To see the sun again after a long Deepwatch. Was ne'er a shinier gold crown, nor richer reward.

(WC) The Deepwatch is made up of those too caught-up in the tales of adventure and glory to pay heed to the inherent dangers, or those too desperate to care. The Deepwatch are in essence a guild of professional adventurers, with groups dispatched into the tunnels beneath the city to keep them clear from monsters and stop any creatures from reaching the city. It's a dangerous job, all right, but somebody has to do it.

With your GM's permission, you can substitute Deepwatcher for Militiaman as your starting career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	-	+5%	+5%	+5%	-	+5%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Dodge Blow, Navigate, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Silent Move

Talents: Evaluate, Orientation, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Tunnel Rat

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Lantern, Lamp Oil, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Rat Catcher, Shieldbreaker, Soldier, Tomb Raider, Watchman

Career Exits: Engineer, Explorer, Mercenary, Sergeant, Smuggler, Veteran

A Day in the Life

Life beneath Tobar resembles the worst any settlement has to offer, with all the added dangers of cavern exploration and the regulation of military service. Life in the Deepwatch is hardly the adventure some paint it to be. True, one can reap the rewards of undiscovered treasures or long-buried secrets, but just as easily gained are deaths from collapses, monsters, or explosions of pent-up gasses.

The day begins at shiftstart – shifts start at dawn, mid-day, sunset, or midnight – and ends two shiftstarts later. At any time of day, there are more than a score of groups patrolling the undercaverns beneath Tobar and twice as many resting or in reserve.

Deepwatchers assemble in the guild hall or in a location beneath it determined by their squad's leaders – rare veterans who survive more than six months in this career. Squads consist of four to a dozen folk. One member maps out the squad's route, another sketches details and findings, and all others keep weapons and ropes at the ready for anything.

One-third of the squads are on the "shortshift" of single-night patrols. They tour familiar points beneath the city that are known areas of activity for thieves or other threats to the city above. They also guard the wells to prevent anyone from poisoning the populace. These shifts are considered "reward posts" in that the areas traveled are shallow, well-known, and unlikely to collapse or present major problems. Therefore, these shifts often precede a longer posting.

The other two-thirds of the squads are on "longshifts." These involve a shift's travel (or more) to and from Deepwatch camps (used for resting without returning to the city). There are between nine and a dozen "shift-holds," depending on whether or not they are overrun by

monsters or abandoned for other reasons. While there are often supplies and weapons in each shift-hold, squads carry in food and fuel for themselves, leaving behind only obvious surpluses.

One-third the longshifts guard the shift-holds and immediate tunnels around them. The remaining active squads delve into unexplored places. Those squads root out any monsters or collapsed tunnels too dangerous to defend or clear. They also look for new threats to report to the guild hall far above. A typical longshift is no less than two shifts beyond the time it takes to reach their shift-hold. Deepwatchers collect their paychecks after each longshift.

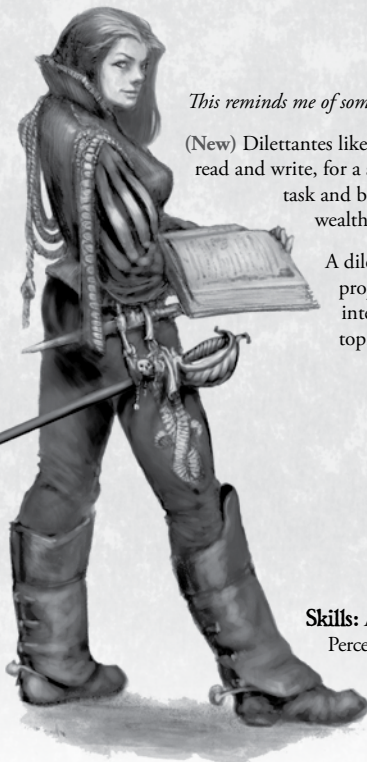
Affiliations

The official chain-of-command for the Deepwatch only mentions the Commander and three sub-Commanders as responsible for assigning squads to the undercity. Unofficially, veteran Deepwatchers become informal officers over habitual parties. It's understood who works regularly with whom and said groups adopt names such as Dhorrin's Delvers, Guild Havenrol's Deepers, the Ratbanes, or Contano's Band.

Adventure Seeds

House Checcin's Rise: Numerous gem merchants and whitesmiths have disappeared in recent months. Rumors fly that House Checcin has been consolidating its power over the jewelry trade in Tobar by assassinating its rivals and disposing of the bodies beneath the city. Whether Deepwatchers or others are complicit in these assassinations, the increase in traffic beneath Tobar also increases the dangers for any moving beneath the city.

BASIC



DILETTANTE

This reminds me of something interesting that von Halmith wrote, and... Oh! Is that Griffon's Bane?

(New) Dilettantes like to think of themselves as scholars, and, indeed, they may pass as scholars among most folk; they read and write, for a start. However, they often lack the discipline or passion that leads true scholars to focus on one task and become truly skilled at that, rather spreading their efforts across many. Most dilettantes are from wealthy backgrounds; the poor find that imminent starvation focuses the mind wonderfully.

A dilettante prides himself on knowing a little bit about almost everything, starting a variety of projects, pursuing a dozen interests at the same time. A dilettante is a professional amateur – interested in the arts, the burgeoning field of science, literature, religion, and virtually any other topic. At least, until another subject matter comes along and grabs their attention.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any 1), Blather, Common Knowledge (any 2), Evaluate *or* Gossip, Navigation, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (any one) *or* Secret Signs (any one), Speak Language (any 2), Trade (Artist *or* Calligrapher *or* Cartographer) (See special rule, below)

Special: A Dilettante may not, in this career, buy a skill he already possesses, and thus may not gain any Skill Mastery bonuses. He does not lose any he already has.

Talents: Etiquette

Trappings: 3 books, craft tools, writing kit

Career Entries: Any Career that includes Read/Write as a Skill.

Career Exits: Apprentice Wizard, Astrologer, Barber-Surgeon, Catechist, Charlatan, Courtier, Initiate, Navigator, Raconteur, Student, Tomb Robber, Tradesman, Verenean Investigator

Affiliations

Dilettantes love to mingle with professionals involved to their current pursuits. In particular, they love being members of associations, guilds or clubs that afford a measure of prestige and help justify their interests. Unfortunately for them, most of the prestigious guilds or colleges look down upon dilettantes, who they regard as having none of the discipline and application needed to truly master a subject. Although dilettantes resent this, the charge is normally true.

As a result, many found their own groups, with impressive sounding titles, such as "The Bernloch Academy of Art, Science and Engineering". A person with the right background, connections and scholarly pretensions can join one of these groups by paying the often exorbitant entry fee.

Occasionally, someone genuinely talented in some field of study applies to join, and is accepted in order to boost the reputation of the group. The entry fee might even be waived for such a candidate.

The associations are effectively social clubs, although they make a show of having their members present their "research" to the meetings. Scholars who can tolerate poseurs find these associations a relaxing place where scholarship is respected, and just occasionally they hear something very interesting from the other members.

Hieronymus von Bernloch

The founder of the recently established Bernloch Academy of Art, Science and Engineering, Hieronymus is a large man in his middle years. He inherited a great deal of money from his father, who was the head of a moderately successful merchant company. A soft upbringing

allowed Hieronymus to pursue his many different interests, and over the years he has dabbled in almost every field of study there is.

Unlike many dilettantes, Hieronymus is at least self-aware enough to know that he lacks the application to become an expert on anything. However, he enjoys knowing a bit about everything, from astrology to obscure merchant guild bylaws, and likes being able to talk intelligently with experts on almost any subject. If true experts apply to join his academy, he eagerly supports them, even those expelled from officially sanctioned guilds. His willingness to turn a blind eye to someone's past has brought some interesting people into the Bernloch Academy. It's rumoured that there is even a necromancer and an Elven poisoner within its members.

Adventure Seeds

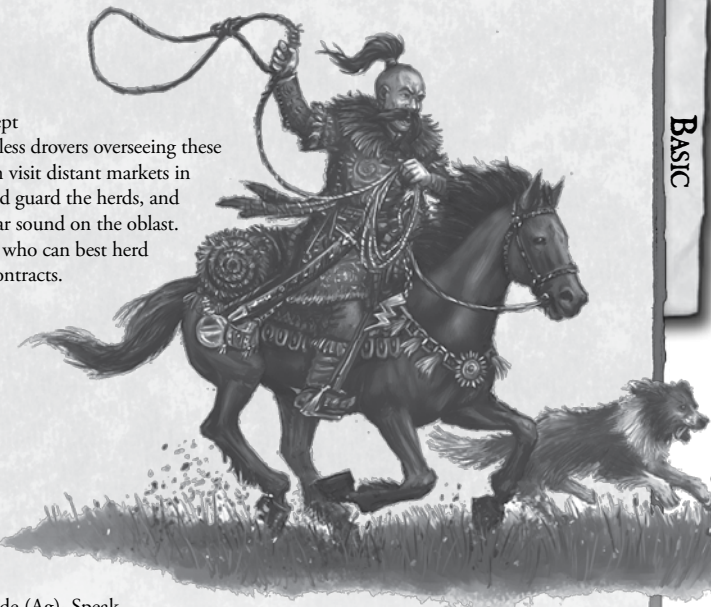
A Dark Past: A dilettante decides to write a book on the local history of his town. He begins research, but before he has written anything down he endures a remarkable run of bad luck, getting caught up in accidents that threaten his health or even his life. He is convinced someone is organising the accidents. It seems there is something in the town's history that someone wants kept quiet. These events have turned the man craven, and he seeks help to conduct research on his behalf and unearth the dark past he's sure exists.

Hidden Talents: A dilettante turns her hand to painting. Her first work is mediocre, at best. The second painting is brilliant. She sees the difference herself, but cannot understand it. The same is true of the third painting, although there are disturbing undertones to the image. The trend continues, and people start whispering about pacts with dark powers. The dilettante gets nervous; she doesn't remember making any pacts with dark powers, but what's going on with the painting?

DROVER

Wait a second... Weren't there sixty head counted this morning?

(RotIQ) Great herds of domesticated animals endlessly cross the wind-swept oblast, escorted from pasture to market, from market to customer. The tireless drovers overseeing these transfers can travel many hundred of miles with their herds, and some even visit distant markets in Ostermark or Ostland. Most drovers employ vicious dogs to help direct and guard the herds, and the distinctive barks and whistles used to control these hounds are a familiar sound on the oblast. In the civilised south there are regular competitions between drovers to see who can best herd animals with their dogs, and the winner is guaranteed the most lucrative contracts.



BASIC

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	+10%	+5%	+10%	-	+5%	-

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care (Int), Animal Training (Fel) **or** Charm Animal (Fel), Common Knowledge (Kislev **or** Troll Country) (Int), Follow Trail (Int), Navigation (Int), Outdoor Survival (Int), Perception (Int), Ride (Ag), Speak Language (Kislevarin **or** Ungol) (Int)

Talents: Orientation, Rover **or** Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling)

Trappings: Drovers all have at least one herd dog and a Kislevite horse equipped with a saddle and harness. They use a lasso to round up errant herd animals. For personal equipment, drovers always have several days of rations and a couple of skins for water or kvas, as well as a yurta for shelter. The often dangerous environment necessitates some armour, usually a leather jack and leggings.

Career Entries: Coachman, Messenger, Outrider, Steppes Nomad

Career Exits: Highwayman, Horse Coper, Horse Master, Messenger, Outlaw, Outrider, Roadwarden, Scout

A Day in the Life

A drover spends much of his time in the saddle, the pitiless oblast stretching out around him, his eyes constantly searching the horizon for danger. He leads his herd in search of food, scratching what sustenance he can from the barren oblast, protecting his animals against extremes of weather and predatory wildlife until it is time to take the livestock on their long journey to market.

It is a never-ending cycle and one that hones a drover's knowledge of the tundra and steppes to a razor's edge. Herdsmen of the Empire would quail at some of the challenges the drover must face during his day. A drover is sometimes forced to push his herd for days at a time before finding a suitable place for his animals to graze.

When drovers meet in the vast lonely stretches of the oblast, it is an occasion for much rejoicing. Often they will have an impromptu feast and spend hours challenging each other to feats of skill with horse and herd. Such meetings last only for a single night, however. Once dawn breaks, the drovers must press on, finding new pastures to graze their herds and new markets in which to sell them.

A Drover and His Herd

Most drovers tend to favour one kind of animal above all others, whether they are sheep, long-haired cows, goats or another of the many kinds of herd animals common to Kislev. With his animals, horse and dog, a drover forms a tightly knit unit.

A drover and his dog, especially, form an inseparable bond, and through the course of a drover's life, though he may own several dogs, typically they will all be littered from his first one. A drover comes to trust

his dog with his life and his herd, and the faithful dog becomes an extension of his mastery over animals and his skill at controlling them. A drover knows that his herd is his life. It feeds him, gives him coin and provides him at least some small company on the oblast. In the deep of the night, it also keeps him warm; drovers quickly become indifferent to the stink of the herd when it means not freezing to death.

When faced with peril, most drovers run their herds and tackle the danger themselves if they can. However, some especially skilled and daring drovers attempt to use their herds as weapons. With a few well-placed yells and whistles, a drover and his faithful dog can turn a mob of terrified animals into an unstoppable tide of snouts, horns and hoofs. This can be particularly daunting for the hapless bandit or predator that suddenly finds themselves facing a wall of fear-maddened herd animals

Adventure Seeds

Disappearing Drovers: A commonly used passage across the oblast has suddenly become dangerous and several drovers and their herds have been lost. If someone can locate the problem and re-open the passage, the local atamans are sure to make it worth their while.

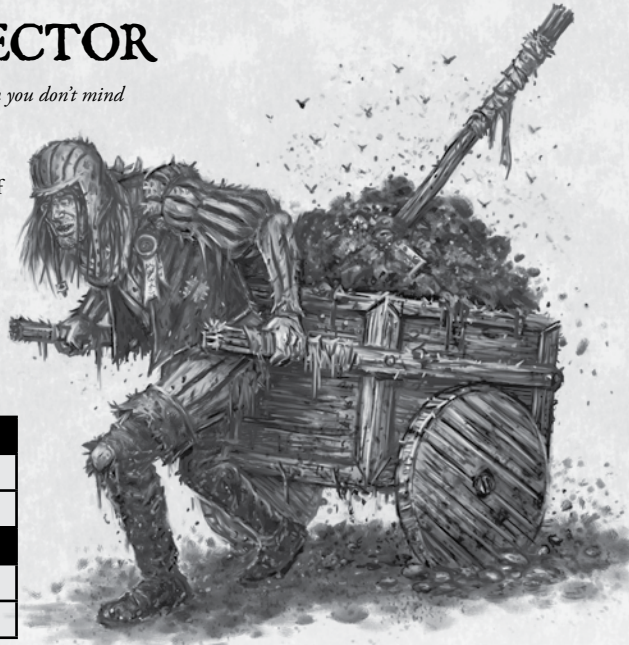
The Amazing Graze: With the turning of the seasons comes a great migration of herds from the southern pastures to the great grasslands of the northern oblast. Though there are countless places to graze, only a few areas are prized for their safety, shelter and ample vegetation. Getting to these first can be an adventure in itself as drovers push their herds hard through the thawing landscape.

DUNG COLLECTOR

Take yer horse or cow dung. Good fertiliser and it burns well when dried, if'n you don't mind the stink. Pig slop, on the other hand...

(FoN) Ensuring the streets are clean, these brave workers walk the alleys and thoroughfares with shovel and sturdy fortitude, pushing the worst of the offal out of the way to allow people to walk. Some are enterprising businessmen working the districts who can afford them, whilst others work for the city, patrolling the districts of those who pay them. While certainly not glorious, dung collectors often make do by selling dried dung as cheap fuel through the winters.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Dung Collector for Bone Picker with your GM's permission.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Empire), Consume Alcohol, Drive, Haggle, Perception, Search

Talents: Coolheaded, Fearless *or* Resistance to Disease

Trappings: Cart, Shovel, Bag of Maggots, Dung

Career Entries: Bone Picker, Camp Follower, Peasant, Rat Catcher, Vagabond

Career Exits: Bone Picker, Grave Robber, Rat Catcher, Sewer Jack, Thug

Affiliations

Due to the aromatic nature of their work, dung collectors find that they have few friends. However, bonepickers sifting through the rubbish and midden heaps tend to have similar habits and frequent some of the same areas, so the two groups tend to keep each other informed of things that may prove of interest to the other.

Dung collectors may have a similar working arrangement with rat catchers, especially those that frequent the same sewer systems. Though even a rat catcher rarely spares the time to swap gossip with the likes of a dung collector.

Even amongst the poorest of the poor, there is a pecking order. Despised and reviled for their stench and disgusting career, cities are far more reliant on the lowly dung collector than officials would care to admit. Without their dirty work, insect and rat populations would explode into even greater numbers, bringing all manner of disease and filth.

A Day in the Life

Dung collectors make their modest living by clearing the streets of such organic matter, and carting it outside the city walls where it can be dumped unceremoniously, far enough away that the smell only drifts back in when the wind is right. Clever dung collectors will sell their dung to farmers who fertilize their fields with it, and many also dry the larger bits and sell them to the poor as cheap winter fuel.

Dung collectors spend their days pushing their collection cart from street to street, scooping up one steaming pile and moving on to the next. On parade or feast days, dung collectors watch the route of the

parade carefully, and make sure that anything dropped in their district is collected quickly so as not to offend the eye of someone important.

There is never nothing at all for a dung collector to do, though some days the workload is lighter than others. Dung collectors tend to live far outside of the city walls, closer to the dung disposal area than to anything else. There they can track the progress of their drying dung, and keep an eye open in the unlikely event that someone tries to steal some.

Adventure Seeds

A Blind Eye: Leaflets are going up all over the city accusing the city watch of protecting a murderer from justice because he happens to be a noble. The accusations – whether true or false – are stirring up anger in the general populace, and rioting is soon to follow unless this is nipped in the bud before it explodes into full-blown anarchy. The party poses as dung collectors, whom no one pays any attention to so their actions – even obviously watching someone – are likely to go unnoticed. If they can catch this anonymous leafleteer and turn him over to the watch, there will be a substantial cash reward.

Foul Plans: Dung collectors live their lives surrounded by filth. It may come as no surprise then, that they might turn to the Lord of Decay and Corruption, Nurgle, in time of need. Someone is “sowing” Nurglings all over the city, and their foul antics are helping to spread pestilence and disease to every corner of the town. The party must find the dung collector responsible for bringing Nurglings into the city and turn him over to the authorities, before a full-blown plague wipes out half the population.



EMBALMER

So beautiful, so exquisite... Notice the skin. It retains all the warmth, all the pliability she possessed in life. Why it's almost as if your beloved were alive again, my lord.

(NDM) Not everyone wishes to be interred in Morr's Gardens. Some prefer a more preserving process after their death, for themselves or their animal companions, and they turn to the embalmers. These masters of pickling, preservation, and taxidermy are not just a fad of the wealthy. The individuals increasingly have a hand in the growing field of medicine, and money can be made hand over fist in selling their curios to customers with a particular purpose in mind. Many priests of Morr (and much of the general population) consider cutting bits off people and putting them in jars to be an assault on both the body and spirit of the deceased, and Witch Hunters are well aware of how easily such merchants turn to the dark arts. As such, many embalmers choose to hide their Human exhibits behind their animal displays or their surgery services until the day scientists of their calibre are finally given the respect and recognition they deserve.

Embalmers don't usually encounter the Undead, but they work hand-in-glove with grave robbers and tomb robbers who often do. They also tend to know a lot of necromancers – not that they would ever reveal their customer's identity, of course.

BASIC



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	–	+5%	+5%	–	+15%	+10%	+5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Necromancy, Science), Evaluate, Haggle, Heal, Perception, Read/Write, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Classical), Trade (Apothecary)

Talents: Dealmaker *or* Streetwise, Resistance to Disease, Surgery

Trappings: Abacus, Ether-Soaked Apron, Spare Hand, Trade Tools (Barber-Surgeon), Writing Kit

Career Entries: Apothecary, Barber-Surgeon, Student, Tradesman

Career Exits: Apprentice Wizard, Burgher, Grave Robber, Physician, Scholar

Note: *With your GM's permission, you may substitute Embalmer for Barber-surgeon when rolling for your Starting Career.*

Ruprecht Klotten

This weaselly little man is easy enough to ignore. Always dressed in black, pale-skinned and scowling, it is easy to mistake Ruprecht as a villain or at least someone to be avoided. This would be a mistake, for Herr Klotten is an incredibly useful man to know. Ruprecht is a barber-surgeon who turned to embalming after he discovered that he preferred his patients dead and quiet.

This does not change the fact that he is an expert healer, doctor and surgeon. His rates are reasonable and he doesn't ask questions, making him far superior to the reputable (and often less skilled) physicians who are likely to report sword wounds and gun shot injuries to the watch.

Ruprecht Klotten has an Intelligence of 55%, has taken Skill Mastery in Heal and has the Surgery talent. He charges half the rate of a normal physician (see WFRP page 121) and is very discrete. His only downsides are his unpleasant bedside manner and that he does his work right next to his corpses. His morgue is spotlessly clean but can be unnerving to the uninitiated. Stories that he sells the corpses of those he could not save to necromancers must surely be only stories.

The Resurrection Men

If there are to be any advances in anatomy and modern medicine, physicians need corpses to study. But the process of acquiring cadavers is not a pleasant one for these highly educated gentlemen of science. So to whom do they turn? The Resurrection Men are one part grave robbers and one part criminal syndicate.

There is almost no way in the Empire today to legally acquire a corpse for medical study; a few condemned prisoners are turned over, but

the demand for these is high and inevitably these corpses end up in the hands of only the well-connected. Anyone else must confine their researches purely to the theoretical or turn to the Resurrection Men.

Embalmers play a key role in this organisation, for it is they who know what corpses can be stolen with little fuss. They also prepare the corpses, ensuring that putrefaction does not spoil its value. Rarely are they the actual thieves – they leave that grisly task to the grave robbers. There is no doubt that there is real money to be made, as a properly prepared corpse sold to a rich physician is worth ten gold crowns at least. Of course, the Resurrection Men are despised as ghouls and vandals, but as long as there is money in dead flesh, you can be assured that this trade will continue.

Adventure Seeds

Dealing with the Dead: The characters seek the aid of a Priest of Morr or Amethyst Wizard to help explain the purpose of a bizarre artefact they have recovered from a lost crypt. Alas, no such people are easily available to them, but it is rumoured that the city's embalmers have dealings with people of that "sort" and may be able to help. It won't be easy to convince an embalmer to give up his clientele, but perhaps one of them needs a favour.

Beyond Blackmail: An embalmer and Resurrection Man has taken to blackmailing some of his clientele, no longer happy with merely the money for the corpses themselves. The physicians need someone to silence their blackmailer. They've learned their lesson though, and they plan to do away with whoever deals with the embalmer. It is best to leave no loose ends.

ENTERTAINER

Allow me to regale you with my enchanting rendition of The Seven Dancing Dwarfs.

(Core) From acrobats to strongmen, from knife throwers to hypnotists, from dancers to ventriloquists, the Empire is full of Entertainers. Some do it for the roar of the crowd and others for the money. Many become Entertainers just to escape the hard life of the Imperial villager. Entertainers travel frequently, sometimes alone but more often in troupes that perform in villages, towns, and cities. Lucky troupes get continuous bookings, sometimes spending months in the same city. The less fortunate scrape by as they can, always looking for a more appreciative crowd (or a less suspicious watch) over the next hill. The very best Entertainers gain Noble sponsorship and earn undreamed of sums of money performing for the upper crust.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	-	-	+10%	-	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care or Swim, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate or Gossip, Perception, Performer (any two), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Any one of: Animal Training, Blather, Charm Animal, Hypnotism, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Sleight of Hand, Ventriloquism

Talents: Any two of: Lightning Reflexes, Mimic, Public Speaking, Quick Draw, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Throwing), Trick Riding, Very Strong, Wrestling

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Any one of: Instrument (any one), Trade Tools (Performer), 3 Throwing Knives, 2 Throwing Axes, Any one of: Costume, One Set of Good Craftsmanship Clothes

Career Entries: Animal Trainer, Herald, Rogue, Thief, Vagabond

Career Exits: Animal Trainer, Charlatan, Minstrel, Rogue, Thief, Vagabond



BASIC



The Imperial Circuit

The Empire is divided into a patchwork of regional entertainment circuits. Each circuit is a well-travelled network of cabarets, taverns and inns, in which the travelling entertainer and troupe can ply their trade. In the more remote regions of the Empire, entertainment circuits tend to mirror existing trade since that's where the population lies. Urban centres such as Marianburg and Nuln are large enough to support their own internal circuits.

The great entertainers know that the backwoods circuits are where the novice performer perfects his craft. While the bright lights of Altdorf may beckon, only the most experienced entertainers have the chops to satisfy a sophisticated and demanding urban audience that has "seen it all."

Following are a few examples of regional entertainment circuits within the Empire. Entries include a description of the major settlements, preferred Performer skill and the predominating method of travel (river or road).

North-East Passage: The circuit following the north-east passage trade traces the River Talebec between Wolfenburg and Bechafen, with stops in Wurzen and Talebheim. The taciturn inhabitants of the bleak northern lands respond favourably to Performer (Comedian), and sideshow entertainment such as Performer (Acrobat) and Performer (Juggler).

The Old Forest Road: Turning south from Talebheim, the Old Forest Road is one of the most travelled entertainment circuits in the Empire. The sturdy and solemn folk of the Talebecland interior respond favourably to Performer (Actor) and Performer (Singer), especially if their act features woodland themes or Taal and Rhya.

Averland: The Averland circuit continues south along the Old Dwarf Road from Wurtbad to Averheim, and on to Grenzstadt. The earthy

folk of the rolling Averland plains are famous for their love of tall of tales, and respond favourably to Performer (Storyteller), and musical entertainment such as Performer (Dancer), Performer (Musician) and Performer (Singer).

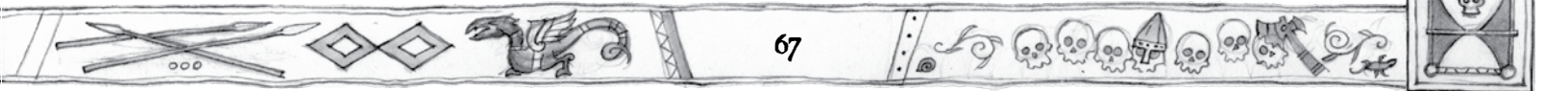
Nuln: A short jog west along the River Aver leads to the City-State of Nuln, the cultural centre of the Empire. All performance skills are welcome in Nuln, although the wealthier and more urbane audiences gravitate to the civilised entertainments such as Performer (Actor), and Performer (Poet).

Adventure Seeds

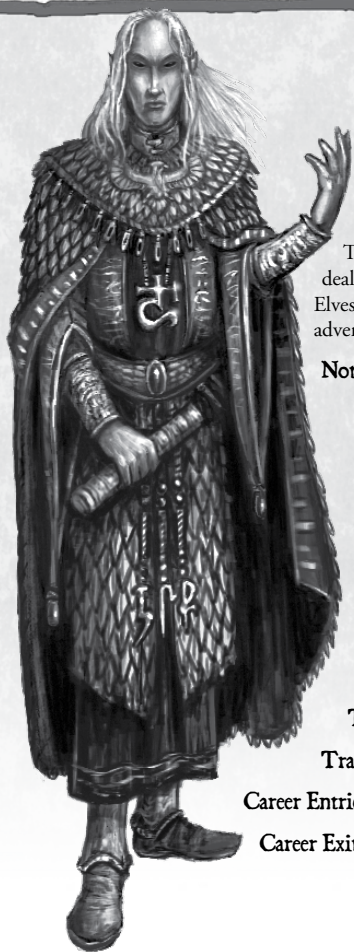
An Entertaining End: Entertainers are being called to work at a large festival in a remote town. In truth, the entertainers are being used as bait to lure victims to a secret Chaos ritual requiring the mass harvesting of souls.

Pressed into Service: A local witch hunter is planning to infiltrate the court of a suspect noble in the guise of an entertainer. The witch hunter needs training and a partner who can actually entertain.

A Blasphemous Ballad: A mysterious patron has secretly commissioned prominent singers in the region to draft a few verses to what promises to be an epic ballad of betrayal. The singers are unaware of each other's involvement or what the final ballad will be about, but rumours have been circulating that once completed, the ballad will actually perform a blasphemous ritual if all the verses are sung in the correct order.



BASIC / SPECIAL



ENVOY

Your ways are strange to me, human. But I believe we can arrive at a mutually beneficial arrangement.

(Core) The elder members of the great Elven mercantile families are far removed from the everyday life of the Empire. To them, Humans live and die so quickly that it's hard to keep up with current trends and politics in the Old World. When they need such knowledge, they turn to their Envoys. These young Elves are the public face of the Merchant Houses. They negotiate the contracts, make the deals, and keep the peace with the Humans of trading hubs such as Altdorf, Nuln, and Marienburg. Even Elves have a limit to their patience, so it is unsurprising that many Envoys take leave of their families for the adventurer's life.

Note: Only Elves can enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	-	-	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire or the Wasteland), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Swim, Trade (Merchant)

Talents: Dealmaker or Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), 2 sets of Good Craftsmanship Clothes, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Student, Tradesman

Career Exits: Charlatan, Merchant, Rogue, Seaman, Student, Vagabond

A Day in the Life

Envoys spend their day dealing with humans, particularly merchants. Each morning an envoy wakes and meditates on the coming day before washing and dressing. He rarely breakfasts alone, instead eating with one or more business associates and learning about new events and problems over the food. Once the meal is done, the envoy begins the first of his morning meetings, discussing deals in progress or arranging new ones. The entire morning is spent in such meetings, making arrangements for various goods to be bought and sold.

Lunch is also a time for work, and the envoy handles business while eating and also charming his dining companions. After lunch most envoys tour their family's holdings, examining each warehouse and its contents to make sure everything is in order. This is also when they make shipping and storage arrangements, organizing schedules and payments with the warehouse owners, dockmasters, and labourers.

Dinner is a more social meal than breakfast or lunch, though there is still work to be done. The envoy usually dines at the home of a business partner or prospective partner, and must be the charming elvish guest, delighting his hosts in order to facilitate good work relations later. Deals are often made after dinner, in the host's study, but rarely over the table itself.

After dinner and negotiations, the envoy can retire to his family's home and his own private chambers. This is the only real peace the envoy gets, and he uses the time to consider the day's events and organize his thoughts about how business went and what must be done tomorrow. Many envoys also take this time for hobbies like music, painting, or woodcarving, activities that occupy their hands but leave their minds free to consider their day.

Affiliations

An envoy's strongest affiliation is to his family. Each envoy is a member of his trading house by blood. This ensures the envoy will keep his employer's interests as his first priority, since that employer is his own family.

Envoys have other associations, however. Most commodities have an informal community around them, and members often meet to discuss recent trends in material, craft, shipping, and sales. Because several crafts and items overlap, a single commodity could require several different associations, and envoys are expected to belong to each relevant group. Thus, if the envoy's family fashions and sells tapestries, the envoy will be part of the tapestry-makers' community. However, he may also be a member of the weavers' guild, the dyers' guild, and the rug merchants' union. Thus envoys can wind up spending hours each week attending formal meetings and informal gatherings. The advantage is that the envoy then knows everyone else in those related fields, and also knows all the latest news and gossip. Clever envoys join associations which do not at first glance seem connected, but provide valuable related information. Thus the envoy of a tapestry house might join a ropemakers' guild because ropes are needed to bind the tapestries, and when rope prices go up tapestry-makers will need to raise their own prices to absorb the additional cost.

Adventure Seeds

New Business, New Worries: The envoy is instructed to meet and sound out a new merchant as a potential business partner. The merchant is a newcomer, recently rich and very ambitious, but something about him – and the source of his sudden wealth – is disquieting.

ESTALIAN DIESTRO

I will parry your prima attacks on my three-quarters radial, and take zh high ground. With just a fifty-three inch reach, you can't win this fight using a cutting blade. Not with such a poor stance, senior.

(Core) The Estalian Kingdoms are southwest of the Empire. There the threat of Chaos seems remote. The Chaos Wastes are quite distant from this sunny land, which has never witnessed the wrath of bloodthirsty hordes the way the Empire and Kislev have. Its people engage in other pursuits, from science and scholarship to crime and vendetta. One thing Estalians dearly love is swordplay. Its cities sport many fencing schools, each with its own style. Many of these styles are descended from the teachings of Master Figueroa, a legendary swordsman who applied the latest scientific theories to his swordplay with spectacular results. Followers of the Figueroa style, known as Diestro, fight and duel across Estalia. Some, bored with their homeland, seek excitement elsewhere, favouring Tilea and Bretonnia. The bravest travel northeast to the Empire to test their rapiers against worthy opponents, and to see a land in the front line of the struggle against Chaos.

Note: If this is your Starting Career, you are from Estalia, but have come to the Empire to seek adventure.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	–	+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science), Common Knowledge (Estalia), Dodge Blow, Read/Write, Speak Language (Estalian)

Talents: Lightning Reflexes or Swashbuckler, Quick Draw or Strike to Injure, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Foil or Rapier, One set of Best Craftsmanship Clothes, Perfume or Cologne, Healing Draught

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Bodyguard, Duellist, Highwayman, Protagonist, Rogue

Sparting Words

Estalians are known to be talkative and vivacious people, both in love and quarrel. Between Diestros, engaging in dialogue during combat is expected. Non-Diestros, although not expected to reciprocate, aren't spared the verbal assault that accompanies a Diestro's rapier.

Introduccione: Diestros consider it poor form to cross swords without first introducing oneself. In a tournament, the fighter who draws steel before exchanging formalities is disqualified. This is an appropriate time to comment on reputations and parentage.

Metodologia: Amid the opening thrusts and parries of combat, a Diestro explains how he will win, in technical or even mathematical terms. Tournament discourse follows a strict code, allowing either party to question the other's calculations. Street fights are somewhat less orderly, sounding more like jargon-shouting contests.

Critica: After several blows have been traded, Diestros vocally analyse the other's technique. Individual personalities set the tenor of this analysis, but usually the goal is to demoralise the enemy. In theory, tournaments enforce polite conduct, but in practice this only encourages veiled insults and false platitudes.

Ultimos Floreo: The winner customarily salutes his fallen opponent with a dazzling flourish. If the opponent is still alive, a verbal summary of the fight may follow. Tournament fighters must yield the last word to the victor.

Estevan and Casanova

If Figuera is the father of all Diestro schools, then Estevan is his bastard son, and Casanova, an impertinent grandchild. Estevan and Casanova

are just two of the many scholars who have experimented with Figuera's original doctrine.

Claudius Estevan was a younger contemporary of Figuera, whose teachings are rejected by many purists. Estevan's school incorporates the main gauche, requiring the fighter to shift his center of gravity backwards by several degrees. Rather than using the off-hand for balance as Figuera advocated, Estevan proposed it should be used for defense. The Estevan style is less graceful and relies heavily on trigonometry. At the GM's discretion, Diestros may substitute the Specialist Weapon (Parrying) Talent for Strike Mighty Blow.

Manuel Casanova died recently, after a long, successful career. Known for his blinding foot-speed and genius in physics, Casanova revolutionised tournament fighting with a more strategic approach. Against weaker early round opponents, Casanova developed methods to win quickly with minimal injury. A favourite tactic involved disarming the enemy immediately, and snatching his weapon to force a concession. At the GM's discretion, Diestros may substitute the Disarm Talent for Strike Mighty Blow.

Adventure Seeds

Revenge: The murderer of a Diestro's father fled to the Empire years ago. Until recently, the Diestro hunted him without any luck, but finally the killer has been found. Revenge won't come easily though, for the killer leads an outlaw gang and is protected by loyal bodyguards.

A Reluctant Rescue: A local burgher's daughter is smitten with a dashing Estalian. When the Diestro prepares to travel onward, the adventurous girl insists on joining him. The girl's father doesn't react favourably, and organises a rescue party to recover the girl and punish her "kidnapper."



BASIC

BASIC



EX-CONVICT

Oh yes, sir, I'm completely reformed. I've learned my lesson, m'lord. Honest Rickard, that's what they'll be calling me from now on, strewth.

(New) The prisons of the Old World are brutal sub-realms unto themselves where only the strong and ruthless survive. Of the few convicts who do live through their sentences, most return to society as harder criminals than before they entered prison. The Shallyan might preach about forgiveness and second-chances, but the truth is that the rare ex-convict who does manage to reform is met with the same suspicion and resentment as those who do not. In the end, most ex-convicts are released into an unreceptive world with few opportunities other than to commit new crimes, return to prison and begin the cycle anew.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Dodge Blow, Secret Language (Prison Cant), Sleight of Hand

Talents: Flee!, Resistance to Disease *or* Contortionist, Street Fighter *or* Wrestler

Trappings: Good Craftsmanship Improvised Weapon, Bone Dice, Lice, Poor Clothes

Career Entries: Agitator, Grave Robber, Outlaw, Protagonist, Rogue, Smuggler, Thief, Thug, Tomb Robber

Career Exits: Car Burglar, Charlatan, Fence, Grave Robber, Highwayman, Outlaw, Protagonist, Racketeer, Thug, Vagabond

Prisons of the Old World

Krinkleheim: The Countess Beatrice von Liebwitz von Nuln Academy for the Salvation of Troubled Youth is more widely recognised by the name “Krinkleheim,” after the mansion in which it is located. While hardened criminals and heretics go to the Iron Tower, the delinquent youth of Nuln are given a second chance at Krinkleheim. Boys and girls live in separate wings, and follow a strict curriculum of prayer, instruction and discipline. Escape isn't difficult, but repeat offenders are sent to the Iron Tower.

Leopoldheim: Situated on the western coast of the Southlands is the Imperial Penal Colony of Leopoldheim. Twice yearly, a new shipload of the Empire's most hardened criminals sets off for the steaming jungle colony. Convicts are branded with the letter “I” and the year of their incarceration, and may not return to the Empire for the duration of their sentence. There are no prison cells or jailers in Leopoldheim. An Imperial garrison is stationed there not to keep prisoners in, but to keep the hostile natives out. If the denizens of the jungle don't finish off the prisoners, disease will, and life in the colony is a miserable existence.

Rijker's Isle: The fortress prison of Rijker's Isle is one of Marienburg's most recognisable landmarks. The massive fortress is both a prison for hardened criminals and a clearing house for Marienburg's undesirables. Most days, convicts are locked in grubby two-man cells with rotten straw flooring that is changed annually. A company of Tilean mercenaries man the walls with crossbows, but they are rarely employed. Escape from the fortress is theoretically possible, but the cold water and dangerous undercurrents of Marienburg harbour prevent all but the most desperate attempts.

The Middenheim Mining Colony and Penitentiary: Just over a day's ride north from Middenheim is the infamous Mining Colony and

Penitentiary bearing the city's name. The Middenheim Miner's Guild oversees the administration of the penitentiary, but the day-to-day handling of prisoners is managed by a corps of hardened mercenaries. Convicts can expect gruelling fourteen-hour shifts in cramped and dangerous mines where cave-ins and tunnel collapses are a constant threat. Only the toughest convicts will survive even the briefest stint here.

Escaped Convict

While most prisoners are content to “do their time”, those who cannot bear even the shortest periods of incarceration will try to escape. Escape from an Old World prison is no simple matter, however, and the consequences of recapture are dire.

Communication between prisons and the local road wardens ensures that an escaped prisoner's description will be tucked into every messenger bag and posted on trees and message boards across the province. The authorities will offer lucrative gold rewards for the recapture of notorious escapees, attracting bounty hunters like flies to manure.

Players can substitute the Ex-Convict career with Escaped Convict, with the GM's permission. Escaped Convicts receive the Escape Artist Talent instead of Resistance to Disease, but gain a bounty on their head (the amount is decided by the GM).

Adventure Seeds

Giving Crime a Bad Name: A pair of escaped convicts are rampaging across the countryside killing and looting everyone and everything in their wake. As a result, the local watchmen and road wardens are making life impossible for honest criminals, and the lords of the underworld are demanding a quick resolution.

EXCISEMAN

You lost this year's tax receipt? How unfortunate, master cobbler. Toss his home, my lads! I want every penny found! Time to pay up, my friend.

(TiT) All cities require taxes and tariffs to function. The constant flow of money ensures public works and servants receive the funding they need, whilst also lining the pockets of the politicians. But no matter how good the cause or how noble the deed, no one likes to pay taxes. Since this is unpopular reality, most lawmakers distance themselves from the collection of monies, relying on specially hired Excisemen to do their work instead. Of all the people in the city, the Exciseman is likely the most unpopular, right alongside the dyers, beggars, and the rest of the rabble. Though they face hostility at every turn, most Excisemen know their duty is a necessary one. Still, these individuals are rarely well paid for their thankless job. As a result, few of them enjoy what they do and look for the fastest route to improve their lot, either through skimming the coffers and double-dealing or working extra hard in the faint hope of securing a better position in the government.

Note: If you're rolling for your starting career, you may substitute Exciseman for Burgher with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	-	-	-	+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

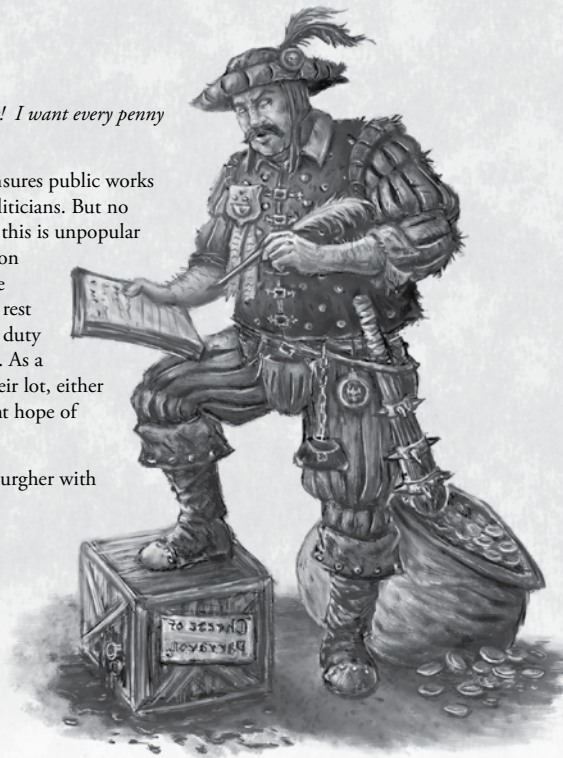
Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Blather, Charm, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Read/Write

Talents: Dealmaker, Savvy *or* Suave, Schemer, Super Numerate

Trappings: Abacus, Hand Weapon, Light Armour, Writing Kit, 1d10/2 *gc*

Career Entries: Messenger, Scribe

Career Exits: Agitator, Litigant, Merchant, Militiaman, Outlaw, Roadwarden, Thief



BASIC



A Day in the Life

No one likes a tax collector. Even law abiding citizens flush with coin rarely welcome the exciseman as he makes his rounds. His day starts with a stern exhortation by his crew boss to let no coin go uncounted, let no duty be dodged, and make his quota of revenue or be sent to the poorhouse. The exciseman then has a choice: carefully and scrupulously uphold the law, taking only what is actually due from the people who actually owe it; or to fleece foreigners, the powerless, and the unconnected of enough coin to make his quota and a little extra. In the history of the Empire, it is doubtless some exciseman somewhere has taken the first option. No one can recall exactly when, but surely it has happened.

The luckiest and most well connected excisemen are assigned to the gates of a community. With a constant flow of traffic and tradesman, it is easy enough to meet quotas. Also, if things ever do turn ugly, the city watch is right there to save the exciseman's neck. The exciseman who must go amongst the populace has a far harder time of it. For him this is a rough business – shaking down strangers, combing the markets for merchants who can't produce a current tax receipt, and rapping on doors in the worst quarters of town to track down tax dodgers. Unless he wants to brave the streets alone, he must hire thugs or off-duty watchman. Since the lawmakers and politicians are usually loath to overtly sanction such bully squads, they often have to be paid with coin skimmed from the till.

The Publican Union of Talabheim

This powerful brotherhood of excisemen wields no official power in city of Talabheim. That doesn't change the fact that his guild is one of the most powerful and prevalent. Without the Publicans there would be

no tax revenue. Unhappy with the continuous harassment (and even assault) of their members, this group arose to champion the friendless tax collector.

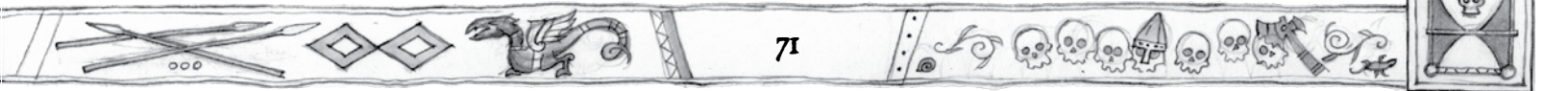
The Publican Union's greatest contribution to its members (who must pay a yearly membership fee) is that they use their influence to get watch patrols assigned to aid excisemen. This makes tax collection far easier, as few businessmen or labourers want to take on the notoriously vindictive Talabheim city watch.

On the few occasions where the watch wasn't enough to discourage attacks on their members, there have been rumours that the Publican Union has hired criminal thugs and assassins. Whatever the truth, what is certain is that the Publican Union is one of the most ruthless and mercenary guilds the Empire has ever known. Any visiting adventures had best be wary of them.

Adventure Seeds

Crossroads: An excisemen and his bully squad are desperately short of their quota. The tax man is quick to decide that the party is delinquent on their taxes and need to be shaken down. The party can accept this robbery, talk their way out of it, or fight the squad and become outlaws.

The Torsten Tommel Affair: City records indicate Torsten Tommel, allegedly a humble apothecary, hasn't paid taxes in years. The last exciseman sent after him met an unfortunate accident and was found floating in the river three days later. One honest city official has decided enough is enough and has hired outside help to find out who Torsten Tommel really is.



FARMER

Burn the cities, but leave the farms, and the cities will grow from the ashes. But burn the farms, and grass will grow through the cobbles on every city street.

(New) The old feudal order of the Empire is no longer what it once was, and a new enterprising class is bridging the gap between peasant and noble. In cities, burghers have begun to appear. Their equivalent in the countryside is an emerging class of landed gentry. Land is often parcelled out to commoners as a reward for military service, or merchants invest their wealth by purchasing the estates of impoverished nobles. Rarely, tenant peasants save enough to buy the fields they till from their lord. Land is inherited, but no farmer's claim yet spans more than a couple of generations. A farmer employs many hands to work the land, but he toils as hard as any peasant, for the wealth that hard work brings provides a significant social standing in the rural community.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

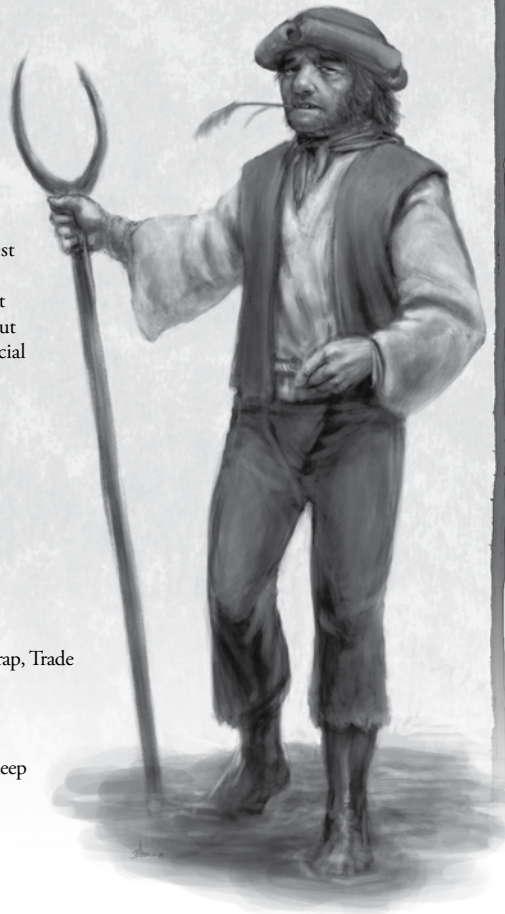
Skills: Animal Care, Charm Animal, Drive, Evaluate, Haggle, Intimidate *or* Charm, Ride, Set Trap, Trade (Farmer)

Talents: Dealmaker, Hardy, Specialist Weapon (Scythe *or* Flail).

Trappings: Cart pulled by a horse *or* ox, scythe (two-handed weapon) *or* threshing flail (flail), sheep dog.

Career Entries: Innkeeper, Merchant, Peasant, Tradesman, Veteran

Career Exits: Innkeeper, Merchant, Militiaman, Politician, Steward



BASIC

Farmers' Rituals

The spring festival of Mitterfruhl heralds the beginning of the farming year, when firstborn livestock are slaughtered at Taal's altar, and the plough is blessed by a priestess of Rhya before it tills the fields. Throughout spring and summer, farmers work all hours, tending their beasts and maintaining their crops. Sheep are sheared during the month of Sommerzeit, and the wool sold at market, the swiftest team of shearers hanging their finest fleece in the local shrine of Taal. High summer is celebrated with rites to ensure perfect weather – too much or too little rain over the ensuing months can ruin the crops.

With Rhya's blessing, the yield is ready for harvest by summer's end. Labourers scythe the crops, their wives tying the stalks into sheaves, and to encourage a quick harvest before the autumn rains, the reaping teams compete for prizes of beer. Reapers are unwilling to cut the last sheaf of a crop, believed to harbour the spirit of Rhya, and lots are drawn to determine the cutter, who is subsequently dunked in a nearby river. The last sheaf is crafted into a corn dolly, and kept in the farmhouse kitchen over winter as a luck charm.

The autumn equinox, Mitherbst, is a solemn occasion involving the sacrifice of crops and animals to sustain Taal and Rhya during their winter's sleep and to placate the awakening Ulric. Entire herds and flocks are passed between great bonfires to purify them of the taint of Chaos. The autumn fairs are the highlight of the farming year, when fat profits can be made, though lean years can ruin an unlucky farmer.

Winter is a time of hardship for all countryfolk. The winter festival of Mondstille is a rare time of joy when beacons are lit to guide Taal and Rhya back to earth so that the cycle of life may begin anew.

The Raid

"I promised da on his death bed that the farm would be safe with me. I'm sorry, da.

I'd been away for several days, taking the old bull to market in Grenzstadt. I first saw the smoke as I rounded Copse Corner. The farmhouse was ablaze, and I could hear screams. Cattle lay slaughtered all 'round the ruined bodies of the farmhands. Wolves the size o' ponies snarled among them, each mounted by a green-skinned devil.

Taal forgive me. I hid in a dung heap and listened to the laughter o' the raiders as all that I loved burned. By sundown they had moved on. I emerged, stinking, surrounded by the ashes of my life. By midnight I had laid to rest the charred remains of my wife and sons. My daughter was nowhere to be found. My workers and servants I buried too.

The plough leaned against the farmyard wall. I took the ploughshare and entered the forge in the corner of the yard, the only building untouched by fire. I took up a hammer and began to beat the metal into the form of a sword. With each blow the path of my new life became clearer."

–The memoirs of Lanric Bessen, Goblin-Hunter

Adventure Seeds

The Predator: A farmer's prize cattle are being killed and eaten by a terrible beast of the woods. The adventurers are hired to track down and slay the predator.

Pasture Wars: Fed up with his neighbour's sheep grazing on his land, a farmer secretly hires the adventurers to do away with the flock by any means necessary.



FERRYMAN

The journey's far more than the current between the shores...and that journey be short if'n you don't come up with the proper fare.

(Core) Rivers both large and small cut through the Empire. While a few are shallow enough to ford easily, most require transport to cross safely. Ferryman make their living moving people and goods across the Empire's rivers, for a fee of course. They favour flat-bottomed barges because they have a shallow draft and plenty of deckspace. Ferryman in more remote areas also favour the blunderbuss. Bandits are a constant danger and the blunderbuss provides not-so-subtle encouragement to move along. Many Ferryman are also extortionists of the highest order, arbitrarily changing their prices based on the apparent wealth and desperateness of their passengers.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	-	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

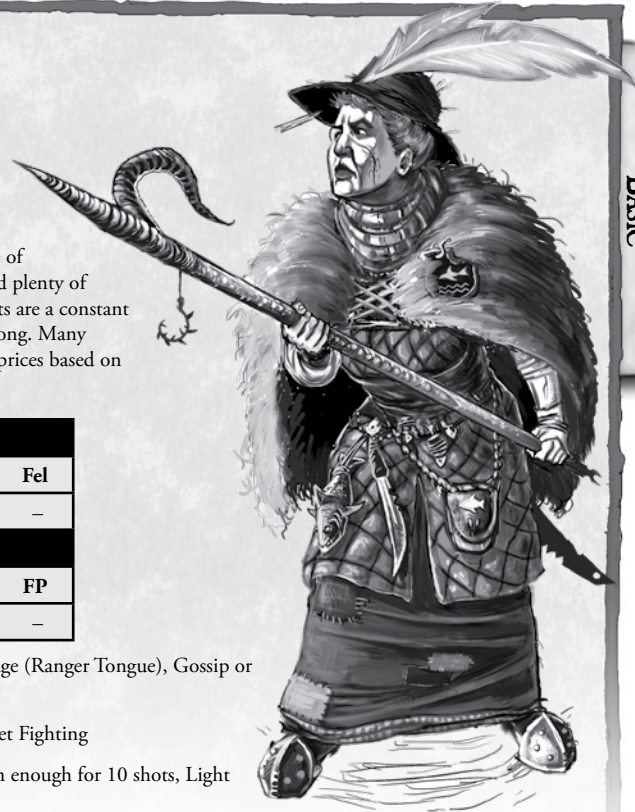
Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate or Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Gossip or Intimidate, Haggle, Perception, Row, Swim

Talents: Marksman or Suave, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder) or Street Fighting

Trappings: Crossbow with 10 bolts or Blunderbuss with powder/ammunition enough for 10 shots, Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Career Entries: Coachman, Smuggler, Toll Keeper

Career Exits: Boatman, Highwayman, Roadwarden, Seaman, Smuggler



BASIC



Affiliations

The Sons of the River are a small guild of honest ferryman west of Talabheim; their many ferries sporting Taal's horns in blue on the prow in honor of the River Father. Their vigilance prevents many unscrupulous ferryman on the Talabec from abusing their positions and taking advantage of passengers or cargo-owners. They patrol the river constantly and undercut the fares (or covertly sabotage the boats later) of crooked ferryman. They are at odds with the Boatsmen's League only due to Jens Leonhard's apparent lack of piety toward their god.

"Otto's Flats" is the name of one of the larger passenger ferry guilds around Altdorf. Headed by Otto Pentzlerr, this collective of nine greedy ferryman limits passenger traffic between Altdorf and Kaldach. They move people and goods across the river easily for their allies. Meanwhile, those who don't pay the exorbitant fees, find themselves with rotting cargo or forced to take long routes to bypass the ferries.

Oskar Madravvin

Born under the sign of Cacklefax the Cockerel, Oskar Madravvin knows his prosperity is just around the bend, as he has said his whole life. He lives and operates his lone ferry on the River Aver toward the western end of the Moot and close to Averland. Some have tried to rob Oskar - to their regret, as he never forgets a face and has numerous friends on both sides of the river.

Others have tried to pressure Oskar into smuggling illegal goods. The halfling is not one to bow to pressure, however, and just hopes no one looks closely at the river bottom where he regularly drops anchor when mooring his ferry at night.

While Oskar makes a tidy living ferrying people or small amounts of cargo across the river (or downriver toward Nuln), he actually makes more money as an information broker. With his memory for faces and a gift of disarming chatter, Oskar often gets his passengers to share more information with him than they realize.

His friends among the local coachmen, bounty hunters, and fieldwardens pay him handsomely for any gossip or news on the whereabouts of certain folk or fugitives (as do the local messengers and gossips looking for more news to barter themselves).

Adventure Seeds

They Shall Not Cross: The party find their travels slowed due to a lack of ferries across the river. A local nobleman has taken control of the two nearest bridges "to protect them from attacks by raiders," who have been targeting and sinking local ferryman's boats. The locals (including a few ferryman) approach the party, accusing the baron of abusing the situation to consolidate more power. Some whisper he backs the raiders himself.

Safe Passage: The party is hired to accompany ferryman along a river into the Empire's eastern borders. The lands (and waterways) are dangerous due to beastmen and mutant incursions (and the whispered possibility of vampires returning to the lands). It's the characters' task to flush out any dangers and make the trade routes safe again.



BASIC / SPECIAL



FIELDWARDEN

And stay out, unless you want the next stone to hit something more sensitive.

(Core) To outsiders the Moot looks like a safe and happy land. The extent to which that's true is due to the Fieldwardens. These Halflings patrol the borders of the Moot, keeping away threats and unwanted outsiders. They are skilled skirmishers who use their intimate knowledge of the Moot to maximum advantage. They prefer to attack from ambush, using their superior skill with missile weapons to neutralize the size advantage of their foes. Since the Moot shares a border with Sylvania, the Fieldwardens have particular expertise in dealing with the living dead. More than one band of zombies has been brought down by a fusillade of slingstones from determined Fieldwardens.

Note: Only Halflings can enter this career.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	-	+5%	+10%	-	+10%	-

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Necromancy) or Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Follow Trail, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Silent Move

Talents: Fleet Footed or Savvy, Mighty Shot or Rapid Reload, Rover or Quick Draw

Trappings: Sling with Ammunition, Lantern, Lamp Oil, Spade, Pony with Saddle and Harness

Career Entries: Hunter, Militiaman, Toll Keeper

Career Exits: Bounty Hunter, Mercenary, Scout, Vagabond, Vampire Hunter

A Halfling of the People

The Fieldwarden is an esteemed figure in the halfling community. Empire folk may fret about the constant threat of heresy and invisible "enemies within", but halflings are a peaceful and easygoing folk with little concern beyond what the tavern has on the board for supper. Halflings live uncomplicated lives with simple tastes and an appreciation for the status quo. Chaos and disorder are to be avoided at all costs, and Mootlanders look to their vaunted Fieldwardens to maintain cherished continuity.

When not attached to a border patrol, a Fieldwarden's primary responsibility is to simply walk about the community and present a friendly and visible presence. Other times, the Fieldwarden is called upon to fill just about any job imaginable, from mending fences to helping at harvest time. The Fieldwarden knows the names and faces of every halfling family in his area, as well as the type of baked delectables they put out with tea. It's a great honour for a halfling household to host a Fieldwarden to a Bakeday meal, and the wardens are often booked for meals months in advance. These dinners sometimes evoke friendly competitions between hosting families as they attempt to outdo each other with increasingly elaborate menus.

The Border Patrol

When the Mootland was granted to the halflings by Emperor Ludwig the Fat in 1010 I.C., it was the Emperor's intention to grant his beloved halflings a secure homeland within the borders of the Empire so they would not require their own standing army. But Emperor Ludwig could not foresee the rise of Vlad von Carstein and the Vampire counts of Sylvania. While the Moot still relies heavily on the Empire for protection, the defense of the Sylvania border is a task now

bestowed upon the Fieldwardens. The primary areas of concern for the Fieldwardens are the Altern Forest and the stretch of border that edges on the Haunted Hills.

Fieldwardens are posted to the border on rotating schedules, so no single regiment is exposed to the stressful and distasteful duty for longer than one week a month. On their first posting to the border patrol, novice Fieldwardens are always attached to road patrols travelling through the Altern Forest. The Altern Forest is a particularly active front against the undead, and greenhorn Fieldwardens are almost guaranteed an enemy contact with a zombie at minimum. Border patrols along the Haunted Hills are another matter entirely, and only the most battle-hardened Fieldwardens are posted there. This area is a bleak landscape of stunted vegetation and rocky hillocks crowned by the ancient burial mounds of long-dead barbarian tribes. The taint of Dhar stains the land, and draws the vile practitioners of necromancy to the area like a moth to flame.

Adventure Seeds

War of the Chefs: Two renowned halfling chefs have opened restaurants across from each other and the competition is getting nasty. In an attempt to perfect his "secret recipe" and win the crowds, one of the chefs has unwittingly purchased an exotic spice containing warpstone...

Ominous Activity: A border patrol has been receiving reports of increased zombie activity around the Haunted Hills. Local whispers tell of a great wagon piled high with corpses, and the deep gong of a bell in the dark of night.

FISHERMAN

If yer wantin' to catch a Stirpike, you'll have to give up a finger, 'cause that's all what they'll take for bait. I sure as Taal ain't givin' up no more o' mine!

(Core) Fishermen seek the bounty of the sea. The many villages on Nordland's coastline are home to countless Fishermen. These hearty souls brave the Sea of Claws in small craft, despite the constant threat of pirates and raiders from Norsca. There are also some fishing communities inland, by lakes and rivers, though these villages also pursue agriculture. Fishermen are an independent lot as a matter of course. They work in small crews, and when on the water every decision is their own. This spirited nature is one reason why dockside taverns are always unruly.

Note: During character creation, if you take Common Knowledge (the Wasteland), your character can be from the great port of Marienburg at your option.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+5%	-	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

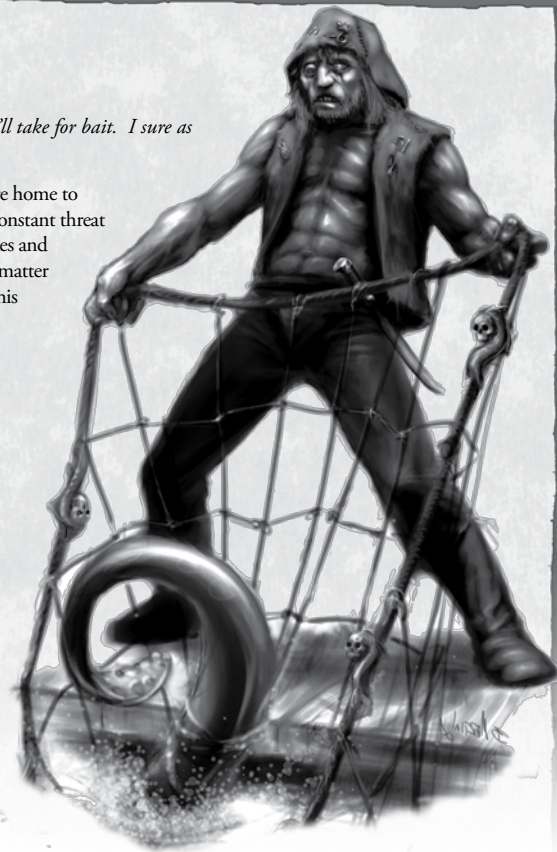
Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire or the Wasteland), Consume Alcohol or Haggle, Navigation or Trade (Merchant), Outdoor Survival, Perception, Row, Sail, Speak Language (Reikspiel or Norse), Swim

Talents: Hardy or Savvy, Orientation or Street Fighting

Trappings: Fish Hook and Line, Spear

Career Entries: Boatman, Peasant

Career Exits: Marine, Merchant, Militiaman, Navigator, Seaman



BASIC



Fishing is difficult to regulate, in part because of its popularity among casual anglers, but also due to the inaccuracy of aquatic boundaries. Also, confiscated fish tend to spoil before they can be sold. Therefore, fishermen are not represented by guilds in the Old World, and this provides incentive enough for independent-minded folk to take up the profession. The closest thing to a fisherman's guild is a "fishing collective" found in many Estalian towns. Its chief purpose is to match crewmen with boats each morning, but sometimes the collective also mediates disputes over contested waters.

Coastal fishermen are awake and dropping their nets long before the sun rises. By afternoon, they're enjoying a pint of ale in the tavern, having sold their daily catch to dockside smoking houses and fishmongers. Inland fishermen tend to work independently, or with their families. In a typical river fishing family, the father and eldest son spend their day on the river, the women remain at market gutting and selling the catch, and the younger sons run back-and-forth delivering the wriggling fish. Lake fishermen employ a mixture of coastal and river techniques.

Strange Fish of the Old World

In addition to the popular cod, salmon, carp, herring, trout and eel, hundreds of other strange fish populate the dark waters of the Old World. The following are a few examples:

Aaurati: An elusive fish that shimmers like gold beneath the waves. More than one man has allegedly drowned after mistaking an Aaurati for submerged treasure.

Augas: Has a third eye on top of its head for spotting predators.

Bromma: Flying fish, can rotate its head. Hides from predators by diving to the bottom and stirring up clouds of silt on the riverbed.

Congère: Bretonnian eel. Incredibly powerful for its small size. Can tear other fish apart with ease.

Gladius: Large, spear-headed fish. Can pierce the hulls of small boats if its young are endangered.

Mulus: Delicious fish, eaten only by nobles. Becomes multicoloured when it dies. Two-bearded Mulus is the tastiest variety.

Polypus: Large fish with strong, clawed arms. Can leap up and knock a man from his boat. Grips its prey and gnaws voraciously until sated, then discards the carrion.

Rhombus: Slow, obese fish with short hairs on its back. Settles into riverbeds downstream of cities and feeds on the sewage.

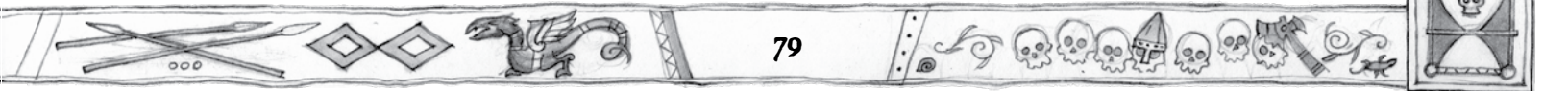
Sea Scorpion: Tiny fish with a scorpion tail. Kills small fish with poison and eats them. Stings large predators on the head to disorient them.

Taurus: Aggressive, horned fish. Mates fight to the death after spawning.

Adventure Seeds

Something Fishy Going On: When the fish don't bite, fishermen pay extra tributes to Manann, Taal, or the local river god. This time it's not working however, and nobody understands why the gods have stopped listening. Someone, or something, has driven the fish away.

A Strange Catch: Sometimes, fishermen recover things from the murky depths that might have been better left unfound. Examples may include cursed relics, incriminating evidence of forgotten crimes, or sunken treasures that turn men against their own brothers.



FREEHOLDER

...an excellent trade; thank you. Say, is that thing gold? You sure have a wealthy town here; I hope those merciless raiders from my land don't decide to pay you a visit.

(ToC) One of the greatest rewards a Jarl may grant to his Bondsmen and loyal Peasants is land. Upon gaining property, these men and women are accorded a special status. For those who were not warriors, they have the same status as Bondsmen. For those who were once warriors, land is usually a gift given in exchange for lengthy and valued service. Many Freeholders eventually become Jarls if selected by their King. Otherwise, they gain a piece of land and a number of Thralls to work it.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	-	-	+10%	+5%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+3	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care, Command, Common Knowledge (Norsca), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Speak Language (any one), Trade (any one)

Talents: Dealmaker, Public Speaking, Savvy, Schemer, Suave

Trappings: Longhouse and at least 1 Acre of Land, 1d10 Thralls, Livestock

Career Entries: Bondsman, Burgher, Fisherman, Skald, Whaler, Tradesman

Career Exits: Artisan, Innkeeper, Marauder, Merchant, Slaver



BASIC

Little Known Facts

In the cold lands of Norsca, community bonds are essential for survival. Those who serve their lord faithfully and at length are rewarded with property of their own. Freeholders are men and women who have been rewarded for years of loyal service with land, and thralls to work it for them. Farming land that is frozen for six months out of the year is difficult; much of the meagre wealth produced in Norsca comes from its timber and its mines, some of which produces amber, a rare substance used in making handsome jewellery.

A freeholder whose land includes the entrance to a mine could become relatively rich. Freeholders are rarely farmers or miners themselves, preferring to get the thralls to do all the hard work. They may aspire to be one day; the reward for faithful service to their lord.

Warriors are favoured above all others for promotion to the position of jarl, and the majority of Norscans can wield a sword or axe with a fair amount of proficiency. Those who cannot are relegated to the lower class, and are disdained if not openly held in contempt.

A Day in the Life

Freeholders must spend a fair amount of time looking after their holdings, making sure things are running smoothly, that no thralls have escaped, and that a satisfactory level of production is maintained.

The call goes out every autumn for raiders to plunder foreign shores, and some freeholders – those whose lands are secure and who have family to help tend them – may answer the call and go raiding. When war comes – which is often in these harsh lands – the majority of able-bodied warriors are expected to rally around the king's banner and

support him against his enemies. Those who fail to answer a summons can expect harsh treatment when the king returns.

Affiliations

Because of their status as travellers and traders, many Norscan freeholders have regular contact with Empire or Kislevite merchants. Norscans sometimes hire themselves out as mercenaries, and as such are highly respected and feared warriors. These will often have contacts with mercenary captains, minor nobles and officers within the standing armed forces of areas in which they serve.

Adventure Seeds

A Journey North: The adventurers are recruited to act as guards for a trade mission to Norsca. A wealthy merchant seeks to overflow his coffers by obtaining rare woods to use in fine furniture, and perhaps some of the fabled Norscan amber can be had if the price is right. Many are the dangers en route, but many more lurk around every corner once they arrive in the north lands, including accidental insults to fiery-tempered Norscan freeholders.

The Voyage Home: The adventurers come across a merchant caravan under attack. Nearly everyone, save the Norscan trader, is dead. The trader pleads with the adventurers to accept his offer of employment to safely escort him and his recently acquired goods back to his ship, and to guard him on the long voyage back to his freehold.

FROGWIFE

Knife goes in, guts come out. Knife goes in, guts come out. Say... have you heard the news of Madam de Verre? They say her son has ten fingers... but not five per hand...

(BotD) Frogwives are a common sight in Mousillon's villages. They take the buckets of snails and frogs caught by the village Swampaires (often their husbands, sons, or fathers) and gut them long into the evening. A Frogwife is not only an expert at the gutting and cleaning of frogs and snails, but also forms a crucial part of a village's social structure. Frogwives tend to be relatively knowledgeable about the surrounding world, sometimes being permitted to leave the village for short periods of time to find useful herbs or other essentials from neighbouring villages. Some Frogwives are experts in the use of herbs, folk medicine, or some other esoteric but useful pursuit. It is a rare Frogwife who does not know the majority of what is going on in her village, and Frogwives have a deserved reputation as gossips, storytellers, and the originators of many strange superstitions. A Frogwife is almost always a woman, and it is a great shame for a man to labour at the swamp bucket.

With your GM's permission, when rolling your starting career you can substitute Frogwife for Camp Follower.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	-	-	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Common Knowledge (any one), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Search, Trade (Cook)

Talents: Dealmaker, Hardy *or* Rover, Stout-hearted, Streetwise

Trappings: Entrails bucket, frog guts, snail shells, sharp knife

Career Entries: Bone Picker, Camp Follower, Peasant

Career Exits: Boatman, Bone Picker, Camp Follower, Swampaire, Grail Pilgrim, Herrimault, Servant, Tradesman, Vagabond, Village Elder

A Day In The Life

The Frogwife's day begins almost as her husband's ends. He dumps his day's catch – hopefully a large one – into her bucket and turns to take a desperately needed slumber. She then does what she must, gutting the frogs, snails and other swamp vermin, culling the very best parts for sale, saving just enough of what's left to make stew or dried meats for her family, and turning the rest into fertilizer for the small garden which she maintains without telling the local lord.

When she has cut up enough to make it worth the trip, the frogwife will take what she has into the nearest hamlet, to hawk it to passers by and, more importantly, to exchange information. The market hours see the frogwives carrying on two conversations almost simultaneously – a constant stream of patter with potential customers, and an equally constant stream of gossip, rumour and innuendo which carries information from one end of Mousillon to the other.

When the day is done, she returns home. There will be, usually, an hour or so when both she and her husband are awake and together. This is when they will share a single meal (made with the leftovers from her earlier work), and, sometimes, the marriage bed. Then she returns to her sleep and he to his gathering.

Little Known Facts

A "frogwife's garden" is a common term used to refer to any small, productive plot which doesn't look as if it is. Such gardens grow root vegetables, useful herbs and other plants, but appear to the untrained eye to be just patches of weeds and grass. Hedge wizards, wise women and the like sometimes call on frogwives to provide them with truly exotic and useful plants.

Because frogwives roam relatively freely outside their villages to gather herbs and the like, they are often the most knowledgeable about surrounding lands, including places hidden or forgotten. While most of what they may think they know is rubbish, a cunning man can learn much if he can get a respected and elderly frogwife to discuss anything odd she might have seen on her travels.

Adventure Seeds

How Does Your Garden Grow?: The characters need some particular plants, grown in a particular way, which can only be found in the swamps of Mousillon. However, wild growth will not do; only special cuttings, cultivated by generations of frogwives, will suffice. Short of raiding every hidden garden in the local swamp, the only way to find the plants will be to make friends with the frogwives and find out who is likely to have such plants. Since growing valuable plants without paying taxes is highly illegal, the locals will be very suspicious of anyone asking too many questions, and care and diplomacy may be needed.

The Shrine of Nurgle: It was just another tale of the swamps, a strange idol seen during a root-gathering trip... but the statue could mark the location of a legendary temple to the Chaos god Nurgle, that long ago sank into the mire. Both followers of Nurgle and enemies of Chaos have an interest in this temple and its secrets, but the locals are close-mouthed about who started the rumour. Even if the person who allegedly found it can be tracked down, is the temple real, or are people just excited over the ramblings of an old woman who saw an oddly-shaped rock?



GAMBLER

It's not those who always win you've got to be afraid of... it's those who always seem to lose.

(SH) Gamblers eschew the hard work of the lower and middle classes. After all, why toil for such small rewards when a month's income can be made with one well-played hand? Gamblers use their skill at games of chance to make money from the wealthy and the slow-witted. They haunt coaching inns and game houses, ready to part the gullible from their coins. Sometimes things go wrong and gamblers lose large sums of money. In these cases, a swift escape is in order, before the creditors discover that the debts can't be paid. Gamblers tend to be drifters by nature, always moving on to avoid old debts and sore losers.

BASIC



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	-	-	+10%	+10%	-	+10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Blather, Charm, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip or Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Perception, Sleight of Hand, Read/Write or Secret Signs (Thief)

Talents: Etiquette or Streetwise, Flee! or Luck

Trappings: Dice, Deck of Cards, Leather Jerkin

Career Entries: Entertainer, Noble, Rogue, Mercenary, Student, Thief, Vagabond

Career Exits: Charlatan, Demagogue, Entertainer, Highwayman, Rapsallion, Rogue

Games of Chance

Taverns are a favourite haunt of the professional gambler. He might join a game of jackstones, rolling knucklebones for a few coins, or might try to fleece patrons at dice games such as Blackheart or Devil Eyes. Most gamblers prefer to play for higher stakes among fellow cardsharks: Dead Queen or the cut-throat Five Knives are popular games. Sometimes a tavern has a cockfighting pit, or a yard reserved for bull baiting, which attract rowdy crowds. One of the entertainments of a travelling fair are the pugilists, whose bloody sport inspires frenzied gambling. Some towns have fighting pits, where fortunes can be won or lost with the thrust of a blade.

Establishments must pay a license to allow gambling on the premises, but a renowned gambler may be invited to a clandestine game run by the criminal fraternity. Security is high and the result of cheating is fatal. Should the watch gatecrash the event, the participants face weeks mouldering in gaol, but the high stakes involved prove irresistible to seasoned gamblers.

King of Gamblers

The most amount won in a game of Five Knives was after an epic contest in the Dog's Bark tavern, Nuln, in 2511. After weeding out the small fry in the opening hour of the game, the remaining players were Milo Speer, a gambler from Bogenhafen, Baron Ranulf von Bildeburger, Kleber Blume, a merchant from Averland, and Captain Antonio Cimino, a Tilean mercenary officer. A mound of gold and jeweller had piled between them on the table.

Speer opened with a pair of Towers, an excellent hand. Captain Cimino followed suit with an admirable run of Knights, but the Baron flunked

out with a Troll. Blume played three Emperors, claiming victory. As Speer threw down his cards in disgust, Captain Cimino drew his pistol and shot the merchant. Before the shocked onlookers, he calmly drew another Emperor from the dead man's sleeve.

As the cheat's body was disposed of, the game continued. Speer and the Captain attacked, parried and fainted. The kitty grew. After two hours, bootless and bare-chested, their ears and fingers denuded of rings, Speer reluctantly placed his dead father's pocket watch in the centre of the table. The Captain surrendered his regimental badge. A final hand was played. The crowd gasped as the Tilean delivered four Skulls: Morr's Blessing. Only a hand of Khaine, five Knives, could trump that. When Speer revealed his hand, the Captain stood, saluted and marched smartly out of the inn. A single pistol shot followed his departure.

Speer's winnings included over a thousand Crowns, innumerable heirlooms, the title deeds to the Bilderburger family mansion and captaincy of the Flashing Blades, Cimino's mercenary regiment. From itinerant gambler, Speer became a renowned officer, and years later was decorated by the Emperor for his regiment's efforts at the Siege of Middenheim. Milo Speer is regarded by gamblers as a living legend, the embodiment of their dreams.

Adventure Seeds

The Deadliest Game: A gambler arrested for participating in an unlicensed game is offered a deal by the watch. A gambling den exists where the unlucky lose not just their money but their lives, and which attracts an audience of depraved thrill seekers. If the gambler infiltrates the den and exposes it to the watch, all charges will be dropped. The gambler doesn't realise that initiation into the den involves surviving a game of Six Pistols...

GRAIL PILGRIM

I am but a simple man. To serve this most holy quest is reward enough for me.

(KotG) Grail Pilgrims are peasants devoted to the Lady of the Lake, as represented by her Grail Knights. They believe that Grail Knights are paragons of courage, justice, and courtesy, and that the best way they, as lowly peasants, can serve the Lady is to serve a Grail Knight.

To this end, they choose a Grail Knight and follow him around. If the knight drops anything (broken spoons, old buttons, and so on), they seize them and treasure them as relics, a means of contact with the holy. If the Grail Knight needs anything, they get it for him. And if the Grail Knight is in danger, they try to fight for him. Most Grail Pilgrims do not have long lives.

If a Grail Knight dies whilst questing, his Grail Pilgrims descend on the body, stripping it of relics. Many then turn the corpse into a Grail Reliquae, which they then carry around in place of the Knight himself.

BASIC



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	-	-	+5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception

Talents: Etiquette, Hardy or Very Resilient, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Stout-hearted or Strong-minded

Trappings: Halberd, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Bits That Fell Off the Back of A Grail Knight

Career Entries: Carcassonne Shepherd, Hunter, Herrimault, Outlaw, Peasant, Tradesman, Vagabond

Career Exits: Battle Pilgrim, Carcassonne Shepherd, Mercenary, Herrimault, Vagabond

Note: Women may only become Grail Pilgrims if they are pretending to be men, nobles may only do so if they are pretending to be peasants.

A Day in the Life

The grail pilgrim wakes in a makeshift camp alongside his fellows. After taking breakfast and breaking camp they follow the trail of the Grail Knight they seek, singing chansons about his exploits as they go. The Pilgrims stop regularly to take repast and swap anecdotes about the knight, seeking to outdo one another with tales of his deeds or boasting of a time when he supposedly spoke or gestured to them.

The pilgrim will gather any of the Grail Knight's discarded effects he comes across. He will equip himself with bits of armour, bent swords, and broken lances. If the knight should fall during his travels the pilgrims will make a grisly prize of the corpse, using it as the centrepiece of a sacred reliquary. Care of this reliquary is of paramount importance to the pilgrims and they bear it with great honour.

The pilgrim must be ready to defend himself, for he follows the Grail Knight through wild areas of Bretonnia, where beastmen and greenskins wait to waylay travellers. Sometimes the inhabitants of a farmstead are unwilling to provide the pilgrim with the provisions he needs, and violence often ensues.

Should he encounter the Grail Knight he follows the grail pilgrim will immediately make showy obeisance. Such encounters usually result in uncomfortable stand-offs, the Pilgrim too awed to speak and the Knight somewhat humiliated by the presence of a low-born devotee dressed in his cast-off gear. When the Knight sets off again there is palpable relief, and the Pilgrim waits a while in respectful reverie before following after his hero once more.

Affiliations

Grail pilgrims are looked on with a mixture of contempt and fear by the normal folk of Bretonnia. The peasantry of the kingdom all agree Grail Knights are awe-inspiring figures, and so understand how easy it might be to idolise them in this manner. On the other hand, Grail Pilgrims are notoriously zealous and dangerous, and have been known to raid villages and farmsteads when foraging for supplies.

The Bretonnian nobility view them as pests in peacetime. Some dukes may see wandering bands of pilgrims on their lands imprisoned or killed. In times of war this attitude changes, for the fanatical pilgrim bands make doughty fighters and their presence on a battlefield is viewed as a boon.

Adventure Seeds

A Knight Too Many: A band of grail pilgrims is in crisis. They were following one Grail Knight when a second crossed their path just ahead. The pilgrims have argued about which one to follow and, after much debate and a little bloodshed, a schism occurred that split them into two roughly equal groups. The reliquary remains a bone of contention however, as both groups lay claim to it. Can the two sects of pilgrims reach a compromise or will their bickering turn violent?

Dangerous Treasure: A party containing a grail pilgrim is shadowed by spites, diminutive but dangerous forest spirits. Unbeknownst to them the pilgrim has a magical item amongst the mundane knick-knacks he picked up whilst on the trail of a grail knight, a green brooch that marks the wearer out as one who is worthy of admittance to a certain area of the enchanted wood of Athel Loren. The spites have been on the trail of the gem, seeking to reclaim it now that its rightful bearer is dead.

BASIC



GRAVE ROBBER

Can't be doin' with this burnin' at the stake. Takin' away honest folks' work, that's what it is.

(Core) Grave Robbers make their living among the dead. Both medical and magical professions create a constant demand for fresh corpses, some for study, others for more sinister purposes. Obtaining such corpses legally is quite difficult, so Physicians and Wizards both have come to rely on Grave Robbers. It is a loathsome profession, but a profitable one. The freshest corpses can command exorbitant prices. The risks of this line of work are substantial. Watchmen, Priests of Morr (the God of Death), and Witch Hunters all keep careful watch of graveyards and punish interlopers harshly.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+5%	-	+10%	-	+10%	-

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Drive, Gossip or Haggle, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move

Talents: Flee!, Resistance to Disease, Streetwise or Strong-minded

Trappings: Lantern, Lamp Oil, Pick, Sack, Spade

Career Entries: Barber-Surgeon, Bone Picker, Ex-Convict, Rat Catcher

Career Exits: Cat Burglar, Ex-Convict, Fence, Rat Catcher, Student, Thief

A Day In The Life

A grave robber's day starts as evening falls, when he sets off for a graveyard. If he were seen near a graveyard immediately after every new burial it would be suspicious, so most grave robbers patronise several graveyards. In large cities, where there are burials every day, this is easier, but in smaller towns it can be difficult to maintain a steady supply without trying to exhume every new corpse. In those cases, smart grave robbers create reasons for being in the area, such as patronising a tavern or brothel near the cemetery.

Getting in and digging the corpse up is often the easy part. Only fresh corpses are useful, so the ground is still disturbed, making digging easy and relatively quiet. In addition, a dark graveyard provides many places to hide, and it is not easy to tell whether a fresh grave is more disturbed than it was earlier. Getting out of the graveyard with a dead body, and then getting the dead body to the customer without raising suspicions, is often much harder.

Most grave robbers find customers through introductions from existing patrons, and maintain a policy of not asking what the bodies are for. Most justify this by believing that, if the bodies are already dead, they are beyond suffering. Very few grave robbers would knowingly supply a necromancer, and learning that they have unwittingly done so was the event that pushed many out of the career. Sometimes this is after dealing with the zombies.

Theophilus von Dortmau

Theophilus is a physician in Altdorf renowned for his skill at surgery and his deep knowledge of anatomy. In recent years, he has taken to obtaining his own corpses, after becoming dissatisfied with the quality

of the ones he could purchase. As a result of his nocturnal activities he has lost weight and put on muscle, and become far more familiar with how the poor of Altdorf live.

He has started developing radical opinions, and has quite shocked a couple of his wealthy clients with off-hand remarks about the oppression of the poor. He has even started to have doubts about his wealthy lifestyle, and wonders whether he should treat poor people free of charge.

Adventure Seeds

The Note: The grave robber finds new excavation in a largely abandoned, and thus lightly-guarded, graveyard. The corpse is fully dressed, very fresh, and shows no obvious signs of injury; by far the most valuable kind. New burials continue every few nights, giving the grave robber a good source of income. And then one night, the corpse is clutching an envelope, addressed to the grave robber by name. Should he find someone to read the enclosed letter for him?

From Beyond the Grave: A notoriously greedy and ruthless merchant dies and is buried. The grave robber goes to dig up his corpse, but finds that the coffin contains a straw doll, weighted with bricks and scented with pig's flesh. Soon afterwards, someone starts attacking the people who had been in competition with the merchant. Rumour blames the merchant's ghost, but the grave robber knows that is unlikely.

GRAVE WARDEN

Morr hisself couldn't slip past me to disturb these graves. Not on my watch.

(NDM) In the Old World, the grave warden's responsibilities are heavy. He not only has to bury the dead six feet deep in the cold, hard ground but also guard against those who would disturb their rest, be they rats, bone pickers, grave robbers, or worse. In small towns and rural areas, a grave warden cannot rely on the town militia or Morr's Black Guard to keep away the restless dead and hungry Ghouls. Meanwhile, few value his company, for he carries the stench of death and sodden mud wherever he goes. It is a lonely life, but many grave wardens come to prefer the company of the dead to that of the living.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	-	-	+10%	-

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Perception, Outdoor Survival, Search

Talents: Resistance to Disease, Stout-Hearted **or** Very Strong

Trappings: Shovel, Stench, Wheelbarrow

Career Entries: Bone Picker, Rat Catcher, Peasant

Career Exits: Grave Robber, Initiate (Morr only), Militiaman, Temple Guardian, Vampire Hunter, Watchman

Note: *With your GM's permission, you may substitute grave warden for grave robber when rolling your Starting Career.*



BASIC

Little Know Facts

They say that no one truly knows the secrets of the grave like a grave warden. Sometimes referred to as Morr's Gardeners, these dour men and women are the few living souls who spend any amount of time within the rusted gates and crumbling walls of the Empire's graveyards. Usually solitary souls, some grave wardens fall into the practise of only talking to the dead and find it difficult to hold normal conversations.

Often, when asked questions, a warden will stare blankly at the person, not because he is slow-witted or deaf, but because it takes him a moment to remember that other people can actually talk. This is far from the hardest part of interacting with a warden, however, as they tend to only want to talk about death and see the trials and troubles of life as pale by comparison to Morr's ever looming shadow. It is little wonder that few people bother more than a simple nod before heading on their way.

The dead within the Old World do not rest easy, and there is a great fear among relatives of the freshly deceased that they will have to endure the return of their loved ones. For this reason, on the first night that a body is put in the ground, a grave warden is often asked to perform Morr's vigil. For a small fee, the warden will spend the night with the newly dead, talking to them, comforting them and, most importantly, making sure they don't get back up.

Notable Figures

One of the most well-known grave wardens in the Empire is Old Grouse, who tends the great Altdorf cemetery. An ancient and wizened man, Grouse is so old that few alive can remember a time when he was not the senior grave warden in Altdorf.

Silent and cold-eyed, Grouse directs a veritable army of lesser wardens, so large is the cemetery, though he never speaks to any of them, using instead gestures, glares and swats of his great gnarled hands to get things done. Old Grouse has a grim welcome for those who dare trespass into his domain.

He firmly believes that anyone entering Morr's Garden uninvited must surely be courting an audience with the god of death himself. To that end, Grouse always keeps a few fresh graves ready for unexpected company. There is also a persistent rumour that over the decades Grouse has hidden a great treasure in grave goods somewhere in the cemetery, known as Morr's bounty. However, the rumour also claims that those who come to seek the bounty inevitably end up having their possessions added to it.

Adventure Seeds

An Unmarked Grave: There is a vast cemetery on the edge of the Dead Wood, perhaps a remnant from a time before the city of Mordheim fell to ruin and decay. Rumour whispers that a powerful lord and his priceless sword are laid to rest somewhere within its bounds in an unmarked grave. Of course, there are also tales of an unearthly grave warden standing vigil against any who would disturb the lord's rest.

A Final Pilgrimage: A venerable priest of Morr by the name of Heildric von Geus is looking to make a final pilgrimage that will take him through the great graveyards of the Empire. Such a journey is fraught with peril, however, not least of which is that some of the graveyards have become havens for the restless dead and thieves. If he is to have any hope of success, he will need help from those knowledgeable about such places.

HEDGE WIZARD

Magic? I don't know anything about that. I'm just a simple herbalist.

(Core) Hedge Wizards are magically talented people with no formal magical training. Using instinct, luck, and superstitious trappings, they can perform minor, specialized spells. Though they may not always be aware of it, Hedge Wizards dally with danger every time they use their charms and cantrips. For this reason the Witch Hunters eagerly track and execute these unfortunate folk who all too often unconsciously invite daemons and disaster into the world. Some Hedge Wizards take the sensible route and join the Orders of Magic, whilst others hide their shameful secret.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	-	-	+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	+1	-	-

Skills: Animal Care or Haggle, Charm or Intimidate, Channelling, Charm Animal or Trade (Apothecary), Heal or Hypnotism, Magical Sense, Perception, Search

Talents: Hedge Magic, Petty Magic (Hedge)

Trappings: Healing Draught, Hood

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Apprentice Wizard, Charlatan, Initiate, Outlaw, Vagabond

Note: If you want to be able to cast spells right away you should increase your Magic Characteristic with your free advance during character creation. Halflings and Dwarfs may not enter this career. Hedge Wizardry is dangerous and highly illegal in the Empire. If caught, you could well be executed. Think carefully before entering this career.



BASIC

A Day in the Life

Hedge wizards use charms, talismans and cantrips to survive, but the cost to them in the end could be disastrous; they are openly sought after and executed by witch hunters, as unlicensed magic use is highly unlawful within the Empire, and viewed with deep suspicion and mistrust within Kislev.

However, witch hunters are not the only ones that seek them out. In some communities, people seek the assistance of the Wise Woman, Crazy Old Hermit or other local eccentric who seems to have a touch of the mystical to them. In a world filled with superstitions, a Hedge wizard may earn a reputation of sorts, as one who can help a community with potions, rituals, and cantrips – often minor enough to go beneath the notice of all but the most ardent investigation.

Hedge wizards tend to make a rather poor living for themselves, trading various, charms, cantrips, and blessings they can offer for a few coins, some cloth or a chicken. Hedge wizards must either live a nomadic existence, or be able to trust completely those in the hedge wizard's area to not convey, whether accidentally or on purpose, the existence of the hedge wizard in the community.

More reliably, many hedge wizards disguise their true nature by professing to be an apothecary or herbalist, claiming for example that the benefits their poultices and potions offer come only from the right combination of ingredients in their healing concoctions. Under such conditions hedge wizards will never willingly admit to using magic as part of their preparations.

Caution

A hedge wizard truly lives life on the edge of a knife; being constantly on the run and carrying a death sentence upon one's head makes playing a hedge wizard character rather a difficult proposition.

Players should consider very carefully the limitations and consequences of such a career – as should the GM – before it is allowed in a campaign. Regardless -- and for the safety of all concerned -- the use of magic should only be undertaken by one with training and who knows the possible outcomes and side-effects of spell casting.

Adventure Seeds

Mob Justice: The party encounters a mob ready to burn a hedge wizard at the stake. The hedge wizard's only crime has been using a little magic here and there to help people. The local magistrates haven't enough clout to keep the mob from carrying out their own type of justice. If the characters save the hedge wizard from execution, she will accompany them on their travels for a while, providing assistance as she can in gratitude for being rescued. However, a witch hunter has been dispatched to follow up on the hedge wizard's fate, which could prove awkward if the characters rescue her or accepting her offer to travel with them.

Guilty Until Proven Innocent: The characters have been hired by a witch hunter to investigate a town rumoured to be harbouring a hedge wizard. He has more pressing business to attend to at the moment, but if they gather information efficiently, they will be rewarded. The characters are clearly being offered more money if the person does turn out to be a hedge wizard, a fact that may give them pause for thought along the way.



HEDGECRAFT APPRENTICE

I know little of the arts of the hedge ... but I am eager to learn.

(SoE) Practitioners of Hedgecraft choose apprentices carefully. Most are family of existing Hedgefolk, but a significant minority are chosen for their natural talents, or because they are one of the Blessed Few: those blessed by the Gods with the power to empower their Hedgecraft. The life of an apprentice is typically a harsh one, with most existing as little more than servants to their masters, running errands, chopping wood, mopping floors, and so forth. Eventually, the apprentice will be taught all the skills of a Hedge Master, and will be freed to make his own way in the world.

BASIC



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	-	+5%	-	-	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	+1	-	-

Skills: Animal Care *or* Channelling, Charm Animal *or* Concealment, Consume Alcohol *or* Gossip, Haggle *or* Outdoor Survival, Heal, Magical Sense *or* Prepare Poisons, Perception, Read/Write *or* Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Set Trap *or* Silent Move, Trade (Apothecary *or* Herbalist)

Talents: Coolheaded *or* Fast Hands, Petty Magic (Hedge) *or* Rover

Trappings: Antitoxin Kit, Healing Draught, Healing Poultice, Lucky Charm

Career Entries: Apothecary, Peasant, Hedge Witch

Career Exits: Apothecary, Apprentice Wizard, Barber-Surgeon, Charlatan, Hedge Wizard, Hedge Master, Initiate (Ranald, Taal & Rhya), Outlaw, Scribe, Zealot

A Day in the Life

A hedgecraft apprentice endures a harsh existence from dawn to dusk. They perform gruelling tasks for the hedge masters who train them. Although much of what they learn is invaluable to their journeys in becoming a hedge master, the hedge apprentices are often treated little better than servants, and perform many arduous, mundane tasks for their teachers.

At daybreak, the hedgecraft apprentice cooks breakfast for his master, and then assists him in preparing for the day's activities. This may range from packing for a journey to something more esoteric, like preparing ingredients for a potion, or gathering materials for a ritual.

As the day goes on, the apprentice becomes less a servant and more an observer, watching the master interact with others, and learning the secrets of the master's work. Although the apprentice may leave his master for brief periods in order to obtain materials or to deliver a message, the apprentice's master will encourage him to remain as close to him as possible, and to ask questions. Masters rarely lecture – instead, they prefer their students to learn by watching and doing.

The apprentice gets the chance to learn by doing towards the end of the day, as the master's tasks are completed. At this time, the master may demand that the apprentice creates a poultice, or mixes an elixir, depending on the apprentice's level of experience and what was observed that day. The master observes the apprentice's work, but does not comment until the task at hand is completed.

Though their days are hard, hedgecraft apprentices have the opportunity to learn much from their masters, provided that they pay attention to details and listen carefully. Those that do so find themselves on the path to success.

Rites of Passage

When a person becomes a hedgecraft apprentice, he must observe certain initiation rites before he can be accepted into the realms of hedgecraft. Though different regions may observe different variations of this initiation, one main event is common to them all.

The main rite begins on a night with a full moon, preferably near the time of solstice. At this time, the apprentice-to-be and his master head to a large hedge, with a knife, a vial of animal blood and the silvery leaves of the Dormantis Flower, a rare plant with extremely poisonous berries.

Under the moonlight, the master makes a small cut in the apprentice's palm. He pours the animal blood into the cut, and then uses the leaves to bandage the wound. This represents the apprentice's commitment to understanding the world of man, animal and plants, and how all three weave together. Once this is completed, the master and apprentice both repeat a solemn oath asking for the blessing of the gods, and the apprentice promises to use the art of hedgecraft in ways that will bring honour to the profession.

Adventure Seeds

Root of the Problem: Several villagers have fallen ill to a mysterious disease. A hedge master sends his apprentice to a nearby cave to fetch some rare mosses needed to make a healing elixir. When the apprentice arrives at the caves, he discovers the mosses... as well as the creature of Chaos that is responsible for spreading the disease.

BASIC



HERRIMAUNT

When noble honor doesn't exceed the reach of a sword, our bows and blades reveal that shame. The people know our bowshots still fall short of our honor in comparison.

(KotG) The harsh laws of Bretonnia turn many Peasants into Outlaws. The acts that many nobles commit with impunity turn many Outlaws into avengers. The Herrimaunts hold themselves above both groups by keeping to a strict code of morality. Whilst they operate outside the laws of Bretonnia, they do so because the laws are unjust. A Herrimaunt always acts rightly.

Of course, most Bretonnian nobles see no difference, and so the Herrimaunts are hunted as enthusiastically as other Outlaws. A Herrimaunt's ethical obligations do bring popularity among the peasants, and the braver souls often seek to join up. Even a few nobles, shocked by abuses they are unable to legally prevent, have been known to take up the bow of the Herrimaunt.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	-	-	+10%	-	-	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care or Charm, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Gossip or Secret Signs (Ranger), Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move

Talents: Marksman or Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Rover, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Bow with 10 Arrows (Longbow if you have Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), otherwise a Bow), Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Shield

Career Entries: Agitator, Carcassonne Shepherd, Charlatan, Coachman, Grail Pilgrim, Hunter, Innkeeper, Knight Errant, Man-at-Arms, Noble, Peasant, Rogue, Woodsman

Career Exits: Demagogue, Grail Pilgrim, Scout, Thief, Vagabond, Veteran

Note: Women can only become Herrimaunts if disguised as men.

A Day Among the Trees

Despite what tavern talk would suggest, herrimaunts do not plot the downfall of despotic nobles at all hours. As with any life, there are the everyday aspects overlooked by those who glorify this vocation from the outside looking in.

Herrimaunts, living on the run from local law enforcers, often have makeshift camps within many woods and copses. Home is rarely more than a tent or lean-to, pitched daily to allow movement at a moment's notice. Only those far from any pursuit can afford to settle in lodgings that are more permanent. At their most secure, the best herrimaunt camps are caves in which they might live until discovered.

Foraging and hunting for food takes most of one's day, since a herrimaunt can't go to market or risk approaching a friendly farmer for food. Hunting and foraging adds to a herrimaunt's problems, as nobles often consider any game or wild edibles to be their property and anyone else consuming them is guilty of poaching.

Next in importance is the maintenance of a herrimaunt's weapons and tools. This constitutes everything from cleaning and sharpening blades to crafting new arrows. A life constantly under threat of attack or capture increases one's reliance upon weapons especially when such equipment is not easily replaced.

Only after solving daily survival issues do herrimaunts scheme on how best to force an end to the abuses of power within Bretonnian society. They know the best way to end corrupt actions is to expose said noble (or his activities) before his peers or betters—honourable people who can truly censure or prohibit abuses a noble visits upon vassals.

Aluthol Drurilke

The wood elves within the Loren Forests traded crafts and food for ages through only a handful of trusted go-betweens, including Hugo Dorshield. That changed three years ago when a new baron came to Quenelles. The obstinate Baron Henri de Findrais insisted that elves were a dishonourable influence on Bretonnians due to their projectile weapons and their ability to see magic. He also made it a crime to consort with the elves in any way.

Hugo Dorshield's elf lover fell to the arrows of the baron's hunting parties, and the human abandoned his leather goods shop to take to the trees of Loren. Hugo directs his revenge not at the hunters but the bigger game of their liege lord. A former hunter himself, Hugo knows to bait his prey toward a planned ambush. He has captured baronial hunters and knows the baron's overlord is due for deer hunting. Hugo plans overt harassment (peppering coaches or camps with arrows from hiding, startling horses with whistling arrows, etc.) to stoke the temper of the Baron de Findrais and lure his party deeper into the forest. The man knows the baron may likely expose his immoral actions and prejudices before the eyes of greater nobility. If not, Hugo and his few elf allies can confront his lies directly as they return his "cannibalized" men to him and ask about the fate of their envoys sent to the baron.

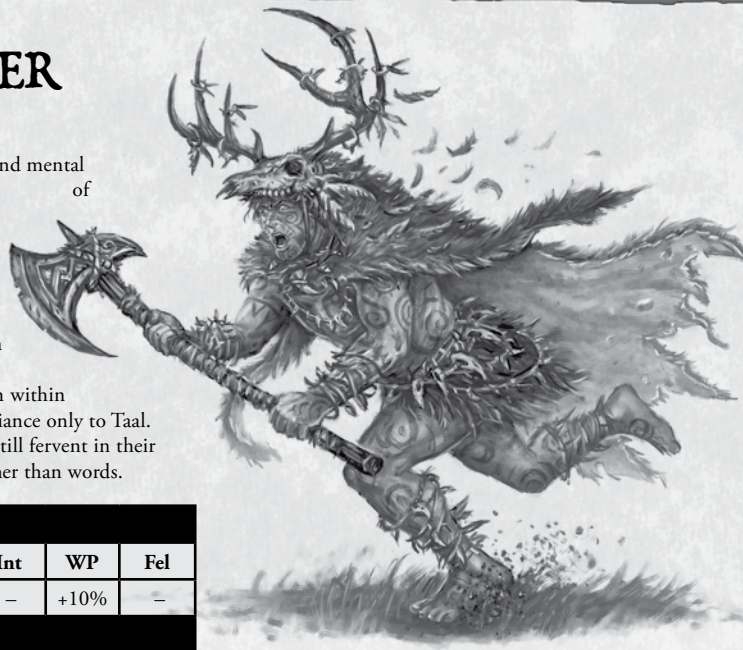
Adventure Seeds

The Earl de Courcy: Travelling across Bretonnia is pleasant until entering the Earl de Courcy's lands. Mercenaries and bounty hunters abound, levelling charges of witchcraft and sedition on innocent commonfolk, forcing them into the service of the Earl lest they be handed over to the witch hunters for trial. A band of herrimaunts decides they need to put a stop to the Earl's strong-armed tactics once and for all.

HORNED HUNTER

Serve the forest, and the forest shall serve you.

(TiT) The rites of Taaal demand great physical, emotional, and mental fortitude for its practitioners. Some see the trappings of civilization – cities, courts, and the like – as a failing in the interpretation of Taaal’s will. The Horned Hunters are deeply zealous and shun the city. Unlike Taaal’s Chosen, the Horned Hunters give up much in the way of a material life. They shun normal clothing and armour and wear animal skins, loincloths, or less. Part of their initiation into this group is to undergo extensive tattooing, covering their chest and face. Horned Hunters prowl the woods both within the Taalbaston and throughout Talabecland and claim allegiance only to Taaal. While they lack the fiery rhetoric of most zealots, they are still fervent in their beliefs and believe that conversion comes from actions, rather than words.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+10%	–	+5%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail *or* Set Trap, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs (Ranger), Silent Move

Talents: Frenzy, Hardy, Fleet Footed *or* Very Resilient

Trappings: Anti-toxin kit, Great weapon (two-handed axe), Light Armour (leather jack)

Career Entries: Initiate (of Taaal), Scribe

Career Exits: Hunter, Militiaman, Outlaw, Scout, Vagabond

Forest Mentors

A devotee of Taaal who decides to follow the path of the horned hunter is most often guided by a mentor, an experienced horned hunter who suddenly appears in his life to teach him the ways of the forest, and help ease the transition from the civilised world to an existence completely dependent on nature.

The new horned hunter is taught how to survive alone in the woods, and even those who pride themselves on their survival skills and wilderness savvy are surprised at how little they actually know.

When his ward is ready, the forest mentor will leave him to embark on the path of the horned hunter alone, returning to the shrine of Taaal and Rhya to report on the progress of his charge, or returning to his duties elsewhere in the forest.

Those that survive the ordeal and make their back to the shrine are officially accepted into the fraternity of Horned Hunters. Those that do not survive also provide a valuable service – as cautionary tales to fledgling horned hunters, and noble sacrifices to Taaal.

Notable Figures

Greatest of all the horned hunters within the Taalbaston is the one known only as the Ghost. Even among other hunters and devotees of Taaal, he is more legend than fact, and the only evidence of his passing are the remains of his enemies, peppered with arrows.

The only thing that can be said with certainty is that the Ghost is a hunter without peer, one truly blessed by Taaal to be one with the woods. His deeds include the slaying of orcs, goblins and beastmen as well as other, darker creatures that wander the forests of Talabecland.

He kills from the shadows of the trees with his bow, as elusive as his namesake; his foes never see their attacker. The Ghost has an uncanny knack of mysteriously appearing in the right place at the right time to challenge those that threaten the cult of Taaal or desecrate the Taalbaston.

Most people say that this is proof that he is guided by Taaal’s hand, but there are some who claim that the Ghost does not actually exist, or that if he does, he is not actually a follower of Taaal at all, but a rogue wood elf. However, most Talabeclanders prefer to believe that their forest is under the protection of this enigmatic champion of Taaal.

Adventure Seeds

Hunting the Beast: A fearsome and strange beast has been seen within the Taalbaston. Twisted and evil, the creature is said to resemble a fanged and tusked horse with no skin, standing eight feet from hoof to shoulder. Surely a thing of Chaos, the horned hunters are seeking it out, and there will be much glory for the one that claims its skull.

Trapping the Trapper: Forst, a trapper from Talabheim, has been bragging in the local tavern of a trophy he found in the woods. It is the skull of an especially large beastman with a single shiny black rock set into its forehead. Word has reached the horned hunters who fear that the black rock may be a shard of deadly warpstone. They are keen to see the skull destroyed and to discover just where Forst found it.



HORSE COPER

Of course this horse is healthy, Sir. Weeping sores? I don't see any... oh that; those are just flea bites; those will heal quickly. You obviously know horses; I'll throw in a fresh saddle blanket and saddlebags for this fine animal if you'll buy him now. I've an urgent appointment in another town....

(RotIQ) Horse copers (horse salesman) are notorious for being smarmy and dishonest. It seems every stable has a grinning coper offering “the very best horse flesh on the market, sire,” descended from “the strongest bloodlines of the Ostermarker Veldt, sire.” As horses are central to Kislevite life, the market is incredibly competitive, and buyers have a hard time finding a reliable dealer, especially as most will try any underhanded trick to ensure a sale. Some disreputable copers happily paint rotten teeth white, pass off diseased nags as “shy,” and proudly boast infertile stallions will “sire a line o’ beauties, sire.” Indeed, the only place horse copers never sell to is the knacker’s yards, though it is a good source for stock.

If you are rolling randomly for your starting career and are not rolling a Kislevite, you can substitute horse coper for burgher with your GM’s permission.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	+5%	+5%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care (Int), Charm (Fel) **or** Consume Alcohol (T), Charm Animal (Fel), Evaluate (Int), Gossip (Fel), Haggle (Fel), Perception (Int), Ride (Ag), Speak Language (Kislevarin) (Int)

Talents: Dealmaker **or** Flee!, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Suave

Trappings: It wouldn’t do to look shabby when trying to sell goods, so horse copers always have a set of superior clothing. To control their beasts, copers also carry a lasso or whip. In addition, they have a number of horses ready for sale (1d5 of varying quality) and have a bit of coin for bribes, feed, and stabling (1d10 **gc**).

Career Entries: Burgher, Drover, Horse Master, Messenger, Steppes Nomad

Career Exits: Burgher, Charlatan, Horse Master, Merchant, Rogue



BASIC



A Day in the Life

Horse copers have a reputation for dishonesty, and they will certainly take advantage of anyone they see as a mark or from “out of town.” Regular customers will know better, and will make sure they are getting first quality animals or they’ll take their business to someone else.

Horse copers also know that they would lead a short life indeed if they swindled everyone to whom they sold a horse, so they learn – sometimes the hard way – to be selective in targeting their marks. Copers have few friends and many enemies, and as a consequence many of them live a semi-nomadic existence, picking up stakes and moving on as soon as their welcome has been worn out (or possibly a little bit before!).

A crooked horse coper who is caught can expect mob justice to rule; he and his family will be stripped of everything but the clothes on their backs, and driven out of the village into the cold, to survive as best they can in punishment for the coper’s misdeeds. If the coper is lucky, he will be confronted by a chekist, and forced to pay recompense to those he swindled.

Little Known Facts

Kislevite horse copers stand out as the most unscrupulous, conniving, obsequious merchants ever known in the old world. Even a person knowledgeable in the ways of horse trading needs to be careful; if the coper plans to pack up and leave town soon, he has little to lose by unloading a sick or unfit animal on an innocent traveller or an unfamiliar face.

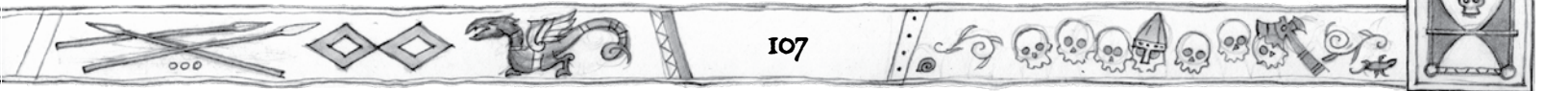
The phrase, “*As good as a coper’s word*” is meant to convey a lack of honesty.

The phrase “*A coper’s change*” comes from the tendency of some copers to substitute worthless metal slugs for a small fraction of the coins in a handful of change given on a transaction, meaning you’re in for an unpleasant surprise.’

Adventure Seeds

An Old Nag: The party buys a horse from a coper, only to discover a few days later that it is far older than advertised, and is in fact nearing the end of its life. The characters can spend time tracking down the coper who sold them this broken-down nag and since vanished. Or they can move on, buy another horse from someone else, and take the lesson for what it’s worth.

A Moral Dilemma: A horse coper hires one or more of the party to act as his bodyguards. He claims he’s being targeted by criminals trying to ruin him and take his goods, and puts forth an honest and sincere face to the party. Everyone they meet universally despises the man, save his own family, who worship him for being a good provider, father, and husband. If he is killed, his children and widow will be run out of town with only the clothes on their backs, forced to survive as best they can in the harsh Kislev steppes while the townsfolk divide up their possessions as “compensation.” Does the party defend a wicked man and condemn his innocent family to certain death, or do they suffer a wicked man to live?



HUNTER

The trail is old, but I can follow it. Go back to camp and start a cookfire. We're eating coney tonight.

(Core) While the Empire has come far from the tribes that founded it 2500 years ago, some things haven't changed at all. Although Peasants till parts of the land, huge expanses of the Empire are still covered with forest or are hostile to agriculture. These are the lands where Hunters and trappers thrive. They use the same techniques as their ancestors to take down game, be it a trap or a well-placed shot. It takes skill to stalk wild animals while avoiding the dark creatures of the woods. Hunters in their animal skin clothes and fur hats may appear uncouth to city folks, but they don't much care what others think of them.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	+15%	-	+5%	+10%	+5%	-	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+3	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search or Swim, Secret Signs (Ranger), Silent Move or Set Trap

Talents: Hardy or Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Lightning Reflexes or Very Resilient, Marksman or Rover, Rapid Reload

Trappings: Longbow with 10 Arrows, 2 Animal Traps, Antitoxin Kit

Career Entries: Animal Trainer, Charcoal-Burner, Kithband Warrior, Woodsman

Career Exits: Animal Trainer, Bounty Hunter, Charcoal-Burner, Fieldwarden, Kithband Warrior, Miner, Scout, Soldier, Targeteer



BASIC

Tools of the Trade

Weaponry: The weapons used by hunters have changed little over the centuries. While there have been advances in technology, such as the advent of the crossbow and forged steel, hunters have hardly been affected by the application of these developments. A crossbow functions similarly to the bow, forged steel behaves similarly to iron.

Horn: In dense forest or grassy plain, the hunter requires a method of communication with his fellow Hunters when game or danger is spotted. The horn can also be used to call a trained animal.

Skinning Tools: The hunter requires a selection of specialised knives to prepare and dress the kill for transport.

Horse: The domesticated horse is the hunter's great equaliser against speedy forest prey. The horse should be strong enough to carry the hunter over long chases, agile enough to manoeuvre through scrub and underbrush, and fearless when encountering wild beasts. After the kill is made, the horse can also help carry the meat home in a swift manner.

Dog: The trained hunting dog is indispensable to the solo hunter. A well-trained canine will locate, drive and corner the prey as the hunter moves in for the kill. Hunting dogs are trained to obey the signals of the hunter's horn.

Hawk: Sometimes, the wide-open plains where the herds run cover too large an area for a dog to locate and chase game. In addition to its prowess at hunting other birds or small game, a well-trained hawk can also direct its master to larger prey.

The Master of the Hunt

When the nobility of the Empire goes hunting, they employ a specialist hunter called the Master of the Hunt to ensure a successful venture. The Master of the Hunt is a common position in most noble households. It is this huntsman's responsibility to locate the prey for his lord. The lord then determines if the game is worth pursuing or not. If the lord is pleased with the selection, the huntsman flanks the animal and begins herding it towards the hunting party and the chase is on.

The Master of the Hunt and his lordship are always assured the widest selection of game because they hunt in Imperial forests. An Imperial forest is a large region of prime hunting land reserved for the sole use of the Elector Count and his approved guests. As most Elector Counts are busy with matters of state (and not hunting), protected Imperial forests typically sit empty and teeming with game. Provincial law prescribes harsh penalties on any form of poaching in an Imperial forest, and the killing of a field hare carries the same punishment as the killing of a stag. There is a popular misconception that Imperial forests are restricted to wooded regions, and this is not the case. An Imperial forest can include any type of terrain that supports wild game, whether it's grassland, wetland or plain.

Adventure Seeds

Dangerous Prey: A terrible beast is killing the livestock in an area. Neighbouring hunters form a hunting party to go after the beast, but the creature's tracks lead into an Imperial forest...

The Siren's Song: Hunters are going missing in a nearby wood. Local rumours persist of a beautiful river nymph whose siren call beckons the hunters to their doom.





INITIATE

Faith is not given freely. It must be earned. I have been trying to earn it for many years now.

(Core) Religion has taken second place to money in the affections of many Old Worlders, but there are still many young men and women willing to devote their lives to the Gods. It takes great dedication and training to become a Priest. Initiates are Priests-in-training. They undergo harsh instruction under strict teachers, and until they are finished they are not allowed to preach or conduct services. Their training includes literacy and calligraphy, the study of scriptures, and the art of the sermon. They also learn the basics of weapon use so the temple can be defended in times of need.

Note: As an Initiate you must decide who your patron God is and what church you serve. You can learn more about the faiths of the Old World in **Chapter 8: Religion and Belief** of the Core Rulebook. Your choice gives you another skill or talent, as detailed in **Church Skills** and **Talents** entry of your God's description.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	-	+5%	-	+10%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy or History), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm, Heal, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Lightning Reflexes or Very Strong, Public Speaking, Suave or Warrior Born

Trappings: Religious Symbol (see Chapter 8: Religion and Belief for types), Robes

Career Entries: Dilettante, Hedge Wizard, Knight, Scribe, Student, Vampire Hunter, Witch Hunter, Zealot

Career Exits: Barber-Surgeon, Demagogue, Friar, Lay Priest, Priest, Scribe, Zealot

Becoming an Initiate

There are manifold reasons for devoting one's life to divine service, and not all of them involve faith. Many initiates have no choice in their destiny, having been gifted to a cult at birth.

This is the fate of many orphans, the children of paupers, or the babies especially religious parents who hope that gifting their child to a cult will bring that god's fortune on their family. In addition, the nobility send their youngest sons to cult seminaries to avoid problems of inheritance. These initiates are often the least willing pupils.

However, there are some who choose to become initiates in later life. Perhaps a traumatic event has given them a profound religious insight, or they have experienced a miraculous epiphany that fills them with the zeal of faith. Or perhaps a person wishes to atone for a misdeed, to wash away their remorse by devoting themselves to a holy vocation. Such initiates are often the most passionate followers of their god, chastising those who fail to match their own unbending righteousness.

Life of an Initiate

The life of an initiate involves arduous labour and long hours of study and prayer. When they are not being educated with holy book and hazel rod, initiates toil ceaselessly, cleaning the temple garderobes or performing other unsavoury tasks the priests prefer not to touch.

This strict regime of labour is intended to hammer home to each initiate that their only desire should be obeying the commands of their superiors and the will of the god they serve. After several years of intensive training, initiates are released from their temple to experience life beyond its walls.

Before they can help their flock in spiritual matters, they must become aware of the world and its pitfalls. Itinerant initiates discover how to surmount life's obstacles using only the teachings of their faith. When they have learned how to accomplish this, they are allowed to return to their temple to be ordained as fully-fledged priests, the proudest moment of an initiate's life.

Adventure Seeds

Holy Fervour: The adventuring party has been joined by an initiate of Shallya. Her fervent belief in non-violence is often a source of conflict in the group. Whenever the party encounters a situation best solved with violence, are they prepared to endure the initiate's fiery rhetoric, or will they bow to her demands and seek a less bloody, and less straightforward, solution?

The Wolves of Ulric: A party of adventurers on a mission in the wintry wilderness, encounters a young man in rags wielding only a club, being attacked by a group of wolfskin-clad warriors brandishing axes. Unknown to the party, the lad is an initiate of Ulric, and his attackers are priests from his temple staging an attack to test his strength. Should the party charge in to rescue the lad and kill any of the priests, they will become enemies of the local temple of the White Wolf.

Corruption on High: A Chaos cult is uncovered within a town's upper echelons, and a senior priest of the temple has been charged with collusion. All of the temple's priests are investigated during the resulting trials. The initiates must work together to uncover the truth before the town bands together against their entire order.

JAILER

Good morning, master thief. Did you enjoy the face branding yesterday? I can see that you did. And how are you enjoying the accommodations? More lip from you and I'll be glad to brand the other cheek.

(Core) The Empire is a nation of laws, which means it's also a nation of jails. Despite the best efforts of the clergy of Verena, the Goddess of Justice, the innocent are just as likely as the guilty to end up in jail. Better too harsh than too lax is the opinion of the law. Imperial jails are foul dungeons that smell equally of fear and excrement. Jailers preside over these institutions, using a combination of brutality and humiliation to keep order. Jailers generally have no sense of justice or pity, and are seldom swayed by pleas or speeches (though bribes are gladly accepted). The worst are outright sadists, delighting in the power they hold over their charges.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	-	+10%	+10%	-	-	+5%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+3	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Command, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Heal **or** Sleight of Hand, Intimidate, Perception, Search

Talents: Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Wrestling

Trappings: Bottle of Common Wine, Tankard, **Any one of:** Bola, Lasso, Net

Career Entries: Bodyguard, Rat Catcher

Career Exits: Bailiff, Bodyguard, Interrogator, Rat Catcher, Watchman



BASIC

The Empire's Strange Penal Code

It is assumed by most of their 'guests' that jailers are simply brutish sadists who enjoy torturing them. And while certainly this is true of some, many jailers are bound by an archaic and often bewildering code of laws.

For example, in Altdorf it is illegal for a jailer to beat a prisoner with a club thicker than this thumb. In Middenheim, any prisoner that will be executed must be fed roast beef.

The city with the most and widest variety of bizarre and even laughable penal laws, is Talabheim. In Talabheim, prisoners must wear colour-coded tabards according to their most heinous crime. This bizarre selection of often garish colours (yellow for theft, red for murder, green for forgery, pink for rape, and white and grey stripes for treason, to give a few examples) creates a prison that to one observer's eye looks more like a circus than a jail.

Friedl Grützmüller, Jailer of Brissenwald

Friedl is almost terrifyingly ugly. Born hunched and marked by pox in his youth, he looks the typical jailer – a horrid monster eager to torture prisoners. Friedl puts on a good show whenever the warden or nobility come around – slurring his speech, whipping any prisoner who steps out of line wildly, and so forth.

But in truth, Friedl runs the most comfortable and easiest jails in the Empire. Located right outside of Nuln, Brissenwald receives a lot of prisoners from that bustling hub of trade and crime. Friedl is on the payroll of multiple crime lords within that city and he provides them with a valuable service. When one of the crime lord's men gets caught,

and simply getting them off isn't an option, a bribed official will send that man "to the hell that is Brissenwald."

Friedl ensures (for no small fee) that his guests' needs are taken care of. In fact, Friedl is more an innkeeper than a jailer, seeing that his clients are well-fed and stay in relative comfort. A few well-chosen women of the night (paid as much for their discretion as anything else), work the prison under Friedl's supervision.

Wine is served with supper. The guards are hand chosen to make sure they understand what this job requires and are well paid for their silence. However, nothing will help any prisoner sent to Brissenwald who can not pay Friedl's fees. After all, someone has to be made example of when the local lords visit.

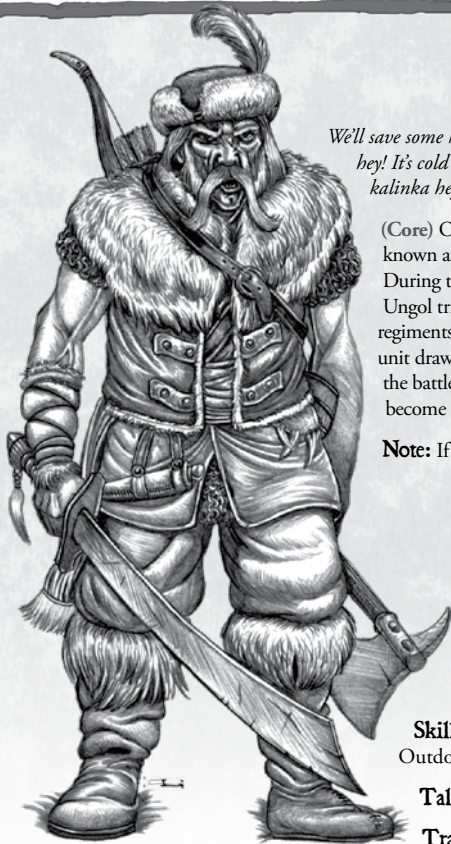
Adventure Seeds

Exchanging Favors: The party needs someone in jail, out. Who holds the keys? Why, a jailer, of course. He certainly is willing to let the person go, if the party could help him with a little matter involving his gambling debts and a local racketeer.

Scouring the Dungeons: A jailer has been selling corpses of dead prisoners to a local physician for his studies of anatomy. While this is illegal in and of itself, there is loose talk that the jailer hasn't been waiting for prisoners to die. And perhaps the "physician" is also more than he seems. Is there any truth to the stories about undead in the cemetery and a necromancer in residence at a hidden crypt?



BASIC



KISLEVITE KOSSAR

We'll save some kvas for after the fight, sing hey kalinka hey! Just make sure to survive the night, sing hey kalinka hey! It's cold enough to crack the stones, sing hey kalinka key! Just one more kvas to warm the bones, sing hey kalinka hey!

(Core) Originally, the Kossars were an Ungol tribe that lived northeast of the Empire. An eastern people known as the Gospodars invaded this region, subjugated the Ungols, and founded the nation of Kislev. During this conflict, the Kossars sold their skills to the Gospodars as Mercenaries, fighting against other Ungol tribes. Their unique style of fighting impressed the Gospodar nobility, and since that time Kossar regiments have served the Tzars of Kislev. These days the Kossars are no longer a tribe, but a tough military unit drawn from all over Kislev. They are armed with bows and great axes, making them quite flexible on the battlefield. Many Kossars, tired of the ceaseless warfare of their native land, travel to the Empire to become Mercenaries or adventurers.

Note: If this is your Starting Career, you are from Kislev.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	-	+10%	-	-	+10%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Common Knowledge (Kislev), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble **or** Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Kislevian)

Talents: Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike to Injure

Trappings: Bow with 10 Arrows, Great Weapon (Two-handed Axe), Medium Armour (Mail Coat, Leather Jack, and Leather Leggings)

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Bounty Hunter, Mercenary, Sergeant, Shieldbreaker, Veteran

Little Known Facts

When an Ungol or Gospodar man joins the Kossars, he's expected to leave clan loyalties behind and fight solely for the Tsarina and Kislev. In times of war, Kislev's often volatile mixture of Ungol and Gospodar cultural difference melt away in the face of a common foe. In times of peace, however, clan differences cause friction and Kislev's patchwork of conciliatory laws creates more problems than it solves. Over time, the Tzars of Kislev have observed that Kossar morale improves when they're exempted from culturally divisive laws. Minor criminal charges against Kossars are therefore routinely ignored, and their partial immunity has given them an inflated sense of entitlement. Arbitrary punishments have proven mostly ineffective for restoring discipline.

When convenient, however, Kossars use certain laws to their advantage. For example, Gospodar Kossars often cite clan solidarity laws from the Ungol tradition when civilians file charges against one of their number. Likewise, Ungol Kossars wishing to defect are quick to adopt the Gospodar custom of "finding Ursun," which allows every man one opportunity to abandon his responsibilities for a full month and wander the oblast in search of spiritual guidance. Kossars who defect in this manner usually travel south for greener pastures, never to return.

Bokha Palace Guard

Bokha Palace in the city of Kislev is guarded by three hundred of Tzarina Katarin's most loyal Kossars. These soldiers play a vital part in the Ice Queen's plans to expand the standing army with cavalry, and to gradually phase out Ungol law in Kislev.

The Palace Guard conducts weekly parades through the city. Recent parades have featured small units of mercenary cavalry from the

Empire and Tilea marching alongside the Kossars. Katarin hopes these cavalrymen will come to be accepted as part of the Palace Guard and will eventually be replaced by Winged Lancers. If one rota of Winged Lancers accepts the honour of serving in the Palace Guard, then others will surely follow.

The Palace Guard is also a recruitment pool for Katarin's secret police (or Chekists). Ungols who serve in the Palace Guard are watched closely. The most trusted are enticed with rewards to train with the Chekists and return to their home villages as "legal advisors." Their mission usually involves persuading village elders to "modernise" outdated Ungol laws. Gospodar Chekists are occasionally recruited from the Palace Guard as well, but not as frequently, or deliberately, as Ungols.

Kislev's regular Kossars are becoming resentful of the Palace Guard, having watched them receive additional wages and perks even as their own wages are lowered.

Adventure Seeds

Civil Disobedience: Kislekite immigrants have been refused hunting and fishing rights in an Imperial province, and families are starving as a result. A rally has been organised to protest the baron's draconian policy. The Kislevites need trained warriors, just in case the situation becomes ugly.

Nightmares Come True: The Kossar is haunted by recurring nightmares of crimes committed by his old regiment against innocent civilians. If the Kossar seeks help from a priest or mystic, he's told that the Pleasure Lord has a hold on his soul, and that only by confronting his personal demons firsthand will he ever sleep peacefully.

KITHBAND WARRIOR

There are dark things lurking within these woods. Be wary.

(Core) Some Elves live in secluded glades deep inside the great forests. As the taint of Chaos has become worse, these Elven lands have declined. Within the Empire few Elven communities are left, the largest being in Laurelorn. Beneath the boughs of the forest the Elves fight a hidden battle with Beastmen and other foul creatures. Small units of warriors, known as Kithbands, take the fight to the enemy. As their name indicates, Kithbands are made up of Elves from related family groups and they fight under their clan emblems. These skilled bowmen protect the Elf settlements from the dark things of the wood. Every bow is needed to stave off the destruction of the remaining Elf lands of the Empire.

Note: Only Elves of woodland origin can enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	-	-	+10%	+10%	+5%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Concealment, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Heal **or** Search, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move

Talents: Marksman **or** Rover, Rapid Reload **or** Warrior Born

Trappings: Elfbow with 10 Arrows, Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Career Entries: Hunter, Messenger

Career Exits: Hunter, Outrider, Scout, Vagabond, Veteran



BASIC / SPECIAL

Affiliations

Kithband warriors who wander out into the lands of the Old World can feel like fish out of water, and may soon want for understanding company. Many men of the Empire feel rather distrustful of elves, suspicious of their fey and mysterious nature. Some of this distaste does stem from actions taken by elves, but mostly it is due to a subconscious bitterness men bear towards them because of their grace and longevity.

The priests of Taal and Rhya are more understanding. They know something of elven ways and are keen to keep on good terms with the folk of the woodland. Magisters of the Amber and Jade Colleges also tend to be less ignorant of elves than other men of the Empire.

Elven communities in human lands are not common, but there are sizeable Elven quarters in some cities, such as Marienburg and L'Anguille. While there can be friction between elves and mankind, most cities grudgingly welcome the addition of these talented strangers.

Notable Figure: Aeleanor Truesight

As a youth, Aeleanor readily admitted a sense of ennui to his elders in the Laurelorn forest, and told them he desired to travel the lands of the Empire. The elders were loathe to let one of their much needed archers go wandering, and they deliberated with Aeleanor regarding his rather eccentric wish.

However, his mind was set. They sent him on his way with the traditional warning, that he was never to let anyone know about life in Laurelorn or how to find the elves dwelling there, on pain of never being allowed to return.

Aeleanor travelled first to the city of Middenheim, but was so struck by the alien nature of the stone buildings crammed together on a pinnacle of rock, that he turned south and made for Delberz instead.

He receives a great deal of attention, for an elf travelling alone along the roads of the Empire is not a common sight. The rushed pace of human life, juxtaposed with their lumpish and ungainly physical appearance, is bewildering to Aeleanor, but he remains fascinated by it all the same. At the same time, he is horrified to see how wastefully humans treat the land, with their inefficient farms and their polluting industries.

Adventure Seeds

The Cult of the Red Crown: The cult is very interested to know more about the elven community in Laurelorn. These devotees of Tzeentch help raise and equip forces of beastmen and mutants within the forests of the Empire, planning one day to unleash a mighty army that will sweep all before it. Many times their forces have been cut down by elven arrows, and some members of the cult believe it's very important to wipe the elves of Laurelorn out before they can muster their forces unmolested. Because of this they will be very keen to 'talk' to any kithband warriors they notice travelling about the Empire.

A Dying Request: Whilst travelling, an adventuring party come across a heavily-wounded elf who tells a tale of making a miraculous escape from a goblin raiding party. He has been tortured, and to his shame, divulged the location of a hidden elf community to the greenskins. He now seeks the goblins before they can do any further damage and urges the PCs to help him chase and kill his quarry. Of course, should one of the PCs be a kithband warrior they will feel obliged to provide their kinsman with assistance.

KNIGHT ERRANT

Thou hast not heard of me nor of mine great deeds? Let me rectify that.

(KotG) Knights of the Empire start their careers following after some other knight, acting as nothing more than a servant. What else would you expect from a nation who has forgotten the true meaning of chivalry, the true meaning of honour, and the true meaning of courage?

In Bretonnia, knights start off riding their own trail, as they set off on their errantry tour. Bretonnian knights learn from the best school there is: genuine experience. At the start of their tour, they don't have any genuine experience, but most make up the deficit with their enthusiasm.

Knights Errant are expected to travel widely, often alone, seeking out perilous situations in which to prove their worth. As a result, they can be found anywhere in the Old World, sometimes to the regret of the natives.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	–	+5%	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Animal Care, Animal Training, Common Knowledge (any one), Dodge Blow, Outdoor Survival, Ride, Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Etiquette, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry), Strike Mighty Blow, Virtue of Chivalry

Trappings: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt, Mail Coif, Leather Jack, Helmet), Lance, Shield, Light Warhorse with saddle and harness

Career Entries: Knight, Noble, Squire

Career Exits: Knight of the Realm

Note: Characters who are not male Bretonnian nobles must pretend to be so in order to become Knights Errant.



BASIC

Little Known Facts

Knights errant are, by their very nature, young and inexperienced. Once the king or a senior noble feels the knight errant has had enough experience and proven his skill and bravery, he promotes the knight to a Knight of the Realm.

Knights errant tend to travel a great deal, seeking every opportunity to win acclaim, and so they usually travel with few worldly possessions. Most knights errant carry their arms and armour, their horse's gear, one or two sets of basic clothing, a few small coins, some food, and a few personal items.

Some knights cover their shields, hiding their heraldic device to show that they are seeking experience and justice rather than personal glory. This rarely happens with a knight errant, however. They are, after all, trying to establish their reputation, and so they take every opportunity to display their device and proclaim their name and lineage.

Knights errant are renowned for answering any and all calls to arms. They are also the first in line for any charge and the last to retreat, as their headstrong nature overwhelms their common sense and their sense of strategy.

Notable Figures

Sir Tomas the Shieldless is renowned among the younger knights of Bretonnia. A poor young stablehand, his life changed one night when he aided an old knight battling a pack of brigands. Out of gratitude, the knight, Sir Geoffrey, took Tomas as his squire.

Tomas served Sir Geoffrey faithfully for two years, until the day they had the misfortune to run into the same brigands a second time. They

drove off the brigands again, but this time Sir Geoffrey was mortally wounded. Before he died he knighted Tomas and bequeathed his armour, weapons, and horse to the youth.

The armour was old and dented but still serviceable, the horse in good health, the sword well-kept – but the knight's shield had been shattered by a heavy mace blow. Tomas threw it aside, vowing that he would carry no shield until he had earned a heraldic device of his own, and charged off to find the men who had killed his mentor.

Sir Tomas continues his search for his patron's murderers to this day. He has won some fame as an honest knight with decent sword skills and excellent horsemanship. However, he has yet to earn the rank of Knight of the Realm, so he continues to travel and to try proving his worth.

Adventure Seeds

Deaths in the Woods: Someone – or something – has been killing travellers as they pass through the forest. The victims' bodies are never found, and the few steeds recovered have been terrified into madness. This seems the perfect chance for a knight errant to prove his worth!

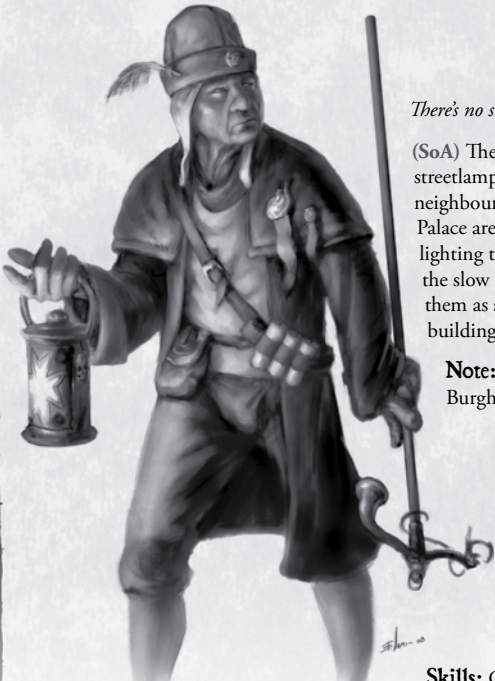
A False Knight: A young maiden stumbles into the inn one night, calling for help. She claims a cruel knight invaded her home and now torments her parents and makes unwanted advances toward her sister. She escaped to seek aid. How could any knight errant refuse such a damsel? However, is all as it seems?

LAMPLIGHTER

There's no sight more beautiful than the sun rising over the streets of Altdorf... ah... bed time!

(SoA) The Empire's largest cities have a wonder seen nowhere else in the Old World: the streetlamp. They are used to illuminate the major streets and thoroughfares, particularly in wealthy neighbourhoods. Altdorf was the first city to install streetlamps and those surrounding the Emperor's Palace are particularly ornate. Lamplighters are responsible for maintaining the streetlamps and lighting them each night as dusk falls. They carry a variety of candles and matches and some even use the slow burning matches common to firearms. City dwellers are proud of their streetlamps, seeing them as symbols of sophistication and civilisation. Such is the threat of fire in the closely packed buildings that interfering with the lamplighters is punishable by death.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Lamplighter for Burgher with your GM's permission.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	-	+5%	-	+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol **or** Drive, Gossip, Haggle, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface

Talents: Excellent Vision **or** Savvy, Flee!, Street Fighting

Trappings: Lamp Oil, 20 Matches, Storm Lantern, Tinderbox, 8 Wax Candles, 10' Lamplighter's Pole

Career Entries: Charcoal-Burner, Peasant, Rat Catcher, Servant

Career Exits: Agitator, Burgher, Entertainer, Initiate, Servant, Smuggler, Toll Keeper, Watchman

The Lamper's Tasks

Each district of a city has its own lamplighter, or lamper as he is known. He begins his daily round at dawn, when he patrols his route, snuffing out the streetlamp candles using a small hook on the end of the long pole that is the hallmark of his profession.

He makes a mental note of any candles that need replenishing, or streetlamps that require repairing, and returns later in the day with a ladder and the necessary candles or tools to fix the problem. The lamper is otherwise unengaged during daylight hours, and takes this chance to catch up on his sleep.

Just before dusk, his tasks begin again, when he relights the streetlamps under his supervision, using a wick on the other end of his lamper's pole. He is expected to patrol the streets to ensure that the lamps remain lit. On stormy days, he may have to regularly relight candles snuffed out by a relentless wind. Winter, with its long, cold nights, is a particularly hard time for lamplighters.

Because of their night-time activity, the watch makes extensive use of lamplighters as an extra pair of eyes against crime, but this only serves to make lamplighters a target for the murderous thieves who haunt the night-time streets.

The Festival of Light

At dusk, during the Autumn and Winter Equinox festivals, lamplighters undertake a solemn procession through the streets of the Empire's cities, bearing lanterns aloft on their poles, decorated with colourful string and ribbons. They light the wicks of their lanterns using the sacred flame that burns before the altar of Verena, and are blessed by the temple's

priests as lightbringers, tasked with the sacred duty of banishing the darkness of the winter months.

Many townsfolk flock to witness the glittering sight of the lampers' march, and much revelry follows in its wake. The procession winds its way through all the major streets of the city, and the lampers light the streetlamps as they go.

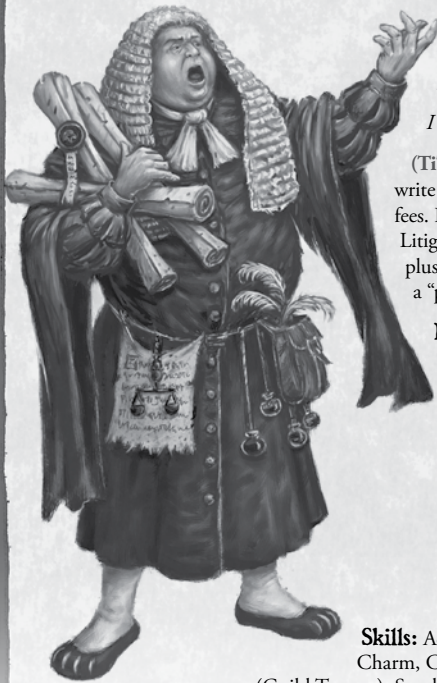
When the march has come full circle, stopping at the gates to Verena's temple, onlookers eagerly count the number of wicks still burning. If no flame has gone out, then the gods have blessed the city with good fortune in the coming year. If most of the wicks have lost their flame, the new year promises woe and privation.

Adventure Seeds

Vandalism: Someone is smashing the city's street lamps. Burglaries are on the increase in the affected areas, and the authorities assume a connection. However, although the lamplighters are extra vigilant, no culprit has yet been found, and the damage continues. Indeed, one old lamplighter claims to have witnessed a streetlamp shattering of its own accord before his eyes. The authorities are determined to find the culprit and quash the growing rumours of poltergeist activity which are unsettling the townsfolk.

Death of a Lamper: A lamplighter has been found in a pool of his own blood, his throat cut, murdered while performing his nightly duties. A high bounty is offered to anyone who can track down the killer.

BASIC



LITIGANT

Well, there are fifteen witnesses who say it was you, and the Watch caught you in the act. Other than that, I don't think they have a case against you.

(TiT) Litigants are common sights both in Talabheim and all the major cities of the Old World. They write up legal documents, interpret the law, and represent individuals in court who are able to afford their fees. Litigants are almost universally reviled, except when someone is in legal trouble and needs assistance. Litigants need to be well versed in both the laws of the Empire and the region they plan to practice law, plus have a great deal of knowledge about day-to-day affairs. Even the lowest-born litigant is considered a “person of letters” to the general populace and may be asked to do things far beyond their training.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Litigant for Scribe with your GM's permission.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	–	–	–	+5%	+10%	+10%	+10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry *or* History), Academic Knowledge (Law), Blather *or* Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip *or* Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Dealmaker *or* Etiquette, Public Speaking, Savvy *or* Suave

Armour: None

Weapons: Hand Weapon

Trappings: Book of Empire Laws, Writing Kit.

Career Entries: Burgher, Envoy, Exciseman, Scribe, Student, Watchman

Career Exits: Agitator, Demagogue, Guild Master, Merchant, Politician, Scholar

Affiliations

Litigants make it their business to know all kinds of professionals, from scribes and scholars to tradesmen and skilled labourers, to merchants, politicians, burghers and even a noble or two.

Successful litigants have a wide network of associates upon whom they rely for advice and services. Litigants frequently employ messengers or coachmen to carry summonses, bills, payments or contracts across town while they themselves are occupied with other matters.

On rare occasions, it may profit a litigant to employ the services of a bounty hunter, or some other person of an unsavoury nature, in the successful pursuit of a case, or to help obtain evidence which may exonerate a client.

Little Known Facts

Litigants represent nobles and wealthy private personages before a magistrate in court. They have spent years learning the laws of the Empire and the local customs particular to the region they are practising in and are adept at reading moods and spinning convincing arguments in favour of their clients.

Hiring a litigant is far from cheap, and the vast majority of people in the Empire can't afford to do so. However, the rich will gladly pay a skilled litigant to help them avoid the unpleasantness of prison. As a result, litigants are hated by the common classes, and are the popular butt of many sneering, bawdy jokes.

Litigants not only need to be experts on the law, they also need to be familiar with the magistrates before whom they must argue their client's cases. Cultivating a modest acquaintance with a magistrate can make

all the different when presenting a case. Knowing which palms can and cannot be successfully greased can also have a striking effect on the outcome of a trial.

Travelling litigants tend to be even more rare than travelling magistrates; for one thing, litigants rely heavily on their network of experts to help them, and these tend to be most easily accessed from a fixed location. This means that only the larger cities and towns will have litigants' services available.

Adventure Seeds

The Dangers of Litigation: A person of high standing is on trial. Many powerful enemies are arrayed against him: rival lords, wealthy merchants, even high priests. The characters are hired by the accused to guard his litigant, protecting him from the skulduggery of his opponents. If the litigant is intimidated, seriously injured or otherwise unable to continue presenting the case, the condemned will surely be found guilty, and his relatives may revenge themselves on those who failed to protect his lawyer.

Not as it Seems: A litigant is being paid to defend a wealthy merchant accused of murdering his mistress. The case seems pretty clear-cut. The accused awoke in bed with the murdered woman, a bloody knife in his hand. However, the litigant is an old friend of the merchant, and does not believe he can be responsible for the crime. He hires the characters to investigate the murder, and they unravel a plot that threatens to destabilise the higher reaches of Imperial society.

MAN-AT-ARMS

You shall fight at his Lordship's command and his whim. You shall be better than you were, for you wield and wear the arms of his Excellency! And you shall die, if that sacrifice be demanded of you, but you die well for the cause of our Lord.

(KotG) Whilst knights are the backbone of Bretonnian armies, peasants form the bulk. Some receive no training at all and are simply rounded up and pointed at the enemy. Men-at-Arms are the lucky ones. When they were paraded before their lord, he decided they had the potential to fight back and ordered that they be trained.

Still, the training and equipment that Men-at-Arms receive are not very good, and whilst they do receive some pay, it is far less than you might expect for risking your life. Most important, they are given no choice in the matter. As a result, it is not uncommon for Men-at-Arms to seize any chance to desert, and many deserters take up a life of adventure.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	—	+5%	+10%	+10%	—	—	—
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception

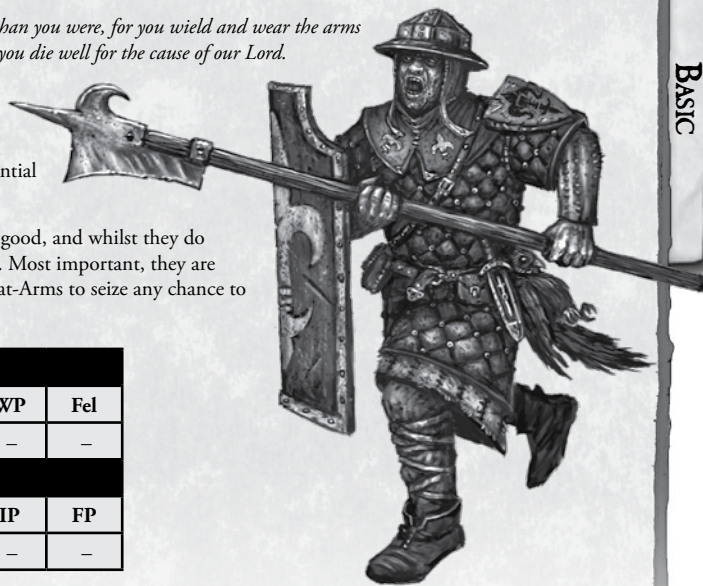
Talents: Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure

Trappings: Halberd, Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap), Uniform bearing Lord's Heraldry

Career Entries: Carcassonne Shepherd, Hunter, Peasant, Vagabond, Woodsman

Career Exits: Carcassonne Shepherd, Herrimault, Outlaw, Outrider, Veteran, Yeoman

Note: Women can only enter this career if they are pretending to be men.



BASIC

Kharmour's Blades

These elite troops are the personal pride of Baron Lariou of Kharmourt, an adjutant of the Duke of Carcassonne. While other Bretonnian barons might field poorly-trained or under-equipped men-at-arms, his officers train two detachments of greatswordsmen in tabards of black and green – the baron's colors. Those worthies promoted to sergeants are presented with mail coats, while the two commanding veterans proudly wear their lord's raven and toad on their breastplates. All of them brandish greatswords and know how to wield them in close ranks, never losing ground due to disorder or injury to one's fellows. (Many of Sir Lariou's fellow nobles try and fail to lure away some of his officers, hoping to train their men-at-arms to such magnificent discipline.)

Walking Away

"I'm tired, Vaorn. Can't we stop a while and rest? Or at least find some food?"

"Shut it, Artor!" Vaorn whispered over his shoulder. "Do ye want to draw his lordship's hunters or no? We'll be hanged at best, if n we're caught! Now step where I be once I move..."

The drizzle dampened Artor's leathers and the bog into which he and Vaorn had fled kept soaking over the top of his boots. He kept having to steady himself with his halberd like a staff as they moved through the bog. He hoped he'd not have to use the weapon soon, slimy as it was.

Vaorn had always thought for both of them, even when they were kids. He told him they'd been picked to join his lordship's army, not saying until later which lordship. Artor went along anyway, happy at first for more regular meals and drink than they ever got as stable hands. They

got leathers and smart uniforms, and trained to fight with a halberd.

His lordship, the knight Sir Jhollas, promised them land to call their own, land they needed to earn by fighting for him. 'Course, they didn't learn they were to reclaim part of cursed Mousillon from the Baron Perryol, until they were marching along the Grismerie.

After two months battling against the poxed and press-ganged forces of the baron, Vaorn was the one to whisper "Pox on this. I'm running..." as they gnawed that night's maggoty biscuit soaked in a cold stew more dog than deer. As always, Artor followed his brother's lead, which brought them to this cold, fetid bog.

Vaorn moved into a patch of reeds, slipped, and splashed into a deep pool, swearing as he fell. He half-rose out of the dark water but lurched forward again before he could fully stand up. The burly man disappeared beneath the surface, the reeds shaking as he fought beneath the fetid water.

Artor whispered, "Vaorn?" before the arm clamped onto his left leg, the putrescent black-green flesh only covering two of five fingers and part of the forearm. *Maybe life as his lordship's man-at-arms weren't so bad as this...*

Adventure Seed

Desperate Action: Men-at-arms stationed in a Black Mountain pass are ordered to defend the Bretonnian frontier against all threats. The captain of the regularly orders his troops into hopeless forays against orcs in an effort to win a promotion and a potential knighthood for himself. Can the fighting men find a way to end the madness before their own lives are forfeit?

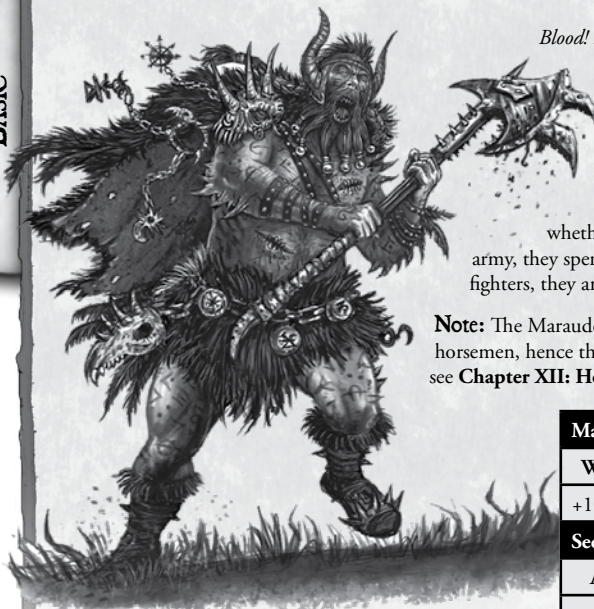


MARAUDER

Blood! Death! Blood! Death!

(ToC) Most Norsemen are great warriors, blessed with strength at arms and fierce demeanours, but it is the dream of nearly every Norsemen to join the ranks of the greatest warriors, to become Champions of Chaos and bear the marks of their Gods' favour. Until they can prove their value to the Dark Gods, they are simply Marauders. Most Marauders are the core of the Chaos Hordes. They flock to the banners of their Champions, throwing their weight behind any cause, whether it's the bidding of their Gods or the call to battle. When not part of a great army, they spend their time raiding villages of the Empire (Cathay, for Hung Marauders). Natural fighters, they are hardened by the bleak land and bred for battle. They hold all others in contempt.

Note: The Marauder career is open to Norsemen, Kurgan, and Hung. The latter two are generally horsemen, hence this career allows for Marauders that serve as horsemen. For details on these peoples, see **Chapter XII: Hordes of Chaos** in *Tome of Corruption*.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	-	+5%	+5%	+10%	-	+10%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care, Consume Alcohol, Follow Trail, Navigation, Perception, Ride *or* Sail, Search

Talents: Orientation, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Flail, *or* Two-handed), Strike to Injure

Trappings: Dagger *or* two Javelins, Flail, Great Weapon *or* Demilance, Hand Weapon, Light Armour (Helmet and Leather Leggings), Shield, Tattoos

Career Entries: Berserker, Bondsman, Cult Acolyte, Freeholder, Reaver, Skald, Special*

Career Exits: Chaos Warrior (ToC), Mercenary, Reaver, Slaver, Warleader

*Any character with at least one mutation and the GM's permission may become a Marauder.

A Day in the Life

A marauder lives solely to become a champion of chaos. He knows that many are called, and most die on the way – but that won't happen to him. The belief that he will be one of the few elite, one anointed by Chaos, drives him in every way. There is no doubt possible.

To that end, he exults in death and destruction, as bloody and purposeless as possible. Raids are executed with raw, overwhelming force, not cunning and planning. In the raw, red, fury of battle, there is nothing but the whirling of blades and the pure joy of feeling a fallen foe's heart blood spray across your face. After the fight is done, there is time for a breather, a chance to slay the survivors in gory games of torture and death.

After that... the marauder packs up and moves on, pausing only to occasionally drink and squander his pelf. Eventually, the call will come to join a warband of Chaos, and this is where the marauder can truly show all he has learned on his raids, battling alongside and beastmen as he strives to outperform them in acts of debauched, violent, savagery.

It's a good life.

Affiliations

No matter how skilled he may be, the marauder cannot last long on his own. One marauder is simply a heavily armed madman running loose in a town – he may bring down five or even ten opponents on his own, but he will soon be overwhelmed and slain. Even worse, he may be taken prisoner and forced to die by hanging, not by the blade. So he relies on his band.

A Marauder band is constantly torn by savage violence and bloody fights over the most trivial of causes, or no cause at all. It takes a leader of almost supernatural charisma to hold one together for long.

Bands regularly splinter into new bands, or sometimes merge with others. It is possible, though rare, for some friendships to form among pairs or very small groups of three or four, and these bonds of shield-brothers will stick together as the larger band divides or grows.

Adventure Seeds

The Lesser Evil: The peaceful fishing village has realized that a band of marauders is moving along the coast, and that they are but a few days from slaughter. They seek out the party to provide protection and training, but can offer little in exchange except for rude shelter, dried fish, and some measure of gratitude. It is possible, however, that there could be all manner of heretical cults which have secretly infested the village, and the party may merely be keeping overt Chaos from destroying covert Chaos.

The Right Tool for the Job: Someone needs to die – badly. However, the party doesn't think they're up to the job. A marauder warband is nearby, but they're heading in the wrong direction. If, somehow, the party could divert them to wash over their own target, the slaughter could be accomplished with a minimum of fuss and bother. Of course, controlling a warband is not easy. Infiltration, attack, or trickery might all be used. Parties of Norse descent will have an easier time of it, and if one of their number is a marauder, so much the better!

MARINE

So, they think they can just waltz over here and plunder our hold? Let's show 'em wot's wot, boys!

(Core) Marines are ship-borne soldiers who can be found in the Imperial fleet and onboard the larger private vessels. They protect their ships from pirates, Norse marauders, and other raiders. Unlike seamen, whose primary duty is sailing the ship, Marines are onboard only to fight. When in port, Marines frequently form press gangs to fill out the ship's crew. More than one unsuspecting citizen has awoken at sea after taking a belaying pin to the head from an overzealous press ganger. Due to these activities, and their own drunken brawling, Marines are resented in many seaside communities. When raiders attack, however, these same citizens are quick to accept the aid of battle-hardened Marines.

Note: During character creation, if you take Common Knowledge (the Wasteland), your character can be from the great port of Marienburg at your option.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+10%	–	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Wasteland) **or** Gamble, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gossip **or** Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Intimidate, Row, Swim

Talents: Disarm **or** Quick Draw, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Bow **or** Crossbow with 10 Arrows **or** Bolts, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Shield, Grappling Hook, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Boatman, Fisherman, Seaman

Career Exits: Mate, Outlaw, Sergeant, Smuggler, Thug



BASIC

Blackjack Bernhardt

In the coastal village of Brackwater, sea captains with crews to fill turn to Blackjack Burnhardt first. The legendary press-ganger owns the largest boarding-house in town, and has no compunction about drugging and selling his guests.

One late evening, Burnhardt found himself with an urgent order from a desperate captain for a hundred crewmen and little time to spare. Unfortunately for Blackjack, there were very few ships in port at the time and the boarding-house was empty. This meant that the ever-resourceful marine would have to quickly formulate one of his famous cunning plans.

The first step of Blackjack's plot was to charter an old river barge called the Fortuna. Next, Blackjack put out the word that he had inherited a large sum of money, and invited everyone aboard the Fortuna to celebrate his windfall with free mutton and ale. One hundred and twenty men showed up, and the Fortuna put to sea amid much drinking and feasting. Of course the ale was drugged, and Blackjack sailed the Fortuna to a secret cove where the captain awaited his new "crewmen".

Now Blackjack faced a new problem. The whole village of Brackwater had seen the Fortuna sail off with a shipload of drunken revellers. He and his marine brethren were already disliked by many in town who resented their work as press-gangers. Any misstep now could fan the flames of resentment and Blackjack would be run out of town or worse. How was he going to explain the empty barge when it returned to port?

Just as Blackjack resolved to move on and find a new village to haunt, he came upon an Estalian merchant ship run aground. The marine knew good fortune (or Fortuna) when he found it, and sailed the grateful crew home to Brackwater under the noses of his oblivious neighbours.

Boarding Actions

It is a standard business in the Empire for the Imperial fleet and other wealthy private merchants to pay lucrative bounties for captured enemy ships and cargoes. Since the value of an intact ship is considerably greater than that of a towed wreck, tactics had to be devised to allow the seizing of an enemy vessel without destroying it. Collectively these tactics are known as boarding actions.

The boarding action is generally considered the most hazardous venture in any naval engagement. Pirates and privateers live and die by the boarding action as they are only paid for the capture of intact ships and cargoes. In the case of Imperial or merchant fleets, it falls upon the marine to coordinate and carry out boarding actions.

There are two accepted ways of mounting a ship-to-ship boarding action and both are extremely dangerous. The first option is to steer the two ships close enough together for the boarding party to leap across to the enemy deck. The second and less attractive option is for the boarding party to actually row across to the enemy vessel and board it using grappling hooks and rope. Boarding actions also serve a military purpose by dealing a killing blow to crippled ships that might otherwise continue to fight. Important intelligence or prisoners may also be gained before the ship is sent to the bottom.

Adventure Hook

Dishonourably Discharged: Waterfront has it that a former Imperial naval officer turned pirate has taken a heavily laden Bretonnian merchant vessel. To close this embarrassing chapter, the navy will pay much for the renegade's head and more for his ship and cargo.



MEDIATOR

Gentlemen, please. I am sure we can come to a mutual understanding.

(KotG) The peasants of Bretonnia try to live their lives without noble interference. When the nobility get involved, people are beaten or hanged and food is taken, only making matters worse. However, the peasantry are far from living in a cooperative idyll, and disputes do arise between villages.

Mediators are the peasants chosen to resolve those disputes. They live in one village and deal with the representatives, normally other Mediators, of villages with which they have a dispute. Mediators do not normally have the authority to make decisions, so they must try for a solution they can sell to their neighbours.

Most Mediators are officially herders, as this gives them an excuse to be in odd places if the nobility find them. Whilst the overwhelming majority are men, a few female Mediators do exist.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	-	-	-	-	+10%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care, Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception

Talents: Dealmaker, Public Speaking, Seasoned Traveller, Suave

Trappings: A Wandering Lamb or a Wilful Pig

Career Entries: Hunter, Man-at-Arms, Herrimault, Peasant, Rogue

Career Exits: Demagogue, Herrimault, Rogue, Village Elder

Note: Only peasants may enter this career.



BASIC

Making a Mediation

A mediator's life is one of careful balance within his community as he tries to settle disputes without becoming embroiled in them. Most of the time, a mediator is reliant on the kindness of others within his village who recognise the good service he is providing. Sometimes particularly fair and well-known mediators will receive gifts from people that they have treated well in the past, though wise mediators are careful about accepting such presents lest they damage their reputation of impartiality. When a dispute arises, the mediator is immediately called.

In principal, a mediator is summoned as a last resort if the two parties cannot settle their own differences. However, in practise he finds himself adjudicating over all manner of petty squabbles, from how small a pig needs to be to count as a piglet, to a farmer's right to harvest cow muck left on his land by the cattle of passing drovers. When the mediator arrives at the dispute, he quickly assesses the situation.

The appearance of impartiality is as important as impartiality itself, and even if the mediator has already made his decision upon arrival, something that often happens as one party is usually clearly in the wrong, he takes his time and listens carefully, nodding appropriately and giving sagely looks. He then makes his judgement and goes quickly on his way. With his job done, he is not bound to actually enforce the decision, though his fellow villagers will mostly abide by it. Of course, it pays to not be around if things do turn ugly.

The Art of Mediation

If the best mediators are to be believed, the trick to settling an argument, whether it is over the price of goose eggs or how high a farmer can build his fence, is to make sure that neither side is

completely happy with the outcome. Only then can you know that it has been fair. Perhaps the well known Mousillon mediator, Mother Grog, put it best when she said "If a man wants a pig then give him a chicken." Of course this rule doesn't seem to apply at all when dealing with nobility.

Instead it is replaced with a different maxim – if the lord is happy, then it is the right course of action. For instance, if the lord reserves the right to hunt peasants that stray into his woods and a mediator is called in to settle a grievance for the loss of limbs then it is clearly the foolish peasants' fault and they should be punished appropriately...my lord.

Adventure Seeds

Making Peace along the Pass: A local lord in the province of Couronne wants to build a road between his castle and his niece's manor, as she has been having trouble travelling to visit him in the winter. Sadly there is an eyesore along the way which needs to be moved lest his niece have to look at it as she passes. Now he just needs some stalwart fellows to contact the offending village's mediator and sort it all out.

An Impasse: A terrible dispute has been raging between the villages of Vervelle and Sarien for many weeks over where to build a bridge between them. Mediators from both villages are at an impasse and no one really trusts their impartiality anymore. It has got so bad that the village leaders have even suggested asking strangers to try and settle the argument, though woe betide those who fail to please both parties.

MERCENARY

I could happily live several lifetimes without quashing another peasant revolt. Unless, of course, the revolt pays good coin. Ale doesn't buy itself, you know.

(Core) War never ends in the Old World and that means there is always need for fighting men. While the Empire does maintain a standing army, its strength is bolstered with Mercenaries. Nobles and rich Merchants also hire such fighters to protect their interests, many having what amounts to private armies. Mercenaries range from wild youths with a taste for adventure to grizzled professional soldiers who've seen a dozen battles or more. These sell-swords come from all over, though Tilea is particular famed for its regiments. All Mercenaries dream of untold riches; for most of them, the reality is an early death and an unmarked grave.

Note: During character creation, if you take Common Knowledge (Tilea) and Speak Language (Tilean), your character can be from Tilea at your option.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care **or** Gamble, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, Kislev, **or** Tilea), Dodge Blow, Drive **or** Ride, Gossip **or** Haggle, Perception **or** Search, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Tilean) **or** Swim

Talents: Disarm **or** Quick Draw, Rapid Reload **or** Strike Mighty Blow, Sharpshooter **or** Strike to Stun

Trappings: Crossbow with 10 Bolts, Shield, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack), Healing Draught

Career Entries: Bodyguard, Bounty Hunter, Demagogue, Fieldwarden, Kislevite Kossar, Militiaman, Miner, Norse Berserker, Outrider, Pit Fighter, Soldier, Thug, Watchman

Career Exits: Bodyguard, Bounty Hunter, Outlaw, Sergeant, Shieldbreaker, Veteran

Tilea: Mercenaries are so common in Tilea that they are represented by guilds. Tilean mercenaries are known for their bargaining skills and have even switched sides during battles when offered more money by their opponents.

Talent: Specialist Weapon (Two-handed) or Strike to Stun

Weapon: Tilean pike (see Old World Armoury, page 32) or crossbow with 10 bolts

Empire: The Empire's mercenaries are adventuring ruffians armed with a wide assortment of weapons. These men form free company regiments in the Empire's armies, or travel to the Border Princes when there are no wars to fight at home.

Talent: Specialist Weapon (Parrying) or Sharpshooter

Weapon: Additional hand weapon or bow with 10 arrows

Bretonnia: Bretonnian lords do not hire mercenaries in their armies, considering them a waste of money when peasants cost nothing at all. Bretonnian mercenaries are therefore rare, but not unheard of.

Talent: Specialist Weapon (Cavalry) or Sharpshooter

Weapon: Demilance or bow with 10 arrows

Border Princes: Mercenaries are the mainstay of Border Prince armies, travelling from across the Old World to make their living. Native Border Prince mercenaries typically fight as the core troops of an army.

Talent: Sharpshooter or Strike to Stun

Weapon: Spear or crossbow with 10 bolts

Kislev: Bravery and resilience are the qualities sought by the employers of Kislevite mercenaries. These men are often hired to bolster standing armies against Chaos threats. Kislevite horsemen, however, are loyal only to their own clans, and do not work as mercenaries.

Talent: Stout-Hearted or Street Fighting

Weapon: Knuckle dusters or bow with 10 arrows

Estalia: Estalian mercenaries are skilled swordsmen with hot tempers. Because they don't cooperate well with other mercenaries, Estalians are often hired in smaller groups and given special objectives to handle on their own. They perform well at this role.

Talent: Specialist Weapon (Parrying) or Strike to Stun

Weapon: Main gauche or crossbow with 10 bolts

Norsca: Norse mercenaries are considered too unreliable for regular use, because they sometimes disregard orders in the heat of battle. Nevertheless, Norse mercenaries are occasionally employed for intimidation value.

Talent: Frenzy or Menacing

Weapon: Additional hand weapon or bow with 10 arrows

Araby: The horsemen of Araby are widely considered to be among the best in the world (though Kislevite horsemen might disagree). Most Arabyan mercenaries who travel to the Old World arrive without mounts, but they can serve as cavalry if equipped by their employers.

Talent: Trick Riding or Specialist Weapon (Fencing)

Weapon: Scimitar (as rapier) or bow with 10 arrows

Adventure Hook

Dirty Work: A Strigany clan has been causing trouble for the local noble. When mercenaries are dispatched to solve the problem, they find the Strigany camp occupied only by women and children. Where are the Strigany men, and why is a flock of ravens circling overhead?

BASIC

BASIC



MESSENGER

I've an urgent message for the Baron. No, I'm not leaving it with you – 'tis for the Baron's eyes only.

(Core) With great distances separating the important cities and castles of the Empire, Messengers are an indispensable means of communication. Nobles, Merchants, and military commanders all make extensive use of Messengers, mounted if possible. These brave riders dare to ride the roads of the Empire alone, trusting in their speed to avoid danger. Roadwardens assist official Messengers as much as possible, but there are long, lonely stretches where no help is available. While they are supposed to be immune from harassment, many a Messenger has met a bloody end after delivering a particularly unpleasant missive.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (the Empire *or* the Wasteland) *or* Gossip, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Secret Signs (Scout), Perception, Ride, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim

Talents: Orientation, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Map Case, Riding Horse with Saddle and Harness *or* Pony (for Halfings), Shield

Career Entries: Militiaman, Roadwarden, Servant

Career Exits: Cartographer, Coachman, Herald, Kithband Warrior, Outrider, Roadwarden, Scout, Soldier

The Messengers' Guild

In the early days of the Empire, before the elaborate highway and canal system were built, the butcher was one of the most travelled tradesmen as they went from town to village buying cattle. Since butchery was considered an honourable trade, and butchers were responsible for people's health, it was determined that the butcher could also be responsible for the delivery of oral messages and letters. But over time, the Butchers' Guild realised that keeping up with an ever-increasing volume of messages left little time for their actual trade, and thus the Messengers' Guild was formed.

The Messengers' Guild has become one of the most powerful and influential guilds in the Empire. Other than coordinating the physical delivery of letters and messages, the guild is responsible for the discreet monitoring of dispatches for signs of heresy and plots against the realm. Suspect letters are opened, examined and, if necessary, sent on to guild cryptographers for deciphering. This access to secret knowledge, coupled with the widely accepted convention of "courier immunity", makes the messenger a very effective intelligence-gathering tool.

The other main business of the Messengers' Guild is its work with law enforcement and the roadwardens. The Messengers' Guild is responsible for the delivery and posting of wanted notices, serving warrants, protecting and escorting witnesses, and delivering condemned prisoners to their fate.

The Imperial Messenger

The Imperial Messenger serves as the personal courier to the Emperor and his immediate family. Candidates for the Imperial Messenger corps are handpicked by the guild master of the Messengers' Guild

from the best of his men. Imperial Messengers are formally appointed and swear an oath of loyalty to the Emperor until death. An Imperial Messenger is appointed for life; only retirement or death releases him of his responsibilities. Attacks against an Imperial Messenger is almost unheard of, and happens only in times of great peril such as major Chaos or orc incursions into the Empire. Normally, the Imperial signet emblazoned on the messenger's pouch is more than enough to guarantee safe passage.

Between courier runs, the Imperial Messenger remains at court and eats in the hall. The keep Each Imperial Messenger has an assigned groom to manage and care for his horse, who keeps the steed saddled and ready at all times of the day and night in case an urgent message needs delivery. Imperial Messengers are among the highest paid professionals in their trade, and receive many extra perks such as lavish gifts upon the receipt of good news. The lifetime appointment also means that they are among the few professionals with true job security. Retirement and pensions are provided, and an Imperial Messenger's expenses are guaranteed by the Emperor should he fall sick on a journey.

Adventure Seeds

Irrefutable Evidence: Over the course of his deliveries, a messenger has come into possession of irrefutable evidence that a local noble is in league with the ruinous powers. Unfortunately the noble in question is a friend of one of the character's patrons and a local hero.

Escorting the Informant: A messenger is informed that an important witness needs an escort to testify. The witness is speaking out against a very powerful and corrupt tradesman (who has secretly offered a large reward for the witness's head).

MILITIAMAN

I hear the Duke is calling up the militia to deal with the orcs. If they think I'm going down those holes after those greenskins, they've gone completely starkers.

(Core) Militias are part-time local defence forces, formed largely from the rural peasantry. Members agree to spend a certain amount of time each year – usually seven days – practicing together on common land. Even this small amount of training can be the difference between life and death on the blood-soaked battlefields of the Old World. Militia Captains are either civil leaders or retired military types. Some militias must provide their own equipment, while the local nobility equips others. This means that while some militia units appear for duty in smart uniforms with well-maintained equipment, others have little more than their patchwork clothes and hunting bows.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	–	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Dodge Blow, Drive **or** Swim, Gamble **or** Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Trade (any one)

Talents: Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed) **or** Rapid Reload, Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Halberd **or** Bow with 10 Arrows, Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap), Uniform

Career Entries: Artisan, Bailiff, Burgher, Farmer, Fisherman, Merchant, Peasant, Tradesman, Woodsman

Career Exits: Artisan, Fieldwarden, Mercenary, Messenger, Outlaw, Sergeant, Thief



BASIC

The Town Militia of Schweinfeld

Schweinfeld is a small town typical of those found throughout the Empire. This extends to its militia. The militia is technically commanded by Jeroen von Lustgarten, a completely disinterested noble forced into the position by his father who hopes the job will give his layabout son some drive. So far, it has failed. The actual commander is the town's sole dwarf, Sergeant Asgar Motz.

While Jeroen is off spending the militia treasury on whores and brandy, Sergeant Motz has tried to make the local militia into a fighting force that can actually defend the town and keep the peace. Motz is sincere, earnest and diligent in his duties as only a dwarf can be, but fears without better equipment his efforts are for naught.

The sergeant has good reason to be worried. Schweinfeld has been targeted by a particularly vicious gang of bandits led by a disgraced noble, Maximilian Schroeder. The so-called 'Baron' Schroeder (he no longer holds any actual title) was scheduled to be hanged for murder, sadism, and, if rumours are to be believed, blood-drinking. Some of his more fanatical followers broke him out of prison, and he now roams the countryside with a pack of retainers, murderers, and branded scum.

He steers clear of larger townships, cities, and byways, knowing his ragged band are no match for the Imperial army. But Schweinfeld is a perfect target. Already a couple of his men have infiltrated the militia, ascertaining its numbers and strength. It is only a matter of time before Schweinfeld is in flames, unless some particularly clever militiaman can root out the spies, discover the threat, and blackmail Jeroen into actually buying some weapons and armour.

Training in the Militia

For one week a year, the militia musters on the town commons to train in the arts of war. For those seven days, they drill, march, spar, and shoot arrows at targets. It is all very impressive and helps keep the militia in peak readiness. This is at least the theory.

In many small towns though the reality is entirely different. The militiamen are often scattered on farms and so when they take the time and expense to come to town, they naturally bring their families with them. That means the towns are flooded with visitors during the training week. Alert merchants realised this and so started setting up shop. Thus began the strange Imperial tradition of the Soldatenfests, week long festivals that occur during the militia training. These small festivals are often tremendous distractions from any actual military practice. Capable militia captains are wise and stern enough to keep discipline, but the weaker and less charismatic often discover that after the first night, their troops are drunk all week long.

Adventure Seeds

A Rotten Apple: A militiaman has stolen the pay chest for the entire town militia. How he got access to it in the first place is something of a mystery. Perhaps he had accomplices. But now, he must be tracked down before the money is gone for good.

Ill-equipped for Trouble: A fire at the militia armoury ignited a powder keg and in one flash of flame and smoke, the entire building was reduced to rubble. Thus disarmed, the local militia is helpless. Furthermore, word reaches the militia captain that a marauding band of orcs has been sighted in the forest. He needs someone to quickly deliver a shipment of weapons from the nearest city before disaster strikes.

MINER

If you hear a tapping sound, and it isn't coming from you, best leave the mine and come back another day.

(Core) Mountains surround the Empire. To the east are the World's Edge Mountains, to the south the Black Mountains, and to the west the Grey Mountains. Dwarfs and Humans have mined these mountains from time immemorial, despite constant attacks from Goblins and other subterranean horrors. Miners brave these conditions in search of iron, silver, gold, gems, and other valuables. Others prefer to prospect on the surface, particularly in the Middle Mountains, which straddle the provinces of Ostland and Hochland. Although these forest-shrouded mountains are fully within the Empire's borders, they are a haven for Trolls, Beastmen, and other foul creatures. Surviving in such an environment takes skill and toughness.

BASIC



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	+5%	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Concealment **or** Drive, Evaluate **or** Outdoor Survival, Navigation, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Trade (Miner **or** Prospector)

Talents: Orientation, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Very Resilient **or** Warrior Born

Trappings: Great Weapon (Two-handed Pick), Light Armour (Leather Jack), Pick, Spade, Storm Lantern, Lamp Oil

Career Entries: Charcoal-Burner, Hunter

Career Exits: Charcoal-Burner, Engineer, Mercenary, Scout, Shieldbreaker, Smuggler

The Richest Rewards

The rarest and most precious gifts the earth has to offer must be pried from deep within her rocky bosom. Miners live a dangerous existence plucking gems and valuable metals from the deep places of the world. It is gruelling, backbreaking work with numerous dangers, but the tantalising rewards often prove too tempting to keep a miner away from his pick and shovel for long.

Cave-ins and toxic gases are often the least of a miner's worries; goblins, trolls, Chaos mutants and other terrifying creatures reside in tunnels under the mountains, and the miner who hopes to enjoy a long career must be prepared to heft his pick as a weapon as well as use it to heft rock. Rumours also persist of a strange race of rat men who live in the deepest cavern systems, but such gossip is dismissed by the more serious professional miners.

Dwarfs are naturally adept at mining, and tend to be the most common race found at this trade, though plenty of humans seek to make their fortune by striking a lode of precious metal. A Dwarf's short stature is well-suited to the cramped quarters miners work in.

Although there are many wealthy mines within the Empire, the richest seams run deep below the mountains bordering the Emperor's lands. This is dwarf territory, and the centuries-long concord between man and dwarf threatens to break down when greedy human prospectors encroach on Dwarf claims.

Little Known Facts

Dwarfs were the first to discover that some animals – namely songbirds and small rodents – are very sensitive to the presence of poisonous gases,

dying of exposure long before the concentration is dangerous to Dwarf or man. While a sad end for these little creatures, they are a foolproof indicator of unseen threats, saving many lives in the process.

Miners tend to be of solitary temperament, but band together for protection. They often deal with merchants who trade in the raw materials they pull from the rocks, and after they've been paid, they spend much of their money at inns and bawdyhouses, seeking to forget the terrible dangers they must face daily to make their living.

Adventure Seeds

A Dwarf in Need: The characters are recruited by a desperate Dwarf to help rescue a group of miners trapped in a nearby tunnel. Normally, Dwarfs would seek out other Dwarfs for such a task, but time is too short to wait for help from the distant holds. The Dwarf has reason to believe that the cave-in was no accident, and that there are more than just rocks blocking potential rescuers.

There's Gold in Them Thar Hills: Gold has been discovered in the Barren Hills, deep within the southern reaches of the Great Forest. Despite the danger of travelling to this remote area, hordes of gold-hungry miners descend on the hills – rumour has it that fist-sized lumps of gold can be picked off the ground. The characters are hired by a prospector to accompany him to the hills, not only to protect him from the denizens of the forest but also to guard his stake against rival gold-diggers.

BASIC



MONK

Silence, please. I'm trying to meditate over here.

(ToS) Monks are members of the mendicant orders who seek seclusion to better devote themselves to their faith. Some monks live completely alone as hermits, whereas others congregate with other monks and live in monasteries, which are usually located in remote areas of the Old World. Most religions have their own mendicant orders, although the strictures of Verena and Shallya tend to lend themselves more towards monasticism more than most. Monks spend their lives in study and prayer, debating the finer points of theology and illuminating religious scriptures.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	-	+5%	+5%	+10%	+25%	+15%	+15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+4	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any two), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Animal Care, Arcane Language (Magick), Common Knowledge (any two), Heal, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (any two), and Speak Language (Classical).

Talents: Linguistics

Trappings: Prayer Book, Religious Symbol, Robes, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Friar, Initiate, Physician, Scholar, Scribe, Student

Career Exits: Abbot, Demagogue, Friar, Physician, Priest, Scholar, Steward, Zealot

A Day In The Life

The monk rises early for morning prayers, then begins his toil. The senior or most intelligent will work in the library and scriptorium preserving and categorizing texts, but most monks will be sent to the abbey's fields. The fields provide the abby with food (often simple beans and barley) and sometimes grapes for wine, which has both religious significance and can be sold to fund the monastery.

At regular times during the day, the bells will call the monks to prayer, and work stops, briefly, for these rituals. Mealtimes are dull affairs where meat or spices are rarely seen, and the food is usually the same day after day – thin soup, porridge, boiled peas, with no salt or seasonings.

Evenings are spent in prayer, study, and sometimes debate, though it is often the case that the young sit and the old pontificate. Then comes sleep, six hours at most, before another day, effectively identical, begins. It is not long before monks lose track of the months or years they have spent in service.

Little Known Facts

The perception of the Old World is that life in a monastery varies from “very dull” to “extremely dull,” and while this is often true, there are exceptions. A fair number of monasteries have become hotbeds of corrupt decadence, with an outer veneer of dull serenity covering the drunken revelry that constantly strives for new levels of sybaritic excess.

The role of monks in preserving knowledge and lore can often be perverted by Chaos. A few minor “errors” in translation, introduced slowly over time, can create entire new branches of heretical thought. An abbot who is secretly sworn to Chaos can slowly corrupt an entire

monastery, directing and shaping religious debate until the monks have been completely subverted.

The younger sons of nobles are often sent to monasteries if there are no lands for them to inherit and they have no gift or stomach for war. Such individuals will sometimes try to convert the monastery into a source for worldly pleasures, but, if they cannot, will eagerly accept any chance to leave.

Adventure Seeds

Ancient Texts: A monk working in the abbey scriptorium has found something shocking – an ancient copy of a well-known religious text that differs, in many key areas, from the dozens of better known, more recent, copies. Could the newer versions be heretical forgeries, or did he accidentally stumble on an old heresy that was never disseminated properly? He needs to find a scholar he can trust, and seeks protection on a long trip to a larger abbey. En route, the party is dogged by constant attacks – mere coincidence, or did the monk stumble on something he shouldn't have?

Outstaying their Welcome: An abbey near the town has suffered a terrible disaster. It has burned, but most of the monks managed to survive and even save a good portion of the valued literature. There is no nearby abbey, and harsh winter weather will make travel impossible, forcing the monks to temporarily move into the town. A few dozen ascetic scholars now find themselves living among burghers, labourers, and rogues of all kinds. The locals are hesitant to directly attack or insult the monks, for they fear reprisals from the church and witch hunters if they demonstrate a lack of respect. However, the monks' pious preaching (not to mention those who prey on the monk's naiveté) is causing the normal business of the town to dissolve into confusion.

MULESKINNER

We ought to be able to reach the next inn by nightfall, if we press a bit harder. It's either that, or risk a night in the open with raiders and wolves.

(RC) Muleskinners guide trains of pack animals, normally mules, across the Border Princes, carrying vital supplies from one settlement to another. Vital but cheap supplies might be transported by a single Muleskinner, while more valuable goods merit at least a few men, and possibly mercenary guards as well. Sometimes, the Muleskinners just don't let on that they are carrying anything valuable and just hope the bandits ignore them. With all their travel, Muleskinners often know the Borderlands better than just about anyone else, and some choose to put that knowledge to use earning a living in other ways.

Muleskinners also hold mule skinning contests. The dead mule record is under a minute; the live mule record, held unchallenged by Alberic "Flat Face" Schilp, is five and a half minutes.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	-	+5%	+10%	+10%	+5%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Border Princes), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Navigate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Orientation, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), three Mules, Bow

Career Entries: Burgher, Hunter, Messenger, Peasant

Career Exits: Animal Trainer, Burgher, Highwayman, Merchant, Messenger, Outlaw, Scout

A Day in the Life

Up at dawn with the birds, the life of the Muleskinner is a hard one. His first order of the day, even before breaking his fast, is to look to the mule train. Feeding the all-important beasts of burden and checking them for injuries insures the muleskinner can fulfil his obligations.

Once he has taken care of these duties, he can look forward to a hard day leading, or riding, his stubborn charges through often-dangerous territory. On smaller runs, and with unimportant cargo, the muleskinner is all that stands in the way of the bandits, goblins, and other ne'er-do-wells that plague his travels.

His exertions make him hardy and he can well withstand the rigours of a tough journey. Before night falls, he must find a sheltered spot to picket the mules and set up his camp away from prying eyes. Only once he has tended his mules once more will he dare catch a brief rest before the work starts all over again. Only on relatively safer runs can he and his fellows relax.

Notable Figures – Alberic “Flat-Face” Schilp

A legend in his own lifetime, Alberic holds not one, but two records amongst the muleskinners of the Borderlands. His most famous exploit is, of course, his live mule skinning record, earned one dark, ale-filled evening. Not one to rest on his laurels, Alberic then did the Vapour Gorge run in twenty-four hours.

By the time he arrived in Privy Gulch, his hair was yellow (and folks would swear it was auburn when he started), his flat face florid, and nine of his ten mules had died. What he was unable to load onto the lone survivor, he had carried himself through to the end.

Adventure Seeds

The Festival: Skulduggery is afoot at the annual mule skinning festival. Can a muleskinner keep his knife hand steady in the face of corrupt judges, rivals spiking his beer, a mule he's sure just spoke to him, and the woman who is intent on marrying him?

Conditional Terms: It's only a short job. Just run a few jars over the pass. Trouble is, it's been snowing for days, wolves are about, and the smell coming from the cargo isn't very wholesome. There are 10 gold coins in it if the muleskinner manages to get the jars to the collection point with the seals intact. However, the jar-owner didn't look particularly happy when the muleskinner asked about delivering them with the seals broken.

A Killer Hangover: A particular merchant always hires the same team of muleskinners to cart his wares across the Border Princes. He pays an average rate, but if the job is finished promptly he also provides a keg of good drink as a token of gratitude. A rival muleskinner is looking to secure the merchant's business, and is looking for an inside man to spike the keg awarded by the merchant on the next job to make the muleskinners ill and unable to work for several days. Perhaps it's that simple, or perhaps the rival seeks to poison the keg and remove the competition once and for all.

BASIC



NEWSHEET VENDOR

Extra! Extra! The story of the century! Monsters rampage through Wissenland! Ladies of good virtue stalked by the undead! Cultists, courtiers, and cutthroats responsible! Read all about it!

(SoA) It used to be that scribes had a monopoly on the written word but that changed with the invention of the printing press. Now newsheets have become common in the towns and cities of the Empire. They are usually published once a day and are filled with local news and sensational tales. A big story may merit a special edition.

Newsheet vendors walk the streets, calling out the top headlines and trying to outdo each other with their theatrics. There are many newsheet publishers in each city and the competition amongst them is savage. It is not unknown for rival vendors to fight each other in the streets. Ironically, big brawls of this type often become tomorrow's top news item.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Newsheet Vendor for Agitator with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	—	—	+10%	+5%	—	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Blather **or** Sleight of Hand, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Performer (Storyteller), Read/Write

Talents: Public Speaking, Street Fighting **or** Streetwise

Trappings: Backpack, 1d10 Newsheets, Scroll Case

Career Entries: Burgher, Messenger, Peasant, Servant, Student

Career Exits: Agitator, Demagogue, Entertainer, Messenger, Pamphleteer, Rogue, Scribe, Zealot

The Daily Relation

Short for "The Daily Relation of News Commendable, Historic and Beneficial," this is arguably the Old World's oldest published newsheet. Originating in Nuln, this ragged populist scream sheet now circulates throughout the Empire. The news-sheet is unquestionably biased. Almost every article supports one of three premises: the upper class (nobles and merchants in particular) is corrupt, the major religions of the Empire are almost as bad as the upper class (though religion itself is commendable), and the lower class (peasants and farmers in particular) are worthy fellows. This message does not sit well with many nobles, and so the Daily Relation is constantly being persecuted.

The chief editor, Johann Darolus, is undaunted. Johann is a man on a mission – to free the Empire from the grip of decadent and worthless nobility and to see it become a republic. Of course, he keeps his treasonous thoughts largely to himself, but it does colour all of his work. Johann is constantly on the lookout for like-minded individuals to join his cause and to help him promote and sell his newspaper. There are rumours that at night, there are secret meetings held in his printing office. Could it be that Johann is no longer content to simply report the news? Perhaps he is about to make some news of his own?

The Veracitor

Short for "Being the most Noble Veracitor – Gazetteer of the Truth and Guardian of Principle Imperial Values," this is the Daily Relation's bitterest rival. Originating in Altdorf, this is published weekly and is of considerably higher quality and cost than the Daily Relation (costing a full crown, compared to the Relation's two shillings). It also has a considerably different focus. This is the newsheet for the elite. Focusing on the affairs of court and generous projects undertaken by

the Empire's magnanimous noble masters, this newsheet rarely misses an opportunity to fawn over the upper classes. But if one is looking for the state of the Imperial Court in Altdorf, one could scarcely get a better primer than reading a month or two of the Veracitor.

The Veracitor is led by press-master Sir Ludovic von Klassen (he disdains the term 'editor' as being too plebeian). This knight and retired captain in the Imperial army is a staunch traditionalist. He deeply believes that rags such as the Daily Relation stir up the populace against their true lords and undermine the venerable institutions of his beloved fatherland. He resolved not to stand by and watch this happen, but to fight it at the press and in the streets.

Adventure Seeds

News or Slander? A series of murders against nobles and priests has been carried out in Nuln. Could it be that Johann Darolus has finally begun his campaign to undermine the Imperial government? Or could it be that a vindictive former newsheet vendor is trying to frame him?

The Might of Pens and Swords: A news-sheet vendor is found gutted in back alley. The word on the street has it that the local franchises of the Weekly Veracitor and the Daily Relation stand on the edge of what amounts to a gang war. Can someone stop this violence and find the real killer? Could it be that his murder has more to do with the vendor's attempt to woo the youngest daughter of the town's most influential merchant house?

NOBLE

Being born into a noble house isn't as easy as it appears. You're constantly faced with dilemmas. Which silk tunic should I wear today? What wine shall I have with my roasted pheasant?

(Core) The Nobles are the ruling class of the Empire. They wield the power, they control the land, and they make the laws. The most important Noble families are those of Imperial Electors and of course the Emperor himself. There are hundreds of others though, and they all vie for more money and more power. Some seek their fortunes in war, others in business or politics. None would sully themselves by practicing a common trade. The most contemptible Nobles do nothing at all, merely live off their family wealth and attend an endless array of parties, dances, and gala events. The younger children of Noble houses, however, do not have it so easy. Since inheritance goes to the eldest, they must often make their own way in the world, even if it means slumming amongst the lower classes and falling in with adventurers and ne'er-do-wells.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	-	-	+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Blather **or** Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol **or** Performer (Musician), Charm, Gamble **or** Gossip, Read/Write, Ride, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette, Luck or Public Speaking, Savvy or Specialist Weapon (Fencing), Schemer or Specialist Weapon (Parrying)

Trappings: Foil, Main Gauche, Noble's Garb, Riding Horse with Saddle and Harness, 1d10 **gc**, Jewellery worth 6d10 **gc**

Career Entries: Squire, Steward

Career Exits: Courtier, Dilettante, Pistolier, Politician, Rogue, Squire, Student



BASIC

A Day in the Life

Upon waking in a sumptuous bedroom the noble calls for servants to help him groom, dress and bring him breakfast. He may wish to hear some music, and a lute player will be summoned. He may wish to visit the town, in which case servants prepare his carriage and drape a green velvet cloak about his shoulders.

Most of the people the noble meets seek his favour through sycophantic shows of obedience, but he may have to deal with less deferential individuals. A farmer may complain about taxes, or a bereaved woman whines that if the Cult of Shallya had better funding her infant need not have suffered. Occasionally there might be a moment of drama as an angry young man flings something unpleasant at the noble before dashing off. If the local watch are alert enough the noble may have the satisfaction of seeing the churl hung.

All are distractions from the business of the day – statecraft and socialising. He will meet with magisters, guild masters, priests and burgomeisters, and review the performance of his underlings, bailiffs, heralds and watch sergeants. He may draft a new law or decide to instigate some military adventure. The evening might be spent amongst his noble peers at a high class club, enjoying the latest Sierck production at a theatre, or dancing an elegant waltz at a ball.

Social Responsibility and the Nobility

Whilst agitators might decry them as corrupt parasites, many nobles realise they are expected (though not required) to act as paragons of virtue. Nobles with a social conscience, or a deeper understanding of politics, know that every time they behave in a less than exemplary manner they provide ammunition to those who seek to attack the

nobility. Such nobles try their best to set an example to those below them. They court public opinion by donating to Shallyan orphanages, or by taking a prominent position in the ranks of the military during times of conflict.

More selfish or ignorant members of the nobility don't bother themselves with such a burden of responsibility. This obnoxious behaviour is most notable in the archetypal 'rake.' These are usually young and foppish nobles who takes pleasure in inflicting all manner of childish and humiliating pranks on their social inferiors, knowing they will be able to buy or intimidate himself out of any trouble they might get into as a result. Gangs of such rakes can be encountered 'slumming it' in many cities of the Old World, drunk on expensive liquor and looking for entertainment.

Adventure Seeds

Insolence or Incompetence: A young rake has finally gone too far with his obnoxious pranks and has been posted to Blackfire Pass as punishment. His leadership is not particularly inspiring to the soldiers garrisoned there, and when they hear that a horde of Orcs is mustering in the mountains they begin to become mutinous. The PCs could be numbered among the soldiers who find themselves with a spoilt and incompetent commander, or they could be the noble and his retinue who find themselves in charge of an insubordinate army.

Redirection of Funds: The nobility of Wurtbad have recently taken the rather shocking step of stopping funds to the local cult of Shallya. Are their assurances that such steps are necessary to re-equip the militia to be taken seriously, or are the rumours of surreptitious meetings with the masters of the physicians' guild more likely?

NORSE BERSERKER

No make Skorri angry. Not like when angry. Pay wages now.

(Core) Norsca is a grim northern land, full of fell beasts such as Ice Trolls and Chaos Spawn, and it breeds tough fighters. The berserkers are a rightly feared warrior cult. Its members go into battle without armour to prove they have no fear. They work themselves into an incredible rage, often biting on their own shields. Their feats fill the sagas and loom large in the stories of those Imperial soldiers that have faced them. Some few berserkers make their way to the Empire because they've been exiled or simply have a desire to see more of the world. They rarely stay in one place for long, since no Watchman wants a frothing lunatic disturbing the peace. Berserkers are highly prized Mercenaries, however, due to their rarity and effectiveness.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	-	+10%	+10%	-	-	+10%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Common Knowledge (Norsca), Consume Alcohol, Intimidate, Performer (Storyteller), Speak Language (Norse), Swim

Talents: Frenzy, Menacing, Quick Draw, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Bottle of Spirits, Great Weapon **or** Shield

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Mercenary, Pit Fighter, Seaman, Sergeant, Veteran

Note: If this is your Starting Career, you are from Norsca.

Affiliations

There are no formal organisations of Norse berserkers in Norsca, but things are different in the Empire. Half-mad warriors are not trusted, particularly those from near the Chaos Wastes, so a Norse berserker without a group to back him up is an easy target for witch hunters and the paranoid.

Most Norse berserkers join a mercenary company, where they are welcome as long as they do not cause serious injuries to their comrades in the inevitable brawls. In general, mercenary berserkers gain the respect of their comrades after the first battle.

Others enter the service of wealthy individuals who want a truly intimidating bodyguard. Berserkers in these jobs find less camaraderie, and are often out of work after entering a frenzy and grossly overreacting to a slight against their employer.

A few just find like-minded individuals and form a small group looking for adventure. Such groups are treated with even more suspicion than a lone berserker, but they are often dangerous enough to dissuade most watchmen from starting trouble.

Little Known Facts

Many Norse berserkers were not, in fact, berserkers in their homelands. When they came south, they found that people in the Empire expected all warriors from the north to be subject to frenzied rages, and had to play up to that image to find work. After pretending for a little while, they soon found it wasn't an act for them any more. Most of these berserkers are now convinced that the rage truly is in the blood of their people, needing only the right environment to draw it out.

Some Norscan tribes serve the Ruinous Powers, and send out berserkers as agents to undermine the soft lands to the south, making them ripe for raiding. Among themselves, the berserkers tell stories of Norscans sent south with magically-programmed commands of which they are completely unaware. These berserkers are said to spring into suicidal and destructive action when they encounter a particular situation or hear a certain phrase. Many berserkers worry about whether they are such agents, but all try to make sure that no Imperial citizens hear these stories.

Adventure Seeds

A Brotherly Request: The Norse berserker's brother turns up, having tracked him across the Empire. He brings news of a terrible threat to their village, combined with rumours of an enormous treasure, and says that he was sent to bring the berserker back. The brother is much as the berserker remembers, but after a time he realises that his brother always keeps his right leg covered, and is rather evasive when asked why the village would send someone so far to bring back a single warrior.

Proof of Innocence: The Norse berserker is seized by the watch and thrown into a cage to await sentencing for a series of brutal murders. Before he can do anything but protest his innocence, one of the watchmen who arrested him is murdered. The charge is changed to witchcraft, as the berserker clearly managed to escape the cage to commit the crime. Fortunately, on examination, it looks like the berserker could escape his cage, with nothing more than brute force. How convenient.

OUTLAW

Hand over all your valuables and unbuckle those sword belts. Do what you're told and everything will be fine. We don't want to kill you... Yet.

(Core) Imperial justice is swift and merciless. It is no wonder then that so many flee the watch and take on the life of the Outlaw. The hills and forests are full of Outlaw bands. It is a precarious existence, as they must deal not only with Roadwardens, Soldiers, and other agents of law, but also the dark denizens of the wilds. While many Outlaws are nothing more than common thieves, robbing coaches and caravans, others claim to champion the peasantry and fight for "justice not law." As long as the Outlaws confine their attacks to the rich, the Peasants aid them with food, information, and places to hide. This support, and the rough terrain Outlaws use for their bases, makes them difficult for the state to deal with. Local Nobles often resort to the use of Bounty Hunters to end their bandit troubles.

BASIC



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	-	-	+10%	+5%	-	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care **or** Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Drive **or** Ride, Gossip **or** Secret Signs (Thief), Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Set Trap **or** Swim, Silent Move

Talents: Rover **or** Streetwise, Sharpshooter **or** Strike to Stun

Trappings: Bow with 10 Arrows, Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Shield

Career Entries: Agitator, Charlatan, Coachman, **Ex-Convict**, Hedge Wizard, Innkeeper, Marine, Mercenary, Militiaman, Peasant, Roadwarden, Rogue, Squire, Toll Keeper, Woodsman, Zealot

Career Exits: Demagogue, **Ex-Convict**, Highwayman, Thief, Vagabond, Veteran

Life of an Outlaw

Outlaws exist wherever there are people to be fleeced from their hard earned coin. From the largest city to the smallest forested road, the outlaw's domain is as diverse as the people they harass. They rely either on secrecy or a remote location to avoid being caught, and some even make an effort to keep their offences minimal to maintain a low profile; if they attract too much attention, a reward is posted for their capture and then they'll have more trouble than they can handle. Consequently, it's in their best interests to not leave witnesses behind who might tell the authorities of the outlaws' exploits. Some of the larger outlaw bands eventually migrate towards the Border Princes, where they are free to establish their own rule of law under the guidance of a strong leader. Otherwise, without some sort of leadership, most loose packs and bands of wandering outlaws tend to fragment and disperse over time. They simply lack the discipline to work together with other miscreants and ruffians for extended lengths of time.

Heinz Gerber

Rumours circulate through the small towns and villages throughout Wissenland about the elusive outlaw Heinz Gerber. The infamous outlaw has grown quite a reputation for himself, and is oft credited with terrorising merchant wagons, coaches and skiffs along virtually any road, trail or river found south of the Upper Reik.

Heinz has been a constant source of irritation and frustration for local constabularies and roadwardens for several years now. A merchant arriving in Steingart curses Gerber's name for waylaying him along his route, while further south in Meissen, riverwardens receive reports of Heinz Gerber stealing a trading skiff laden with spices and foodstuffs. The man is simply in too many places at one time.

As such, a sizeable bounty has been created – currently 75 gold crowns are being offered for the capture of the notorious outlaw. However, no two warrants or wanted posters bear the same information, and none of the sketches of the man are in the least ways consistent or detailed.

Heinz Gerber's infamy has spread thanks to the criminal enterprises of the remaining Gerber brothers Stevron, Jakob and Dieter. They are the younger brothers of the true Heinz Gerber. However, when Heinz ran afoul of a witch hunter near Loningbruck and was hanged for his numerous crimes, the surviving brothers took matters into their own hands, ambushing and murdering the witch hunter. Making a pact amongst themselves, the three remaining brothers split up, each wreaking havoc under Heinz's name, spreading his story and legend across the land.

Adventure Seeds

Brotherhood of the Wolf: The characters run afoul of a high-ranking magistrate who banishes them from civilised lands on trumped-up charges. The characters seek sanctuary in the forest, where they are attacked by beastman, but rescued by a group of outlaws wearing wolf pelts. The characters must decide whether to embrace their new life as wolf-brothers, or to try to clear their names. The outlaws are themselves victims of the magistrate's tyranny, and will be glad to help the characters topple him from power.

A Plea for Help: An isolated Reikland village finds itself the centre of a struggle between two rival outlaw bands. The villagers are hard-pressed to support the demands of both groups, and both sides have threatened to destroy the villagers' homes if they help their rivals. The authority of the Emperor is weak in this remote region, and the corrupt local lord uninterested in the affairs of mere peasants, so the villagers send out one of their own to seek a band of adventurers willing to rid them of the outlaws.

BASIC



OUTRIDER

We are not the first to pass this way. See the tracks? I fear we are hunted.

(Core) Outriders are experienced outdoorsmen who reconnoitre for armies, caravans, and other travelling parties. They are the eyes and ears, constantly on the lookout for ambushes and other hazards. Because they operate in advance of the main party, they must be self-sufficient and level-headed. Outriders must trust their instincts and make their own decisions, because they have no one else to turn to when they are alone in the wild. Most Outriders operate in home area and use their intimate knowledge of the locale to their advantage. A few specialize in trailblazing, riding ahead into unknown and hostile territory. These Outriders earn more money for their services, but their life expectancy is short.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	—	—	+10%	+10%	+5%	—
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Animal Care, Follow Trail, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Search, Silent Move

Talents: Coolheaded *or* Very Strong, Orientation, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling)

Trappings: Bow *or* Crossbow with 10 Arrows *or* Bolts, Net, Whip *or* Lasso, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Shield, 10 Yards of Rope, Riding Horse with Saddle and Harness

Career Entries: Kithband Warrior, Messenger, Roadwarden, Soldier

Career Exits: Coachman, Highwayman, Mercenary, Roadwarden, Scout

Lenore Reiss

Lady Lenore never fit in well inside a city. Even as a little girl she preferred the company of horses to her boorish family and their friends. Born into privilege in Altdorf, she fled as soon as she was able, abandoning a gigantic dowry and the promise of a life of leisure. She joined a gang of rough outriders, who were little interested in letting a woman into their ranks. She earned their respect the only way she could – by showing them she could handle herself. Since then, she's become something of a folk hero – the legendary Lady Lenore of the Wilderland.

Lenore usually wears a shapeless grey cloak, hood, and mask. There is a reason for this garb – Lenore is stunningly beautiful. She hates to be judged by appearances and so the mask and hood cover her features and long golden tresses quite well. Although she works as an outrider and caravan guide to earn money, she views herself as a defender of the people. Several times she has organised groups of her fellow outriders to ride down bandits and beasts preying on defenceless farmers and townsfolk. This has only reinforced her status as a hero of the people. Unfortunately, it has also made enemies. The local constabulary and nobility do not appreciate Lenore's popularity among the peasantry. They wonder what she plans to do with this influence she appears to be gathering. They worry that the next 'monster' she may be hunting may be them.

The Satchel Boys

Not all outriders are guides and caravan guards. Some serve as the messengers of the Empire. These so-called 'Satchel Boys' are usually young, independent, and accomplished riders. They are not technically agents of the Imperial government. Instead they are freelance

messengers who deliver letters and mail across the Emperor's domain. They are never entrusted with anything truly monumental, and are usually penniless and lightning fast – bandits usually give pass these boys up and concentrate on wealthier, slower prey. Still, it is a dangerous job and more than one Satchel Boy has headed down a dark forest road never to be seen again.

Note: An Outrider with this background may (at the GM's discretion) substitute Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling) for the New Talent – Lightning Fast Rider.

Adventure Seeds

Missing Escort: An outrider has failed to report back to the caravan he's escorting. It happens the party is travelling with this caravan (perhaps as passengers or guards). His trail leads into an ancient glade surrounded by brambles, and reputed to be haunted.

A Turn for the Worse: A band of outriders has gone outlaw. Led by a notorious Bretonnian highwayman, Guillame Arsenault, they have been easily eluding the law. Finally, they have gone too far, robbing and kidnapping the daughter of the Count. Who will save the girl, arrest these villains, and, most importantly, collect the fabulous reward?

New Talent: Lightning Fast Rider

With a successful Ride skill check, you may add 1 to the movement characteristic of any horse you are riding for one day. This bonus cannot be applied to a horse wearing chain, scale, or plate barding.

PEASANT

But my lord, the harvest was terrible; if I pay you that much in taxes I'll have naught to eat for the winter!

(Core) The peasantry makes up the preponderance of the Empire's population. While the Nobles rule and the Burghers trade, the Peasants toil. They are farmers, labourers, and herdsman. In times of war, they fight and die for the Empire. Many Peasants seek a better life in the city, only to join the legion of beggars on the verge of starvation. The majority spends their whole lives in the village they were born in, surrounded by hostile country and only occasionally getting news of the outside world. While they are provincial and superstitious, the Peasants are the heart of the Empire.

BASIC



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care *or* Charm, Animal Training *or* Swim, Charm Animal *or* Trade (Cook), Concealment, Drive *or* Trade (Bowyer), Gamble *or* Performer (Dancer *or* Singer), Outdoor Survival *or* Trade (Farmer), Row *or* Set Trap, Scale Sheer Surface *or* Silent Move

Talents: Hardy *or* Rover, Flee! *or* Specialist Weapon Group (Sling)

Trappings: Sling *or* Quarter Staff, Leather Flask

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Bone Picker, Charcoal-Burner, Farmer, Fisherman, Militiaman, Outlaw, Politician, Servant, Tradesman, Zealot

A Day In The Life

Peasants labour from dawn to dusk, seven days a week. They must pay their taxes, plus their rent and any other expenses, out of the foodstuffs or goods produced by their labour. It is difficult to imagine a more dreary, more bleak existence than the sort of life scratched out by a hard working peasant.

If the harvest is good, there is a surplus and the peasants thrive and can forget their woes – at least for a short while. In years when the harvest is bad, they face a long, cold winter with not enough to eat, and the threat of starvation or freezing to death are constant companions.

It is a sad fact that the vast majority of peasants never wander far from the place where they were born; their world ends at the boundary of the village and fields they work. However, despite the arduous work and life of toil, even peasants can find joy, for many celebrate the little victories and blessings of life with a zeal and passion that only one who has laboured so much to reap so little can appreciate.

Notable Figures

There are few examples of peasants who have moved beyond their meagre station in life, but history has turned out a few exceptions. There are examples of great military strategists and religious leaders who rose from a humble background to earn renown and fame. However, an individual must be truly driven to achieve such heights when life is stacked against them from birth onward.

Ortho the Mighty is a classic example of one who rose to fame through dedication and skill at arms. As a young man, he rallied his fellow peasants to fend off a band of goblins from decimating their fields

and burning the crops. His efforts caught the attention of a travelling merchant, who in turn relayed Ortho's cool-headedness, tenacity and grit to his friend, the captain of the watch in a nearby city. The captain was so impressed he travelled to the farming community to meet with young Ortho, and recruited him to join the watch.

And so Ortho's rise began. He excelled within the watch, and soon took over as captain once his former recruiter and friend retired. Now in his mid thirties, Ortho is happy to recount his personal life story, and show how dedication and determination in the name of the Empire never truly goes unrewarded. And he should know – as this former peasant, former watchman, and former mercenary is now the personal bodyguard for the Elector of Ostland,

Adventure Seeds

Pauper or Pretender? While passing through a small hamlet, a local peasant throws himself in front of the characters and begs for protection. It's unclear exactly why this individual needs protection, but he is persistent, pleading with the characters that he is not what he seems, but someone of noble birth in hiding. Soon it becomes clear that this bumpkin has more than a few enemies in the village, and things start to get suspicious. That night, some of the characters' valuables have suddenly gone missing, and so has the peasant.

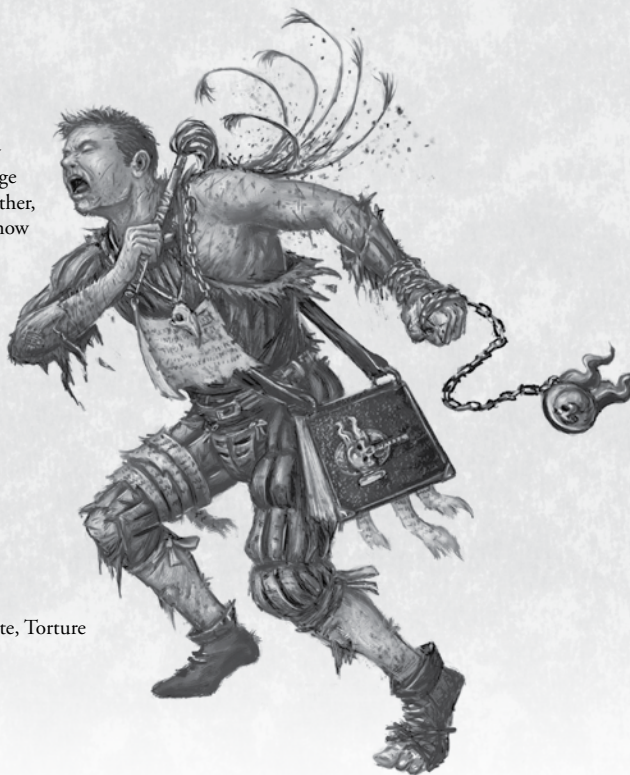
Conscription Services: The characters have been sent to scout local villages for likely candidates to conscript into the region's standing militia. They have been cautioned to keep quiet about what they're doing; peasants don't look kindly on outsiders sizing them up to be taken away for the army. There may also be secrets the villagers are trying to keep hidden from the militia.

PENITENT

I have been very, very bad.

(ToS) Penitents wander the streets of the Old World, crying out that they are heretics and unworthy while beating themselves, or each other, to purge their wickedness. Groups of penitents practise the Torture Skill on each other, which gives members of this career a particularly good understanding of how it works.

As noted above, penitents are particularly common among followers of Sigmar, but they are found among the more committed of the followers of all Gods.



BASIC

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	-	+10%	+10%	-	-	+5%	-

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+3	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Blather, Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Torture

Talents: Hardy, Strike to Stun, Very Resilient

Trappings: Religious Symbol, Scourge

Career Entries: Flagellant, Initiate, Outlaw, Student, Zealot

Career Exits: Cenobite, Charlatan, Flagellant, Initiate, Vagabond

Penitent Dogma

Manann: Manann is a generally indifferent patron who has little interaction with his followers whether they are devout or not. Ironically, there is a growing sect of Manann penitents who believe their god's ambivalence is directly related to their lack of self-castigation. Penitents of Manann tend to favour self-mortification with fish hooks, and a new form of torment they have been pioneering called "water-logging".

Morr: Penitents of Morr continually try to redeem themselves for any number of transgressions against their tireless god. There are so many intricate regulations and strictures concerning the funeral process, and one small oversight or gaffe can entirely undo the sanctity of a ritual. The most committed penitents of Morr are a short-lived few who administer funeral rites in places of virulent plague.

Myrmidia: Most followers of the "sensible" warrior goddess believe that their patron would not wish her adherents to waste time with futile self-flagellation. Mistakes happen, and lapses in judgement often occur in the heat of battle. Only the greatest transgressions against Myrmidia's strictures must be answered with penance. Cowardice that results in the death of comrades is such a transgression, and Myrmidian penitents guilty of this offence follow a similar path to the dwarf Slayer cult.

Ranald: Penitents of Ranald are unique in the Old World because their redemptive efforts are forced upon them rather than voluntary. Sticky-fingered thieves who overstep their boundaries and bring down too much heat on the community, are often "compelled" to return the goods (surreptitiously, of course). If the individual cultist survives his compulsory atonement, he is considered redeemed.

Shallya: Shallyans do not believe in castigation, and prefer to deal with breaches in discipline through meditation and civic outreach.

Sigmar: The Sigmarite cults are particularly fond of self-punishment, and their ranks provide the most diverse range of penitents. Any of the acts of contrition described in WFRP, page 175 are appropriate.

Taal and Rhya: Followers of Taal and Rhya look towards nature to provide their methods of reparation. Minor transgressions can lead to banishment in an inhospitable wilderness for a predetermined length of time. Those guilty of major trespasses can only be redeemed through a lengthy sacrifice ritual involving a powerful forest creature that the penitent has captured bare-handed.

Ulric: The God of Battle and Winter prefers that his attendants sort out their own problems through trial by combat. Most matters are resolved by pitting the offending party against a pack of wolves; however, the Cult of Ulric is also known to employ a special cabal of deadly judicial champions to face the worst transgressors.

Verena: The Goddess of Learning and Justice does not suffer fools gladly. Penitents are required to maintain a detailed list of their offences which they must rewrite entirely every time a new entry is required. Further penance can be made through the meticulous copying of religious tomes. It's a little known fact that many of the major religious cults employ Verenan penitents to copy their liturgical texts.

Adventure Seeds

Day of Reckoning: An important holy day is fast approaching where the cult will decide who is following the correct path to redemption and who must be purged from their ranks – violently, if necessary.

Fanning the Flames of Faith: A deranged penitent is enlisting help on a clearly suicidal campaign. While his zeal is admirable, the dangers are fearsome. The debate on whether to attend or not is dividing the penitent community.

PILGRIM

Your hospitality has been most generous. Would you like me to deliver a prayer in your name?

(ToS) The Shrine of Sire Severich of Verena. The Sigmarite Temple of the Holy Three. The Rise of Taa!s Deep. Distant Heiligerburg, the Holy Mount of Shallya. Paths to all these places, and many more, are clogged with the trudging feet of the faithful. No matter how expensive, laborious, or incredibly dangerous the journeys may be, folk from all walks of life can be found forging forward to these holy sites, each with his own reasons for facing the horror of Old World travel. The most popular pilgrimages attract many thousands of penitents every year, and the routes are lined with souvenir sellers, way shrines, elaborate temples, heavy tolls, and desperate bandits keen to make an easy profit from the poorly defended. The few pilgrims who survive the ordeals can forever after wear the unique symbol of their particular pilgrimage, typically a brooch or necklace with a specific design alluding to the patron God of the worship and the journey's destination.

Special Requirement: The character must be on a pilgrimage to enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+4	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology) **or** Consume Alcohol, Animal Care, Common Knowledge (any one – as dictated by the route of the pilgrimage), Haggle, Gossip **or** Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Performer (Storyteller), Speak Language (any one – as dictated by the route of the pilgrimage)

Talents: Seasoned Traveller, Very Resilient

Trappings: Religious Symbol

Career Entries: Any

Career Exits: Demagogue, Friar, Initiate, Outlaw, Vagabond, Zealot



BASIC / SPECIAL



Quirks and Customs

Pilgrims of different faiths honour various customs when on pilgrimage.

Manann: Pilgrims of Manann transport jugs of saltwater over great distances and subsist on diets of fish and dried seaweed. Dedicated pilgrims drag heavy boat anchors behind them on ropes or chains.

Morr: Morr's pilgrims travel in solemn processions to the Tilean city of Remas, or wander in trancelike states searching for the fabled Tree of Hope that is rumoured to exist somewhere beyond Morr's realm.

Myrmdia: Soldiers of all nations embark on pilgrimages to Tilea and Estalia for Myrmdia's favour. During these journeys, pilgrims wear no armour, only white robes stained with their own blood.

Ranald: Pilgrims of Ranald wear tokens signifying their dedication to the covert Pilgrimage of Fingers (ToS, page 172). Examples include cat's paws, notched coin pendants and unusual piercings.

Shallya: The pilgrimage to the Shallyan high temple at Couronne in Bretonnia is a selfless journey. Pilgrims survive on just water for days at a time, passing on food donations to those truly in need.

Sigmar: The large trains of pilgrims that retrace Sigmar's exodus from the Empire attract considerable attention. Vendors of charms and scrolls can make a tidy profit from these zealous trinket collectors.

Taal and Rhya: The Pilgrimage of the Stones (ToS, page 172) is undertaken barefoot or topless, exposing the pilgrim to nature's elements. Winters are often spent meditating in a cave.

Ulric: Ulric's pilgrims visit Middenheim to bask in the Sacred Flame at the cathedral, or climb the highest peaks in the Middle Mountains. They do not shave nor cut their hair, and many go unwashed.

Verena: Pilgrims of Verena are lone scholars who tour the greatest libraries copying and distributing tomes of knowledge. They walk and read at the same time, using head lanterns for illumination after dusk.

Completing Pilgrimages

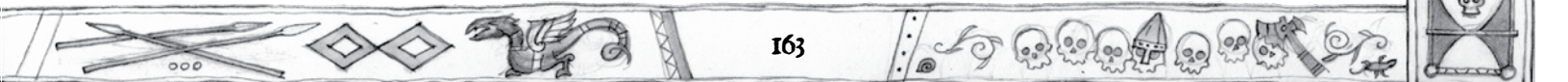
Most pilgrims who reach their destinations return home afterwards, though some immediately begin another, more ambitious pilgrimage. Others spend their entire lives on the road. To some pilgrims, reaching the destination is a reward in itself, while for others it is the journey. Some pilgrims have experienced miracles or epiphanies upon arriving at their goals.

The exact outcome of a pilgrimage depends on the level of divine intervention preferred by the GM. Major outcomes might include miraculous healing or the curing of insanity. Minor results can range from meeting a helpful stranger to receiving prophetic dreams or witnessing divine omens. Alternatively, successful pilgrims could receive a bonus Fortune Point for their efforts.

Adventure Seeds

The Delivery: The pilgrim is given a letter to deliver by an eccentric scholar. The letter is quite innocent, but a witch hunter from the Sigmarite Order of the Flame suspects the scholar of blasphemous writings. The pilgrim is shadowed by agents, and later along his journey is mistaken for a collaborator.

An Annoying Addition: A naive sycophant insists on joining the pilgrim's journey. He is very helpful and dearly enamoured with the pilgrim lifestyle, but lacks religious devotion. The pilgrim must decide whether to shun his new friend, or allow him to tag along and risk losing favour with his god.



PIT FIGHTER

I am Gustaf the Mighty! Face me if you dare!

(Core) It is said that the sport of pit fighting has its origins amongst the Ogres. It is easy enough to believe that a race as dim-witted as the Ogres would contribute fights to the death to the culture of the Old World. In years past most Pit Fighters were criminals or prisoners of war. They'd be thrown in a ring or a pit with a few weapons and only the winner would leave alive. These days there is a class of professional Pit Fighters in addition to the condemned. They seek excitement and glory in the pit, though most fight naught but a brutal death as the crowd howls for their blood. Successful Pit Fighters can become wealthy (from prize money and the rampant gambling that surrounds the sport), allowing slave fighters to buy their freedom.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	-	-	+10%	+10%	-	+10%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Dodge Blow, Intimidate

Talents: Disarm **or** Wrestling, Quick Draw **or** Strike to Injure, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Very Strong **or** Strong-minded

Trappings: Flail **or** Great Weapon, Knuckle-duster, Shield **or** Buckler, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack)

Career Entries: Norse Berserker, Protagonist, Shieldbreaker, Thug

Career Exits: Bounty Hunter, Mercenary, Protagonist, Troll Slayer, Veteran



BASIC

The Secret Guild

Even though pit fighting is a sport found in most parts of the Empire, it is loosely organised at best. Usually, it consists of local fighters gathering together to provide a night's entertainment, with the occasional appearance by out-of-town opponents. In some of the larger cities, leagues and permanent arenas are sometimes formed, though always under the sufferance of local authorities or the control of local crime bosses. However, it is still rare for any meaningful organisation of pit fighters to exist. In fact, such an organisation seems at odds with the very nature of throwing two men into a pit to hack each other to death.

Despite all this, however, rumours persist of an underground fellowship of fighters. This secret pit fighter guild is rumoured to wield a surprising amount of power and holds influence with Imperial citizens right up into the highest levels of government.

The goals of the guild, however, are unknown, though some speculate that they are secretly training an army through endless matches and bouts, covertly grooming dangerous fighters for their own ends. Getting into the guild is as simple as making a name in the pit. They say the best fighters are eventually approached and offered a chance to be part of something bigger than themselves. Of course, since no one ever talks about the guild its existence remains only rumour.

Notable Figures

Pit fighting has spawned some truly infamous individuals throughout the Empire, such as Ogrim Fleshbiter with his taste for his opponent's fingers, or Horst the Slaughterer who throws his foes' limbs into the crowd. None, however, are quite as notorious or widely known as the fighter who calls himself Fist. A mysterious figure, Fist is a topic from

the blood rings of Hesselbad to the canal arenas of Marienburg. They say he is a fighter without peer and has never been defeated. He travels from town to town and city to city, seeking new opponents to test his skills.

When a champion has defeated a certain number of foes he will attract Fist's attention. Then it is only a matter of time before the mysterious challenger will arrive. Nobody knows what Fist looks like, and there are various wild tales as to his race and appearance.

Some say he is a vindictive ogre from the far east, come to show the lesser races the true meaning of pit fighting. Others speculate that he is not alive at all. Instead he is an undead construct made from the parts of countless other fighters, held together with dark magic.

Adventure Seeds

Guarding the Best: Krass the Bloodied has long held the title of King of the Pit in Middenheim and has a dire reputation for his brutal, if somewhat unsubtle, style in the pit. However, his title draws some unwanted attention outside the pit from would-be challengers. With a big match tomorrow the fighter wants to stay out of trouble. So he is looking for some bodyguards to do his fighting for him.

Substitute Needed: It seems the mayor of Riens has a dark past as a champion of the pit and has made many enemies in the arena. Now an old rival has returned, keen to settle a score. Eager to avoid both embarrassment and grievous injury, the mayor is looking for someone to fight in his stead.

PROTAGONIST

You want him busted up good, or just scared? I charge the same either way, just wondering how far you want this to go.

(Core) Protagonists are professional bullies. Their fighting skills are for hire and they will beat up just about anyone for the right price. In many cases, Protagonists hide the fact that they are hired help, making up ridiculous excuses to start a brawl with the chosen target. The moneyman watches the humiliation of his foe, for enjoyment or profit of both. Roughing up a few locals is comparatively cheap, while more formidable opponents and more grievous injuries are proportionally more expensive. Most leave outright murder to the Assassins, but exceptions to this rule can be purchased. Jobless Protagonists simply pick their own fights and rob their victims. Needless to say, Watchmen keep a close eye on known Protagonists, so they tend to move quickly from place to place.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	-	+10%	-	+10%	-	+10%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

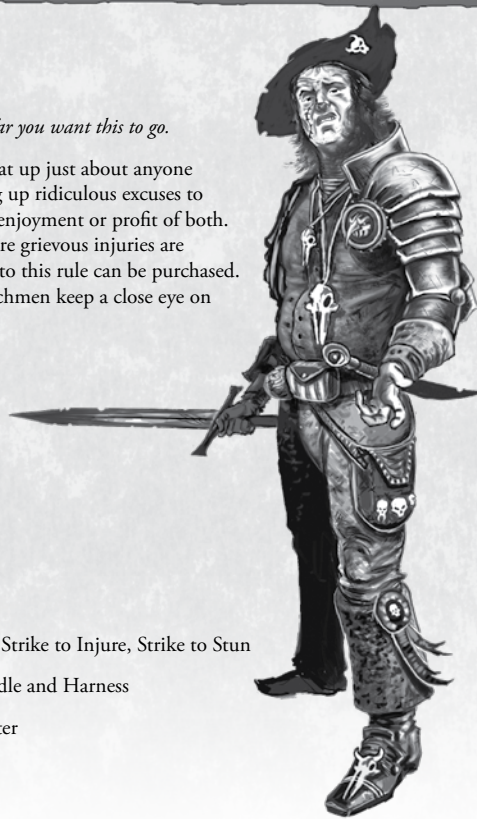
Skills: Dodge Blow, Gossip **or** Haggle, Intimidate, Ride

Talents: Disarm **or** Quick Draw, Menacing **or** Suave, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack), Shield, Riding Horse with Saddle and Harness

Career Entries: Bailiff, Bodyguard, Bounty Hunter, Estalian Diestro, Ex-Convict, Pit Fighter

Career Exits: Duellist, Ex-Convict, Pit Fighter, Racketeer, Thief, Thug



BASIC

A Day in the Life

A protagonist begins work by frequenting the more violent local dives. He will put the word out to a local fence that he is willing to brawl for money. Sooner or later a paying customer, or fence acting as a middleman, approaches the protagonist.

They will debate the contract, agree on a price and discuss any complications. Some protagonists might need to be persuaded that it is ethical to attack their target, though most feel no need to justify their bold actions.

It is usually towards the end of the night, after a few drinks are downed, that the Protagonist plies his trade. He will pick his mark, either a pre-arranged target or just someone who looks like he might be carrying money. He contrives some pretext for a disagreement, a spilt drink or insulting remark. The protagonist will then do all he can to exacerbate the argument and 'justify' his assault. He will then either collect his fee, rob his victim, or both.

A good protagonist will be able to keep this up for some time, explaining to the authorities (who usually have something more important to worry about) that he was 'just minding his own business' when he was unnecessarily provoked. However, most protagonists make enemies quickly, and have to stay on the move in order to stay one step ahead of revenge.

Affiliations

If a protagonist intends to work in a given area for any length of time it will be to his advantage to get to know the local watch, and cultivate contacts with the criminal underworld. Protagonists can bribe, cajole,

or threaten watchmen into turning a blind eye to his activities, or even going along with his protestations of innocence and getting his victims into further trouble for 'starting things.' This is a dangerous game for the protagonist. If his bribes or threats reach the ears of an incorruptible Watchman he will likely be dealt with harshly.

Underworld contacts such as fences provide work and a safe place to hide should the Protagonist need it. A crime lord who fancies a minion with a little more flair than a common thug might even offer the protagonist regular employment.

Adventure Seeds

An Unexpected Turn: A shifty individual approaches a protagonist with a simple task, give a man standing at the bar a bloody nose. Within minutes the protagonist is accusing the man of spilling ale over his new boots, and mashes his nose to a pulp. However, it is not blood that spews forth, but thick black tar. The man is exposed as a mutant and the protagonist hailed as a hero, but the shifty individual has vanished. Just why was the protagonist hired to expose the mutant in this manner?

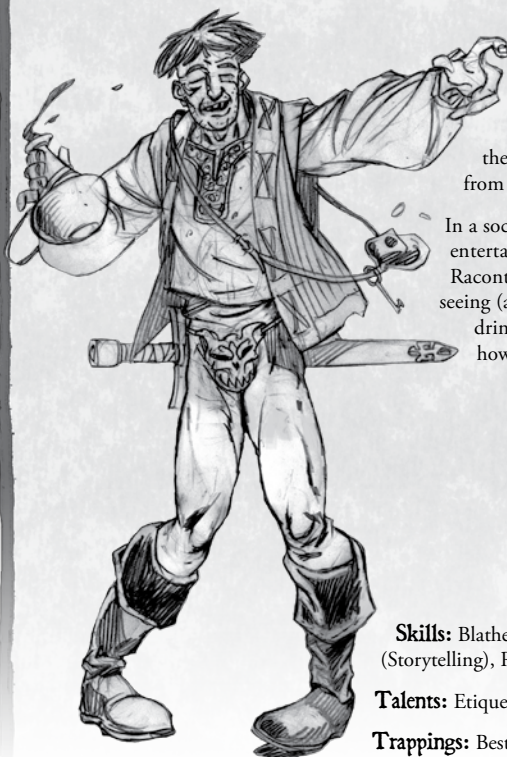
The Price of Blood: The protagonist bumped into an easy mark in the tavern last night, a chinless weakling with an irritating manner and dressed in ridiculous clothes. As luck would have it a brawl broke out and the protagonist used it as cover to beat the man senseless and lift his purse, so full of gold, the protagonist will be able to live off the contents for weeks. Later on that day his friends deliver some bad news. His victim was the son of a visiting noble lord who is now offering a generous sum of money to find out who beat him so badly. The protagonist had better skip town quickly before someone sells him out.

RACONTEUR

Hah, hah... yes, your daughter you say? Well... I'm sure this is all a misunderstanding. In fact, it reminds me of a tale...

(SH) Born with a gift of gab and a desire to use it, Raconteurs are natural storytellers who can be found in taverns, inns, and salons anywhere in the Empire. No matter what the occasion – or even if it's no occasion at all – the Raconteur has a ready story. He travels from place to place, witnessing marvellous things and weaving a thrilling tale about it all.

In a society in which most people cannot read, the Raconteur is both a source of news and entertainment, mixing witty repartee and cutting wit into his stories. To gain his news, a Raconteur might find himself travelling with armies and adventuring bands in the hope of seeing (and surviving) something new and exciting, something that will earn him a few rounds of drinks and a healthy audience at the local inn. Not all Raconteurs enjoy the adventurous life, however. Some stay comfortably where they are and make it all up.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	–	–	+5%	+10%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (any one), Gossip, Performer (Comedian), Performer (Storytelling), Read/Write, Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Etiquette or Hardy, Public Speaking, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Best Clothing, Outrageous Hat

Career Entries: Agitator, Camp Follower, Entertainer, Rogue, Seaman, Soldier, Student, Vagabond

Career Exits: Charlatan, Courtier, Demagogue, Entertainer, Herald, Initiate, Rapsallion, Rogue

The Famous Brotherhood of Adventurers, Explorers and Gentlemen (The Liars' Guild)

Once a week at the Five Feathers inn, the Famous Brotherhood (or as most people call it – the Liars' Guild) meets up. This gathering of raconteurs, rogues and entertainers is an occasion for world famous adventurers to relate thrilling tales of their unlikely, extraordinary and lurid exploits. Of course, no one takes these "adventurers" seriously. The Famous Brotherhood is entirely performance and is perhaps the finest dinner theatre available to common folk in the Empire. Over cheap beer, hard bread and sheep stew, an audience can enjoy outlandish tales of wit, wonder, warfare and womanising. It seems harmless enough fun.

But occasionally, the Famous Brotherhood will invite an actual adventurer to speak – someone who really has done something extraordinary. Paid at most a few shillings, and promised the opportunity to share their fabulous exploits, these speakers rarely know what they're in for. The crowd is merciless to these invited guests. Easily bored, surly and often drunk, the audience expects non-stop ribald comedy and lurid action. The raconteur regulars know this and excel at entertaining the crowd. Some stoic dwarf there to tell tales of his troll-slaying probably does not. If he is not careful, he may soon have to dodge a deluge of rotten vegetables, bread rinds and half-chewed sheep bones.

Etienne Legrand

This legendary storyteller and heartbreaker is both beloved and hated in the inns where he frequents. He is loved for his fine tales full of fancy and lyricism, and hated for his womanising and wife-stealing. More than one distressed bride has run away to be with her "Dear Sweet

Etienne" only to discover her paramour missing and her reputation ruined.

In truth, Etienne is more than he seems and, by the way, not at all Bretonnian. Once an agitator, Eckhart Lang incited a vicious series of uprisings in Nuln, that ended in the death of more than a few peasants and watchmen, along with a corrupt viscount. Eckhart, realising that he had finally gone too far, fled the city and changed his name, adopting the persona of Etienne. Still, old habits die hard; Etienne continues to believe that the aristocracy of the empire should be brought down. Sleeping with their pretty wives and mistresses is just one way of getting revenge.

Adventure Seeds

Hiding in Plain Sight: Etienne has finally jilted the wrong woman. His beautiful, sweet Angelique has hired a band of thugs to kill the raconteur. Now he has only chance of escape – to disguise himself as one of the adventurers he met earlier at the tavern, in the hope that the thugs will tangle with the wrong man.

Fool Me Once...: A raconteur decides that the characters' last adventure is worthy of a farce. He begins telling mostly inaccurate versions of the characters' exploits that make them appear as buffoons. His stories are incredibly well received and soon enough a would-be playwright contacts our heroes. The hack wants to write a comic play about their tales. Of course, when they learn exactly what he thinks they've done, they may not be so amused.

RAT CATCHER

If you grab them by the tails, they can't barely even bite you. Well, not most of the time.

(Core) The Rat Catcher is a common sight throughout the Empire. They can be found in villages, towns, and cities, making a living by disposing of the vermin that infest all dwellings in this unsanitary age. Rat Catchers are often travelling folk, although larger towns and cities have permanent contingents of "vermin soldiers." Rats are their chief enemy, but they can also dispose of moles, mice, and even fouler pests. City-dwelling Rat Catchers spend a great deal of time in the sewers, wading through rivers of filth in search of their prey. It's a dirty job but it helps keep the plague away.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	-	+5%	+10%	-	+10%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Trainer, Concealment, Perception, Search, Set Trap, Silent Move

Talents: Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Tunnel Rat

Trappings: Sling with Ammunition, 4 Animal Traps, Pole with 1d10 dead rats, Small but Vicious Dog

Career Entries: Grave Robber, Jailer, Runebearer, Tomb Robber

Career Exits: Animal Trainer, Bone Picker, Cat Burglar, Grave Robber, Jailer, Shieldbreaker, Thief

The Secret of Catching Rats

A good rat catcher keeps his methods secret if he wants to protect his livelihood. He prefers if his customers attribute his skills to some supernatural talent, rather than a collection of clever tricks. However, a good rat catcher doesn't catch many rats chasing after them with a mallet. To truly excel at the art of hunting and killing vermin a rat catcher must become a true rat wrangler, truly understanding the rat. To this end, rat catchers sometime spend hours in sewers and derelict buildings sitting silently and watching their prey, learning how they move, hunt, and feed.

The most common way to catch rats is to trap a house. The rat catchers find the likely places rats travel and lay simple cage or spring traps to kill or capture them. However, sometimes canny rats will learn to avoid or even survive the traps. Then, the rat catcher must hunt them down. Rats leave many traces of their passing, from tiny paw prints to trails of droppings. A good rat catcher can tell the size and gender of a rat by its tracks. A rat catcher's dog is also a vital part of his trade and it is during the hunt that it comes into the fore. A dog can crawl into dark places and root out hidden vermin. He is also the rat catcher's nose, helping him to detect the scent of filth left by his quarry.

Rat Catcher Slang

Living beneath the notice of society, rat catchers are a rather secretive and shadowy group, preferring the company of their own kind. Part of this insular nature comes out in the way they speak, a mixture of slang and trade tongue that only other rat catchers truly understand. Below are a few examples of rat catcher slang.

Rats – Tunnel Pigeons, Sewer Bunnies, Pox with Paws, Privy Natives

Sewer – Filth Hole, Dark Street, Rubbish Pipe, Rat Run, Downtown

Job – Rat Hunt, Trap and Strangle, Underground Walk

Money – Rat Tails, Sewer Coin, Skull and Paw

Watchman – Clanker, Limping Lantern, Signpost

City – Rat Wheel, Sewer Top

Person – Stinker, Walking Filth, Rubbish Farmer

Bad Smells – Grey Air, Sewer Fragrance, Morr's Fart, Privy Perfume

So for example a rat catcher might say he was on a trap and strangle in the filth hole when he noticed some vile privy perfume. However the rubbish farmer was paying good rat tails so he decided to get on and find the cursed tunnel pigeon.

Adventure Seeds

Annual Running of the Rats: Each year the rat catchers and sewer jacks of Altdorf hold a great running of the rats in the city's sewers. Huge fires are lit at key points in the sewers (carefully supervised, of course!) to drive a sweeping torrent of rats out into the open, where brave souls will see how many they can snare. However, often the fires stir more than just rats and participants may get more than they bargained for.

Too Little of a Bad Thing: Frensburg has an unusual rat problem – there are no rats anywhere in the town! The local rat catchers are unable to find any trace of the vile vermin and no one knows why they have gone away. Far from being pleased, the residents are now quite worried and are hoping for the return of the rats so everything can return to normal.

REAVER

Blood and terror! For the glory of the Plague Lords!

(ToC) The seas of the Old World are full of terrors, some Human, others subhuman. Among the most feared mariners are the Norse Reavers, brutal warriors who plunder the coastlines in search of foodstuffs, gold, and slaves. They are a merciless lot, hardened from their frequent battles with Imperial sailors and the feeble militias that stand against them. Reavers sail the seas to bring booty back to their settlements in their frozen lands. Others sell their souls to the Ruinous Powers, hoping to attract the attention of their uncaring Gods, and gain the power they so crave.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	-	+10%	+5%	+10%	-	-	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire, Lustria, Norsca, Southlands, Tilea, or the Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Breton, Estalian, Reikspiel, or Tilean), Swim

Talents: Hardy or Street Fighting, Menacing or Strike Mighty Blow, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Hand Weapon, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt, Leather Jack, Leather Leggings, Leather Skullcap, and Helmet), Shield, Tattoos

Career Entries: Berserker, Bondsman, Marauder, Seaman, Skald, Warleader, Whaler

Career Exits: Marine, Mate, Mercenary, Navigator, Slaver, Ulfwerenar (see ToC page 146), Veteran, Warleader



BASIC

A Day in the Life

The life of a reaver is tightly woven to the ship he works on, and the long days often start as the reavers guide the vessel through the fierce northern seas. Breakfast is gulped down in a corner that gives some protection from the wind, and normally washed down with strong spirits to keep a fire in his belly. Unless some prey is sighted, the day continues as it began, until the reaver has the chance to eat an evening meal and tie himself in to grab some sleep.

However, once a suitable target is spotted, whether it is a ship or a coastal village, everything changes. The reavers quickly bring the ship around to fall upon their target at full speed, seeking gain the element of surprise and overwhelm their opponent quickly. As they approach, the bare minimum of men are assigned to continue crewing the vessel, while everyone else gears for battle and readies weapons.

When the ship comes close, reavers leap from their deck straight into the action, charging in with battle cries and cutting down any who stand in their way. Even those who try to flee are chased down; reavers enjoy their bloody work and seldom leave survivors.

Once everyone is dead, or fled, the reavers gather their loot. Valuables are stored in the hold of their ship, while food and drink is consumed in great celebratory feasts. The crew sets out again from land, out of the reach of those who might seek revenge. Once back on the seas, many of the reavers who participated in the raid drink themselves into a mighty stupor, which may last until the next raid.

Hildir

Hildir is a rarity, a female reaver. She is a beauty, with long blonde hair and a feminine figure that belies her strength. Some whisper that she is actually blessed of the Ruinous Powers, and bears a mark of their favour somewhere on her lithe body, but she does not claim that glory.

She enjoys challenging the most stalwart opponents on the battlefield to single combat. Her victims rise to the challenge, since many would be dishonoured or horribly shamed to admit they had balked when confronted by a mere woman. But the victory notches on her fearsome twin-bladed axe Maiden's Kiss count dozens of men for whom discretion would have been the better part of valour.

Adventure Seeds

A Lone Reaver: During a raid on a coastal settlement, a reaver pursues a merchant laden with jewellery, whose speed belies his appearance. The chase takes some time, and after killing his victim and taking the treasure, it takes the reaver a long time to get back to the site of the raid, loaded down as he is. When he does get back, the ship has sailed, and Imperial troops have arrived in the village to investigate the disturbance. Will the lone reaver be apprehended? Can he find his way home?

Unexpected Resistance: A reaver and his companions descend on an apparently defenceless village, and start their bloody business. They cut their way to the centre of the village, when the dead stand up behind them, and zombies pour out of the buildings, in staggering numbers, surround the raiders. One of the reavers recalls an old wife's tale of a powerful relic hidden somewhere in the village ripe for plunder – should the reavers survive.



BASIC



RIVER WARDEN

And what's this? Brandy, eh? Produce of Bretonnia. Just a single bottle. You've never seen it before in your life? I'd better get it out the way, then, before someone trips on it. And, see you same time next week.

(WC) A clarion call across the murky waters of the Reik can only mean one thing: Riverwardens. These strong-backed lawmen are commonly perceived by river goers as little better than thugs, as they must harass even innocent vessels when checking for smuggled goods and have learned that politeness and trust do not pay off. The over-worked patrols, which toil through month-long shifts at a time, are responsible for waters too large to be effectively controlled. They spend most of their time concentrating on the worst law-breakers, including pirates, murderers, and barge thieves, and allow most petty misdemeanours to slip by with spot-fines. They are a common sight on the rivers, and their patrols extend as far as Kislev.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Riverwarden for Roadwarden with your GM's approval.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	+10%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Common Knowledge (The Empire *or* Kislev), Gossip *or* Speak Language (Kislevite), Navigation, Outdoor Survival *or* Sail, Perception, Row, Search, Secret Signs (Scout)

Talents: Orientation *or* Very Strong, Specialist Weapon (Gunpowder)

Trappings: Pistol with Powder and Ammunition for 10 Shots, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Row Boat, Shield, Uniform, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Boatman, Ferryman, Marine, Roadwarden

Career Exits: Boatman, Marine, Roadwarden, Seaman, Sergeant, Smuggler, Toll Keeper, Verenean Investigator, Wrecker

Rocking the Boat

The best riverwardens need to use a bit of subtlety and common sense. They could go searching every nook of every vessel that comes down the river, and they'd be sure to find a lot of good stuff. And they'd be sure to end up with no friends, if they were lucky, and a knife in the back if they were not.

A good riverwarden needs to be a friend to the boatmen, not their enemy. He needs to get to know them and learn their ways. It's best for both parties. There's plenty of opportunity to catch foreign smugglers and ne'er do wells, the sorts that don't understand folk on this stretch of the river.

The honest local boatman, might smuggle a bit, he's got to, really, but nothing too much, nothing that will inconvenience the duke, or bring the Empire down. And if you know where to look, or more to the point, where not to look, a good riverwarden will find plenty to keep him busy: the odd bottle of brandy, or wheel of cheese, or leg of ham, that needs to be confiscated, without rocking the boat, so to speak.

The Battle of Bechbad

The town of Bechbad on the Talabec, a couple of days downriver from Talabheim, had always been quite quiet. The riverwardens there had little to do but check the regular flow of cargo ships making their way up and down the great river.

Until, the pirates came. In a couple of weeks, five cargoes were lost and many honest boatmen. The Bechbad riverwardens could do little; and caught no sight of the pirates, who had any number of sheltered tributaries and secluded inlets to hide in.

Then the captain of the riverwardens commandeered a cargo boat. He grabbed the next suitable ship, and demanded volunteers from the townsfolk and crews that were resting in Bechbad. And so filled with vigilantes and riverwardens, the boat made its way up the river.

They were soon set upon by the pirates and battle was joined. The struggle saw the pirate ship burn and sink and the commandeered vessel was badly damaged. But eventually, all the pirates lay dead or captured.

And thanks to the brave men of the Bechbad riverwardens that stretch of river has not seen another pirate to this very day.

Adventure Seeds

Looking the Other Way: The usually loyal riverwarden is approached by some stranger to deliberately overlook a crate or two coming in on the next boat. The crate is clearly described, and all the character has to do is search a different one. The money he is offered to do so is excellent. This is a test, however. The crate is entirely legitimate. If the character passes the test, then next time he will be paid the same way but the crate will be full of illicit goods. If he does not pass the test, the boys will come round to 'have a word.'

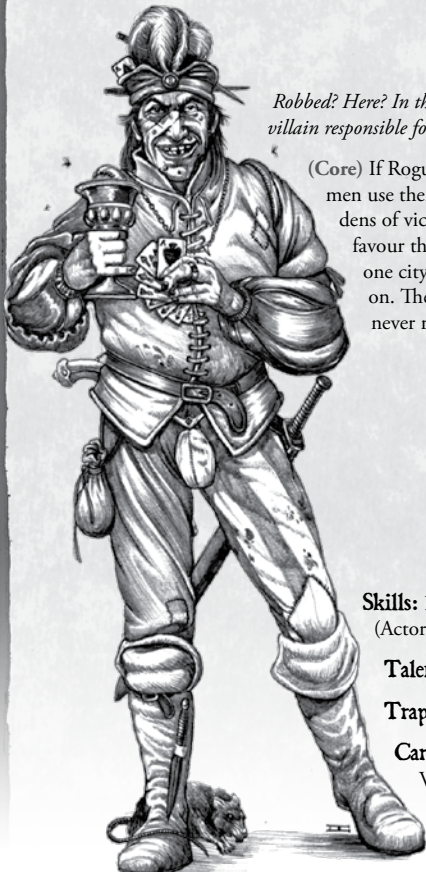
Greasing the Right Palm: The characters needs to get that thing down the river without the authorities getting wind of it. They need to contact a riverwarden and make sure they get away with it. Word on the bank is that the riverwardens can be bribed but you have to know what you're doing. If the characters get it right, the river warden will get their crate all the way to the destination for them without a sniff of trouble, but it will cost them. If they get it wrong, it will cost them a lot more.

ROGUE

Robbed? Here? In this very inn?! Unthinkable! On my honour I shall not rest, good merchant, until we have discovered the villain responsible for so cunningly relieving you of your silver!

(Core) If Rogues have a creed, it is this: never do an honest day's work if you can avoid it. These fast-talking con men use their charm and luck to make their way in the world. Some work as bawds, professional guides to the dens of vice and inequity to be found in any city. Others are professional gamblers or raconteurs. All Rogues favour their wits over their swords, and they always have a ready story on their lips. While Rogues often have one city as home turf, some travel from place to place, profiting from elaborate schemes and then moving on. The most skilled Rogues go undetected. Their lies are so convincing that even those they have swindled never realize it was a con.

BASIC



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	-	-	+10%	+5%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Blather, Charm, Evaluate, Gamble **or** Secret Signs (Thief), Gossip **or** Haggle, Perception, Performer (Actor **or** Storyteller), Search **or** Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Flee! **or** Streetwise, Luck **or** Sixth Sense, Public Speaking

Trappings: One set of Best Craftsmanship Clothing **or** Dice **or** Deck of Cards, 1d10 gc

Career Entries: Agitator, Assassin, Duellist, Entertainer, Envoy, Estalian Diestro, Noble, Seaman, Thief, Valet

Career Exits: Charlatan, Demagogue, Entertainer, Ex-Convict, Outlaw, Servant, Thief

The Ambassador

Salvatore Fiorenzo Bellarmini di Rosellino e Luccini came to Altdorf one day with a flourish and an entourage. He revealed his credentials to the town fathers and they were impeccable. He had come for one reason – to be the ambassador to the Empire from the Tilean city state of Luccini.

His first priority – announce himself to the Emperor. His second priority – sell an exclusive trade monopoly between the Empire and Luccini to the highest bidder. Handsome, worldly, and well-travelled, he soon became the toast of Imperial society. There is only one problem. He is not the ambassador. He is not even Tilean. He is a confidence man and rogue.

Diego (that's his real name – he's Estalian) knows his time is short. It is only a matter of time before he is discovered and his neck is on the block. He plans to sell as many confidential and exclusive monopolies as he can, hoard as much cash as possible, and then "report back to his prince" (flee as quickly as possible). If anyone gets in his way, they are going to discover that they are accused of threatening and trying to murder the ambassador. Diego is not above letting innocent men hang if it means he will make his fortune.

Dominik Guildenstern

Dominik is a rogue, but he is also a playwright, actor, and co-owner of a small stage in Nuln. Alas, in these hard times, Dominik has been forced to resort to unsavoury measures to keep his theatre in business. He has borrowed money from a local crime lord who hopes to 'foreclose' on the theatre and turn into a base for his thugs.

Dominik's judgement is questionable, but not his talent. He has written a play for the ages – *The Prince of Palingarde*. Dominik is positive this play will make his name. It has everything – love, revenge, murder, romance and a bit with a dog. But he just can not seem to find the financing to stage this elaborate production.

Thus, Dominik is looking for investors. With his quick wit and silver tongue, he hopes to sway some wealthy noble or an adventurer flush with looted gold to finance his operation. At the face of it, it may seem a grand investment. The play is really good. The problem is that though Dominik may put on a great play, he will remain a terrible businessman. Paying off the crime lord and his mismanagement ensures any financial venture is doomed to failure.

Adventure Seeds

A Plea for Help: A beautiful elven maiden claims her brother has been abducted by orcs. She promises a magical reward and perhaps even her affections if the party will rescue him. Of course, she is a rogue, and without her false ears, not even an elf. She gets a cut for sending fools into an ambush by a bandit chieftain. Wary heroes may be able to discover her ruse, ambush the ambushers, and even find their secret treasure cave.

A Late Rogue's Legacy: A local rogue has been murdered. His personal apartments are ransacked by his former dupes, but they find no trace of the more than 500 gold crowns he fleeced from them. He never left the city. It has to be hidden somewhere. Alas, word gets out quick and soon enough the treasure hunt is on!

RUNEBEARER

The message is my life.

(Core) The Undgrin Ankor, a network of elaborate tunnels that once ran the length of the World's Edge Mountains, connects the Dwarfholds east of the Empire. Communication between holds is carried out by means of Runebearers – specially trained young Dwarfs who risk life and limb to carry messages (written in the runic script of the Dwarfs) from one hold to another. Over recent centuries, as more Dwarfholds have fallen to the Goblinoids and more tunnels have become ruined, the Runebearers' lot has become increasingly difficult. They are forced to take more circuitous routes, and even these are fraught with danger as the enemies discover the routes. Often, Runebearers must leave the tunnels altogether and cross mountains and valleys on the surface. Runebearers who specialize in long distances are sometimes used to carry messages between the Dwarf communities of the Empire and those of mountains.

Note: Only Dwarfs can enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	+1	–	–	–

Skills: Dodge Blow, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Secret Signs (Scout), Perception, Swim

Talents: Flee!, Fleet Footed **or** Sixth Sense, Orientation, Rapid Reload, Very Resilient **or** Very Strong

Trappings: Crossbow and 10 Bolts, Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Healing Draught, Lucky Charm

Career Entries: Shieldbreaker

Career Exits: Rat Catcher, Scout, Shieldbreaker, Tomb Robber, Veteran



BASIC / SPECIAL

Little Known Facts

While much is made of the mission of the lone runebearer running frantically to carry his message, many dwarf leaders do not place all their faith in a single messenger. Often, multiple runebearers are dispatched, along different routes, so that there is a much greater chance of at least one delivering his message. This is almost never discussed with outsiders, as the dwarves prefer their enemies to believe that if they have stopped one messenger, they have stopped them all.

There is great competition among runebearers to move quickly. Often, it can be very risky to move too fast, lest you stumble into an ambush or attract too much attention. Dwarven legends extol the fastest runebearers, and beardlings all dream of someday being among them. The greatest distance recorded by a single runebearer is from the mountains near Kislev to those of Estalia; every runebearer's dream is to set a new record in the Kislev Run.

To fail to deliver a message in time – and to still live – is a runebearer's greatest shame. Those who have arrived too late may take up the mantle of a slayer to exonerate themselves.

A Day in the Life

During relatively peaceful times runebearers work in their local communities, carrying messages through mining tunnels and across well-known roads. Their work is generally light, and the risks they must take at other times means they are afforded some relaxation. Inevitably, though, the call will come.

The runebearer must race to receive his message and his instructions. Sometimes, he does not know what the message actually is – it is coded

and he doesn't know the how to interpret it, so he cannot reveal it under torture if captured. All he needs to know is where it must go and who must receive it.

On a "run," the runebearer cannot waste time. Food and sleep are taken only sparingly. Young runebearers are trained to know the signs of starvation and exhaustion and taught that there is no glory, or purpose, in travelling three-fourths of the way there and then dying of thirst, the message undelivered. All other distractions, though, are set aside.

A runebearer knows not just his chosen route, but a dozen alternate paths, and will veer off at the first sign of trouble. Glory, for him, does not come in combat, but in performance – stopping to battle goblinoids, even if victory seems certain, is just a delay he cannot afford.

Adventure Seeds

Missing Messages: During some confusion near a large city, a runebearer's pack – and the message he swore to deliver – stolen by a thief, who has since vanished into the city's underworld. The message is of no financial value, but who knows what enemies of the dwarves might make of it? The thief might even discard it without realizing what he carries. The runebearer must enter the city and somehow track down the message.

One Final Request: In the aftermath of a battle with goblins, an injured runebearer is found. He is barely alive, and has time only to cough out the location of the recipient of his message before he dies. No Dwarf, hearing this, would refuse to take the message where it belongs – no matter how far he has to go.

SCRIBE

I've never seen writing like this before. It may be a seldom used form of Archaic Imperial. Perhaps, I can find a clue in one of my books...

(Core) Since most citizens of the Empire are illiterate, Scribes are very much in demand. Virtually every government, civil, military, or religious institution requires a large number of Scribes for record keeping. There are also public Scribes, who make a living writing and reading letters for the common folk. Scribes are well educated and many go on to become Scholars or lawyers. A few tire of reading about the adventures of others and resolve to have some of their own. With their extensive knowledge of other languages, they make excellent translators for foreign expeditions.

BASIC



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	-	-	-	+10%	+10%	+10%	+5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any one), Common Knowledge (the Empire) **or** Gossip, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel **or** Tilean), Trade (Calligrapher)

Talents: Linguistics

Trappings: Knife, A Pair of Candles, Wax, 5 matches, Illuminated Book, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Apprentice Wizard, Cartographer, Initiate

Career Exits: Agitator, Apprentice Wizard, Cartographer, Initiate, Navigator, Scholar

Anton Hollenberg and His Amazing Pantograph

Anton is not only a masterful scribe, but also the inventor of a fabulous device – the pantograph. The pantograph is a mechanical wonder a scribe wears like a glove. The glove is linked by delicate and cleverly jointed arms to another pen that duplicates the writer's every move. Thus Anton has invented a very crude sort of copying device. Whenever Anton performs his duties as a scribe, he always uses the pantograph. This ensures he has not only the copy he submits to the client, but also a copy for his own records. That is why his life is now in grave danger.

One of Anton's clients was a wealthy merchant. He had Anton carefully and studiously copy letters and stationary from the merchant's rough and barely legible hand into Anton's beautiful calligraphy. Anton then returned both the original and the copy to the client. But he kept the pantograph's copy for himself. It turned out that the merchant in question was actually a powerful magus of a chaos cult. Encoded within those letters were instructions to his minions. Now the witch hunters have started to ferret the merchant out. He has burned all of his incriminating letters. It was only by a stroke of luck that he learned about Anton's pantograph.

Desperate, he needs all those letters and Herr Hollenberg destroyed to completely cover his tracks. Using his underground contacts, assassins have been hired. Soon, a hapless scribe will be stalked by professional killers.

The Faithful Brotherhood of Scribes and Scriveners

At first glance, this appears to be a normal and rather pedestrian guild. In reality, this scribe's guild is not to be trifled with. Years of copying and sorting through the records of every major institution means the scribes have dirt on everyone. The Brotherhood's records vault, a legendary depository of blackmail material, is sealed, hidden, and kept under great security. The Faithful Brotherhood rewards its members for turning in dated, verifiable, and incriminating documents on prominent citizens. They are patient, preferring to slowly accumulate information until their evidence is indeed damning. What do the scribes do with this information? Nothing, so long as their members are well treated, well paid, and fairly dealt with. Crossing a guild scribe is a truly dangerous undertaking.

Adventure Seeds

Outsiders Needed: A scribe employed by a township has discovered that the lord-mayor is embezzling large amounts of money from the city coffers. He would reveal what he knows, but he is afraid the thoroughly corrupt mayor will discover him and seek violent retribution. He needs protection and an escort to the county seat if this fraud is to be revealed. He needs someone from out-of-town that is not in the mayor's pocket. He turns to the party.

Secrets Revealed: A scribe believes he has managed to finally decrypt an ancient treasure map. He tries to gather a group of like-minded adventurers to follow it and see where it leads.

SEAMAN

There ain't enough rum to get me back on that ship. But rum and a bit of gold might do.

(Core) Most Imperial seamen come from the province of Nordland, which has a long stretch of coast on the Sea of Claws. The Greatships, Wolfships, and Wargalleys of the Imperial Fleet patrol these waters, protecting the Empire from Norse longships, Bretonnian buccaneers, and the dreaded fleets of Chaos. Hardened Seaman crew these ships, while their compatriots sail merchantmen, pirate vessels, and other privately owned craft. Elven sailors can be found on the Sea of Claws as well, particularly those engaged by their great Merchant Houses. The activity of the region revolves around Marienburg, the greatest port in the Old World. This city and its surrounding area (known as the Wasteland) used to be the Imperial province of Westerland but it bought its independence years ago. While Marienburg itself is neutral territory, the Sea of Claws is the site of daily clashes. On blood-soaked decks, Seamen earn their rum ration and their booty.

Note: During character creation, if you take Common Knowledge (the Wasteland), your character can be from the great port of Marienburg at your option.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+10%	-	+10%	-	-	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, Norsca, Tilea *or* the Wasteland), Consume Alcohol *or* Perception, Dodge Blow, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Breton, Norse *or* Tilean), Swim

Talents: Hardy *or* Street Fighting, Seasoned Traveller, Strike Mighty Blow *or* Swashbuckler

Trappings: Leather Jerkin, Bottle of Poor Craftsmanship Spirits

Career Entries: Boatman, Envoy, Ferryman, Fisherman, Norse Berserker, Smuggler

Career Exits: Marine, Mate, Navigator, Rogue, Smuggler

Roles on a Ship

Able Seaman: This is the basic seaman career, and the backbone of any ship. The seaman needs to know both the rigging and the sails, as well as the basics of steering and navigation. The seaman must be able to read the skies, weather, winds and, most importantly, the mood of his captain.

Carpenter (Tradesman): The carpenter is aboard a ship to repair battle and weather damage to masts, yards, hatches and the hull, and keep a watchful eye on the ship's leaky seams with wooden plugs and oakum.

Gunner: The gunner is responsible for the operation and care of the ship's guns and ammunition. Some of the gunner's daily duties include the sifting of black-powder to keep it dry and the inspection of cannon and cannon balls for signs of rust. In combat, the gunner is not just an expert at aiming, but is acquainted with all stages in the firing process: loading, aiming, firing, resetting and swabbing for the next load.

Sailmaker (Tradesman): The sailmaker is in charge of maintaining all of the fabrics and canvases on the ship: sails, flags, hammocks, and so on.

Prize Money

In the Old World, seized enemy ships and cargo become the property of the capturing nation or merchant. This was a convenient system for organisations like the Imperial navy, who could reward their fleets with monies gained from the value of the seized ship rather than their own coffers. In time, seamen came to see enemy ships as "prizes". Therefore, money gained from the sale of prizes became known as prize money. Merchant ships that fly the flag of an enemy realm are also fair game for capture, and are especially sought after. The prize money from these ships comes from the sale of both the ship and cargo, which could be a very lucrative transaction for the lucky seaman.

If the captured vessel is an enemy warship, and repairable, the navy will pay prize money equaling the fair market value for a craft of similar size. The only exception to this rule is for orc warships and watercraft—no civilised realm will pay for those. The navy also pays an additional prize bonus per enemy aboard the captured ship. The navy will also pay a "head money" bonus for captured enemy sailors.

The lure of prize money has called many hopefuls to a hard life at sea. A lucky seaman could find himself making a year's pay or more in the course of one battle. The following scheme for distribution of prize money is standard among the merchant fleets and navies of the Old World. Allocation is by eighths. Two eighths of the prize money goes to the captain, generally propelling him upwards in political and financial circles. One eighth of the money goes to the admiral who signed the ship's written orders. One eighth is divided among the first mate, quartermaster, and bosun. Two eighths are divided among the master of sails, master carpenter, master gunner and their mates. The final two eighths are divided among the crew, with seamen, sailmakers and marines receiving larger shares than cabin boys.

Adventure Seeds

Springing a Trap: A wealthy merchant is looking to crew a newly purchased cargo vessel bound for dangerous waters. The merchant has lost three ships to pirate raiders and has hired a company of marines to wait in the hold instead of cargo.

A Missing Map: When a bottle washes up on shore with a map inside, the waterfront tavern is abuzz. Everyone laughs and agrees that the idea that it is a treasure map is silly, but soon the map goes missing and tempers ignite.

SEER

I see ill omens in the stars. Fetch me a lamb, preferably one born under the full moon. Its blood shall reveal the nature of these omens.

(ToC) Seers are self-appointed authorities on all matters involving the spiritual world. They can be found in marketplaces of any town, proclaiming their latest revelation to anyone who will listen. Since Seers operate outside the bounds of sanctioned religious laws, and purport to understand the will of the Gods, they are easy targets for persecutions by Witch Hunters, who don't draw a line of distinction between the authentic seers and the charlatans. In Norsca, however, Seers are valued members of a Jarl's entourage, reading the signs and portents in the entrails of their sacrifice or translating the flickers of fire to divine some glimpse of future events.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	+5%	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Blather *or* Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic *or* Magick), Channelling *or* Performer (Palm Reader), Charm Animal *or* Public Speaking, Magical Sense *or* Perception

Talents: Hedge Magic *or* Keen Senses, Luck *or* Petty Magic (Hedge), Public Speaking

Trappings: Instruments of Divination (dice, cards, a chicken, etc.)

Career Entries: Hedge Wizard, Skald

Career Exits: Agitator, Charlatan, Maledictor (ToC), Vagabond, Vitki (ToC), Witch



BASIC

A Day in the Life

A seer is a useful source of information, ranging from arcane matters to mundane occurrences. As such, they are in constant demand by people of all walks of life.

Seers often accompany the retinue of a jarl. If a jarl has had a weird dream, witnessed a star falling from the heavens, or experienced any other portent, he will approach his seer for an interpretation of the omen. No seer is foolish enough to give an answer that might displease their master, so the truth is always caged in platitudes.

Those seers who live among the community face a tide of petitioners throughout the day. To weed out those who might come with trivial questions, seers often dwell in remote locations; only the most persistent will bother making the journey. The gifts that visitors bring sustain the seer in food, drink and clothes.

A few seers see themselves as prophets, speaking for the gods, and travel from settlement to settlement preaching about the omens that they have seen. However, when their words warn of doom and woe, they quickly outstay their welcome and are often driven into the wilderness by an angry mob.

Some seers take up a wandering lifestyle, travelling between farms and villages to offer their esoteric services in return for food and shelter; for example, they might divine the future of a farmer's crop or the success of a trader's impending voyage. They also present themselves at the birth of a child and search it for marks that betray the gods' favour... or displeasure.

Notable Figures

Yngve Aarseth is a deranged and powerful seer. He is greatly respected – and feared – throughout Norsca. His eyes were torn out long ago when he was held captive by a malicious band of goblin raiders, Aarseth claims that his physical blindness allows him to “see all truth.”

The wizened old seer refuses to serve any of the jarls, even when they threaten him with torture or imprisonment. He knows that the jarls are too frightened of his powers to carry out their threats.

Aarseth can be found roaming the streets of Olricstaad, answering any question that is asked of him – by anyone – in his hoarse, gentle whisper. This changes, however, in the dark of night ... especially during a full moon. During such times, the seer goes to the town square of Olricstaad, and sacrifices a young goat with his strangely curved silver knife. In the pools of blood that spatter the cobblestones, Aarseth draws out pictures of men, all of whom he claims shall die within the coming year. While this claim seems preposterous, no one has been able to dispute his prophecies.

Adventure Seeds

An Ill Omen: A star falls in the night-time sky over a village... and in the morning, a nearby farm has completely burned to ashes. The local jarl sends two of his guards to investigate, but only one returns and he has been driven insane. A local seer loudly predicted such a thing might happen an entire week leading up to the tragedy, now the jarl would seek his counsel to see what other ill omens menace the land. But the seer is suddenly nowhere to be found.

SERVANT

Dost thou wish crisped potatoes with that?

(Core) There are few lower on the social ladder than Servants. While their work is necessary, they are usually despised by their social superiors. For the scullion, the stable boy, and the serving wench, escape from their hard lives often seems impossible. These unfortunates must perform an unending number of menial tasks for their employers, be they Nobles, Guild Masters, or Innkeepers. It is possible for a Servant to work up to a better position, but the path is difficult. No one wants to listen to the lad that was cleaning the privy last week. Thus many Servants leave their masters behind and become adventurers instead.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	-	+5%	-	+10%	+5%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care *or* Trade (Cook), Blather, Dodge Blow, Drive *or* Search, Evaluate *or* Haggle, Gossip, Perception, Read/Write *or* Sleight of Hand

Talents: Acute Hearing *or* Flee!, Etiquette *or* Hardy, Lightning Reflexes *or* Very Resilient

Trappings: One Set of Good Craftsmanship Clothing, Pewter Tankard, Tinderbox, Storm Lantern, Lamp Oil

Career Entries: Camp Follower, Peasant, Rogue

Career Exits: Agitator, Burgher, Camp Follower, Innkeeper, Messenger, Spy, Thief, Valet

A Day in the Life

The life of a servant is much like that of a burgher, but far lower down on the social ladder. The servant rises earlier and rests later. They usually live where they work, in the crudest of accommodations – a palette of straw in the barn, or a pile of rags in the basement. Breakfast is a simple porridge, sometimes stretched with sawdust. Then comes the workday.

Unlike apprentices and crafters, a servant is considered to have no valuable skills or unique abilities. They can be replaced at whim, and they are reminded of this constantly. There is also no real hope of advancement, at least not without a radical shift in career.

Some few manage, however – there are tales of the serving maid who gained control of the inn where she worked, or the stable hand who somehow managed to become a burgher. For most, though, the best hope is to be given a position of menial authority, where they can cruelly bully and harass other servants.

Verbal and physical abuse is common. It is not surprising, then, that the short, brutal life of an adventurer appeals. For many, it is the only path out of a lifetime of drudgery.

Special Rule

Walk Unseen: Servants are usually beneath notice. It is possible for a maid to clean a room where a dozen nobles are gathered to plot treason, without them ever really noticing her. A servant may act as if they had the skill Concealment (or gain a +10% bonus to it, if they already have it), but only when they are in their “proper place” and are otherwise expected to be there. This ability persists even after they’ve left the career, provided they can still manage to look the part.

Adventure Seeds

I Quit!: While servants leave their jobs all the time, lately, there has been a near-epidemic of people walking out. It has gotten to the point where the burghers and merchants have begun to take notice, even raising wages in some cases! Many blame spies and agitators, but there has been no indication that the ranks of political activists have been swelling. Indeed, the servants who quit seem to simply vanish into the city without a trace. What is causing this, and where are they going?

A Harmless Scam: The newest hire at the local tavern is utterly and obviously ill-suited for her job. If she is questioned about this, in very little time, she will break down and spin a tale of escaping a forced marriage arranged by her noble family. She pleads that she be left alone. She is, however, lying, and is exactly what she appears to be – a low born woman of few prospects – who has decided to play the part of a fleeing noble. She hopes to be “rescued” by someone whom she can then take for everything they’ve got, before moving on to the next town and repeating the scam.

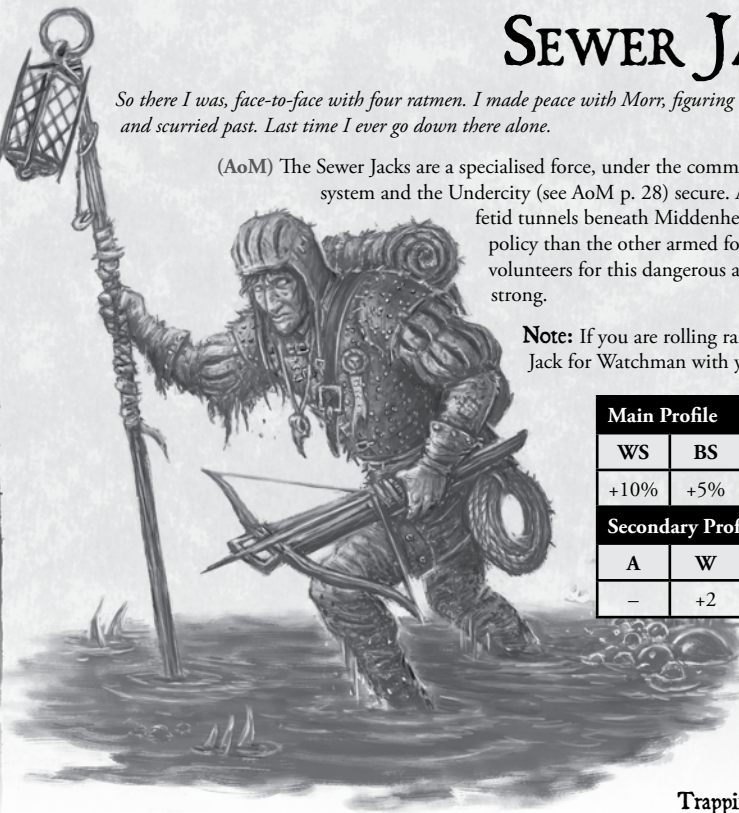
Now Recruiting: An aging merchant is looking for a new servant to look after him. He is willing to pay a much larger wage than the job would normally demand, and dozens of people are vying for the position. However, rumour reaches the characters that the position was filled (and already vacated) twice within the last few weeks. Is the old man that difficult to work for? Or is there something more nefarious going on in the merchant’s household?

SEWER JACK

So there I was, face-to-face with four ratmen. I made peace with Morr, figuring they was gonna gut me right then, but nope, they just hissed and scurried past. Last time I ever go down there alone.

(AoM) The Sewer Jacks are a specialised force, under the command of the City Watch, whose purpose is to keep the sewer system and the Undercity (see AoM p. 28) secure. A certain amount of courage is required to police the fetid tunnels beneath Middenheim, but the Sewer Jacks are less choosy in their recruiting policy than the other armed forces – partly because there is nearly always a shortage of volunteers for this dangerous and unpleasant duty. A typical patrol of Sewer Jacks is 6-8 strong.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Sewer Jack for Watchman with your GM's permission.



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	–	+10%	+5%	–	+10%	–

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail *or* Secret Signs (Scout), Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search *or* Swim, Silent Move

Talents: Quick Draw *or* Resistance to Disease, Tunnel Rat

Trappings: Crossbow with 10 bolts, Lantern, Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Career Entries: Jailer, Militiaman, Peasant, Rat Catcher, Shieldbreaker, Watchman

Career Exits: Mercenary, Rat Catcher, Sergeant, Shieldbreaker, Smuggler, Veteran, Watchman

The Life of a Sewer Jack

In medium-sized towns, sewer jacks work in teams of two or three, clearing blockages and burning off pockets of explosive gas. Cities employ larger teams of up to eight jacks, because their sprawling sewers are often inhabited by giant rats and other creatures. Small towns and villages do not have sewers; waste is simply discarded in streets, rivers, or cisterns.

Sewer maintenance is neither healthy nor glamorous. Prolonged exposure to the bad air and filth causes stomach and lung ailments. If a section of sewer ductwork is damaged, stonemasons may be commissioned to repair it, but the dirty, everyday maintenance work is handled by sewer jacks. The stench relentlessly clings to flesh and hair, even after bathing.

In cities with tunnels and catacombs intersecting the sewer system, sewer jacks are responsible for driving out squatters, criminals, and even skaven. These exploits comprise most of the sewer jacks' barroom tales, but few Old Worlders are willing to believe them. Surely the ruins of an elven city couldn't possibly exist right below their feet. Rats that walk and talk like men? Children's fantasies. The public's fear, skepticism, and denial often prevent sewer jacks from gaining the recognition they deserve.

The Fauschlag Delvers

Beneath the city of Middenheim is a tunnel network so expansive that whole sections remain unexplored to this day. Following the Storm of Chaos, the city's rulers decided that a troublesome skaven stronghold within the mountain must finally be exterminated. To this end, the local sewer jacks were absorbed into the Middenheim army as a special

regiment, called the Fauschlag Delvers. Dwarven sappers and tunnel fighters were attached to every unit and even battle mages from Altdorf were recruited. The Fauschlag Delvers received training and equipment superior to any sewer jack company in the Old World.

The Delvers escalated their campaign when scouts reported vague sightings of a massive technological device within the skaven stronghold. At their peak, the Delvers conducted dozens of raids each day. But major operations ended following a massive explosion that rocked the under-city, killing over half of the Delvers along with hundreds of their skaven foes. Sections of the city still remain unstable from the blast. Does the skaven Clan Skryre retain sufficient power to unleash its mysterious "Project Supremacy" in Middenheim, or was the Doom Hemisphere irreparably damaged?

The Fauschlag Delvers' sacrifice has boosted public esteem for the sewer jack profession in Middenland. Mercenaries from across the province now travel to Middenheim for enlistment.

Adventure Seeds

The Stink of Corruption: Corruption is rife among the local sewer jacks. Bribes from the thieves' guild are considered routine business, while moral rectitude is rewarded with a knife in the back. A petty smuggler buys the sewer jack's silence, but soon it becomes evident that he's part of a much larger operation.

Flotsam and Jetsam: A recent flash flood has clogged the sewers with drifting river flotsam, and now all the garderobes of Osterplatten are backed up. Someone must find the blockage and remove it. But the river has also brought something else into the sewers, and it's starting to eat people...

BASIC

SHILDBREAKER

Axes ready. Shields up. Put yer backs into it, lads. They're not getting past us today.

Chaos and greenskin incursions have overrun many Dwarfholds in the World's Edge Mountains over the centuries. To protect their remaining fortress cities, the Dwarfs have trained elite Soldiers who specialize in fighting deep underground. They are the Shieldbreakers, doughty warriors that seek to stem the tide of evil and safeguard their people. While most Shieldbreakers are Dwarfs, members of other races join their ranks from time to time in exchange for Dwarfen gold. Young Dwarfs from the Empire often become Shieldbreakers to prove their mettle and show solidarity with their mountain kin.

Note: Only Dwarfs can have Shieldbreaker as a Starting Career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	-	+5%	+5%	+10%	-	+5%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

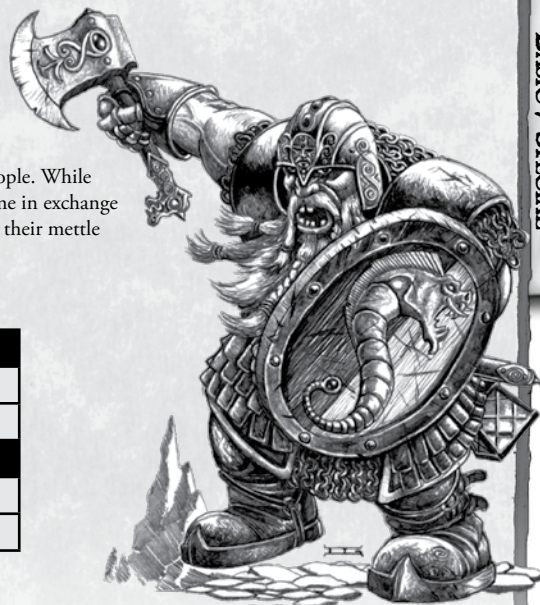
Skills: Dodge Blow, Navigation, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Shadowing

Talents: Acute Hearing **or** Coolheaded, Orientation, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Crossbow with 10 bolts, Medium Armour (Mail Coat, Leather Jack and Leather Leggings), Shield, Grappling Hook, 10 Yards of Rope, Water Skin

Career Entries: Kislevite Kossar, Mercenary, Miner, Rat Catcher, Runebearer, Smuggler, Tomb Robber

Career Exits: Pit Fighter, Runebearer, Sergeant, Smuggler, Tomb Robber, Veteran



BASIC / SPECIAL

A Day in the Life

The life of a shieldbreaker is one of honour and blood, sacrifice, and duty to their clan. Each day when they rise, they recite the oaths of loyalty, a litany of the names of their ancestors and the glory of their clan, ending with a pledge to spill the blood of the clan's enemies. They will then spend several hours servicing their armour and weapons, as is the dwarf way, sharpening blades to razor-fine edges and polishing armour to a dull shine.

The rest of the day is typically spent patrolling and training with their weapons. If they are garrisoned near the clan's hold they will spend hours marching the tunnels, hunting any goblins, orcs or skaven foolish enough to venture up from the depths. Periodically they will rest and spend an hour or so drilling, the clash of arms echoing up and down the tunnels. Finally they will return to their camp and finish the day doing what dwarfs do best – drinking!

The Shieldbreaker's Oath

A shieldbreaker's first and last duty is to their clan. Whether they have taken up the title for honour or gold (something equally interchangeable for Dwarfs) they are expected to put no power, lord, or god before their oath to the clan. Even when a shieldbreaker is far from his clan's holdings he is expected to always conduct himself with honour and courage, mindful that he represents not only himself, but the clan wherever he travels.

A close second to a Shieldbreaker's duty to the clan is his duty to the dwarf race. He is expected to constantly fight against the foes of the dwarf wherever they are found. As dwarfs are slow to forgive and have long memories, their enemies can be found almost anywhere.

While most shieldbreakers are dwarfs, there are rare instances when a member of another race will take up arms and oaths for the dwarfs. Humans have been known to become shieldbreakers, usually those who live close to dwarf holds or have befriended a dwarf.

Sometimes when a human fights side by side with dwarfs and impresses the doughty warriors with his prowess, he will be invited to serve the clan. However, such a life is far from easy for a non-dwarf, and they must constantly struggle to prove themselves with feats of daring and courage in combat and strength and endurance otherwise.

In fact the first test of a non-dwarf shieldbreaker is usually to be taken deep underground, without light or food, and forced to find their way back to the surface. It is an easy task for most dwarfs, but can be fatal for softer races.

Adventure Seeds

The Breaking of Oaths: A mercenary shieldbreaker from the Blackcragg Clan has broken his oaths and pillaged gold from the clan holds. The oath-breaker, a man by the name of Siegrek, has fled into the Empire. The clan is calling for all dwarfs of honour and their allies to see this crime avenged and Siegrek brought to justice.

Last Request: An old dwarf lies dying in a remote Empire village. No one knows where he came from, but he has lived in the village for many years. Now as he is close to passing he is calling for a shieldbreaker to pass on an ancient secret – the location of a long lost dwarf hold!

SKALD

They will sing of our victory today for generations. I'll see to it myself.

(ToC) Skalds are the keepers of lore, the chroniclers of the histories of the Norse. Part entertainer, part warrior, these individuals are held in high esteem for their wisdom and knowledge. All Kings keep Skalds in their retinues, as do most Jarls. When the call for war is sounded, the Skald bears the banner and marches to battle with his comrades.

BASIC



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	-	+5%	-	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (Norsca), Common Knowledge (Chaos Wastes), Gossip, Perception, Performer (any two), Speak Language (Norse), Speak Language (any two) *or* Ventriloquism

Talents: Mimic, Public Speaking, Savvy, Suave

Trappings: Hand Weapon, Shield, Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap), Banner, Several Scrolls Recounting the Histories of the Character's Tribe

Career Entries: Bondsman, Entertainer

Career Exits: Agitator, Berserker, Burgher, Freeholder, Marauder, Mercenary, Reaver, Rogue, Seer

A Day in the Life

The skald rises at an early hour, as soon as the breakfast fires in the Jarl's great hall are kindled. After all, he would be grieved to miss any pertinent gossip (and heartbroken to miss impertinent gossip). Also, the skald may have enemies (at least, he will if he's any good) and in Norsca it is wise to wake before those who hate you.

A skald is a learned man, contemplating the written sagas of the Norse and talking to his elders about their recollections. He may also be a musician and, if so, will spend time practising his craft. The skald has his ears open for news of recent events, and his eyes on any behavioural quirks of members of the jarl's court. The skald performs one function above all others – offering entertaining and irreverent commentary on current affairs.

When the night draws in the jarl may preside over a feast and call the skald to perform. The skald sings the sagas of the Norsemen and plays sweet music. As mead flows the Northmen call for more ribald entertainment and the skald employs his skills as a mimic and comedian, mocking those in attendance, and even parodying the jarl himself.

The skald treads a fine line. If he's careful, he will be heaped with praise and fame, and even given the honour of bearing the Jarl's banner in times of war. Most Northmen pride themselves on being able to take a good joke, so the Skald is confident that his targets will probably take it in good humour. However, if he takes his act too far, he may find himself hewn apart by an offended reaver.

Affiliations

Skalds are almost always members of a Norse lord's court, and so enjoy the patronage of a jarl, king or warlord. This provides much needed protection for the skald. This is a liability to, for if the skald seeks a life of his own (by taking up adventuring, for example) he will have effectively snubbed a very important Norseman.

Members of Norse society such as seers and vitki will tend to give skalds a warm reception out of respect for their learning.

Adventure Seeds

Recite Your Way Out of This One: In the northlands, a crazed champion of Slaanesh and his warband hunt a strange quarry. The champion considers himself a connoisseur of music and song, and his warband is known to capture and enslave bards, musicians and poets in order to keep their lord entertained. Should word of a skald travelling in the company of a party of adventurers reach this eccentric chaos champion he will order a kidnapping. If the skald is abducted he will be forced to write reams of hilarious verse to amuse his new patron, under threat of painful and lingering death.

Dangerous Mockery: An old troll has learned to leave the Graelings alone. It finds the meat of men tastier than elk, but is frightened of being stung by their iron-tipped spears. Recently, the Graelings built a huge wooden hall on the border of its territory, and on each eighth evening singing and music can be heard from within. The troll comes nearby to listen to the sweet music. Afterwards a man's voice can be heard, giving a speech to much laughter. The old Troll understands a little Graeling tongue, and wonders who the 'grotesque and lumpen lonesome brute' they mock so cruelly might be.

SLAVE

Oh, woe is me! What did I do to deserve this?

(CotHR) Without Slaves, Skaven society would collapse. These miserable wretches are bought and sold for Warpstone Tokens on the slave blocks in the major communities of the Under-Empire. When they arrive at their new homes they find endless toil and pain: clearing new tunnels, feeding the Rat Ogres, becoming food for their masters, and serving as test subjects for some new Clan Skryre or Clan Moulder enterprise are only a few of the many possible fates that await Skaven Slaves.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	-	+5%	+5%	+10%	-	+5%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+4	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Blather, Common Knowledge (Skaven), Concealment, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Queekish)

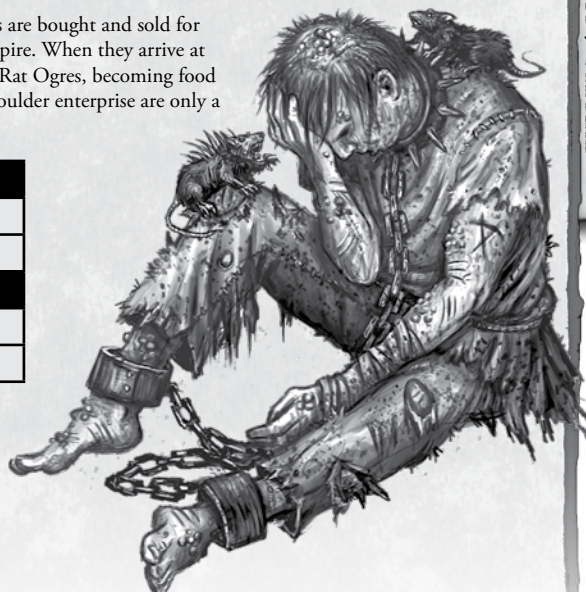
Talents: Acute Hearing **or** Excellent Vision, Flee! **or** Hardy, Natural Weapons

Trappings: None

Career Entries: All

Career Exits: Clanrat, Clawleader, or Any (see special rules).

Special Rules: Unlike all the other new careers described in this chapter, any race can automatically enter this career. It costs no experience points to enter, merely the circumstances of enslavement. Any character enslaved by the Skaven must succeed on a Will Power Test each week of enslavement, or immediately exit their current career and assume this one. Non-Skaven Slaves must stay in this career until they somehow find a way to escape captivity. Assuming they do, they can attempt a Will Power Test each week thereafter. A successful Test allows them to resume their previous careers.



BASIC / SPECIAL

A Day in the Life

A slave's day starts when he is whipped awake from inadequate sleep, and thrown disgusting, half-rotten food, which he must fight over with his fellow slaves. The skaven go through the ranks, pulling out the bodies of those who died in the night and cutting them out of the chain. Sometimes the living slaves are allowed to feast on the bodies of the dead; for many slaves this becomes their greatest hope.

The day is filled with hard labour, of whatever sort the overseers need. Slaves who are not quickly put to back-breaking work become terrified, because that means that they have been chosen for some experiment, or as food. Those who die during the day are pulled from the chains when the overseers notice, which may not be until the work is over. It is hard to work chained to a corpse, but any slave who lets that slow him down can expect a flogging.

When the day's work ends the survivors are thrown food to fight over once more, and then are allowed to drop into exhausted sleep where they stand.

It is a bleak, hopeless existence. For the most desperate of slaves, death becomes a more attractive option as time passes.

Little Known Facts

Many slaves of the skaven go mad, and a few even come to believe they are skaven. Whispered rumours among the slaves say that those who go truly mad are mutated into skaven as they sleep, and that the chains are lost during the mutation. Some slaves see this as their only hope of escape, and pretend to believe they are skaven in the hope that it will break their minds.

The skaven do not separate male and female slaves, and very occasionally a female slave becomes pregnant, although the poor nutrition and hard work make this unlikely. Carrying a child to term is even more unlikely, and human babies look like tasty treats to most skaven. Nevertheless, there are a handful of children in the tunnels, protected by a group of slaves as allies unbound by chains.

Adventure Seeds

Follow the Leader: While the slaves are clearing a tunnel the roof collapses, killing the skaven overseers but leaving the slaves alive, albeit chained together. The slaves would all be executed for killing the skaven if they were caught, so escape is the only option. But with everyone chained together, this requires perfect cooperation.

Dire News: The slave learns to speak Queekish, and can understand the discussions of the skaven overseers. They seem to forget that the slaves are even there, and talk about all kinds of things. Apart from skaven gossip, the slave overhears many details of a plan to destroy an Imperial town. At last he hears the name; his home town. Can he escape and take a warning, and will anyone believe him if he does?

SMUGGLER

Smuggling? I don't know what you're talking about!

(Core) Most of the sea and road trade of the Old World is subject to duties and taxes. Imperial tax collectors, local excisemen, petty lords, and anyone with enough muscle can place a duty on the movement of goods. Legal taxes are bad enough, but many pirates and Outlaw Chiefs also demand a cut to allow safe passage. In large ports like Marienburg, nearly everything moving in or out is taxed in some way. Given this state of affairs, the Smugglers' trade continues to thrive. While smuggling is, of course, illegal, most folks in the Empire don't think much of cutting a few corners. In their minds, the taxmen and bureaucrats are the real thieves.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	-	-	+10%	+10%	-	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Drive, Evaluate, Gossip **or** Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Haggle, Perception, Row, Search, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton **or** Kislevian) **or** Secret Signs (Thief), Swim

Talents: Dealmaker **or** Streetwise

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), 2 Torches, Draft Horse and Cart **or** Rowing Boat

Career Entries: Bailiff, Boatman, Bone Picker, Camp Follower, Coachman, Engineer, Ferryman, Innkeeper, Marine, Miner, Seaman, Shieldbreaker

Career Exits: Boatman, Charlatan, Ex-Convict, Fence, Ferryman, Seaman, Shieldbreaker, Thief



BASIC

Affiliations

Astute smugglers collect all manner of contacts, both shady and aboveboard. Corrupt excisemen can be bribed to look the other way, forgers provide official-looking customs papers, a fence can help move goods that are too hot to sit on, and boatmen, stevedores and coachmen can all help move merchandise surreptitiously, or can ensure that a crate or two of the goods they are shipping are lost in transit, finding their way into the smuggler's hands.

Some merchants are happy to deal with smugglers as long as the profit margin is high and there is little risk of getting caught. Crime lords often run smuggling syndicates, and deal severely with those who run illicit operations without their permission.

A Smuggler's Reputation

Smugglers are viewed in many parts of the Old World as champions of the oppressed. By resisting government interference in the free flow of goods, they strike a blow against tyranny – or so a smuggler might say. Smuggling is dangerous and illegal, and only the most shrewd practitioners have long careers. Smugglers can expect to spend part of their lives incarcerated for their crimes, if not exiled for the more incorrigible cases.

Betrayal is a constant threat to a smuggler, as smugglers' business partners tend to get greedy from time to time, seeking to keep the whole pie for themselves. A good smuggler doesn't reveal how much he makes on the sale of "imported goods" lest one of the many sets of hands that must handle such cargo decide to keep a larger share for themselves.

Many smugglers, however, are under no delusions of heroism or championing any cause other than their own. There is a powerful reason smugglers assume the many risks their trade poses – there is always ample gold to be made for those ambitious and brazen enough to smuggle goods.

Adventure Seeds

Smuggling Silks: A merchant has acquired a consignment of silks from distant Cathay. He knows that he can get a better price for them in the markets of Bretonnia, but the excise tax will cripple his profits. His greed gets the better of him and he decides to smuggle the precious cloth over the border, but first requires the skills of an expert to avoid the eagle eyes of His Imperial Majesty's customs officers.

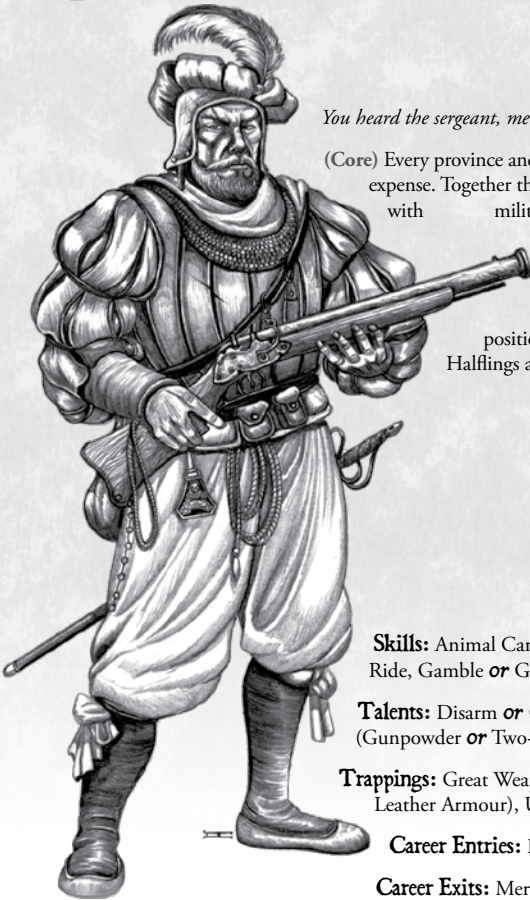
The Fugitive: It is not only goods that are smuggled across the borders of the Empire. The characters are on a mission to apprehend a dangerous fugitive from Imperial justice, a warlock of great power. However, the trail goes cold at the docks of Dietershafen in Nordland. There the pursuers learn of Emil Schlancke, who makes a living shipping criminals on the run to Marienburg aboard his caravel. The description of his last client sounds very familiar to the characters, and they decide to track down this elusive smuggler.



SOLDIER

You heard the sergeant, men. Charge!

(Core) Every province and city-state in the Empire maintains its own army, trained and equipped at its own expense. Together these regional forces make up the Imperial Army, though they are often supplemented with militia troops and Mercenaries. These Soldiers are full-time, paid professionals, usually drawn from the Peasant or Burgher classes. They man the Empire's fortresses, patrol the borders, and repel invaders. Most Soldiers of the infantry train with either the halberd or the firearm. Although dominated by the nobility, the Imperial Army also promotes based on ability and it is possible to rise through the ranks to a command position (though the bigotry of the ruling class makes this difficult). Imperial Dwarfs and Halflings are usually formed into their own units.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	-	-	+10%	-	+5%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Animal Care **or** Heal, Common Knowledge (the Empire) **or** Perception, Dodge Blow, Drive **or** Ride, Gamble **or** Gossip, Intimidate

Talents: Disarm **or** Quick Draw, Sharpshooter **or** Strike Mighty Blow, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder **or** Two-handed), Strike to Injure **or** Rapid Reload, Strike to Stun **or** Mighty Shot

Trappings: Great Weapon (Halberd) **or** Firearm with ammunition for 10 shots, Shield, Light Armour (Full Leather Armour), Uniform

Career Entries: Flagellant, Hunter, Messenger, Toll Keeper, Watchman

Career Exits: Mercenary, Outrider, Sergeant, Vagabond, Veteran, Watchman

A Day in the Life

During times of active military service, few careers may be as demanding as the life of a soldier. However, outside the theatre of war, the life of a soldier is often mired in dull routine and repetition. To some soldiers, it's not clear which life style is preferable.

Soldiers awake before dawn, quickly pulling on their uniforms, taking up their weapons, and hustling to the staging yard for morning exercises and drills. Drills vary from unit to unit, but often end with a forced march with full kit and armour. After a quick break for breakfast, it's time to get back to work.

For those on duty, that means patrolling. For those off-duty it means more drills. Soldiers practice with their unit's weapon for several hours each day. They rotate duties to keep any soldier from becoming too complacent at his post, usually working in two- to three-hour shifts. After a late dinner, soldiers not on duty have a few hours to themselves. Most often this is spent drinking, dicing, and womanizing.

The only difference for a soldier during war is that instead of morning exercises and drilling he is fighting. Otherwise their schedules remain the same. Routine is the backbone of military life, and many soldiers find the regularity comforting.

Affiliations

The largest affiliation for any soldier is of course his military unit. Whether it is a local militia or the Imperial Army, that organisation is the soldier's fraternity. It supports him, trains him, protects him, punishes him, and tends to him as necessary. Within each military

organisation, however, there may be smaller groups, and these are more like real families. The most common small military group is the unit or squad. This could be anywhere from four to twenty men, whom serve under the same commanding officer and most often bear the same weapons and fight using the same techniques. Squad members rely upon one another completely in battle, and this closeness forges often unbreakable bonds—many military wives complain their husbands are closer to their squadmates than to them.

Beyond the military itself, soldiers may join other groups based on their backgrounds and interests. Those who serve on a local militia are often part of the neighbourhood watch or the city council, for example. Soldiers with an interest in bars and pubs—owning them rather than just drinking at them—might join the Tapsters Guild, at least as associates. Many soldiers enjoy shooting clubs and hunting clubs, since this allows them to keep their skills sharp even during peacetime.

Adventure Seeds

War is Coming!: The military is mobilizing, and all soldiers are being recalled to active duty and being told to get ready for shipping out. But where are they going, and who exactly are they fighting?

In Mixed Company: The soldier is ordered to accompany a group of mercenaries on a private mission. He obeys, as this was a direct order from his superiors. But soon it becomes apparent that these mercenaries are up to something sinister. They are pressing the soldier about his knowledge of the army's barracks, munitions, watch schedules, and other details that would allow a small group of miscreants to wreak unimaginable chaos on the army camp.

BASIC



SQUIRE

I've groomed your horse, sharpened your sword and polished your armor, m'lord. What else needs to be done?

(Core) Squires are Knights in training. Often of Noble blood, they assist Knights on and off the field of battle. Though they can appear to be nothing more than glorified Servants, fetching food and wine for their lord or tending to his horses and panoply, the gruelling work is meant to toughen up the Squires and ready them for knighthood. Their lords are also supposed to provide them with martial training, though some are lax in this duty. Favoured Noble sons serve as Squires for a few months at best, while those less fortunate spend years trying to earn their spurs.

Note: If, during character creation, you take Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) and Speak Language (Breton), your character can be from Bretonnia at your option.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	-	-	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry) **or** Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm **or** Gossip, Dodge Blow, Ride, Speak Language (Breton **or** Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry), Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Demilance, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt, Mail Coif, Leather Jack), Shield, Horse with Saddle and Harness

Career Entries: Herald, Noble, Valet

Career Exits: Knight, Noble, Outlaw, Sergeant, Veteran

A Day in the Life

A squire awakens very early in the morn, long before his lord stirs from slumber. Although the squire learns much from his master, he is both servant and student, and gains lessons as much from performing mundane tasks as from careful instruction. If the squire is in his lord's manor, he might sharpen his master's steel or prepare his master's horse. If on the road, he might cook his master's breakfast or clean his clothes. The squire always attends the immediate needs of his master as the day begins.

During the day, a squire receives instruction on various matters, either from his lord or his lord's servants. The lord may instruct the squire on topics of heraldry or history, and may let the squire observe affairs conducted in his court. The lord's master-at-arms could provide tutelage with swords, both wielding and caring for them. A squire is expected to learn to wage war with both weapons and words, and the lessons learned reflect this belief.

At night, the squire gets to relax from a weary day. However, his lessons do not always end. If not traveling with just his master, the squire finds company with other squires of the court, comparing what they have learned...and commiserating over the foolishness of some of their lesser masters over a mug of ale. Squires have been known to try to catch the eye of pretty ladies-in-waiting as well. Some lords view this with approval as another lesson to be learned in a royal court – while others may punish their charges for such brash behavior.

Affiliations

In a large court – or in a marshalled group of knights that is part of an army – squires may be divided in various groups when assembled

together. Though this hierarchy is not official, it is something that is understood, and part of tradition.

Younger squires may often be referred to as pages, and do not receive as many hard physical acts of labor as the older squires do. These younger squires act more as servants, and may be asked to be messengers on the field of battle. Older squires may also be asked to fight for their lords, but they would be expected to act more as scouts than messengers, and to face down their enemies with drawn swords.

A squire's social status may also affect his training, as well as the tasks he is expected to perform. Squires of higher aristocratic lineage usually receive less physical tasks as their duties, and their training in combat revolves as much around the ability to lead and inspire soldiers as to fight. Squires who comes from lesser noble families – or who might even be of common blood – undertake more punishing physical training, and are expected to be more fighters than leaders.

Adventure Seeds

A Suitable Steed: A lord's prized charger is stolen the evening before a jousting tournament.irate, the lord sends his squire into the local town to scour the stables for the missing horse, or to find a new one. The lord demands that a suitable steed be ready for him at dawn, leaving the squire to procure a horse by any means necessary.

The Missing Cousin: A lord's prominent cousin arrives in a port city, having come across the sea from a distant land. The squire is sent by his lord to the port to bring this relative back to his lord's court. When the squire arrives, he learns that the lord's cousin has incurred debt with gamblers, and has gone missing.

STEPPE NOMAD

It is good our paths have crossed. Be wary travelling that way, for the steppes are thick with trolls this time of year.

(RotIQ) Uncounted krugs of Ungol nomads wander the frozen steppes of the Troll Country. These tribesmen were pushed north when the Gospodars invaded and have roamed the dangerous province ever since. There, they follow their domesticated herds from pasture to pasture, chasing the warmth of Dazh, their patron, and settling briefly in portable huts called *kibitkas*. They are a passionate and fierce folk, tempered by harsh surroundings and endless conflicts with marauding kyazaks. By Kislevite law, every nomadic krug is expected to annually form a rota of Kislev's famed horse archers, which then patrols the northern oblast every Spring Driving, ruthlessly slaughtering any invaders they encounter.

Special Requirements: You must be Ungol and you must be a member of a nomadic krug.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	—	+5%	+5%	—	+10%	—
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Animal Care (Int), Animal Training (Fel) **or** Trade (Cook) (Int), Charm Animal (Fel) **or** Consume Alcohol (T), Common Knowledge (Troll Country) (Int), Concealment (Ag) **or** Heal (Int), Follow Trail (Int) **or** Trade (Bowyer) (Ag), Navigation (Int) **or** Secret Signs (Scout) (Int), Outdoor Survival (Int), Perception (Int) **or** Performer (Dancer) (Fel), Ride (Ag)

Talents: Hardy **or** Rover

Trappings: Steppe nomads are accustomed to the harshness of their environment, so they are equipped accordingly. A sturdy Kislevite horse with saddle and harness laden with at least a week of ration, a few skins of water and koumiss, and a yurta ensure the steppe nomad survives the biting winds and the frigid temperatures. The steppe is also home to ravenous beasts and terrifying monsters, so steppe nomads wear leather jacks and leggings for protection, and all carry at least a Kislevite horse bow with a quiver of 10 arrows.

Career Entries: Any

Career Exits: Ataman, Horse Archer, Horse Master, Kossar, Outlaw, Scout, Vagabond

Rumours from the Steppes

Every steppe nomad knows how to sew at least basic items, and carries a bone or horn needle laced with sinew. This is most often used to stitch wounds and perform first aid on the battlefield. But it is also handy to be able to repair damaged yurtas, since a torn yurta allows precious warmth to escape.

Ungols enjoy drinking fermented yak's milk, which has a surprisingly powerful kick. They can drink prodigious amounts of more refined alcoholic beverages without ill effect.

In addition to navigating by stars, experienced steppe nomads learn to identify different northern winds and can actually determine both time and direction by reading those winds, their strength, smell and their direction.

The Ungol are a musical people—music and dance help relieve the tedium of a long, harsh winter. Many steppe nomads attempt to learn how to play some type of instrument for just such reasons. Horn pipes and small leather drums are most common because of their durability and portability.

Notable Figures

Kossamir the Ice Dervish was only a small boy when hobgoblin raiders slaughtered his entire krug. He was wounded and left for dead, but luckily was discovered by a wandering ice witch, who carried him to her yurta, where she tended his wounds. When she had restored him back to health, she ordered a nearby krug to take him in. Kossamir grew to become a fine warrior and an asset to his adopted family, but he continued to nurse his hatred towards hobgoblins, and his desire

for revenge grew stronger. When he was old enough, Kossamir took his horse, his gear and his weapons and disappeared into the oblast. He found a band of hobgoblin raiders and killed them all, his ferocity and speed catching them by surprise.

It was not enough, however, and he continues to ride the north to this day, attacking any greenskins he finds. He is legendary for his speed, his accuracy and his complete disregard for personal safety—these and his ability to survive the winter alone won him the name Ice Dervish. Many young Ungol men look up to Kossamir and hope to become like him, and killing hobgoblin raiders single-handed has become an unofficial rite of manhood. Kossamir returns occasionally to his old krug, and always responds to the call to join the annual rota. Otherwise he lives and fights alone.

Adventure Seeds

Mysterious Tracks: Someone—or something—has attacked a small krug! A steppe nomad is alerted to the sounds of battle, and investigates, eager to lend aid in these troubling times. Upon his arrival, he finds only horse tracks leading off toward a nearby frozen lake.

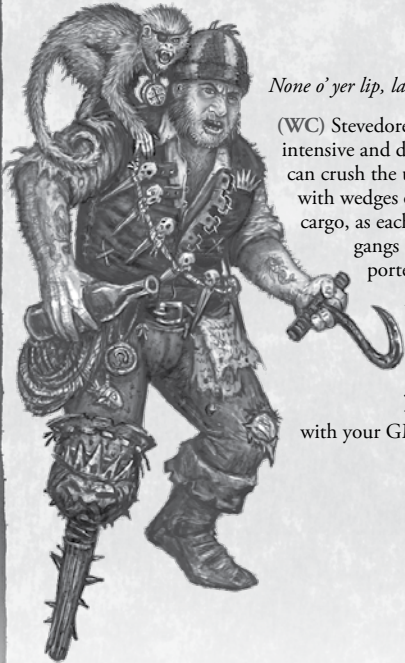
Breaking from Tradition: The call has gone out to form the annual rota. Every steppe nomad is dutybound to respond, and to report for service. But when they arrive they discover there was no call, at least not as usual. A Sigmarite priest, far from the Empire, has somehow stirred the passions of a few well-respected nomads, and seeks to lead a rota of warriors northward to crush infidels and spread his zealous religious doctrine.



BASIC / SPECIAL



BASIC



STEVEDORE

None o' yer lip, lad. Either help me get these crates down to the holds, or find a different pier to loiter on.

(WC) Stevedores are specialist dockers, trained to properly pack and unpack cargo holds. Loading a ship is skill-intensive and dangerous work, for vessels can overbalance and capsize if packed incorrectly, and unsecured cargoes can crush the unwary. Within the claustrophobic ship interiors, Stevedores wind “stevedore lashings” (special knots) with wedges of wood to secure and protect the heavy freight. Many Stevedores specialise in “porting” one type of cargo, as each good requires different skills to manipulate, stack and pack correctly. Thus, most larger wharfs have gangs of “porters” that identify themselves according to the goods they import or export, including fish porters, meat porters and deal porters (for timber). None are more famous than the black-liveried coal porters of Nuln, known for their anything-goes attitude and love of bawdy docker songs. Stevedores wear distinctive cloth watch caps dyed with their gang colours, both to identify their allegiances and to protect themselves from the elements. Stevedore gangs jealously guard their wharfs from rivals, and it takes little provocation for them to dish out “lashings” of a different kind.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Stevedore for Boatman with your GM’s approval.

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	+5%	+10%	+10%	+5%	–	+5%	–

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Consume Alcohol *or* Gamble, Dodge Blow *or* Scale Sheer Surface, Gossip, Perception *or* Search, Performer (Singer), Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Swim

Talents: Lightning Reflexes *or* Sturdy, Very Strong

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Watch Cap in Gang Colours, 10 Yards of Rope, 1d10 Wooden Spikes

Career Entries: Boatman, Peasant

Career Exits: Boatman, Foreman, Marine, Merchant, Smuggler, Thief, Thug, Tradesman

Greta Gerstein

Six feet tall and solid muscle, Greta Gerstein is a formidable figure in her stevedore gang in Marienburg. In fact, she is regarded as a strong candidate for foreman one day. No one in her gang has a problem with a woman among their ranks. At least, not once she proved that she could pull her own weight during the daily grind of the back-breaking labour stevedores face. Blackening a few eyes helped settle the remaining arguments about her presence in the gang.

Greta’s rugged, tom boy exterior hides a gentler side. A side Greta desperately keeps secret lest she lose the respect she has earned with her gang. Greta is actually an educated lady from a minor noble house, a former student who had to drop out of the university when her family fell on rough financial times and could no longer afford her tuition.

Rather than return home and face the prospect of an arranged marriage, Greta fled to the docks, looking to charter a boat and escape her fate. But she was too poor to arrange passage, and had to work to earn enough to eat and eke out a living. Over time, she came to appreciate the joys of a simple life filled with clear goals, hard work and camaraderie – but she is still fearful that some day her family may come looking for her.

The Dark Side of the Dock Side

Competition is fierce for stevedores who make their living loading and unloading merchant vessels. The dock space is limited, which means only so many ships can dock at one time. Which in turn means there are only so many potential clients. This limitation is one reason why many stevedores form teams or gangs, offering a potential client a group of strong arms for one competitive rate.

And while it might first appear that the manual labour a stevedore performs could easily be fulfilled by any strong man, there is more skill required than first meets the eye. Keeping one’s balance on the rolling deck of a ship is sometimes difficult enough, made even moreso when bearing heavy cargo. Stevedores also need to know how to quickly and efficiently transfer the cargo into wains, carts, barges, coaches or whatever other transportation the client provides.

In some trading cities, a well-organised stevedore gang may even unofficially benefit from a certain level of immunity from legal interference. If several members of a gang were arrested for a tavern brawl that got out of hand, certain merchants might find it more difficult to unload and move their goods. This is the sort of inconvenience that some of the town councillors are willing to exert their influence to avoid. The gangs that enjoy this sort of latitude may end up pushing too far, however, and find themselves on the gallows poles. After all, there are more guilds eager to take over whatever business a troublesome gang was responsible for.

Adventure Seeds

A Broken Barrel: A stevedore is hired to port barrels of wine, but some of the barrels handle completely wrongly; they weigh the right amount, but that weight shifts in ways that barrels of wine don’t. The contract didn’t include the standard bonus for black market work, so the stevedore “accidentally” drops and breaks open one of the barrels. An assortment of misshapen bones tumble out of the broken barrel, looking vaguely human, but with disturbing twists and knobs. What will the stevedore do with this unsightly discovery?

STRELTSI

First, you use this, for the big bang, da? Then, when no more powder -- the axe! Nyet trouble after that.

(RotIQ) The streltsi were originally a rota of kossars from Erengard. Led by Boyar Boydinov – an eccentric noble obsessed with the Empire – they wielded pole-axes rather than axes, mirroring the halberds favoured by the State Regiments of Ostland. In 2345 IC, whilst driving back a Chaos horde alongside Empire allies, the wide-eyed boyar witnessed Imperial black powder for the first time. His kossars were changed forever. Now, many years after the death of Boydinov, the streltsi are the foremost masters of firearms in Kislev, weapons once viewed with fear and superstition. Soldiers from across Kislev travel to Erengard to earn the crossed “berdysh and handgun” badge, which is awarded to any who train with the streltsi for more than two seasons.

BASIC



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	–

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (Kislev) (Int) **or** Perception (Int), Consume Alcohol (T), Dodge Blow (Ag), Gamble (Int) **or** Gossip (Fel), Speak Language (Kislevarin) (Int)

Talents: Marksman **or** Sharpshooter, Master Gunner **or** Quick Draw, Mighty Shot **or** Rapid Reload, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder, Two-handed)

Trappings: The streltsi are all distinguishable by the smart uniforms they wear beneath a leather jerkin, leggings, and helmet. They carry berdysh – special pole-arms designed to improve accuracy with the firearms they also carry. Streltsi keep enough powder and shot to shoot their firearm up to 10 times.

Career Entries: Kossar, Watchman

Career Exits: Bounty Hunter, Chekist, Mercenary, Sergeant, Veteran, Watchman, Winged Lancer

A Day in the Life

The streltsi are no mercenaries or sell-swords... or sell-guns, as the case may be. They are proud soldiers of Kislev, strong and loyal, and disciplined in battle. They are rarely found wandering alone, though a few will move on to other careers and take their skills with them. Most, though, are found with their fellows. Streltsi are brothers, trained together, fighting together and, when it happens, dying together, all of which they accept with typical Kislevite fatalism.

Unless actively at war, the life of a streltsi is normally one of practise. The firearms they carry, though well made, are still not entirely reliable, and the streltsi must constantly check, clean and maintain them, as well as each and every component of their uniform. They must also drill with sword and berdysh, practising both formation firing and one-on-one melee combat.

Of course, all work and no play... streltsi are often stationed in larger towns or villages, and even those on the cold frontier are rotated back regularly. Streltsi who have the opportunity will spend their nights as soldiers everywhere do, drinking, gambling and seeking comfort in the arms of tavern girls. They tend to relax in the same way they fight – as a group. It is rare to see a streltsi drinking alone; some say that it would be wiser to kick a hungry bear in his private parts than to disturb a solitary streltsi deep in his cups.

At war, the streltsi march with other troops, but also keep themselves apart – they are elite, and have their own pack-boys, wagon trains, and so on. They mark off their encampments when the army pitches camp for the night, and few cross those lines of ribbon without good cause.

Little Known Facts

Every streltsi names his weapon, though not until after it has killed a man – or at least been fired in war at an enemy. It is said that at that time, the weapon tells the wielder its name. Using a fellow streltsi’s gun can be done in times of crisis, but it is said that doing so without permission is a worse offense than sleeping with his wife.

The streltsi can shift suddenly from a disciplined line of calm, almost machine-like handgunners to a raging horde of axe-wielding berserkers in an instant, often terrifying even those foes brave enough to cross the wall of gunfire they lay down.

Adventure Seeds

The Stolen Gun: “What do you call a streltsi without a gun? A maniac who has to look you in the eye to kill you.” Well, there is one such maniac tearing apart the town. His weapon, Anyanka, was stolen from him during a particularly blurry drunken brawl, and he wants it back. His regiment is shipping out in a day, and he refuses to take a replacement from stores – he must have his gun back. Right now, it’s just him on the rampage, but in a few hours, his partners will shake off their hangovers and join in the search. Anyone who wants the town to be standing will make sure he finds his gun!

Cut Off: A unit of streltsi has found itself stuck behind enemy lines, and is trying to get back. Normally, they’d be happy to go out in a blaze of glory, but they also carry information vital to the war – a pack of maps and documents revealing hidden Chaos encampments and lines of attack. If they all die bravely and foolishly, the word will not reach their commanders, and they can’t allow that. The characters are employed to go behind enemy lines and lead them back to safety.

STRIGANY MYSTIC

I sense a cloud of evil in this place ... beware the dead, for they walk among you wearing the faces of the living.

(NDM) The people of Strigos were scattered to the winds when their lands were destroyed and have since taken up a nomadic life. They roam the Empire in caravan trains or river barges, making money where they can and stealing when they can't. Their history under the Vampires ensures they maintain their travelling lifestyle, marking them not just as thieves and cutthroats but also necromancers and servants of darkness. In truth, most of them are simple woodsmen, entertainers, or vagabonds, but a few do know something of witchcraft, a little of fortune telling, and a large amount of Vampire lore. These mystics were taught the true and complete history of their people, and they carry the secret knowledge from those ancient days, as well as the promise of their Strigos lords to one day return and lead them back to glory.

Note: Strigany mystic is only available to those of Strigany blood. Being of that blood imposes a -10% penalty to all Fellowship Tests when dealing with a person of the Empire. With your GM's permission, you may substitute Strigany mystic for vagabond when rolling for your Starting Career. If you have the *WFRP Companion*, you may apply the River Strigany Traits to your Strigany mystic.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	-	-	+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Necromancy), Charm, Drive or Ride, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Hypnotism or Trade (Apothecary), Performer (any), Secret Signs (Astrologer or Ranger), Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Strigany)

Talents: Sixth Sense, Rover or Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Deck of Cards, Eldritch Jewellery

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Astrologer, Bone Picker, Charlatan, Entertainer, Hedge Wizard, Rogue, Seer, Thief



BASIC

In Other Realms

Strigany mystics in the Empire receive mixed reactions from the populace. Mostly, what little is known of the mystics by average commoners is a legacy of thievery and witchcraft. At best, a mystic entering a village in the Empire is greeted with suspicion...at worst, with a knife. Some well-placed gold crowns with the local thieves' guild, though, may transform that distrust into curiosity...and opportunity.

In Norsca and parts of Kislev, it is not unusual for Strigany mystics to be warmly greeted by the common folk of small villages. To the villagers, the mystics are less enigmatic than the ice witches, and if the mystics' deeds benefit their own fortunes, the mystics are rewarded. However, should they draw attention to themselves - particularly in a larger city - they may attract the wrath of the ice witches, who view the Strigany mystics as threats.

The various dukedoms of Bretonnia, though, the mystic is ill regarded. To the people of Bretonnia, a Strigany mystic is no different than a witch. Should a mystic reveal any sort of perceived supernatural ability, such as fortune telling, retribution is sure to be swift and absolute. Mystics in Bretonnia seeking survival should find a noble patron for protection.

Notable Figures

Taciana Stirbei is perhaps the only Strigany mystic of renown in the major cities of the Empire. Her travels have led her through Nuln, Talabheim and even Altdorf.

It was in Altdorf that her beauty and fiery personality warmed the hearts of several magisters from the Colleges of Magic. Though most esteemed

wizards from the Colleges patently deny the mystical abilities Taciana claims to have, they must concede that her ability to perform seemingly simple divinations with naught but a deck of cards is uncanny.

For a short time, Taciana's novelty made her a fixture at noble parties and events, where she dressed in finery and danced with the nobility. Though many looked down upon her due to her lowly heritage, her prescient abilities intrigued enough nobles to gain her invitation to such events. She entertained a number of patrons - and lovers - who pay her handsomely for even a hint of their futures.

That seems ages ago now. Once the novelty wore off, Taciana found herself replaced by other fads and fashions. But she had grown accustomed to life in the city, and remains in Altdorf. Falling out of favour of the nobility and social elite has relegated her to the poorer sections of Altdorf, talking to anyone and everyone, telling fortunes for a copper per card from her worn deck.

Adventure Seeds

Vampirism?: Near the gates of a small town, soldiers find a corpse, completely drained of blood, although there are no visible wounds. A Strigany mystic happens to be visiting the town, and the town authorities drag her to the scene of the crime to help investigate the strange death. Vampirism is suspected, and the Strigany will have to find the culprit fast if she doesn't want to be implicated in the murder.

An Ancient Spear: While digging a well, a farmer discovers an ancient spear. Though it does not appear to be enchanted, the weapon is always cold to the touch. The farmer has the spear hidden in his hovel, but over the last few days, the farmer's family has become pale, listless and fatigued. Not knowing who else to turn to, the farmer turns to a Strigany mystic, who foretold of a foul harvest for the farmer the previous year.



STUDENT

Psst... Wilhelm – what answer did you get for question eleven?

(Core) The great cities of the Empire have many universities. Most, like the Imperial School of Engineers in Altdorf, are funded by the state. The first college in the Empire was established in Nuln and that city is still famous for its learning institutions (and, ironically, its Imperial Gunnery School). Students across the Empire can choose from a wide variety of courses, from history to anatomy to science. Of course, many study nothing more than the bottom of a bottle and wash out of school in less than a year. Elven Students don't go to Imperial universities, but learn from their own loremasters instead. Halfling students are admitted to Universities on sufferance, due to an obscure piece of Imperial Ordinance demanded by the Elder of the Moot.

BASIC



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	-	-	-	+10%	+10%	+5%	+10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any one), Academic Knowledge (any one) **or** Gossip, Charm **or** Consume Alcohol, Heal **or** Search, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette **or** Linguistics, Savvy **or** Suave, Seasoned Traveller **or** Super Numerate

Trappings: Two Textbooks corresponding to Knowledge Skills, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Dilettante, Envoy, Grave Robber, Minstrel, Noble, Valet

Career Exits: Agitator, Apprentice Wizard, Barber-Surgeon, Cartographer, Engineer, Envoy, Initiate, Physician, Scholar

The Imperial Degree

Being a student is one thing, but being a student who completes a degree is another entirely. The taverns and flop houses of the Old World are filled with adventurers with partial and unfinished degrees. An Imperial degree is a legal document from an accredited university that verifies a student's successful completion of a comprehensive program in a specific field of study.

Basic literacy is a general requirement for admission to all Imperial universities. There are basic and advanced degrees available to the student with the appropriate prerequisites. A student may earn multiple degrees over their careers, and compare them with fellow academic colleagues as badges of honour. However, a student's learning is often limited by available funds to pay tuition, rather than a lack of ambition.

The Wissenburg Schoolmaster

As a former sergeant in the Nuln standing army, Nicolai Kessler had seen his share of good men cut down by the inexperienced leadership of spoiled young lords. Time and again Nicolai overstepped his station to forcefully mentor his fresh-faced commanders in "everything they don't teach at the War College."

Before long, the 21st Nuln Handgunners earned a reputation for producing reliable officers, and Nicolai became affectionately known as the "Wissenburg Schoolmaster". Although he would never admit it, the name had an unfortunate irony that annoyed the proud sergeant, since he could neither read nor write.

But then the Battle of Nuln Fields changed everything. Nicolai awoke among the Shallyans without his left eye or hand. Although his bravery

and sober action had saved many lives, Nicolai despaired. He knew his time in the army was over, and there would be no one else to challenge the stubborn young lordlings and shape them into leaders of men. For his bravery in battle, Nicolai was granted a sizable pension.

The men who served under him had such great esteem for their sergeant that they petitioned the Countess von Liebwitz to award him a scholarship to the university. But sadly, the petition had to be rejected since literacy was a requirement for admission, and the Wissenburg Schoolmaster could not read.

When Nicolai's former commanders learned of his plight, they organised a new petition and lent their considerable family influence to his appeal. The officers declared that Nicolai must be allowed to enter the university, were he rose in the professorial ranks and continued his instruction in everything they don't teach at the War College.

Adventure Seeds

Extracurricular Activities: There's a rumour travelling the campus about a certain clique of young nobles dabbling in forbidden lore. Any attempt to investigate the clique is met with a swift and vicious response funded by the noble's deep pockets.

Final Exam: When an instructor's notes are stolen, the student and his entire class are informed that they will fail together if the thief is not brought to light. Is this a test concocted by the eccentric instructor, or has someone really gone through the trouble of stealing his notes?

SWAMP SKIMMER

A fish hook, an old hat, a notched sword blade and two bronze clanks. All in all, a good morning's work.

(RC) Of all the terrain found in the Borderlands, few are as nasty and inhospitable as its swamps and fens. Polluted stretches of land, filled with bloodsucking mosquitoes and ravenous leeches, they are breeding grounds for disease. Since these places are generally left alone, there are all sorts of treasures and oddities lurking beneath the vines and brackish water, and those with the mettle and constitution to resist the disease and vermin that infest these places find they can make a good living. Collectively known as Swamp Skimmers, these men and women brave the hostile environment in the hopes of bettering themselves and perhaps buying passage out of this dangerous land.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	-	+10%	+10%	+10%	-	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail, Outdoor Survival, Navigation, Perception, Search, Silent Move, Swim

Talents: Resistance to Disease, Sixth Sense

Trappings: Large Sack, Thigh-high Waterproof Boots

Career Entries: Anchorite, Peasant, Vagabond

Career Exits: Mercenary, Peasant, Vagabond



BASIC

A Dangerous Lifestyle

In civilised lands, 'swamp skimmer' is a bruising insult, but in the Border Princes it is a profession which offers escape from grinding poverty. For every skimmer who is lured to a watery grave by a corpse candle, or whose white bones mark the entrance of a beast's lair, there is another who returns, muddy and mosquito-bitten, clutching a rusting sword or battered helmet which will earn him a few shillings.

There are tales of a realm which once spanned from the desert regions of the far south to the edge of what is now the Empire, whose soldiers marched to war in armour of bronze and gold. Once in a while, a skimmer discovers the remnants of this lost civilisation; he jealously guards the ruins' location, but it is only a matter of time before others converge on the find and strip it bare. Many fail to return: the dead rest uneasy in the fens.

Skimmers tired of scouring the marshes bide their time until the inevitable adventuring party arrives in their locale, intent on exploration. The skimmers follow their tracks, which usually lead to their chewed corpses. Once the swamp predators have had their fill, the skimmers move in to loot what's left.

Maxen Widerlich

The murderer, Maxen Widerlich, fled the Emperor's justice by escaping to the Border Princes, where he discovered he could make a passable living skimming the badland swamps for valuable detritus. He would have remained a nameless treasure hunter had it not been for his chance discovery of a circle of metal sticking out of the mud. Pulling it free and wiping it clean, he noticed that it gleamed yellow in the wan sunlight: a circlet of pure gold!

Excited, he traced the strange runes that encircled the band, and felt a strange compulsion to place it around his head. The crown fitted perfectly, but seemed to contract around Widerlich's skull, and his agonised screams echoed through the marsh as he tried to rip it off. His screams seemed to stir the surface of the mire. Rising slowly from the mud, a thousand skeletal warriors in antique armour, wielding weapons of bronze, surrounded him. The flesh sloughed from Widerlich's face, but he did not die. Grinning, the fiend he had become surveyed the troops. With a silent order from its risen master, the horde marched out of the swamp and descended upon the fortress of Baron Turme. The castle was swiftly overrun, and soon a new baron held sway: the fleshless tyrant Widerlich, who to this day carves out an empire for himself with his undead force.

Swamp skimmers regard Widerlich's fate as a cautionary tale, but many secretly envy the man – they consider the sacrifice of his eternal soul a small price to pay for the power he now wields.

Adventure Seeds

Treacherous Guides: A band of swamp skimmers spread rumours of a sunken treasure in a badlands marsh to attract gold-hungry adventurers. They volunteer as guides for the party that falls for the bait, leading them deep into the swamp before leaving them at the mercy of the swamp's ferocious fauna. The skimmers hope to return a few days later to strip the corpses of anything of value.

Hunt for the Fire Drake: A dwarf zeppelin, the Fire Drake, en route from Barak-Varr to Karak Norn, has crashed in the swamps of the Border Princes. The adventurers have been hired to rescue any survivors, and recover the cargo of precious gromril. They must race to reach the wreck before the swamp skimmers pillage it.

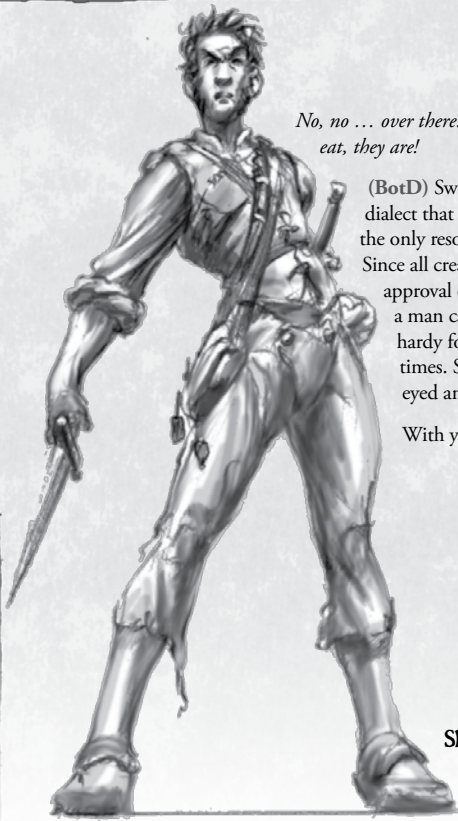


SWAMPAIRE

No, no ... over there. See that darker patch of mud? That's where you'll find the fattest frogs. Fine enough for a prince to eat, they are!

(BotD) Swampaires are hunters and gatherers of snails and frogs. They take their name from an obscure dialect that essentially means man of the swamps or, more commonly, chaser of frogs. Snails and frogs are the only resource in which Mousillon is rich, and swamping is a prestigious occupation among its peasants. Since all creatures in a swamp are technically owned by the local lord, a Swampaire needs at least the implicit approval of the local noble. Some nobles require lengthy apprenticeships and the swearing of oaths before a man can call himself a Swampaire and be permitted to hunt his lord's swamps. Swampaires tend to be hardy folk adept at tracking snails and frogs, which is a tricky and time-consuming business at the best of times. Swampaires are normally men, but some nobles have been known to permit a particularly sharp-eyed and quick-fingered lass to hunt in the absence of suitably skilled menfolk.

With your GM's permission, when rolling your starting career you can substitute Swampaire for Hunter.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	—	+5%	+10%	+5%	—	—
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+3	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Set Trap, Swim

Talents: Hardy, Lightning Reflexes or Very Resilient, Marksman, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (entangling)

Trappings: Net, spear, sack, 1d10 warts, swamping rights granted by local lord

Career Entries: Boatman, Bone Picker, Ferryman, Frogwife, Hunter, Militiaman, Peasant

Career Exits: Grail Pilgrim, Herrimault, Man-at-Arms, Outlaw, Thug, Vagabond, Village Elder, Yeoman

A Day in the Life

Swampaires are the hunters of Mousillon, toiling to catch their prey from dusk until dawn. Though foreigners may scoff at the notion of men grubbing in the dirt for frogs and lizards, the folk of Mousillon revere the swampaires for their skill and patience.

The swampaires' day begins before the sunrise, where they rely more on their ears than their eyes to locate their prey. Listening for the croaks and chirps of frogs, they wind their way through the marshes, snagging some of the larger creatures that thought themselves safe in the dark with their bare hands.

As the day breaks, the swampaires' tactics shift as the creatures they seek begin to move. The diligent hunters search rocks and sandy areas near the outskirts of their swamps, collecting snails from the shadows and slow-moving turtles basking in the sun. They also set new snares in the water as they trudge through their hunting grounds, and claim the creatures caught in older traps.

With traps set and with quarry ensnared, the swampaires eventually return to their villages. They head immediately to the marketplaces or the manors of their lords, in order to prepare and clean their odd bounty. Once their ministrations are complete, their daily catches are fit to be sold or cooked as needed.

Despite the long and arduous work, the swampaires are able to relax with a good cup of mead when night finally falls, often in the company of many friends. Swampaires are on many occasions the primary source of trade and income for a small village, and while not of royal blood, are often treated as such by their fellow villagers. The prestige of the swampaires gives them a certain amount of authority in times of crisis... although such authority can often be abused.

Affiliations

In Mousillon, the title of swampaire is one to be earned, not given. It is rare that one simply becomes a swampaire – the fine art of hunting frogs and snails is deceptively difficult. Young children may be apprenticed at an early age to a swampaire in order to learn the tricks of the trade, working closely with their master to learn their secrets.

In a larger community where several swampaires reside, the collective group of hunters forms small guilds that delineate specific hunting territories. In these arrangements, swampaires may either only hunt in certain portions of a swamp or only at certain times, with a swampaire incurring financial penalty should he break these rules.

Guilds may also split hunting territories, particularly where older and younger swampaires exist. In such cases, the younger swampaire would set traps and hunt the swamps, while the older swampaire would prepare the creatures caught and sell them at the marketplace.

Adventure Seeds

Curse of the Black Frogs: Local farmlands have been overrun by unusual amounts of strange black frogs, that spew forth dark spittle when they croak. Though the frogs do not appear to be dangerous to the farmers, their sheer numbers have ruined many crops. The swampaire is sent to find the source of the black frogs in the nearby marshes.

Scarecrows: During the summers, the local marshes begin to dry up. Recently, though, the marshes have dried even more than usual, and a few children claim that scarecrows wander through the dried mud where snails and frogs once lived. The swampaire needs to find where the waters have gone, and learn the truth about these mysterious scarecrows...

BASIC

BASIC



TEMPLE GUARDIAN

Form a single queue please, ladies, and stop the shoving. The relic isn't going anywhere.

(ToS) Temple Guardians are chosen, not from amongst the brightest members of a congregation, who would be far better put to use elsewhere, but rather from among those whose skills lie in a more physical area. They are expected to be above reproach, and to resist the temptation to steal from their own temples. Some cults ensure this behaviour by telling particularly horrid tales of the fate that awaits such traitors in the afterlife, while others simply encourage temple guardians to keep a close eye on one another, rewarding with great wealth any accusation of theft or disloyalty that proves to be true.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (any one), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Search

Talents: Cool Headed *or* Stout Hearted, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Robes *or* Uniform

Career Entries: Grave Warden, Initiate, Militiaman, Watchman, Zealot

Career Exits: Initiate, Mercenary, Soldier, Squire, Watchman

A Day in the Life

A temple guardian's daily routine begins with directing gathered worshippers to make way for arriving priests. The rest of the guardian's day is spent patrolling temple grounds or performing watch duties near important holy relics. There is never a shortage of time for temple guardians to contemplate spiritual matters. Guard shifts usually change at mid-day and again at evening prayer. At temples requiring constant security, a midnight shift is also added.

Temple guardians are often the ones responsible for ringing the bell or gong to announce prayer ceremonies. Guardians may also be requested to escort priests on errands to the less savoury districts of a town or city. When a temple's priesthood is involved in wars or crusades, the temple guardians carry palanquins or magical altars onto the battlefield.

Customs and Uniforms

Manann: Manann's temple guards are often called upon to board suspect vessels arriving at port, for sailors are reluctant to challenge them. Uniforms are sea-green tabards worn over simple clothes.

Morr: The Black Guards are Morr's elite temple sentries, but the cult's smaller chapels and burial grounds are watched over by lower-ranked guards wearing black uniforms with hooded cowls.

Myrmydia: The temple guardians of Myrmydia are known for their elaborate spear-passing ceremonies. They wear white or yellow tunics with an eagle emblem embroidered on the breast or shoulder.

Ranald: Since Ranald's cult doesn't operate traditional temples, its guardians are motley thugs tasked with guiding worshippers to sewers, basements and dark alleyways where the god's shrines are concealed.

Shallya: The few men who serve in Shallya's temples tend to be guardians. Their actual roles are closer to hospital wardens, aiding the priestesses as needed. They wear white togas and carry only daggers.

Sigmar: Sigmar's temple guardians are mostly zealous followers recruited from the town watch or militia. Uniforms consist of tabards coloured in red or blue with black details, and are often adorned with litanies and purity seals.

Taal and Rhya: Young hunters and woodsmen are expected to serve terms as temple guardians of Taal and Rhya. Their clothing is plain and nondescript, aside from the leather straps around their arms.

Ulric: Temple guardians of Ulric wear long, plaited beards and howl like wolves before evening prayers. Their uniforms include heavy grey jackets and breeches, usually trimmed with fur.

Verena: Temples of Verena may only be guarded by those who have never been convicted of a crime. The guardians wear purple or blue robes and have oaths tattooed on their hands.

Adventure Seeds

An Inside Job: A treasure is stolen from a Sigmarite temple and the temple guardian is framed for the theft. Unless the temple guardian can prove his innocence at the temple court, he'll be stripped of his duties and possibly mutilated. Investigation leads the guardian to discover that the real thief is one of the temple's own priests.

THIEF

If he really wanted to keep it, he'd take better care of it. He left it in a strongbox where anyone could find it.

(Core) The Empire is home to many honest, hard working citizens and Thieves are dedicated to taking as much of their money as possible. They tend to be jacks-of-all-trades, willing and able to take advantage of any moneymaking opportunity that comes along. Specialist Thieves include blackmailers, embezzlers, kidnappers, pickpockets, and cattle thieves. Towns and cities of any size have Thieves' Guilds, which control and organize criminal activity. A few towns have more than one guild, which leads to vicious fighting until one guild eliminates its rival. The most successful Thieves' Guilds own so many legitimate businesses that over time they turn into Merchant Guilds. It is a rare guild that leaves its larcenous ways behind, however.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	-	-	+15%	+5%	-	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

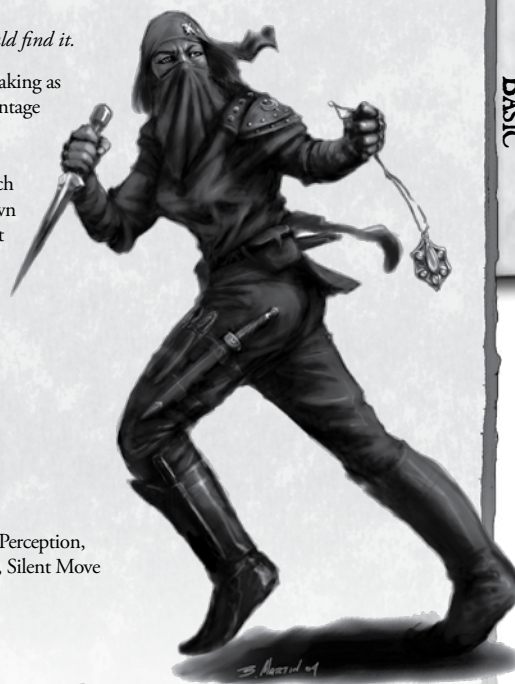
Skills: Charm **or** Scale Sheer Surface, Concealment, Evaluate **or** Disguise, Gamble **or** Pick Lock, Perception, Read/Write **or** Sleight of Hand, Search, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue) **or** Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move

Talents: Alley Cat **or** Streetwise, Super Numerate **or** Trapfinder

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Sack, Lock picks, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Entertainer, Ex-Convict, Grave Robber, Interrogator, Militiaman, Outlaw, Protagonist, Rat Catcher, Rogue, Servant, Smuggler, Toll Keeper, Tomb Robber, Vagabond

Career Exits: Cat Burglar, Charlatan, Entertainer, Fence, Rogue, Tomb Robber



BASIC

Affiliations

Thieves belong to thieves' guilds. They have little choice – the guilds are much better at finding thieves than the watch, and insist that all active criminals take advantage of the benefits of membership.

If a city has more than one guild, both normally insist that every thief join them, and not the other. This leads to gang warfare, so in a few cities two guilds ignore each others' existence. Thieves in the city must belong to both, but pretend not to know about the other guild. The masters of one guild are low-ranking members of the other, and are generally left alone. Thieves have to pay two sets of dues, and may be given tasks by both guilds at once, making it difficult for them to avoid offending someone.

In a few cases the guild has become rich through respectable businesses, and has a great deal of influence with the legitimate government of the town. Indeed, a handful of towns are actually run by the thieves' guild, in which case the watch is only concerned with unlicensed criminality. Normally, such towns collapse into anarchy, as the guild allows too much crime, but in a few cases the leadership impose stability and a reasonable level of lawbreaking. This often leads to a splinter guild forming, to protect the rights of dishonest thieving folk.

Travelling thieves have to come to an arrangement with every guild they meet. Sometimes this is easy, if the guild requires nothing but a percentage. Others, the majority, impose significant ordeals on potential members, and taking one of those trials every couple of weeks is bad for the health. Travelling thieves thus often try to avoid the notice of guilds as well as the watch.

Murdbelly Furrows

Murdbelly is a halfling thief active in Stirland. He is a member of the thieves' guilds of more than half a dozen towns, and constantly on the run ahead of the enforcers. He does enough towards paying his dues in each place to make finding him a low priority, so he has stayed alive for now. He knows a lot about many thieves' guilds, and although law enforcement does not know about him yet, this is going to occur to one of the guilds at some point. Murdbelly himself is too busy trying to juggle his obligations to worry about such long-term issues.

Adventure Seeds

A Chaos Conundrum: The thief steals a bag from a coach just as it leaves the city, and is not spotted by the coachman or any of the passengers. The bag contains notes on a plot by Chaos cultists to summon a powerful daemon, and some items necessary to stop it. Does the thief and his companions set off to return the bag, stop the ritual themselves, or just deal with the daemon when it comes looking for them?

On the Other Hand...: The thief is caught, but the magistrate gives him a choice between losing a hand and doing a little job. The job involves finding proof that a certain secret society is worshipping the Ruinous Powers; the members are too powerful to move against without proof. Unfortunately the society, while devoted to its members' advancement, has nothing to do with Chaos. However, the magistrate will have the thief's hand cut off unless he can produce the evidence he desires.

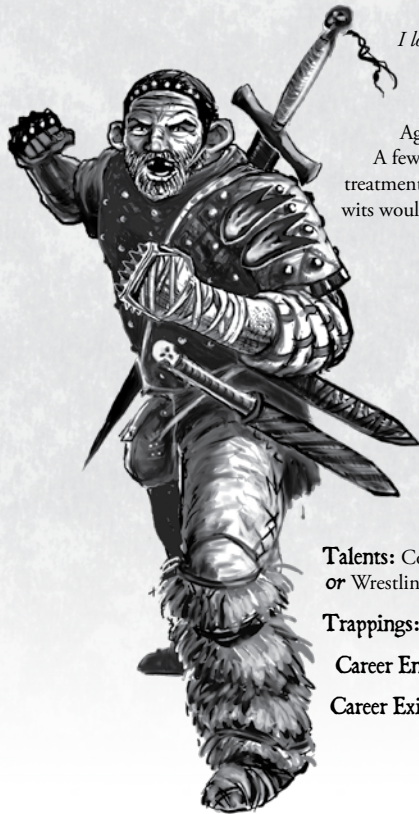


THUG

I love my job. I'm real good at it. And yer about to find out why.

(Core) In the criminal underworld, strength and viciousness are highly prized virtues and no profession illustrates this more clearly than the Thug. When protection money is owed, when Agitators threaten to expose corruption, or when rivals overstep themselves, the Thug is there. A few thwacks with a club is usually enough to send the right message, but harder cases get the full treatment. It's wisest to flee in such circumstances, but the graveyards are full of those that thought quick wits would be enough to save them. Every Thieves' Guild and criminal organisation has Thugs in its ranks.

BASIC



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	-	+5%	+5%	-	-	+5%	+5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Intimidate, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue)

Talents: Coolheaded **or** Lightning Reflexes, Disarm, Resistance to Poison **or** Quick Draw, Strike to Injure **or** Wrestling, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Knuckle-dusters, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jerkin)

Career Entries: Ex-Convict, Marine, Protagonist

Career Exits: Bodyguard, Ex-Convict, Interrogator, Mercenary, Pit Fighter, Racketeer

A Day in the Life

The life of a thug is one of casual violence and the instant gratification, broken up by periods of abject terror, excruciating pain, and sometimes death. A thug spends much of his time wandering around the city, either at the behest of his boss or following his whims.

He spends his time intimidating shopkeepers, watchmen, and residences just to let them know what (and who) waits for them if they step out of line. After dark he will wander around the poorly lit and patrolled areas of the city looking for targets of opportunity. However, a canny thug spends a bit of time shadowing his mark before he strikes.

After all, no sense in getting a sword in the gut. Once a likely mark is spotted, the thug roughs him up before making off with whatever he can carry. The day (or night) typically ends with the thug drinking himself into oblivion on his ill-gotten gains before finding a dark corner to pass out in, hopefully avoiding becoming a victim himself.

The Deadfish

The Deadfish are a typical example of an Empire city gang, preying on the weak, covering from the strong, and generally ruling over a few refuse-filled streets and their equally poxy residents. The Deadfish claim three blocks in Nuln between the old iron smelt on Aver Street and the narrow canal near the shot tower.

Of course this can, and usually does, change on a daily basis depending on the mood of the watch, rival gangs, and the weather (few can stand the smell of the canal on a hot day). The leader of the gang is Bollo, a grizzled old thug missing more than a few appendages – an ear, a nose, most of his teeth, and a large flap of his scalp. Under Bollo a band of a

dozen or so thugs do most of the gang's leg work, collecting 'protection' money from shopkeepers, letting residents know where they can and can't go, and most importantly preying on travellers foolish enough to wander into the neighbourhood, especially after dark.

Then there is the small army of gutter snipes, beggars, and weevil-men the gang uses. They can be found on every street corner and in every drinking hole. They act as pickpockets, informers, and con men for the gang, with a thug or two always nearby should a mark get out of hand. Periodically the watch will crack down on the gang and there will be arrests and hangings. Of course somehow Bollo is never one of the unlucky ones, and the Deadfish invariably surface once again.

Adventure Seeds

Too High and Mighty: Jack Halfhand, a local watchman, has been getting too big for his boots and been throwing his weight around the Gilded Hound in Altdorf. Some of the locals are looking for a young tough to put the watchman in his place, for a few coins, of course.

Upsetting the Balance: It seems a local vigilante referred to as the Rose, has been trying to clean up the streets of Hasselbad. A concerned group of thugs are looking to restore the status quo. They just need to uncover the vigilante's identity.

TOLL KEEPER

Please pull back the tarp on your wagon. Carrying pickled beets, are we? Well, there's a penny tariff on all pickled goods hereabouts, in addition to the standard tolls.

(Core) Collecting money for the government is a thankless job. Doing so in the midst of the wilderness is practically a death sentence. Toll Keepers live in isolated roadside houses, collecting money from passing travellers. The monies collected go towards the upkeep of the roads, but that doesn't stop travellers from berating, beating, and even killing Toll Keepers trying to do their jobs. If that weren't bad enough, tollhouses are prime targets for bandits. A Toll Keeper's life is so fraught with peril and few do it for very long, despite the high wages the position pays.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	—	+5%	—
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip **or** Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Breton, Kislevian, **or** Tilean)

Talents: Lightning Reflexes **or** Marksman

Trappings: Chest, Crossbow with 10 Bolts, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jerkin), Shield, 1d10 *gc*

Career Entries: Bailiff, Coachman, Roadwarden

Career Exits: Ferryman, Fieldwarden, Highwayman, Outlaw, Soldier, Politician, Thief



BASIC

A Day in the Life

The problem with being a toll keeper is that you live in the middle of nowhere, with no one for support or relief. The good news is that you live in the middle of nowhere, with no one to oversee you or boss you around. Being a toll keeper is bad enough that most men in the job take advantage of the few perks it offers. One of those is setting your own hours. The toll keeper's booth is usually set up right beside the road, at a point where it is impossible to pass to the side instead due to thick trees, heavy rocks, sheer drops, or some combination thereof. A heavy beam blocks the road itself, worked by a winch in the tollbooth. Thus anyone wanting to take that road must pay the toll, which means they must wait upon the toll keeper's pleasure. Because of this, particularly smug toll keepers rarely get out of bed before dawn, and often take their time washing and dressing and breakfasting. Then they stroll out of their house and across to the booth, unlock the door, let themselves in, lock the door behind them, and finally unlock and open the small side window. Now they are finally ready for business.

After that the day passes into tedium. Toll keepers can see people approaching for a good distance, so they can get out of their booth from time to time to stretch their legs. The minute they see travellers, however, they hurry back to the booth and lock themselves in. After all, you never know who is willing to pay the toll and who will turn to violence instead. The toll keeper sits inside his little fortified booth, charging each traveller before raising the gate, and watching the road the rest of the time. Bandits often attack tollbooths, so it's important to stay alert and not to venture too far from the booth's protection.

By the time dusk settles, the toll keeper is done. He pours the day's tolls into a sack, locks the tollbooth behind him as he exits, and carries the money back to his house, where he counts it and records the amount.

Then he is free to eat, drink, and do whatever else he likes before turning in. Few men can stand the solitude and constant danger long, which is why most toll keepers only last a few years at best.

Notable Figures

Hertzog Brenmuller was a roadwarden for several years before he was awarded his own tollbooth. After years of pacing long stretches of road, he was pleased to settle down. Hertzog is a quiet man who enjoys reading and woodcarving, and he immediately took to the isolated life of a toll keeper. He whittles and carves while sitting in his booth, and has decorated the booth itself, transforming its solid wood surface into a fantastical menagerie. Of course he is no fool, and so he also whittles crossbow bolts—a large supply of them sit on the table in front of him, right beside the two crossbows he keeps loaded. Only a few brigands have been desperate enough to attack Hertzog, and they did not live to tell of their failure, but their bodies, stripped and staked along the road, warns away others of their kind.

Adventure Seeds

The Greatest Toll: A stranger staggers up to a tollbooth and collapses, dead from vicious wounds. He was carrying a sealed message that looks like it might be important. Does the toll keeper dare leave his post to deliver the message? And if he does, what is he getting involved in?

Retribution: Bandits strike one night, breaking into the toll keeper's house, binding him, and stealing the tolls. Eventually a traveller wanders by and frees him, but the bandits have long gone. The toll keeper is looking for intrepid adventurers who will go after the bandits, regain the stolen toll money, and make sure the bandits never threaten a tollbooth again.

TOMB ROBBER

The dead weren't going to be using that jewellery anyway.

(Core) Tomb Robbers differ from Grave Robbers in that they are interested in the valuables to be found in burial sites rather than the bodies themselves. Although very few graves in the Old World include valuable goods these days, there are many ancient burial sites that contain priceless treasures. Tomb Robbers are experts in locating such sites and plundering their riches. Secret tombs are usually in dangerous and inaccessible areas. Those within the Empire's borders are revered and protected by local inhabitants, so accessing these sites can be just as dangerous. Clever traps and deceptions protect the richest tombs and skilled Tomb Robbers must learn to disarm or bypass them. Few survive long enough to raid more than one tomb.



BASIC

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	-	-	-	+10%	+10%	+10%	+5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire) **or** Secret Signs (Thief), Concealment **or** Outdoor Survival, Evaluate, Perception, Pick Lock **or** Silent Move, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Speak Language (Classical, Khazalid **or** Eltharin)

Talents: Luck **or** Sixth Sense, Trapfinder **or** Tunnel Rat

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Crowbar, Lantern, Lamp Oil, 10 Yards of Rope, 2 Sacks

Career Entries: Dilettante, Runebearer, Shieldbreaker, Thief

Career Exits: Ex-Convict, Fence, Rat Catcher, Shieldbreaker, Thief, Vampire Hunter

Greed & Glory

The universal motivation of the tomb robber is most often greed, but even greed comes in many forms.

Wealth: The greed driving most tomb robbers is the simple lust for gold, and anyone wealthy enough to have a crypt erected in his name is also wealthy enough to rob—or so goes the logic. Many earlier civilisations entombed their kings and potentates amidst vast material wealth. Jewellery, precious metal craftwork, and the priceless relics of a forgotten age can be converted into to a fortune with the right buyers.

Power: Another common motivation for tomb robbers is the greed for power. Many great heroes and villains have been raised from obscurity by the discovery of powerful magical artefacts secreted away in the deepest vaults of the Old World. Typically these tomb robbers concern themselves with the penetration of the ancient Dwarven households. Everyone who has ever set foot in an Imperial Alehouse has heard tales of the ancient Dwarven heroes and their potent Rune weapons.

Knowledge: The least common, but most insidious motivation for the tomb robber is the quest for forbidden knowledge. Whether it is for personal gain or at the behest of a secret client, much of the knowledge contained in the arcane scrolls and tomes hidden beneath the ground would best remain undiscovered. Forbidden Chaos lore and the lost secrets of Necromancy are examples of the hidden knowledge awaiting the intrepid tomb robber.

The Ghost of Grenzstadt

The Fortress Town of Grenzstadt is not a large town by any measure, but its strategic location at the base of Blackfire Pass has transformed

it into a bustling marketplace and gateway to the Empire. The town's cosmopolitan mix of foreign merchants, trade caravans, and pilgrims also provides cover to one of the Empire's largest black markets for plundered Dwarfen treasures.

While it's true that tomb robbers are despised throughout the Old World, the Dwarfs hold a special enmity for those who would despoil their sacred vaults. As such, Karaz-a-Karak has deployed a detachment of Dwarfen Lawbringers to Grenzstadt, in an effort to curb this disturbing trend.

The results of this deployment have been somewhat mixed. The Dwarfs have recovered many ancestral treasures, yet one tomb robber continues to evade them – the Ghost of Grenzstadt. Whether the Ghost of Grenzstadt is a lone individual or a team of despoilers is unknown. The only reliable information the Dwarfs have gleaned about the Ghost is that he or she is an experienced tomb robber specialising in the acquisition of Dwarfen artefacts from ancient ruins scattered throughout the pass.

Adventure Seeds

The Ancestral Crypt: A young noble has incurred massive gambling debt and seeks a way out. The noble has an extensive list of family heirlooms buried in his ancestral crypt, and will provide details and split the proceeds if he can find the right man for the job.

Hidden Reserves: A group of drunken adventurers has been seen around town celebrating and buying drinks with gold coins of a mysterious origin. If these amateur tomb robbers haven't cleaned out their discovery, it won't be long before more seasoned professionals do.

TRADESMAN

Trade's the lifesblood of the Empire. Think of me as a leech-man-doctor who keeps that blood running clear and clean. What you or the Empire needs, I've got, for a price.

(Core) Tradesmen are skilled labourers and craftsmen. Although they tend to cluster together in cities, they can also be found in villages across the Empire. They provide many of the goods used by Merchants when trading abroad, and are valued as an important part of the Empire's economy. Tradesmen include apothecaries, armourers, bowyers, brewers, calligraphers, carpenters, cartographers, gem cutters, gunsmiths, herbalists, peddlers, shipwrights, smiths, stoneworkers, tailors, and weaponsmiths. Each trade has its own guild, though not all guilds have local chapters.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	-	+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

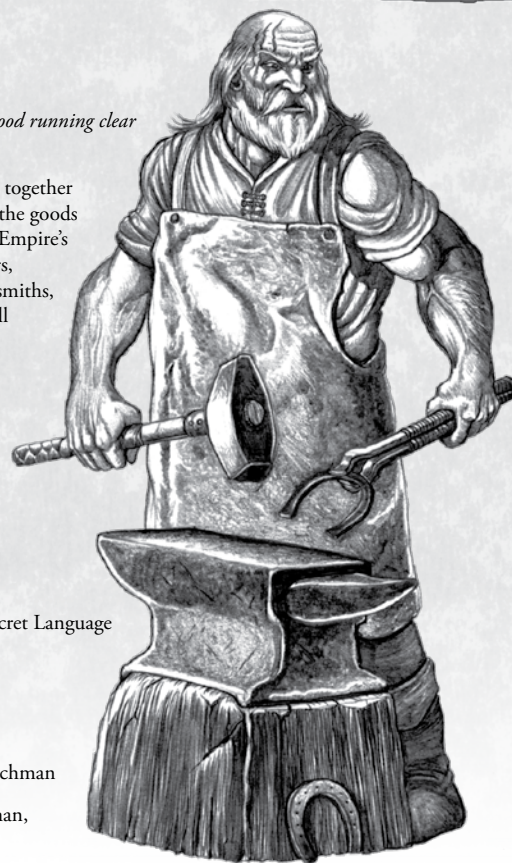
Skills: Animal Care *or* Gossip, Drive, Haggle, Evaluate, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Trade (any two)

Talents: Dealmaker *or* Savvy

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), 1d10 gc

Career Entries: Barber-Surgeon, Burgher, Camp Follower, Dilettante, Peasant, Watchman

Career Exits: Artisan, Cartographer, Engineer, Envoy, Farmer, Merchant, Militiaman, Zealot



BASIC

Trade Guilds Across the Empire

While rare, there are select trades that have “over-guilds” spanning more than one Imperial village or province. Their primary guildhalls are located in Altdorf, allowing them to negotiate deals directly with many ambassadors and envoys. However, any affiliated tradesman's business carries the mark or seal of the group, and the most prosperous local business in any community can act as a minor guildhall.

The Bowyers' Fraternity: Formed originally solely by elven bowmakers, humans dominate this guild now, though its long-time leader remains the former elf envoy Grathol Fellicar. Bows from this over-guild are more expensive than standard bows, but their craftsmanship and durability is more reliable than non-Brotherhood bows.

The Trusted Brotherhood of Brewers: Within the Moot, Averland, and Stirland, the “Trusties” are guilded brewers who share recipes, herbs, and roots to guarantee that travelers can find tolerable brews wherever their silver mug stamp may be found. Tavern keepers know that the added costs of “trusted” ales and beers are recouped by increased traffic and higher demand for their know-quality wares. The “Most Trusted” (or guildmaster) is Udo Altankard, a dwarf as wide as he is tall, and brewer extraordinaire.

The Puissant Fellowship of Skilled Cartographers: The five Kharllan brothers built this guild 25 years ago, using their father's shipping trade to train scouts and cartographers. Their “guild homes” are in the five largest cities of the Empire, and their craftsmanship is higher than most. This over-guild guarantees the accuracy of its maps in terms of coastal details and hazards from Kislev to the Black Gulf.

Susi Olfsdar

The widow of a halfling shipwright in Altdorf's Reikport, Susi has gained a local reputation as a wonder-worker with leather. Her small tannery is on the outskirts of the city and downwind of most buildings due to the smells. Despite the odour, the quality of her tanned leather goods and Susi's irrepresible nature bring many customers back.

With the surprising variety of dyed-leather goods, from cowls and belt-purses to waterproofed leather cloaks or overtunics, “Olfsdar buckskins” now compete with the best leather goods without added guild costs, much to the fury and indigestion of Pieter Donalton, the local guildmaster of leather workers.

Adventure Seeds

Essential Errands: Numerous tradesmen in the party's local settlement desire help acquiring materials for their trades, yet cannot do these tasks themselves for various reasons. The party can be dispatched to retrieve deerskins for a tanner, find rare plants for the apothecary, herbalist, or brewer, or hunt up beaver pelts for the furrier.

Wealth in the Rocks: Two local tradesmen – a gem cutter and stone worker – hire the party to escort their agents to a small mining town where the River Auden meets the Black Mountains. There, they receive two shipments of stone and uncut gems and the party is expected to escort them safely back to the tradesmen for their payments.

TROLL SLAYER

My shame is my own. Let me find an enemy worthy of it.

(Core) Dwarfs who have been disgraced, crossed in love, or otherwise humiliated abandon traditional society and seek the sweet release of death. They hunt the most dangerous of monsters in the hopes of finding a glorious end. Most of them die fairly quickly, but those few who survive become members of the strange cult of Troll Slayers. They exist only to die, and by doing so redeem whatever disgrace they suffered in the past. They seek the fiercest foes, and Trolls are considered ideal because the Dwarfs' deaths are almost a certainty. Troll Slayers are instantly recognizable, with their spiky orange hair, outlandish tattoos, and gaudy jewellery. They spend a great deal of time boasting of their exploits and show off their many scars, and often indulge in bouts of overeating, drunkenness, and sleep deprivation.

Note: Only Dwarfs can join this career. Taking the Slayer's path is a sure route to death. Think carefully before entering this career.

BASIC



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	—	+5%	+5%	+5%	—	+10%	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+3	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Intimidate

Talents: Disarm **or** Quick Draw, Hardy, Lightning Reflexes **or** Very Resilient, Specialist Weapon

Group (Two-handed), Street Fighter, Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Great Weapon, Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), One Bottle of Poor Craftsmanship Spirits

Career Entries: Pit Fighter

Career Exits: Giant Slayer

A Troll Slayer's Leather Jerkin

When slayers form regiments in dwarf armies, they are famed for fighting bare-chested, showing their brethren that they will meet their doom with gusto. So it can strike some people as remarkable that Slayers are found wearing leather jerkins. Surely they wouldn't seek to protect themselves?

The fact is that leather jerkins are considered a practical comfort, rather than serious protection (dwarfs consider nothing less than a heavy mail coat to be serious protection). Only hard-wearing gear will survive the wilderness wandering a slayer undertakes. The famous bared chest is something of an affectation of the battlefield.

So it is not uncommon to see a troll slayer wearing a leather jerkin, and no hypocrisy or cowardice should be inferred by the fact. Many slayers arrive to fight, shed their travelling gear (jerkin and all) and charge in to face their doom with torso bared.

Adventure Hook

Glorious Death Awaits: Last night the troll slayer was in his cups and blustering about his kills – the ravaging goblin chief, the fiend beneath the barrow, even the berserk ox-head giant in the forest deeps. A group of men listened avidly and bought beers. They explained they were adventuring, following rumours of a distant tomb filled with treasures. They insisted many fell guardians protect the tomb, a test to challenge even him. The drunken slayer swore to accompany the men on their journey, and boasted that whilst he stood they need fear no danger. If the threat proves less than challenging, the troll slayer may turn his angst elsewhere.

The Spirit of the Slayer Oath

The player of a Troll Slayer should agree with the GM as to what it was that shamed his character into taking the Slayer Oath. Typical reasons include being cheated in love, showing cowardice, oath-breaking, producing shoddy workmanship or being unable to clear one's name of a crime.

Do note that it is up to the individual concerned whether or not they react to such a dishonour by taking the Slayer oath; a Dwarf is not forced to become a Slayer simply because the Thane's daughter refused to requite his affections (for example).

A Dwarf taking the Slayer Oath vows to meet death fighting against an enemy of the Dwarf race. However, it is important to understand that the oath is more about regaining honour than committing suicide, and only a minority of Slayers take the seemingly obvious route of disappearing into Skaven warrens or Orc infested mountains. Such desperate individuals leave nothing to posterity. This is why many Slayers accompany adventuring parties, the lifestyle provides ample opportunity to come across worthy foes, and leaves witnesses to tell of the Slayer's doom.

See the entries for Giant Slayer and Daemon Slayer for more about Slayers.

VAGABOND

Me? I'm no one of consequence. Just passing through....

(Core) Vagabonds love life on the road. The traditional Peasant or Burgher existence seems like prison to them. Who wants to wake up in the same village or city every day, doing the same thing as yesterday? Vagabonds are footloose wanderers who look on each day as a new adventure. They may take on odd jobs here and there to earn some brass, but they never stay in one place for long. The road beckons, with the promise of something better always over the next hill. While they do love to travel, they are not ignorant of the dangers of the road. Vagabonds can thus often be found in travelling companies, formed for mutual protection. The law has little love for these groups and in many places Vagabonds are viewed as common criminals.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	-	-	+10%	+5%	-	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, Estalia, Kislev, **or** Tilea), Gossip **or** Secret Language (Ranger Tongue **or** Thieves' Tongue), Haggle **or** Swim, Heal **or** Perception, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Performer (Dancer, Singer, **or** Storyteller) **or** Secret Signs (Ranger **or** Thief), Silent Move

Talents: Fleet Footed **or** Rover, Marksman **or** Orientation, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Back Pack, Rations (1 week), Tent, Water Skin

Career Entries: Barber-Surgeon, Camp Follower, **Cartographer**, Cat Burglar, Charcoal-Burner, Entertainer, Envoy, Ex-Convict, Fieldwarden, Hedge Wizard, Kithband Warrior, Outlaw, Soldier, Woodsman

Career Exits: Bone Picker, Entertainer, Friar, Rapsallion, Scout, Thief, Woodsman



BASIC

Werner Wintrich alias Markus the Cat

Werner is a man with a history. He is far more than the weather-worn and penniless vagabond he appears to be. Formerly he was Markus the Cat, one of the Empire's most proficient cat burglars, and responsible for no less than a dozen jewel thefts from the Imperial nobility. Now, he has given up his life of crime to see the world and escape his past. He has left behind any riches his former career might have brought and taken to the road. Now all Werner wants is to be left alone and to see what lies over the horizon for the rest of his days.

Alas, Werner will have to run quickly if he is to escape his previous career. The dashing Markus the Cat was as much a stealer of hearts as jewels. Jilted lovers and robbed nobles rarely forget their grudges and he still has a large bounty on his head. In particular, his last haul, where he stole the jewelled necklace of the Countess Carola von Trappe, still haunts him.

He gave the jewellery to his partner who was killed in a barroom squabble that very night. All interested parties believe he still has the necklace and so they hire bounty hunter after bounty hunter to find the elusive Cat.

Vagabonds and the Ranger Tongue

Quite a few vagabonds have picked up on the enigmatic language of the Woodsmen, the so-called Ranger Tongue. A hodgepodge of human languages (particularly Reikspiel and Breton) and elvish, this secret tongue is useful in two respects. First, it is a code language, useful for passing messages even when unfriendly ears are listening.

For example, greeting someone with the elven word for 'visitor' while raising the left hand tells the listener 'those I travel with are not to be trusted.' Second, the language is rich in terminology describing the dangers of the woods and the outdoors.

A complex situation, such as the wolves in a certain stretch of woods starving and turning to hunting men, might only take a single word in Ranger Tongue. In addition, a seasoned traveller knows that keeping on the good side of the woodsmen is never a bad idea. Knowing Ranger Tongue facilitates that.

Adventure Seeds

The Exchange: A vagabond wanders into the party's camp and exchanges a hot meal for the location of a strange ruin he found just a few days ago while wandering through a particularly trackless part of the Forest of Arden. Whether the vagabond speaks the truth or is setting the party up for ambush is difficult to say. What lends veracity to his story is a strange stone covered with bizarre iconography. He calls it a 'key stone,' though he is uncertain exactly what that means.

Common Purpose: A local sheriff seems to have a particular vendetta against vagabonds in his jurisdiction. A small group of ragged travellers have pooled what little money they possess to try to hire someone tough and armed to teach this sheriff a lesson. They don't want him killed – they just want to be left alone.



VALET

Your dress uniform has been washed, pressed and is laid out for you. Is there anything else you need at the moment, sir?

(Core) A Valet is a personal manservant for a Nobleman, high-ranking military commander, or wealthy Burgher. He is responsible for the comfort and appearance of his charge, including grooming, wardrobe, and presentation. A Valet is ready with a hat and cloak when it's raining, a walking stick for outdoor jaunts, and a dress coat for formal occasions. A well-trained Valet is indispensable for the style-conscious Noble. Though they enjoy a lifestyle most Servants would kill for, Valets often resent the vacuous Nobles they are forced to attend. Women who perform these services for Noblewomen are known as handmaidens.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	-	-	-	+10%	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Blather, Evaluate, Gossip **or** Speak Language (Breton **or** Reikspiel), Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search

Talents: Coolheaded **or** Suave, Dealmaker **or** Seasoned Traveller, Etiquette

Trappings: Cologne, Purse, Two sets of Best Craftsmanship Clothing, Uniform

Career Entries: Burgher, Servant

Career Exits: Herald, Rogue, Squire, Steward, Student

The August League of Imperial Cupbearers

Situated in an old hilltop manor in the picturesque spa town of Wurtbad, the August League of Imperial Cupbearers is a private club with membership extending solely to the elite valets of the Old World. The engagement of a League valet is a much desired status symbol amongst the upper crust. League valets have served the most powerful and influential Lords of the Empire since the ascent of Magnus the Pious to the Imperial throne in 2304. While the League is not a labour guild, and has no administrative function in the hiring or deployment of valets, the Cupbearers' exclusivity of membership has fostered a longstanding reputation for superiority.

The Cupbearers are a self-perpetuating body with an application process that guarantees no unproven valet may join. Two existing members in good standing must first propose and second prospective Cupbearers. Once the process is initiated, the candidate's name is entered on a new page of the Application Codex. Members who know and support the prospective valet are encouraged to sign the page. Eleven members must endorse the applicant before an election committee votes on his membership. Only when a candidate surpasses this final barrier is he admitted to the League and shown the Black Book.

Although a significant number of the Old World's nobility consists of empty-headed dilettantes and boorish clods, it is the valet's duty to endure the ignominy of his master's questionable behaviour without complaint. Therefore, the Black Book is a secret tome in which League valets can record and share the shameful and embarrassing exploits of their masters without reproach. Every Cupbearer is responsible for updating the Black Book, so that future valets will know what debaucheries to expect from prospective employers. Needless to say, the Black Book contains many secrets that could shake the patrician ranks to their core.

The Adjutant

A valet in the service of an active military commander is known as an adjutant. In peacetime, the roles of the adjutant and the valet are nearly indistinguishable. But in times of war, the civilian valet steps aside to allow the adjutant to follow his master headlong into battle.

Typically, the adjutant is an officer in the same military formation as his commander. He plays the role of his lordship's coachman when they are on campaign, and is responsible for his master's personal baggage train and the organisation of his field quarters.

On the battlefield, the adjutant is sometimes employed as a messenger when communications are muddled and subordinates absolutely need to be sure of orders. But when sword meets shield, the adjutant's place is at his master's side in the heart of battle, ready to turn aside any blows meant for his lordship. Many adjutants form a lifelong bond with their master and follow them into their post-military life as stewards.

Adventure Seeds

Conspiracy Theories: A well-liked noble is being investigated by an overzealous witch hunter for heresy, and his valet is appealing to his colleagues for help. Although the evidence is overwhelming, a stealthy investigation of the noble's court and staff may point to a conspiracy from within.

The Rental Retinue: A young and spoiled lordling is looking to impress the beautiful daughter of a local noble. His plan is to hire a valet and the other requisite staff to form a "proper" war-party, and then enter the local dark forest to slay some sort of beast.

BASIC



VILLAGE ELDER

We don't get many outsiders here; what brings you to these parts?

(KotG) Bretonnian nobles are responsible for bringing justice to the peasants. If they hear of a crime, they make sure that someone is punished. As long as it's a peasant, they do not worry about which peasant. In some cases, the lord has hanged the victim. Most peasants would prefer to avoid such "justice."

Instead, they turn to their Village Elders, respected residents of the village. These old men listen to the details of the case and then hand out punishments. Often these involve paying reparations to the victim, normally in labour, but sometimes the Village Elders arrange "accidents" for the criminal.

The quality of this justice depends entirely on the quality of the Village Elder, as there are no checks on his decisions. A senile elder is still capable of handing down something less than justice. However, it is still almost invariably better than appealing to the local lord.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	-	-	-	-	+20%	+20%	+30%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+4	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception, Torture

Talents: Master Orator, Menacing, Public Speaking, Suave

Trappings: Peasant Village

Career Entries: Faceless, Mediator, Yeoman

Career Exits: Demagogue, Faceless, Outlaw Chief, Politician, Steward

Note: Only peasants may become Village Elders. Women may only become Village Elders if disguised as men.

A Day in the Life

It is not uncommon for village elders to be more or less retired within their community. A craftsman in his youth may lack the eyesight or deft hands to continue working at his trade, while the rigours of manual labour would take too great a toll on their ageing bodies. Much of their life is spent simply waiting until they are asked to lend wisdom to a communal matter, so village elders often find themselves with an overabundance of time.

More assertive village elders take it upon themselves to lend wisdom to the community whether they ask for it or not. These elders walk the village, chastising impertinent youths, warning children to play safely, shaking their walking sticks vigourously at layabouts, and offering advice on any topic that interests them to anyone who will listen.

But their lives are also filled with mundane matters – gathering wood, tending hearth fires, and cooking are other tasks that may fall to the village elder. Many villagers are happy to have such a wise person in their midst, and do what they can to assist the elder's family. Bringing over the occasional pie or pot of soup, helping to mend a wall or fence, or delivering a load of cut firewood in the early spring and late autumn are all typical gestures of gratitude.

Respect Your Elders

You don't become a village elder without having lived a long life, at least, longer than the others in your village who would otherwise vie for the position. Most village elders are fiercely proud of their station, and are quick to point out how the vast experiences learned over their lives benefit the village.

And the younger folk had best take heed of such experience, lest they find their ears pulled, heads slapped or otherwise earn their elder's wrath. Which is all well and good, as this ensures that those youths will likewise enforce their ideals and wisdom with a clout to the head when they rise to the rank of village elder.

Adventure Seeds

The Mythical Cave of Lacrimac: The adventurers arrive at the village of Pont du Boue in Gisoreux, drawn by tales of a nearby cave said to contain the hidden treasures of the Thirteen Sleeping Knights of Lacrimac. The only villager who claims to know the location of the mythical cave is Zacharie Vieillard, a decrepit village elder. He is unimpressed by the youth of today, and will only reveal the cave's location if the adventurers can prove to him that they are responsible and up to the challenge by completing the various, increasingly bizarre tasks he demands they perform.

A Transplanted Leader: A strange plague has wiped out the elders of the village of Crasseville in Parravon. The survivors are all children, the oldest no more than seventeen. As such, the villagers are at a loss how to run their own affairs. Quelle fortune! The adventurers pass by the settlement and the villagers have an idea. They promise a great reward if the adventurers will steal for them a new elder from the village of Le Moisi, across the river. The inhabitants of Le Moisi will not be inclined to part with any of their own villagers.

WALL WARDEN

Finished? I'll have you defending this bit of wall when the Beastmen come... There are a few things you want to check again, are there? Well, well.

(KotG) Wall Wardens are the peasant craftsmen who care for and design the fortifications of Bretonnian nobles, the massive castles that protect their power. They are also responsible for the construction and care of siege engines. Most nobles know nothing about building or engineering and thus need to place a great deal of trust in their Wall Wardens. As a result, a peasant is only given such a post after proving himself.

As Wall Wardens often have both the ear and the trust of their lords, such a post is often a stepping stone to a more important position in the lord's administration. On the other hand, Wall Wardens are sometimes approached by outside forces to report on the state of the lord's defences. The loyal ones naturally refuse.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	+10%	+10%	+10%	+25%	+20%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+4	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Engineering), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Trade (Carpenter), Trade (Stoneworker)

Talents: Lightning Reflexes, Specialist Weapon Group (Engineer)

Trappings: Fortifications to look after, trade tools

Career Entries: Man-at-Arms, Peasant, Tradesman

Career Exits: Spy, Steward, Yeoman

Note: Only peasants may become Wall Wardens. Women may only become Wall Wardens if disguised as men.



BASIC

Affiliations

Wall wardens are supposed to be loyal only to the noble who employs them, and traitors are quite rare. Most wall wardens feel protective of "their" noble, and their pride in their fortifications stops them from deliberately setting their masters up to fall. Thus, they rarely make deals with other members of the nobility.

They do make deals with other wall wardens. A wall warden has responsibility without power, and while nobles see him as a peasant, peasants see him as an oppressor. Thus, wall wardens can only really complain to other wall wardens, and informal contacts long ago developed into formal, but secret, organisations linking the masons of Bretonnia.

There are several of these groups, and most claim to include all true masons and have a tradition stretching back to the days of Gilles le Breton. Members are initiated in clandestine ceremonies emphasising the need for secrecy as firm as castle walls, and they identify each other with secret handshakes.

Most of the groups are harmless, providing wall wardens with somewhere to complain about their jobs and lords without risking their necks or their lord's security. Others, however, are gathering information on defences across the country, perhaps for the benefit of a particular lord or for the coming peasant revolt. There is even one that is a front for the Ruinous Powers, although most members do not realise that until it is too late.

Very occasionally, a member of one group is approached to join another. Since most of the groups claim to be unique, this comes as a surprise, and most wall wardens are very suspicious of this second group.

Little Known Facts

Wall wardens normally have effective command of the fortifications when a castle comes under siege. The troops guarding the wall understand the wardens know what they are doing, and often distrust the lord's judgement. Of course, the lord is never allowed to realise that his orders are being ignored, and in the chaos of battle this is easier than one might think.

Adventure Seeds

Unnerving Discovery: While repairing a wall, the wall warden uncovers a hidden passage, blocked up years ago. It leads to a temple dedicated to the Ruinous Powers, with further passages diving deeper into the earth. If the existence of the temple becomes known, the lord will be executed as a servant of Chaos, along with all the peasants working at his castle, including the wall warden. Thus, the wall warden must deal with the problem, and find out whether the lord actually is a servant of Chaos, without drawing any attention.

New Management: The lord's son insists on interfering in the maintenance of the castle, giving orders and "supervising" the work. The lord sees this as a good thing, as his son taking an interest in the castle he will one day inherit. The wall warden, however, can see that the son's orders are weakening the fortifications. Indeed, after a time he comes to suspect that this must be deliberate. What could the son and heir possibly be doing?

WATCHMAN

Halt! Who goes there?

(Core) Originally, cities and towns were responsible for recruiting and maintaining their own watch organisations. Corruption was so widespread that the Emperor gave the job to the army instead. Now, certain regiments on garrison duty must serve as the town watch. This has cut down dramatically on corruption, though the army itself is not immune. Watchmen are responsible for maintaining law and order and are empowered to make arrests. They also double as fire fighters in smaller towns. For some Soldiers, watch duty is a temporary assignment. For others, it becomes a lifelong career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	+10%	–	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Search

Talents: Coolheaded *or* Savvy, Disarm *or* Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Lantern and Pole, Lamp Oil, Uniform

Career Entries: Jailer, Soldier

Career Exits: Mercenary, Racketeer, Roadwarden, Sergeant, Soldier, Tradesman



BASIC

A Day in the Life

A watchman's duties depend on where he works and lives. Small settlements only employ a few guards, who are expected to answer an alarm at any time. Meanwhile, in cities an organised force works in shifts and patrols the streets in groups. In Middenheim, for example, watchmen work ten hours a day, one week on daytime patrols followed by a week on nights. Alternate Festags are days off (with the consequence that criminal activity tends to spike on Festags).

Should watchmen see a crime in progress, or spot a criminal at large, they will give chase. If the criminal is apprehended they will decide on the punishment.

Watchmen of larger towns and cities in the Empire are technically part of the armed forces. They train regularly in combat techniques and may consult priests from the cults of Sigmar, Ulric, Myrmydia, and Verena on how best to defend themselves whilst dispensing justice. They will also be instructed in what to do in cases of emergency, such as fires or coach crashes.

Methods of Punishment

When a criminal is caught the Watchman makes a decision on how to proceed. In areas where crime is endemic many Watchmen see it as a practical expedience to administer punitive beatings for petty crimes.

Spot fines may be charged for minor offences. The proceeds from such fines are meant to be added to the town's treasury, but often end up supplementing Watchmen's wages. Offenders may also be placed in a pillory, were local people are invited to subject them to abusive humiliations and overripe vegetables.

In cases of serious crimes the suspects are taken to the local watch house and imprisoned there until an official such as a travelling judge or member of the Cult of Verena can take a look at the case. It is not the job of the watch to decide on whether serious criminals should be fined, sent to gaol, banished, or executed – though they will be consulted about evidence they might have.

Adventure Seeds

Stop the Killings: The most infamous of Old World criminals are the pattern murderers. These disturbed individuals are driven to kill on a regular basis, often using a distinctive technique or choosing a certain sort of victim. When one of these killers is at large, public criticism of the watch can reach boiling point, and the men of the Watch are put under great pressure by their superiors to catch the murderer or come up with a convincing scapegoat.

All In a Day's Work: Sergeant Esker has been informed of a coach crash. One passenger is a Wissenland noblewoman who supposedly died last Sigmarzeit (netting her heirs a massive inheritance); another is Gunter Gugenheimer, wanted in regard to a stolen idol. This must be investigated before his men can get back to their public relations work (instigated after a watchman called Altdorf's dockers "Wierdroot-licking crooks" and "worse than Marienburgers"). In the lobby a Priest of Verena complains how unfair it is that the Watch employ no women or Halflings, and a softly-spoken Tilean mentions "a mutually beneficial business arrangement". As the Sergeant brushes them off a local protagonist bursts in, bleeding profusely. Another working day at the Luitpoldstrasse Station begins.

WHALER

You killed a skaven, you say? A rat the size of a man? Come brag at us when ye've tackled a Chaos Beast larger than two taverns that drags you a country's width across the seas before it realizes you killed it!

(ToC) Whaling is an important trade for Norsca, and Whalers are respected even among the warriors. Swimming through the dark currents of the Sea of Chaos are massive whales, many of which bear strange markings, and odd colouration, twisted and warped as they are by the power of Chaos. These monsters can capsize ships and swallow hundreds of men in a single gulp. Thus, Whalers must be made of sterner stuff than ordinary fishermen.

BASIC



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+10%	-	-	-
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Navigation, Perception, Row, Sail, Swim

Talents: Coolheaded, Excellent Vision, Hardy, Seasoned Traveller, Very Strong

Trappings: Dagger, Lantern with four pints of Whale Oil, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Pipe, Spear, Bottle of Good Spirits, Lucky Charm (Scrimshaw Talisman or Tattoos, see WFRP page 123)

Career Entries: Fisherman, Reaver, Seaman

Career Exits: Freeholder, Marauder, Navigator, Reaver, Veteran

Thar She Blows!

Whales provide not only meat but also blubber which can be processed into oil for fuel. Not an ounce of a whale is wasted: the skin is used to manufacture rope, the gullet to make shoes, and the stomach used as floats. Even the lungs and intestines are eaten. Demand from Imperial cities for whale oil to fuel street lamps has made whaling a very profitable venture.

The easiest way to hunt these creatures is for whalers to embark in rowing boats and herd schools of small whales ashore where they can easily slaughter them. However, there is no honour in such methods, and Norsemen prefer the thrill of setting sail in a longship to chase the giant whales that plough the ocean. Many young men join such expeditions; it is the custom in many settlements that a girl should spurn a suitor who has not killed his first whale. A captain is careful to vet his crew, due to the belief that whales will attack boats crewed by dishonourable men.

Norsemen relish the danger of hunting these monsters. When a whale is sighted, the rowers speed their vessel towards it. Harpooners gather at the prow and, when in range, hurl their weapons at their quarry. The bravest men leap from the boat onto the whale's back, thrusting their spears deep into its flesh before swimming back to their vessel.

A skewered whale can easily capsize a longboat, or tow the vessel by the harpoon lines until it shudders apart. Its tail can sweep a man overboard, where he will be swallowed whole in its maw. Few ships return home with a full crew. The harpooners must ensure a swift kill – the best can pierce a whale's heart with a single throw. If this is impossible, whalers aim to embed their harpoons in the monster's ribs, enabling the crew to drag it to the ship's side where they can kill it with hooks and skewers.

A whaling vessel will not return to shore unless it is towing a slaughtered whale. Whalers prefer a watery grave to the dishonour of returning empty-handed. When a whaling ship does return after a successful hunt, the gods are praised and celebrations continue for many days, for the survival of the settlement is ensured for the next few months.

Scrimshaw

Although the Norse sagas romanticise whaling expeditions, much of a whaler's time is spent waiting until a quarry is spotted. Many spend the long hours whittling whalebone or teeth. Their work involves complex interlocking patterns, sinuous shapes, and heroes and animals of legend. Soot is rubbed into the etching to bring it to view. This method of engraving is known as scrimshaw, and those who practise it are known as scrimshanders. Most whalers wear a scrimshaw necklace or earring, as they believe that these talismans bring good luck. Some even have scrimshaw designs tattooed on their flesh. Their profession is a dangerous one and any form of protection is not to be scoffed at.

Adventure Seeds

The Sea Serpent: A ferocious leviathan has entered the Sea of Claws and sunk several Imperial merchant ships. A shipping magnate hires the adventurers to destroy the beast, but first they must contact Havelock Holger, the best harpooner south of Norsca.

The Whaling Boat: The adventurers seek urgent passage to Norsca, but storms wrack the Sea of Claws and the only vessel they can charter is a whaler out of Erengrad. Before they reach the shores of the north, they experience the excitement of a whale hunt, and the captain expects everyone on board to pitch in.

BASIC / SPECIAL



WISE WOMAN

You have no place here, this is women's business.

(RotIQ) Most Ungol communities are tended by a krug of dark-shawled wise women. These no-nonsense matriarchs guard uncounted generations of oral traditions and tribal secrets. This knowledge is put to good use tending the sick, aiding childbirth, advising local leaders, placating the spirits of the land, and warding their folk against the taint of Chaos. Wise women krugs gather in specially decorated kubitkas that men are forbidden to enter; there, they share lore and discuss matters of importance. Girls who demonstrate "the sight" are interviewed in these tents to determine their suitability to join the wise women, an experience that can terrify even the strong of mind.

Special Requirements: You must be an Ungol female to enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
-	-	-	+5%	-	+15%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History *or* Spirits) (Int), Charm (Fel) *or* Intimidate (S), Command (Fel), Common Knowledge (Kislev *or* Troll Country) (Int), Consume Alcohol (T) *or* Gossip (Fel), Heal (Int), Magical Sense (WP), Perception (Int), Performer (Storyteller) (Fel), Prepare Poison (Int) *or* Trade (Apothecary *or* Herbalist) (Int), Speak Language (Ungol) (Int)

Talents: Coolheaded *or* Savvy

Trappings: Wise women are gifted healers, so they always have at least one antitoxin kit, healing draught, a healing poultice, and a skin of koumiss to ease other sorts of hurts. They are also quite superstitious and, thus, carry a number of small charms that include bits of bone, locks of hair, unusual stones, and so on. They mark their station with the tell-tale shawl, a beautifully woven length of cloth they wear draped from their heads or around their necks.

Career Entries: Any

Career Exits: Demagogue, Hag Witch, Hedge Witch, Politician, Steppes Nomad

Mother Ursk

Mother Ursk is a character often spoken of in the tales and stories of the Ungol. It is said in some stories that her Sight was so powerful that she could sense the taint of Chaos in someone just by hearing their name. She was also reputed to have been able not only to detect the Sight in young girls but even awaken it by knocking them on the head.

One infamous custom she is reputed to have started is the practise of kissing someone accused of a crime to try and taste the lies on their lips. Of course should they shy away from the hag's hairy wrinkled face then surely they must have something to hide. Even today among the Ungol this is known as Mother Ursk's Kiss and greatly feared by both the guilty and the innocent alike.

Rituals of Wise Women

Wise women are pillars of their Ungol communities, holding together their people with sage advice and stern looks. With the aid of hags, wise women also perform ancient Kislevite rituals to appease the spirits and guide people through their lives. Two such rituals include the Becoming and the Mark.

The Becoming: This is a highly secretive ritual where a young girl suspected of having the Sight is tested. The girl is whisked away from her home by a wise woman, with no chance to bid her parents goodbye, and taken to a remote cave or tent somewhere in the oblast.

There her captor will subject the girl to tests of physical, mental and magical endurance to see if she is strong enough to be initiated as a wise woman herself. Those who fail and survive are returned to their family, though they are never quite the same again.

The Mark: Wise women are known to place marks, curses, or the evil eye on those who have crossed them or worked against their tribe. This ritual begins with the setting of the sun and requires the presence of at least one person who was wronged by the marked one.

The wronged persons will then list their grievances, sometimes long into the night, whereupon the wise women will chant the marked one's name and call down their curse upon them. No one knows exactly how the curse works, but it is no coincidence that the marked ones experience extremely bad luck in short order.

Adventure Seeds

Spiritual Judgment: A local girl has exhibited extraordinary ability during her Becoming ritual, so much so that the local wise women fear she might possess more than just the Sight. To be sure, they decide to send the girl to the north with a brave young wise woman where she will be judged by the ancient spirits of the oblast at a secret location.

The Spirits are Stirring: For some reason the spirits of the remote village of Torgrad have been angered and the local wise women are powerless to placate them. Someone must journey to the dark place where the river meets the hills to learn the true source of the spirits' displeasure, and remedy it if they can.

WOODSMAN

Looks like we need to clear out that copse of trees by the old Holmstead farm. They need the wood to rebuild the inn that burned down.

(Core) Woodsmen live among the mighty forests of the Empire, looking after trees they will fell for timber. The more fortunate Woodsmen work for Noble families on large estates. The braver souls work on the edges of civilisation, helping to expand the settled lands. These Woodsmen must deal with all the dangers of the forest, from pitfalls and bandits to wild animals and Beastmen. They always keep their axes handy and not just for chopping wood. Woodsmen have been known to clash with Elves, since the Elves do not take kindly to the clearing of their precious forests.



BASIC

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+10%	–	+5%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail **or** Set Trap, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs (Ranger), Silent Move

Talents: Fleet Footed **or** Very Resilient, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)

Trappings: Great Weapon (Two-handed Axe), Light Armour (Leather Jack), Antitoxin Kit

Career Entries: Charcoal-Burner, Vagabond

Career Exits: Hunter, Militiaman, Outlaw, Scout, Vagabond

Little Known Facts

Woodsmen have skin like leather, from constant exposure to the elements. When working in the heat of summer, some woodsmen are known to coat themselves in tree sap to keep insects away, which gives them a curious, woody smell.

Woodsmen know how to treat bark so it can be worked like thick leather. Woodsmen often have bracers, greaves and shoe soles made from bark, which is more durable than leather or cloth.

Woodsmen are careful to maintain their patch of forest, planting an acorn where they fell an oak, nurturing saplings and clearing the forest floor of undergrowth that might stunt the growth of new trees.

For several misguided reasons, woodsmen have traditionally been considered mortal enemies of wood elves. In reality they share a common interest in caring for the forest environment that sustains their livelihoods, but they each approach it from a different tact.

Notable Figures

Thangir Hrolkson may be the closest a human has ever come to being an honorary elf. Raised in a small farming community at the edge of the Drakwald Forest, Thangir grew up loving his woodland home. A secretive clan of elves lived deep among the trees, and young Thangir managed to befriend their children, playing with them in the woods whenever he could slip away from his family.

As he grew older, Thangir followed in his father's footsteps as a woodsman in the service of the local lord. At first his elven friends accused Thangir of betraying their trust, but gradually they realised that he was protecting them even as he served his lord, cutting only

those trees along the forest's edge and stopping anyone from trespassing into the domain of the elves. The elves regard Thangir as a sort of elf-brother, and on occasion they gift him with the fruits of their woodland realm, left at the door of his remote cottage.

Thangir's human neighbours, however, regard him as a crazed outcast, a dabbler with dangerous forest spirits, and steer well clear, a situation which suits Thangir well.

Adventure Seeds

Chanting in the Woods: A hunting party has vanished into the woods. The only person who knows the forest well enough to lead a search party is the local woodsmen, but when approached he proves extremely reluctant to take on the job. Gossip in town paints the woodsman as a recluse who occasionally wanders into town, spinning tales of strange lights and chanting in the woods late at night – tales quickly dismissed by the townsfolk.

A Gathering of Axes: A trader is selling a box carved from a strange silvery wood, as tough as iron. He claims it has been carved from the wood of rare trees found deep in the Loren Forest. Woodsmen gather from all around to explore the secrets of the forest. Whoever discovers the location of these mysterious trees will earn a fortune exporting the lumber to Middenland's markets, but risks earning the enmity of the wood elves who seek to protect the forest from meddlesome humans.

WRECKER

Well, well, well... Would you look at what just washed up?

(WC) The long rivers of the Old World are dangerous places, made all the more so by Wreckers. These river pirates seek to sink vessels and then raid the wrecks. Their techniques for doing this vary, although most lure the unwary into rocky shallows to hole their hulls. Although only interested in cargo, some Wreckers make a habit of killing, wary of escapees that may inform Riverwardens of their identities or locations. In lean times, it is not unknown for entire communities to turn to wrecking to feed their starving families. Whilst most are of these are desperate and only “short-term” sorts, some Wrecker crews are very experienced, targeting even well guarded traders. Such crews rarely stay in one place for any length of time, for their activities soon draw attention from Riverwardens, Bounty Hunters and local Militiamen.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Wrecker for Smuggler with your GM’s approval.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	–	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (The Empire *or* Kislev), Consume Alcohol *or* Dodge Blow, Gamble *or* Navigation, Outdoor Survival *or* Sail, Perception *or* Search, Row, Secret Signs (Ranger) *or* Speak Language (Kislevite), Swim

Talents: Orientation *or* Rover, Sharpshooter *or* Strike to Stun

Trappings: Bow with 10 Arrows, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Row Boat

Career Entries: Boatman, Ferryman, Marine, Outlaw, Peasant, Riverwarden, Seaman, Smuggler

Career Exits: Boatman, Marine, Outlaw, Thief, Veteran



BASIC

A Day in the Life

Wreckers work hard for their money, just like most labourers and businessmen. The only difference is that their business isn’t always strictly legal – or completely ethical. It is work, though, and that requires effort. The most important thing for a wrecker is keeping track of any ships in his vicinity, and of any approaching vessels. Wreckers have their territories, which they jealously guard, and they know every rock and every current in their area. They also know exactly how long a ship should take to get to any point within their territory, so once a likely candidate is spotted they can plan accordingly.

Wreckers keep tabs on every ship in the area, but also on every guard and lighthouse keeper and fisherman – they need know who might see a ship, who might offer it aid, and who will look the other way when there’s wrecking to be done. Wreckers also live by their equipment, so a portion of each day is spent checking over their poles and belaying pins and ropes, making sure everything is in perfect working order. Most wreckers have small boats as well, so they can get to a sinking ship while it’s still on the rocks, and those are also carefully maintained.

Wrecking is almost always done under cover of darkness, so during the day a wrecker will check the territory for any ships, check in with lookouts and allies, check his equipment, and then rest in case there’s action that night. Of course some wreckers have more respectable jobs during the day, so they have to balance working those jobs and being rested enough to be effective at night.

Little Known Facts

In times of war, wreckers often become their area’s greatest defenders. They’re already skilled at destroying approaching ships, so they can

easily keep single ships and even pairs or trios from reaching the shore safely.

Some wreckers try to salvage not only a downed ship’s cargo but the ship itself – they lure the ships ashore in spots where the ship will ground out but not tear out its keel, and then capture or scare away the crew and sail the ship to a safe harbour, where they keep it until they can sell it to someone else.

Wreckers are masters at fighting on uneven surfaces and shifting terrain. They are also experts at night-fighting and at battling during storms. As a result, they are almost impossible to distract or confuse in conflict.

Most wreckers do not consider themselves bad men. They don’t hurt sailors any more than necessary, and the goods they take do eventually make their way to market, so in a sense the only people truly hurt by wreckers are the merchants, who can afford the loss better than most.

Adventure Seeds

The Prize Awaits!: Word reaches the character that a heavily laden merchant ship will be passing by soon. That’s a fat prize the wrecking crew lucky enough to seize it – and the character plans for it to be him and his men! There isn’t a moment to lose!

Rival Wreckers: A ship crashes along the shore, breaks apart, and vanishes beneath the waves. Rumour has it the ship was picked clean before it disappeared into the depths. But the character and his crew didn’t do it! Which means, if the stories are true, there are other wreckers working in their territory!

ZEALOT

O great and mighty Sigmar, why hast thou forsaken me? Show me the light that I might find repentance. Show me the path that I may walk with you. Show me the truth so that I may dedicate myself to thee! My life for thee, O Sigmar, my life for thee!

(Core) Zealots have lost it all. Maybe their families were murdered by Beastmen or their villages sacked by Orcs. Or conniving Merchants destroyed their businesses or powerful Nobles carried off their daughters. Whatever the case, nothing was left for these men and women but religion. They found solace in the angry sermons of the warrior Priests of Sigmar or Ulric. Now they wander the Empire in tattered clothes, looking to smite the minions of evil and Chaos. They want redemption through blood – be it their own or that of their enemies. They may not have the training of Soldiers but they do have the fire of faith and that is a strong weapon indeed.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+5%	+10%	–	–	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

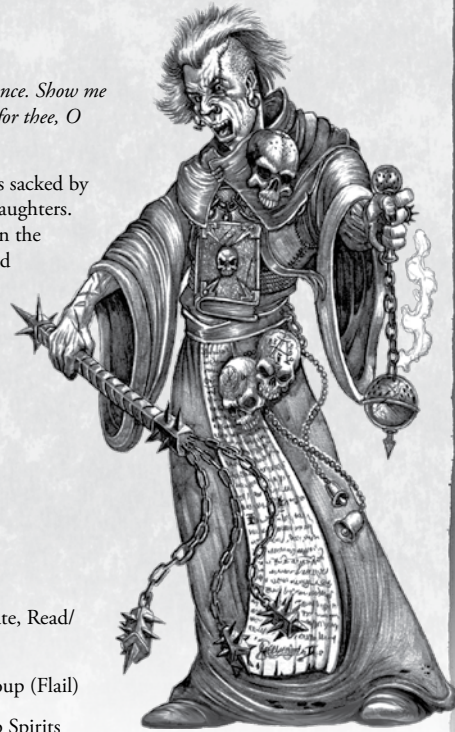
Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Intimidate, Read/Write

Talents: Coolheaded **or** Very Strong, Hardy **or** Suave, Public Speaking, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail)

Trappings: Flail **or** Morning Star, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Bottle of Good Craftsmanship Spirits

Career Entries: Agitator, Initiate, Judicial Champion, Peasant, Tradesman

Career Exits: Agitator, Initiate, Flagellant, Friar, Outlaw



BASIC

The Brotherhood of Saint Soeren of the Sword

This dangerous band of zealots has been gathered together by one mad visionary, Nikolaus Hoff. A former tradesman who lost everything thanks to a risky shipping scheme, Nikolaus turned to criminal elements for a loan to see his business through. When he could not pay them, they set fire to his house.

His lovely wife and children were consumed by the flames and he was terribly burned. But then, amidst the searing pain, he had a vision of an angel with an outstretched sword. As he crawled amongst the rubble of his home, he found the only object to survive the fire – a charred wooden statue of Saint Soeren of the Sword, his family's protector. He mounted the statue on a crude sort of standard and went off to follow where the sword led him.

Nikolaus Hoff has attracted a crowd of like-minded zealots with his fiery rhetoric and mad visions. They follow him on his mad march. They are headed somewhere – but where that is, none can say. However, it is fair to assume that with a band of this many madmen, inflamed with Nikolaus's constant sermons about justice and divine retribution, their destination and journey will likely not be peaceful.

Brother Christoph Koenig the Crusader

When one of the Old World's most famous judicial champions quit his post and joined the ranks of the zealots, many took notice. Brother Christoph did not have everything taken from him, instead he gave away his possessions. Why is still unknown. Some say he had a vision. Some say he killed an innocent man. Others whisper of a confrontation with a demon. Whatever the cause, he surrendered all he owned save his morning star and a tattered robe and went to confront evil.

Since then, it is doubtful that any zealot has been more effective in destroying the forces of Chaos secreted within the Empire. Brother Christoph seems to have an almost preternatural nose for corruption.

A powerfully built man, his appearance now is extreme and terrifying. He is completely shaven and covered in tattoos of scripture from holy texts, all promising hell to the unbeliever. He is fanatically dedicated to his crusade, forsaking any assistance and ignoring any hardship.

This does not mean the authorities are grateful. Instead, they see Christoph as dangerous and unpredictable, and wait for him to make a mistake so they can finally get rid of him. Christoph knows this but does not care. Sigmar's work is too important to be hampered by mere fear.

Adventure Seeds

I Forsee... Catastrophe!: A zealot has an ominous vision, seeing portents of doom in his dreams. As the characters enter the town where the zealot preaches his crazed rantings, he points to a member of the party, declaring the person possessed by an ancient daemon – that the person fulfills the visions and prophecies he has been tirelessly preaching. Needless to say, this can be very dangerous, especially if the local populace starts to take the zealot seriously. After all, better safe than sorry, right?

Reinforcements?: A town is about to be attacked by an orc raiding party. The town militia is in disarray. In their hour of need, a wandering band of zealots appears almost as if sent by the gods. Now all the party has to do is convince them that their mission is in accordance with Sigmar's will. That, and win the battle that follows.



APPENDIX I: CHARACTER CREATION SUMMARY

Note: This appendix contains previously published material. The tables in this appendix retain their original numeric labels.

GENERATING CHARACTERISTICS

Starting Characteristics are determined by your character's race. To generate the Characteristics of your character's Main Profile, you'll need two 10-sided dice. Consult **Table 2-1: Characteristic Generation** and find your chosen race. The table explains how to generate each of your starting Characteristics. Depending on the Characteristic, you'll determine its starting value in one of four ways:

- 1) Some entries simply list a number (Attacks, for instance). This means these entries are fixed, so just copy down the number. You'll note that no race starts the game with Insanity Points, for example, so you'd simply write down 0 under IP on your character sheet for that Characteristic.
- 2) Some entries list a base number plus a variable die roll. All the Characteristics from the Main Profile, for example, have a 10, 20, or 30, followed by +2d10. To generate these characteristics, roll the specified dice and add them to the base number given. To generate an Elf's Agility, for example, you'd roll 2d10, and add the result to 30. If the two dice came up 3 and 8, the Elf's Agility would be $30+3+8=41$.
- 3) The Strength Bonus and Toughness Bonus Characteristics are different because they are derived from other Characteristics. Your Strength Bonus is equal to the first digit of your Strength Characteristic, while your Toughness Bonus is equal to the first digit of your Toughness Characteristic. For example, a Dwarf with Strength 38 would have a Strength Bonus of 3, while an Elf with a Toughness of 24 would have a Toughness Bonus of 2.
- 4) Wounds and Fate Points are generated on their own charts, using a simple d10 roll. Find your race on **Table 2-2: Starting Wounds**, roll a d10, and then find the appropriate result. Repeat the process on **Table 2-3: Starting Fate Points**.

SHALLYA'S MERCY

It could be that Ranald, the God of Luck, did not smile on you when you were generating your Characteristics. Maybe you wanted to play a character that was good at fighting, but you only rolled a Weapon Skill of 22. Or you wanted to play a quick-witted con man but ended up with a Fellowship of 15. In cases such as this, you may ask for a boon from Shallya, the Goddess of Mercy. You may replace any one Characteristic from your main profile with the average result for your race instead. Go back to **Table 2-1: Characteristic Generation** and find the stat you want to replace. Add 11 (the average of 2d10) to the base number given. This is the new score for the chosen Characteristic.

STARTING CAREERS

Each character in *WFRP* has a starting career. This represents what your character did before becoming an adventurer. To determine your character's former occupation, roll d000 dice and consult your chosen race's column on **Appendix II: The Master Starting Career Table**. You may, at your option, roll on the table a second time and pick between the two rolled careers.

Once you've determined your character's career, look it up (they are arranged alphabetically), then copy down the listed skills and talents

on your character sheet. In some instances, you may be given the choice of two different skills or talents. Pick the one you prefer in each case. Sometimes you have the opportunity to gain a skill you already have through your race. You are allowed to take such skills twice; this provides a +10% bonus when you use the skill. See the rules for **Skill Mastery** on *WFRP* page 90 for more information.

Your career also includes an entry called Trappings; again, copy these onto your character sheet. The listed items are the equipment you start your adventuring career with. You also get, regardless of career, the following:

- Common clothing consisting of a shirt, breeches, and worn boots, a tattered cloak, a dagger tucked in a boot or belt, a sling bag or a backpack containing a blanket, a wooden tankard, a wooden cutlery set, a hand weapon (axe, club, sword, etc.) and a purse holding 2d10 Gold Crowns (*gc*).

You should also copy down the Advance Scheme. This represents the ways in which your character can improve with experience and shows you which Characteristics you can increase in this career.

THE FREE ADVANCE

Your character is not an absolute beginner. To represent this, your character is allowed one free "advance." An advance is either:

- 1) A 5% increase to a Characteristic on your Main Profile.
- 2) An increase of 1 to a Characteristic on your Secondary Profile.

Note that you can only take the advance if it's available on your scheme. In the Outlaw career, for example, you could take a +5% on your Weapon Skill or a +1 on your Attacks because those advances are built into the scheme. You could not take a +5% on your Fellowship or a +1 to your Movement because those Characteristics can't be improved by the Outlaw's Advance Scheme.

Once you've chosen your free advance, put a check mark next to what you picked on the Advance Scheme. This indicates that you've taken an advance. As you gain experience, you'll earn more advances.

CHOOSING CAREERS AND HOMELANDS

Some players prefer to pick their starting career, rather than roll for it. Although this isn't as fast or easy as the standard method described here, some people find they have a very particular character in mind, before they even begin creating it. As long as you have your GM's approval, you should feel free to use this method if it suits you. Remember, the GM's word on this is final.

Some GM's choose not to let their players use this method, as they like the "randomness of birth" that rolling for a career creates. Fate may favour you with Noble birth, or curse you to wade through filth as a lowborn Rat Catcher—whatever the case, you have to rise above it to survive the perils and puzzles the GM is about to throw at you!

As you may have noticed, the character creation includes several careers of an origin foreign to the Empire (the Kislevite Kossar, for example). These represent the small number of outsiders that can be found adventuring in the Empire. If you don't happen to roll or choose these careers, but would still like a foreign character, ask the GM's permission. Any of the careers can be modified to accommodate this, simply replace Common Knowledge (the Empire) with that of your homeland and add the appropriate Speak Language skill. The rest of character creation remains the same.

TABLE 2-1: CHARACTERISTIC GENERATION

Characteristic	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Weapon Skill (WS)	30+2d10	20+2d10	10+2d10	20+2d10
Ballistic Skill (WS)	20+2d10	30+2d10	30+2d10	20+2d10
Strength (S)	20+2d10	20+2d10	10+2d10	20+2d10
Toughness (T)	30+2d10	20+2d10	10+2d10	20+2d10
Agility (Ag)	10+2d10	30+2d10	30+2d10	20+2d10
Intelligence (Int)	20+2d10	20+2d10	20+2d10	20+2d10
Will Power (WP)	20+2d10	20+2d10	20+2d10	20+2d10
Fellowship (Fel)	10+2d10	20+2d10	30+2d10	20+2d10
Attacks (A)	1	1	1	1
Wounds (W)	— Roll 1d10 and consult Table 2-2: Starting Wounds —			
Strength Bonus (SB)	— Equal to the first digit of your Strength —			
Toughness Bonus (TB)	— Equal to the first digit of your Toughness —			
Movement (M)	3	5	4	4
Magic (Mag)	0	0	0	0
Insanity Points (IP)	0	0	0	0
Fate Points (FP)	— Roll 1d10 and consult Table 2-3: Starting Fate Points —			

TABLE 2-2: STARTING WOUNDS

d10 Roll	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
1-3	11	9	8	10
4-6	12	10	9	11
7-9	13	11	10	12
10	14	12	11	13

TABLE 2-3: STARTING FATE POINTS

d10 Roll	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
1-4	1	1	2	2
5-7	2	2	2	3
8-10	3	2	3	3

Your character's race provides some additional abilities, known as skills and talents. Record the appropriate skills and talents on your character sheet. In some cases, you may have to choose between two talents.

Dwarf

Skills: Common Knowledge (Dwarfs), Speak Language (Khazalid), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Miner, Smith, or Stoneworker)

Talents: Dwarfcraft, Grudge-born Fury, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Stout-hearted, Sturdy

Elf

Skills: Common Knowledge (Elves), Speak Language (Eltharin), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement or Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Coolheaded or Savvy, Excellent Vision, Night Vision

Halfling

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Common Knowledge (Halflings), Gossip, Speak Language (Halfling), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook or Farmer)

Talents: Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling) and 1 random talent from **Table 2-4: Random Talents**

Human

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: 2 random talents from **Table 2-4: Random Talents**

TABLE 2-4: RANDOM TALENTS

Talent	Halfling	Human
Acute Hearing	01-05	01-04
Ambidextrous	06-10	05-09
Coolheaded	11-15	10-13
Excellent Vision	16-20	14-18
Fleet Footed	21-25	19-22
Hardy	26-29	23-27
Lightning Reflexes	30-33	28-31
Luck	34-38	32-35
Marksman	39-42	36-40
Mimic	43-47	41-44
Night Vision	-	45-49
Resistance to Disease	48-51	50-53
Resistance to Magic	52-53	54-57
Resistance to Poison	54-57	58-61
Savvy	58-62	62-66
Sixth Sense	63-67	67-71
Strong-minded	68-72	72-75
Sturdy	73-77	76-79
Suave	78-82	80-83
Super Numerate	83-87	84-87
Very Resilient	88-91	88-91
Very Strong	92-95	92-95
Warrior Born	96-00	96-00

APPENDIX II: MASTER STARTING CAREER TABLE

To determine a career randomly from this table, roll d000 and consult the appropriate row based on the race selected. Rolling d000 provides a range of results from 001 to 000 (representing 1,000). The number is generated by rolling three ten-sided dice. Instead of adding the results together, the results are assigned to either the hundreds' digit, the tens' digit or the ones' digit.

Example: When rolling d000 to determine a Dwarf's starting career, three ten-sided dice are rolled. The dice results are 3, 8 and 7. This would be interpreted as a roll of 387. Cross-referencing the Dwarf column with the number 387, we find that this particular Dwarf's starting career is Miner.

Career	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Agitator	001-015	-	001-020	001-012
Anchorite	-	-	-	013-016
Apothecary	-	001-007	021-033	017-028
Apprentice Runesmith	016-057	-	-	-
Apprentice Witch	-	-	-	029-036
Apprentice Wizard	-	008-064	-	037-052
Badlander	-	-	034-040	053-060
Bailiff	-	-	041-053	061-072
Barber-Surgeon	-	-	054-060	073-084
Bear Tamer	-	-	-	085-092
Boatman	-	-	-	093-108
Bodyguard	058-085	065-078	-	109-124
Bondsman	-	-	-	125-128
Bonepicker	-	-	061-067	129-136
Bounty Hunter	086-100	079-099	068-080	137-148
Burgher	101-121	-	081-093	149-160
Cadet	-	-	-	161-164
Camp Follower	-	-	094-106	165-172
Carcassonne Shepherd	-	-	-	173-176
Cartographer	122-136	100-113	107-119	177-184
Cenobite	-	-	-	185-188
Charcoal-Burner	-	-	120-139	189-196
Chekist	-	-	-	197-200
Chimneysweep	-	-	140-172	201-212
Coachman	137-151	-	-	213-224
Deepwatcher	-	-	-	225-228
Dilettante	152-166	114-141	173-192	229-240
Drover	-	-	-	241-248
Dung Collector	-	-	193-199	249-256
Embalmer	-	-	200-206	257-260
Entertainer	167-187	142-176	207-226	261-276
Envoy	-	177-218	-	-
Estalian Diestro	-	-	-	277-280
Ex-Convict	188-202	-	227-233	281-288
Exciseman	-	-	234-240	289-300

Career	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Ex-Convict	188-202	-	227-233	281-288
Exciseman	-	-	234-240	289-300
Farmer	-	-	241-253	301-312
Ferryman	-	-	254-260	313-320
Fieldwarden	-	-	261-293	-
Fisherman	-	-	294-306	321-332
Freeholder	-	-	-	333-336
Frogwife	-	-	-	337-340
Gambler	203-217	219-222	307-319	341-352
Grail Pilgrim	-	-	-	353-360
Grave Robber	-	-	320-349	361-368
Grave Warden	-	-	350-356	369-376
Hedge Wizard	-	-	-	377-388
Hedgecraft Apprentice	-	-	-	389-396
Herrimault	-	-	-	397-404
Horned Hunter	-	-	-	405-408
Horse Coper	-	-	-	409-416
Hunter	218-245	223-278	357-389	417-428
Initiate	246-260	279-292	390-402	429-444
Jailer	261-288	-	-	445-452
Kislevite Kossar	-	-	-	453-460
Kithband Warrior	-	293-342	-	-
Knight Errant	-	-	-	461-472
Lamplighter	-	-	403-415	473-480
Litigant	-	-	416-428	481-484
Man-at-Arms	-	-	-	485-496
Marauder	-	-	-	497-500
Marine	-	343-377	-	501-516
Mediator	-	-	-	517-520
Mercenary	289-330	378-412	429-453	521-536
Messenger	-	413-450	454-486	537-544
Militiaman	331-358	-	487-511	545-556
Miner	359-400	-	-	557-564
Muleskinner	401-421	-	512-518	565-572
Newsheet Vendor	-	-	519-538	573-576
Noble	422-436	451-464	539-551	577-592
Norse Berserker	-	-	-	593-596
Outlaw	437-457	465-494	552-571	597-612
Outrider	-	495-534	-	613-620
Peasant	-	-	572-596	621-632
Penitent	-	-	-	633-636
Pilgrim	458-472	535-548	597-609	637-648
Pit Fighter	473-507	549-562	-	649-660

Career	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Protagonist	508-535	-	-	661-672
Raconteur	536-550	563-600	610-638	673-684
Rat Catcher	551-578	-	639-648	685-704
Reaver	-	-	-	705-708
Riverwarden	-	601-625	-	709-716
Roadwarden	-	-	-	717-732
Rogue	579-606	626-665	649-681	733-748
Runebearer	607-641	-	-	-
Scribe	642-656	666-705	682-694	749-760
Seaman	657-664	706-745	-	761-772
Seer	-	-	-	773-780
Servant	665-679	-	695-732	781-788
Sewer Jack	680-694	-	733-745	789-796
Shieldbreaker	695-722	-	-	-
Skald	-	-	-	797-800
Slave	723-730	746-752	746-752	801-804
Smuggler	731-751	753-780	753-772	805-812
Soldier	752-779	-	773-785	813-824
Squire	-	-	-	825-832
Steppes Nomad	-	-	-	833-836
Stevadore	780-794	-	-	837-840
Streltsi	-	-	-	841-844
Strigany Mystic	-	-	-	845-848
Student	795-809	781-815	786-798	849-860
Swamp Skimmer	-	-	-	861-864
Swampaire	-	-	-	865-868
Temple Guardian	810-824	-	799-811	869-872
Thief	825-845	816-856	812-849	873-888
Thug	846-860	857-869	850-852	889-900
Toll Keeper	861-875	-	853-865	901-904
Tomb Robber	876-896	-	866-898	905-916
Tradesman	897-924	870-919	890-931	917-932
Troll Slayer	925-952	-	-	-
Vagabond	953-980	920-961	932-956	933-940
Valet	-	-	957-976	941-948
Watchman	981-000	-	977-000	949-960
Whaler	-	-	-	961-968
Wise Woman	-	-	-	969-980
Woodsman	-	962-000	-	981-992
Wrecker	-	-	-	993-996
Zealot	-	-	-	997-000



APPENDIX III: STARTING CAREERS BY ROLE

PARTY ROLE METHOD

Any examination of the careers in *WFRP* reveals that there are several “roles” or concepts that underpin the various starting careers. Most careers fit within one of the following broad ideas: Academics, Commoners, Criminals, Rangers, and Warriors. An ideal group for any lengthy campaign has the players each fill a different niche within the group, thus enabling each player to have a clear responsibility and place within the campaign as it develops.

As an optional rule, have the players each pick one of the roles. Avoid duplication unless all the roles are accounted for. Once the players have their roles selected, they gain their starting career by rolling 1d100 on the following tables.

Academics: Academics include any character that has the benefit of formal education or training. Examples include initiates, apprentice wizards, and nobles.

Commoners: The salt of the earth, commoners bear the burden of doing all of the dirty work required to keep society functioning. Such characters include valets, servants, and entertainers.

Criminals: Beholden to no laws, criminals operate outside the bounds of society. These characters include thieves, agitators, and outlaws.

Rangers: Rangers are rustic types that live or work in the wilderness. Common “ranger” careers include charcoal-burners, hunters, and woodsmen.

Warriors: The last role archetype covers all the martial characters—those careers that reflect some formal training with arms or characters whose primary function is killing. Examples include the marine, soldier, and mercenary.

Academic Careers	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Anchorite	-	-	-	01-02
Apothecary	-	00-03	01-08	03-06
Apprentice Runesmith	00-20	-	-	-
Apprentice Witch	-	-	-	07-14
Apprentice Wizard	-	04-20	-	15-22
Burgher	21-30	-	09-20	23-28
Cartographer	31-37	21-25	21-28	29-32
Cenobite	-	-	-	33-34
Embalmer	-	-	29-32	35-36
Envoy	-	26-40	-	-
Hedge Wizard	-	-	-	37-42
Hedgecraft Apprentice	-	-	-	43-44
Initiate	38-44	41-45	33-45	45-50
Litigant	-	-	46-52	51-52
Mediator	-	-	-	53-54
Noble	45-54	46-50	53-62	55-62
Runebearer	55-71	-	-	-
Scribe	72-78	51-65	63-75	63-68
Seer	-	-	-	69-72
Student	79-86	66-80	76-85	73-82
Tradesman	87-00	81-00	86-00	83-92
Wise Woman	-	-	-	93-97
Zealot	-	-	-	98-00

Commoner Careers	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Bailiff	-	-	01-04	01-04
Barber-Surgeon	-	-	05-06	05-08
Bear Tamer	-	-	-	09-10
Boatman	-	-	-	11-15
Bonepicker	-	-	07-08	16-17
Camp Follower	-	-	09-12	18-19
Charcoal-Burner	-	-	13-18	20-21
Chimneysweep	-	-	19-28	22-25
Dilettante	01-06	01-40	29-34	26-29
Drover	-	-	-	30-31
Dung Collector	-	-	35-36	32-33
Entertainer	07-15	41-90	37-42	34-38
Ex-Convict	16-21	-	43-44	39-40
Exciseman	-	-	45-46	41-44
Farmer	-	-	47-50	45-48
Ferryman	-	-	51-52	49-50
Fisherman	-	-	53-56	51-54
Freeholder	-	-	-	55
Frogwife	-	-	-	56
Horse Coper	-	-	-	57-58
Jailer	22-33	-	-	59-60
Lamplighter	-	-	57-60	61-62
Miner	34-52	-	-	63-64
Muleskinner	53-61	-	61-62	65-66
Newssheet Vendor	-	-	63-68	67
Peasant	-	-	69-72	68-71
Penitent	-	-	-	72
Pilgrim	-	-	-	73-75
Rat Catcher	62-73	-	73-74	76-80
Servant	74-79	-	75-82	81-82
Sewer Jack	80-85	-	83-87	83-84
Skald	-	-	-	85
Slave	86-88	91-00	88-89	86
Stevedore	89-92	-	-	87-90
Strigany Mystic	-	-	-	91-92
Temple Guardian	93-96	-	90-92	93-95
Toll Keeper	97-00	-	93-96	96-97
Valet	-	-	97-00	98-00

Criminal Careers	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Agitator	01-06	-	01-06	01-07
Ex-Convict	07-08	01	07-10	08-12
Gambler	09-12	02-06	11-15	13-16
Grave Robber	-	-	16-21	17-20
Herrimault	-	-	-	21-26
Outlaw	13-21	07-21	22-29	27-36
Protagonist	22-34	-	-	37-43
Raconteur	35-40	22-33	30-39	44-48
Rapsallion	-	34-42	40-42	49-53
Rogue	41-53	43-57	43-54	54-63
Smuggler	54-62	58-63	55-62	64-68
Thief	63-71	64-78	63-74	69-78
Thug	72-77	79-84	75-79	79-85
Tomb Robber	78-86	-	80-90	86-92
Vagabond	87-00	85-00	91-00	93-97
Wrecker	-	-	-	98-00
Ranger Careers				
Badlander	-	-	01-07	01-06
Bounty Hunter	01-50	01-20	08-24	07-18
Carcassonne Shepherd	-	-	-	19-24
Deepwatcher	-	-	-	25-30
Fieldwarden	-	-	25-54	-
Horned Hunter	-	-	-	31-38
Hunter	51-00	21-40	55-79	39-54
Messenger	-	41-60	80-00	55-62
Outrider	-	61-80	-	63-74
Steppes Nomad	-	-	-	75-80
Swamp Skimmer	-	-	-	81-86
Swampaire	-	-	-	87-92
Woodsman	-	81-00	-	93-00

Warrior Careers	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Bodyguard	01-16	01-10	-	01-04
Bondsman	-	-	-	05-06
Cadet	-	-	-	07-08
Chekist	-	-	-	09-10
Coachman	17-22	-	01-10	11-14
Estalian Diestro	-	-	-	15-16
Grail Pilgrim	-	-	-	17-20
Grave Warden	-	-	11-16	21-24
Kislevite Kossar	-	-	-	25-28
Kithband Warrior	-	11-39	-	-
Knight Errant	-	-	-	29-33
Man-at-Arms	-	-	-	34-37
Marauder	-	-	-	38-39
Marine	-	40-54	-	40-45
Mercenary	23-38	55-69	17-38	46-51
Militiaman	39-48	-	39-51	52-56
Norse Berserker	-	-	-	57-58
Pit Fighter	49-60	70-75	-	59-63
Reaver	-	-	-	64-65
Riverwarden	-	76-81	-	66-69
Roadwarden	-	-	52-66	70-74
Seaman	61-66	82-00	-	75-79
Shieldbreaker	67-76	-	-	-
Soldier	77-86	-	67-78	80-84
Squire	-	-	-	85-88
Streltsi	-	-	-	89-90
Troll Slayer	87-96	-	-	-
Watchman	97-00	-	79-00	91-96
Whaler	-	-	-	97-00



APPENDIX IV: ALTERNATE STARTING CAREER TABLES

If the GM is developing a campaign where the characters are expected to be local to the setting, he may wish to determine careers for humans based on the region or type of area. The region is an important factor in what careers may or may not be prevalent, especially for campaigns set outside the Empire. This will give less chance of a character being out of place and far from home, and ensure they fit the setting a bit more.

If you find that more than one category seems to fit, the GM should choose which category to roll under.

Start by rolling 1d10. On a result of 1-2, determine the career by rolling d00 on the **Careers by Region** table. On a result of 3-0, determine the career by rolling d000 on the **Careers by Environment** table.

Careers by Region

The **Careers by Region** table defines the different possible regions as follows:

Empire: This is the Empire proper, encompassing the expanse in the centre of the territory, as well as population centres such as Altdorf, Nuln, and Talabheim.

North: This area is comprised of the lands around the Sea of Claws. From Norsca to the Wasteland and from Erengard to the northern coast of Bretonnia.

South: This is the area south of the Empire and covers the Border Princes and the Badlands and can stretch to the other lands bordering the Southern Sea.

East: This comprises Kislev and the high lands of the east as well as the easternmost fringes of the Empire.

West: The lands west of the Grey Mountains, chiefly Bretonnia and Estalia as well as parts of Tilea.

Careers by Environment

The **Careers by Environment** table defines the different possible environments as follows:

Urban: Comprises all the great cities and can include larger towns, especially if those towns are centres of trade or government.

Rural: This covers the greatest part of the population of the Old World, the tracts of land that have been settled and cultivated or at least changed somewhat by the presence of humans.

Coast: This includes large and small settlements on the coast, and is simply the rural area near to the sea. Those living in large coastal cities can choose to roll under Urban if they wish.

Wilds: This includes the margins, the swamps, heaths, scrub, mountains and so on. Places that few humans go and have not been touched by civilisation.

Careers by Region

Career	Empire	North	South	West	East
Apprentice Witch	-	-	-	-	01-13
Apprentice Wizard	01-16	-	-	-	-
Anchorite	-	-	01-12	-	-
Badlander	-	-	13-24	-	-
Bear Tamer	-	-	-	-	14-26
Bondsman	-	01-16	-	-	-
Cadet	-	-	-	01-06	-
Carcassonne Shepherd	-	-	-	07-14	-
Cenobite	-	-	25-36	-	-
Chekist	-	-	-	-	27-39
Deepwatcher	-	-	-	15-20	-
Drover	17-22	-	-	-	40-52
Estalian Diestro	-	-	-	21-28	-
Freeholder	-	17-32	-	-	-
Frogwife	-	-	-	29-36	-
Grail Pilgrim	-	-	-	37-44	-
Horned Hunter	23-30	-	-	-	-
Herrimault	-	-	-	45-54	-
Kislevite Kossar	-	-	-	-	53-65
Knight Errant	-	-	-	55-66	-
Man-at-Arms	31-38	-	37-48	67-74	-
Marauder	-	33-48	-	-	66-72
Mediator	-	-	-	75-80	-
Mercenary	39-53	49-56	49-60	81-84	73-79
Norse Berserker	-	57-72	-	-	-
Penitent	54-68	-	-	-	-
Reaver	-	73-88	-	-	-
Skald	-	89-94	-	-	-
Squire	69-83	-	61-72	85-92	-
Steppes Nomad	-	-	-	-	80-92
Streltsi	-	-	-	-	93-98
Strigany Mystic	84-91	-	73-86	93-96	99-00
Swamp Skimmer	-	-	87-00	-	-
Swampaire	-	-	-	97-00	-
Whaler	92-93	95-00	-	-	-
Zealot	94-00	-	-	-	-

Careers by Environment

Career	Urban	Rural	Coast	Wilds	Career	Urban	Rural	Coast	Wilds
Agitator	001-018	001-008	001-007	-	Miner	-	489-504	477-490	471-522
Apothecary	019-042	-	-	-	Muleskinner	-	505-520	491-504	523-576
Bailiff	043-060	009-024	008-021	-	Newssheet Vendor	565-582	-	-	-
Barber-Surgeon	061-078	-	-	-	Noble	583-594	521-536	505-518	-
Boatman	079-096	025-048	022-049	001-036	Outlaw	-	537-552	519-532	577-648
Bodyguard	097-114	049-064	050-063	037-072	Outrider	-	553-568	533-546	649-684
Bonepicker	115-132	065-072	064-070	-	Peasant	-	569-592	547-574	-
Bounty Hunter	133-150	073-096	071-091	073-126	Pilgrim	595-606	593-608	575-588	685-720
Burgher	151-180	097-112	092-105	-	Pit Fighter	607-630	-	-	-
Camp Follower	181-186	113-128	106-119	127-162	Protagonist	631-654	-	-	-
Cartographer	187-204	129-144	120-133	163-198	Raconteur	655-672	609-632	589-609	-
Charcoal-Burner	-	145-160	-	-	Rapscallion	673-680	633-648	610-623	-
Chimneysweep	205-228	-	-	-	Rat Catcher	681-710	649-664	624-637	-
Coachman	229-246	161-184	134-154	-	Riverwarden	711-722	665-680	638-651	-
Dilettante	247-270	185-200	155-168	-	Roadwarden	-	681-704	652-665	-
Dung Collector	271-288	-	-	-	Rogue	723-740	705-720	666-679	721-746
Embalmer	289-300	-	-	-	Scribe	741-764	721-736	680-693	-
Entertainer	301-324	201-224	169-189	-	Seaman	-	-	694-735	-
Ex-Convict	325-342	225-248	190-210	199-232	Seer	765-770	737-752	736-749	747-766
Exciseman	343-366	249-264	211-231	-	Servant	771-782	753-768	750-763	-
Farmer	-	265-288	232-245	-	Sewer Jack	783-800	-	-	-
Ferryman	367-390	289-304	246-259	-	Slave	801-806	769-776	764-770	767-780
Fisherman	-	305-320	260-294	-	Smuggler	807-818	777-792	771-798	781-810
Gambler	391-414	-	-	-	Soldier	819-836	793-816	799-819	811-854
Grave Robber	415-426	321-336	295-308	-	Stevedore	837-848	817-824	820-840	-
Grave Warden	427-438	337-352	309-322	-	Student	849-866	825-832	841-847	-
Hedge Wizard	439-455	353-376	323-343	233-286	Temple Guardian	867-872	833-840	848-854	855-874
Hedgecraft Apprentice	-	377-392	344-357	287-326	Thief	873-900	841-848	855-861	875-904
Horse Coper	-	393-400	358-371	327-342	Thug	901-924	849-856	862-868	911-928
Hunter	-	401-424	372-385	343-414	Toll Keeper	-	857-880	869-882	-
Initiate	456-480	425-440	386-399	415-440	Tomb Robber	925-936	881-896	883-889	929-964
Jailer	481-504	441-456	400-413	-	Tradesman	-	897-912	890-903	-
Lamplighter	505-522	-	-	-	Vagabond	937-948	913-928	904-917	-
Litigant	523-540	-	-	-	Valet	949-966	-	-	-
Marine	-	-	414-448	-	Watchman	967-982	929-952	918-931	-
Messenger	541-552	457-472	449-462	441-470	Wise Woman	983-000	953-968	932-955	965-000
Militiaman	553-564	473-488	463-476	-	Woodsman	-	969-000	956-980	-
					Wrecker	-	-	981-000	-

APPENDIX V: SKILLS & TALENTS BY CULT

As an Initiate or member of another religious career, the character must decide who his patron god is and what church he serves. Players can learn more about the faiths of the Old World in **Chapter 8: Religion and Belief** of the *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay Core Rulebook*. The choice of patron deity grants the character another skill or talent, as detailed in **Church Skills** and **Talents** entry of each deity's description. This information has been reprinted here for convenience.

The Cult of Manann

Initiates of Manann start with the Swim skill in addition to their normal career skills. Priests of Manann can, at their option, learn the following skills as part of their careers: Row, Sail, and Trade (Shipwright).

The Cult of Morr

Initiates of Morr start with the Intimidate skill in addition to their normal career skills. Priests of Morr can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Academic Knowledge (Necromancy), Menacing, and Trade (Embalmer).

The Cult of Myrmidia

Initiates of Myrmidia start with the Strike to Injure talent in addition to their normal career skills. Priests of Myrmidia can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Command and Specialist Weapon Group (any three).

The Cult of Ranald

Initiates of Ranald start with the Sleight of Hand skill in addition to their normal career skills. Priests of Ranald can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Concealment, Luck, and Silent Move.

The Cult of Shallya

Initiates of Shallya start with the Heal skill in addition to their normal career skills. Since the Initiate career already has the Heal skill, this means Initiates of Shallya get it twice, giving them a +10% bonus (see Skill Mastery in **Chapter 4: Skills and Talents** of the *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay Core Rulebook*). Priests of Shallya can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Resistance to Disease, Trade (Apothecary) and Trade (Herbalist).

The Cult of Sigmar

Initiates of Sigmar start with the Common Knowledge (Dwarfs) skill in addition to their normal career skills. Priests of Sigmar can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Command, Speak Language (Khazalid), and Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed).

The Cult of Taal & Rhya

Initiates of Taal and Rhya start with the Outdoor Survival skill in addition to their normal career skills. Priests of Taal and Rhya can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Charm Animal, Navigation and Orientation.

The Cult of Ulric

Initiates of Ulric start with the Strike Mighty Blow talent in addition to their normal career skills. Priests of Ulric can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Intimidate, Frenzy, and Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed).

The Cult of Verena

Initiates of Verena start with the Perception skill in addition to their normal career skills. Since the Initiate career already has the Perception skill, this means Initiates of Verena get it twice, giving them a +10% bonus (see Skill Mastery in **Chapter 4: Skills and Talents**). Priests of Verena can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Academic Knowledge (any two), Hypnotism, Secret Language (any one).

Prayer and Blessings

Occasionally, a character praying at a shrine or temple will not only attract the attention of the attendant deity, but will also bring some miraculous result. Perhaps the character will receive a sign, a sudden epiphany pointing the way to the next step in his adventure. The character might even receive a special blessing—a bonus for his next challenge or some sort of holy enhancement to his weapon. The GM will determine when and if such a thing might happen, but there are some basic guidelines:

- Different Gods care about different things. A hero praying to Taal for guidance in his efforts to save an ancient grove of trees is more likely to be heard than a hero praying to Grungni for assistance in a political struggle.
- Blessings rarely come without a sacrifice. The Gods are impressed by meaningful sacrifices. A pauper giving his last coin to the altar of Sigmar is more likely to be heard than an Elector Count donating a statue made of gold.
- Blessings are rare. They are rarer without great need. A character praying to Ulric for aid in battle may be heard, but it is doubtful Ulric will lend him strength unless the battle is of vital importance (the character is outnumbered, the battle will decide the fate of the character's family, the battle is for the defence of a temple of Ulric, and so forth).

Blessings will generally only be granted to characters who devoutly follow the attendant deity, although characters who are properly reverent in their prayer may be heard and given a boon.

Blessings can take several forms, and it is up to the GM to decide on a suitable one, taking into account the circumstances, the nature of the deity involved, and the past history of the character. A character might be granted a small bonus to one test, the one-time use of an unknown skill or talent, or a one-shot use of a spell. GMs are free to invent new types of blessing, but they should only be more powerful than the examples given here in truly miraculous circumstances.

A blessing usually feels like a warm glow in the character's heart, a breeze that only he feels, a sound only he can hear. It is a subtle thing. The Gods do not usually speak to mortals or walk among them. A blessing is a thing of faith—the character has a sense of confidence that one of the Gods is with him; there is no ironclad proof that it is so.

If the GM wishes to provide a very powerful blessing, it is suggested that it be accompanied by more spectacular heralds—heavenly horns sounding in the distance, the clouds parting and the sun's rays spotlighting the character, the appearance of a heavenly being that anoints the blessed character, and the like. Obviously, this sort of event should be so rare that a thousand players could play for a thousand lifetimes and never have it happen once.

APPENDIX VI: PROVINCIAL FEATURES (OPTIONAL)

The character creation rules in *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* treat all Humans from the Empire in the same fashion. No matter what province you are from, you get the same skills and talents through your Racial Features. *Sigmar's Heirs*, however, delves into the character of each province, providing a much greater sense of what makes, for example, a Reiklander different than an Ostermarker. Using the information presented in **Chapter 6: the Grand Provinces** from *Sigmar's Heirs*, it is thus possible to differentiate people of the Empire based on their home provinces.

This optional appendix replaces the default Human Racial Features with specific Provincial Features instead. When creating a Human character, in Step 1 you should choose the province you are from or roll it randomly on **Table 2-14: Human Birthplace** (see *WFRP*, page 25). When you get to Step 3 of character creation, use the information in this appendix, as appropriate to your birth province, instead of that on page 19 of the *WFRP* rulebook.

Averland

An Averlander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Animal Care *or* Trade (Miner), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip *or* Ride, Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Averland.

Hochland

A Hochlander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment *or* Gossip, Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Marksman *or* Rover, 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Hochland.

Middenland

A Middenlander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip *or* Intimidate, Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Menacing *or* Warrior Born, 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Middenland.

Nordland

A Nordlander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol *or* Speak Language (Norse), Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Stout-hearted *or* Very Resilient, 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Nordland.

Ostermark

An Ostermarker gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Gossip *or* Speak Language (Kislevian), Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Ostermark.

Ostland

An Ostlander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip *or* Outdoor Survival, Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Coolheaded *or* Very Resilient, 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Ostland.

Reikland

A Reiklander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Command *or* Gossip, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Savvy *or* Suave, 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Reikland.

Stirland

A Stirlander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training *or* Gossip, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Stirland.

Talabecland

A Talabeclander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Follow Trail *or* Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Talabecland.

Wissenland

A Wissenlander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Farmer *or* Miner)
Talents: Coolheaded *or* Hardy, 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Wissenland.

APPENDIX VII: COMBAT ACTION SUMMARY

This section summarizes Basic and Advanced Actions used in combat in *WFRP*. Remember that this list isn't all-inclusive; it represents the most common actions. If you want to do something else, just tell your GM and he'll let you know what type of action it is and what (if anything) you need to roll.

— BASIC ACTIONS —

AIM

The character takes extra time to set up a melee or missile attack, thus increasing the chance to hit. If the character's following action is a standard attack, he gains a +10% bonus to Weapon Skill (for melee attacks) or Ballistic Skill (for ranged attacks).

Action Type: Half

CAST

The character unleashes a magic spell. If the character spends an extra half action, the Casting Roll can be augmented with a Channelling Skill Test. See **Chapter 7: Magic** in the core rulebook for more information. Casting can be an extended action. You cannot cast more than one spell per round.

Action Type: Varies

CHARGE ATTACK

The character rushes up to an opponent and delivers a single attack. The opponent must be at least 4 yards (2 squares) away from the character but within the character's charge move (see **Table 6-1: Combat Movement in Yards** in the core rulebook). The last 4 yards (2 squares) of the charge must be in a straight line, so the charger can build up speed and line up with the target. The charging character gains a +10% Weapon Skill bonus.

Action Type: Full

DISENGAGE

The character breaks off from melee combat and may move away (see **Table 6-1: Combat Movement in Yards** in the core rulebook for distances). Difficult terrain like rubble or underbrush reduces distances moved by half (round up). If trying to move away from one or more melee opponents without using the disengage action, each opponent gets a free attack against the character before he moves away. This is a bonus attack and is made in addition to any other attacks opponent's make during their turn.

Action Type: Full

MOVE

The character can make a short move (see **Table 6-1: Combat Movement in Yards** in the core rulebook for distances). Difficult terrain like rubble or underbrush reduces distances moved by half (round up).

Action Type: Half

READY

The character can unsheathe a weapon, or pull an item out of a convenient pouch or pocket. The character also put away an item already in hand at the same time. So, for example, a character could sheathe a sword and unsheathe a dagger as one action. A character can also use this action to take a flask or other container and drink a draught.

Action Type: Half

RELOAD

The character can reload a missile weapon. See **Chapter 5: Equipment** in the core rulebook for the time taken to reload different ranged weapons. Reload can be an extended action.

Action Type: Varies

STAND/MOUNT

A character can get up if currently on the ground, or mount a riding animal like a horse or pony.

Action Type: Half

STANDARD ATTACK

A character can make one melee or ranged attack.

Action Type: Half

TABLE APPENDIX VI-1: BASIC AND ADVANCED ACTIONS

Basic Actions

Aim
Cast
Charge Attack
Disengage
Move
Ready
Reload
Stand/Mount
Standard Attack
Swift Attack
Use a Skill

Advanced Actions

All Out Attack
Defensive Stance
Delay
Feint
Guarded Attack
Jump/Leap
Manoeuvre
Parrying Stance
Run

TABLE APPENDIX VI-2: ACTIONS BY TYPE

Full Actions

Charge Attack
Disengage
Swift Attack
All Out Attack
Defensive Stance
Guarded Attack
Jump/Leap
Run

Half Actions

Aim
Move
Ready
Stand/Mount
Standard Attack
Delay
Feint
Manoeuvre
Parrying Stance

Variable Actions

Cast
Reload
Use a Skill

SWIFT ATTACK

The character can make a number of melee or ranged attacks equal to his Attacks Characteristic. The character must have Attacks 2 or better to take advantage of this action. If making a missile attack, a character can only use this action if the weapon can be reloaded as a free action or if the character has a loaded pistol weapon in each hand. In the latter case, the character can make a maximum of 2 attacks (one per weapon).

Action Type: Full

USE A SKILL

The character uses a skill, which usually involves making a Skill Test. See **Chapter 4: Skills and Talents** in the core rulebook. This can be an extended action.

Action Type: Varies.

— ADVANCED ACTIONS —

ALL OUT ATTACK

The character makes a furious melee attack, exposing himself to danger in order to land a forceful blow. The character's melee attack gains a +20% Weapon Skill bonus. However, until his next turn, the character cannot parry or dodge.

Action Type: Full

DEFENSIVE STANCE

The character strikes no blows this round, preferring instead to concentrate on self-defence. Until his next turn, all melee attacks against the character suffer a -20% Weapon Skill penalty.

Action Type: Full

DELAY

The character waits and watches for an opportunity. When the delay action is used the character's turn ends immediately, but a half action is reserved for later use. Any time before his next turn, the character can take his half action. If two conflicting characters are both trying to use a delayed action simultaneously, make an Opposed Agility Test to see who acts first. If the prepared action is not taken before the character's next turn, it is lost.

Action Type: Half

FEINT

The character pretends to attack in one direction, deceiving his opponent and throwing off his defence. This is resolved as an Opposed Weapon Skill Test. If the character wins, his next attack cannot be either dodged or parried. If the character's next action is anything other than a standard attack, this bonus is lost.

Action Type: Half

GUARDED ATTACK

The character attacks carefully, making sure he is well defended from counter blows. He makes a melee attack with a -10% Weapon Skill penalty. Until his next turn, the character gains a +10% bonus on any attempted parries and dodges.

Action Type: Full

JUMP/LEAP

The character jumps down or leaps across something. For details on jumping and leaping, see page 138 of *WFRP*.

Action Type: Full

MANOEUVRE

The character uses superior footwork and aggression to force his opponent to move 2 yards (1 square) in a direction nominated by the player. If desired the character can advance 2 yards (1 square) as well. Manoeuvre is resolved as an Opposed Weapon Skill Test. If successful the character's opponent is moved as described. The opponent cannot be forced into another character or terrain feature (wall, barrel, etc.).

Action Type: Half

PARRYING STANCE

The character readies to parry an incoming blow. Any time before his next turn, the character can try to parry one successful melee attack against him as long as he is aware of the attack. Parrying stance ends at the start of his next turn, regardless of whether he parried a blow. See **Dodge and Parry** on page 129 of *WFRP* for more information on parrying.

Action Type: Half

RUN

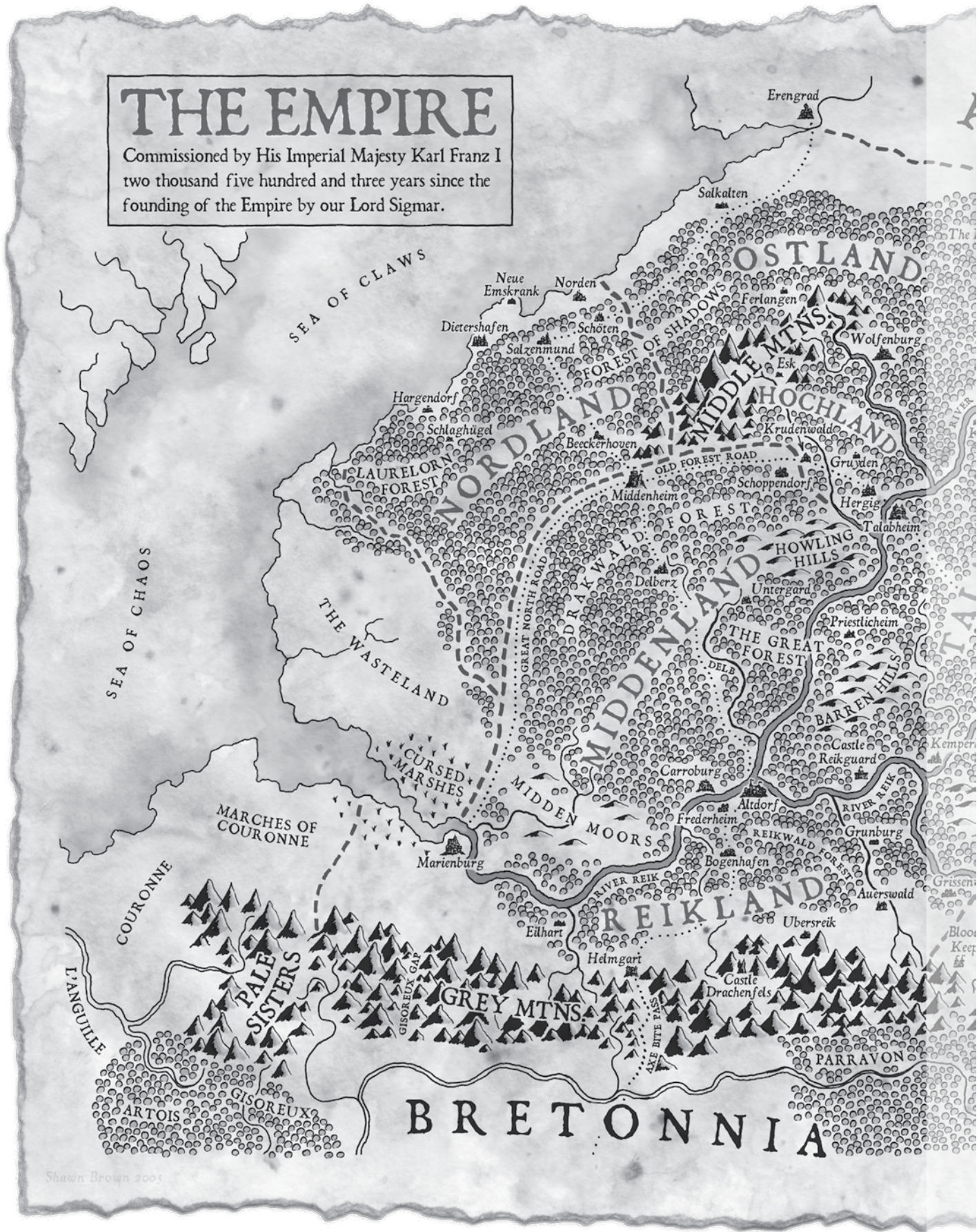
The character runs at full speed (see **Table 6-1: Combat Movement in Yards** for distances). This makes the character harder to hit with missile weapons but easy prey for melee attacks because he isn't actively defending. Until the character's next turn, ranged attacks against him suffer a -20% Ballistic Skill penalty, but melee attacks gain a +20% Weapon Skill bonus. Characters cannot run in difficult terrain.

Action Type: Full



THE EMPIRE

Commissioned by His Imperial Majesty Karl Franz I two thousand five hundred and three years since the founding of the Empire by our Lord Sigmar.



Shawn Brown 2001



CHARACTER

NAME:
 RACE:
 CURRENT CAREER:
 PREVIOUS CAREERS:

PERSONAL DETAILS

AGE: GENDER:
 EYE COLOR: WEIGHT:
 HAIR COLOR: HEIGHT:
 STAR SIGN: NUMBER OF SIBLINGS:
 BIRTHPLACE:
 DISTINGUISHING MARKS:

CHARACTER PROFILE

MAIN	WS	BS	S	T	Ag	INT	WP	FEL
STARTING								
ADVANCE								
CURRENT								
SECONDARY	A	W	SB	TB	M	MAG	IP	FP
STARTING								
ADVANCE								
CURRENT								

WEAPONS

NAME	ENC	GROUP	DAMAGE	RANGE	RELOAD	QUALITIES

ARMOUR

BASIC ARMOUR

ARMOUR TYPE: ARMOUR POINTS:

ADVANCED ARMOUR

ARMOUR TYPE	ENC	LOCATIONS COVERED	AP

WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY

PLAYER

NAME: GAME MASTER:
 CAMPAIGN: CAMPAIGN YEAR:

EXPERIENCE POINTS

CURRENT: TOTAL:

COMBAT MOVEMENT

MOVE/DISENGAGE: CHARGE ATTACK: RUN:

ARMOUR POINTS

HEAD: 01-13
 BODY: 36-80
 RIGHT ARM: 16-33
 LEFT ARM: 16-33
 RIGHT LEG: 81-90
 LEFT LEG: 91-00

ACTION SUMMARY

BASIC ACTION	TYPE	ADVANCED ACTION	TYPE
Aim	Half	All Out Attack	Full
Cast	Varies	Defensive Stance	Full
Charge	Full	Delay	Half
Disengage	Full	Feint	Half
Move	Half	Guarded Attack	Full
Ready	Half	Jump/Leap	Full
Reload	Varies	Manoeuvre	Half
Stand/Mount	Half	Parrying Stance	Half
Standard Attack	Half	Run	Full
Swift Attack	Full		
Use a Skill	Varies		

SPELL GRIMOIRE

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DESCRIPTION:	

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