

WARHAMMER
FANTASY
FANTASY ROLEPLAY

BARONY OF THE DAMNED



AN ADVENTURE IN MOUSILLON



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• An Adventure in Mousillon •

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— TABLE OF CONTENTS —

INTRODUCTION	3	Bougars De Biaucaire	36
The Tale of Maldred	4	Eustache of the Rusting Blade	37
CHAPTER ONE:		Tedbald the Broken	38
THE LOST DUCHY	6	Fighting the Curse	39
The People of Mousillon	6	Gefreid the Pure	39
Society	7	Rudiger Feirsinger, Free Lance	40
Law and Order	8	Asceline, The Maiden of Mousillon	41
Religion	8	Beasts of Despair	43
Danger Abroad	9	The Grey Men	43
Mousillon Timeline	10	The Thirteenth Claw	44
CHAPTER TWO:		Ograh and the Harrowmaw Tribe	45
A TRAVELLER'S GUIDE TO		The Grand Sow of the Grismerie	46
UNLOVELY MOUSILLON	11	CHAPTER FOUR:	
The City of the Damned	12	TO MOUSILLON	48
The Charnel Hills	12	Background	48
The South Gate	12	Castle Lyonesse	49
The Grismerie	12	Invitation to Glory	49
The Chapel Quarter	12	Auferic's Watchtower	51
Bridge Quarter	13	Craecheur and Puanteure	52
The Docks	16	Puanteure	52
The Lance of Light	16	Craecheur	55
The Ducal Palace	17	Guido LeBeau and the	
The Lost Town	18	Doom of Imperatrice	58
The Barony	18	To the House of Aucassin	58
The Wayward Duchy	19	Chateau Hane	59
The Cordon Sanitaire	19	Aucassin's Household	59
The Forest of Arden	20	CHAPTER FIVE:	
Grenouille Gate	20	THE CITY OF MOUSILLON	64
The Victory of Landuin	21	The Crimson Revolution	66
The Orphan Hills	21	The Silver Circlet	67
The Tomb of Merovech	21	Horse Meat	68
Pirates' Grave	22	Heloise and the Lost Town	69
The Chapel of Frenegrande	23	Blood Work	70
The Donjon of Dol	23	The Damoiselle Vert	71
Farulin's Brothers	24	Lanfranco's Task	73
Pied a'Cochoon	24	The Fallen Heaven	73
Travelling in Mousillon	25	CHAPTER SIX:	
Mousillon Born and Bred	27	THE CANNIBAL KNIGHT	78
Mousillon Careers	28	The De Valence Catacombs	78
Legends of the Land	29	Chasing Ghouls	81
CHAPTER THREE:		The Barony of the Damned	84
RISE OF THE BLACK KNIGHT	30	Duke Jaggedrib	84
Mallobaude, the Black Knight	31	The Court of the Cannibal Knight	85
Aucassin	32	Working for the Cannibal Knight	88
Lady Nicolette of Oisement	34	Return to the Light	92
		Aftermath	93

INTRODUCTION

Mousillon is the Lost Child of Bretonnia, the Land of Despair. It suffers under a terrible curse that renders its land poor, its people fearful and ignorant, and its nobles wicked. Ravaged in recent times by plague, war, and abandonment, Mousillon is grim and ugly. It is a land where few sane men go. And yet some do still come to this place willingly, perhaps looking for profit, safety, or adventure. Most such men fail, defeated by the cruelty of the land and the despair of its curse. But there are victories to be won in the Lost Duchy, for some of its evils can be vanquished with a strong blade and a pure heart. But no matter how many heroes come to Mousillon, perhaps its curse will never be lifted, and the greatest victory to be won in Mousillon will be to escape it before it claims your soul.

WELCOME TO MOUSILLON...

Or sympathies, perhaps. Of all the bleak places in the Old World, few are as famous for their evil as grim Mousillon. When compared to the pomp and splendour of knights devoted to honour and chivalry, Mousillon is a stinking quagmire of despair and death. Where the Lady of the Lake is upheld in the stories and chansons of the singers, Mousillon is a place of sunken villages, rampaging disease, frogs, snails, slugs, and decrepit people somehow surviving despite all odds.

Still around? Good. For every simpleton in a village square, for every malformed peasant digging in his nose, Mousillon has equal amounts of adventure. It is an exciting place on the cusp of a new era for Bretonnia. New powers emerge to threaten the good and hard working people of Bretonnia. A foul evil grows, and it's up to bold adventurers to cast down this malignant force.

Barony of the Damned is a setting sourcebook and adventure rolled into one. Building on the foundation set forth in *Knights of the Grail: A Guide to Bretonnia*, this volume takes a closer look at the evil that threatens to consume this fabled land. And while the source material serves to support the adventure that encompasses the majority of this book, it can be the starting place for adventures of your own design.

WHAT'S INSIDE

Barony of the Damned consists of six chapters. The

first three include all the needed details to flesh out Mousillon, while the final three present an incredible adventure that takes a band of heroes into the most perverse parts of this land and back again.

Chapter One: The Lost Duchy offers a detailed look at the Duchy of Mousillon, exploring its rich history and an overview of what it's like to live in Mousillon, either in the trackless badlands or in the stinking pit of corruption that is its only city. Describing life, society, religion, and a selection of antagonists, this chapter is just the beginning of your tour through this bleak land.

Chapter Two: A Traveller's Guide to Unlovely Mousillon presents a gazetteer of the duchy, covering the land in all of its awful glory. Detailing the city and the surrounding lands, this chapter gives you everything you need to bring this decrepit place to life.

Chapter Three: Rise of the Black Knight describes all of the movers and shakers in Mousillon, detailing current political movements and defining the major figures at large in this bleak land. From the Black Knight to the Gefreid the Pure, these personalities might be short-term allies or campaign-lasting enemies.

Chapter Four: To Mousillon begins the adventure: The Barony of the Damned. Here, the stalwart heroes are hired by an enraged noble to recover the head of a villainous thief and agitator who robbed his household. Once the Player Characters cross the border into Mousillon, they encounter peasants and discover intrigues that affect even the duchy's lowliest citizens.

Chapter Five: The City of Mousillon takes the Player Characters into the diseased heart of the duchy—the City of Mousillon. Having acquired a few leads on their travels, they must contend with the city and make new contacts if they hope to ever catch up with the fugitive.

Chapter Six: The Cannibal Knight introduces one of the most dangerous threats to the Mousillon and all of Bretonnia: the Cannibal Knight. After descending into his lair, the characters learn that the Ghoul Lord has the head of the fugitive, but to earn it, they must do a service for this abomination. Can they outsmart the Cannibal Knight, or will they lend a hand in Mousillon's destruction and the Ghoul's inevitable rise to power?

SPEAKING LIKE A BRETONNIAN

In spoken Bretonnian, there is a very strong tendency to use the future tense for talking about the past. This is rather casual and a bit lower class, but members of the nobility also do it among friends. Scholars tend to avoid it, and writing in this form is a sign of ignorance. Thus, a Bretonnian talking about an accident the previous day might say:

"Well, the ostler, right, he'll tell the horse to stop, but the horse, he won't listen, and he'll charge straight out of the gate. What do you think? The maid'll be just coming out of the door, and the horse will go and hit her. She'll break her arm in three places, and she won't be back at work for months. What'll I do?"

Of course, the last two occurrences of the future tense are actually future, but they don't sound any different. This habit often leaves foreigners utterly confused. (It is also fairly easy to roleplay.)

— THE TALE OF MALDRED —

PART THE FIRST: LANDUIN THE FAIR

Listen, ye traveller, to the tale of the Curse, and the land and people on whom it fell, for the sins of but a few. For though the Knight will deny it and the Grail Damsel would curse the tongue that speaks it, it was the flower of Bretonnia fair that cursed the Lost Duchy of Mousillon, the noble souls to whom the land was entrusted and who betrayed it. And yet there is more to my tale than the treachery of Maldred or the evil of Merovech, and woe to you who hears the truth in my words.

Once upon a time there were Fay upon these lands, and their works still stand, a testament to their wizardly ways. But the Fay retreated from our lands, and they became the lands of men, besieged and fearful as the Greenskin and the Goblin did multiply and do much evil. But there was one man to whom the land was a prize worth fighting for! Many are the tales told of Gilles Le Breton, many are the chansons singing of his battles against the Green of Skin that won the lands of Bretonnia for brave and noble men. Many also are those that raise voices in praise of Gilles' companions, the most virtuous men of the land excepting Gilles himself, each as noble in demeanour as he was fierce in battle, as brave as the blade and wise as the dawn. And yet our tale speaks of these but one, Landuin by name, the fairest man, they say, that ever graced Bretonnia.

Was there ever a man so enamoured of peace, and yet who embraced war with such devotion? Did ever a Knight despair so of bloodshed, and yet bring the lance and the sword to his enemies with such great wrath? Such was Landuin of Mousillon, the finest knight of the land, who rode forth from the valley of the river Grismerie to give his life alongside Gilles in battle. Tall and fair, quiet of word yet decisive of deed, as swift as the coming of night, level-headed and of gentle demeanour, they declare that Landuin was the most perfect knight in all the days of Bretonnia, and who am I to say it was not so?

The Chanson of Gilles, that ancient and most lengthy verse, tells of the vision that spake unto Gilles as he travelled through the Forest of Chalons. Landuin was beside him as they beheld the Lady, hallowed be her countenance, rising from the hidden lake to grant unto them the power to rid the land of its enemies. The Lady knew well of Landuin's fairness of mind and body, and she blessed him with such grace that no blade could find its mark upon him, nor could the ill-minded find fault with which to curse him.

So were the Grail Knights set upon their task. Twelve were the mighty battles fought, and twelve were the victories that the knights won for fair Bretonnia. And yet among these there is one that our tale dwells upon, for it brought great woe to peerless Landuin. Landuin had ridden forth from Mousillon, which stood upon the river Grismerie in a green and snail-rich valley where evil had never set a foot. And yet when Gilles and his Companions rode unto Mousillon, a great woe fell upon Landuin's heart. For here had evil un-life found its purchase!

A mighty host of the malodorous dead did march upon the soil of Mousillon, choking the fouled Grismerie with their presence. The land was grey and dying, its people broken and fearful. And to none was the sight more dreadful than Landuin, whose heart could hear such sorrow. His own blood lay among the dead, his own lands made dark and foul.

Was any man so fierce in battle as Landuin that day? Some say even Balduin of Brionne was never so determined to bring the blade to his enemies. For a day Landuin was lost among the host, which pressed all around him with their slimy bodies like a sea. Gilles and the Companions lost sight of Landuin and much feared him dead. Yet when the day came to its end Landuin did return, much fouled with gore and bearing the head of the vile wizard who had commanded the host. Grim and without word was Landuin for many days to follow as the walking dead were driven into the sea and Mousillon was won back by its noblest of sons.

Some say Landuin was never filled with joy again after seeing Mousillon so tormented. Even when Bretonnia was made whole and the Lady bade Gilles take up its crown, Landuin could not feel triumph in his heart as did the other Companions. He rode back to Mousillon and rebuilt his home, but the duchy was forever touched by his sorrow. Thierulf, Companion of Gilles and friend of Landuin, sought to ease Landuin's grief, but his cause was hopeless. None can say what hurt was done to Landuin's pride but he did fight Thierulf in a duel most sharp and wounded Thierulf about the face. From the courts of the Companions did Landuin withdraw after this. Much later, mystery was joined with woe when Landuin, an old man, was found dead in his bed, for so few had shared his life those past years and none knew what thoughts held court in his heart. It was said he died of a broken heart, weeping for his dead kin and the sickness upon the land of his birth.

What Duke of Mousillon since has not fought against the grief of the land that seeks to drain the heart from its people? And what Duke has succeeded? For every noble knight who has made the valley of the Grismerie verdant and fair, there is another who has shared Landuin's sorrow and left it sodden and grey. Think not that a rebel's tongue speaks in this head! This bard seeks not to denounce the nobles of Bretonnia, heirs as they are to Gilles and his Companions. But every tale agrees that men like Merovech the Butcher thrive in that benighted land of Mousillon, of noble birth though they be. Yes, Merovech cursed be his name, who in the dark days of the Red Pox seemed a saviour of Bretonnia from the vermin that did infest it, and yet who was struck mad in battle and was called out by the King for the depths of his bloodlust. Merovech, who slew the King in a

duel like an animal, who died without honour, his name a blight on Mousillon. And yet he, as you know well, traveller, is not the foulest man to have taken a seat in the Ducal Palace of Mousillon.

Wherefore did this curse come to Bretonnia? Surely not from the soul of Landuin, whose heart was as strong and pious as any who ever lived. Some villain, then, who did evil away from the sight of men? Some taint from before the time of the Elves? A work of the Greenskin beasts or the wizard of the walking dead whom Landuin slew? None know, not I, not you, not the sage and the lord, and yet all know that the curse waxes deadly still. For witness the tale of Maldred, and know you grief that the curse can so twist the noblest soul, and that such treachery can come of it.

PART THE SECOND: MALDRED THE FOUL

Maldred, the Last Duke of Mousillon, lorded over the most lavish court in Bretonnia from the Ducal Palace. At his side his lady, the ravishing Malfleur, pale of skin and sharp of word, was famed for her comeliness throughout the land and, said many, had the ear of her Duke more than was meant for a lady. Maldred built marble where there had been hovels, and gilded the chapels to the Lady, and spake of the honour he had restored to Mousillon. Malfleur gathered ladies-in-waiting of matchless beauty to grace the court. Happy was the Knight who was called to the court, for none offered a greater feast or nobler chanson to a guest than Maldred of Mousillon.

Came the day the Fay Enchantress herself was asked by Maldred to do the honour of attending his court. The Fay deigned to accept for Maldred had built many monuments to the Lady. Many were the ignoble tongues that wondered aloud, "will Lady Malfleur or the Fay surpass the other in beauty?"

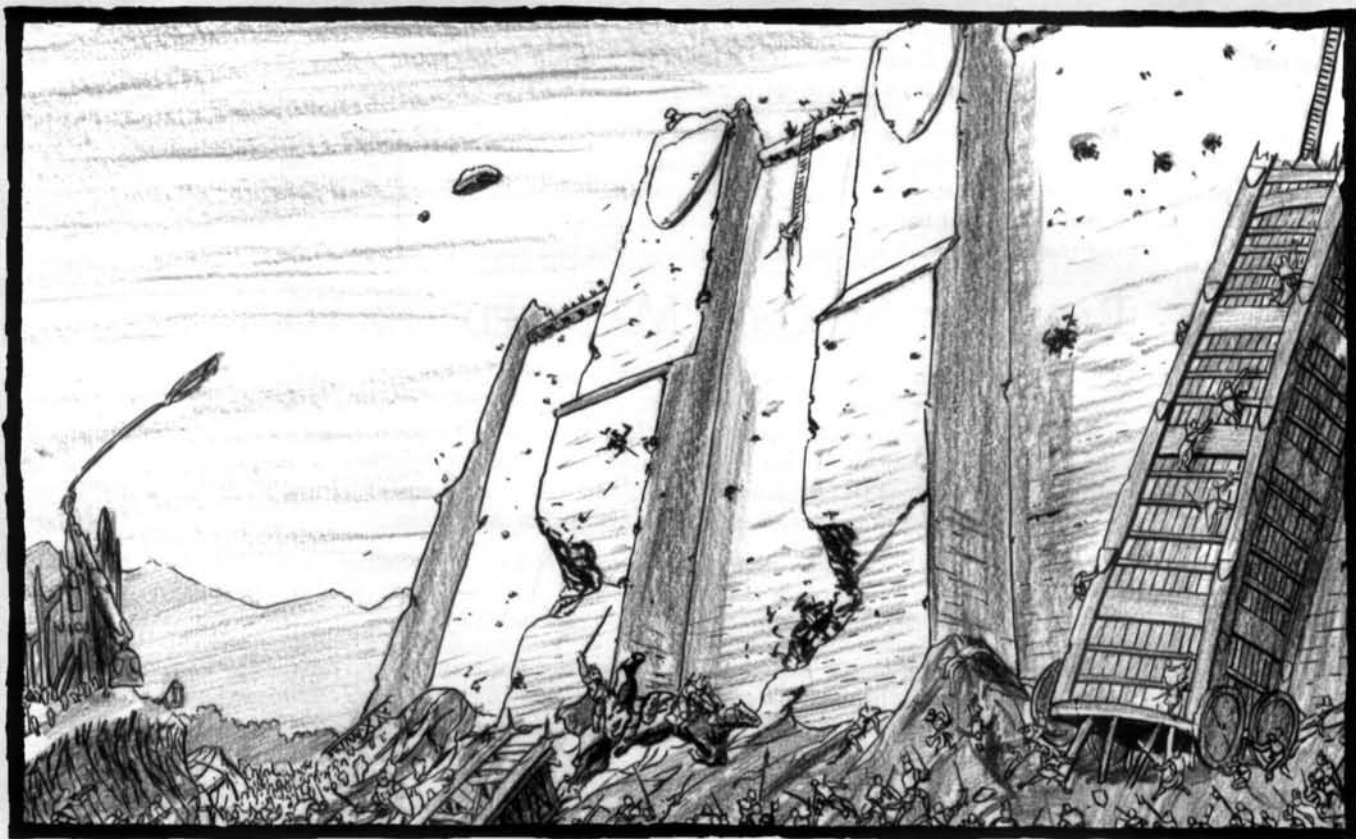
But alas! Alack! There was no beauty at that ill-starred feast. For the feast was poisoned and put the Fay Enchantress into a deathly slumber, there to be imprisoned by the fell magics of Malfleur—for the Dark Lady of Mousillon was a sorceress most impious. And so Maldred's plan came to light. He desired the throne of Bretonnia and claimed far and wide that the Enchantress had deserted the rightful King. Then, when the most stout-hearted Knights were doubting that the blessing of the Lady still lay upon the crown, Maldred made the foulest claim than hath besmirched the tongue of any Knight before or since. He claimed to have the Grail, given to him by the Lady, and demanded the crown be his!

Maldred's lie was so brazen that not a true-hearted Knight in the land believed it to be the truth. Maldred the Mad, he was named—Maldred the Foul, the Betrayer of the Grail. The bauble he claimed was merely a trinket enchanted by Malfleur, and even as he brandished it from his battlements the army of the rightful King marched into Mousillon. Maldred, however, had the support of many nobles of Mousillon, having tricked some and corrupted others, along with many Knights whose hearts had become dark and whose lust for power and wealth outweighed their devotion to their Code. There the City of Mousillon was besieged, and a most terrible siege it was. The Knights and men-at-arms of the King were valiant in their attack, but the walls of the City were stout. Then, o woe of woes, the Red Pox was rampant among friend and foe. The dead filled the streets of the City, and lay in heaps among the siege works. Great was the death, and so foul the stench that some say all the waters of the Grismerie have never yet washed it away.

Maldred and Malfleur, alike in their wickedness and madness, shut themselves in the Ducal Palace and feasted with gluttony unbecoming Knight or lady. Day and night they feasted, and danced, and heard the songs of gutter-tongued bawds, even while death danced its merry dance in the streets outside. The Red Pox, cruellest of maladies, slew every man, woman, child, dog and crawling thing in the City, and thereafter it was remembered as the City of the Damned. When the plague-weary forces of the King finally opened the gates, they found nought but a town of corpses. And in the Ducal Palace, still attired in finery, were the corpses of Maldred, Malfleur and all the courtiers, dead where they had fallen in the midst of their dance. It is said by some that the marks of the Red Pox were not on them, but that the poison that slew them was the pure venom of treachery, striking dead their very souls.

So passed Maldred the Betrayer and Malfleur the Dark Lady of Mousillon. The King was much sorrowed to see the verdant valley and fair glades of Landuin's home brought so low, and he spat upon the ground and declared the Lady's light shone no more upon Mousillon. The Fay Enchantress, rescued from imprisonment by a valiant young Knight, lent her voice to his declaration—that Mousillon will have no Duke, and that all the duchies of Bretonnia shall no longer embrace that land as brother. For so long Mousillon had sunk into disgrace and wretchedness, and now the duchy was truly lost, its arms stricken from the banners of the land.

But the curse! ah, the curse outlives all, traveller. And I fear it will outlive you and I, for there is a taint on this land and the Grismerie is turned too sluggish and sick to wash it away. Plague stalks this land as surely as do the bandits and walking-dead, and madness, too. No, the woes of Mousillon are not yet done, and there are those who say that they are only just beginning anew. Witness the armour of black, the unraised visor, the iron-clad fist that rules from the shadows! Yes, darkness is abroad, from the City of the Damned to the hovels of the wretched. Mousillon is lost indeed, and if you seek to find it, traveller, you will find only death.



CHAPTER I: THE LOST DUCHY

Mousillon is unlike any other place within Bretonnia. Disowned by the King and robbed of its Duke, Mousillon suffers cruelty, injustice, pox, plague and grinding poverty. The nobility of the Duchy are by and large as corrupt as the fetid soil and stinking peoples that they rule. Throughout the polite society of Bretonnia, Mousillon is considered an unsightly sore, defacing the beauty of the Lady's Realm. The Duchy of Mousillon is seldom brought up in conversation, used only as a

curse, or a by-word for all that is foul, disgusting and debased. Yet there is more to this loathing than simple distaste for the reeking fields and inbred folk of the cursed place—indeed; Mousillon acts as a reminder to all Bretonnia that there, but for the Grace of the Lady, go they. As an uncomfortable reminder of how close damnation lurks, Mousillon acts as a warning to all—even those holding this book. Read on, brave soul, as the Lost Duchy reveals its darkest secrets...

— THE PEOPLE OF MOUSILLON —

The division between commoner and noble, prevalent throughout Bretonnia, still defines the communities of Mousillon. If anything, it is more pronounced here, for in Mousillon the peasants are literally dirt-poor, living in hovels in the swampy villages along the river Grismerie or clustered around the ruined wall of the city. The nobles, meanwhile, rule their petty kingdoms with absolute power rare even for a Bretonnian Lord, and they tend towards the cruel and despotic. Since Mousillon is without a Duke, there is no higher authority to which the isolated nobles of Mousillon answer, and they have free reign to deal with the peasants as they will. Many abuse this horribly, for Mousillon itself seems to taint their minds with cruelty and often outright madness—while some are tainted by something darker still. A new and powerful noble has risen in Mousillon, styling himself the Black Knight, and he gathers the support of the duchy's other nobles. Should

he succeed in building an army from Mousillon's thugs, peasants, and even less savoury creatures, he could turn the Lost Duchy into a formidable power base from which to challenge the very throne of Bretonnia.

Mousillon peasants are ill-educated, isolated, and suspicious. They are notorious for carrying disease, especially the dreaded Red Pox, to the extent that a Cordon Sanitaire was set up following the Affair of the False Grail, its castellans tasked with keeping the peasants out of the neighbouring duchies. In truth, very few Mousillon peasants have even left their home villages, and the next village down might as well be another continent for all that most peasants care. This isolation has made Mousillon's peasants extremely suspicious of outsiders and has also left its mark on them physically. A peasant without a hump or strange-set eyes is considered tantamount to deformed in most villages, where even the comeliest lass

possesses ears of greatly differing sizes or extra fingers and toes. Almost all of Mousillon's peasants live in merciless poverty, for there is very little opportunity for them to engage in trade and become merchants, and what little opportunity exists is monopolised by criminals.

Mousillon makes for very poor farming land, since much of it is little more than a swamp fed by the sluggish river Grismerie. Most peasants exist on a subsistence farming level. Of all the resources available in this duchy, frogs, snails, slugs, and other slimy things are the most prevalent. Frogs and snails are the finest delicacies most peasants will ever taste, and the gathering of these creatures is a prestige occupation in the villages. By a very old custom, a lord of Mousillon claims ownership of all snails and frogs within the area of his authority, and to be a lord's principal Swampaire is one of the loftiest positions most peasants can attain. In addition to the glamour associated with swamping, peasants also make do by painting trees with a strong adhesive, so that when birds light on the branches, they become stuck, allowing an easy harvest. As a result, many branches in Mousillon are foully stained with a thick veneer of dark fluid and the tell tale signs of birding: two broken bird's legs ending in bloody stumps, where the body was pulled free.

The City of Mousillon, the walled city that is the duchy's largest settlement, contains a population of beggars, madmen, and criminals. Since Mousillon has no Duke, and the Duke's seat was always the Ducal Palace in the town, the City no longer has any noble authority and is completely lawless. This in turn has made it the heart of Mousillon's biggest industry—smuggling. Once a ship has slipped past the Bretonnian ships patrolling the kingdom's western coast, it can easily sail into Mousillon to dock. Contraband of all kinds comes into Bretonnia through Mousillon, and from there it can be smuggled into countries with more secure ports like Estalia and the Empire. The majority of this is otherwise legitimate cargo that can escape taxes and limitations that would be imposed by using a more law-abiding city. Many merchants use Mousillon to transport their goods, and the merchant's clubs that dominate much Bretonnian trade are often incensed that they do not take a cut of Mousillon's trade as they can in almost all other cities in the nation. Other cargo is outright illegal, like pirates' loot, poisons, forbidden texts, and even captives. Both legal and illicit cargoes are brought into Mousillon's docks where violent gangs vie with one another

to offer protection to incoming ships and take a heavy fee from the crew (although these fees normally add up to less than the legitimate taxes and duties that would be levied elsewhere in Bretonnia). The thugs who run the docks make up one part of the city's population. The rest is made up of peasants who eke a living from the parts of the town reduced to ruins by the siege, or madmen who skulk through the streets begging for food or raving about supernatural horrors. A small minority of the city's inhabitants run hidden shops selling suspicious things from poison to forbidden texts and magical ingredients harvested from obscure monsters, but they choose their customers carefully. Overall the city is a supremely dangerous place, and few but the criminal or insane choose to live there.

The duchy of Mousillon is also haunted by outlaws and bandits, since the lack of coherent authority in the duchy means it is a good place for a wanted man to hide. Such men often find employment with ruthless nobles who use them to terrorise the peasants and enforce brutal or bizarre laws. The image of Mousillon as a haven from the law, however, is false, as an outlaw must contend with disease, draconian nobles, and other hard-bitten killers if he is to survive in the Lost Duchy. There are other hazards abroad in Mousillon, too, not least of which is the walking dead. Mousillon was never free of the Undead even in Landuin's day and with the Affair of the False Grail and the mass graves of plague dead they have become ever more prevalent in the less populated corners of Mousillon. Monstrous creatures bred by the filth of the swamp, bands of feral Mutants and Beastmen, and over-zealous castellans of the Cordon Sanitaire are also adept at killing the unwary.

Finally, it is not uncommon for a Questing Knight to seek adventure and revelation in Mousillon. The whole realm is an affront to the Lady, and there is plenty of evil to vanquish on the path to finding the Grail. Many a Questing Knight has never returned from Mousillon and some of them are still there, tainted by the curse and condemned to become part of the evil they rode out against. But there is always a knight willing to cross the Cordon Sanitaire and seek his destiny. The king is often pressed to declare Mousillon the target of a War of Errantry and to send thousands of eager Knights Errant to cleanse the land. But until that happens, it falls to the lone Questing Knights to seek out the darkness at the heart of the duchy, and give their lives to fight it.

— SOCIETY —

Much of Mousillon's society resembles the rest of Bretonnia but as reflected in a flawed mirror. In theory, the peasants owe fealty and a tithe of produce to their lord, and the lord in return offers protection to the peasants while himself offering fealty and wealth to the duke. However, this system has broken down in Mousillon. The land cannot provide quite enough to honour the knights of Mousillon, so they often resort to hiring brigands or dabbling in un-knightly pursuits like taking a cut of the contraband that travels Mousillon's roads and waterways. Meanwhile there has been no Duke of Mousillon for more than two hundred years, and without a duke, there is no one for the knights to honour. Many of them show no honour at

all, ruling their personal realms with great cruelty instead of protecting them for the good of the peasantry.

The second great division within Bretonnian society, between men and women, is actually not as extreme in Mousillon. This is mainly because of the extreme poverty and isolation of many communities, including some noble courts. Mousillon's peasants simply do not have the option of sparing their women from arduous or unpleasant tasks (although the occupation of Swampaire is still considered a man's game). Similarly, without any higher authority to enforce the Knightly Code, many nobles in the duchy do not treat women as objects of courtesy who must be protected. Laws of inheritance and conduct are more mutable

in the duchy, meaning that a noble woman can sometimes make herself an heir even if she has younger brothers, or conduct her own affairs, own property, and even sometimes take up arms in a manner that is simply not permissible in outside Bretonnian society. While most women would still have to disguise themselves as a man to pursue a male pursuit, exceptions are many and not always considered strange in Mousillon.

The lords of Mousillon are still patrons of minstrels, musicians, and artists who can beautify their courts, and they still offer hospitality to other lords. Mousillon is rather lacking in artists and poets, however, so it is not unknown for a talented courtier

to be held prisoner to stop him from fleeing into Bretonnia's more wholesome climes. In many cases, a lord's court can be as isolated as the most backwards village, with courtiers huddling in a cold and draughty keep fearful of disease-ridden villagers and cut off from their relatives and fellow high-born outside Mousillon. Many is the daughter of Bretonnia who has been offered in marriage to a lord of Mousillon and never been seen again. Similarly, many a younger son has offered his lance to a visiting lord not knowing he hails from the lost duchy, and found himself compelled to follow his new lord back into Mousillon from whence he might never return.

— LAW AND ORDER —

Mousillon's lack of a duke means laws depend almost entirely on the whims of the nobles. The courts of nobility do not exist without a Duke to patronise them and justice between nobles is settled on who can intimidate or kill his opponent. Justice among the peasants is similarly haphazard, and it is not unknown for a malicious or unhinged noble to boil peasants alive for forgetting his birthday. There are as many sets of laws as there are nobles, but some deeds are considered crimes with set punishments across most of Mousillon. Frog and snail poachers, for instance, are normally impaled, since poaching of the lord's swamp is a crime against the principle of noble authority tantamount to rebellion.

The nobles, however, rarely seek to enforce the laws in the villages, unless they concern rebellion or illegal swamping. Villages enforce their own local customs, often surrounding the many superstitions that can vary greatly from village to village. Crimes which seek to introduce disease into a village are traditionally punished with burning at the stake, and a woman who runs off to marry a man from another village can still expect to be drowned in some of the more isolated communities. The oldest men in the village, those who live into their thirties, are normally entrusted with deciding which punishments are handed out; although, peasants are known to take up their pitchforks and knives to enact mob justice when a crime particularly offends their morals.

An aspect of law and order peculiar to Mousillon is the prevalence of animal trials. For some reason lost to history, Mousillon peasants maintain a tradition of assigning criminal guilt to various animals and charging, trying, and executing them as a result. While this is a relatively rare occurrence, an animal trial is a major event in the history of a community, and news of it sometimes even spreads beyond the village. Animals are most commonly charged with crimes that leave no physical trace, witchcraft being the most common, along with vague crimes like "bringing the pestilence" and "harbouring immoral thoughts." Highly esoteric charges like bigamy and sedition are not unheard-of. Chickens are often the defendants in animal trials, as are cats, dogs, and even pigs on the rare occasion that a village owns one. In fact, many pig trials ultimately result from villagers harbouring jealousy towards the village pig, which has considerable status as a symbol of wealth and prosperity.

Animals from outside Mousillon are not immune to prosecution. Tales are told of travellers having their horses strung up by fearful villagers who, having never seen a horse before, assumed it was some sort of monster and condemned it to death. Likewise, a historical account exists of a sailor's pet monkey washing up on the duchy's shore after a shipwreck, whereupon it was burned at the stake by the first peasants who found it in the belief it was a spy for evil forces. In all cases, however, frogs and snails are considered above the law, and most peasants would consider the idea of prosecuting one to be ridiculous.

— RELIGION —

The worship of the Lady is still the norm among the Mousillon's nobility and chapels dedicated to the Lady are common in knightly keeps. Without a duke or the presence of any Grail Damsels, however, many aspects of the Knightly Code have fallen by the wayside. Many nobles, for instance, employ mercenaries from among Mousillon's brigands and free lances, or even employ un-knightly weapons like firearms obtained from shipments brought into the Barony's docks. There are still some who obey the Lady's will as they have always done, but these knights are becoming a minority among the nobility.

Among the peasantry, religion is composed mostly of superstitions that vary from house to house, let alone between villages. Some of the more common suspicions include burying

the dead face down, always sparing a white snail, never leaving the village in which you were born, leaving food as an offering at the edge of the woods, dancing around a large burning effigy of a pig every winter solstice, and considering extra nipples to be very lucky. Superstitions are as numerous as they are strange, and failing to observe them properly marks one as a definite outsider. In extreme cases, ignoring them can mean becoming outcast or even the victim of mob justice.

The people of Mousillon pay observance to other Gods of the Old World but often in a skewed or obscure way. There is a temple to Manaen in the docks of the Barony, for instance, dedicated to a brutal, cruel version of the God who sinks ships for fun and laughs at the gurgles of drowning sailors. Many peasants know the name of Shallya, but because almost all

her priests died in the last outbreak of the Red Pox, few of them know anything more about her, and the rites they enact have little to do with the Goddess' worship elsewhere. Taal and Rhya can often be identified with some of the legendary beasts said to roam Mousillon's forests and swamps, which the peasants attempt to placate with offerings of food to keep

the land producing what little bounty it can spare. Finally the Lady is found in Mousillon folklore, used as the subjects of oaths and called upon to bless weddings and burials. There is little in Mousillon that can be considered organised religion, however, and what religion there is has more in common with Frogwives' tales than the pronouncements of distant priests.

— DANGER ABROAD —

For many of Mousillon's peasants, the stretches of swampy land between villages are as strange as a foreign land. There is good reason for this—Mousillon is a dangerous place. Many threats roam unchecked through the Lost Duchy and not just Human bandits.

THE UNDEAD

The walking dead have plagued Mousillon since Landuin's day. For the most part they are wandering Zombies, normally plague dead animated by the power of Mousillon's curse. These feral creatures can feast on unwary travellers or lay siege to peasant villages. Given Mousillon's lawlessness and plentiful supplies of corpses, it is little wonder that petty Necromancers sometimes surface in the duchy and create bands of Zombies to attend on them and do their will. One manifestation of Mousillon's curse is that uncontrolled Zombies do not collapse but instead wander off to pursue their own devices (normally eating things and moaning incoherently). There are therefore plenty of uncontrolled Zombies for even a minor Necromancer to control.

The very grimmest villages sometimes descend into utter degeneracy and become home to Ghouls, creatures that were once Human but have feasted on the flesh of their fellow men. Such places become foul nests of the Undead, and their presence is one of the few things that will have peasants from other villages banding together and marching out with brands and pitchforks to put the unliving to the flame.

Some say that the touch of undeath has reached up into the ranks of Mousillon's nobility. But that is another story.

SKAVEN

Ratmen come a-scuttling, as they are wont to do, to Mousillon as they do to more civilised places. Some among the Skaven are adept at using poxes and poisons to inflict plague upon unsuspecting populations, so on the surface it is no wonder that they have an interest in Mousillon, which has been ravaged by the Red Pox twice in its dark history and is still a highly infectious place to live. However, disease is so prevalent in Mousillon that there isn't much the Skaven can do to make it worse. Instead, they treat Mousillon as a sort of laboratory, studying the way plague spreads and the effects the Red Pox has on its victims. Those few who understand anything about the ways of the Skaven speculate that the Red Pox was actually a creation of the Skaven in the first place, but no one can be sure of such a thing.

BEASTMEN

Herd of Beastmen dwell in the pitch-black forests of Bretonnia, creeping out into the swamps at night to snatch their prey from peasant hovels. In this sense, they are no different from the Beastmen who dwell in the Forest of Arden in Bretonnia or the Drakwald in the Empire. However, what differs in Mousillon is how many villages have historically entered into a pact with Beastmen, offering them their children in return for protection from bandits or assistance in feuds with neighbouring villages. Such happenings are still rare, but they live on in tales told a-nights by Frogwives wishing to scare a naughty child.

SWAMP THINGS

With much of Mousillon consisting of snail-infested swamps, swamp-dwelling creatures exist that could well be unique to the Grismerie valley. Slow, strong, malodorous and possibly intelligent, these creatures are frequently indistinguishable from piles of swamp debris until they move. Strangely, rather



than just being another danger to watch out for while out swamping, the "Grey Men" are enshrined in Mousillon folklore as being protectors of the wild who should not be

harmled and who might even offer their wisdom to dedicated and skilled Swampaires.

— MOUSILLON TIMELINE —

Imperial/Bretonnian Calendar

- 3 (975) Landuin of Mousillon joins with Gilles of Bastonne and Thierulf of Lyonesse to fight the Greenskins attacking Bastonne.
- 2 (976) Landuin is blessed by the Lady of the Lake while resting in the Forest of Chalons, becoming one of the first Grail Knights alongside Gilles and Thierulf.
- 0 (978) The Ninth Great Battle of Gilles the Uniter (also the Victory of Landuin). Gilles and his Companions ride upon a host of the Undead that invaded Mousillon. Landuin rides alone into the horde and slays the Necromancer who called the horde forth, whereupon the other Companions charge into the horde and destroy it.
- 1 (979) With Gilles' unification of Bretonnia complete, Landuin is appointed the first Duke of Mousillon.
- 17 (995) Death of Gilles Le Breton.
- 25 (1003) Landuin and Thierulf fight a duel over a matter long since forgotten and the subject of much conjecture. Landuin wounds Thierulf and never again visits any courts of the Companions.
- 67 (1045) Death of Landuin.
- 737 (1813) A great outbreak of the Red Pox ravages Bretonnia. In its wake, Ratmen emerge from beneath the ground and lay siege to Brionne and Quenelles. Mousillon suffers greatly from the plague, but Duke Merovech of Mousillon and his knights are spared. They ride out and assist in driving the Skaven back below ground.
- 836 (1814) The Madness of Duke Merovech. At a victory feast, Duke Merovech loses his mind and challenges the king to a duel. Merovech slays the king and drinks his blood. In the wake of this atrocity, Mousillon is invaded, and the north of the duchy becomes a part of the duchy of Lyonesse. It is even said that the invasion is triggered as much by Lyonesse's traditional rivalry with Mousillon as by Merovech's wickedness. Mousillon never truly recovers, and much of it falls into poverty in the following years.
- 1016 (1994) In this year it is first recorded that the burial place of Duke Merovech has been lost. Questing Knights ride out to rediscover it, but none are successful.
- 1113 (2091) The fabled Grand Sow of the Grismerie is born, the biggest pig ever to have graced Mousillon. Sow Night is still celebrated in many villages in commemoration of this event.

- 1319 (2297) The Affair of the False Grail. Duke Maldred and his consort Malfleur imprison the Fay Enchantress, denounce the king, and claim to possess the true Grail. Mousillon is disgraced once more and the king leads an army into Mousillon, besieging the city.
- 1322 (2300) The Red Pox strikes again, ravaging both armies in the siege of the city and killing the greater number of Mousillon's peasantry. The siege ends when all the defenders die and the King walks unopposed into the city. Maldred and Malfleur are found dead in the Ducal Palace, slain by unknown means among the debris of their revelling. Mousillon is declared lost, and the king does not appoint a new duke.
- 1472 (2450) The Grail Chapel at Pied a'Cochon, the largest remaining in Mousillon, is besieged by a prodigious horde of the Undead. None of the Grail Damsels remain when the horde disperses, and they are feared eaten by the shambling corpses. The chapel is never rebuilt.
- 1480 (2458) The Battle of the Tides. A large host of pirate ships is dragged by freak tides onto the coast of Mousillon, where it is trapped and sunk by the Bretonnian Navy. It is the largest sea battle ever seen off Mousillon.
- 1501 (2479) Nicolette of Oisement is found guilty of witchcraft and murder following the disappearance of a daughter of the Duke of Lyonesse. Nicolette is sentenced to be walled up in her home in eastern Mousillon.
- 1522 (2500) Louen Leoncoeur is crowned King of Bretonnia. He is immediately concerned with the "Mousillon problem," strengthening the Cordon Sanitaire and assisting the dukes of Lyonesse and Bordeleaux in patrolling their borders.
- 1539 (2517) The first sightings of the Black Knight, Mallobaude, said to have attended the court of the noble Aucassin.
- 1541 (2519) Dead frogs rain from the sky across the eastern Grismerie valley. This is seen as a dire portent, and there is much agitation among the peasants.
- 1543 (2521) A group of knights arrives unbidden at a battle against Norscan raiders near L'Anguille. Their standard bears the heraldry of a gold snake on a black field. The group leaves midway through the battle without explanation, and many brave knights die at the hands of Norscan berserkers as a result.
- 1544 (2522) King Louen Leoncoeur readies his armies, and many are certain that an Errantry War is to be declared against Mousillon and the Black Knight.



CHAPTER II: A TRAVELLER'S GUIDE TO UNLOVELY MOUSILLON

Mousillon is one of Bretonnia's smaller duchies, situated on the west coast of Bretonnia. It shares borders with the duchies of Lyonesse to the north, Gisoreux and the Forest of Arden to the east, and Bordeleaux to the south. Mousillon was originally much larger, but its northern, more fertile half was lost to Lyonesse after the Duke of Lyonesse led an army into Mousillon to avenge the death of the king at the hands of Duke Merovech. Though that was more than six hundred years ago there are still families in Lyonesse and Mousillon that resent being split by the division of Mousillon, and the resentment over the loss is still sometimes used by agitators on both sides of the border to rally support.

It is said in the days of the first Duke of Mousillon, Landuin, the duchy was as beautiful as any in Bretonnia. If that was ever true, it is sadly no more. Mousillon's land is poor and swampy, its forests dank and dreary, and its weather unusually poor for the duchy's latitude. Many areas around the Grismerie are all but impassable swampland, and even the higher areas towards the border with Lyonesse in the north afford little decent farming, being rocky and barren. The most fertile area is the northwest, where the Forest of Arden encroaches on the duchy's soil, but few if any dwell near the forest because of its abundance of peasant-devouring monsters. Mousillon's coast is rocky and often treacherous, with the exception of the natural

river harbour on which the barony stands. Some of the more organised bandit gangs have wrecked incoming ships on the rocky shores by faking navigation beacons and luring unwary ships onto the rocks, then waiting for the cargoes (and bodies) to wash up with the next tide.

Mousillon is defined by two main features. The first is the River Grismerie, for much of Mousillon is made up of the Grismerie valley as it winds its sluggish way towards the sea. The other is the City of Mousillon, a sturdy, walled town guarding the natural harbour formed by the mouth of the Grismerie. The city was considerably beautified in the days of Duke Maldred, but it was never rebuilt after being besieged, and much of it is in abandoned ruins. The city is the most sizeable settlement in Mousillon and probably the only town in the duchy that could be made defensible were King Louen to declare an Errantry War against Mousillon.

Like most of Bretonnia, there are numerous keeps and knightly castles dotted around the duchy. The Chateau Hane is one of the more remarkable of these, a well-built keep dominating one of the only stone bridges across the Grismerie. The Tour D'Alsace is also a notable landmark, being a tall, rather crooked tower in Mousillon's north that is said to attract strange lights and other portents. The Castle Oisement is a small castle

built on Elven foundations, which was shunned in spite of its beauty after its mistress was walled up inside as punishment for witchcraft. While some of Mousillon's keeps are formidable

fortifications or beautiful fairytale castles, most are in poor repair, and a few are even completely abandoned, left for the beasts and weeds to consume.

— THE CITY OF THE DAMNED —

Built on the site of a handsome Elven city and now fallen into ruin and lawlessness, the city of Mousillon is a battle-scarred sinkhole of poverty, crime, and depravity. By Bretonnian standards, it was a large and prosperous town two centuries ago, the Ducal Palace at its centre and stout defensive walls that had stood since Landuin's reign. Much of its prosperity can still be seen in the splendour of the palace and the houses of some of Mousillon's richer plague victims, but large stretches of the city are now ruined and abandoned, and clusters of hovels house the poverty-stricken inhabitants too terrified of the city's ill reputation to spend their nights within its bounds. Most activity in the city is centred around the docks, where ships that fly no flag come and go, often under cover of night, and the wrong word can get your throat slit in an instant.

The city is split into several areas, often largely isolated from the others thanks to the stretches of ruined, haunted city between. Some parts are as treacherous as the most monster-plagued forest, and all of it shares the common evils of criminal violence and disease.

THE CHARNEL HILLS

The entire population of the city died between 1319 (2297) and 1322 (2300) when it was besieged by the forces of the king. The Red Pox struck and wiped out almost the whole population of the duchy, hitting the city the hardest. And when the Pox was done, the dead were heaped up in the streets. Rather than simply leave them to rot and further foul Landuin's legacy, the king ordered the bodies of both the city's dead and the Pox victims from his own army to be buried in mass graves outside the city walls. The Charnel Hills are the result, low rises of earth where the soil was piled up on these mass graves. Even after two hundred years they still stand in mute testament to the magnitude of the suffering inflicted by the Red Pox.

The plague dead are still buried in the shadow of the Charnel Hills, with new plague pits opened regularly. Because of this, the soil is fouled beyond belief, and just breathing the air can be lethal. Some of the dead rise as Zombies, while flesh-eating Ghouls hunt for fresh bodies to eat. Though only just beyond the city's walls, a visit to the Charnel Hills requires an armed expedition and plenty of luck. Apart from the mass burials, however, there are reasons to venture into the Hills. Foremost among these is the fact that many plague dead are buried in an indecent hurry, and the Red Pox outbreak of 1319 took nobles as well as the poor. That means many bodies were buried with jewellery and money still on them, making the Charnel Hills a rare source of treasure in Mousillon. Nobles from elsewhere in Bretonnia have even been known to offer rewards for bringing back an heirloom that was interred in the Charnel Hills when a relative died of the Red Pox. No one knows if a grave robber has ever actually collected such a reward, but if they have,

then they surely received more wealth than they could ever otherwise find in Mousillon.

THE SOUTH GATE

With the North Gate ruined and haunted by Zombies from the Charnel Hills, everyone entering the city from elsewhere in Mousillon does so through the South Gate. The Gate is of original Elven design and retains its grandeur in spite of the scores of hovels that cluster around it. A community of poverty-stricken peasants has grown up around the gate, existing by begging, stealing, or occasionally trading with people entering or leaving the city of Mousillon.

The South Gate is a dismal place inhabited by peasants who do not even have swamping rights to their name, and it is the default home of anyone who, through superstition or outright fear, does not wish to spend their nights inside the city itself. Travellers entering through the South Gate can expect to be stopped at every turn by plague-scarred beggars pleading for food or by would-be cutthroats demanding money.

THE GRISMERIE

As it winds through the city, the River Grismerie becomes wide and sluggish. Its waters are irredeemably foul, choked with rubbish, filth and corpses and fairly bubbling with all manner of poxes and plagues. The river's waters are dubious enough upstream, but in the city, they are positively lethal. Though there are no officially enforced laws in the city, common mob justice uses drowning in the Grismerie as a punishment. When the Grismerie reaches the sea, it forms a wide harbour where ships can dock on either bank.

THE CHAPEL QUARTER

Most of the city's inhabitable buildings are in the southwest of the town, centred on the Grail Chapel built by Maldred on the southern bank of the Grismerie. The houses here are poor and ramshackle, often far grander properties divided and fallen into disrepair, but the streets are reasonably free of non-Human threats, and most importantly, the well in the square outside the Grail Chapel is the safest source of drinking water in the city (and possibly the whole of Mousillon). It has even been known for outsiders to drink unboiled water from the well and not perish. Almost everyone who lives in the Chapel District makes a daily journey to the well to collect water and take it back to wherever they live. A self-appointed militia guards the well, with support from the priesthood in the Chapel itself.

The Grail Chapel is handsome and lavish, perhaps rather too ornate to be a truly humble offering to the lady. Crusted with gargoyles and layered in carved depictions of Gilles'

Companions and their twelve battles, the Chapel is a wonder compared to the rest of the city. Only the black patina that still remains from the smoke of the siege and the plague-stricken beggars dying on its steps suggest that it belongs here. Inside, the Chapel has been stripped of all its statues, furniture, and finery, but it is still an impressive sight with shafts of pallid sunlight reaching between its pillars and a mighty altar to the Lady.

The Chapel is run by a group of men and women calling themselves "the priesthood." These are no Grail Damsels, however, and they do not administer alms to the poor or sing the praises of the Lady. The head priestess, Aurore, runs what is best described as an organised crime syndicate based in the Chapel. Aurore and her "priests" sell blessings, religious indulgences, and superstitious trinkets to the city's inhabitants. Few here would engage in a risky activity or make a significant decision without first travelling to the Chapel and spending what little they have on a prayer or religious trinket from the priests of the Grail Chapel. Some even come in from elsewhere in the duchy, making a sort of pilgrimage into the city for a few words of prayer. It is not that everyone in Mousillon is stupid enough to believe Aurore's priests really do the work of the Lady (although plenty of people are), but rather that with so little in the duchy that is holy, they take what they can get. Aurore's prices range from one thumb-sized black snail shell for a few words of blessing, to a fatted pig for the right to drink from the Chapels' own grail (a pretty but totally mundane chalice). Even nobles have been known to make the trip to the Chapel to receive a dubious blessing from Aurore herself. The popularity of her services has made Aurore Mousillon's most successful businesswoman and one of the most profitable criminals in all Bretonnia.

The Chapel bustles with activity, with a queue of thugs, beggars, and more waiting to buy a tiny piece of holiness, all surrounded by a gaggle of people drawing water from the well. The militia protecting the well are supplied with weapons and other support by Aurore, because the proximity of the well to the Chapel helps bring in more customers. Aurore has not yet dared to charge for using the well, since even a "Grail Damsel" such as herself could not hope to survive the violence that would surely result from denying the people their only source of clean water.

BRIDGE QUARTER

The River Grismerie defines the city, and Landuin's Crossing is the largest bridge across the river (and the only surviving stone bridge in the city itself). The Bridge Quarter serves the needs of the dockside gangs and the crews of the ships who come into the docks, making it a sinkhole of vice. Brothels, drinking pits, and gambling holes are the more respectable locations on and around the Crossing. A few blocks of concentrated debauchery, the Bridge Quarter is where the little money that comes into the city is spent.

The Quarter was once a relatively prosperous district. Its upmarket houses have been converted into drinking dens and bordellos, and its streets are little better, with cutpurses mixing with the beggars and thugs. Landuin's Crossing itself



now groans with jerry-built structures, since the bridge itself is the prime location for drawing in sailors from the docks. The Fallen Heaven, a combination of music hall and tavern, is the largest and most profitable establishment in the Bridge Quarter and consists of an ugly, rickety building perching precariously on the bridge.

AUORE'S TROUBLE

Aurore makes a tidy profit from her fake religious enterprise, but she is troubled. Doubts about the morality of her vocation have been nagging at her. Perhaps if she had a genuine holy relic, she really could be a holy woman. But how to find such a thing in Mousillon? A band of desperate adventurers willing to steal a religious trinket for money seems just the answer.

REPLACEMENT ENTERTAINERS

One of the leaders of Garde Cimitiere dockside gang took a liking to the crude slapstick antics of La Comedie Feride in a shabby Bridge Quarter music hall and ordered the performers to attend the gang's headquarters. Unfortunately, all the performers have disappeared, and the music hall's owner needs some hardy fellows to take the performers' places. Previous stage experience is not required....

Mousillon

CITY OF THE DAMNED



LOCATIONS OF NOTE

THE SOUTH GATE

1. Shanty Town
2. South Gate

THE CHAPEL QUARTER

3. The Grail Chapel
4. The Well

THE BRIDGE QUARTER

5. Landuin's Crossing
6. Fallen Heaven

THE DOCKS

7. Damselle Vert
8. The Old Cemetery
9. The Lance of Light
10. The Temple of Manaen

THE LOST TOWN

11. The Ducal Palace
12. North Gate

My Lord von Siert,

I was only in the city for two nights, but as far I'm concerned it was two nights too many.

Mousillon is a blight upon our world, and, if possible, its people are even worse.

I have marked the few locations of interest in the damned place, but I strongly recommend not visiting any of them: it is simply too dangerous.

Perhaps we should stick to the Empire?

I am, as always, your humble servant,

Matthias Thornhauser



The northern channel of the noxious Grismerie is barely navigable by sea-going vessels. The dark waters are clogged with sediment and marsh reeds, thus are deceptively shallow.

DISTRICT MAP



1. SOUTH GATE
2. CHAPEL QUARTER
3. BRIDGE QUARTER
4. DOCKS
5. LOST TOWN



The southern channel of the Grismerie formed as the city slowly sank into the marsh. The silt-clogged water isn't deep, and skeletal remains of old buildings pierce its flow.

HILLS

The north gate of the city is blocked by the Charnel Hills. It is said that once the population of the entire city was interred there, struck down by disease. Whatever the truth, the dead do not rest easy.

Duchy Map



Charred gouges carved into the ruins of north-east Lost Town are so deep that rumours of massive creatures rising from the marsh's depths may be more credible than first suspected.



Much of the soil in southern Lost Town is so waterlogged that some heavier buildings have sunk, never to be seen again.

A shanty town huddles tight to the ancient grandeur of the South Gate. It is mostly comprised of tents, crudely-built shacks, and conical huts constructed from tightly-tied reeds gathered from the marshes.

THE DOCKS

The Docks are the beating heart of ailing Mousillon, the only factor keeping the city inhabited and the duchy itself alive. The Docks see ships arrive daily which fly no flag and have often just made the precarious run through waters patrolled by the Bretonnian fleet. Exotic substances from Araby, pilfered antiquities from the New World, the proceeds of piracy and slave-trading, and all manner of other illegal cargoes are unloaded onto the docks for transport out of the duchy. The ships pick up supplies, the crew savour the delights of the Bridge Quarter, and then the ships leave as anonymously as they arrived.

This process is overseen by the dock gangs. There are several gangs, and the areas of the docks they control and the services they monopolise are in constant flux. The gangs exact a tax in gold or kind for allowing ships to dock, and while this tax is high and enforced with violence, it still works out far less than an honest captain would have to pay in a lawful city elsewhere in the Old World even if their cargoes were legal. The same gangs also move cargoes out of Mousillon, either across the Cordon Sanitaire and into Bordeleaux or on to buyers elsewhere in Mousillon itself (often the duchy's shadier nobles). Members of the dock gangs tend to be short-lived, but they do have the chance, however small, of working their way up to a position of importance and relative wealth. More than a few gang members are ships' crewmen who spent a copper too many in the Bridge Quarter and missed their ride home, while others are peasants who have ventured into the city and found themselves violent and unscrupulous enough to find employment on the docks.

Almost nothing on the docks happens without the gangs' approval. They take a cut of everything, from the incoming cargoes to the crusts handed out to beggars. The Docks are the only parts of the city to have any regular imposition of law, since the gangs deal with infractions quickly and decisively. They also engage in sporadic violence between gangs, but no one gang has ever managed to maintain supremacy. Principal gangs include the Sang'Argent (led by an old Tilean pirate and based in the ship the *Damoiselle Vert*), the *Garde Cimetiere* (violent and morbid brotherhood who live in ransacked tombs on the edge of the city's old cemetery) and the *Ecorcheurs* (specialists in moving slaves and captives, based in the city's ruined lighthouse).

The Docks are in relatively good repair with the various gangs having good reason to keep them from falling to ruin. Ships come and go constantly, and there are usually a few anchored at the docks at any one time. Makeshift buildings house gang barracks, warehouses, and auction-rooms while other landmarks of the docks include the elegant-but-decaying *Damoiselle Vert* permanently anchored on the north dock, the ruined lighthouse on the end of the southern dock, and the temple to Manaan.

The temple is kept as well as it ever was during the city's heyday because the sailors who come into the docks are

genuinely terrified of Manaan. As the God of the sea, Manaan holds their lives almost literally in his hands, and the temple is exclusively to his violent, stormy, ship-wrecking side. All the gangs have a hand in the temple's upkeep, and it is a rare sailor who leaves the docks without first leaving a keepsake or handful of pennies at the temple. Unlike the city's Grail Chapel, Manaan's temple is a genuinely sacred place and no one disrespects the building or the name of Manaan on the docks. The standard punishment for courting Manaan's anger is immediate drowning.

THE LANCE OF LIGHT

Mousillon's lighthouse, the Lance of Light, stands alone at the tip of the southern dock. When Mousillon was at its height, the Lance was essential to guide the countless ships into the docks and keep them away from the treacherous shores to the north and south. In past eras it was lit with a huge oil lamp, but during Maldred's reign, he refurbished the Lance, and it was lit by Malfleur's sorcery. The Lance burned continuously through the siege of the city, and it is said when the light finally went out, the king knew for sure that Malfleur was dead and that the city had fallen.

Now the Lance, having fallen into disrepair in the centuries since, is a half-collapsed death trap, and it looks like a skeletal arm reaching feebly towards the sky. The Lance is visible from most parts of the city, a ghostly silhouette against the grey sky. Most consider it uninhabited, but it has recently become the headquarters of one of the major dock gangs, the *Ecorcheurs*. The *Ecorcheurs* are notably violent even among the hard-bitten criminals of the docks. Their speciality is dealing with live cargo. This is particularly tricky to deal with since it can run away as well be stolen or damaged, and *Ecorcheurs* have become notoriously ruthless in their dealings as a result. The Lance of Light is as much a prison as a headquarters, and its upper floors (those that have not completely collapsed) are used for holding slaves and fugitives until they can be moved out again. Being so far above ground, these floors are not troubled by the city's poor drainage and so they are relatively free of the disease that is the greatest danger to their merchandise. The rest of the Lance is formidably defended by traps, makeshift fortifications, and several well-armed *Ecorcheurs*.

Unknown to the *Ecorcheurs*, and probably to the rest of the city's inhabitants, the Lance of Light was not originally a lighthouse at all. Prior to a great expansion of the city after Landuin's death, the docks only occupied the north side of the river harbour, leaving the south side free. A powerful sorceress built her tower on the south of the river opposite the city, so she could be at once close to the land of the Lady and also to the town. This sorceress, Manon, never married and considered herself wed to the land of her birth, Mousillon. She felt a great darkness coming to Bretonnia's fairest duchy and resolved to stay there and hold off the coming curse as best she could. Manon, though reclusive and little known even in to Landuin's court, was an exceptionally powerful sorceress devoted to saving Mousillon.

WAYWARD REFUGEES

A makeshift fleet of ships carrying refugees from the north of the Empire has been blown catastrophically off course for weeks and is about to run aground just north of the City. A hedge wizard on board has got a magical message to one of the adventurers, and the only way to guide the stricken ships into the City is to ignite the torch on top of the Lance of Light. Once the refugees are in the City, their troubles have only just begun....

Alas, Manon did not succeed. The very same night that Landuin died in his bed, someone stole into Manon's tower and stabbed her as she slept. How someone could do such a thing when Manon's powers of divination were so formidable, none can say. Manon was solemnly buried some way up the coast, her grave marked by a simple marble slab worn by the salty sea wind. Her tower was converted into the lighthouse when the southern docks were built, and gradually everyone in Mousillon forgot Manon had ever existed. Manon, perhaps alone in all the Old World, understood the nature of the curse coming down over Mousillon, but her life was ended before she could pass that knowledge on.

Sometimes, the captives held in the Lance see a slim, mournful, pale-faced lady drifting through the top floor of the lighthouse, always weeping, desperately trying to say something but never able to speak. But these are surely the delirious visions of desperate and diseased slaves, and the Ecorcheurs pay them no mind.

THE DUCAL PALACE

The Ducal Palace is the grandest and oldest building in Mousillon. Built around a single tower evidently of original Elven architecture, even the newer parts of the palace probably date from before Landuin. During the reign of Maldred, the Palace was made extraordinarily lavish, as priceless tapestries hung from every wall, the finest gilded furnishings graced every room, and feasting and entertainment was endless. It was a rare pleasure to be invited to the court of Mousillon, one well worth travelling through the rest of the duchy at the time. But since the terrible Affair of the False Grail, that has changed.

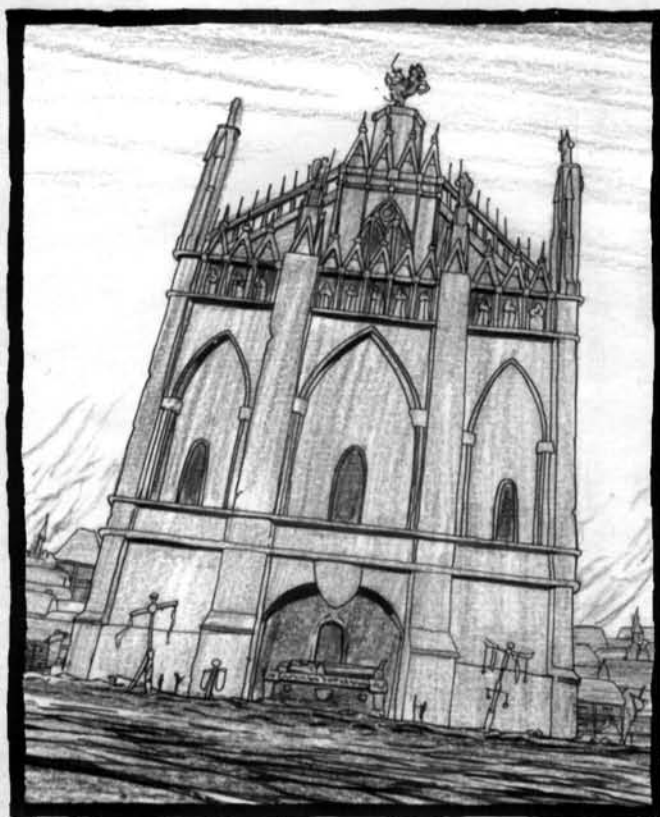
During the siege of the city, the Ducal Palace was locked against the hordes of plague-infected peasants outside and Maldred, Malfleur, and dozens of courtiers and servants remained inside, ignoring the plague and battle raging around them. It is said (although none can be sure) the most heinous crimes of debauchery were committed in those final days, ordered by Maldred to drown out the pleas of the dying. When the king's army finally opened the gates and sent men to the palace to arrest Maldred, they found the gilded rooms full of corpses. Everyone in the palace died in mid-revel of an unknown cause. The king ordered the palace sealed, and the dead were left where they were—as far as anyone knows, they are still there.

The Palace is sealed to this day, and none venture near it. Many say it is the seat of Mousillon's curse, though in truth the duchy



was damned long before Maldred. In any case, the Palace is a place of evil and death. The Elven tower, elegant and sombre, rises to dominate the skyline of the northern half of the city. Two wings, the Lord's and the Lady's Wings, flank the tower and are in turn surrounded by a high sheer wall. A few other smaller buildings stand in the shadow of the Palace within the wall, such as stables for the Duke's horses and quarters for his servants. The whole place is decorated with elaborate carved scrollwork that echoes the Elven designs. It is far more tasteful and entrancing than the gaudy decoration of the Grail Chapel, and the Ducal Palace is easily the most beautiful building in the duchy. It is still very defensible, however, and had Maldred not been occupied with his obscene revels, it could have held out for many months even after the city itself had fallen.

The Palace's many rooms include the High Gallery where the Duke held audiences, the Lady Chapel, the Ducal Quarters at the pinnacle of the tower, and the Hall of Landuin's Grace where Maldred held his famous banquets. They are all presumably dressed in the same finery as they were when Maldred was duke but now suffer from damp and disrepair. The bodies are probably there, too, left where they were killed either by plague or by some unknown hand. No one knows for sure since no one has been confirmed as having ventured into the Palace in two hundred years. Some madmen or naïve liars claim to have scaled the walls and seen inside, but in truth, everyone in the city is afflicted with a nameless dread of the Ducal Palace. Even visitors from outside Mousillon come under a pall of cold fear when they approach the Palace. The structure seems shrouded in darkness and decay even from a distance. In spite of this, the story has spread that at nights, the feasting in the Palace begins anew and ghosts of Maldred



and Malfleur hold their terrible revels, doomed to dance to the music of the dead for all time.

Should anyone ever venture into the Palace and live, they would surely find riches beyond compare, enough to probably buy the whole of Mousillon and certainly enough to make them disgracefully rich for the rest of their days. But even those who have ventured through the worst of the Lost Town to the gates of the Palace walls have faltered, halted by the dread that suffuses the place. All who went so far have either returned quickly or, some say darkly, been trapped in Maldred's court, compelled to dance with the dead forever.

THE LOST TOWN

Much of the city was ruined and abandoned during the siege, and with no one to rebuild them, these areas have stayed ruined and abandoned. Abandoned by people, that is—there are dark things in the city that make the Lost Town their home. There is also much reward for the skilled and lucky should they

THE LOST LADY

The Duke of Bordeleaux is attempting to refurbish a beautiful but run-down Grail Chapel near the border and has discovered that the fine statue of the Lady that once crowned the chapel was used by ignorant peasant soldiers as ammunition for one of their war machines during the siege. Perhaps it is still lying somewhere in the Lost Town? The Duke would pay handsomely for its return.

wish to venture into the places where the dead walk the rubble-strewn streets.

Much of the city north of the Grismerie lies in ruins, the area around the Ducal Palace particularly badly hit (although, the Palace was miraculously spared any damage). The town's south-eastern portion is also lost, as are pockets of ruins dotted elsewhere around the town. It is written that the siege of the city was the first time the King of Bretonnia authorised the use of war machines such as catapults and trebuchets by the peasants in his army, ruling that this did not contravene a knight's vow to the Lady. The war machines reaped a horrible toll among the people and buildings of the city, and in the Lost Town one can find scores of boulders and chunks of masonry that were used as ammunition, still lying in the streets or among the ruins of shattered buildings.

The Lost Town includes what were once the city's wealthier areas. This means there are many hidden caches of gold and valuable trinkets that might have survived the elements. Specialised thieves prowl through the Lost Town, and some even find valuable things that, if they can find someone to sell them to, can net them enough to buy their way out of Mousillon and start a new life. There are very few such individuals, however, since the Lost Town is haunted.

The Undead walk the streets in the Lost Town. The mouldering Skeletons of plague victims and the bloated corpses of the more recently deceased often walk or crawl through the Lost Town, certain evidence of the stain of evil left on the city by Maldred's impiety. Nests of Zombies pose an immediate hazard to anyone who goes near them and even worse, degenerate half-Human things scuttle up from beneath the ground to snatch away the unwary and eat them alive. These Ghouls are the real scourge of the Lost Town. They are predatory and cunning, and always hungry. On the rare occasion that the Ghouls venture out into the city's populated areas, they are met with flaming brands by mobs of fearful peasants. These events give rise to stories of creatures that come in the night to steal away children or suck out your soul. Such stories are, of course, true, and the resulting fear of the Lost Town is enough to ensure that no co-ordinated effort to explore and recover the Lost Town has ever been made.

THE BARONY

Few tales in the city are as outlandish as the description of a hidden kingdom beneath the town, a court of Ghouls lorded over by a monster. Inevitably, this particular tale is true. Few in the City of Mousillon suspect the size and extent of the Barony, but all of them suffer from its depredations in some way. A parasite that lives off the misery and weakness of the people above, the Barony is probably the most civilised place in the city while at the same time being the most brutal.

A largely forgotten Duke of Mousillon, Afregar, had ambitions well beyond his capabilities and resources. He wanted a modern city such as he had seen in the Empire or like the mighty Dwarf-built fortresses he had heard of. He hired the best architects from Nuln and set them about improving Mousillon so it would represent the height of both Bretonnian tradition and modernity. The first thing he needed was a

modern sewer system to cope with Mousillon's extremely poor drainage. Afregar immediately had his architects begin work digging an impressive sewer system beneath the city's streets, featuring high vaulted ceiling and carved columns, so that Afregar's city could be as dramatic beneath as it would be above the streets. Unfortunately, with the sewers less than a quarter finished, Afregar's money ran out, and soon after he died in a hunting accident when his horse tripped on a molehill. The sewers were left incomplete and were subsequently forgotten, as was Afregar.

That was more than three hundred years ago. The sewers are still down there, and with grim inevitability, they have been colonised by the very worst of the city's inhabitants. A colony of Ghouls came to infest Mousillon's sewers, and these flesh-eating creatures sometimes stopped squabbling long enough to raid the surface-dwellers above. The Ghouls were dangerous but ill-organised, content to survive beneath the city and nothing more. That was, until one arrived amongst them with the capacity to rule.

Next to nothing is known about the Cannibal Knight, the King of the Ghouls. Relatively few in the city have even heard of him. A few tales tell of how he was a man from the city who desired revenge for some reason on his fellow Humans, who went down beneath the streets to tame the Ghouls. It is equally possible he is just a particularly strong and vicious Ghoul who killed his way to the top of the food chain and stayed there. Whatever the Cannibal Knight is, the most common stories

tell of how he has turned the unruly Ghoul colony into a kingdom mirroring Bretonnia itself. The Cannibal Knight is king, and he has Dukes beneath him (especially violent and strong Ghouls) ruling the lowliest Ghouls (the commoners) below. The Cannibal Knight's relative intelligence means he can be negotiated with and one dock gang—the Garde Cimetiere—claim they are an ally of the Cannibal Knight and send legions of Ghouls after those who challenge them. Whether true or not, it is open to question and perhaps the Cannibal Knight will one day send his flesh-eating army after the Garde Cimetiere for having the audacity to claim such a thing. If it is true, however, then it suggests the most evil and strong-stomached of the city's criminals could find an able ally in the Cannibal Knight and his kingdom beneath the streets.

The Barony itself consists of the improbably grand sewer sections, which look more like the vaulted chambers of an underground cathedral than conduits for the city's waste and crude connecting tunnels dug by the Ghouls. The Barony is a kingdom in miniature with its own villages of hovels and particular sections furnished and decorated like debased palaces for the higher-ranked Ghouls. The Cannibal Knight's "palace" is an extraordinary junction of sewer sections where the Knight himself sits on a throne of well-gnawed bones and rules a court of jesters, gladiators, and petty sorcerers. Much of the Barony exists in pitch darkness, and it is doubtful if anyone in the city above has penetrated more than a few steps into the Barony and returned alive.

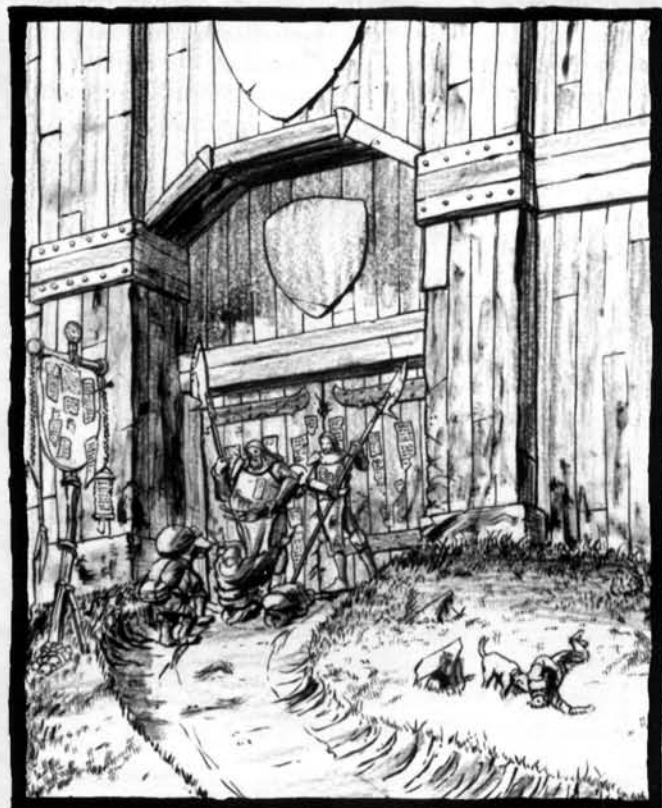
— THE WAYWARD DUCHY —

A traveller does not have to venture into the city itself to be robbed, infected, drowned, executed, or eaten by Undead. There is plenty elsewhere in the duchy for him to see. While much of Mousillon can be characterised by swamp and marsh with the occasional collection of peasant hovels, the duchy's past—and, possibly, its future—means there are some other places of interest.

THE CORDON SANITAIRE

Over the two centuries since Mousillon was officially disgraced by the King of Bretonnia, the Cordon Sanitaire has been gradually built up around the duchy's borders. By order of the king, more than two dozen towers encircle Mousillon whose sole purpose is to watch for bands of peasants leaving Mousillon. Bretonnians are certain that a peasant from the duchy must surely carry the Red Pox and would be the source of another outbreak if they were permitted to leave the duchy. Thus, the towers stand along Mousillon's few roads, game trails, and paths, using natural terrain to make sneaking past them difficult if not impossible. To ensure their continued success, soldiers regularly patrol the gaps left between the towers. And where the soldiers cannot go, they leave it to the natural dangers of Mousillon's countryside (Undead, Orcs, and worse) to do the dirty work.

Each tower serves as a checkpoint along the Cordon. Like a small fortress, each is self-sufficient, having the means to grow



its own food and keep food animals on hand for slaughter. About once every three weeks, the attached duchy sends supplies and fresh troops. Governing each is a castellan—usually a knight charged with capturing and questioning any peasant who tries to cross the Cordon from Mousillon into the neighbouring duchy, especially into Lyonesse and Brionne. In truth, relatively few peasants venture out of Mousillon (many do not realise there is a world outside their village, let alone the duchy), and the Castellans find themselves instead fighting bands of outlaws and racketeers moving contraband from the city through the Cordon. Beneath the castellan, there is a small garrison of 10 to 20 Militiamen, though some are staffed by knights (about 20% of all the towers).

King Louen Leoncoeur takes the Cordon very seriously and has reinforced some of the Cordon's small garrisons, as well as encouraging Questing Knights and Knights Errant to assist in the patrolling of Mousillon's borders. It is rumoured in the highest circles the Cordon is being reinforced in response to a new claimant to Mousillon's dukedom and that Louen is hoping to either contain a new army being forged in Mousillon or pave the way for an invasion of the duchy by royal forces.

In spite of the Crown's renewed interest, the average Cordon watchtower is a rather dismal place, lonely and isolated, staffed by a knight acting as castellan and a few men at arms. Knights and nobles are assumed to be on honourable business and can normally move freely across the Cordon, as can commoners or foreigners if they are specifically permitted to do so by the duke of a neighbouring duchy. Others, however, must run the Cordon. The Cordon cannot physically prevent everyone from crossing through, but the journey is still very dangerous as travellers without authority can be killed by the forces of the castellans—to this end a few criminals in Mousillon specialise in moving people and cargo through the Cordon, using hidden passes and the occasional corrupt soldier in a castellans' staff to gain safe passage out of the duchy.

RUNNING THE CORDON

Characters attempting to pass the Cordon illegally have their work cut out for them. If they do not have authorisation, the castellan and guards prevent all passage, and only through force of arms can they go forward—though the tower has a strong advantage of numbers, defences, and arms. Moving

around a tower is almost as challenging. For every 30 minutes the characters spend within 2 miles of either side of the Cordon, they have a 40% chance of encountering a patrol of 1d10/2+2 militiamen (or knights). The patrol urges, forcefully if necessary, the Player Characters to return to Mousillon where they belong. Should the PCs attack either the tower or the patrol, they become outlaws in Bretonnia, and the offended duchy spares no expense in tracking down and executing the fugitive characters.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN

Mousillon's north-western border is defined by the edge of the Forest of Arden. Beloved of dashing tales and the frequent destination of Questing Knights seeking a beast to slay, the Forest of Arden is a dark place infested with horrible things. Monsters of many kinds lurk there and sometimes wander out into the lands of Mousillon, though they usually find slim pickings since the Forest has a very ill reputation, and few peasants live anywhere near it. The Forest's green-black depths gradually thin out until there are only a few scattered, sickly trees clinging to the marshy land, and this is where Mousillon proper traditionally begins. There is no clear border, however, and sometimes the desperate or insane will hide out on the fringes of the Forest.

GRENOUILLE GATE

The town of Grenouille Gate straddles the Grismerie where it meets the border with Brionne to the east. A collection of fortified wooden buildings and boathouses, the Gate exists to regulate and tax the trade that passes in and out of Mousillon. It is an unusual town by Bretonnian standards as it exists for reasons of trade and is run largely by representatives of the many merchants' clubs that dominate Bretonnian business. It is at Grenouille Gate that legitimate cargoes coming up the river out of Mousillon are checked and taxed, with both the merchants and the crown taking a cut. Though these taxes are high, the gate is the only place that a cargo can leave Mousillon without the Knights of the Cordon Sanitaire assuming it is illegal. The merchants are very vigilant, and it is exceptionally difficult to smuggle anything through Grenouille Gate. The Gate is also home to a few boating companies that specialise in sending cargoes (and the odd ill-advised passenger) into Mousillon and back. These companies hire the toughest, most trustworthy boatmen and boat guards from around Bretonnia, and it is a hardy breed of men who repeatedly venture into Mousillon for pay.

Grenouille Gate is administered by a loose council of representatives from the merchant clubs, including heavy presences from the Brethren of the Lighthouse, the Rooster and Kettle (who buy the firearms and other exotic weapons often brought into the docks of City), and Inequitable Life (who is widely suspected of sponsoring criminals that smuggle less legitimate cargoes through the Cordon). Bretonnia's nobility is represented by Sir Parvon, a hard-nosed and bullish knight who, as well as serving as the

THE MISSING CREW

A boat drifts into Grenouille Gate. It is devoid of life, only bloodstains suggesting what happened to the crew. It is up to someone (the adventurers) to retrace the boat's passage down the Grismerie and perhaps link the crew's fate with the mysterious passenger who paid the boatman in gold to transport him all the way to the City.

Castellan of the closest Cordon watchtower, also rarely fails to ensure that the crown takes a piece of the trade coming through the Gate.

THE VICTORY OF LANDUIN

Mousillon's finest hour came when Landuin, who had been battling alongside Gilles in freeing Bretonnia from the Greenskins, returned home to find Mousillon overrun with the living dead. Landuin rode into the midst of the Undead horde and was lost there for a full day, out of the sight of Gilles and his Companions who feared Landuin had been killed. Landuin returned after nightfall, carrying the head of the foul necromancer who commanded the Undead—Landuin had sought him out and slain him and so avenged the death of his kin at Undead hands and put right the desecration of his home. At daybreak, the Companions rode out, and the Undead horde, leaderless, was torn apart by their thunderous charge.

The site of the battle, some way east of the Portand just north of the Grismerie, is an area of unusually good soil for Mousillon, and it would make for excellent farming land if any peasant dared to plough it. The Victory is a reminder that Mousillon was once a land of verdant beauty, where the touch of the Lady could be seen in every rolling hill and stand of trees. However, the Victory is rarely visited because it is a place of death as well as beauty. So many walking dead were torn apart by the Companions' charge that thousands of bones still lie just beneath the surface or poking through the soil, preserved through the intervening centuries by some remnant of necromantic magic. Indeed, some dare to whisper that it is only the echo of that dark sorcery that gives the Victory life and not some blessing of the Lady.

At the centre of the Victory is a ruined stone keep, now little more than the crumbling stump of a tower, rumoured to be the place where Landuin fought the Necromancer. It should be a place of pilgrimage and holiness, but few go to see it. The Victory as a whole is a place of great beauty, but also a sinister, indefinable wrongness that means few tarry there for long.

THE ORPHAN HILLS

A range of low hills in eastern Mousillon are known collectively as the Orphan Hills. Rising above the waterlogged ground, they are known among the worldlier peasantry (those who have actually left their home village once or twice) as a place where the most unusual and exotic herbs and flowers grow. Many folk remedies passed on through generations of Frogwives use herbs that grow only in the Orphan Hills, and the villages around the hills are home to herb-pickers well versed in spotting the useful herbs among the weeds. A knowledgeable Frogwife might pay anything up to a chicken leg for a fine bunch of herbs from the Orphan Hills, and some hardy folk travel the roads of Mousillon selling herbs to various villages. Such travellers are viewed with great suspicion since they have the audacity to leave the village of their birth. Still, they are tolerated.

The Orphan Hills are covered in bracken and scrub, but they are still more pleasant than most of the rest of the duchy. They are also relatively safe, and it is only the stubbornness of the bracken that prevents them from being more densely populated. A ruined keep sits atop one of the Orphan Hills, and though little more than a few collapsed walls, it was evidently quite large before it fell into disrepair. No record exists of the keep's name or who once lived there, and it might even be an ancient Elven ruin. In any case, some of the more useful herbs grow from the cracks of its foundations.

THE TOMB OF MEROVECH

Merovech, the insane Duke of Mousillon, is still notorious as the madman who slew the king at a victory feast and whose subsequent defeat led to Mousillon losing its most fertile land to Lyonesse. Though widely vilified even when he was still alive, many notable knights and noble families were loyal to Merovech to the end. Many of these knights fought alongside Merovech when he destroyed a Skaven army in 837 (1815) and all but worshipped the brutal, warlike Duke. Upon his death, they banded together and, in spite of the new king's wishes, built a mighty tomb for the dead duke. This huge stone mausoleum, the size of some smaller keeps, was constructed near the centre of Mousillon where Merovech could look out upon his dukedom in death. Many of the most fanatical knights and servants of Merovech's household agreed to be buried with him, shut up inside the cold tomb to honour their duke in death and repay him for failing to protect him in battle.



THE SKAVEN HUNT

The Skaven seem to be searching for something in Mousillon, something hidden and lost. Duke Merovech and his knights were famously spared in the Red Pox outbreak of 837 (1815). Are the Skaven searching for his remains to see if there was some magic that spared the mad duke from the Pox?

However, the immense weight of the mausoleum and the poor drainage of Mousillon conspired to sink the tomb deep into the earth. Its location was never widely known, and after it sunk into the ground, it became officially lost in 1016. Many a Questing Knight has set out to find the tomb, but so far, none have succeeded, for they all assumed that it must still lie above the ground. In truth, it lies beneath the centre of a large swampy depression, filled with foul stagnant water. The many knights, servants, and warhorses entombed beside Merovech have rotted away to nothing; a few algae-encrusted chunks of bone are all that remain. Merovech himself has fared slightly better, his eroded skeleton still sits enthroned at the centre of the huge stone tomb, grinning madly into the darkness. Inside the tomb is a dark reflection of a Bretonnian court, some of the stone reliefs depict Merovech battling the king or impaling criminals alive on spikes in his feasting hall. The duke's skeletal hand still holds the black iron goblet from which he drank the king's blood, and his mighty warhorse lies, its skeleton almost eaten away to nothing, at his feet. Unless someone connects the swampy crater with the lost tomb, Merovech is destined to lie undiscovered for many years to come.

PIRATES' GRAVE

Like the rest of Bretonnia, Mousillon has seen many battles. Few, however, have taken place on the ocean off its bleak, rocky shore. The Battle of the Tides was a terrible exception. Its origins lie in the seas around Tilea and Estalia, where piracy is so prevalent that whole Tilean city-states are based around its profits. The Estalian Navy mounted a rare campaign against the pirate ships in its waters, and a great host of pirates decided to band together and sail north to escape the Estalians and find some safe harbour in Bretonnia or perhaps Marienburg. The Bretonnians would

A PIRATE'S DEBT

Giovanni the Red, a notorious Tilean pirate, went down with his ship in the Battle of the Tides. A noble from the Tilean city-state of Remas claims his family was owed a great deal in restitution from Giovanni, and the pirate's death has not cancelled the debt. The noble wants Giovanni's most precious possession, his diamond-studded false eye, brought back from Pirate's Grave.

of course object to so many pirates suddenly sailing around in their waters, but the various pirates reckoned with some justification that they could outrun the Bretonnian fleet.

The pirates did not take into account the malice of the sea-god Manaen. A series of freak tides dragged the pirates close to the shore of Mousillon, and they found they were trapped with the coast on one side and a Bretonnian fleet on the other. The Bretonnians closed and crushed the pirate fleet ship by ship, shattering them with cannon shot or letting them tear their hulls on the jagged rocks of the shore. The battle lasted a full day and a night, during which the entire pirate fleet was destroyed. The next morning saw a prodigiously high spring tide, and it is said that some drowned corpses were deposited a full mile inland.

Pirates' Grave, off the coast north of the city, is a bleak testament to the Battle of the Tides. The Bretonnian fleet, having just witnessed how deadly the Mousillon coast could be, had no wish to salvage the pirate ships that were lost. So the ships were left to rot where they had sunk or run aground, and most of them are still there. From the coast, it is possible to see the sun-bleached masts sticking up above the surface of the water, or the rotting, skeletal hulls rearing up onto the rocks. The high tide during the battle means that many ships settled almost entirely out of the water when the tide subsided, and several pirate ships lie, almost complete, on the rocks like beached whales.

The ships have long since been picked clean of valuables, including the bones of the dead sailors. Even so, every now and again a peasant on the coast near Pirates' Grave will plough up another set of bones or a couple of tarnished copper coins from some chest of treasure. The Grave still holds great mystique, and adventurers or the curious often come to visit it, to clamber among the decaying timbers of the beached ships and gaze on the wrecks of those further out to sea. Many more ships lie beneath the surface, and a few hardy adventurers or racketeers from the city have tried to recover valuables from them, but never with much success.

Nothing involving pirates and death ever occurs without leaving behind tales of ghost ships ploughing through the waves at night or brine-sodden corpses rising from the surf to take their revenge on the living. More interesting, however, are the tales of the famous looted riches that must lie on ships beneath the surface. The Knights of the Blazing Sun, for instance, would dearly love to recover their lost Sun Crown of Bilbali, and it is probable that it went down on one of the ships destroyed in the battle of the Tides. Likewise, there are many who insist that the Infant Princess of Sartosa, kidnapped on the eve of her coronation, must have been captured by pirates and probably drowned on one of the sunken pirate ships. Tilean mercenaries have even been despatched to Mousillon from Sartosa to recover her body, but so far none have been successful and few have even returned. Though with time, the timbers will rot and the bones will turn to dust, the Pirates' Grave could still yield up its secrets up until the very end.

THE CHAPEL OF FRENEGRANDE

Few who have visited Mousillon would believe it, but there is one place left in Mousillon that is truly sacred to the Lady. The Chapel of Frenegrande was built several hundred years ago by far-sighted Grail Damsels who saw a time of darkness approaching Mousillon, and they wished to ensure one place remained touched by the Lady even when the rest of the duchy was lost. It was at the command of the Fay Enchantress herself that the Chapel was built. Thereafter, the Chapel was always home to a single Grail Damsel, and from time to time a Questing Knight would come across the Chapel and receive the blessing of the Lady there, always being sworn never to reveal the Chapel's location.

The Chapel's location was kept secret to prevent it from being exploited, sacked, or taken over by the more ruthless brand of noble that the Fay Enchantress saw coming to the fore in Mousillon. It is in the northern part of the duchy, nestled among some low, rocky hills, surrounded by stony land where no peasants farm. The Chapel itself is small and well-built, without any of the ostentation that characterises Maldred's Chapel in the city. Its interior consists of a small nave with several stone pews facing an altar to the Lady, a tiny and sparse room where the Chapel's Grail Damsel lived, and a short stone stairway leading to a crypt where the bodies of previous Grail Damsels were interred in stone coffins.

The Chapel's history, like that of Mousillon itself, is a sad one. When Maldred and Malfleur imprisoned the Fay Enchantress during the Affair of the False Grail, the Enchantress cast a desperate spell in the hope of contacting her Grail Damsels. Tragically, only one Damsel heard the cry for help—Frenegrande, the Grail Damsel in Mousillon's hidden Chapel. Alas, Malfleur also heard, and spinning her web of dark sorcery she divined the location of Frenegrande and the hidden Chapel. She despatched Maldred's most ruthless knight, Sir Garin the Stern, to kill the "traitor" who dared help the Fay Enchantress defy the will of the grail.

Sir Garin reached the Chapel with all haste, and Frenegrande (who was an old and frail woman) knew she was doomed when she saw him riding over the hill towards her. She barred herself up in the Chapel and prayed day and night to the Lady, knowing she would receive no help from elsewhere in the duchy and waited to die. Sir Garin, while a violent and brutal man known for his efficiency in putting down unruly peasants, was a man of unbreakable honour and had sworn an oath to his lord Maldred not to leave the Chapel until the Grail Damsel within was dead. So as the damsel prayed, he waited, knowing that without food and water the Damsel would die. The poor, stony land around the Chapel provided nothing for Garin to survive on either, and both the knight and the Damsel died of thirst and starvation within a day of each other.

No one, save perhaps the Fay Enchantress herself, now knows how Garin and Frenegrande died. The Chapel remained hidden for the next two hundred years and sometimes it calls

out to the Questing Knights who choose to seek their doom in Mousillon. There, the ghost of Frenegrande might grant the Lady's blessing to a knight devoted and pure enough to find the Chapel, or else send him off to right one of the many wrongs in Mousillon and so do the Lady's work even where it is said her light never shines. It is even possible Frenegrande could become the patron of a band of dissolute adventurers or even foreigners, for such is the desperate situation of Mousillon that even those of common or foreign blood could be called upon to combat the duchy's all-pervading curse.

As for Sir Garin, presumably his bones have long turned to dust, and he is rightly forgotten. Every now and again, however, an herb-seller or prodigal peasant will tell a tall tale about a skeletal knight who rides around some hills to the north, perhaps animated by the wickedness of his deeds in life or seeking to repent from beyond the grave. But few, even in Mousillon, believe such tales.

THE DONJON OF DOL

During the Affair of the False Grail, Maldred, aided by Malfleur's magic, imprisoned the Fay Enchantress. There are few places where the Fay could be held prisoner, but unfortunately for her, Maldred took her to the forbidding Donjon of Dol, a lonely, little-known tower that rises from the sea just off the north-western coast of Mousillon. The Donjon is a tower of sea-sprayed black granite, perhaps of ancient Elven design now eroded into a gnarled finger of rock pointing angrily at the sky. The Fay languished in the Donjon until a Questing Knight named Gaston de Geste was led by visions to the Donjon. There he defeated the monster Maldred had set to guard the spindly stone bridge leading to the Donjon and released the Fay Enchantress. For this deed, the Fay granted Gaston the vacant throne of Bretonnia, and it was as king that Gaston led the knights who rode into Mousillon and besieged the City. The Donjon was forgotten, save perhaps by the Fay herself.

The Donjon of Dol still remains off Mousillon's coast, lashed by storms. The narrow stone bridge that once connected it to the coast fell during Gaston's battle with the beast, and the Donjon can only be reached by somehow traversing the treacherous rocks and churning sea and then somehow climbing up to the entrance halfway up the rocky spire. The beast is also there, its flint-hard bones lying broken on the rocks where it fell, and during low tides, a perceptive adventurer might just glimpse the bleached ivory of its twisted, spiny backbone, festooned with seaweed and encrusted with barnacles.

Inside, the Donjon is scarred by magic, both the dark sorcery of Malfleur and the life-bringing power of the Fay Enchantress. The tower is in constant flux between the powers, so that while some rooms might be foul chambers of veiny flesh where faces scream from the walls, others are verdant with lush grass and flowers and bathed in a pale wondrous light. The original purpose of the Donjon is unknown and its many chambers connect in a dizzying spiral up towards the cell at its very top where the Fay was imprisoned, and the ensorcelled shackles



THE NEW PRISONER

The adventurers have succeeded in uncovering a foul plot and unmasked the devious villain responsible. Unfortunately, this villain knows too much to simply be executed, and no normal prison can hold him. But the adventurers' patron has heard of a prison that held even the Fay Enchantress herself! All they have to do is find this Donjon of Dol, explore it, and make it ready to receive their prisoner.

used to hold her are still there. Maldred never explored the Donjon thoroughly and perhaps there are other secrets locked in its granite depths.

FARULIN'S BROTHERS

In the north-east of Mousillon, just south of the Forest of Arden, stand scores of monoliths in complex arrangements of concentric circles. No one knows who Farulin actually was or what the stones signify, but peasants who go missing in the area can often be found sitting by one of the monoliths, staring up at the sky. They cannot be woken from this dull state of awareness for several days.

The truth is that Farulin's Brothers are possibly the oldest Human-built structures in the whole of Bretonnia. They were built to create a strange magical effect that befuddles those who stray within their boundaries, to keep the curious away

from the barrow of an ancient chieftain of the Breton tribes. Long dead before Gilles was ever born, this chieftain must have been a powerful warlord with many skilled sorcerers at his beck and call for the spell on Farulin's Brothers to remain after all this time. His barrow still stands at the centre of the monolith fields, undisturbed even by the curse of the restless dead that hangs over Mousillon. The chieftain's chariot and warhorses were buried with him in an antechamber where corroded bronze horse armour still lies, while the stone coffin in the chieftain's own burial chamber has remained sealed in spite of the efforts of time, damp, and vermin.

Why did the chieftain buried amid Farulin's Brothers, doubtless a supremely powerful man, not rise to prominence as Gilles later did? The answer can be found on bronze plates buried with him, which are inscribed with complex pictograms that a talented scholar could translate. They tell a dark story of battles, corruption, and suicide, which suggests perhaps there was a dark fate upon Mousillon even before the days of Landuin.

PIED A'COCHON

The Grail Chapel at Pied a'Cochon is considered by many to have been the last sacred place in Mousillon. A small, pretty, isolated Grail Chapel deep in the swamps of the eastern Grismerie valley, the chapel was carefully maintained by a small staff of Grail Damsels who sometimes did good works among the dirt-poor peasants of the swamps. It was said that the Fay Enchantress held the chapel at Pied a'Cochon very dear, for it provided hope to the very lowest of Bretonnia's poor.

All this ended in 1472 (2450) when the chapel was besieged and destroyed by a great horde of Undead. The Grail Damsels were either devoured or fled, and none has ever returned. The chapel now stands abandoned and ramshackle, shunned by the benighted peasants who toil in the surrounding swamps. All is deathly still... unless some living person should be in the chapel at noon. When this is the case, the clouds darken above, and deep mists roll over the chapel. Then, from the mists comes lurching a moaning horde of Zombies. The Grail Damsels appear too, spirits enacting that dreadful day when the walking dead stormed their chapel—but while the Grail Damsels are Ghosts, the Zombies are very real, and whoever is inside the chapel will have to fight a desperate, grisly siege as the Zombies try to force their way in through the doors and windows.

No one knows why the Zombies attacked the chapel or who (if anyone) was controlling them. Perhaps the only way to find out these answers would be to survive the Zombie siege and speak with the spirits of the Grail Damsels afterwards. Was

— TRAVELLING IN MOUSILLON —

Travel within Bretonnia is one thing. Travelling through Mousillon is another. Although Mousillon is not a large duchy, its roads (where they exist) are poor, and many assumptions made by travellers elsewhere simply do not apply to Mousillon.

DISEASE

Foremost among the matters of which a traveller must be aware is disease. Mousillon has been ravaged by the Red Pox twice in its history and suffered countless smaller outbreaks of both the Pox and other maladies. Virtually everywhere in the duchy is prone to spontaneous outbreaks of disease, and travellers from outside the duchy who have not built up a native peasant's resistance to disease are particularly vulnerable.

Drinking unboiled water from any of the duchy's water sources forces a character to take a Toughness Test or contract a disease, most commonly the Red Pox. The River Grismerie is particularly infectious—if the character drinks water directly from the Grismerie, they must make a Hard (—20%) Toughness Test or contract the Red Pox. The only safe water source in Mousillon is the well outside the Grail Chapel in the Barony. Drinking unboiled water from this well only forces a character to take a Very Easy (+30%) Toughness Test. Furthermore, simply spending a long time in a particularly grimy or vermin-ridden place can cause a character to contract a disease. For every three days spent (or three nights slept) in such a place (examples include a peasant's hovel and some of the fouler boarding rooms in the Barony) a character must make a Toughness Test or contract a disease (again usually, but not always, the Red Pox).

In all cases, anyone who has spent any time in Mousillon or even those who are familiar with the duchy without having been there (like a soldier in a Cordon Sanitaire watchtower)

THE RELIC

The Fay Enchantress desires the return of a priceless relic, a signet ring on the finger of a Grail Damsel interred beneath the nave of the chapel at Pied a'Cochon. But does she really care about the ring, or is she just sending hapless adventurers to the chapel in the hope that they will survive the re-enacted Zombie siege and bring back the secrets the chapel still holds?

there some secret they knew that someone wanted to keep unspoken? Were they on some mission from the Fay that the Zombie master needed stopped? The truth will never be known unless some brave or very unfortunate adventurers walk the overgrown chapel at noon and face down the Undead horrors that follow.

can point out the activities most likely to result in an unwary traveller being infected. Many ill-educated Bretonnians believe "Don't Drink the Water" to be emblazoned on the Ducal Arms of Mousillon.

All diseases of the Old World can be found in Bretonnia, along with some that can be found nowhere else. Examples of the latter include the sinister Swampaire's Croup and the deeply unpleasant Horrorblind Fever.

TABLE 2-1: PREVALENT MOUSILLON DISEASES

Roll	Disease
1-2	Red Pox
3-4	Swampaire's Croup
5-6	Horrorblind fever
7-8	Green Pox
9-10	The Bloody Flux

SURVIVOR'S BLOOD

A friend, patron, or relative of the adventurers has been taken ill with a bizarre disease. All of the apothecaries summoned have been at a loss, save one who recalls a similar disease reported among the peasants of Mousillon before the Affair of the False Grail. The adventurers must travel into Mousillon, find someone who survived the disease, and bring them back so their blood can be transfused into the victim in a groundbreaking medical procedure.

THE RED POX

Description: The Red Pox is a short-lived but extremely dangerous disease that can easily kill. It has twice wiped out almost the entire population of Mousillon, and the Cordon Sanitaire was built to prevent the same thing happening to the rest of Bretonnia. It is transmitted primarily by drinking infected water. The Pox is characterised by initial symptoms of a very raw throat and uncontrollable shaking. Within a day or so these symptoms are replaced with internal bleeding (often with blood issuing from the nose, mouth, and eyes), violent bloody coughing, and severe internal pain. The disease causes a victim's organs to haemorrhage, and those who die from the Red Pox often have their insides reduced to gory mush. The folk remedies for the Red Pox are almost as numerous as its victims and include systematic bleeding, repeated dunking, amputating limbs, drilling holes in the skull, and immersing the victim in frogs.

Duration: 7 days

Effects: Each day, the victim's Toughness drops by -5%. If they engage in any activity other than total bed rest or are exposed to any of the more alarming folk remedies, they must make a Willpower Test or lose an additional -5%. If Toughness reaches 0, the victim dies. The effects of the Red Pox seem to be more devastating when the victim is in close proximity to many other victims (such as when the victims were closely packed inside the besieged Barony). If this is the case, daily Toughness loss is -10%.

SWAMPAIRE'S CROUP

Description: The means by which Swampaire's Croup is transmitted are not clear, but they seem to have something to do with the catching and preparing of snails (superstitious peasants ascribe this to the vengeance of snails that were not caught or gutted cleanly). Sufferers develop a loud and barking cough, often accompanied by the expectoration of lurid green phlegm. This green substance sweats from the pores in the disease's later stages, giving the victim an oily, greenish sheen that has sometimes led to sufferers being mistaken for Undead.

Duration: 5 days

Effects: The victim suffers a -15% to Fellowship tests, due to his slimy and grotesque appearance, and closely resembles a Zombie. Whenever in a situation where he must remain quiet (such as making a Silent Move test), he must pass a Willpower test or cough violently, probably giving himself away.

HORRORBLIND FEVER

Description: A strange disease that is said to be inflicted by the malice of the Grey Men or other swamp spirits, Horrorblind Fever sometimes afflicts those who spend too much time in Mousillon's swamps. The sufferer has only mild symptoms (like intermittent rashes or a head

cold) until they are placed under great stress, whereupon there is a chance they will be struck temporarily blind. Horrorblind Fever can be gravely hazardous to anyone who experiences fear, panic, or even just excitement regularly, which makes it very dangerous for adventurers.

Duration: 3 days

Effects: Whenever the afflicted character must make a Willpower Test, he must also make a Toughness test or be struck temporarily blind for 1d10 rounds.

MONEY

Gold is a traveller's best friend. Unfortunately, it is a friend often unwilling to journey with him into Mousillon. In the majority of the duchy, coins have little or no value, and so most trade is done through barter (see *Old World Armoury* for suggestions). To the peasantry, the wealth of one's estate is measured not in gold or silver, but in bountiful supplies of food and so many exchanges are between snails and frogs.

Travellers with clean water, food, or interesting trinkets can exchange them for several shells worth of lodgings or other services from a peasant village (though the more isolated villages will have nothing to do with outsiders, even from other nearby villages). A noble's wealth is traditionally valued according to the abundance of wildlife and food harvested on his land in a typical year, and swamping rights are the most commonly traded intangible goods among the peasantry.

Gold, silver, and brass count for rather more in the city, which has a more sophisticated (if mostly illegal) economy thanks to the coins brought in by sailors in the docks. Dockyard gangs and the various establishments of the Bridge Quarter expect to be paid in coins. Most common foreign currencies are good here, since the sailors bring in money and goods from all over the Old World (and sometimes the New World). Coins are also good for buying indulgences from the Grail Chapel in the city, although Aurore also accepts payments in kind.

TRANSPORT

Transport in Mousillon consists of what you bring with you. The swampy land of the Grismerie Valley is notoriously poor ground for horses, both for travel and feeding, and it is quite probable that not a single peasant village in the duchy has a horse. Many nobles have stables, but they loan horses only to those they trust or who pay through the nose for them. There is virtually nowhere in Mousillon that a man can hire a horse; although, one could probably be stolen from a noble if the thief did not mind having a price put on his head.

Roads in Mousillon are very poor. Some are little more than ribbons of relatively sound earth above the surface of a marsh. In other places, rotten duckboards are all that stand between a weary traveller and a long night stuck in a bog up to his waist. The main road out from the South Gate of the city is relatively good, but it peters out a few miles from the Barony's walls where the swampland around the Grismerie swallows it up. The northern part of the city is easier to traverse than the Grismerie Valley, but there are still few roads or tracks.

The Grismerie itself is the main exception to the difficulty of travelling in Mousillon. The river is one of Bretonnia's main trade routes and boats frequently travel along it. Given the reputation of the duchy, however, they do so as quickly as possible and normally only stop at waystations operated by the boating companies. These boats bring cargo from the city into the rest of Bretonnia, but because the Grismerie is well-patrolled by mercantile guards and inspectors, when it reaches Gisoreux and Bastonne these cargoes are almost always the more legitimate ones brought into Mousillon. Untaxed or illegal goods must normally be moved by foot through the Cordon Sanitaire. Running a barge along the Grismerie is, as might be imagined, a grim and sometimes harrowing experience, and inevitably innumerable stories are told about the various horrible things that befall boatmen on the way. For the most part, the peasants on the banks of the river shy away from these boats filled with strange outsiders, occasionally the peasants try to sell them bunches of herbs or cured rat steaks with little success. The muddy banks of the Grismerie

THE MONOLITH

A hardy and fearless explorer has found a monolith with strange carvings in the eastern Grismerie valley, a dreadfully poor area of swamps and disease. He needs sturdy adventurers to help him transport the monolith by makeshift barge all the way to the docks, where he hopes to get it onto a ship heading for a centre of learning where it can be studied.

are therefore all that most outsiders ever see of Mousillon, for which most are grateful.

In the city, almost all travel is by foot. Anyone, even a noble, who rides into the city on horseback soon finds their mount being sold as fresh meat.

A traveller entering Mousillon is normally advised to bring some decent boots with him.

— MOUSILLON BORN AND BRED —

Though many peasants never leave their home village, there are still those who venture beyond their swamp-bound homes in search of adventure, riches, or better swamping. Some adventurers might therefore be from Mousillon, and others might even settle in Mousillon (normally against their will) and take up some occupation peculiar to the duchy such as swamping.

A character from Mousillon will almost always be a Human. A commoner from Mousillon starts play with the skills

Gossip and Speak Language (Breton) (note that a Mousillon Commoner does not begin play with Common Knowledge of anywhere, such is the isolation of the average peasant village). They also begin with the Talent Resistance to Disease, along with two more random Talents. In addition, a character from Mousillon must take a roll on **Table 2-2: Mousillon Look**. The most common starting careers for a Mousillon commoner include Peasant, Frogwife, Swampaire, and Outlaw.

TABLE 2-2: MOUSILLON LOOK

Mousillon's peasant villages are small and isolated, to the extent that the peasantry have a noticeably unique look. A practiced eye can often tell the inhabitants of two villages apart by the curve of a hump or the number of fingers on each hand, while someone without clearly Mousillonian features will be treated as a foreigner. The table below can be used to quickly determine just what gives each peasant that "Mousillon look."

Roll	Trait	Roll	Trait
01-05	Small hump	51-55	Extra toes on both feet
06-10	Medium hump	56-60	Eyes move independently
11-15	Large hump	61-65	One eye noticeably larger than the other
16-20	Eyes too far down	66-70	One ear noticeably larger than the other
21-25	Eyes too far up	71-75	Large overbite
26-30	Eyes too far apart	76-80	Large underbite
31-35	Eyes too close	81-85	Webbed feet
36-40	Extra finger on one hand	86-90	Irregularly shaped skull
41-45	Extra toe on one foot	91-95	Third nipple
46-50	Extra fingers on both hands	96-00	Fourth nipple

— MOUSILLON CAREERS —

The following basic careers are exceptionally appropriate to characters hailing from Mousillon.

FROGWIFE

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.

—Frogwife Advance Scheme—

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*

*These Careers appear in *Knights of the Grail: A Guide to Bretonnia*.

SWAMPAIRE

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.

—Swampaire Advance Scheme—

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, idio 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*, Ycoman*

*These careers appear in the *Knights of the Grail: A Guide to Bretonnia*.

— LEGENDS OF THE LAND —

From courtly troubadours to wizened Frogwives to hard-bitten bandits swapping tall tales, everyone in Mousillon has a story about the Lost Duchy. All those who live there know there is something wrong with the place, something far more insidious than even the enforced isolation or the prevalence of disease, and this feeling has given rise to countless fairytales and tall stories about Mousillon's inherent strangeness or how it came to be the way it is. Any self-respecting Frogwife has a formidable armoury of tales and a readiness to tell them to anyone who will listen...

- Ghouls live beneath the city, and they rule an entire kingdom with its own lords, dukes, and even king.
- There is a land outside our village, so big that it would take days to walk across it. And that land sits within an even larger land that might take weeks to cross!
- The lights over the Tour D'Alsace are caused by a wizard who tears out people's souls and flings them into the sky. When he throws them hard enough, they become stars.
- Lost children grow horns and cloven feet and gather in the woods. We must seek to live in harmony with these bestial men because they are our own sons and daughters.
- Snails never die. When they are gutted, they immediately pop out of the mud again somewhere else. This is because snails are not animals but a blessing on the peasants of Mousillon from the Grey Men.
- The people in the next village are child-eating murderers. They worship a great flapping beast that comes down from the sky!
- Thierulf of Lyonesse was once Landuin's best friend, but he grew jealous of Landuin and came to hate him. Eventually he challenged Landuin to a duel over some meaningless matter, but Landuin was by far the better knight and wounded Thierulf about the face. Thierulf was disgraced and instructed his knights and heirs to exact revenge for him, by seeking out any reason to invade Landuin's realm and win it for Lyonesse. Thus, after the Madness of Merovech, Lyonesse invaded Mousillon not to punish Merovech's crimes but to make good Thierulf's vengeance by conquering the better half of Mousillon and condemning the duchy to darkness and misery.
- The Grey Men farm peasants like the peasants farm frogs and snails. Every now and again the Grey Men will snatch away everyone in a particular village and eat them. They only do this to villages whose peasants do not leave offerings of leftover gutted entrails in the swamps.
- The Black Pig of the Woods is everywhere at once. It is the source of all living things and hence the source of all death. Beg the Black Pig for your life to be spared!
- A child born with extra nipples, fingers, or toes is sure to have some extraordinary talent. There was once a boy

born with two heads who was the greatest Swamphaire that ever lived.

- Mousillon's curse would be lifted if a man were to ride into the Ducal Palace on the back of the Grand Sow of the Grismerie, who still roams the swamps of the western Grismerie Valley. We burn an effigy of a sow every Sow Night in the hope that the Grand Sow will see it and come trotting to our salvation.
- Our village is surrounded by corpses who have risen from their waterlogged graves. If you ever go beyond the village's border stones, they will hunt you down and eat your brains.
- Much of Mousillon's nobility is descended not from Landuin, but from one of Landuin's nephews who was spared death in the Undead invasion because the Necromancer recognised a spirit in the boy as malicious and twisted as his own.
- Landuin's duel with Thierulf was over Thierulf's wife, Rosalind. Landuin had either stolen her away or subjected her to a terrible outrage. This was the first sign there was darkness in Landuin's soul, and Thierulf's attempt to talk sense into his friend was met with violence by Landuin. In the ensuing duel, Thierulf was wounded about the face and, having been beaten by a better fighter, could not challenge the result. So was missed the only opportunity to heal the wound to Landuin's heart, and so was Mousillon condemned to its curse.
- There once was a noble lady of Mousillon who was condemned for witchcraft, murder, and drinking the blood of maidens. She was fortunate because her true crimes were much, much worse.
- Far in Mousillon's north is a magical forest where the spirits of the trees are searching for a way to cure the duchy's ills.
- One day the Lady of the Lake came to Mousillon, but she fell ill there because of all the wickedness done to Bretonnia by the Greenskins. The land fell sick with her and stayed so even when the victories of Gilles and his Companions caused her to recover.
- Rats the size of men live in a cave beneath the Orphan Hills. The size of men!
- If you bury a body face-up, it will start screaming and never stop until it is reburied facedown.
- The curse exists because Landuin is not honoured properly in death. He is buried somewhere in the sickly soil of Mousillon, and until someone finds him and re-interers him in a grand tomb befitting a Companion of Gilles, the curse will remain.
- Shallya only listens to us when we first sacrifice a healthy villager in her name, to show her that we fear no cure.



CHAPTER III: RISE OF THE BLACK KNIGHT

The curse of Mousillon that lies upon the land renders the duchy a grim, pestilent, and depressing place. But it is no great malady compared to the curse that lies upon its people. Mousillon's nobility includes some of Bretonnia's most wicked men and women, and several hard-bitten criminals have risen to the top of Mousillon's murderous underworld and acquired great notoriety among the thieves and cutthroats. These cruel, sinister villains are deadly opponents for any band of hardy adventurers, and halting their schemes requires strong sword arms and keen instincts.

This is how it has been in Mousillon since before anyone can remember. But in recent times, a new threat has arisen in the Lost Duchy, one even King Louen Leoncoeur cannot ignore. Though still the subject of rumour and counter-rumour, the truth is that a claimant has arisen to the Dukedom of Mousillon—Mallobaude, the Black Knight—and he is forming an alliance of Mousillon's nobles with the intention of gathering an army and defending his claim. This claim is a direct contravention of the royal decree that Mousillon's throne must remain empty and is hence an act of treason against the king. There is a very real possibility Mallobaude's army will eventually face Bretonnian forces loyal to the king in battle, and if the battle is fought in Mousillon itself then no one can say which side will emerge the victor.

Mallobaude's machinations are one of the gravest threats facing Bretonnia. Mallobaude does not seek something as mundane as power or wealth, nor is he trying to restore Mousillon to the glory of Landuin's day. He is a driven man, convinced he alone understands some terrible truth about Bretonnia, and he has taken it upon himself to destroy Bretonnia's ruling order. Ruling Mousillon is just the first stage in this plan. If he succeeds in taking and holding the Dukedom of Mousillon, then Mallobaude will not stop until there is revolution in Bretonnia and the Knightly Order comes crashing down.

Mallobaude and his chief conspirators are some of the most dangerous men and women in Bretonnia, and the king would bestow riches and honour on whoever could prove the identity of the Black Knight and those who have thrown their lot in with him. Once the king is certain of what is really happening in Mousillon, he will probably launch a Crusade to reclaim the duchy for the Crown. This would be an event of great tragedy, with the invading army beset by plague and the peasantry subjected to even greater deprivation by the demands of both sides.

It is also an event that could be set in motion by a single band of sell-swords, ignorant of the terrible consequences of their adventuring.

— MALLOBAUDE, THE BLACK KNIGHT —

None know for sure the true identity of the knight now known as Mallobaude. Some say he is an illegitimate son of King Louen Leoncoeur himself. Others maintain Mallobaude is a commoner who was ill-advisedly raised to knightly status after saving the life of the Duke of Lyonesse on a hunting trip, or he is a Knight Errant who rode out on an expedition to the realms of the Border Princes and was the only one of his companions to return. It suits Mallobaude for the truth to remain unknown for now, and perhaps it never will be.

Whatever his origins, Mallobaude was certainly once a dashing and heroic knight, one of the finest young lances in Bretonnia. He was, and still certainly is, both a magnificent warrior and a man whose honour and principles were bound in iron. As a Knight Errant, he earned his spurs as a Knight of the Realm, but such was his devotion to the Knightly Code that he immediately renounced his lance and rode out as a Questing Knight, seeking the blessing of the Lady and a revelation from the Grail about what purpose his life should serve.

Mallobaude rode all across Bretonnia, devoting himself to the life of denial and toil demanded of a Questing Knight. Again, he seems content to allow rumours to fly among Mousillon's nobles about his deeds as a Questing Knight. It is said he rode through the Massif Orcal and cleansed whole valleys of the Greenskins, battled bat-winged harpies in the Grey Mountains, and stemmed the advance of an entire Goblin tribe at Axe Bite Pass. Other tales have him rooting out a Chaos cult among the foreign merchants in L'Anguille or hunting down the monstrous Blue Hag of the Forest of Chalons.

One of the most persistent stories relates how Mallobaude, after long years of questing for the Grail, became weary of his hardships and finally came to rest at a Grail Chapel. The Grail Damsel welcomed him in, but Mallobaude was grim-faced and angry. Why had the Lady forsaken him? Had he not done enough for her? He had he not slain Bretonnia's monsters, sought to help its innocents, and punished its wicked? Yet why had he seen no sign of the Grail and received no message from the Lady? He railed in anger that he should devote his life to the quest and yet gain nothing from it.

The Grail Damsel had counselled many Questing Knights, and she answered him as she had all those others. The Quest for the Grail, she told Mallobaude, is not a journey undertaken to gain recognition from the Lady or a trial to earn the right to drink from the Grail. The true quest is for the knight to reach this point, the point of despair, and then carry on with the quest in spite of it. This is the true test of a knight—not the strength of his sword arm but the strength of his soul, not whether he can slay a forest full of monsters but whether he can come to understand that he may never sip from the Grail and yet still continue to seek it.

Mallobaude thought on this. If it was true, then surely all he had to do was to carry on, to pit himself against the most terrible threats and meet them with passion and valour, and eventually the Lady would come to him as she had promised.

With the dawn, Mallobaude rode out from the Grail Chapel and did not rest until he came to the very place where his despair would be tested—to the Land of Despair itself, to Mousillon.

Mallobaude found misery enough in Mousillon. It is almost certain it was Mallobaude who rode out against a host of the Undead who had gathered near the Orphan Hills and who delved into the caves beneath the ruined bridge at Pont'Resolu to bring the nefarious Rat-men to the sword. None can say what other adventures he had in the Lost Duchy.

The only certainty, as Mallobaude himself tells it, is that he eventually came to rest on the edge of the Forest of Arden. Though seeking Beastmen and other monsters, he instead came across a foul, brackish creek. As he watched its grey-green sheen lifted and the clouds of flies lifted, to reveal a clear, beautiful lake wreathed in chill mists. A hand reached up from the waters bearing a shining golden chalice, and Mallobaude knew he had at last found the Grail. Drinking from the Grail could have only two outcomes. If he had any taint of sin in his heart, the magic of the Grail would kill him instantly. If, however, he was pure as a true knight should be, then he would be given the blessing of the Lady, never know fear again, and ride back into civilisation as a hallowed Grail Knight.

Mallobaude took the Grail, confident his years of questing must have cleansed him of any taint. He drank of its waters, and when he was not struck dead, he realised that he must have passed the test and that the blessing of the Lady was upon him. And then, he saw the truth.

Mallobaude did not die. Nor did he become a Grail Knight. Instead, he received a revelation about the Lady of the Lake, the Knightly Code, and all that is at the very heart of Bretonnian chivalry. Somehow, instead of becoming a Grail Knight, Mallobaude had glimpsed past the Lady's magic and seen the truth behind her. Or, perhaps, some madness struck him, and he saw a fevered hallucination brought about by his exposure to the misery of Mousillon. Whatever the case, Mallobaude believed it to be the truth, and it was terrible indeed.

Only Mallobaude's closest co-conspirators know what Mallobaude saw when he drank from the Grail. It was devastating enough for Mallobaude to cast aside all that was knightly and curse the name of the Lady. He rode desolate back into Mousillon with everything he had ever believed in tatters, seeking only death in the Land of Despair. But he did not find death. Instead, his sorrow turned to anger, and his anger into hatred. He had been lied to since the day he was born, and worse, he had lived that lie. But he could do something about it. If he overthrew the crown of Bretonnia and abolished the worship of the Lady of the Lake, he could put right the wrong that had been done to Bretonnia. But to do that he first needed to gather an army and challenge for a dukedom, so that he could eventually seek out the throne of Bretonnia for himself. It was an insanely ambitious plan,

one that required Mallobaude to be the first man to usurp the throne of Bretonnia. But the same dedication that had seen Mallobaude seek out the Grail and quest on through his despair was now turned towards his crusade against the Lady of the Lake and the crown of Bretonnia.

Mallobaude's plan is in its early stages. He has explained his terrible vision to several of Mousillon's nobles and many have joined with him. Some of them share his outrage at the lie that has been perpetrated on Bretonnia, while others are simply bitter, wicked men who want revenge against Bretonnia from making them outcasts. These nobles have pledged their resources to the first of Mallobaude's objectives—a claim to the Dukedom of Mousillon itself. Their armed forces are needed both to fend off a possible challenge from the king and to enable an armed expedition to reclaim the Ducal Palace. The expedition is imminent, and it will not be long before Mallobaude strides into the halls where Maldred and Malfleur met their end.

Mallobaude's plan relies on his creating an alliance of often wicked and treacherous men and women using only the force of his personality. Fortunately for him, Mallobaude possesses a charisma and persuasiveness that is the equal of any true Grail Knight. Though the "truth" that Mallobaude believes about Bretonnia is outlandish and frankly difficult to believe, Mallobaude states it with such conviction that many who have heard it have believed him completely. He is gracious and generous to his allies and even offers enemy nobles a single chance to join him. Mallobaude is also still an extremely honour-bound knight and has never executed a fellow noble. Instead, he gives them a chance to survive through single combat with him. In truth, this is not much of a chance as Mallobaude is one of the most skilful warriors ever born into Bretonnian chivalry, but the idea of slaughtering a nobleman like an animal is still unacceptable to Mallobaude.

Mallobaude is, however, utterly ruthless at his core. He shows commoners and foreigners none of the comparative leniency he affords Bretonnian nobles. He has had countless peasants, mercenaries, or foreign adventurers executed and worse. He

also has such conviction in his cause that he is willing to send brave men, even nobles, to their certain deaths if it is in furtherance of his aims. Also, though Mallobaude is bound by his own sense of honour, he has abandoned the Knightly Code completely. Having openly refused the grace of the Lady and the authority of the king, such un-knightly pursuits as employing mercenaries or black powder war machines hold no shame for him.

Most sinisterly, Mallobaude's devotion to his cause has even eclipsed his basic sense of right and wrong. It is said that the walking dead answer to his call, and that should the king invade Mousillon, the living will march alongside the dead in Mallobaude's army. Some of the nobles with whom Mallobaude deals have the vilest reputations as Necromancers, Witches, and even blood-drinking fiends, and yet Mallobaude courts them all, caring only whether they can help him in furthering his aims.

Mallobaude is rarely seen in Mousillon and does not seem to have a single base of operations. Instead he patronises the courts of the nobles who support him, both helping them recruit and deploy their forces and, presumably, checking up on them to ensure their loyalty. He wears full black armour, earning him the nickname of the Black Knight, and never raises his visor unless he is in the company of fellow noble conspirators. It is said he is a handsome but very intense man who seems as ageless and inscrutable as a true Grail Knight, and his deep, sonorous voice can convince a man of the most terrible things. Mallobaude's heraldry is a yellow serpent on a black field, and it is displayed proudly both on his own shield and barding and on that of the select band of knights who form his personal troops. This is the standard that many are certain will soon be flying on the walls of the Barony.

AUCASSIN

The noble Aucassin is one of the most quietly influential men in Mousillon, and he is a key lieutenant to Mallobaude. His family has resided in the Château Hane for generations, and

MALLOBAUDE'S ARMY

Mallobaude's immediate objective is to gather an army with which to take and hold the throne of Mousillon. His nobles have all pledged their household troops to his cause, and in many cases, these forces number dozens of knights, but Mallobaude needs many more troops to make good his claim and defend the Barony from the king's inevitable retaliation. His nobles are recruiting, press-ganging, and hiring soldiers for Mallobaude's cause, and the fledgling army's troops range from hard-bitten free lances to mobs of unruly peasants armed with sharpened sticks.

Mallobaude not only has to gain enough supporters to pledge him sufficient troops, but he also has to ensure they are led, supplied, and accommodated somewhere. It is Mallobaude's force of will alone that is making such an enormous task possible. Enormous amounts of wealth (by Mousillon's standards) are currently involved in preparing a temporary camp for the army in the wilderness of north-western Mousillon near the Tour D'Alsace, and in securing enough food to keep the army alive for the march on the city. Mallobaude will lead the army himself, and several of his more martial noble supporters will also take up their lances and ride in black armour at the head of the host. Mallobaude also hopes that Mousillon's dead can be raised in sufficient numbers to bolster the size of the army, and that the nobles will prove brutal and charismatic enough to keep the army fighting in spite of the Undead horrors in their midst. As Mallobaude's plan gathers pace, he will be able to call upon soldiers of every quality in considerable numbers, and then on legions of the walking dead, to prevent any adventurers from foiling his triumph.

the chanson of his family is among the longest in the whole of Bretonnia. Aucassin's ancestors fought for Maldred against the king and against the Duke of Lyonesse for Merovech before that. Though proven in battle, Aucassin's family is mostly noted as patrons of the arts and exemplars of courtly culture, and Aucassin himself is Mousillon's most cultured noble. His court, held in the handsome Château Hane, includes poets and artists to entertain the nobles who come to visit (nobles including Mallobaude himself). Aucassin is the hub of Mousillon's noble culture. He is also an irredeemably evil bloodsucking fiend.

The curse of Vampirism has been on Aucassin's line for as long as the line has been in existence. Aucassin no longer considers it a curse at all. After all, it is only with an extended lifespan that one can truly come to understand the cream of art and poetry, and the choicest vintage wines are nothing compared to the nectar that is the blood of a young unblemished victim. Quality blood is exceedingly rare in Mousillon and so Aucassin's court often imports young, beautiful men and women to drain them of their blood, and at any time there is usually one or more such victims imprisoned in Château Hane awaiting exsanguination. The court artists, similarly, are effectively imprisoned—once they realise what Aucassin is and what he can do they understand full well that they can never leave the Château Hane alive. Aucassin's staff is a mixture of fearful living servants and craven thralls dominated by his will, and the Vampire is served by a group of knights drawn from distant branches of his family, whom he carefully vets to see which ones to turn into Vampires so they can better serve him.

In spite of Aucassin's Undead evil, he is a gracious and accommodating host who adheres to traditions of hospitality as old as Bretonnia. A noble to whom he has offered hospitality is treated as well as possible, to the extent when even those who come to realise Aucassin is a Vampire often choose to ignore their host's predatory tastes. Even commoners who are introduced to the court are rarely preyed upon by Aucassin. While at Aucassin's court, a guest might hear the delicate poetry of Bertrand of Aquitaine, view the exquisite tapestries of the artist Berenice, or enjoy the tales of history and legend with which Aucassin regales his guests. Aucassin's most favoured knight, Gefrelar, might also lead noble guests on a hunt in the relatively sound countryside around the Château Hane, where guests are invited to shoot or lance the wild boar specially imported by Aucassin and released into the Château's grounds.

Aucassin's role in Mallobaude's plan is to act as Mallobaude's voice in gathering the support of other nobles. It is when potential allies have been introduced to Aucassin's court and their loyalty has been assessed that Mallobaude tells them what he saw when he drank from the Grail, and in doing so convinces them to help him overthrow the crown. Aucassin's considerable wealth and the competence of his courtly money-counters means he is also useful for arranging the raising and supplying of Mallobaude's potential army. Aucassin, though not a warlike knight on the surface, is a keystone of Mallobaude's claim to the Dukedom of Mousillon.

A tall, slim, slightly cruel-faced man, Aucassin's charm and skills as a host mask all but the slightest indications that he is a monstrously soulless predator. Beneath his façade, Aucassin



is literally a cold-blooded murderer with no concept of another's suffering, and when dealing with those he does not consider his guests, he is as utterly merciless as any degenerate Vampire. Aucassin's heraldry consists of three black flowers on a white field, to which Maldred added a small black fleur-de-lis in recognition of the family's service during the Affair of the False Grail.

Aucassin

Career: Knight

Race: Vampire

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
65%	42%	62%	66%	45%	45%	70%	65%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	21	6	6	6	1	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, History, Necromancy), Channelling, Charm +10%, Command +10%, Common Knowledge (the Border Princes, Bretonnia, the Empire), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Shadowing, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Breton, Classical, Reikspiel), Torture

Talents: Dark Magic, Disarm, Frightening, Keen Senses, Master Orator, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Arcane), Public Speaking, Schemer, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing, Parrying), Undead

Special Rules:

Blood Drain: When Aucassin grapples, he can drain blood with his fangs. If he inflicts at least 1 Wound while grappling, the victim loses 1d10% from his Strength Characteristic as well. If the victim survives the encounter, 1% of the lost Strength returns each hour.

Natural Necromancer: Aucassin can control Undead the same way Necromancers do (see *WFRP*, page 161).

Pass for Human: Aucassin can pass for Human if need be, retracting his fangs and claws and softening his features. When in this form, he is no longer Frightening. Switching back and forth is a free action.

Transfixing Gaze: Aucassin can immobilize opponents with nothing more than his gaze. He can use this ability against a single victim within 6 yards (3 squares); this is a half action. The target can resist with a successful Will Power Test. Otherwise, the victim is transfixed and considered helpless for 1 round. Aucassin can maintain the effect each round with another half action. The victim is not allowed further Will Power Tests if Aucassin chooses to maintain the transfixing gaze.

Vampire's Curse: Aucassin cannot cross running water except over a bridge. He shows no reflection in a mirror. He must drink several pints of blood every day or lose 10% from all Characteristics in the Main Profile (losses are regained as soon as he feeds). In direct sunlight, all of his Characteristics are halved, and he takes 1 Wound (regardless of Toughness Bonus or Armour Points) per minute of exposure.

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3



Weapon: Claws, Fangs, Best Craftsmanship Rapier, Main Gauche

Trappings: Château Hane & contents

LADY NICOLETE OF OISEMENT

The peasants who live around the keep at Oisement pay fealty to their liege lord as most of Mousillon's commoners do, leaving a tithe of their swamping bounty at the gates to the keep and tasking their elders with upholding the last decrees from their lord. What makes the peasants of Oisement different is that their liege lord, actually a Lady named Nicolette, was sentenced to death almost fifty years ago.

In the delicate, fairytale tower of Oisement, some of Mousillon's most notorious crimes were perpetrated. Many a Frogwife tell the tale of how the Lady of Oisement became the effective lord of her domain when her husband, a sickly and little-known knight, died of the Bloody Flux. Nicolette was at first a relatively bearable liege to her peasants, only demanding impalements for particularly severe crimes like pig theft or trespassing on the swamping grounds. Soon, however, she began to demand a new tithe from her peasants—their children.

There, the tales diverge. Most have Nicolette killing the children, usually to bathe in their blood and preserve her youthful looks or to use them in gruesome divinations. Many also mention a young daughter of the Duke of Lyonesse, who made an ill-advised journey into Mousillon to seek out a long-lost branch of the Duke's family. The young girl disappeared and many Questing Knights set out to find her. One, Isander, followed her trail to Oisement and there became aware of the wickedness being done by the Lady in the Château. Whether Nicolette had anything to do with the missing girl is not known for she was never found. Isander, however, realised that the Lady had guided him to Oisement for a reason, and that reason had to be ending Nicolette's villainous ways.

The charges levelled against Nicolette by Isander were not specific, alluding only to murder and witchcraft. Isander and his small coterie of knights held a brief trial near Oisement, finding Nicolette guilty of all charges, as well as any charges that might yet be brought against her. The sentence was death. However, Isander's adherence to the Knightly Code meant that he could not physically harm a lady of noble birth, and so he gathered a workforce of sturdy peasants to wall Nicolette up in her home. The doors and windows were bricked up, and Nicolette was left to starve.

The truth about Nicolette's crimes is, if anything, worse than mundane murder. Nicolette did indeed demand a tithe of children, and the children handed over were never seen again. But they were not killed, at least not straight away. Nicolette had another purpose in mind for them. She was obsessed with the unknown and the forbidden, and whiling away a dreary life in Mousillon, she had dabbled in the magical arts. Nicolette, however, was drawn to the darker forces of magic,

NICOLETE'S MAGIC ITEMS

As a Wizard Lord, Nicolette has collected a number of potent items.

Black Diamond Tiara

Academic Knowledge: Necromancy

Powers: All Zombies controlled by the wearer of the *Black Diamond Tiara* gain +1 Armour Point to all locations.

History: The centrepiece of this exquisite gromril headwear is a fist-sized black diamond. When worn, it pulses with an unholy light. The true history of the *Black Diamond Tiara* is lost to time. Legend holds that Nicolette, in her youth, journeyed to Tilea for a time. When she returned to Oisement, she wore this exquisite crown. It's whispered that it was stolen from a tomb in ancient Khemri, and when held in a certain light, the image of a scarab can be seen suspended in the stone, reinforcing such beliefs.

Blood Opal Brooch

Academic Knowledge: Magic

Powers: The wearer of the *Blood Opal Brooch* gains a +20% bonus to Will Power Tests made to resist spells and effects.

History: Shortly after her husband's death, Nicolette took a suitor. A foreigner, people claimed that the man was a Wizard from the Border Kingdoms. The romance lasted for a few short weeks and then, suddenly, the man vanished. The only sign of the relationship was the Wizard's brooch which Nicolette, ever after, always wore. The *Blood Opal Brooch* is a pale pink stone veined in crimson in a brass setting. The Brooch looks like a large spider, with the stone serving as its abdomen.

Gown of Tears

Academic Knowledge: History

Powers: Attacks against the wearer of the *Gown of Tears* gain no benefit from Ulric's Fury.

History: Woven by Nicolette herself, the Gown of Tears is a long fitted black dress studded with moonstones that sparkle in the light. Said to be made from the hair of the children she's abducted, it is reinforced by dark sorcery.

the kind of magic that waxed great in Mousillon and seemed to feed off the land's despair. With the death of her husband, Nicolette was free to turn Oisement into a laboratory of dark magic. The children she took from her peasants she raised as her own, as fellow acolytes in the dark arts, assisting her in her sinister research and often giving their very souls to power the spells she learned. Where most mages were weakened by repeated exposure to dark magic, Nicolette's keen intellect and great dedication meant she only grew stronger and more vigorous, even as her adopted children became corrupted and died around her.

Isander knew nothing of Nicolette's grander designs. Had he, he would surely have ensured Nicolette died instead of walling her up in her chateau and letting time deliver her punishment. Nicolette was interred with several of her servants, who by now were utterly devoted to their mistress and corrupted down to their souls by their exposure to forbidden sorcery. She siphoned off their life force to extend her own life and survive through the following decades, pursuing her magical studies with ever-greater intensity. She despatched her acolytes to bring her books of magical knowledge and even kidnap more peasant children to raise as her own. Indeed, it was simple for Nicolette to leave her prison home whenever she wanted, but as the years passed she did so less and less often. She simply spent all her waking hours experimenting on her drone-like acolytes to unlock knowledge that would let her become as one with the Winds of Magic.

Nicolette still lives in Oisement, though from the outside the blocked-up windows show no sign of life. Nicolette is by now very old, but her constant exposure to dark magic has given her a sinisterly youthful appearance, hauntingly attractive until you get close enough to see the tight leathery skin of her face and the jet black of her eyes. She still dresses as a Lady should and conducts herself like one as best she can, but her lack of contact with other people has made her unable to muster anything more than cold politeness. She has a deep-seated dislike of other Humans and far prefers the company of her acolytes, who by now are dry, wizened drones respond instantly to her every wish and never speak. Though Nicolette has several acolytes at large in the Old World hunting down occult tomes and magical trinkets, she believes all knowledge ultimately comes from within, to be unlocked by introspection and experimentation.

Though her real interests lie in scholarship, Nicolette is a powerful if unpredictable sorceress. Mallobaude contacted her through Aucassin, and she believed completely the bizarre and shocking "truth" he explained to her, since it scarcely seemed impossible compared to the esoteric knowledge she was seeking. Her role is to provide magical support to Mallobaude, and Nicolette is currently seeking the knowledge that will let her command an army of the dead that will fight alongside Mallobaude's knights when the time comes to march on the city. Nicolette's heraldry is a black castle and a black key on a white field—these are the arms of her late husband, and she has not seen it necessary to change them.

Nicolete of Oisement

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Career: Wizard Lord (Ex-Apprentice Wizard, Ex-Journeyman Wizard, Ex-Master Wizard)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	45%	28%	43%	50%	73%	74%	53%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	2	3	4	4	4	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, Magic +10%, Necromancy), Channelling +10%, Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire, the Border Princes), Gossip, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Breton, Classical, Reikspiel, Tilean)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Dark Lore (Necromancy), Dark Magic, Fast Hands, Lesser Magic (Aethyric Armour), Lesser Magic (Silence), Mighty Missile, Petty Magic (Arcane), Resistance to Disease, Savvy, Strong-minded

Special: Nicolete gains a +10% bonus to Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapon: Best Craftsmanship Dagger (SB-3)

Trappings: *Black Diamond Tiara, Blood Opal Brooch, Gown of Tears*, library of forbidden tomes, Castle Oisement & contents

BOUGARS DE BIAUCAIRE

Duke Merovech is one of the most reviled figures in Mousillon's history. Though Duke Maldred was arguably a more dangerous and pernicious man, there are still many in Mousillon who admire him for the good works he did and even for the ambition displayed during the Affair of the False Grail. Many nobles think it no shame for their bloodline to be connected to that of Maldred. But scarcely a soul in Mousillon, or in the whole of Bretonnia, has a good word to say about Merovech. The tale of Merovech's victory feast, where criminals were impaled and cooked alive before the guests, is well known throughout Mousillon. The king's challenge to Merovech over his revolting tastes, and the savage duel that followed where Merovech tore out the King's throat, are the subject of many a ghoulish fireside story.

All hoped that Merovech's bloodline had been severed after his death during the invasion of Mousillon by the Duke of Lyonesse. Those hopes were unfounded. Merovech's bloodline went on, and perhaps it was irredeemably corrupted by



Merovech's madness. It is certain that the latest in Merovech's line, Bougars de Biaucaire, seems possessed of a madness the equal of the late Duke's.

The knight of the tower at Biaucaire is a ghoulish figure who terrorises the peasant villages of his domain in north-eastern Mousillon. According to their stories, he is a monstrous knight who rides out of the darkness and spears innocents in their beds. He is an ogre who eats children raw. He is a master of black arts who can flay your soul from your body with a word. He is also their liege lord, and the peasants are bound to obey his laws, no matter how insane, on the pain of worse than death.

The truth about Bougars is bleakly mundane and no less horrible than the wildest of tales. He is a degenerate and a cannibal, and he has turned the watchtower of Biaucaire into a monstrous charnel house. Many criminals, mostly poachers, are impaled along the path that winds up a hillside towards the watchtower itself and the heads of poachers and rebels adorn rusting spikes over the doorway. Inside the scenes are infinitely worse. The tower's guest quarters are now fouled by the bodies of executed criminals, hanging like sides of meat from rows of hooks. The grand fireplace in Bougars' audience chamber has a blackened spit on which these bodies are cooked. The watchtower was never the most elegant or awe-inspiring place in Bretonnia, but it is now a dismal and horrible place, its furnishings mouldering with neglect and the stench of death everywhere.

Bougars resides alone in the watchtower. Occasionally he summons a peasant from the villages to turn the spit or perform some other chore, a summons met with fear and horror but always obeyed. Bougars has a handful of soldiers who answer to him and whom he sends out to proclaim his laws and execute transgressors. These men are not knights, but psychopaths and killers who serve their insane lord in return for a measure of power over the terrified peasants. Bougars' laws are confusing, contradictory, and frequently brutal. He has been known to demand that all peasants erect a marble statue of Merovech outside their hovel, provide a tithe of one freshly severed limb per family, and allow themselves to be branded with Bougars' heraldry. The peasants live in fear of Bougars, but they dare not say a word against him—or, especially, against Merovech, since Bougars is perhaps the only person in Bretonnia who considers Merovech to have been a great and noble man.

Bougars despises Bretonnia and especially the king, since it is because of the nation's weakling kings that the name of Merovech is now cursed. It was therefore easy for Mallobaude to bring Bougars into his conspiracy, simply by promising him the chance to cover himself in the gore of royal lapdogs and overthrow the kingdom. The role Mallobaude has in mind for Bougars is that of a simple weapon of terror. Peasants break their backs to support Mallobaude's armies when they are threatened with the wrath of the Butcher of Biaucaire, and when Mallobaude's enemies learn of Bougars' depravity they flee rather than risk ending up spitted at one of his victory banquets.

Bougars is large and ruddy-faced man almost too big for his tarnished, blackened armour. He is a barely lucid brute, and Mallobaude is the only person who can get him to react with anything other than brutality. In particular, Bougars flies into

a homicidal rage if anyone insults him or the memory of Duke Merovech. Bougars has utterly abandoned any concept of honour, but he still firmly believes he deserves respect from commoners and knights alike. Bougars' heraldry is a version of Merovech's own arms—a set of white scales on a divided field of red and blue. This symbol denotes that the holder won a trial by combat and was actually adopted by a deranged Merovech after his slaying of the king.

Note that the Knight Errant and Knight of the Realm careers are fully described in *Knights of the Grail: A Guide to Bretonnia*.

Bougars De Biaucaire

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Career: Knight of the Realm (Ex-Noble, Ex-Knight Errant)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
58%	37%	50%	58%	42%	33%	39%	38%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	5	5	4	0	16	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Read/Write, Ride +10%, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Coolheaded, Etiquette (though he hardly uses it), Hardy, Luck, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Fencing, Parrying, Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Virtue of Chivalry

Special: Bougars gains a +10% bonus to Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: Heavy Armour (Full Plate)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5

Weapon: Best Craftsmanship Sword, Shield, Main Gauche, Lance, "Peasant Killer" (Great Weapon: Two-Handed Axe)

Trappings: Castle at Biaucaire & Contents, Destrier with Saddle & Harness, Noble's Garb

EUSTACHE OF THE RUSTING BLADE

Eustache of the Rusting Blade is one of the most skilled swordsmen in Mousillon, and it is said he is second only to Mallobaude himself in the skills of the battlefield. He was also probably the first knight to join Mallobaude.



Sir Eustache was marked out from a young age as an exceptional warrior. The son of a minor Knight of Mousillon, the young Eustache was sent to the court of the Duke of Gisoreux where he could hone his potential as

a knight. As a Knight Errant, Eustache rode the heaths and pasturelands east of Gisoreux, where many battles had been fought in the past and where bands of Orcs from the Grey Mountains still preyed on the commoners. Among other heroics, Eustache took the head of an Orc chieftain and was much renowned in Gisoreux as a relentless knight and a true master swordsman whose skills confounded even the most experienced of Gisoreux' weapon tutors.

Gisoreux faced the border with the Empire and was traditionally the site of many conflicts between the two nations. A group of mercenaries in the pay of an Imperial noble from Nordland was hunting notorious outlaws in the lands around Marienburg and strayed into the territory of Gisoreux. Fearing an invasion, many of Gisoreux's knights rode out, led by Eustache. He came across the mercenaries, and a vicious struggle ensued where Eustache's superior swordsmanship won through, and the mercenaries were slain or scattered. When word of this got back to the Empire, a retaliatory mission was mounted, and it looked like war could break out between the Empire and Bretonnia. The Duke of Gisoreux and the Elector Count of Nordland hurriedly exchanged messages to ensure peace, and the Duke offered to hand over Eustache to the Empire so he could be tried as an isolated criminal and the situation could be defused. With Eustache honour-bound to obey his duke and allow Empire troops to take him into custody, the Elector Count had little reason to believe Eustache would be anything more than a swift execution and a conflict avoided.

But to Eustache, the situation wasn't that simple. As far as he was concerned, he had been thrown away as an offering to a foreign power, simply for defending the lands to which he was pledged. He had been betrayed by the very duke who had taught him what honour and duty were. He was no longer a knight, no longer bound by the Knightly Code, and no longer had a duty to the crown. His only duty was to himself.

Halfway through the journey between Gisoreux and Nordland, Eustache broke his bonds, snatched up a sword, and killed the soldiers escorting him. He fled back into Bretonnia, but there he quickly realised that the knights he had once called brothers would no longer give him aid, fearful of dishonour in the eyes of the duke. So Eustache fled to the most forsaken, least honourable place in Bretonnia—the home he had barely known, Mousillon.

Eustache made a bleak living as a sell-sword, his superior martial prowess only just compensating for the poverty of the duchy. When Mallobaude came to crystallise his plan for the duchy, he realised he needed an executioner, someone who could kill in his stead. He heard of a bitter, vengeful knight unhappily selling his skills as a murderer to depraved nobles and sought him out. He told Eustache of his chilling Grail vision, and Eustache readily accepted the Bretonnia he had served was a lie. Mallobaude's revelation explained all Eustache needed to know about this nation that had instilled him with virtues of honour and obedience and then betrayed him with indecent haste.

Eustache is now Mallobaude's pet killer, despatched to assassinate enemies Mallobaude does not wish to deal with personally. Eustache also sometimes delivers messages,

summons or ultimatums for Mallobaude, and he is always listened to. Eustache was once a strikingly handsome man but his hawk-like nose and hooded eyes now seem cruel. And now he is always sneering. Eustache's prowess with the sword is almost unmatched, but he has grown to employ other methods, from stabbing victims in their bed to burning down their houses. Eustache is sometimes known as Eustache of the Rusting Blade, a nickname he himself coined after being scolded by a fencing tutor as a boy for not looking after his blade properly. He uses the name to make sure he is always reminded that no matter how good a swordsman he is, there is always much he can learn about the art of death.

Eustache wears no heraldry since he renounced his knightly vows, but technically his arms are those of a white fleur-de-lis and white boar on a quartered red and white field. These are the arms of Eustache's father, who still lives in his crumbling keep in the western Grismerie valley, believing that his son was executed after murdering a band of Imperial soldiers. Should Eustache ever have to execute his father, he will have no compunctions about the deed at all.

Eustache of the Rusting Blade

Race: Human

Career: Judicial Champion (Ex-Knight Errant, Ex-Knight of the Realm)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
76%	22%	47%	52%	54%	36%	48%	44%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
4	16	4	5	4	0	1	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, Strategy/Tactics), Animal Care, Animal Training, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Ride +20%, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette, Lightning Parry, Resistance to Disease, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Fencing, Flail, Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strong-minded, Virtue of Chivalry, Virtue of the Ideal

Special: Eustache gains a +10% bonus to Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5

Weapon: Great Weapon (Axe), Lance, Main Gauche, Morning Star, Shield, Best Quality Sword

Trappings: Destrier with Harness & Saddle, 12 yards of Rope.

TEDBALD THE BROKEN

Tedbald typifies a type of villain who torments Bretonnia in general and Mousillon in particular—the robber baron. These are men whose thieving and extortion are so constant and systematic that they amount to an additional tax for the

commoners unfortunate enough to live near a robber baron's base of operations. Tedbald is no different to the majority of robber barons in that he commands a rough band of cutthroats, mercenaries, and outlaws that he uses to terrorise anyone who holds out on him. Tedbald, however, is set apart from other robber barons by the extent of his success in profiting from misery.

Tedbald himself is a commoner of Mousillon birth, whose villainous ways soon outgrew his tiny village on the Grismerie. He left for the city to seek his fortune and none of his fellow peasants were sad to see him go, assuming he would be gobbled up by the monsters they all knew infested the lands surrounding the village. Tedbald reached the city intact and quickly found employment among the dock gangs, part of a floating workforce of thugs working for whoever could pay them next. But it wasn't enough for Tedbald. He had spotted a gap in the criminal food chain—while there were plenty of racketeers preying on the commoners, there was no one preying on the racketeers. Tedbald gathered a makeshift gang of madmen and outcasts, and set to work.

If there's anything going on in Mousillon that involves the exchange of real money, Tedbald takes a cut of it. Since almost every transaction not involving black snail shells is for something illegal, that means Tedbald extorts almost entirely from Mousillon's criminals. This includes the dockyard gangs, mercenary companies, and the criminals who move contraband across the Cordon Sanitaire. Tedbald ensures that the fees he levies for criminals to work in Mousillon are always just within a criminal's capacity to pay. His methods are based on threat rather than violence, but when he must, Tedbald commands a band of the most deranged murderers and worse whom he unleashes against those who refuse to pay.

Tedbald is based in a ramshackle but well-defended camp near the coast just north of the city, but much of the time he and his saner companions are riding out across the duchy, reminding Mousillon's parasites to pay what they owe. Tedbald is an old man by Mousillon's standards, some say pushing fifty, but the very fact that he has stayed alive for so long tells a story about how tough he is. His ruined, plague-scarred face, gnarled hands and long, lank grey-white hair tell his fellow criminals all they need to know about what Tedbald can do to them. Tedbald used to be a very tenacious fighter but he's too old for that now, especially since a bout of disease left him with one leg twisted and withered. His talents now lie in the systematic application of fear rather than personal violence, and he is still very, very good at the former.

Tedbald is Mallobaude's contact with Mousillon's underworld. Tedbald does not know Mallobaude's plans, or the source of the passion that drives the Black Knight, and he doesn't care. Mallobaude is, however, the only person in Mousillon that Tedbald considers to be higher in the pecking order than himself. Mallobaude hopes that Mousillon's criminals will provide him with troops and resources in return for letting their enterprises survive and thrive once he is duke, and Tedbald is the man he expects to make this fact known. Tedbald sees enormous potential in Mallobaude's claim to the dukedom, and while the risks are great, they're nothing he hasn't taken before.

Tedbald the Broken

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Career: Outlaw Chief (Ex-Thug, Ex-Racketeer)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
51%	50%	37%	46%	33%	45%	58%	53%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	18	3	4	2 (4)	0	0	1

Skills: Command +10%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow (leg wound -20%), Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Intimidate +10%, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Shadowing, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Coolheaded, Disarm, Menacing, Night Vision, Quick Draw, Street Fighting, Streetwise, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Strong-minded

Special: Tedbald gains a +10% bonus to Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: Medium Armour (Sleeved Mail Shirt and Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Knuckledusters, Crossbow with 10 Bolts

Trappings: Good Craftsmanship Clothing, Hat, old Horse, Band of Murderous Outlaws



— FIGHTING THE CURSE —

Some of Mousillon's notable citizens are not power-mad petty tyrants or debased criminals. In spite of everything, the Human spirit sometimes finds a way to survive the Land of Despair, and perhaps, with help, some of its men and women could one day do something to push back the curse.

GEFREID THE PURE

Many a Questing Knight rides into Mousillon in search of challenges that will eventually make him worthy of the Grail. Whether any of them have succeeded and ridden back out of the cursed duchy, none but the inscrutable Grail Knights themselves can say. But certainly many quests have ended in death by disease or villainy, and some quests are ongoing. Gefreid the Pure is a knight whose Grail Quest began long ago and will soon end in Mousillon whether by the blessing of the Lady or the rigours of old age.

Gefreid was born to a Knight of the Realm in the fair duchy of Couronne and earned his spurs in the service of the Duke of Couronne. He might not have had the strongest arm or the finest horsemanship, but his determination and bravery won him the admiration of Couronne's knights. It was little surprise when, instead of settling to take over his father's keep, Gefreid rode out in search of the Grail.

That was almost forty years ago. Gefreid has seen many of the lands of Bretonnia, each time guided by fleeting, vague visions of the Lady that pointed him towards another

verdant valley or lush forest. But the last vision, one he received more than ten years ago, indicated he should ride into the place where only faith in the Lady could keep him from despair. That place was Mousillon. Gefreid is still there.

Gefreid knows the time will soon come when he will find it difficult to heft a sword or ride a horse, when he can no longer quest and fight in the name of the Lady. When that time arrives he will ride into the Forest of Arden and hope the end comes quickly. He knows he will either find the Grail or die in Mousillon. Gefreid's quests in Mousillon have only nicked the surface of the land's despair, just enough for him to know there is something dismally wrong with Mousillon that is not limited to the outbreaks of pox or the misdeeds of a few nobles. He hopes he will come to understand enough about the curse to pass it on to some younger, more able knight before he dies. He also knows Mousillon has a habit of taking those brave Questing Knights and twisting them into brutal, self-serving, violent men, and it is this fate he fears more than any other. If Mousillon kills him, then so be it, but Gefreid has sworn the Land of Despair will not take his soul.

Gefreid has become aware recently of a new threat arising in Mousillon. The peasants tell ghoulish stories about a black-armoured knight who never raises his visor and who claims to be the rightful ruler of Mousillon. Is he Landuin reborn, a lost son of the king, or a madman returned from the grave? Whoever he is, he is evidently dangerous and

real. Gefreid has seen black banners bearing a yellow serpent flying from distant keeps and witnessed bands of mercenaries and outlaws rallying to some secret cause. Gefreid knows there are precious few in Mousillon with the will to stop this Black Knight, and though he does not believe he can really stop Mallobaude, Gefreid dedicated himself to finding, challenging, and slaying this villain. Deep down, Gefreid believes he has failed his Grail Quest, and all he can do now is die in the name of the Lady. The Black Knight, Gefreid correctly believes, would be happy to give him a quick and violent death.

Gefreid was once a bright-eyed, inquisitive youth, more personable and intelligent than most hot-headed knights. The years and the rigours of the Land of Despair have turned him into a hollow-eyed, fatalistic old man. It is a pleasant surprise to Gefreid to find anyone in Mousillon who is not a superstitious inbred peasant or a crude club-wielding brute, and he opens up about his fears about the Black Knight to someone who talks to him with comradeship and respect. Gefreid rides the best horse he could find in Mousillon—a tough but unfriendly beast that carries its barding and rider grudgingly—and still maintains his armour and colours. His arms are those of a black unicorn on a halved blue and white field, and he wears them with pride as they are derived from those of his father.

Gefreid the Pure

Race: Human (Couronne)

Career: Questing Knight (Ex-Knight Errant, Ex-Knight of the Realm)



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
63%	27%	46%	44%	47%	30%	36%	56%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	4	4	4	0	2	1

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, Religion, Strategy/Tactics), Animal Care, Animal Training, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Outdoor Survival +10%, Perception, Ride +10%, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Two-Handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Trick Riding, Virtue of Chivalry, Virtue of Discipline, Virtue of the Quest, Warrior Born

Special: Gefreid gains a +10% bonus to Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Couronne.

Armour: Heavy Armour (Full Plate)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5

Weapons: Great Weapon (Two-handed Sword), Hand Weapon (Sword)

Trappings: Icon of the Lady of the Lake, Light Warhorse with Saddle and Harness

RUDIGER FEIRSINGER, FREE LANCE



Few outsiders make Mousillon their permanent home. Most foreigners resident in Mousillon are members of the dockyard gangs who came in with the ships and for whatever reason never got to leave. A few others, however, are at large in the duchy. Most came there for whatever money they could make, and almost all are actively searching for a way to make it back out through the Cordon Sanitaire. Rudiger Feirsinger is one of them.

As a soldier in the Empire, Feirsinger was an accomplished horseman in the army of the Count of Talabecland. After many years hunting Orcs and policing the roads, Feirsinger resigned his post and struck out as a mercenary. He came to command a small band of horsemen who earned a reputation as tough and reliable free lances, fighting throughout the Empire. When Archagon's invasion swept in through the north of the Empire, Feirsinger's free lances fought in many skirmishes with Northmen marauders around Middenheim. It was during this time, during the short but vicious struggle for the village of Norderingen, that Feirsinger's life changed.

Feirsinger has never told anyone what he saw during the battle for Norderingen. It is certain worshippers of the Dark Gods, both Beastmen and Human cultists, overran the town and many Imperial soldiers and citizens died. It is also darkly rumoured

Norderingen was one of the towns betrayed to Archaon's forces by cultists who lived there. In the bedlam of the Storm of Chaos, many towns like Norderingen were lost and many were the acts of cowardice, betrayal, and corruption, and there is no shortage of men like Feirsinger who saw truly terrible things as the invasion tore towards Middenheim. Whatever he saw, Feirsinger escaped Norderingen just before it fell, riding with a few of his surviving mercenaries southwards. He didn't turn back.

Feirsinger's companions died or left the mercenary band as Feirsinger headed eastwards out of the Empire, fleeing from whatever memory the Empire held. He crossed the Grey Mountains into Bretonnia, looking for work. Unfortunately, he quickly discovered that the Knightly Code forbade the employment of mercenaries, which meant there was scant work for a free lance in Bretonnia. Hungry and despondent, he heard of a land where the knights were not so scrupulous, and a worldly soldier might find employment. Feirsinger immediately rode for this land, which the people of Bretonnia called Mousillon.

Feirsinger is still in Mousillon. He leads a band of mercenaries assembled from some of the duchy's most dangerous bandits and has even scrounged together enough half-decent horses to offer their services as freelance knights to Mousillon's nobles. But Feirsinger hates Mousillon with a deep passion, for he has seen enough of its swampy, dreary landscape and ignorant people to understand that there is a curse upon the land. He fights to survive, often accepting food and lodgings in exchange for fighting, and he has done some things for Mousillon's nobles that even a tough old veteran cannot be proud of. It is only the thought of escaping Mousillon that keeps Feirsinger fighting.

Feirsinger tried to get through the Cordon Sanitaire shortly after first coming to Mousillon and realising what kind of place it was. He was nearly killed by soldiers from the closest watchtower, and he realises now that he will have to buy his way out. He knows there are some criminals who can get him out for the right price, but Feirsinger's mercenaries have fought enough outlaw bands to ensure that the price will be very high.

Though Feirsinger wants to make money and get out of Mousillon, this is not the only thing he really cares about. Whatever he witnessed in Norderingen has left him with an intense and unending hatred of the followers of Chaos. Feirsinger doesn't really understand what Chaos is, but he knows the taint of darkness when he sees it, and he saw it at Norderingen. Should he ever have the opportunity to get some payback against the followers of Chaos, he will gladly take it, risking his own life and those of his men to strike back at the Dark Gods. Feirsinger feels the touch of that darkness on Mousillon, and he believes he can feel the darkness rising over the duchy. He hears it in the tales of a Black Knight claiming the vacant dukedom and sees it in the webbed feet and suspicious glances of the peasants. If he is given a choice between taking revenge on Chaos and escaping Mousillon, Feirsinger will take revenge.

Feirsinger is not the only mercenary captain in Mousillon, but he is one of the more experienced hired lances. He is, in

fact, just the sort of man Mallobaude wants in his army, and though no noble has tried to hire Feirsinger for that purpose yet, it is only a matter of time. Feirsinger might accept the offer in the hope of finding out more about the Black Knight and whether he is in league with the Ruinous Powers, or he might refuse point blank and end up on the run from one of Mallobaude's lieutenants with a price on his head. Either way, he could make for an unlikely ally for anyone seeking to stop Mallobaude's nefarious plans. He could also end up the employer of a group of adventurers, since he is always looking for new recruits, and anyone who brings their own weapons (especially horses) will normally make for an acceptable mercenary as long as they don't have too many scruples about which battles they fight. And, of course, a group of adventurers are exactly the kind of problem that a noble might hire mercenaries to solve, meaning the adventurers will have to either fight Feirsinger's mercenaries or convince him that they are somehow on his side.

Rudiger Feirsinger

Race: Human (Talabeclander)

Career: Sergeant (Ex-Soldier)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
51%	47%	43%	49%	36%	41%	39%	53%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	4	4	4	0	1	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Animal Care, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire), Dodge Blow, Gossip +10%, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride +10%, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Disarm, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapons Group (Two-Handed), Streetfighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun,

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Halberd, Shield, Hand Weapon (Sword)

Trappings: Light Warhorse with Saddle & Harness

ASCELINE, THE MAIDEN OF MOUSILLON

Many Questing Knights have sought their doom in Mousillon, but since the fall of the Chapel of Frenegrande, the impious duchy has been untroubled by Grail Damsels. Since they inhabit isolated Grail Chapels and normally live alone, Grail Damsels are prone to being eaten by marauding monsters, and with few knights in Mousillon noble enough to rescue



them, Grail Damsels have been in short supply for a long time. Aurore, the head of the "priesthood" at the chapel in the Barony, might call herself a Grail Damsel, but she is most certainly not the real thing. Most peasants don't even know Grail Damsels exist, and those that do are certain there are none in Mousillon. They were right, until Asceline came along.

Asceline was a frail, pallid girl prone to sickness and fevers. Her parents, a knight and his lady in the Duchy of Lyonesse, were afraid she wouldn't survive to marrying age. But she did survive, through a mixture of extreme stubbornness and a dedication to the Lady. Her regular prayers to the Lady were rewarded with a gradual easing of her symptoms, and she was soon able to venture out of bed and even out into the sun for a couple of hours a day. Gradually, Asceline felt her faith growing stronger even as her body regained its health, and this to her was a sure sign that the Lady's blessing was upon her. But as a pious and humble girl, she wondered just how she should repay the Lady. After all, she should have perished as a little girl, but the Lady's light kept her alive. That meant that Asceline owed her life to the Lady, and it was a debt she knew she should repay. But how?

Though grateful for the survival of their young daughter, Asceline's parents were happy to hear she intended to leave the family keep and seek to be taken in by the Grail Damsels. After all, it saved them from having to pay out a hefty dowry when she reached marriageable age. They bade Asceline farewell as she left for the closest Grail Chapel, making sure to pack plenty of herbal remedies for her bouts of illness. It was at the Grail Chapel in Lyonesse that Asceline swept the nave and washed the sacred garments of the Grail Damsels who resided there, toiling in return for a few moments alone at the Lady's altar at the end of each day. Gradually, as Asceline learned more about the Lady and Bretonnia's history, her role in life became clearer. She learned that much of Lyonesse, included the keep in which she was born, had originally been a part of the neighbouring duchy of Mousillon, and that Mousillon was a dark and malodorous place where the Lady's light did not shine. This greatly upset Asceline. What about all the children in Mousillon who did not have the chance to experience the Lady's light as she had?

The elder Grail Damsels discouraged such thought in the young Asceline. But Asceline would not be swayed. In spite of the Grail Damsels' counsel, Asceline (who was still in her teens) girded her loins and headed south for Mousillon, intent on bringing the Lady's light to the people who needed it most.

Asceline never imagined that anywhere as grim as Mousillon could exist. She was shocked to her very core by the ignorance of its peasants and the malice of its lords, by the swampy foulness of the land and the hollow terror of the city. Where most would have succumbed to despair, new steel was born in Asceline's heart. Here was a land under a curse, and that curse had to be lifted. Even if the rest of Bretonnia had forsaken Mousillon, if just one person strove to bring the Lady's light to the lost duchy, then its people had a chance. That person was Asceline. She had been placed on this world to save Mousillon.

Asceline has survived bandits, monsters, zombies, vengeful nobles, and the Pox. Her career has taken her from the Orphan Hills to the city and everywhere in between. She wanders Mousillon seeking out the evil-hearted and the corrupt, searching for signs of impiety and mutation. She has a gift for whipping the peasants up into a religious fervour, so they follow her wherever she goes and protect her with their lives. Several times she has found evidence of a village offering their children to Beastmen or communing with evil spirits, and she has led a baying mob of peasants to burn it to the ground. When Asceline finds no confirmation of any wrongdoing in the ashes, she assumes it was because the wicked sinners had been able to cover their tracks by some sorcerous means. When she uncovers definite evidence that the victims had indeed been committing some abhorrent blasphemy, it steels her resolve to bring the Lady's light shining into the darkest corners of Mousillon.

Incredibly, Asceline has survived her adventures almost completely intact. She ascribes this to a series of miracles bestowed upon her by the Lady in recognition of her efforts in purifying Mousillon. An unkind observer might point out how many peasants have thrown themselves onto a Beastman's sword to save her or given her the last morsels of their village's food when they themselves are starving. Asceline thinks nothing of such talk. She is sure that many are jealous of the favour the Lady has for her, and in her humility, she knows such cynics will be burned by the flame of the Lady's light in time.

Asceline rarely stays in the same place for long, partly because there is always somewhere new that needs purifying, but also because the peasants who rally to her cause tend to die quite quickly, and she always needs to find more. Asceline is still only in her twenties, and though she wears a patchwork of battered armour and Grail Damsels' vestments, it is clear to anyone who sees her she is a thin, pasty-skinned young lady who should be sewing tapestries or swooning over dashing Knights Errant instead of crusading against darkness. In spite of her physical weakness, Asceline never shies away from the heart of the action, whether storming a village of Chaos-worshipping peasants or putting a corrupt noble's keep to the flame. She fights with anything that comes to hand, but her favoured weapon is a stake cut from the wood of a tree on the edge of the Forest of Arden. She makes up for her frailty with enthusiasm and devotion, certain that the grace of the Lady and the devotion of her peasant followers will keep her safe from unbelievers and wrongdoers. Many a servant of darkness has suffered one of Asceline's wild, stabbing frenzies and fallen to her gore-encrusted stake.

Asceline knows that for Mousillon to be saved it must first be made free from wickedness, and wickedness is exactly what she seeks out and destroys. She has heard of a Black Knight rising somewhere in the duchy and is sure it is a villain who deserves to be staked, or burned, or both. She has also heard there is a hidden Grail Chapel somewhere in Mousillon, and though she has often sought it out, she has never found it. The strength of Asceline's devotion means she could be an ally or an enemy for a band of adventurers, depending on whether they fulfil Asceline's exacting standards of piety and humility. A mob of

frenzied peasants led by Asceline is as potent a weapon as it is a threat, and a particularly cynical adventurer might direct her towards someone or somewhere he wants destroyed and simply let her loose. That said, Asceline reacts to being used in this way with such ferocity that the evildoer will surely wish he had never met the stake-wielding maiden of Mousillon.

Asceline, The Maiden of Mousillon

Race: Human (Bretonnian)

Career: Zealot (Ex-Initiate)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
43%	36%	31%	48%	37%	38%	48%	54%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	4	4	0	8	3

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History, Theology), Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Breton, Classical)

Talents: Coolheaded, Lightning Reflexes, Luck, Public Speaking, Suave, Very Resilient, Warrior Born

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapon: Hand Weapon (Wooden Stake)

Trappings: Icon of the Lady of the Lake, Robes, Bottle of Holy Water

— BEASTS OF DESPAIR —

There are enough misguided, insane or just plain wicked men and women in Mousillon to ensure it remains the Land of Despair for the foreseeable future. Regrettably, however, Human adversaries are not the only foes a traveller might face there. Many monsters, from brute predators to cunning and mysterious creatures, lay a claim to being Mousillon's most prolific devourers of the unwary. Most peasants insist that every bog, swamp, and copse of trees contains a complement of man-eating horrors, and this is often not far from the truth.

THE GREY MEN

The Grey Men, swamp-dwelling creatures that seem to possess great intelligence but never speak, hold a peculiar place in Mousillon's folklore. On one hand, they are held responsible for the disappearance of any number of peasants who ill-advisedly leave the safety of their home village. On the other, they have acquired reputations as defenders of Mousillon's wild and abandoned places, keeping even greater horrors from infesting the duchy's swamps. Some villages leave offerings to the Grey Men and consider particular swamps sacred to the creatures, and a taboo exists throughout Mousillon on harming the Grey Men on the rare occasion a peasant comes across one.

In spite of their privileged position on folklore, however, a Grey Man is a very dangerous and completely unpredictable creature. For every tale in which a Grey Man escorts a lost peasant back to his village or protects the year's swamp harvest, another has them tearing errant commoners apart or punishing those who trespass into their sacred swamps. No one can be sure what the Grey Men want, but they certainly seem to want something, for their interactions with the peasants of Mousillon go beyond simply living in the same land. There are even a few tales of the Grey Men ushering Questing Knights towards the hidden pools where the Lady manifests, but no one really believes such tall stories.

A Grey Man is a shambling, hulking creature one and a half times the size of a man and of roughly humanoid shape. Its body seems made of compacted ooze and swamp debris, and its face is mostly featureless except for its small, glinting eyes,

which alone suggest some intelligence in the creatures. Its oozing paws conceal claws of splintered bone and its upper body can open up to reveal a gory black maw filled with spine-like teeth. Most dangerous, however, is its habit of crippling those who come near it, filling their veins with stagnant swamp water and afflicting their hearts with the decay and chill of the marsh. However, a Grey Man does not always fight those who trespass on its swamp—it is just as likely to passively observe them, lead them into greater danger, or even help them. The Grey Men's motives are unknowable and their methods obscure. Those who know them best understand that they do not know the Grey Men at all.



Grey Man Statistics

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
44%	0%	48%	50%	31%	25%	43%	22%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	18	4	5	4	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +10%, Follow Trail, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Shadowing, Swim

Talents: Fearless, Frenzy, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike to Injure, Unsettling

Special Rules:

Amorphous: The composition of a Grey Man's body makes it harder to strike with accuracy. All Critical Values against a Grey Man are reduced by 2. If this would reduce the Critical Value to 0, the Grey Man negates the Critical Hit.

Swamp Aura: All creatures who come within 6 yards (3 squares) of a Grey Man must succeed on a Will Power Test or their resolve weakens, imposing a -20% penalty to Toughness and Will Power Tests.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws and Teeth

THE THIRTEENTH CLAW

Skaven have long been abroad in Mousillon, and for the plague-loving elements of Skaven society, the duchy is an abject lesson in how completely disease can annihilate the enemies of the Horned Rat. The Red Pox outbreak of 1322 killed almost everyone in the entire duchy, and many among the Rat-men would dearly love to see such a thing happening to the more populous regions of the Old World.

However, Mousillon itself is not particularly fruitful ground for Skaven operations, for the simple fact it is already saturated with disease, and there isn't much that can be done to make it any more virulent. In addition, much of the peasantry has become resistant to disease. This means the Skaven have only a small permanent presence in Mousillon, the majority of their operatives belonging to the Thirteenth Claw.

The Thirteenth Claw is a sort of Skaven research outpost. Its members desire to study the ways in which disease works, the patterns of its spread, and the methods of its transition. After all, more knowledge about the subject means more deaths in the name of the Horned Rat. The Skaven in Mousillon are therefore not actively trying to create catastrophes or take over the surface, but rather sit back and observe the currents of pestilence and misery that flow around the duchy.

The Thirteenth Claw is based in its research laboratory built into a network of caves beneath the Orphan Hills. The Claw has been there in various forms since the first Red Pox outbreak of 836 and perhaps before, and though the lab is large and complex, its entrances are very well hidden among

the scrub and bracken of the Orphan Hills. The laboratory is an infernal, stinking, sweltering pit of bewildering arcane devices, bubbling vats of pestilence, filth-streaked cells, gore-encrusted operating rooms, and primitive barracks where the Claw's Skaven live. The laboratory is a quite horrible place, but its foulness cannot compare to the experiments that go on there from time to time. Many a diseased peasant has accepted his oncoming death from the Red Pox, only to be captured and subjected to unspeakable horrors by the Thirteenth Claw as they observe what the disease is doing to his body. The Claw itself consists of around a hundred Skaven, mostly those who toil in the lab and work on the Human subjects. Others are operatives who skulk through the wilderness of Mousillon in the dead of night, seeking out plague-ridden villages to either gather statistics on the number and symptoms of the dying or steal away a few test subjects.

The leader of the Thirteenth Claw is a gnarled old Plague Monk, Skitter-dark. Though a creature of Chaos, Skitter-dark has a fastidious and statistical mind. He believes that knowledge will not come to the Skaven through wanton destruction and slaughter, but through calm, detached collation of statistics. Skitter-dark's methods are a world away from the frenzied devotion with which Plague Monks normally do the work of the Horned Rat, but Skitter-dark is a long way from Skavenblight, and he pays no mind to the opinions of his fellow senior rat-men. Skitter-dark is an intelligent rat, and though he is not a skilled fighter, he is protected at all times by the Claw's complement of Stormvermin and rarely leaves the Orphan Hills laboratory. He has obtained so much information on the spreading of disease that his collected papers could be used by Human scholars to greatly advance the understanding of medicine should they be able to translate them from Queekish. Skitter-dark, of course, intends to return to Skavenblight and present his knowledge to the Council of Thirteen so they can kill even more pitiful Humans with their diseases.

The peasants who live around the Orphan Hills have no idea that the Skaven scuttle beneath their feet. Skitter-dark is very particular about prohibiting his agents from operating close to the laboratory, and so far, few rumours have surfaced among the peasants of rats that walk like men. Skitter-dark's secrecy is greatly helped by the fact that no one brought into the laboratory by the Skaven has ever left.

The Thirteenth Claw

Race: Skaven (Pestilens)

Career: Physician (ex-Clanrat, ex-Plague Monk, ex-Interrogator)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40%	30%	47%	45%	45%	60%	48%	37%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	4	4	5	0	0	1

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science, Theology), Charm, Common Knowledge (Skaven) +10%, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival +10%, Perception, Prepare Poison, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move, Speak Language (Queekish), Swim, Torture, Trade (Apothecary)

Talents: Fearless, Frenzy, Menacing, Night Vision, Resistance to Disease, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail, Sling), Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Surgery, Tunnel Rat, Wrestling

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap)

Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapon: Rusty Scalpel (Dagger)

Trappings: Clipboard, Writing Kit, Physician's & Torturer's Tools, Lab Equipment, Disease, 3d10 Flies

OGRAH AND THE HARROWMAW TRIBE

There are few places in the Old World free of Beastmen, and the cloven-hoofed abominations have found plenty of places in Mousillon to hide. Many tribes, large and small, reside in the Forest of Arden and sometimes emerge from the fringes of the forest to prey upon unwary travellers and fearful peasants. This is no different from the way Beastmen behave in the rest of the Old World. But within Mousillon, in its swamp-bound woods of rotting trees and tangled roots, the Harrowmaw Tribe has other ideas.

Ograh is an exceptionally evil and corpulent Beastmen. He also possesses far greater intelligence than most people would ever credit to a monstrous, carnivorous predator. Humans consider Beastmen vile blasphemies who should be killed on sight, and that suits Ograh fine. This is because he has his own opinion about Humans—they are prey. But Ograh is not content to merely hunt his Human quarry. He is not an animal, he is the leader of a cunning and ambitious nation of Beastmen, and he is bringing his brethren one step closer to civilisation by having them farm their prey.

Ograh's vision involves the peasantry of Mousillon giving their own kin to the Beastmen of the Harrowmaw tribe, saving the tribe from having to scavenge and hunt like animals. Ograh has begun this process by playing upon the superstitions of the peasants. For generations, the villagers have left offerings of food at the edge of woods and swamps, to placate the various supernatural forces that might dwell there. Ograh has taken this tradition and, through simple dream-spells conjured by the tribe's Shamans, moved certain village elders to leave their children as offerings near the woods where covens of Harrowmaw Beastmen dwell. These children are fattened in pens dug beneath the roots of particularly large sacred trees, until the time comes for them to be feasted upon.

Ograh's vision does not stop at a few easy meals for him and his brethren. He envisions a future where Mousillon's peasants worship the Beastmen as superior beings and give them both sustenance and the respect that Ograh craves for his people. Some villages are already virtually ruled by the



cloven-hoofed creatures in the woods, and for every such village that is razed to the ground by its neighbours there are two or three more who accede to the Beastmen's brutal demands. Ograh takes their children not only to eat but to raise as his own, creating an underclass of Human slaves who can not only serve Ograh but also venture back out into the world and convince their fellow Humans to worship the Beastmen.

By Beastmen standards, Ograh is an intellectual titan and master statesman. The majority of other Beastmen chieftains, however, would see him as perverse and weak-blooded, as he seeks power and strength through cunning instead of through warfare and hunting. It is true that Ograh came to prominence in his tribe through manipulating the less intelligent Beastmen into supporting him and killing his rivals. Ograh, however, benefits from Mousillon's isolation, and his entire tribe, numbering thousands of Beastmen in dozens of enclaves, follow his vision with very few exceptions. Ograh fancies himself a shadow king of Mousillon, even a God, commanding an army of devoted slaves while he and his brethren become fat on the flesh of their young. Perhaps one day he will strike out and spread his vision to the rest of Bretonnia and even to the Old World at large, but until then, he is content to build an image of himself as a malevolent God in the minds of Mousillon's peasants.

Ograh is one of Mousillon's least known and most dangerous villains. In the shadows of the duchy's deepest, darkest woods, the Harrowmaw tribe are building a secret state to farm Humans for slavery and food, and perhaps, they will succeed one day. Perhaps, instead, some quick blade or strong lance will seek out Ograh's corrupted heart and end

the nightmare before it begins properly. But if that does not happen soon, Ograh will have devoted Human agents at his command, who will go out into the duchy's villages and promise relief from the curse in return for a few newborn offerings. Mousillon is so twisted that with luck and cunning Ograh might actually succeed in creating a hidden Beastman nation, with Ograh as its king.

Ograh

Race: Beastman (Bestigor)

Career: Chief (Ex-Brute)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
65%	45%	61%	72%	57%	40%	45%	47%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	23	6	7	5	0	0	1

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Command +20%, Concealment, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +10%, Evaluate, Intimidate, Follow Trail, Intimidate +10%, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Search, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Keen Senses, Lightning Parry, Menacing, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail, Two-handed), Streetfighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Very Resilient

Special Rules:

Chaos Mutations: Animalistic Legs, Bestial Appearance, Grossly Fat, Large Horns

Silent as the Beasts of the Woods: Ograh gains a +20% bonus to Silent Move Tests and +10% to Concealment Tests.

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Great Weapon (Axe), Flail, Hand Weapon (Sword), Horns (SB Damage), Shield

Trappings: Warbands of the Harrowmaw Tribe, Several Human Captives

THE GRAND SOW OF THE GRISMERIE

Most of the legends of the Grand Sow agree she was born one night in a village on the banks of the River Grismerie (many feuds have broken out over just which village was her true birthplace). They also agree she was the biggest pig ever to grace Mousillon, and she was more than simply a pig.

PORCINE AVIATION

Despite rumours and legends to the contrary, the Grand Sow does not fly. That would be silly.

She possessed supernatural powers, varying in the tales from flight to hypnotism, and she was a key participant in the eternal struggle between good and evil. While few men of Mousillon care much about good and evil, many Frogwives insist the duchy's pigs of legend fight on their behalf, ensuring the cosmic struggle continues even if the minds of Humans are elsewhere.

Many a peasant has returned wide-eyed after a long evening's swamping, babbling about the silhouette of an immense pig glimpsed on the horizon or the thunderous snorting of a titanic pig that can only be the Grand Sow herself. And it is true that, in the black of night, the Grand Sow might appear in the world of men. It is not certain whether the Grand Sow is a force for good or for evil, and an outsider would be advised not to ask for a definitive answer on the matter because few things get a group of peasants more worked up than conflicting theories on the Grand Sow. More mysterious still is her relationship with other pigs of legend, such as the infamous Black Pig of the Woods. Some insist that the Sow is an avowed enemy of the Black Pig, while others claim she is his mate or they are somehow two faces of the same entity. Mousillon has a complex cycle of pig-related legends, and the Grand Sow is at the heart of them all, wandering Mousillon for good or ill.

An encounter with the Grand Sow (or, as the case might be, with one of her earthly avatars) signifies that those who meet her are engaged in some enterprise that will surely change Mousillon. The Grand Sow might fight them (and she is a most ferocious beast) or simply appear as a symbol of the will of Mousillon. In any case, her appearance is not to be taken lightly, for where the Grand Sow trots, deeds of legend will not be far behind.

The Grand Sow

Main Profile

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
43%	0%	56%	48%	32%	44%	45%	62%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	32	5	4	6	0	0	0

Skills: Charm +10%, Command +20%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) +10%, Concealment, Follow Trail, Hypnotism +20%, Intimidate, Navigation, Outdoor Survival +20%, Perception +10%, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton), Ventriloquism

Talents: Acute Hearing, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Fearless, Hedge Magic, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Orientation, Resistance to Chaos, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Strike to Stun, Unsettling

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Bite

• BARONY OF THE DAMNED •

OR, BRING ME THE HEAD OF GUIDO LEBEAU



CHAPTER IV: TO MOUSILLON

The *Barony of the Damned* is a *WFRP* adventure in which a band of adventurers, at the behest of Adalhard the Duke of Lyonesse, venture into Mousillon to find the notorious outlaw psychopath Guido LeBeau. Unfortunately for all concerned, Guido is not an easy man to find. The adventurers must pick up Guido's trail from benighted, pig-fearing peasants, follow it to the home of one of Mousillon's most nefarious villains, and finally enter the bleak, poverty-stricken horror of the City of Mousillon itself. There, they have ample opportunity to be robbed, beaten, diseased, murdered, maimed, and eaten as they pick up the clues Guido left behind him.

The adventure's climax sees the adventurers tracking Guido to the court of the Cannibal Knight himself. They have to

choose whether to do the Cannibal Knight's bidding to retrieve Guido's head, deceive the Cannibal Knight and hope their ruse is not found out, or to leave the city without LeBeau. Should they choose this latter option, they have to brave the forces of the Cordon Sanitaire in order to escape Mousillon and reach the relative safety of Bretonnia's more wholesome climes. Ultimately, the duchy itself is as dangerous a force as any of its villains, and it takes great skill, courage, strength, and luck to get out of Mousillon unscathed.

The adventure is intended for a relatively experienced band of adventurers, the kind of desperate bandits or good-hearted vagabonds who might attend the call of a duke to rid some evil from the land.

— BACKGROUND —

Lyonesse is a fine and fertile duchy north of Mousillon, ruled by Duke Adalhard. The Duke is a just enough ruler, and the duchy's Knights joust, its ladies pray, and its peasants toil just as they all should. However, in any society, there are malcontents and criminals. In recent years, Lyonesse has been tormented by one in particular—Guido LeBeau, bandit, agitator, thief, and killer. Some unsavoury elements among the peasants have adopted LeBeau as a symbol of peasant revolution, and some have even suggested LeBeau's example shows a commoner might be as strong and just as a noble knight. This is plainly unacceptable,

and Duke Adalhard has for some time offered a price on LeBeau's head.

The last straw came when the diamond-set circlet of Lady Augustine was stolen. LeBeau, not being a shy or sensible man, boasted of the theft in some taverns of ill repute in Lyonesse's towns and even showed the circlet to some of the patrons. Lady Augustine, one of the ladies-in-waiting to Adalhard's wife Ismene, was much distraught having seen LeBeau sneaking into her chambers and rummaging through her belongings. Duke Adalhard has increased the price on LeBeau's head to

include a grant of land in Lyonesse, and he has taken the rather un-knightly step of summoning adventurers to pursue LeBeau.

The adventure begins when a band of adventurers arrives at the keep of Duke Adalhard. Most likely, they have merely answered the call for adventurers heard in many of Bretonnia's cities, or perhaps they caught wind of the opportunity from a worldlier friend while residing outside Bretonnia. Another possibility is the adventurers in question have become wanted men in Bretonnia, or they have already

been convicted of some crime. If this is the case, Adalhard's courtiers have subtly let it be known the duke is offering a pardon for all crimes committed in Bretonnia in return for Guido LeBeau. Assuming Adalhard does not consider the adventurers' crimes to be worse than LeBeau's (which, given LeBeau's inflated notoriety, will be unlikely), even the most hard-boiled murderers can have the slate wiped clean if they successfully hunt down LeBeau. Whatever the adventurers' reward, they will have to earn it, for LeBeau was last seen passing through the Cordon Sanitaire into Mousillon....

— CASTLE LYONESSE —

Castle Lyonesse can be found on an island just off the rocky coast of Lyonesse, built into the very rocks washed by the tide. The castle's sturdy walls are topped with great flowing banners that depict the arms of Duke Adalhard, a red lion's head on a white field, while a short distance from the outer wall is a large and salt-sprayed statue of Thierulf. This statue, carved from a spur of bare rock ground, shows Thierulf with a raised sword in one hand and his broken lance in the other.

The castle is handsome but not lavish, for Duke Adalhard does not believe in beautifying his castle. The castle's keep is a large single tower topped with impressive battlements, and it is here that Adalhard holds court. Adalhard's audience chamber is usually attended by a number of courtiers, such as advisors, attendant knights, and a poet or artist or two. Adalhard has little patience with singers or musicians, but he likes to hear a good, long chanson with plenty of battles. He typically sits in a large high-backed wooden chair picking from a heaped plate of meat, attending to some business with an advisor. Adalhard is a large, ruddy-faced man who fought many stern battles in his younger days and is still rarely seen out of his armour. He is gruff, uncompromising, and superior, and he is very much used to getting his own way.

INVITATION TO GLORY

Duke Adalhard is in a particularly foul mood when he receives the adventurers. He has many responsibilities towards the duchy, and yet he is distracted by this LeBeau fellow who dares to defy him. Adalhard makes his offer bluntly—a grant of land (or a pardon for past crimes) in return for Guido LeBeau, alive or dead. If LeBeau is dead, Adalhard wants to see definite proof of the fact, namely his head. Adalhard hears the adventurer's questions and takes every opportunity to curse the name of LeBeau and expound upon his crimes.

As Adalhard tells it, LeBeau started out nothing more than a common thief and bandit. He sought shelter from the righteous nobles of Lyonesse by holing up in peasant villages and courting their favour by claiming to be a fighter for peasants' rights. The peasants (whom Adalhard considers simple and easily-swayed folk) often believed him, and over time, LeBeau became something of a folk hero among the commoners, akin to the Herrimault of Bretonnian folklore. This is, of course, utter rot—in acting as an agitator, LeBeau gave the commoners dangerous ideas that could only harm

them in the long run. LeBeau's crimes, meanwhile, became ever more audacious. He killed a courier taking taxes to one of Lyonesse's Knights of the Realm, and he severely wounded a Questing Knight who hunted him down. LeBeau was adopted as a symbol of rebellion by a group of farmers and shepherds who refused to pay taxes to their local lord, and whose uprising was violently quashed by Adalhard's own Knights Errant. It became clear LeBeau was not only a criminal but a dangerous rebel who defied noble authority and was therefore an enemy of all Bretonnia.

Adalhard is particularly incensed at LeBeau's most recent crime, the theft of a circlet from the private chamber of Lady Augustine, which is in Castle Lyonesse itself. The audacity of this crime makes Adalhard's face redden every time he thinks of it, and he typically bangs his fist on the table and yells something along the lines of "By the teeth of Malgrimace! How could it happen?" Adalhard normally takes a good swig of wine to calm himself before explaining Lady Augustine is a lady-in-waiting to Adalhard's wife Ismene, and the theft is therefore an insult to Ismene's honour. All in all, Adalhard describes LeBeau as both a psychopath and murderer, as well as a rebel against the natural and proper order of Bretonnian society. The Duke is more interested in ensuring the adventurers know what a dangerous agitator LeBeau is than describing his individual crimes. He finds it difficult to understand adventurers who do not believe LeBeau is as perfidious a criminal as Adalhard makes out. What graver crime is there than damaging the right and just balance of noble and commoner? LeBeau's crimes offend the Lady of the Lake herself, and for that, he must be brought to justice.

ABOUT LEBEAU

Adventurers will probably want more details on just how they are expected to hunt down LeBeau. The agitator was last sighted passing through the Cordon Sanitaire into Mousillon, where he killed a man-at-arms from one of the watchtowers. The tower in question was commanded by the Knight Sir Auferic, and it stands over one of the valleys often used to pass into (and sometimes out of) Mousillon. The man-at-arms survived with his wound for two days, during which he related that the assailant sneered "Tell your Lady that LeBeau sent you." before twisting his dagger in the man-at-arms' side. LeBeau is therefore somewhere in Mousillon, and the adventurers will have to follow.

The adventurers might also ask for a description of LeBeau. He, according to all those who have seen him, is a man of medium height with dark hair, an obviously criminal face, and a commoner's uncouth tongue. He is also reputed to be a master of disguise. If the adventurers explain it will, therefore, be difficult to identify the living or dead LeBeau should they bring him back, Adalhard replies Lady Augustine witnessed the theft of her circlet and will surely know the villain's face if she sees it again. Adalhard does not think that adventurers will have trouble recognising LeBeau when they find him—they shall know him by whatever heinous deeds he is committing in Mousillon!

MORE INFORMATION

Adventurers may wish to speak with Lady Augustine, since she's one of the few people to have definitely seen Guido LeBeau. If they request this, Adalhard sends a messenger to summon Lady Augustine, and after a few minutes, she arrives with a gaggle of serving-maids and Lady Ismene following just behind. Augustine is a very young, skinny, pale-faced woman, no more than a girl, who is still traumatised by the shock of having such a villainous man so close to her. She answers questions quietly, often glancing at Adalhard or Lady Ismene for approval before answering. She woke one night to see a shadowy figure in her room, rifling through the contents of her dresser. The window was wide open. The figure turned to look at her as she woke and was illuminated by a shaft of moonlight. Lady Augustine was deeply shocked by that face, with its wicked, roguish leer, its dark villainous eyes, and stubbly, beaten skin. The man laughed at her and then vaulted out through the window. Lady Augustine's chambers are high up in the keep and so the thief must have had to make a difficult and dangerous climb to escape. By the time Augustine summoned the castle's men-at-arms, the thief was long gone. Augustine is certain the thief must have been Guido LeBeau, for surely there is no one else in the whole of Lyonesse evil and daring enough to commit such a crime? Adventurers might also ask for a description of the circlet that was stolen. Lady Augustine

can tell them it was a silver circle with a rose in the centre and petals of gold. Lady Augustine is still deeply upset by the memories of the event, and if pressed on a point or questioned aggressively, she might burst into tears or even faint away.

Lady Ismene stands and watches the questioning impassively, taking the opportunity to study the adventurers. Ismene is a handsome woman, rather older than Augustine, who dresses simply enough to be humble but well enough to appear decidedly aristocratic. Should she have cause to speak to the adventurers, she is polite but inquisitive, answering questions with questions as she tries to find out as much as she can about the adventurers. Lady Ismene is an intelligent and quite ambitious woman who believes it is her duty to subtly counsel her husband into doing what is best for Lyonesse. Adalhard has little to do with the adventurers once they succeed or fail in bringing back LeBeau, but Lady Ismene could prove a useful and trustworthy employer should the adventurers stay in Lyonesse.

Finally, adventurers probably want to know about Mousillon itself. At this, Adalhard waves a dismissive hand and tells them it is a poor land with few knights of any note, something of a backwater where ruffians like LeBeau often believe they will be safe from scrutiny. Adalhard omits the diseases, Zombies, monstrous villains, and crushing sense of despair from his description. He knows once the adventurers are inside Mousillon, they will have a difficult time getting out again, but again, this is something he declines to mention. If challenged by adventurers who have prior knowledge of what Mousillon is like, he downplays the duchy's grimness and claims the great King Louen Leoncoeur is making great strides in civilising the duchy.

ONWARDS!

Once the initial questions are out of the way, Adalhard is eager for the adventurers to get underway to Mousillon. In particular, there is no time to discuss the exact location or particulars of the land the adventurers will receive should they bring LeBeau back to Castle Lyonesse. Adalhard lends the adventurers transport to the border with Mousillon on the condition that any horses are handed in at Auferic's watchtower, since Adalhard knows horses ridden into Mousillon do not tend to come back even if their riders do. He is unwilling to provide money or equipment for adventurers, who as far as Adalhard is concerned should be grateful for the rare honour of employment from a Bretonnian duke. He is willing, however, to send one of his men-at-arms with the adventurers to ensure they get to Auferic's watchtower safely and quickly. This man-at-arms, Groubert, is a sullen man who mostly speaks in grunts, but he leads the adventurers by the quickest roads to the watchtower. Groubert will not enter Mousillon under any circumstances. He isn't stupid.

Before the adventurers leave, Adalhard gives them a sealed letter and tells them to show it at one of the watchtowers when they have successfully found LeBeau, to ensure there are no problems when they enter Lyonesse again. This fact might alert adventurers to the purpose of the Cordon Sanitaire and the difficulty of leaving Mousillon, if they do not know these facts

REWARDS

Adalhard believes he can get the Player Characters on the cheap by giving them worthless land in exchange for their efforts. And though he blusters past all descriptions of the territory they stand to gain, if pressed, he will show them a tapestry of the land, which shows an idyllic vale with fertile crops and smiling peasants. Of course, this depiction is in no way what the Characters receive; in truth, the land is barren and plagued with Undead, Greenskins, or whatever else you'd like. Should the Characters refuse this "boon," Adalhard grows intensely frustrated and offers them each a warhorse from his stables (though of his Head Groom's choosing and always of Poor Quality). If this fails, he could offer them a title, such as Defenders of Lyonesse for instance. But if the Characters hold out for gold, Adalhard grudgingly offers 50 gc up front and another 100 gc on completion.

already. The letter is sealed with Adalhard's heraldry and is an order from Adalhard to any knight who encounters the holder that if the holder possesses Guido LeBeau (either alive or dead) they should be allowed free passage through the Cordon Sanitaire. If they do not possess LeBeau, they are to be treated

as Commoners attempting to pass out of Mousillon without authority. Adalhard assumes the adventurers will not read this letter, but suspicious adventurers could easily do so once out of Adalhard's sight. They can easily re-seal the letter again as long as they take care not to damage the seal itself.

— AUFERIC'S WATCHTOWER —

The watchtower of the Cordon Sanitaire commanded by the Knight Auferic is the last bastion of Bretonnia before the adventurers enter Mousillon. It is on the border between Lyonesse and Mousillon, about a two days' ride south of Castle Lyonesse. And it rests on a low hill where watchtowers can be seen on either side. The Auferic's watchtower is a relatively new building made of wood, having a platform for archers at the top and archery slits in its walls. It houses a small garrison of peasant archers and a few men-at-arms, Auferic himself being the only knight.

Auferic is willing to put the adventurers up for the night, and his quartermaster (a suspiciously thin peasant archer who doubles as the garrison's cook) can sell them a few basic weapons and supplies. The adventurers can sleep on the slightly mouldy straw pallets on the bottom floor of the watchtower and help themselves to a breakfast of bread and stringy chicken stew in the morning. Auferic is also willing to talk with the adventurers if they are staying the night, especially if any of them are nobles or Bretonnian by birth.

Auferic is a good source of general information about Mousillon. Though Auferic has not ventured into the duchy himself, he has been on the Cordon Sanitaire for three years and knows many stories about the place. He can tell the adventurers to never drink unboiled water, for instance, and to take other precautions to avoid falling victim to the diseases prevalent in Mousillon. To adventurers he trusts (mainly

nobles), he explains the Cordon Sanitaire is intended to keep commoners from leaving Mousillon and spreading the Red Pox into neighbouring lands. He also knows a few basic facts about Mousillon, like the location of the city and the Grismerie, the poverty and isolation of the peasants, and the bare bones of the Affair of the False Grail. He has heard a few rumours King Louen intends to raise an army of Knights Errant and reclaim Mousillon, but he has not heard of Mallobaude. Auferic still believes in the Knightly Order and the Lady of the Lake, but he is becoming weary and cynical, having spent a long time performing a thankless task on the Cordon.

Auferic can also confirm that one of his men-at-arms was killed six nights ago by a man who claimed to be Guido LeBeau. Auferic cannot confirm the killer definitely was LeBeau, but it is the best lead anyone has on him. Had Auferic not been sworn to maintain the watchtower, he would have ridden after the villain himself. The best advice Auferic can give the adventurers is to head for the villages of Craecheur and Puanteure, a day's travel on foot into Mousillon from the watchtower. If LeBeau really has headed into Mousillon, he probably headed through one or the other of those villages.

If any of the adventurers are riding horses lent to them by Duke Adalhard, Auferic's men take them. Auferic himself has no horses to lend and cannot spare the manpower to assign a guide to the adventurers. Once they leave the watchtower, they are on their own.

— CRAECHEUR AND PUANTEURE —

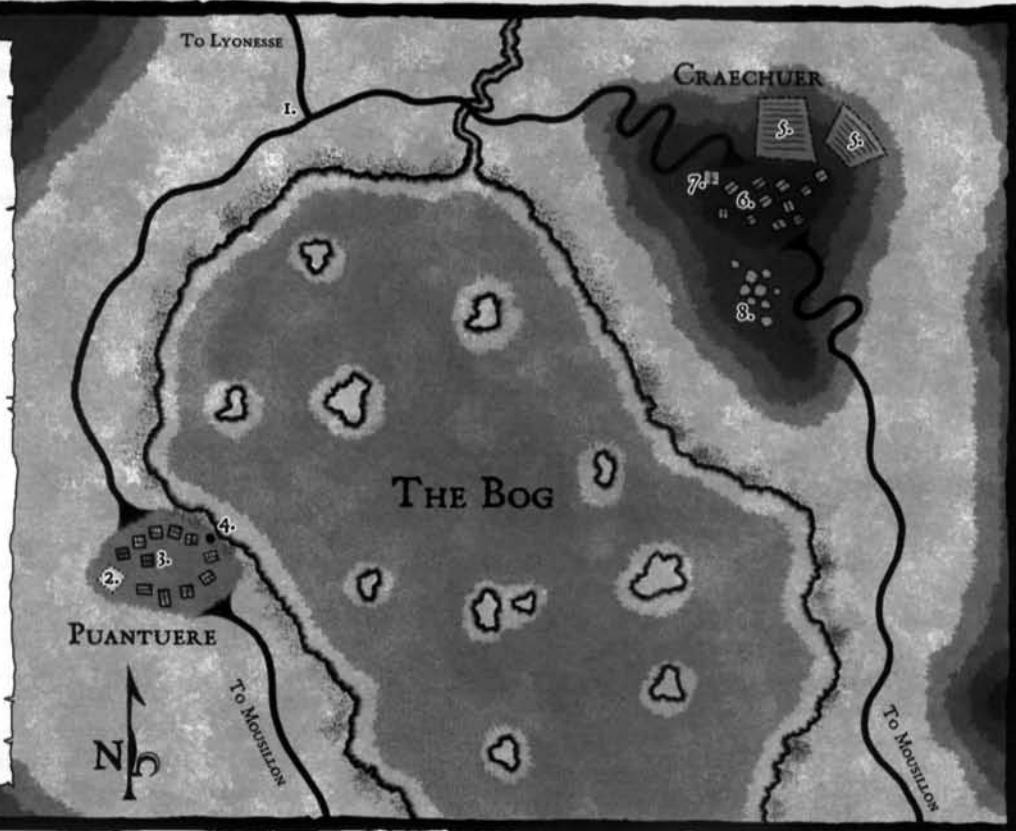
Once the adventurers enter Mousillon, everything changes. Where once the green and pleasant land of Bretonnia was resplendent all around them, they are now surrounded by the bleakness and murk of Mousillon. The change happens very rapidly as they pass from Lyonesse into Mousillon. The green of the grass becomes dark and drab. The sky is cloudy and grim above them, the wind is colder, and sporadic drizzle rains down. Above all, there is the smell. Mousillon smells different to the rest of Bretonnia. The pervading aroma is dank and musty like a damp cellar, faintly sour like spoiled food or unwashed feet. The smell is everywhere, even far from the malodorous swamps to the south, and it comes to infuse the clothes and belongings of anyone who stays in Mousillon for long. The adventurers' first impressions of Mousillon should suggest poverty, wrongness, misery, and impending doom. And that is even before they reach Craecheur and Puanteure.

Reaching Craecheur and Puanteure from the border with Lyonesse takes a hike of a few hours. There is nowhere of note between Auferic's watchtower and the two villages. If the

journey is dragging on, ruthless GMs might have wandering Zombies or bandits waylay the adventurers, welcoming them to Mousillon. The adventurers' first sight of the two villages is likely to be a thin veil of mist in the distance, through which gradually emerge the outlines of ramshackle hovels. Craecheur is on a low hill beside an exceedingly malodorous bog, while Puanteure is on the other side of the bog. The road to the villages forks, and without a sign indicating which village is which, the adventurers probably have to make a completely uninformed choice as to which village they should visit.

Whichever village the adventurers choose, their immediate objective should likely be to ask if LeBeau has passed through, and if he has, find out where he headed. One villager, the Frogwife elder Ger of Craecheur, actually knows this information because she gave LeBeau directions to the keep of Aucassin far to the south. However, such is the isolation of the villages that she will not volunteer this information willingly to outsiders, and the adventurers will have to either negotiate the villages' mutual hostility or raise merry hell if they are to extract this vital clue.

1. The Crossroads
PUANTUERE
2. Pig Sty
3. Blug's Hovel
4. Entrail Pit
CRAECHUER
5. Fields
6. Gutting Yard
7. Flare's Workshop
8. Apple Orchard



The village of Puanteure is located on the very edge of the bog. The air and ground are extremely damp and a thin, cloying mist hovers constantly over the bog, meaning the village of Craecheur cannot be seen from Puanteure. This is one of the factors that led to the hostility between the two villages. Puanteure itself consists of several hovels clustered around a patch of muddy ground which functions as the village square. The inhabitants of Puanteure can normally be found in this square, where they cook, clean, gut frogs and snails, sing peculiar atonal songs or just sit staring at the mud. Village landmarks include the pit on the edge of the bog into which entrails are emptied, the hut of Blug the Venerable (which is larger than the surrounding huts and possesses a window), and the pig sty (which stands out because it is constantly guarded by two peasants armed with sharp sticks).

BLUG THE VENERABLE

Blug appears to be an indescribably ancient man. In reality, he is in his mid-30s, but Mousillon ages its inhabitants rapidly, and Blug is about as old as a peasant gets. He is a hunchbacked, toothless, shuffling man who grins permanently. One of his eyes is much bigger than the other and roams independently, always flicking from one person to the next and sometimes appearing to roll right round in its socket. Blug is a shrewd negotiator compared to the other villagers, and it was he who spearheaded the great economic upheaval that led to the people of Puanteure buying Imperatrice, the village pig. As the village elder he is the effective head of the village, a role he takes very seriously.



Blug is suspicious of outsiders, but he is at least willing to talk to them. Speaking with Blug does not require a Fellowship Test. That does not mean he will be polite or accommodating, but he does acknowledge the presence of the outsiders. The other villagers treat Blug with great respect and defer to him in almost all things, and if the characters do not show him similar respect, they are unlikely to get much information out of him. Blug seeks information about outside, but it soon becomes clear he does not mean the world outside Mousillon or even elsewhere in the duchy. He means Craecheur. Blug dislikes the people of Craecheur immensely, and he is absolutely certain they intend to steal Imperatrice the pig away from his

people. Craecheur's peasants, he insists, are insanely jealous of Imperatrice, and Blug has mobilised the whole of Puanteure to defend her. This means posting two guards, Bou and Mans, and arming them with sticks.

Blug's opinions of Craecheur are coloured by more than alleged pig-jealousy, for Craecheur's people do not show due deference to the folklore of Mousillon. After all, Puanteure's swamp-fearing folk regularly leave offerings of entrails in the gut-pit, where the simple but dutiful Spuc stirs them with his gut-stick to placate the spirits of the swamps. Moreover, Craecheur is more welcoming of outsiders, a sure sign the village does not respect true Mousillon values (should Blug mention this last fact, it may suggest to the adventurers that LeBeau could have passed through Craecheur at some point).

Blug the Venerable

Career: Village Elder (ex-Swampaire)

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	38%	33%	39%	44%	36%	32%	31%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	3	4	0	3	0

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Concealment, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Set Trap, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton), Swim, Trade (Bowler), Trade (Cook)

Talents: Flee!, Hardy, Lightning Reflexes, Marksman, Public Speaking, Rover, Savvy, Specialist Weapon Group (entangling), Strong-minded

Special Rules: Blug gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Net, Spear

Trappings: Frog bucket, warts, Village of Puanteure

SPUC

Spuc is a skinny, slack-jawed lad whose sole duty is stirring the pit of leftover entrails at the edge of the swamp. This is an important duty since it keeps the spirits of the swamp happy. No one in Puanteure remembers who these spirits are, what they do, or why entrails might be pleasing to them, but tradition is a powerful force in Mousillon, and Spuc emerges from his hovel every morning to stand by the gut-pit and stir it once an hour. Spuc has six fingers on each hand and an extra nipple.

Spuc isn't as dense as he looks. He prefers not to keep the company of the other peasants and is happy for them to think



he is a simpleton, so they do not come and talk to him too often. Spuc carries a dark and terrible secret, and he does not want the temptation of telling any of the other villagers. Spuc's secret is that Imperatrice sometimes talks to him. When he is alone, he hears the powerful, growling voice of the pig in his head. It tells him to do things, monstrous things, and though so far he has resisted, Spuc dreads the day when his will breaks and he snatches up a gutting knife to go on a killing spree. Spuc is convinced Imperatrice is, in fact, the legendary Black Pig of the Woods, a malevolent porcine force that roams Mousillon at night and compels innocent peasants to perform acts of wickedness. Imperatrice is the Black Pig, or perhaps an avatar of this supernatural beast, and has dire plans for both villages that somehow involve Spuc. Though he cannot tell his secret to another peasant, Spuc is in awe of any outsiders and should an adventurer manage to speak to him, they might well coax his secret out of him with a **Challenging (-10%) Fellowship Test** or a **Charm Test**.

Spuc

Career: Peasant

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32%	26%	36%	35%	34%	24%	28%	25%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	4	0	6	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Concealment, Drive, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Performer (Singer), Row, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton), Swim, Trade (Cook)

Talents: Flee!, Hardy, Rover, Strong-minded

Special Rules: Spuc gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Quarterstaff (Stirring Stick)

Trappings: Leather Flask

BOU AND MANS

Bou and Mans are sturdy peasants assigned to guard Imperatrice's sty. They see this as a most prestigious appointment and can usually be seen standing at attention, pointed sticks at the ready, next to the sty. Neither Bou nor Mans are particularly bright, but Mans believes he is in charge and constantly blames Bou if anything goes wrong. In particular, he frequently tells Bou that he is "as stupid as Little Tadpole." Bou, for his part, rarely talks and is easily distracted. Mans is distinguished by having eyes that are very far down his face while Bou, the taller and bulkier man, has a small but noticeable hump.

Bou and Mans aren't very clever or tough opponents for anyone who tries to break into the sty and steal or kill Imperatrice. However, if they are given the chance, they yell for help—specifically, help from Little Tadpole. Little Tadpole



promptly emerges from his hovel and reveals to the attackers he is a monstrously huge peasant wearing a crude loincloth of rags. Little Tadpole has bulging biceps, huge hands, a mountainous girth, and an unusually small head. He really is more stupid than Bou and wishes no one any ill, even those who are attacking Imperatrice; he just wants to play with any newcomers. Unfortunately for them, Little Tadpole's idea of playing involves either twisting someone's head off and kicking it around like a football or drowning them in Imperatrice's trough. Little Tadpole is Puanteure's most effective defence against someone trying to steal or harm Imperatrice, and he is more effective than Bou and Mans ever could be.

Bou and Mans

Career: Militiaman
Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
29%	25%	26%	29%	31%	24%	26%	25%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	2	2	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Breton), Swim, Trade (Farmer)

Talents: Resistance to Disease, Strong-minded, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow

Special Rules: Bou and Mans gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sharpened Stick)

Trappings: Rags

Little Tadpole

Career: Peasant

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
36%	24%	43%	33%	28%	22%	24%	26%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	4	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Concealment, Drive, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Performer (Singer), Row, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton), Swim (Cook)

Talents: Flee!, Hardy, Strong-minded, Sturdy

Special Rules: Little Tadpole gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: None

Trappings: Filthy loincloth

IMPERATRICE

Imperatrice is a pig. She is a very large and satisfied pig, as she is far better fed and treated than any of the peasants, and she will probably outlive most of them. She is not being raised as food, but as a symbol of Puanteure's superiority (especially to Craecheur) and as a focus for the community. Imperatrice consumes a good proportion of the peasants' output in vegetables and frog meat, so she is the centre of the village's entire economy. She is irritable, impatient, and potentially violent, and as a hefty beast she has enough bulk to seriously gore anyone who tries to abduct her. Blug intends to find a male pig from somewhere and eventually breed more piglets from Imperatrice, thus creating a legacy of pigs to beautify Puanteure for generations to come. Imperatrice's own views of this plan are unknown.

Imperatrice

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	0%	24%	29%	24%	20%	32%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	8	2	2	5	0	0	0

Skills: Perception, Search

Talents: Acute Hearing, Natural Weapons, Strike Mighty Blow

MINNE

Minne is an eight-year-old girl who at first appears to lack the blemishes typical of a Mousillon peasant; she has long blonde hair, shining blue eyes, and a bright smile. Adventurers might notice, however, she has webbed toes. Minne normally wanders around the edge of the swamp, dancing and singing out of tune. Unlike most of the villagers, she is quite eager to talk to anyone, including outsiders. Minne, being very young, doesn't know much about the outside world except there is a village of bad people just across the swamp. The other villagers think Minne is very sweet but taken with the childish fantasies of the young. No one is entirely sure who her parents are or who looks after her, but she is always singing and skipping around the edge of the swamp.

Minne is particularly fond of her friend, Douleur. Douleur is a typical childhood imaginary friend who Minne claims to play with when she goes wandering in the swamp. What makes Douleur special is that he is real and extremely dangerous. If Minne likes the adventurers, she might offer to take them to meet Douleur in the swamp. Adventurers who take her up on this offer will be led into the misty, stinking swamp until Puanteure is just out of sight, where Minne points to an unremarkable bank of swamp debris and tells the adventurers to say hello. Shortly after this the debris will begin to move and stand up, revealing it to be one of Mousillon's fabled Grey Men.

The motives of the Grey Men cannot be guessed at. For its own inscrutable reasons, Douleur likes Minne and will not hurt her. It does not feel the same about the adventurers. Depending on his mood Douleur might ignore them, or provide them with an important clue if they are stuck. Alternatively he might try to drown, eat, or dismember them. Such are the ways of the Grey Men. Should the adventurers succeed in slaying Douleur, Minne is heartbroken and runs, crying, into the swamp, where she gets lost. Adventurers who have any scruples should realise it is their responsibility to find her and bring her back to Puanteure safely.

Minne is a non-combatant with 6 Wounds.

CRAECHEUR

The second village, Craecheur, stands on a low hill overlooking the swamp. Were it not for the ever-present mist over the swamp, the village of Puanteure would easily be visible from here. Craecheur is poorer than Puanteure because it is not so close to the fertile hunting grounds of the swamp, a fact its inhabitants are constantly reminded of by Puanteure's ability to own and keep a pig. The people of Craecheur are becoming heartily sick of being the second best village in a two-village race, and many think Imperatrice, Puanteure's pig, is the key to bringing their rivals down a peg or two.

Craecheur's hovels stand together on the crown of the hill as if huddling together for safety. A few dismal fields with straggly crops take up the lower slopes where the poor soil is farmed intensively by the peasants to make up for their relative lack of snails. At the centre of Craecheur is the Gutting Yard, where the village's Frogwives tend to congregate and gut the day's

harvest well into the evening. Flarc's workshop, meanwhile, is a relatively solid-looking wooden building just outside the main conglomeration of hovels, and a scrawny belt of trees on the south side of the hill supports a barely edible crop of wizened apples. Aside from this, Craecheur is bereft of notable landmarks. The whole place reeks of poverty and silent desperation, as the people of Craecheur are one step away from starvation. Its villagers are dressed in rags and appear malnourished and pale even by Mousillon's standards.

Craecheur's inhabitants are not quite as hostile to outsiders as those in Puanteure. The village's elders, the Frogwives Ger and Floupe, purchase herbs and other bits and pieces from travelling merchants from time to time and on very rare occasions travellers have passed through Craecheur and even stayed there. Nevertheless, Craecheur's villagers, in particular Ger and Floupe, are unwilling to give or reveal much to any outsiders who do not go out of their way to earn Craecheur's trust.

Ger and Floupe are the recognised authorities in Craecheur, and they determine how well the adventurers are received in the village. When the Player Characters enter the village, any villagers they talk to (unlike in Puanteure this does not require a test) soon refer them to the two elderly Frogwives. Their authority in Craecheur, however, is being challenged. The burly, hot-tempered peasant Marfe has tired of Puanteure's relative wealth and rallies Craecheur's peasants for a daring mission to kidnap Imperatrice. While Marfe has yet to attempt this kidnapping, or even worked out what he would do with Imperatrice should the plan succeed, his call is being echoed by many other peasants. Ger and Floupe oppose this, not because they have any love for Puanteure or Imperatrice, but because they have heard tell of Imperatrice's elite stick-armed bodyguards, and they know Craecheur might not survive the loss of any of its peasants.

GER AND FLOUPE

The venerable Frogwives Ger and Floupe can always be found in Craecheur's Gutting Yard, quietly gutting their crop with nimbleness remarkable for their apparently advanced years (some say both women have reached their mid-thirties, but other peasants maintain that no one can live that long). Craecheur's peasants consult them on most matters, from when to bring in the apple harvest to how far swamping rights extend into the swamp, and especially on how outsiders are to be received. It is the adventurers' conduct towards Ger and Floupe that decide how they are received in Craecheur. Those who are polite and respectful to the elders are offered simple (but not actually infectious) lodgings and a few mouthfuls of food for the night. Ger and Floupe also have a small stash of cured frog legs that they can offer in exchange for useful things like fresh food and herbs. When asked questions they do not wish to answer, they simply reply that the people of Craecheur choose to keep their own counsel. They are reticent about discussing details of other outsiders who might have passed through the village, meaning they evade questions about whether LeBeau travelled through the village.

Ger and Floupe are both extremely wizened crones, having fingers as long and dextrous as spiders' legs from their long

years of swamping. Ger has an unusually long middle finger on her right hand that she can use to pluck stubborn snails from their shells, while one of Floupe's ears is exceedingly large and turns of its own accord to face whoever is talking to her. Neither of these features do much to put those who meet them at ease.

Ger and Floupe

Career: Village Elder (ex-Frogwife)

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
26%	26%	28%	37%	44%	46%	44%	41%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	2	3	4	0	1	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Breton), Trade (Cook)

Talents: Dealmaker, Hardy, Public Speaking, Savvy, Streetwise, Stout-hearted, Strong-minded, Suave

Special Rules: Ger and Floupe both gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Dagger

Trappings: Entrails bucket, frog and snail guts, village



MARFE

The large, bearded Marfe owns the dismal orchard on the hillside, which he harvests along with his wife Tuube. The wrinkled, sour apples from this orchard make Marfe the richest man in Craecheur, to the extent his hovel is larger than anyone else's, and he actually wears shoes.

He considers himself to be a representative of the peasants and is one of the few who openly questions the pronouncements of Ger and Floupe. Marfe is self-important and quick to anger, but he is also generous (as far as a Mousillon peasant can be) to those he trusts, and he is very much a man of action, believing he should always get out there and solve problems instead of just talking about them. Marfe, as well as being rather taller and bulkier than most peasants, possesses an unusually conical skull and is very hairy.

Marfe firmly believes Craecheur's peasants should march over to Puanteure and kidnap Imperatrice to teach those smug rich kids a lesson. Marfe isn't scared of the rumours that Imperatrice is under a constant armed guard, and he is willing to lead the raid himself. If a band of adventurers were to gain acceptance in Craecheur, Marfe would approach them with his plan to steal the pig. Marfe's hovel is the most comely place in Craecheur for adventurers to stay, since it is not only less muddy and ramshackle than the others, but Marfe's cheerful wife Tuube also offers his guests the rare delicacy of his apples. Marfe is enormously proud of his apples, and there is no surer way to be ejected from his house than to point out how small, sour, and thoroughly unpleasant they are.

Marfe

Career: Tradesman (ex-Peasant)

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	29%	36%	40%	33%	42%	35%	32%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Concealment, Drive, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip +10%, Row, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton), Swim, Trade (Cook), Trade (Farmer)

Talents: Dealmaker, Flee!, Hardy, Savvy, Strong-minded

Special Rules: Marfe gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (club)

Trappings: Apples, House and contents, 4 gc



Eep

Eep is a sturdy swamping lass whose skills in tracking and trapping frogs and snails are the equal of any man in Craecheur. Some other peasants, such as Marfe, believe swamping is a man's vocation and Eep should be studying the art of gutting at the feet of Ger and Floupe instead of gallivanting around the swamp. Eep, however, has amassed many frogs, and without her, Craecheur would sink even further into destitution. Eep is a squat and strongly built young woman with straggly black shoulder-length hair and an underbite.

Eep is ambivalent towards outsiders. No one from outside the village ever helped her and she doesn't feel the need to help them. There is one secret she knows, however, that might move her to seek assistance from outsiders. One day, a couple of months ago, Eep was going through a lean period of swamping and took the considerable risk of venturing further than ever before into the swamp. Unwittingly, she strayed well into the swamping grounds claimed by Puanteure, almost to the very edge of Puanteure itself. There she heard a man (in fact, the hapless entrail-stirrer Spuc) ranting to himself about dark and terrible things. Whoever he was, this man was convinced that the Black Pig of the Woods was alive and living in Puanteure and that the legendary creature surely would doom upon the peasants of both villages. There are few things that scare Eep, but the Black Pig of the Wood is definitely one of them, and Eep has come to the obvious conclusion that Imperatrice is an avatar of the Black Pig. Eep opposes Marfe's plan to kidnap Imperatrice, not because she has any great love for Puanteure but because she fears what will happen if the Black Pig is angered. If the adventurers are caught up in a mission to kidnap Puanteure, Eep might plead with them to prevent the kidnapping or perhaps even ask them to destroy the Black Pig before it can wreak vengeance on Craecheur.

Eep

Career: Swampaire

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32%	48%	31%	39%	51%	33%	31%	27%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Concealment, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Set Trap, Speak Language (Breton), Swim

Talents: Hardy, Lightning Reflexes, Marksman, Night Vision, Rover, Specialist Weapon (Entangling), Strong-minded

Special Rules: Eep gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Net, Spear

Trappings: Sack, four frogs, one small black snail, five warts

FLARC

Flarc the Cobbler owns a workshop just outside Craecheur's cluster of hovels, where he turns scraps and rags into shoes. Flarc is something of a pariah in Craecheur because of his suspiciously good links with the outside world—including, unforgivably, Puanteure. Flarc sells his shoes to travelling herb merchants, other nearby villages (he has even travelled to such exotic places as the next valley along the woods in the distance), and the outsiders who sometimes pass through Craecheur. He once sold a particularly fine pair of rat skin and frog tendon shoes to Blug the Venerable of Puanteure, a fact which no one in Craecheur has ever forgotten. The other villagers speak of Flarc as if he were barely any better than an outright traitor, and Ger and Floupe only refer to him contemptuously as "the cobbler." Flarc is marked out as a native of Mousillon by the fact that he can wiggle his nose with a remarkable level of dexterity.

Flarc is a balanced, quietly intelligent man who is content to fashion his shoes from ingeniously used local resources. Bark, frog parts, snail shells, rat skin, leaves, interesting twigs, and anything else he can find can all be incorporated into Flarc's footwear. To Flarc, the existence of shoes is one of the few things that separate Mousillon's peasants from the animals roaming the duchy. Making shoes is not just a job but Flarc's personal contribution to keeping the duchy from sinking completely into barbarity and despair. Sadly, in Craecheur, no one sees the need for shoes (except for the wealthy Marfe, who bought his shoes before Flarc dared to sell a pair to Puanteure), so Flarc's vocation is seen with some bemusement by other villagers. Flarc is philosophical about his exclusion from Craecheur and is happy to talk with outsiders, since he rarely gets any conversation otherwise. In fact, if the situation in Craecheur gets even worse, he might even ask to accompany a band of adventurers on their travels. After all, even mortal peril is preferable to staying in Craecheur to rot, and besides, adventurers always need shoes.

Flarc

Career: Tradesman

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
26%	24%	33%	36%	44%	45%	42%	30%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Breton), Trade (Cobbler)

Talents: Dealmaker, Savvy, Strong-minded

Special Rules: Flarc gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Dagger

Trappings: Shoes, Hovel and contents

GUIDO LeBEAU AND THE DOOM OF IMPERATRICE

Only the Frogwife Ger of Craecheur knows LeBeau passed through Craecheur a few days ago. She was cleaning the day's catch alone in the Gutting Yard as the sun went down (Floupe was emptying her entrail bucket at the time) when a tall, rakish man with a wounded hand approached her. He asked if the old crone knew the way to the keep of a noble named Aucassin. The stranger had a handful of stale bread and a skin of clean Lyonesse water, which was enough buy him a night on the floor of Ger's hovel and half a frog for the journey. Ger has never heard of Aucassin, but the stranger said the keep commanded a stone bridge over a river, so Ger directed him south towards the Grismerie (since this is the only river she has ever heard of). Before the dawn the stranger was gone. Ger can describe the man as a roguish and handsome fellow (if Floupe is present, she shows disdain for Ger's girlish fawning over a man) missing two fingers on his left hand, and dressed for travel.

How Ger is convinced to reveal this information is up to the actions of the players. If Imperatrice is killed or successfully kidnapped by the people of Craecheur, then the village will be so grateful to the adventurers they will be lavished with frog and snail meat, and the Frogwives will, to show solidarity with their fellow villagers, offer them any help (including answering their questions about LeBeau). If, on the other hand, the adventurers protect Imperatrice from

Craecheur's villagers, Ger approaches them in secret and thanks them for preventing Marfe from bringing ruin on Craecheur by causing the villages' tensions to boil over into a feud. If everything ends in a horrible bloodbath, Ger offers this information either in response to threats or just to get the adventurers to leave Craecheur and Puanteure and never come back.

The events that occur when the adventurers interact with one or both of the villages are up to the GM. Certainly the adventurers' mere presence can bring the villages' tensions to a head, causing Marfe to go ahead with his plan to kidnap Imperatrice. In Craecheur, he might well force a village meeting where he argues for kidnapping the pig, while Ger and Floupe argue against it, giving the adventurers an opportunity to argue either way (and for Eep to take them aside and tell them of her theory concerning the Black Pig of the Woods). If the adventurers take Puanteure's side, the presence of outsiders in Puanteure convince the villagers of Craecheur that Puanteure is planning something very fishy, possibly even that the adventurers have a pig of their own from which Imperatrice can breed. In either case, the kidnap plot will probably go ahead unless the adventurers throw a wrench in the works. Finally, the adventurers might decide to kill Imperatrice, acting on information from Eep or Spuc that she is an avatar of the Black Pig of the Woods (or, perhaps, they will try to steal her for themselves since represents the only worthwhile loot in either village, unless they really need some shoes). However much violence erupts as a result of the adventurers' involvement, the aged Frogwives of Craecheur will not take part in it, so only outright murder will lead to Ger dying.

— TO THE HOUSE OF AUCASSIN —

However events in Puanteure and Craecheur turned out, the adventurers have a single clue. LeBeau was probably heading south towards a keep owned by a noble, Aucassin, which overlooked a stone bridge on the Grismerie. They now have to get there.

The journey to the Grismerie, given the poor conditions of the roads, takes three or four days on foot. Again, this is plenty of time for the adventurers to be waylaid by bandits, poisoned by unclean water, and boggled at by the peasants whose villages they pass through. The journey south takes the adventurers into swampier and swamplier ground where biting insects swarm, and foul-smelling bogs form around sluggish streams leading towards the Grismerie. The Grismerie Valley is a grim, wet and malodorous place, and the feelings of foreboding and despair the adventurers might have felt entering Mousillon is magnified here. Most of all, the smell gets worse. The whole of Mousillon smells like souring milk or turning meat, and the Grismerie smells worst of all.

The road southwards winds through low hills and dismal stands of trees. A few villages are dotted here and there, seemingly at random. There are plenty of villages for adventurers to seek shelter and food, but most are as bad if not worse than Puanteure and Craecheur. A hovel floor and a frog's leg is all most adventurers will be able to get out of them, and even

then they should feel unwelcome. Peasants will not know the directions to Aucassin's keep, except to say that the Grismerie is somewhere to the south.

When the adventurers reach the Grismerie, assuming they have headed south across the duchy from Craecheur and Puanteure, they find a wide but relatively shallow river, bleeding out into stinking swamps on either side. The Grismerie becomes deeper and more river-like downstream, to the west. The adventurers' best bet is to head downstream until they find a stone bridge. Since there is only one major stone bridge on the Grismerie this far from the city, this direction almost always leads them to Aucassin's keep, the Chateau Hane. If they head upstream, they soon come across the Grismerie's western end, where it breaks into scores of swampy streams and disappears into the marshy bogs of the western valley. These lands are home to the most dismal of peasants, some of them wallowing through the marsh like animals, and very little else.

Finding Chateau Hane should not be too tricky since there is only one large stone bridge across the Grismerie, and the keep stands over it, but nevertheless, adventurers may need help in knowing where to look. Fortunately, the itinerant herb seller Spou often wanders the area just south of Craecheur and Puanteure and could point the adventurers in the right direction. He knows a keep commands a stone bridge over the

Grismerie more or less directly south of the villages; although, it is a few days' walk to get there. He isn't certain if it is the Chateau Hane or not, but there can't be many such places in Mousillon. Spou is also happy to share a story or two with the adventurers, and he even has a couple of skins of clean water and two small loaves of stale bread he can sell them in a pinch for a couple of small black snail shells or the equivalent. Spou is a jolly chap and enjoys telling tales from Mousillon's folklore, including those concerning the Grand Sow and the Black Pig, though he tends to make them up as he goes along. Spou can give some basic advice about staying alive in Mousillon, and he also makes for a reasonable extra adventurer if the party lost a member earlier.

However they get to Chateau Hane, the adventurers are in for a very different experience. The lord of Chateau Hane is a cultured, hospitable and welcoming aristocrat only too eager to act as a host to wanderers in the duchy. He is also a Vampire, and adventurers who find this out will have to decide if they are willing to confront the Undead fiend, or if they are happy to leave him to commit whatever evils he commits in the dead of night. For Chateau Hane is the keep of Aucassin, knight, Vampire, and lieutenant of Mallobaude himself, and his guests must tread carefully lest his geniality turn to predatory bloodlust.

CHATEAU HANE

Chateau Hane is a handsome, single-tower keep, octagonal in cross-section, that forms one end of a small but sturdy stone bridge over the Grismerie. It can be seen from some distance away, and many nearby villages pay fealty to its Lord. These villages are bearable by Mousillon standards, since the swamping here is good, and Aucassin is not one of the duchy's more despotic nobles. A **Challenging (-10%) Perception Test**, however, might allow a character to notice several stakes on the far side of the river, one of which has a withered body still impaled upon it. This is the corpse of a poacher who was executed by impalement, as is traditional throughout Mousillon. The local peasants do not see anything unusual in this. After all, if the swamping rights are not observed properly, the whole economy will break down, and Mousillon will become a horrible place of poverty and isolation, and that would be terrible.

Chateau Hane is an old but well-maintained keep with an audience chamber and several private chambers around a central spiral staircase. Aucassin himself resides at the top of the tower, while his staff mostly lives in the basement. Aucassin also maintains stables nearby, for his own horses and those of the small coterie of knights who serve him. Inside, the Chateau is tastefully decorated and is far more suitable for hospitality than defence. Much of the furniture, even in the guest quarters, is antique, and Aucassin's arms (three black flowers and a black fleur-de-lis on a white field) are featured prominently. Most notably of all, several exquisite tapestries hang throughout the Chateau. They depict stories from Mousillon's history, such as the heroic victory of Landuin against the Undead horde (the Affair of the False Grail is notably absent from the tapestries, however). A fire always



burns in the hearth, and a hearty meal is served every evening just after the sun goes down.

At the time of the adventure, Aucassin's knights (including his most favoured knight, Gefrelar) are away on other duties (no doubt pertaining to Mallobaude's plot to take the city), and only Aucassin and his household staff are present in Chateau Hane.

AUCASSIN'S HOUSEHOLD

AUCASSIN

Aucassin, Noble of Mousillon and blood-sucking Vampire fiend, is more fully described in **Chapter Three: Rise of the Black Knight**. He is initially well-disposed to the adventurers and wishes to offer them his traditional two days of hospitality for weary travellers. Aucassin does not intend to feast upon the adventurers, as he has a specially-selected peasant being brought to the Chateau for him to drink from and does not wish to spoil his meal. In fact, if the adventurers do not suspect Aucassin is a Vampire, there is no reason why they should not enjoy a hearty two days of noble hospitality and then be on their way. Aucassin especially enjoys telling tales from Mousillon's history at the main daily meal, held in the large audience chamber at the base of the tower just after dark every evening. Aucassin will only be present after dark, and will be "out hunting" or "inspecting the villages" during daylight. In truth, of course, he is sleeping in his grand four-poster bed in the chamber at the top of the tower, waking only at night.

Aucassin offered the same hospitality to Guido LeBeau, whom he believed to be a travelling merchant heading for the city

to check on a ship with a valuable cargo that had been forced to dock there by storms. Aucassin even gave LeBeau a horse, a half-lame old nag who was going to be slaughtered anyway, so he could get to the city more quickly. Aucassin believes very firmly in the superiority of Bretonnia's nobles and will be horrified to learn LeBeau is a rebellious agitator of peasants. Regrettably, Aucassin has important business that prevents him from travelling the city himself, and he can spare no knights to hunt the knave down. He is, however, willing to re-supply the adventurers and tell them everything he knows about LeBeau. He describes LeBeau as a charming and not un-handsome man but who, in retrospect, did have slightly furtive eyes and a criminal mouth. Aucassin last saw him as he rode his lame horse in the direction of the city.

All this assumes the adventurers do not discover Aucassin's Vampirism and try to stake, burn, or otherwise inconvenience him. Aucassin has absolutely no qualms about killing adventurers who he believes are out to harm him. A bloody showdown in Chateau Hane will be a grim and desperate encounter, for Aucassin is a deadly opponent and, if circumstances are in his favour, he can call upon other members of his household to help him. Should Aucassin be slain, then Gefrelar and Aucassin's other knights will surely seek vengeance against their master's killers, but that is another story.

DIOMEDE, HEAD OF THE HOUSEHOLD

Diomedé is Aucassin's major-domo, the head of the household staff that answers to Aucassin himself, organises the rest of the staff, and acts as Aucassin's go-to man for all manner of errands and tasks. Diomedé is aware Aucassin is a Vampire and is completely in thrall to the noble, to the extent Aucassin uses him to gather victims from the nearby villages. When Aucassin needs to feed, he tells Diomedé to select a comely young peasant, bring them to the Chateau Hane, kill them, and keep them preserved ready for Aucassin to drink their blood. Diomedé is technically a multiple murderer with dozens of victims. But as far as he is concerned, his purpose is to serve his lord, and his actions are really the actions of Aucassin. Diomedé adores Aucassin and intervenes at the risk of his own life to prevent Aucassin from coming to harm.

Diomedé is an ageing man with thinning grey hair and a pronounced limp, and he has served Aucassin for many, many years. He speaks with a soft, wavering voice and a slight stammer. The peasants trust him because he represents Aucassin's more altruistic side, since he is the one who returns the harvest's spare parts as alms for the sick and distributes imported turnips to prominent peasant families on Sow Night. They do not know that he is also the man who takes away their brothers and sisters on pretence of having some business with Aucassin, before poisoning them and interring them beneath the floorboards of his chamber until Aucassin is ready to feed. The villagers, with typical Mousillon fatalism,



ascribe these disappearances to the Grey Men, the Black Pig of the Woods, or ill-advisedly straying outside the boundaries of Aucassin's domain.

Diomedé

Career: Steward (ex-Valet)

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
34%	36%	40%	43%	44%	56%	41%	53%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	4	4	0	4	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Blather, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Coolheaded, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Strong-minded, Suave, Super Numerate

Special Rules: Diomedé gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword)

Trappings: Cologne, Purse, two Sets of Best Craftsmanship Noble's Garb, Uniform, Writing Kit

BERTRAND OF AQUITAINE

Bertrand is Aucassin's court poet, a creator of subtle, elegant verse a world away from the battle-filled chansons that entertain the more bloody-minded nobles of Bretonnia. Aucassin heard Bertrand's poetry some years ago and sent for him, who at that time was seeking a patron among unappreciative knightly courts. Bertrand believed the chance to craft his poetry for an admiring noble was compensation for having to live in Mousillon. Perhaps he was right, perhaps he was wrong, but Bertrand no longer controls his own destiny enough to know the difference. Aucassin is working on making Bertrand his thrall in the same mould as Diomedé and then inflicting the curse of Vampirism on the poet, so Aucassin can possess Bertrand's exquisite verse for all eternity.

Bertrand has been convinced by Aucassin, and in no small measure convinced himself, that he has found the perfect patron in Aucassin. He suspects that there is something deeply sinister and probably supernatural about Aucassin, but he does not admit this to himself, and it will take considerable coaxing from someone who has earned his trust to accept that Aucassin is evil. Even if he were to learn of the many, many murders for which Aucassin is responsible, Bertrand could be convinced to stand by his master. Bertrand is a slight, pale man with



shoulder-length light brown hair; he is prone to long bouts of creative meditation, and he has been known to agonise for days over the composition of a single line. His poetry is fine indeed, suitable for the most appreciative and cultured minds, and Aucassin often summons Bertrand to perform a recitation for his guests.

Name: Bertrand of Aquitaine

Career: Courtier (ex-Noble)

Race: Human (Bretonnian)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38%	31%	29%	33%	39%	51%	42%	61%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	2	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (the Arts), Blather +10%, Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) +10%, Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Performer (Poet) +10%, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Coolheaded, Etiquette, Public Speaking, Savvy, Schemer, Suave

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Dagger

Trappings: four Sets of Noble's Garb, Valet, 100 gc

BERENICE

One of the finest tapestry artists in the whole of Bretonnia, Berenice was taught by the famed Lady Liliene of Couronne. However, being born a commoner—the daughter of a nimble-fingered but poor seamstress—the talented Berenice would never have graced the finest courts of Bretonnia no matter how fine her tapestries were, such were the capricious ways of Bretonnia's courtly culture. After her apprenticeship to Liliene, Berenice was all but resigned to a life of thankless work alongside her long-suffering mother. She always held out the hope that an understanding knight or noble would rescue her from obscurity, and when a handsome young knight from a faraway duchy rode into Couronne seeking a talented artist, she thought that moment had come. Unfortunately for her, the knight was Gefrelar and his lord was Aucassin. Berenice promised to return one day with a fortune (by commoners' standards) to ensure her mother would have a comfortable old age and rode off with Gefrelar towards distant Mousillon. Since then, Berenice's life has been little more than endless misery.

Berenice is an intelligent and strong-willed woman. Aucassin recognises this and knows he cannot make her regard him with awe, as do Bertrand and Diomedé. Aucassin simply



keeps Berenice imprisoned. Her chambers, though well-appointed and comfortable, are nevertheless kept locked most of the time. Even when Berenice is permitted out, Aucassin's implicit threats have made her sure that should she try to leave she will be hunted down. While Berenice is treated bearably by Aucassin and the staff of the Chateau Hane, she is constantly assailed by a sense of despair that she will never leave Chateau Hane and return to her mother in Couronne. Berenice works on tapestries constantly, both because Aucassin requires it of her and because she has no other outlet for her thoughts. Her tapestries are magnificent, and when not making masterpieces according to Aucassin's requirements, she works on her own tapestries depicting her life of imprisonment or the fancifully beautiful Couronne to which she longs to return.

Berenice is in her twenties but looks a lot older. Her face is drawn and her hair shot through with grey, and she dresses in drab greys and browns. She can barely keep herself from being consumed by grief, and it is only the hope that she might one day escape that keeps her sane. She silently prays to the Lady for Aucassin to die so she can be released from her prison, for she does not know that old age or disease cannot kill the Vampiric noble. She suspects strongly that Diomedé is employed on some sinister business by Aucassin, for she has seen the major-domo from her chamber window as he leads young peasants into the Chateau who are never seen again. She dislikes Diomedé intensely, but she was very fond of Bertrand before he fell under Aucassin's spell. The rest of the household staff believes Berenice is kept under lock and key because she is an unstable fallen woman that Aucassin keeps on out of pity. They are not permitted to speak with her. Berenice spends days on end longing for someone to talk to, pouring her grief into her art. Should strangers come to Chateau Hane, and if they seem like good and just people, she will find a way to ask them for help and suggest to them that they find out what Diomedé is up to.

Name: Berenice

Career: Peasant

Race: Human (Bretonnian)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	31%	34%	43%	49%	32%	44%	30%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Concealment, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Performer (Dancer), Row, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton), Swim, Trade (Seamstress)

Talents: Coolheaded, Flee!, Hardy, Strong-minded

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: None

Trappings: two sets of Good Craftsmanship clothing

THE HOUSEHOLD STAFF

Aucassin employs a small household staff to maintain Chateau Hane and serve his needs. Diomedé is the head of the household and passes on Aucassin's requirements, for Aucassin rarely speaks to the staff directly. Grer, the cook, is a peasant so simple and crude that he is barely able to speak, but against the odds he is an excellent cook with a natural affinity for cuisine. Thoule is Aucassin's stabler, looking after the horses of Aucassin and his knights. Thoule is a young, fresh-faced peasant who has rarely spoken with Aucassin and who never goes inside the Chateau, instead spending his nights on a straw pallet in the stables and his days tending to the horses. He possesses one important piece of information—the horse given to LeBeau was a lame old black nag with a striking white mark on her rump in the shape of a double circle. Thoule wasn't sad to see her go, as she was an ill-tempered creature. The Chateau's housekeeper is a hatchet-faced, intimidating woman referred to as Madame Isolde, who employs one or two young peasant girls as maids. She never keeps any one maid in her employ for any length of time, and the maids are always terrified of her. A persistent rumour in the surrounding villages is that Madame Isolde is a witch; while this is untrue, it is easy to believe for anyone who has met her. The staff are normally only in Chateau Hane during the day, when Aucassin isn't around. They do not know any of Aucassin's secrets and never enter his chambers (Diomedé attends to Aucassin himself), nor does Diomedé allow anyone in his room.

TWO DAYS OF HANE

Aucassin offers his guests a traditional two days of hospitality. He only appears to them during the hours of night (Diomedé greets characters if they arrive during the day). On the first evening, Aucassin offers an impressive feast and regales his guests with a tale from Mousillon's history. He also has Bertrand attend them to round off the evening with some poetry. Aucassin then shows the guests to their rooms and bids them goodnight. Chateau Hane has three rooms for commoner guests, which are well appointed with two beds each.

The First Night

During this first night, Diomedé brings a young peasant girl, Lisseut, to the Chateau, on the pretence she is to be interviewed by Madame Isolde as a new maid. Instead he leads her to his chamber, strangles her, and conceals her body beneath the floorboards, readying her for Aucassin to drink her blood. Suspicious characters who look out the window of their chamber might see Diomedé bring the girl towards a side entrance, if they succeed on a **Challenging (-10%) Perception Test** since it's a moonless night. Lisseut is young and innocent, and she deserves a better fate than to be murdered to sate the thirst of an Undead fiend. In the unlikely event she survives the first night, the adventurers might find she is a good, kind young lady who cares for her ageing father in one of the villages near the Chateau.

The Second Day

During the second day, the adventurers do not see Aucassin before nightfall (he is sleeping in his chamber at the top of Chateau Hane). Berenice the tapestry artist tries to contact the adventurers on this day, but since she is locked away and has few friends in the Chateau, it will be difficult for her to do so. One of Madame Isolde's maids (the adventurers never find out which one, and Madame Isolde refers to them as "Maid One" and "Maid Two") has agreed to help Berenice and leaves notes and other clues for the adventurers leading them to Berenice's room. Neither maid can read or write, so they can't just leave a note for anyone. The friendly maid tries to alert the adventurers to Berenice's predicament without actually telling the adventurers about it, because she is so frightened of Madame Isolde and Diomedé that speaking to someone she shouldn't is too much of a risk.

One method the maid might use it to place the key to Berenice's room on top of the door to the guest room. Then, when an adventurer next opens the door, the key falls down. Another way involves one of the tapestries Berenice made to express her sadness. This tapestry is a wonderfully worked view of Chateau Hane, with a prominent window corresponding to Berenice's room on the tower's fourth floor. Berenice herself looks mournfully out of the window. The tapestry depicts Mousillon's bleak weather and the grimness of the surrounding villages with exaggerated skill. This tapestry could be hung opposite the door to the adventurers' room, or if they leave the Chateau during the day it could even be hung from a tree like a banner, so they come across it on their way back to the Chateau. Finally, if the adventurers request a meal during the day, the maid could slip a simple sketch of the Chateau into the meal, with a large cross over the window of Berenice's room.

During this second day, the adventurers have the opportunity to encounter the other members of the household staff, speak with Bertrand (who composes his poetry in front of the fire or while wandering just outside the Chateau) and have a look around the place. The basement level of the Chateau Hane contains the kitchen (which is usually inhabited by the cook Grer) and the servants' quarters. The ground floor includes the large chamber with its roaring fire and tapestries where Aucassin entertains his guests. The first floor consists of a single empty room, as it is used for large and important meetings (this is where Mallobaude sometimes holds counsel with his fellow conspirators, though of course the adventurers probably have no reason to suspect this). The second floor includes the guest quarters, the third includes Diomedé's and Bertrand's quarters, the fourth is where Berenice is imprisoned, and the fifth is taken up with Aucassin's grand bedchamber. Would-be thieves discover there is little of value to pilfer from Aucassin's keep since his real valuables and money are kept and counted elsewhere under the protection of Mallobaude, and the antique furniture is all too heavy and cumbersome for most adventurers to take away. The most valuable items are probably Berenice's tapestries, which are very beautiful but only worth around 25 gc to 40 gc each as Berenice is sadly not a renowned artist. Stealing from the

Chateau Hane is a good way to find oneself hunted down by Gefrelar and Aucassin's knights.

The Second Night

On the evening of the second day, Aucassin again holds a fine meal and tells a few handsome tales of chivalry and folklore. And once again he bids the adventurers goodnight. That night, Aucassin goes to Diomede's room and feeds on the victim prepared for him. The next morning, Diomede is sent to express Aucassin's regret that he cannot bid farewell to the adventurers personally as he has been called away on urgent business (again, in truth he is merely sleeping away the daylight hours). Thoulle the stabler is then summoned to escort the adventurers to the edge of Aucassin's lands and point them towards the city.

Should the adventurers miss or ignore the clues leading to Berenice, they might well leave the keep without thinking any ill of Aucassin. If, however, they find Berenice, she tells them she is kept an effective prisoner and longs for someone to take her away from the Chateau Hane. Her room is small and cramped, mostly taken up with the trappings of her art as a creator of tapestries: large bolts of cloth, endless spools of thread, and needles of every size. Most of the time, her only view of the outside is through a small window that looks out on a dismal view of the sluggish Grismerie and the clusters of hovels on its banks. Berenice doesn't know what Aucassin is or what wicked deeds he and Diomede are committing, and she doesn't care. She does know, however, that as long as Diomede is around, he will find Berenice if she tries to leave. Berenice wants the adventurers to first take care of Diomede (how they do it is up to them, for Berenice doesn't care if Diomede dies or not) and then take her away from the Chateau, preferably to the city where she thinks she can start a new life.

Diomede's room is locked with a high-quality lock that requires a **Hard (-20%) Pick Lock Test** or a **Strength Test** to open, and only Diomede has the key—he is not in his room during the course of the adventure, but if the adventurers take too long opening the door, he might interrupt them in the middle of their breaking and entering. If adventurers enter his room, they find a small, extremely neat and very sparse room with a single bed, table, cupboard and chair. They also notice a strong, rather incongruous smell of spices. This actually emanates from the wrappings Diomede uses to keep the victim beneath his floorboards fresh for Aucassin to feed upon. Characters walking around the room notice with a **Routine (+10%) Perception Test** that the floorboards are very loose underfoot. Lifting the floorboards near the bed reveals the body of Lisseut, wrapped in the spice-infused linen to keep her fresh. She has been recently strangled. Diomede is so in thrall to Aucassin that should he be confronted over the body, he rails against the adventurers for daring to abuse his master's hospitality. Any obvious commotion or violence brings Aucassin out of his slumber to confront the adventurers. There is little direct sunlight in the Chateau Hane so he can move, fight, and kill quite freely as long as the adventurers stay inside.



FAREWELL TO CHATEAU HANE

The results of their two days of hospitality will be determined by the actions of the adventurers. Perhaps they never come to realise Aucassin is a Vampire, or perhaps they do realise this and choose not to confront him over it. Aucassin is, after all, a better host than they are going to find anywhere else in Mousillon. It could be they have rescued Berenice or convinced Bertrand to leave his master, or both these individuals could have died in a brutal confrontation with Aucassin. In any case, they should have received the information that Guido LeBeau indeed came to Chateau Hane and headed for the City of Mousillon on a horse given to him by Aucassin. The way to the city is quite clear, for the adventurers simply have to follow the river Grismerie. This area of Mousillon is relatively well populated, but it is poor and bleak, especially outside Aucassin's sphere of influence, and adventurers can expect little more than a cup of grass stew and a bed on a muddy hovel floor from the peasants here.

Tangling with Aucassin has consequences. If the adventurers free Berenice, kill any of Aucassin's staff (such as Diomede), steal anything, or harm or kill Aucassin himself, they won't get away with it. Gefrelar, Aucassin's favourite knight, returns to Chateau Hane once the adventurers have left and, upon discovering whatever dishonour they have done to his master, sets off in pursuit. The confrontation with Gefrelar is detailed later in the adventure.



CHAPTER V: THE CITY OF MOUSILLON

The first sight of the City of Mousillon should be deeply depressing. On the horizon, the city looks grim and imposing, its sheer, ugly, age-stained walls uninviting and sinister. The low Charnel Hills outside its walls are the source of a sickly stench experienced adventurers surely recognise as the smell of decay. Hovels cluster around the south gates like an infestation of boils, and even after three centuries, the scars of the siege are fresh and raw on the walls, as if the city is still reeling from the Affair of the False Grail.

A paved road exists to the city, starting about a mile away from the South Gate. Old gibbets still stand along the road, some of them holding cages that still contain the mouldering, crow-pecked bones of a long-forgotten criminal. The South Gate is not the only way in, but the other main entrance is the North Gate, and it's surrounded by the Charnel Hills and hence infested with countless Zombies, Ghouls, and Skeletons.

Information about the City of Mousillon, including its various districts and the dark deeds that might be committed there, can be found in **Chapter Two: A Traveller's Guide**. Adventurers' first taste of the city will probably involve being hassled by beggars, would-be cutthroats and petty thieves as they head towards the imposing arch of the South Gate. There should be plenty of opportunities for them to be harassed and pick-pocketed. The South Gate is a place where the adventurers could

conceivably find some rest and refreshment before venturing into the city itself, but it should be scanty and hard to find since this is one of the few places in Mousillon that is overcrowded. In particular, they should expect to pay a few coppers, or the equivalent in small black shells, just for a glass of muddy but relatively un-infectious water brought from the well in the Grail Quarter. It is perhaps here that the adventurers will want to start hunting for leads on Guido LeBeau. Whether they believe Aucassin or not, the city is the only suggestion they have for where to find the nefarious LeBeau. The adventurers have potentially collected the following clues:

- LeBeau is a notorious peasant agitator who uses disgruntled commoners to protect and help him.
- LeBeau rode into Mousillon on a lame old horse, which had a mark in the shape of a double circle on its rump.
- LeBeau stole a silver circlet with a golden rose and presumably took it to the city, since the city is one of the few places in Mousillon where valuable items can be fenced.
- LeBeau is missing two fingers on his left hand.

There are plenty of things to do in Mousillon as well as pursue the leads on LeBeau. Many potential misadventures are suggested in **Chapter Two: A Traveller's Guide**, including ill-advised visits to the Bridge Quarter, hollow pilgrimages to

TABLE 5-1: CITY OF MOUSILLON EVENTS

Roll	Event
01-05	A man in rags is hauled out of a crumbling tenement, tied to a convenient post, and whipped by a mob of a dozen men, women, and children. "Creeping things" were witnessed nearby during the previous night, and the man was accused of summoning them with his evil thoughts. He is left bleeding and semi-conscious, and no one will stop to help or untie him.
06-10	A wild-eyed woman wanders across the street, yelling about the frog people who live beneath the streets and plot the end of the world. No one pays her any mind, but secretly, many of them think she's right.
11-15	A family walks out of a half-ruined hovel by the side of the road, carrying a large sack. They dump the sack in the street and walk back inside. If opened, the sack proves to contain the body of the family's father, who died of the Bloody Flux during the night.
16-20	A peddler holding a tray of polished rat bones walks down the street, loudly singing "rat bones, rat bones, got 'em from my cat bones." Many people stop him to buy the tiny skulls for a copper piece each. The people place the skulls in miniature household shrines, in the hope that living rats will be scared away from their houses.
21-25	A couple of tough-looking men, apparently mercenaries or thugs for hire, idle away some time in a knife-throwing contest on a street corner. They are using a dead cat tied to a stick as a target. A couple of toothless old men are wagering snail shells on the outcome.
26-30	A street preacher, a man with one eye and a shock of white hair, has set up and is preaching a sermon about the Goddess Shallya. Religiously savvy adventurers might be shocked to hear that the preacher's version of Shallya is a vengeful Goddess who visits gory diseases on those who do not offer their children in sacrifice to her. Most people ignore the preacher, but a couple of young peasant women are sitting at his feet, listening intently.
31-35	A couple of young lads drive a donkey and cart down the road. The cart is heaped with stinking sacks, which probably contain the bodies of the recently dead. An old woman walks up to them, holds a whispered conversation with one, and surreptitiously hands him a small pouch. The lad lets her take one sack, a very small one, off the cart and carry it away.
36-40	A gaggle of children rush by, playing a complicated game that involves chasing a very small dog around the street until it bites one of them. The one who is bitten then has to catch the dog and bite it. The game then begins again. If asked, the children say the game is called "Smell the Gauntlet," and invite the adventurers to join in. A children's game called "Smell the Gauntlet" is common throughout Bretonnia, but it bears little resemblance to the game played here.
41-45	A woman empties a bucket of sewage out of a top-floor window.
46-50	A little girl runs up to the adventurers, shouts "Landuin's fate be upon you!", makes a complex hand gesture, and runs off again, disappearing into an alleyway. This is a common curse in the city, but no one knows exactly what it means.
51-55	A group of girls play on a street corner. One of them, apparently the eldest, pretends to be a Zombie and mimics chasing and disembowelling the younger girls. The girls she catches then pretend to also be Zombies and start chasing their playmates in turn.
56-60	A procession of obviously diseased people shambles down the street, their heads turned down. Everyone else avoids them by a wide margin. A man in a crude and grotesque frog costume leads the procession.
61-65	A violent argument breaks out between two commoners. One pushes the other down and starts kicking him. It turns out the argument is over whose wife has the more elegantly curving hump. The wives in question are watching from across the road, and to the untrained eye neither has a particularly remarkable hump.
66-70	An amply proportioned woman chases a skinny, shifty-looking man down the street. She is yelling "Stop, thief!" Should the adventurers catch the "thief" (no one else will), it turns out that the woman is accusing the man of stealing the worms out of her brain. The man, a humble baker, has never met the woman and has no idea why she started chasing him.
71-75	A wizened, toothless old man shuffles up to one of the adventurers, presses a small hand-carved wooden frog into his hand, and whispers that it's to protect against Those Who Crawl By Night. The old man just grins dumbly in response to any questions. Should the adventurers persist in talking to him, a passer-by will remark that the old man is known as Stupid Alfonse and has been totally senile since before anyone can remember.
76-80	A sudden infestation of flies descends over the street. The adventurers get them in their eyes and mouths, which is thoroughly unpleasant, but the natives of the city seem to be prepared for this eventuality for they all quickly don linen scarves over their noses and mouths. The flies leave after a couple of minutes. Asking a passing commoner about this occurrence reveals that clouds of flies are said to be belched up from the depths of the Grismerie quite frequently.
81-85	A group of dressed-up ladies gather, ready to hit the Bridge Quarter for a night in the town. On closer inspection, their dresses are ingeniously made from scores of stitched-together rat skins.
86-90	A glum-looking man wanders the streets wearing a sandwich board. On the board is painted a crude series of illustrations. They show a man holding a sword, then a castle crumbling, and then many dead people lying in heaps. Though he does not speak, passers-by occasionally push a coin or piece of bread into his hand.
91-95	With a loud, low rumble, a nearby abandoned building shudders and collapses. When the dust settles, a large sunken crater is all that remains. A few passers-by pause to look into the crater and then move on, apparently unsurprised by the happening. Mousillon's foundations are built on swampy ground and much of the city is gradually sinking, so collapses like this are common.
96-00	A small, grey, yapping dog begins following the characters, getting under their feet, barking at inappropriate moments, and generally annoying them. They cannot get rid of it short of killing it or throwing it in the Grismerie. It will, however, flee at the first sign of combat, never to be seen again.

the Grail Chapel, and the ever-present dangers of criminals, thugs, and madmen. The adventurers should not have it easy in the city. If they stay in one place for too long, that place will be robbed, or they will be in danger of catching a nasty disease (all diseases of the Old World can be found in the city, as well as isolated outbreaks of the Red Pox itself). Nowhere should feel safe, clean, or friendly. The people might not be as isolated as those in Mousillon's villages, but they are still suspicious of one another and will almost certainly not take to the adventurers without a great deal of convincing. Furthermore, the sights, sounds, and especially smells of the city should suggest an unfriendly, cruel, and cursed place. The curse that lies on the duchy lies heaviest here, and this is the place where untold tragedies have been played out. The Affair of the False Grail was just one symptom of an overall disease tormenting the city to this day. **Table 5-1** suggests things the adventurers might see while out and about in the city.

THE CRIMSON REVOLUTION

What marked out LeBeau as a particularly vile criminal, by the standards of Bretonnia's nobility, was his association with rebellious peasants. Peasant agitators exist all over Bretonnia, normally in small pockets but sometimes in large and powerful enough groups to stir up outright rebellion. Peasant agitators are not tolerated by Bretonnian nobility and are regularly hunted down and publicly hung, so it is little surprise that some of them end up fleeing to Mousillon. Of course, they then find out that the duchy's nobility is even crueller and its peasants even less sympathetic than in the rest of Bretonnia, but by then it is too late.



A group of such agitators exists in the city. Led by the charismatic firebrand Othar, they are holed up in a dismal, flyblown corpse-house near the Charnel Hills. The corpse-house is a low wooden building with three wings enclosing a courtyard, and it was originally used following the siege of 1322 to collect personal effects from the plague dead before they were thrown into the mass graves of the Charnel Hills. However, it quickly became little more than a place for chancers to steal anything valuable off the corpses, and in any case, the volume of plague dead being brought out of the city following the siege was so great that the attempt to treat them systematically eventually failed. The corpse-house was abandoned until Othar's would-be agitators, the Crimson Revolution, moved in. While it was sturdy enough to survive intact since the siege, the corpse-house is a dark, stinking, nasty place.

The existence of the Crimson Revolution can be ascertained with a **Gossip Test** in the city. The **Gossip Test** is **Hard** (–20%) for characters who are either obviously rich or of noble birth. A successful test reveals there is supposed to be a bunch of loud-mouthed political types over near the Charnel Hills. No one in the city thinks very much of the Crimson Revolution, especially since they have chosen to set up in one of the most dangerous places in the entire city. Those who have heard of them do not believe they will last for very long before disease, Zombies, or vengeful knights finish them all off.

Approaching the Crimson Revolution's headquarters is a dangerous prospect. The Charnel Hills are haunted by Zombies, Skeletons, and grave robbers, while the Crimson Revolution are zealots who enthusiastically defend themselves from agents of their noble oppressors. Adventurers without a guide are almost certainly accosted at some point by one or more of these enemies. The corpse-house itself is easy to find among the Charnel Hills, but as they approach, the adventurers will be loudly challenged by a band of armed Crimson Revolutionaries. These men and women are obviously malnourished, poorly equipped, and in some cases seriously ill, but they are fanatical and tenacious, and there are quite a lot of them. They are peasants, mostly recruited from in and around the city, who have been swayed by Othar's rhetoric. Killing any of them at this point will result in the adventurers being chased away from the corpse-house and made mortal enemies of the Revolution, unless they can do some very impressive explaining. In any case, obvious members of the nobility will not be permitted to approach the corpse-house and are threatened with violence. These threats are not empty.

The corpse-house is home to just under fifty Revolutionaries. They have little food or clean water (they dare not draw water from the well in the Grail Quarter in case agents of the oppressors are staking it out), and they are held together entirely by the charisma of Othar himself. Othar, a red-headed, wiry, immensely energetic man, constantly sermonises his followers on the evils of the nobility and Bretonnia's feudal system, in which a few corrupt knights and nobles are supported by the hard labour of the commoners. Othar's grand plan is to gather a substantial enough force of Crimson Revolutionaries to attack one of the watchtowers of the Cordon Sanitaire and lead a mass escape into the Duchy of Bordeleaux.

to the South. Once there, he plans to lead a triumphant army from village to village, liberating the peasants and recruiting more followers, until he has united all of Bretonnia in revolution. His goal is clearly outlandish and doomed to failure, but he will soon have enough Revolutionaries to begin the long march to liberty. Othar will attempt to recruit the adventurers to his cause. He can be persuasive, but the Crimson Revolution is in a state that makes his desperation and outlandish ambition quite obvious.

Unfortunately for the adventurers, Othar does not know Guido LeBeau, and no one fitting his description has passed through the corpse-house. Othar believes that men like LeBeau are true heroes of the common people, however, and will encourage the adventurers to bring him to the corpse-house. Should the PCs be unwise enough to mention that they are hunting LeBeau on behalf of the Duke of Lyonesse, Othar denounces the adventurers as enemies of the people and will drive them violently away from the corpse-house, issuing a warning that they will be set upon and killed if they return.

Othar can be little direct help to the adventurers. Cunning adventurers, however, might realise that Othar and his followers seem quite manipulative. If they were convinced that a particular target was an enemy of the peasant classes, the Crimson Revolution could be used to eliminate that target. Similarly, adventurers who profess to believe in Othar's cause might be lent a few skinny but enthusiastic Crimson Revolutionaries to provide some extra manpower. Finally, elitist or plain malicious adventurers could inform a noble (like Aucassin) of the Crimson Revolution's presence, ensuring grim-faced knights are sent to kill Othar and scatter his band of sympathisers. There are few enough nobles in the city with the principles to care about Othar, but some nobles elsewhere in the duchy (including Aucassin) would welcome the opportunity to nip this rebellious threat in the bud.

Othar

Career: Outlaw (ex-Agitator)

Race: Human (Bretonnian)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	39%	33%	34%	35%	38%	39%	51%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	13	3	3	4	0	1	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Gossip +10%, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Ride, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Coolheaded, Flee!, Public Speaking, Street Fighting, Streetwise, Strike to Stun, Suave

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Bow with 10 Arrows, Hand Weapon (Sword), Shield

Trappings: One set of Good Craftsmanship clothing

Typical Revolutionary

Career: Outlaw

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
36%	43%	30%	32%	33%	26%	31%	24%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Gossip, Perception, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Signs (Thief), Set Trap, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Marksman, Rover, Sharpshooter, Strong-minded

Special Rules: The Revolutionaries gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Bow with 10 Arrows, Hand Weapon (Club), Shield

Trappings: Rags

THE SILVER CIRCLET

Adventurers might recall LeBeau stole a silver circlet with a golden rose design from Lady Augustine before he fled Lyonesse. Such an item would definitely stand out in the city, and finding it would be an important step in locating LeBeau. Finding out where valuables are bought and sold requires a **Gossip Test**. Successful characters learn valuables brought into the docks or pilfered from the Lost City are often traded in the old Prosecutor's Hall, in the Grail Quarter. Facing onto the square outside the Grail Chapel, this once-grand building was originally where commoners in the service of the Duke administered justice on the city's citizens. Many a peasant was fined into near-slavery or sentenced to lose a body part in the Prosecutor's Hall, but like much of the city, its official use became forgotten after the death of the last Duke, Maldred. It has now become notorious for being a place where anyone can sell anything.

The Prosecutor's Hall is an imposing building of stone that was once faced with white plaster to make it look like marble. Several pillars support a pediment with carvings of noble knights ruling over the duchy's peasants, and a flight of steps runs up to the large double doors. The plaster has fallen off in chunks and what remains is still stained by the fires of the siege, so the Prosecutor's Hall looks old, ragged, and rather sad. Numerous tough-looking thugs (use statistics for **Footpads** on page 234 of *WFRP*) hired from the docks loiter on the steps ready to inspect anyone who enters, and adventurers will have to get through them to enter. They will not hassle a Human who looks like they can afford to buy and sell (typically, this is anyone wearing Good or better clothing or armour). Someone who looks poorer or who isn't Human will have to bluff or

sweet-talk their way in, which requires a **Fellowship Test**. Adventurers who fail this test or who try to bully their way into the Hall find themselves surrounded by thugs (normally one per adventurer, unless the adventurers are being loudly obnoxious) and violently ejected. It is not uncommon to see a ne'er-do-well being kicked down the steps by the Halls' guardians. Thrashing the thugs normally earn the adventurers enough respect to enter without further challenge.

The Prosecutor's Hall was a warren of small offices and courtrooms even in its heyday. Now, every room is used as a miniature auction-house, as sellers take bids on whatever they have to sell. Little natural light enters the Hall, so most business is conducted by candlelight. Buyers and sellers mill around, most of them making an effort to conceal their appearance and affiliation, and the atmosphere of suspicion is as strong as the city's all-pervading smell. Almost everything sold here has been brought in on a ship (often the proceeds of piracy) or pilfered from the Lost Town, meaning it has all been stolen at some point, and the variety of items on sale is extraordinary. Crude stone idols from exotic lands, religious trinkets, weapons, objets d'art, second-hand trade tools, stuffed animals, water-stained books, interestingly-shaped pebbles with supposed magic powers—all these things and more can be found for sale in the Prosecutor's Hall. Mundane and practical items like adventurer-friendly equipment is rarely on sale here, just trinkets, curiosities and luxury items that are rarely of any real use to an adventuring type. Entrepreneurial adventurers can sell useless high-value items they have if they find a corner to set up their own auction; although, they will probably get less for them than they would in more civilised parts of the Old World. Payment here can be in coin or in kind, and straight swaps are common.

Lady Augustine's circlet is on sale here, being hawked by a wizened, bent, narrow-eyed man named Rebigner. Rebigner is a fence who buys recovered valuables from thieves and sells them at a profit in the Prosecutor's Hall. He is a common sight here and is one of the traders who helps pay for the thugs who keep out the riff-raff. Rebigner is a bitter, heartless man who is happy to spit old Mousillon curses at anyone with whom he doesn't have business. By Mousillon standards Rebigner is probably quite rich, but he certainly doesn't seem like a man who is contented with his lot in life. Adventurers who observe the activity in the Prosecutor's Hall will hear his thin, reedy voice offering the circlet to the highest bidder. The circlet is the most valuable thing Rebigner has had to sell for some time and he has several potential bidders milling around him. While Rebigner extols the beauty of the circlet, it is a bit too tasteful for the gaudy tastes of the Hall's clientele, and he is willing to sell it for a lot less than it is really worth. He will accept 20 gc or the equivalent for the circlet, or an item of roughly equal value (after a bit of convincing, he accepts one of Berenice's tapestries from the Chateau Hane, for example).

Most importantly for the adventurers, Rebigner knows where the circlet came from. If asked about the circlet's origin, Rebigner offers to tell the adventurers in return for 5 gc. Adventurers who do not wish to pay this outlandish amount simply have to threaten Rebigner who is a born coward and will tell them as soon as it looks like things might turn nasty. He bought it from a young and successful thief, Heloise, who

specialises in finding items in the Lost Town. Heloise often brings small valuables to Rebigner to sell, but Rebigner doesn't know where she is except that she's probably scouring the Lost Town for something else to steal.

Rebigner

Career: Fence (ex-Bone Picker)

Race: Human (Mousillon)



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
30%	23%	33%	41%	38%	45%	42%	41%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	3	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire), Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gamble, Gossip +10%, Haggle +10%, Intimidate, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Dealmaker, Hardy, Savvy, Streetwise, Strong-minded, Super Numerate

Special Rules: Rebigner gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Dagger

Trappings: Cart, three sacks, odds and ends

HORSE MEAT

The question of what happened to LeBeau's horse can be answered on the docks. Inevitably, the nag on which LeBeau rode was stolen and butchered, and it ended up in the dockside stall of the surly meat vendor Buth. Buth is a large, very ugly peasant whose hands, big as bears' paws, are always stained with blood and gore, as is his clothing. Buth's shaven head and battered face suggest that he was previously a man of violence who has settled down to the reasonably stable life of a meat seller. This change of pace has done little to lighten Buth's mood, and he is a crude, aggressive man who is as likely to tell prospective customers to get away from his stall as he is to invite them to inspect his wares.

Buth's stall displays several cuts of meat from various animals and in varying states of freshness. Recognisable donors include rats, dogs, fish, more rats, and a couple more dogs. Two large, crudely cut sides of meat propped up against the side of the stall are from a recently butchered horse. Moreover, the hide of a horse, also rather crudely skinned, is hanging on one side of the stall, and adventurers who inspect it can easily see a white patch in the shape of a twin circle.

Buth is surly and doesn't like strangers, especially ones who ask him questions about where his meat comes from. It will take a **Challenging (-10%) Fellowship Test**, (**Hard -20%**

for characters who are either obviously noble or not native to Mousillon), to convince Buth to divulge the origin of the horse. A band of street urchins brought the horse to Buth and sold it to him for a couple of rats and a bottle of rotgut. They told him that they stole it from a man who paused to ask directions to the Damselle Vert, a ship permanently anchored by the docks. Buth doesn't know who the man was or what he looked like. He can point the adventurers towards the Damselle Vert, a once-handsome tall ship now decaying slowly at anchor off the northern dock. A **Challenging (-10%) Gossip Test** on the docks reveals the Damselle Vert is the headquarters of the Sang'Argent, one of the gangs who control business on the docks.

Buth

Career: Tradesman

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32%	26%	39%	41%	40%	38%	41%	26%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	4	4	0	1	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Breton), Trade (Butcher, Tanner)

Talents: Dealmaker, Savvy, Strong-minded

Special Rules: Buth gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Hatchet)

Trappings: Butcher knives and hooks, a dozen carcasses



the shadow of the Lance of Light, and it is said the dead here often linger on as vengeful spirits, able to savage a man's mind like a Zombie can savage his body. The Lost Town here is a cold, hollow-feeling place, always dark and damp. The buildings are shattered shells, their timbers rotted and their stones broken and spilled out into the streets. Several chunks of masonry embedded in the ground are actually missiles from the king's siege engines, still lying where they fell all those years ago.

The most prominent landmark here is the ruined temple that once stood to Shallya. It was a small temple, very much subordinate to the main temple of Shallya in Couronne, and no one has tried to rebuild it since all of Shallya's priests in Mousillon died during the last Red Pox outbreak, and few in the duchy even know she had a temple in the city at all. The temple now consists of a rectangle of shattered marble bounded by the two surviving outside walls. A statue of Shallya once stood in the street outside the temple, but it is now no more than a plinth and a pair of sandaled feet broken off at the ankle. Inside the temple, a massive ugly lump of granite is embedded in the floor, a sure indicator that the temple was hit by a siege engine, and the marble tiles are shattered like glass.

The ruined temple is the only place of note among the ruined houses, and it is also where Heloise searches for the rumoured treasure. She won't find it, but she will find the adventurers if they enter the Lost Town to find her and head towards the ruin. The adventurers are probably attacked by wandering Zombies or Ghosts, or even by Ecorcheur scouts if they stray towards the Lance of Light instead of the temple, and Heloise could be the one to bail them out of trouble. Heloise is a short, tough woman with black hair and eyes and a sharp, intelligent face. A native of the city, Heloise is a capable

HELOISE AND THE LOST TOWN

Adventurers who wish to find Heloise know nothing about her location other than she is in the Lost Town. An **Easy (+20%) Gossip Test** provides the information that the Lost Town comprises those areas of the city ruined by the siege and never rebuilt, and that it is a dangerous place full of disease, crazy people, and even worse things. Few in the city mention Zombies outright, but they know full well the greatest danger in the Lost Town comes from the Undead. Adventurers who make the Gossip Test can make another **Challenging (-10%) Gossip test** to hear about a cache of treasure found in the south-eastern Lost Town, near the Lance of Light, and that thieves are flocking towards the area in the hope of being one of the first to find the treasure and survive.

While the rumour of treasure is a false one, thieves (including Heloise) are indeed making daring forays into the Lost Town that takes up the south-eastern corner of the city. This area is in

thief and one of the few people in the city who can regularly venture into the Lost Town and suffer only a minimal chance of dismemberment. While she is tough-minded and quick to point out another's faults, she is a good-hearted person who will help out adventurers who are obviously out of their depth in the Lost Town. She believes the city would be a lot more bearable if its people helped one another out on occasion and does what she can to help when she can. It says something about the city that one of its more altruistic citizens is a thief who makes a living stealing from the dead.

Heloise did indeed steal the circlet and sell it to Rebigner. She took about a week ago from a man who was fleeing from some old catacombs north of the docks. He was obviously terrified, and his clothes were clawed and bloody. Heloise saw him stumble and drop his bag as he ran. He picked it up and continued fleeing, but Heloise spotted the circlet glinting in the starlight where it had fallen out of his bag. Heloise has not ventured into the catacombs since she knows they have long ago been picked clean of any valuables, but she does know that before the siege, they were the resting place of some of the city's influential nobles. She assumes it was abandoned and does not know why the fleeing man would have been there. As to the man's identity, Heloise doesn't really remember his face, but going by the description of LeBeau, it certainly could have been him.

Heloise is a useful ally in the city. She is generally trustworthy when dealing with the living, and she is adept at surviving in the city's most dangerous areas. She is a good guide to the Lost Town (though she is much better at avoiding the wandering Undead if she is alone) and sticks by those she respects when things get rough. She has little contact with the living, and her habit of saying what she thinks makes her appear sharp-tongued and callous at first, but adventurers who earn her respect find she can make a loyal and useful friend. Heloise can also be adopted as a new player character if the adventurers lose one of their party members in the city.

Heloise

Career: Tomb Robber (ex-Thief)

Race: Human (Mousillon)



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41%	34%	32%	34%	46%	40%	44%	36%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	@	@	@	@	@	2

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Concealment, Evaluate +10%, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Pick Lock, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move +10%, Speak Language (Breton, Classical)

Talents: Luck, Sixth Sense, Streetwise, Strong-minded, Trapfinder, Tunnel Rat

Special Rules: Heloise gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Hammer)

Trappings: Two sacks, lock picks, 10 yards of rope, crowbar, lantern, lamp oil

BLOOD WORK

Guido LeBeau sports an injury that cost him two fingers on his left hand. It might occur to the adventurers that LeBeau could have sought medical treatment for this wound. It should come as little surprise that there are few competent practitioners of medicine in the city, but even a poorly versed man of medicine could make a living patching up the results of fights, robberies, and bad liquor in the Bridge Quarter. An adventurer asking in the Bridge Quarter can discover with a **Gossip Test** that one such man, named DeVayne but referred to by most as "the Professor," works out of a dingy basement beneath the infamous Slit Throat drinking hole.

"Professor" DeVayne isn't an actual professor, but by Mousillon's standards, he might as well be. A one-time citizen of the Empire, he was a down-on-his-luck student who volunteered to spend a few months on a privateer vessel as ship's doctor. He should have known that a captain dodgy enough to hire such an obviously unqualified doctor was up to no good, but he realised this far too late as the ship was already on its way to a shady rendezvous at Marienburg. After picking up some cargo in a midnight trade, the ship then turned towards Mousillon, where it discharged its illicit cargo on the docks of the city. DeVayne, not knowing where he was, took the opportunity to flee the ship and disappear into the city, in the hope of buying passage back to the Empire. Unfortunately, once his ship left the city, DeVayne was stranded in Mousillon with only his rudimentary medical skills to get by. The only sliver of fortune was that many men in the city are in need of those skills, so DeVayne is able to make a relatively good living. This does little to quell his intense dislike of the city or his desire to escape it. He knows by now that leaving Mousillon is very difficult and hopes he will eventually patch up a well-connected criminal from whom he can buy passage through the Cordon Sanitaire. That time has not yet come, and DeVayne knows he might well be waiting a long, long time.

DeVayne's surgery is a basement room beneath the Slit Throat. The Slit Throat, built just past the northern end of Landuin's Crossing, is a smaller, cheaper, nastier alternative to the Fallen Heaven. Its ground floor is a drinking establishment in which the proprietor, an obese and foul-mouthed woman named Grisel, allows just about anything except credit. The drinks consist of extremely potent, mostly homemade liqueurs that Grisel proudly guarantees will leave the drinker drunk, blind, or dead. Standard price is one thumbnail-sized black snail shell or the equivalent, per drink, but this price fluctuates depending on how much Grisel likes the look of the person she serves. The upper floor is divided into several rooms for the use of the

patrons. These rooms are commandeered for everything from trysts with harlots to beatings-for-hire, all of which Grisel is happy to allow as long as one of the people involved buys a drink or two. Grisel normally has a musician, dancing-girl, or comedian trying to entertain her clientele, but the entertainers can rarely hold much attention when competing with the nightly fistfights and heavy drinking. The Slit Throat's clientele mostly consists of sailors spending a night on the town and workers from the dock gangs.

DeVayne's surgery is a small, windowless room down a short flight of stairs below the bar. Grisel lets him use the room in return for serving as the drinking hole's doctor, and after a good scrap, he is often obliged to sew up bottle wounds and set broken jaws for free. A large chair in the centre of his room has had straps added to the armrests and front legs to hold down squirming patients while a table holds all DeVayne's surgical equipment, some of it adapted from more common tools like saws and pliers and all of it old. DeVayne does his best to keep his surgery clean, but no amount of cleaning can get the sinister red-brown stains off the floor.

DeVayne is a tall, slim, hassled-looking and unshaven man with rapidly greying hair who wears a long, mostly clean white smock. He is soft-spoken, but when moved to offer an opinion, he can be very cynical. He despises Mousillon, the city, and the people he treats. He knows most of the wounds he sews up are the result of the patient's own behaviour, and he has barely enough sympathy for them to reduce their pain. He longs for someone more sophisticated to talk to and will be eager to help adventurers who do not behave like the dockside thugs he is forced to deal with. DeVayne can offer them very cheap medical treatment and, while not the equal of a Physician or even the more competent Barber-Surgeons, his assistance is about the best anyone can hope for in this city.

More importantly, DeVayne did indeed treat a man the day before last that had two fingers missing from his left hand, and he needed the wounds properly dressed and cleaned. DeVayne believes the wound was more than a week old and showing signs of infection, but after treatment, it should not have been life threatening. DeVayne remembers the patient as an unshaven, poorly dressed man who looked like he had been on the run—not an unusual sight in the city. The patient, however, seemed an intelligent man, and while administering treatment, DeVayne conversed with him on

many subjects such as the weather, the dismal state of the city, and the abominable poverty of its commoners. DeVayne rather liked the man and will be surprised to learn he could have been a violent criminal. He agrees the patient fitted LeBeau's description, but then, so do a lot of people in the city. After his wound was properly dressed, the patient told DeVayne to seek payment for his treatment from the Sang'Argent dock gang. This is not an unusual arrangement, and DeVayne has often been paid by members of the Sang'Argent after treating their fellow gang members. He understands the Sang'Argent are based on a ship anchored just off the north dock, but he has never been there personally and does not think he can introduce the adventurers to the Sang'Argent. He remembers their leader, Lanfranco, as an old grizzled Tilean sea dog, but he has only met the man personally a couple of times. DeVayne assumed the patient was a member of the Sang'Argent—if he was not, then he is certainly working for them or is owed a big favour by them. DeVayne has not yet sought his payment but plans to do so in the next few days.

DeVayne

Career: Student

Race: Human

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
28%	29%	30%	32%	43%	47%	43%	39%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Philosophy, Science), Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip, Heal, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Breton, Classical, Reikspiel)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Coolheaded, Linguistics, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Dagger

Trappings: Improvised surgeon's tools, medical textbook, writing kit, gauze, and shop

— THE DAMOISELLE VERT —

The clues the adventurers picked up about LeBeau probably point them towards the Docks and to the dock gang who call themselves the Sang'Argent. Led by the old Tilean pirate Lanfranco and based in the ship the *Damoiselle Vert*, the Sang'Argent are probably the least psychotic and most stable of the dock gangs. They probably only kill three of four people most weeks and sometimes refrain from murdering those who cross them. The other gangs, like the ultra-violent *Ecorcheurs* based in the *Lance of Light* on the south dock, see the Sang'Argent as too soft for the harsh realities of the city, but the gangs have never been able to form a coalition to destroy the Sang'Argent.

Guido LeBeau really is the man who came to the Sang'Argent for help. His relationship with the Sang'Argent is very simple—after asking a few questions in the city, he learned the gang could offer transport out of Mousillon on one of the ships that leave the city nightly. LeBeau didn't care where he went as long as it was out of Bretonnia because he knew full well more than one noble (including Duke Adalhard of Lyonesse) had put a price on his head. He therefore approached the Sang'Argent and asked them to sell him passage out of Mousillon. Lanfranco accepted his offer and arranged for him to meet one of his lieutenants, a vicious

attack dog named Gormou, in the graveyard to the north on the edge of the Lost City. It was here that LeBeau would hand over the valuables he claimed to possess (these included the circlet he stole from Lady Augustine). Unfortunately, Lanfranco has heard from neither LeBeau nor Gormou since and intends to send some men to the graveyard to find out what happened to them once the next shipment of contraband comes in.

Finding the *Damoiselle Vert* is quite simple. It is a once-handsome, tall ship anchored off the north dock. Its sails are long gone, and the wood is splintery and rotting, while the paint peels off the carved figurehead of a mermaid on the prow. A gibbet hangs from one mast, containing a partially decomposed body that looks like a Human but with an elongated, fanged mouth and long talon-like fingernails. If any of the Sang'Argent are asked about it, they say it is one of the crawling night-things, which they found aboard the ship. Captain Lanfranco killed it. A single gangplank connects the ship to the dock, and there are always a couple of Sang'Argent members there to police it. The Sang'Argent are distinguished by the grey sashes they wear around their waists, and the more important members wear as much silver as they can afford and trim their clothes with silver brocade. Most of the Sang'Argent are out on gang business but the *Damoiselle Vert* is normally protected by about half a dozen tough, dedicated thugs with many more nearby.

Adventurers who try to board the *Damoiselle Vert* will be sternly questioned about their business by a group of Sang'Argent. If they say they are there to see Lanfranco, the gang permits one adventurer (normally the richest-looking one and always a Human) to board the ship and speak to

their leader. The rest will find themselves surrounded by Sang'Argent as more gang members arrive from nearby to get a good look at the newcomers. The selected adventurer will then be thoroughly searched, and their weapons and anything else suspicious removed, before they are permitted up the gangplank onto the ship.

Lanfranco's cabin is a small, cramped room in the stern of the ship, always barely lit by a single candle. His cabin is full of bits and pieces he has assembled through his career of piracy and racketeering, from rusting old flintlocks to polished precious metal knick-knacks, tattered ship's logs, maps and navigational instruments, and even the odd skull. Lanfranco himself is a Tilean who once looked distinguished but is now quite haggard with age. His tanned skin and salt-blown complexion tell of a life on the ocean wave. He has a thin moustache and goatee in the Tilean style and dresses in a mismatch of clothes from the uniforms of various Tilean city-states. Most remarkable of all, Lanfranco has a wooden nose. He lost his nose in a swordfight early in his career and had it replaced by a false one made by a fine woodcarver. Lanfranco speaks and breathes quite normally in spite of his artificial nose and is rather proud of it, since it shows that he could once win through in even the most vicious fights. If it is mentioned, he takes it off and proudly offers it to the adventurer for a closer look. He is also proud of having recently killed the horrible, deformed creature he found stalking around the ship a few nights ago. He put a flintlock shot through its head, and the creature was hung up in a gibbet as an example to any other monsters that might think of preying on the Sang'Argent. Lanfranco tries to mention this incident, since it shows that in spite of his age he is still a very tough customer. He doesn't know what the creature was, only that it obviously deserved killing.

Lanfranco, for all the viciousness of his gang, is not an unpleasant man to deal with providing he is shown some respect by his guests. He is still a businessman, though, and he is unwilling to give the adventurers anything (including information) without getting something in return. That's the way things work on the docks—everything is business. He provides information on Guido LeBeau in return for the princely and frankly extortionate sum of 50 *gc*. He justifies this by saying if the adventurers really need the information, then they can really pay for it. If they do not happen to be carrying that kind of money around, then they can pay him by performing a task for him, after which he can tell them what he knows about LeBeau.

Captain Lanfranco

Career: Sea Captain (ex-Mate, ex-Seaman)

Race: Human

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
60%	48%	42%	56%	51%	55%	42%	64%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	19	4	5	4	0	2	1



Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Command +10%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire, Estalia, Marienburg, Tilea), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +10%, Gamble, Gossip +10%, Intimidate, Perception, Row, Sail +10%, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Breton, Norscan, Reikspiel, Tilean), Swim, Trade (Shipwright)

Talents: Disarm, Hardy, Lightning Parry, Resistance to Disease, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Cutlass), rapier, pistol with powder and ammunition enough for 10 shots

Trappings: Damoiselle Vert, Sang'Argent gang, Telescope

Sang'Argent Ganger

Career: Thug

Race: Human (Mousillon)



Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
47%	28%	39%	41%	32%	28%	41%	31%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	3	4	4	0	2	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Coolheaded, Disarm, Quick Draw, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Strong-minded, Warrior Born

Special Rules: These Thugs gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jerkin)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword), Knuckle-Dusters

Trappings: 1d10

LANFRANCO'S TASK

Lanfranco always needs good, strong, rugged types to help him out, as there is always someone on the docks who needs killing or a cargo that needs protecting. At the time he speaks with the adventurers, the greatest problem weighing on his mind is a senior lieutenant in the Ecorcheurs gang, a man referred to as the Breaker. Ever since the Breaker came to town, there's been a rash of killings and many attribute them to this horrible man. He presumably works in the gang's headquarters in the half-ruined lighthouse, the Lance of Light, and the presence of the Breaker is part of the reason the Ecorcheurs are so feared throughout the city. While not the largest gang, they are the most violent and the most dangerous to cross, dealing in the direst of crimes like slave

trading. It would be of great benefit for Lanfranco if the Breaker were to be removed from the equation.

Lanfranco requires the Breaker to be killed. He has been searching for a way to do this for some time and the Sang'Argent have uncovered information that the Breaker is a regular at the Fallen Heaven, the largest and most notorious hive of depravity in the Bridge Quarter. The Sang'Argent are confident the Breaker will be enjoying the delights of the Fallen Heaven again tonight. Since they do not know where the Ecorcheurs keep the Breaker and in any case would be unable to launch an all-out assault on the gang, it is at the Fallen Heaven that the Breaker will have to be hunted down and killed. And the adventurers have just become the ones who will perform the task. Apart from the Breaker's likely presence at the Fallen Heaven that night, Lanfranco can tell the adventurers that the Breaker is said to be a huge brute of a man, a roaring maniac with permanently bloodstained hands. He should not be difficult to find.

THE FALLEN HEAVEN

The Fallen Heaven is a huge, mostly jerrybuilt building that teeters on the brink of Landuin's Crossing, leaning precariously over the Grismerie. A large painted board over the main double doors proclaims the building's name, and the place seems busy at all hours of the day. The building is painted to resemble somewhere far grander and gaudier, having lots of gold and red paint. Traders set up camp outside the doors, hawking food and trinkets to the patrons, knowing that a man is far more likely to buy a rat on a stick when he is drunk than when he is sober. Music and loud voices surround the place, as do drunkards and pools of vomit. The "Boys" (use **Sell-Sword** statistics on page 235 of *WFRP*), as the Fallen Heaven's security men are called, are everywhere, large and intimidating men employed for their air of menace whose job is to quickly and quietly remove anyone whose presence might be hurting business. They won't throw out adventurers for looking strange or even for being a non-Human race, but they will act quickly if the adventurers begin acting violently or erratically. The Boys answer to Ezekiah Shortshin, the owner of the Fallen Heaven and one of the few Halflings in Mousillon. Since most of the city's inhabitants don't know what a Halfling is, they mostly assume that Shortshin is some kind of cursed midget when they see him.

Ezekiah and the Boys

Career: Innkeeper (ex-Servant)

Race: Halfling

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	39%	27%	38%	64%	51%	42%	53%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	2	3	4	0	2	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Blather +10%, Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, Halflings), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip +20%, Haggle, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Search, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Breton, Halfling, Reikspiel), Trade (Cook) +20%

Talents: Dealmaker, Flee!, Hardy, Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Savvy, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Streetwise, Strike to Stun, Very Resilient

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Axe)

Trappings: Good Craftsmanship clothes, The Fallen Heaven, staff of servants



coloured hangings cover the damp wood of the walls and gold paint covers everything.

THE BREAKER IN HEAVEN

The Breaker is indeed visiting the Fallen Heaven this night. He is not particularly interested in the show, or in drinking, or even in the pleasures of the Gods. The Breaker is there because he has a secret arrangement with Ezekiah Shortshin. The Ecorcheurs pay a regular fee to Shortshin in return for him providing the Breaker with a single locked room hidden at the back of the establishment. In addition, when a patron of the Fallen Heaven gets falling-down drunk or ends up unconscious, the Boys are instructed to bring him up to the back rooms, leaving the wretch in front of the door. As it is not uncommon for drunkards to fall out of a window of the Fallen Heaven into the river, and likewise, it is not unusual for a mutilated body to float down the river and into the docks, few suspect anything is wrong, though Ezikeal fears the Breaker does something terrible behind the closed door.

The Breaker is practicing his foul trade tonight. He has a victim ready (a sailor from Marienburg named Jurgen). A particularly crude and raucous bill is planned for the theatre that night, Shortshin is going through his books in his office backstage, and the Boys are ready for trouble. The theatre bill begins with Orien the Bulbous and his Hilarious Dancing Cat, the Traditional Mousillon Comedy of Manc the Frogwife (actually a man dressed as an old woman who tells exceedingly crude jokes), and the Fallen Heaven Chorus (scantily-clad ladies whose dancing borders on the obscene). The crowd start to get ugly towards the end of Manc's routine, but they are soon mollified by the appearance of the Chorus girls, whose lack of both clothing and typical Mousillon deformities get the patrons cheering again.

TAVERN RUMORS

In the bar, most is well. An adventurer can hardly fail to pick up on the various rumours in the drinking den, including that several sailors are looking for their friend Jurgen who was just here a moment ago (they assume he's had one too many and ended up being fleeced of all his money up in the Gods), that the crew of a Estalian ship are throwing a lot of money around tonight, and that the owner of the Fallen Heaven, Ezekiah Shortshin, intends to buy the well outside the Grail Chapel so he can charge for clean water. This last rumour isn't true but might serve to inform adventurers how important the well is should it become important later in the adventure. The Estalian sailors, meanwhile, are being skilfully milked of all their money by the bar staff, who are encouraging them to buy the most expensive Estalian wines the Fallen Heaven has to give the sailors a taste of the land back home. These drunken Estalians are a rogue element in the Fallen Heaven tonight, and they could start rampaging drunkenly through the Fallen Heaven should strange things begin happening. They cheerfully encourage the adventurers to drink with them should they get the chance and invite the adventurers to sample the very potent Estalian wines with which the Fallen Heaven is plying them.

The Theatre

The main part of the Fallen Heaven is taken up with a music-hall-style theatre. Most of the auditorium is standing room only (at 1 p or the equivalent), 3 p buying a chair. The low stage hosts bills including dancing-girls, saucy comic sketches, singers, bad comedians, and more dancing girls, getting raunchier as the evening progresses. The Fallen Heaven employs some of the city's best entertainers, but since the city isn't known for the quality of its performers this still translates into a rather crude, grim experience. The sailors, who spend their coins here, however, seem to love it—especially the dancing girls.

The Tavern

The Fallen Heaven maintains a large drinking establishment under the theatre, which is where throngs of patrons come to get even drunker before and after the evening's performance. This place is always loud and packed and has more music and dancing provided to keep the drinker entertained. The Fallen Heaven employs many shady dealers in illicit substances to work the tavern, and as a result, almost any delight can be obtained at the Fallen Heaven with a simple **Gossip Test**. In addition, the Fallen Heaven sells the widest variety of alcohol in Mousillon and even has a few bottles of Elven wine and casks of Dwarven ale for the rare occasion when a customer isn't Human. Drinking in the tavern never ends because the Fallen Heaven never closes.

The Company of Ladies

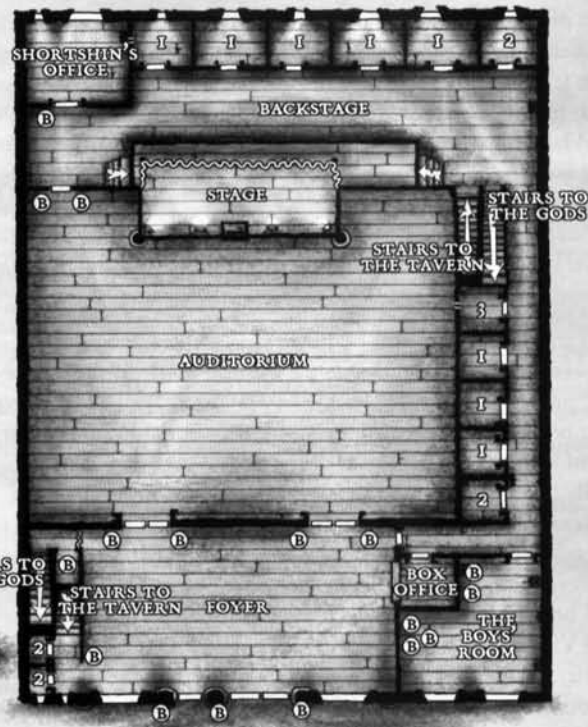
The Fallen Heaven's real moneymaker, however, is the warren of small, dingy rooms upstairs, above the tavern and theatre. It is here that knowledgeable customers come to enjoy the company of the ladies employed by the Fallen Heaven. The Boys maintain a significant presence here, mostly to ensure that the employees do not steal from the customers and tarnish the name of the Fallen Heaven. The décor here has the same sham gaudiness of the rest of the establishment; brightly

THE FALLEN HEAVEN

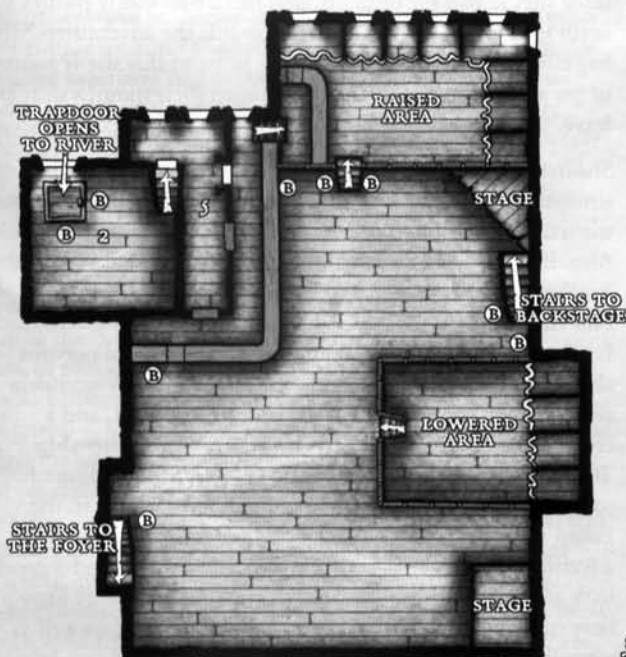
KEY

	— WINDOW		— A TYPICAL POSITION FOR ONE OF THE BOYS
	— DOOR		ARROWS SHOW A SAMPLE PATROL ROUTE
	— HATCH		— CHANGING ROOM
	— STAIRS (ARROW POINTS UP)		— STORE ROOM
	— PEEPHOLE		— JANITOR'S ROOM
	— HEAVY CURTAIN		— PRIVATE ROOM
	— BAR (WITH HATCH)		— KITCHEN

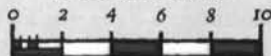
GROUND FLOOR



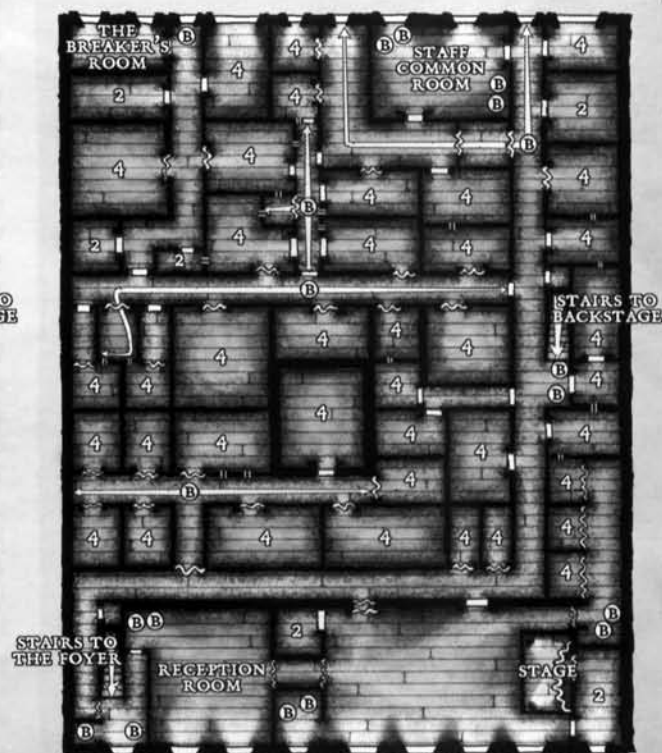
THE TAVERN



Scale in Yards



THE GODS



A FALSE ALARM

A **Perception Test** allows an adventurer in the bar to notice that a freakishly large and bear-like man with huge fists and a brutal, almost animal face, is getting up from his table at the back of the bar and walking out of the bar into the backstage area of the theatre. This area is full of old scenery boards, racks of makeshift costumes, and stacks of mouldering props. Much of it is old and broken, and all of it is crudely made. The huge man reaches an office at the back of the building (belonging to Ezekiah Shortshin, though this may not be obvious), knocks, and walks in. After a few moments, he emerges, having picked up a small bag of coins from Shortshin. He then goes back to the bar, drinks a little more, and heads home towards his small hovel of a home not far from the Bridge Quarter.

The man closely fits the description of the Breaker given by Lanfranco. He is not, however, the Breaker. His name is Vincen, and he is responsible for making much of the scenery and props the Fallen Heaven uses. He was at the Fallen Heaven that night to pick up his payment from Shortshin for the last lot of work he did for the Halfling and to get a few drinks in while he was there. Vincen is just a simple Mousillon citizen who makes a passable living as a craftsman, and he certainly doesn't deserve to be killed by a bunch of adventurers. He does, however, know that another man, who looked like a studious and bookish type, also regularly has business with Shortshin, and Vincen remembers seeing him at the Fallen Heaven that night. If he is questioned by the adventurers, Vincen will mention this man (Vincen doesn't know his name or business) and suggest maybe he's the one they're looking for.

Vincen

Career: Tradesman

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
28%	26%	46%	37%	33%	31%	28%	29%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	4	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Breton), Trade (Carpenter, Painter)

Talents: Savvy, Strong-minded, Very Strong

Special Rules: Vincen gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Hammer)

Trappings: Carpenter's Tool, 25 s

Whether the adventurers notice Vincen or not, one of them will be accosted by one of the inebriated soldiers who hail from the Empire. This man, Hans (use **Sell-Sword** statistics on page

235 of *WFRP*), is still looking for his friend Jorgen. While the other sailors assume he is passed out in an alley somewhere or enjoying himself in the Gods, Hans is sure that he saw some of Shortshin's Boys taking an unconscious Jorgen away. None of the Boys the adventurers can find know anything about this and will angrily refute a charge that they have kidnapped a patron. If the adventurers have a problem with the Boys, they can take it up with Mr. Shortshin himself.

FINDING THE BREAKER

Ezekiah Shortshin, the city's sole Halfling entrepreneur, is the key to locating the Breaker. It is Shortshin who has a deal with the Breaker for the use of a room hidden amongst the fake finery of the back rooms and who has a couple of his more trustworthy Boys regularly deliver unconscious revellers to the Breaker's room. Shortshin knows who the Breaker is and suspects what he does. As far as Shortshin is concerned, this is Mousillon, and people are going to get hurt no matter what happens. He just makes a living off it. What is wrong with that? Men like the Breaker find a way to do what they do, and Shortshin is simply trying to get by.

Shortshin is an easily riled Halfling who dresses in the best clothes he can find in the city. His backstage office is small but has a large oak desk behind which Shortshin looks comically tiny. If the adventurers confront him with the possibility that his Boys have been kidnapping patrons, he does not become angry. Instead, Shortshin becomes evasive and suggests there are a great many rumours about the Fallen Heaven. The man in question, Jorgen, is no doubt unconscious outside or enjoying the pleasures this establishment offers. Shortshin says he doesn't want any wild accusations flying around the Fallen Heaven since they're bad for business, and he not-so-subtly pushes a small leather bag across the desk towards the adventurers. This bag contains 3 gc in silver pieces. A bribe of this size is enough to get almost anyone in the city to keep their mouths shut and leave.

Shortshin might be able to bluster his way through many situations, but ultimately, he is a coward. Adventurers can get the truth out of him by threatening him or beating him up. Also, if they suspect Shortshin has some kind of deal with the Breaker or the Ecorcheurs, they might be able to convince him that they can offer him a better deal, perhaps mentioning Lanfranco and the Sang'Argent. Shortshin is quite nervous about his deal with the Breaker, especially if nosey outsiders are starting to notice victims are being kidnapped, and a competent argument followed by a successful **Fellowship Test** convinces him to take their deal. In addition, Shortshin soon leaves his office to attend to matters elsewhere in the Fallen Heaven. A single Boy watches over his office and adventurers who sneak past or overpower him can get a good look around the office. The Fallen Heaven's books are kept here (the place does indeed make a lot of money), as well as a small folded piece of parchment on which is written, in crude but readable Bretonnian, the details of the Ecorcheur's agreement with Shortshin. It states that for the fee of 15 gc per quarter, Shortshin allows an unspecified member of the Ecorcheurs the sole use of a small room (the location of this

room is described, meaning the adventurers can find it), where he is to be undisturbed and his needs attended to by the Boys. Should the adventurers not follow any of these paths or work out some other way to get the truth out of Shortshin, then the only option they have is probably to search the Fallen Heaven from top to bottom. They will of course be opposed in this by both the Boys and the patrons, none of whom want to see the Fallen Heaven shut down so a group of nobodies can rummage through everything.

THE BREAKER'S ROOM

The Breaker's room will probably see the climax of Lanfranco's task. This room is locked, but the door can be forced with a **Routine (+10%) Strength Test** or opened with a **Pick Lock Test**. Inside, the hapless Jurgen is tied down to his chair. He has just come round from his drunken stupor and is utterly terrified, his eyes fixed on the array of medical-looking implements on the desk and on the man standing over him.

The Breaker is not the hulking brute of Sang'Argent legend. He is a slim, slight man, old by Mousillon standards, with fair thinning hair and a pair of spectacles fashioned from lenses and wire. He is dressed neatly apart from his heavy leather apron and gloves, which are spattered with old bloodstains. He is highly intelligent but lacking any concept of another's suffering. The Breaker simply does not comprehend that another person can suffer pain; he is irretrievably insane. If the adventurers break in he will mention the rudeness of the interruption and how it shows that Shortshin is being lax in upholding their agreement.

This encounter is likely to end in bloodshed. Not only have the adventurers been charged with killing the Breaker, but any Boys present will be deeply shocked to know what is going on. They simply took unconscious revellers and left them outside the door, assuming one of the girls was going to take all his money. They had no idea that there was a torture chamber under their very noses. The Boys are as likely to kill the Breaker as the adventurers are. To make matters more interesting still, the workers and their customers are unlikely to observe any violence passively, and instead run around screaming, hurriedly put their clothes on, or join in on either side.

How the adventurers deal with the Breaker and Shortshin is up to them. The adventurers could bring the Breaker's body, or part of it, back to Lanfranco, but either way, news gets to Lanfranco that the Ecorcheur's torturer is dead. Once Lanfranco is happy that the task has been fulfilled, he is willing to tell the adventurers what he knows of Guido LeBeau. LeBeau did indeed come to the Damoiselle Vert a couple of days ago with an offer. He needed to get out of Bretonnia, and he didn't care where he ended up. In return for safe passage on a ship, he offered Lanfranco a large golden fleur-de-lis, studded with diamonds, that Lanfranco assumed LeBeau must have looted from a Grail Chapel or noble's shrine somewhere outside Mousillon (he is correct about this). LeBeau didn't have the treasure on him at the time, since he was understandably worried about entering the headquarters of a criminal gang loaded down with valuables. Lanfranco arranged for LeBeau to meet up with one of the Sang'Argent's lieutenants, Gormou, in

the catacombs just north of the docks where the Sang'Argent sometimes did business. Neither man returned from the meeting, and the ship on which LeBeau was buying passage has since left. Lanfranco knows better than to throw good Sang'Argent after a lost cause, but if the adventurers really want to find LeBeau, then they are welcome to check out the catacombs themselves.

The Breaker

Career: Interrogator (ex-Thug)

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
49%	26%	53%	46%	53%	49%	34%	31%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	5	4	4	0	8	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Coolheaded, Disarm, Lightning Reflexes, Quick Draw, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Strong-minded

Special Rules: The Breaker gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: Leather Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (type), Knuckle Dusters

Trappings: Torturer's tools, five knives, empty vial





CHAPTER VI: THE CANNIBAL KNIGHT

The wealthy De Valence family were well favoured by the dukes of Mousillon, and the many heroic knights in the family's ranks gained them great prestige. It was said that the founders of the De Valence legacy fought with Landuin against the Undead horde that first blighted Mousillon. One thing that set the De Valences apart from even other noble families of the city was the unusual lavishness of their private catacombs. Built on land in the north of the city that many a noble would have coveted for his estate, the De Valence catacombs are an impressive conglomeration of tombs, statues,

and memorials. None are less than three centuries old since the family fell along with Maldred during the Affair of the False Grail, but the tombs stretch back in date for many hundreds of years before that. Cultured or educated adventurers might recognise many styles of architecture and types of memorials among the weathered granite and marble. Now the catacombs are overgrown and worn by time, but they are still looming and impressive. If anything, the ruination of the city has added gravitas to the silent tombs.

— THE DE VALENCE CATACOMBS —

A couple of leads might bring the adventurers to the De Valence catacombs, and it is here the monstrous Cannibal Knight plays his hand. The catacombs are on the edge of the Lost Town and as such are habitually avoided by everyone except some of the Sang'Argent who value the isolation and intimidating nature of the catacombs. Searching for rumours about the catacombs turns up a general fear of the place among those few who have heard of them or been there, but for no specific reason. In truth, there are no marauding monsters in the aboveground part of the catacombs, but that is no reason for the adventurers not to feel the cold grasp of fear as they wander between the tombs. An ice-cold, clammy wind blows off the sea and whistles between the worn statues of knights and Grail Damsels. Shadows flicker over inscriptions naming generations of De Valence dead.

Searching the catacombs reveals the huge, grand tomb of Lady Armengild De Valence is open, its marble doors gaping to reveal the cold darkness inside.

It was inside the tomb of Lady Armengild that Gormou of the Sang'Argent and Guido LeBeau met to complete the deal that would buy LeBeau passage out of Bretonnia. They had some Sang'Argent thugs with them, but not even the notoriously tough Gormou stood much of a chance against the host of hideous Ghouls who attacked them. Unfortunately for both LeBeau and the Sang'Argent, the De Valence catacombs conceal one of the entrances to the Barony ruled by the Cannibal Knight, a kingdom of Ghouls that rules beneath the streets of the city. The Cannibal Knight recently lost a trusted Ghoul spy who was killed while gathering information

on the Sang'Argent (this is the same "creeping thing" shot by Lanfranco on the Damselle Vert), and his response was to have his Ghoul foot soldiers massacre the Sang'Argent they found in the catacombs. As a result, the catacombs are the scene of a horrible butchering. Only Gormou himself survives, waiting for some intrepid adventurer to find him so he can impart some critical knowledge with his last breath.

ENTERING THE CATACOMBS

The open tomb door leads into a room where the bodies of faithful family servants and retainers were buried. These bodies are now little more than dust and a couple of rat-gnawed bones lying on the granite shelves projecting from the sides of the room. A second stone door, also wide open, leads to a short flight of granite steps leading downwards. Adventurers searching this room in even the most superficial sense cannot fail to notice a severed hand lying in one corner, the gory stump of its wrist well-gnawed by something. It has only been lying there for a couple of days and is clearly not from any of the buried De Valence family. Further inspection of the room shows worn inscriptions on the shelves, revealing to adventurers who can read Breton that they hold the remains of Orry, a footman, and Bertha, a nurse. Any clothing or possessions have long since been destroyed by time, leaving only a few bones.

THE STONE COFFIN

The steps beyond the door lead through a short, sloping corridor of dressed stone into a circular chamber. A carved frieze that runs around the wall depicts a battle in which several knights, presumably illustrious members of the De Valence family, are seen lancing Orcs and trampling their horses over Greenskin bodies. A stone coffin sits in the middle of the chamber with a separate lid. Dried bloodstains spatter the walls and floor, and there are bloody hand marks around the edge of the lid. Moving the lid requires a **Challenging (-10%) Strength Test**, and if more than one Test is required, the adventurers make a great deal of noise removing the lid. Inside, instead of the expected interior of a coffin, the adventurers see a rectangular shaft leading straight down to a third level below. A metal spike has been driven into the inside of the shaft and a knotted rope has been tied to the spike, allowing passage up and down.

NEW RESIDENTS

The level below the circular room is the catacomb proper, where Lady Armengild is actually buried. It takes the form of a T-junction of corridors, with a square chamber at the end of each branch. The shaft leading down from the false coffin opens up above the centre of the T-junction. The catacomb is a scene of a horrible crime. Three Sang'Argent thugs were torn to pieces down here, and their corpses lie around the T-junction. They are slouched against the walls or sprawled on the floor, and their wounds are many and horrible. They were killed with claws and teeth rather than weapons, and blood is sprayed up the walls and had dried in brown patches on the floor. One corpse is missing a hand.

THE DE VALANCE CATACOMBS

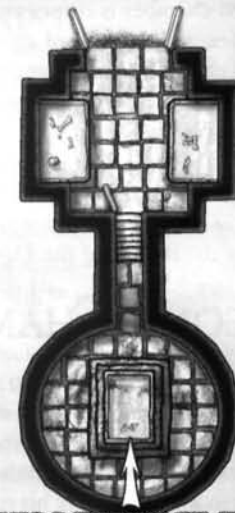
KEY



Scale in Yards



SERVANTS' TOMB



HIDDEN SHAFT TO THE LADY'S TOMB

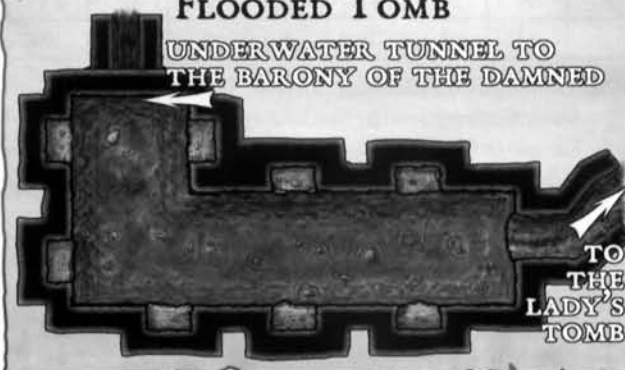
LADY'S TOMB



TO THE FLOODED TOMB

FLOODED TOMB

UNDERWATER TUNNEL TO THE BARONY OF THE DAMNED



TO THE LADY'S TOMB

The three chambers were originally built to house more members of the De Valence family, but only one contains a burial, that of Lady Armengild herself.

FIRST CHAMBER

The first chamber is empty and no one has entered for centuries, and the dust of ages lies thick on the floor. In the second chamber, Lady Armengild was buried, her coffin finely carved with the stern, matronly image of the Lady herself. The coffin has been broken open and the bones scattered across the floor. A back corner of the chamber has been broken through, leaving a yawning black hole from which an unpleasant, musty odour issues. This passage was opened up by the ghouls and leads to the Barony of the Damned itself.

SECOND CHAMBER

A pack of five Ghouls lurks in the second chamber, gnawing on bits of bloody flesh. If the adventurers made a lot of noise opening the stone coffin above, these horrors are ready for them and pounce on the first adventurer who climbs down, hoping to kill him before his comrades clamber down to help him. Otherwise the Ghouls are not aware of the adventurers and encounter them only if the adventurers blunder into their chamber or otherwise make a lot of noise. The Ghouls are foot soldiers of the Cannibal Knight and are dressed better than regular Ghouls, with tattered linen garments crudely dyed in the Cannibal Knight's heraldic colours of red and white. One of them is a sergeant in the Cannibal Knight's army and carries a rusting halberd with which he fights. The ghouls are under orders to slay anyone who enters the catacombs, and they do their best to fulfil these orders. The sergeant loudly bellows at any ghouls who look like they are about to flee. If the sergeant is dead and another Ghoul falls, the remaining Ghouls flee down the passage towards the Barony. An obvious trail of blood leads into the passage, suggesting that someone was dragged down there while bleeding heavily.

Ghouls

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32%	0%	37%	45%	34%	18%	31%	5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	11	3	4	4	0	6	0

Skills: Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Fearless, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Rover

Special Rules:

Poisoned Attacks: Targets injured by a Ghoul's attack must succeed on a **Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test** or take 2 additional Wounds. This Test must be made for each attack that deals damage.

Insanities: The Beast Within

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws or Halberd (Sergeant only)

THIRD CHAMBER

The third chamber holds the sole survivor of the massacre, Gormou. He has a massive, gory wound in his stomach and has been lying on the floor of the third chamber for days. A dead Ghoul is sprawled across the room from him, bearing several stab wounds in its neck and chest from Gormou's sword. Gormou fought so furiously against the Ghouls that they are waiting for him to die before they enter the chamber again and feast on him. In truth, Gormou's wound means he is in no position to fight anyone. He defiantly threatens anyone who approaches, but he can barely lift his sword, let alone carry through his colourful threats of death and dismemberment. Gormou's wounds are extremely serious, and he is going to die very soon unless one of the adventurers is skilled or lucky enough to save him. Only an adventurer with the Surgery Talent can save Gormou and then only if they can make a **Hard (–20%) Heal Test** (the test is made harder because of the length of time Gormou has been lying here and the amount of blood he has lost). This leaves Gormou with 0 wounds, and he must still wait for an hour before he can walk unaided. Should the adventurers be unable to save Gormou he dies after a few minutes, either from blood loss or at the hands of the Ghouls if and when the adventurers encounter them. In any case, he should have enough time to tell the adventurers what they want to know.

Gormou is a large and muscular man with shoulder-length black hair and several dramatic scars on his face and body. He is a bloody-minded killer who is used by Lanfranco to terrorise and murder opponents. He is foul-mouthed and aggressive, defiantly yelling at the Ghouls about the various horrible things he is going to do to them. He can tell the adventurers he was sent to the catacombs to meet with LeBeau, who was to hand over a valuable treasure. In return, Gormou was to bring him back to the docks and put him on the next ship out of Bretonnia. The exchange was held in the catacombs because LeBeau wanted to use neutral ground and didn't know the Sang'Argent sometimes used the catacombs for such deals. LeBeau didn't know about the other Sang'Argent thugs Gormou brought with him, either. LeBeau was about to hand over the treasure when there was a commotion from Lady Armengild's burial chamber, and the Ghouls burst in (Gormou doesn't call them Ghouls, referring to them as "creeping things," "night creatures," or other, more colourful names as is common in the city). They slaughtered the Sang'Argent men, wounded Gormou (but not before he killed one of them), and dragged LeBeau away screaming. Gormou assumed they took LeBeau away to eat him, since everyone knows that's what night creatures do. Gormou can confirm the man he calls LeBeau had two fingers missing from his left hand and matches the descriptions the adventurers might have of him.

— CHASING GHOULS —

Once the adventurers possess the information that Guido LeBeau was taken beneath the streets of Mousillon by Ghouls, they are beginning to close in on their quarry. First, however, they must work out how they are going to follow LeBeau's trail. There are three choices that make obvious sense—ask around the city to find out more about subterranean monsters, enlist the help of the Sang'Argent, or charge straight into the foetid dark tunnel in the catacombs, heedless of any danger. Asking around the city is the simplest option at first, but it is fruitless. There are plenty of rumours in the city about monsters above and below the streets, but they are not very cohesive, and none suggest the true nature of the Barony ruled by the Cannibal Knight. **Table 6-1: Underground Monster Rumours** suggests possible false rumours that might be received by adventurers who ask about subterranean monsters.

None of these rumours are true, and it should be quite obvious they are conflicting and meaningless. However, even though the adventurers will not find out the truth this way, it will help the truth come to them. They are not the only people in Mousillon interested in uncovering what might lie beneath the city's streets. If the adventurers spend time trying to find out such rumours, they will soon be approached by the poet Dagobert.

DAGOBERT AND
WITHERGRASP

Dagobert (non-combatant) is a young, skinny, pasty-faced man who in spite of his sickly appearance is a fervent and energetic youth possessed of a sharp and inquisitive mind. He composes chansons concerning Mousillon's past, which he illuminates by rigorously questioning the world around him. Dagobert is also, unfortunately, completely insane, but the knowledge he possesses about the Barony and the Cannibal Knight could be essential to the adventurers closing in on LeBeau's fate. He appears to the adventurers wearing a hooded cloak and whispers to them that if they are seeking the truth about the darkness beneath Mousillon's streets then they should listen to him. He seems eager and honest and expresses concern for the adventurers' safety if they are intending to delve beneath the streets without being forewarned about what waits there.

How Dagobert survives isn't certain as he doesn't seem to have anywhere to live (he argues he doesn't need it since he never sleeps) but survive he does. He spends much of his efforts in writing long, rambling chansons about the various conspiracies he has concocted, and while most of what he

TABLE 6-1: UNDERGROUND MONSTER RUMOURS

Roll Rumour

- 1 There's a nest of rats below the streets. But the nest is the size of the city itself, and the rats are so big they carry swords and talk to each other like men!
- 2 A mighty prince from a faraway land lies in an enormous underground pyramid, and anyone who enters his domain is struck down by a horrible curse! It happened to someone I know. Well, a friend of his, at least.
- 3 There's a tiny midget who lives in a cave beneath the Grismerie, and he plays a magic harp. But he plays it very badly, and every time he hits a wrong note it brings a horrible slaver monster into being. I know it's a nursery rhyme the children sing, but it's also true!
- 4 The only monsters are above the streets. There's a whole city reflected beneath, and it's the very opposite of Mousillon. The people are fair and pleasant, the weather is nice, and you can drink the water. There's a door to the reflected city somewhere, but obviously whenever anyone finds it they don't want to come back to tell anyone else where it is.
- 5 One of the ships in the docks brought a big ugly stone head from a distant land. No one wanted it, and they threw it into the sea, but it attracted weird slithering things that now live on the bed of the Grismerie and eat people.
- 6 There aren't any monsters below the streets. What you saw were ordinary people who despise life in Mousillon so much that they live in holes in the ground and never come out.
- 7 A burning light fell from the sky one night and landed somewhere in the Lost City. You can see it glowing at night. Where it fell, the dead buried long ago in the city's history come back to life and sometimes force their way out of the ground.
- 8 Everyone knows the monsters are a punishment from on high. If only more people would buy blessings from Aurore in the Grail Chapel, the night horrors wouldn't come out any more!
- 9 Mousillon does strange things to people's minds. There aren't any monsters at all. You just imagined them.
- 10 The world is ending. Various hells are opening under our feet and Daemons are pouring out to consume us all. Don't look so surprised, it's been happening for a while.

believes is nonsense, he is actually mostly correct about the Cannibal Knight. Dagobert at first tells the adventurers what he knows about the Cannibal Knight and the Barony, and then he expands on another one of his theories whenever he has the opportunity. In this way, it should only gradually be revealed to the adventurers that Dagobert is possibly insane. His more outlandish theories include a belief that the Emperor Karl Franz is actually the same man as King Louen of Bretonnia, and that he has some magical way of travelling quickly between Altdorf and Couronne. He is also firmly convinced Elves are all involved in a massive conspiracy to sell mankind as slaves to the fishmen (Dagobert has invented the fishmen completely, but that doesn't stop him darkly hinting about them to any Elven adventurers), and all the Knights of Bretonnia are inhabited by brain-controlling parasites from another world high up among the stars.

Dagobert's most unusual conspiracy theory is that Landuin, first Duke of Mousillon and Companion of Gilles, is personally responsible for the curse on Mousillon. During Landuin's battle against the horde of Undead that had invaded Mousillon, Landuin was defeated and found himself at the mercy of the horde's Necromancer. The dark Wizard offered Landuin a deal—Landuin could live, if he offered up the whole duchy forever to the powers of Undeath. Landuin suffered a tragic failure of courage at that moment and agreed to the deal, for he could not face the dishonour of being the first of the Companions to fail in battle. Thus was the fate of Mousillon sealed, and only when Landuin is awoken from death and forced to take responsibility for his actions can the curse ever be lifted. Dagobert has written a mostly coherent chanson about this theory and carries it around with him, written on parchment he presumably stole

from somewhere. He gives it to the first adventurer unfortunate enough to express an interest in his theories.

Dagobert claims beneath the city lies a whole realm that echoes the society of Bretonnia. It is ruled by the Cannibal Knight, a powerful Undead creature who styles himself the Baron of the Undead. Beneath the Cannibal Knight are dukes, foul creatures who rule regions of the Barony. Finally there are the legions of Ghouls themselves, many thousands of them, who act as the Cannibal Knight's foot soldiers. The Ghouls meddle in the affairs above ground, mainly by snatching victims to feast upon, but also making deals with particularly ruthless groups in Mousillon.

Dagobert possesses two palm-sized stone tablets, each inscribed with words in archaic Breton, which describe a ritual whereby the tablets are thrown into the harbour while a formal request for audience is recited. This ritual is supposed to draw forth an envoy from the Barony, with whom the petitioner can negotiate for help. Dagobert believes it is in this way that certain unscrupulous individuals negotiate for favours from the Cannibal Knight, in return for providing the Ghouls with plentiful victims. Dagobert claims to have taken the tablets from a mangled corpse he stumbled across on the docks one night, doubtless someone who had planned to summon forth an envoy but who did not tell the Ghouls what they wanted to hear. His information on the Cannibal Knight is gleaned from various stories he has heard, snatches of conversations, and his own intuition.

Dagobert's information on the Cannibal Knight is correct. Throwing the tablets into the harbour or the Grismerie and speaking aloud the formal request inscribed on them calls forth an envoy from the Barony of the Damned. This envoy is Withergrasp, a Ghoul who serves as a senior courtier to the Cannibal Knight. Withergrasp is accompanied by several Ghouls and is perfectly willing to have them kill and eat anyone who threatens him or summons him frivolously. He is, however, quite reasonable, considering he is a flesh-eating Undead monster.

Withergrasp is willing to give the adventurers an audience with the Cannibal Knight. One of Withergrasp's duties in the Barony is to locate eager adventurers for the Cannibal Knight to exploit. Once he is satisfied that the adventurers are not about to attack him (he should be accompanied by enough Ghoul foot soldiers (use normal Ghoul statistics as described on page @@) to make this look like a very bad idea), he offers to lead them down to the Barony for their audience. Withergrasp leads the adventurers into the nearest part of the Lost City and down a tunnel hidden in the ruins of a once-grand house. The other inhabitants of the Lost City give Withergrasp a wide berth, so the adventurers are safe on this journey as long as they do not stray far from Withergrasp and his soldiers. Even living citizens of Mousillon make themselves scarce. The tunnel itself is well-concealed beneath the decaying remains of a grand staircase. It is narrow and slimy, and the unwholesome smell of the sewers issues strongly from it. The tunnel leads down for what feels like miles, lit intermittently by guttering torches or patches of weird glowing fungus. Eventually, it opens up into one of the great forgotten sewer sections, and the adventurers have arrived in the Barony of the Damned.



WITHERGRASP

Withergrasp is a tall, thin Ghoul, standing more upright than his brethren and dressing in the decaying remains of great finery. His long, lean face is desiccated and resembles an elongated skull, and his name comes from the fact that one of his arms has rotted away to useless, mouldering bones. Withergrasp speaks good Breton and Reikspiel (he was a learned man in his lifetime), and he generally affects the manners of a Bretonnian noble.

Withergrasp

Career: Herald (ex-Valet)

Race: Ghoul

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	+10%	42%	50%	49%	33%	41%	20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	4	5	4	0	6	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, History), Blather, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Concealment, Evaluate, Haggle, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surface, Search +10%, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Dealmaker, Etiquette, Fearless, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Rover, Suave

Special Rules:

Poisoned Attacks: Targets injured by a Ghoul's attack must succeed on a **Challenging (-10%) Toughness Test** or take 2 additional Wounds. This Test must be made for each attack that deals damage.

Insanities: The Beast Within

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws

Trappings: Mouldering clothes, purse

HEADFIRST

Instead of asking around and hoping someone in Mousillon knows where LeBeau might have been taken, the adventurers might choose to just charge into the tunnel and kill everything they find. While this inevitably results in violence, it might just work, though perhaps not in the way the adventurers intended. The tunnel in Lady Armengild's catacomb leads down into a large, much older tomb that has suffered greatly with age. The tomb was dug into the soil of Mousillon before the city was built over it and subsistence, along with the weight of the city above, has caused it to sink. It is now half-flooded and foul, choked with black weeds and pitch dark. The air is barely breathable. The tomb forms a rough L-shape, its walls of crumbling soil, and a few well-gnawed bones lie in crude niches to show that many people were once buried here.

The water is chest-high and severely impedes fighting, so the adventurers take a -10% penalty to Weapon Skill Tests here. The darkness means adventurers without a light source are likely to be even further impeded. This is not a good place to be caught in a fight, so it is unfortunate that there are two Ghouls and a revolting slimy monster ready to attack.

The Ghouls are assassins, nimble killers left by the ghouls who took LeBeau to ensure they were not followed. The monster, meanwhile, is possibly a degenerate relative of the Grey Men, driven mad by the darkness and filth. In any case, it is horrible and hungry, and while it leaves the Ghouls alone, it attempts to devour the adventurers. Adventurers who encounter it see a stinking, oozing mass of vegetable filth, matted fronds of weeds, and pulsing lengths of creeper, so overgrown that the monster's body shape is obscured. The Ghouls wait in ambush beneath the water (they don't need to breathe, after all, and the water is dirty enough to hide them), while the Tomb Monster lurks near the exit at the far end of the tomb. Neither the Ghouls nor the Tomb Monster suffer penalties to their Weapon Skill for fighting in the water because they are used to killing in such conditions.

There is an exit from this tomb at the far end behind where the tomb monster lurks. A small stone doorway leads out of the tomb, but the water is so high that to get through it the adventurers will have to dive under the water and swim through. After a short swim, the adventurers will emerge in the ruins of a massive sewer section, vaulted like a church, with columns and sculpted friezes decaying in the noisome air. This will be their first taste of the Barony of the Damned.

Killer Ghouls

Career: Sneak

Race: Ghoul

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	0%	47%	55%	54%	28%	46%	5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	15	4	5	4	0	6	0

Skills: Concealment +10%, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Scale Sheer Surface, Search +10%, Shadowing +10%, Silent Move +10%, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Fearless, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Rover, Tunnel Rat

Special Rules:

Poisoned Attacks: Targets injured by a Ghoul's attack must succeed on a **Challenging (-10%) Toughness Test** or take 2 additional Wounds. This Test must be made for each attack that deals damage.

Insanities: The Beast Within

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws

Tomb Monster

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
64%	0%	58%	65%	46%	25%	43%	22%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	24	5	6	4	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +10%, Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Follow Trail, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Shadowing, Swim

Talents: Fearless, Frenzy, Keen Senses, Menacing, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Unsettling

Special Rules:

Amorphous: The composition of the Tomb Monster's body makes it harder to strike with accuracy. All Critical Values against a Grey Man are reduced by 2. If this would reduce the Critical Value to 0, the Tomb Monster ignores the Critical Hit.

Swamp Aura: All creatures who come within 6 yards (3 squares) of a Tomb Monster must succeed on a Will Power Test or their resolve weakens, imposing a -20% penalty to Toughness and Will Power Tests.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws and Teeth

— THE BARONY OF THE DAMNED —

The Barony is the domain of the Cannibal Knight, forged from the unfinished forgotten sewer system commissioned centuries before by the ill-counselled Duke Afregar of Mousillon. Afregar poured astonishing amounts of money into the sewers, and they are a truly astounding feat of engineering and craftsmanship, as well as a powerful symbol of Afregar's fruitless ambition. Poorly lit in some places by torches and the odd colony of glowing lichen, the sewers are dark and eerie, their high vaulted ceilings often lost in shadow, pale light reflecting strangely off the channel of noisome water running down the centre of each section. The Ghouls live in makeshift shacks and caves dug into the stone walls, clustered together in villages not totally dissimilar to those of Mousillon's peasants.

Here and there, large ugly banners hang from the walls aping the coats of arms of Bretonnian nobles, often using heraldic devices like skulls, snail shells, severed hands, and other strange things. These banners signify the areas under the domain of the Cannibal Knight's dukes. The dukes themselves live in makeshift keeps built in the grander sewer sections from bits of wood and lumps of fallen masonry.

The atmosphere here is surreal, disturbing, and filthy. The sewers are full of stagnant water running off the Grismerie, and they stink. It is not unusual to see the corpse of an animal or Ghoul floating by. Signs of the Ghouls' eating habits abound if one looks for them, a gnawed leg bone that might be Human or the shattered remains of a skull that definitely is. The Ghouls don't live exclusively off Human flesh, but when they want to treat themselves, only Human will do. It is difficult to gauge just how big the Barony is, but it is certainly populated by at least many hundreds of Ghouls, and possibly many more since no one knows how much of the sewers Afregar built before the project failed.

Adventurers who enter the Barony with Withergrasp can pass through unmolested as long as they follow the envoy and do nothing to antagonise the Ghouls. The peasant Ghouls know better than to challenge an envoy of the Cannibal Knight and leave him alone even if he is accompanied by several juicy, fresh living things. Withergrasp leads the adventurers through the quickest route to the Court of the Cannibal Knight, but even then he travels through several sewer sections so the adventurers will get a good look at the Barony. Many suspicious eyes follow them from hovels as they pass through the grand sewer sections and narrow, foetid tunnels.

DUKE JAGGEDRIB

Adventurers who blunder into the Barony from the catacombs have a rather different reception. As soon as they reach the first sewer section, they are spotted by several hungry Ghouls (use statistics on page @@) who inhabit a bunch of hovels near the exit from the tunnel. These are truly foul creatures, skinny and deformed, but there are a



great many of them. They attack the adventurers on sight, trying to force them into the channel of water at the centre of the sewer section and drown them. After a couple rounds of combat, a loud, deep voice yells "Enough!" The Ghouls immediately flee back to their hovels and crouch, shivering in fear and whimpering. The voice belongs to Duke Jaggedrib, one of the Cannibal Knight's dukes and the authority in this area of the Barony. Duke Jaggedrib is utterly hideous, a corpulent, bloated monster with a massive undershot jaw and an empty, rotting socket where his left eye once was. He wears a ridiculous ermine-trimmed set of noble's garb, mouldering and ragged, with loops of dried intestines hanging through tears in the velvet. Jaggedrib smells appalling, worse even than the sewers. He is attended by an honour guard of halberd-armed Ghouls.

Duke Jaggedrib, being a well-fed member of Ghoul nobility, does not feel the need to devour the adventurers immediately. Instead, he demands to know what the adventurers are doing in the Barony. Like Withergrasp, Jaggedrib is aware the Cannibal Knight is looking for Humans he can manipulate, threaten, or blackmail into performing tasks his Ghouls cannot. If the adventurers tell Jaggedrib they are looking for someone who was dragged into the Barony, Jaggedrib sees an opportunity to gain the Cannibal Knight's favour by presenting him with a band of desperate men to do the Barony's bidding. Jaggedrib commands the peasant Ghouls to leave the adventurers alone and escort them to the Cannibal Knight's court.

In terms of personality, Jaggedrib's hideousness contrasts with his apparently jovial manner. He laughs, makes jokes, and expounds on the glories of the Barony in spite of its obvious ugliness and poverty. Beneath all this, Jaggedrib is ambitious and ruthless and, of course, a monstrous devourer of the living. Should the adventurers threaten him or become violent, Jaggedrib orders all the Ghouls in the vicinity to attack the adventurers, and they become swamped by wave after wave of ravenous Undead. To put it simply, the adventurers must tread carefully in the Barony and do what they are told, or they will die horrible, agonising deaths as they are eaten alive.

Duke Jaggedrib

Career: Chief (ex-Brute)

Race: Ghoul

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
57%	10%	47%	70%	59%	33%	51%	25%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
4	19	4	7	4	0	8	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Command +10%, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Intimidate +10%, Outdoor Survival, Perception +20%, Scale Sheer Surface, Search +10%, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Fearless, Frightening, Lightning Parry, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Rover, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Very Resilient

Special Rules:

Poisoned Attacks: Targets injured by a Ghoul's attack must succeed on a **Challenging (-10%) Toughness Test** or take 2 additional Wounds. This Test must be made for each attack that deals damage.

Insanities: The Beast Within

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws or Halberd (Sergeant only)

Elite Ghouls

Career: Soldier

Race: Ghoul

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	0%	37%	45%	44%	18%	36%	5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	13	3	4	4	0	6	0

Skills: Concealment, Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Fearless, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure

Special Rules:

Poisoned Attacks: Targets injured by a Ghoul's attack must succeed on a **Challenging (-10%) Toughness Test** or take 2 additional Wounds. This Test must be made for each attack that deals damage.

Insanities: The Beast Within

Armour: Light Armour (Full Leather Armour)

Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1

Weapons: Claws or Halberd

THE COURT OF THE CANNIBAL KNIGHT

The Cannibal Knight's court fills one entire sewer section, an enormous T-junction that looks more like the nave of a vast church than a sewer. Four huge, fluted columns support the roof in the centre, and between these columns is a small pyramid of steps atop which is the Cannibal Knight's throne, made of bones, skulls and trophy weapons, all taken from intruders who strayed into the Barony. The banners of the dukes hang everywhere, for each of the Barony's mock aristocrats wants to hang their colours close to their king, and there are many treasures taken from the Lost Town displayed here, from antique furniture to fine tapestries turned murky with damp. Around the throne, the Cannibal Knight has gathered the trappings of a monarch, from fawning courtiers to jesters and bards. Ghouls dressed



in heralds' tunics play horrible atonal notes on pilfered trumpets to announce the arrival of guests to the court. Court scribes scribble gibberish in large mouldering tomes looted from the Lost Town. The court is always busy, for the Cannibal Knight never sleeps, and the Ghouls of the Barony are by turns fawning and ambitious in gaining the favour of their lord.

The Cannibal Knight himself is an awesome sight. Tall and nobly proportioned, the Knight was once a strong and handsome man. Now his face is a cadaverous horror, constantly seething with maggots and flies. Only his piercing blue eyes are intact, and they suggest an intelligence that has survived the physical degeneration of becoming a Ghoul. The Knight's armour is perhaps the finest artefact in the Barony. It is a full set of bespoke plate armour, wonderfully engraved with fleurs-de-lis and other heraldic designs, chased in gold and with the Knight's own heraldry of a white sun on a red sky emblazoned

GHOULS AND CAREERS

In most environments, Ghouls are ravenous, bestial creatures and at best, the most powerful of their kind are Brutes and Sneaks. However, given the unusual environment of the Barony of the Damned, Ghouls here occupy many of the same niches as living Humans. If you'd like to add more details, feel free to use the base Ghoul (see page @@) and add careers from *Knights of the Grail: A Guide to Bretonnia* or *WFRP* as needed.

in bright lacquer on the chest. The Knight's helm, topped with a sun design wrought in white gold, sits at his feet. His sword is usually propped up against his throne beside him, a huge two-hander as finely made as his armour.

The Cannibal Knight is an ambitious creature. He desires greater control of the world above, not because he needs it to survive (although it will help bring in more fresh meat for his ghouls), but because he craves dominion over living creatures. Since his conversion to Undead, he has despised the living, perhaps out of pure jealousy or perhaps out of some injustice that was done to him and still burns coldly in his corrupt heart. In any case, he is willing to negotiate with adventurers who come to his court and pay him basic levels of respect. In particular, he can indeed give them what they have come all the way to the Barony to find—Guido LeBeau.

THE HEAD OF GUIDO LeBEAU

The Sang'Argent docks gang made the mistake of killing one of the Cannibal Knight's spies above ground, a particularly cunning and resourceful Ghoul who was most useful to the Barony's ambitions. The Knight was incensed at his death and ordered revenge be taken against the Sang'Argent. A couple of days later, a group of Sang'Argent gathered in the old De Valence catacombs, and Duke Jaggedrib ordered them slain to fulfil the Cannibal Knight's command. Jaggedrib's Ghouls captured one of the Sang'Argent who claimed he wasn't one of them at all, but that he was the infamous Guido LeBeau, outlaw and champion of the commoners. The Cannibal Knight did not take kindly to this appeal as he was himself a noble, albeit of the Undead, and immediately had LeBeau executed lest his rantings stir up some popular rebellion among the Ghouls. LeBeau is therefore dead, and the Cannibal Knight can summon a herald with a snap of his bony fingers to display the slimy severed head of Guido LeBeau. It should not be lost on the adventurers that this object is precisely what they have come to Mousillon to obtain.

The adventurers probably want the head. Trying to take it from the Cannibal Knight is plainly suicidal as the Cannibal Knight himself is a devastatingly capable opponent, and the Baronial Guard, his elite Ghoul soldiers, stand watch over him at all times just behind his throne. Adventurers who put a wrong foot in the court die even more quickly than they would elsewhere in the Barony. If they want the head, they will have to ask for it. The Cannibal Knight is willing to give it to them if they fulfil a task for him first. Unfortunately for the adventurers, this task will not be easy. More importantly, it may be something they are simply not willing to do. If they choose not to complete his task, the Cannibal Knight is willing to let them leave the Barony in peace, but they will do so without the head of Guido LeBeau.

THE CANNIBAL KNIGHT

Few in the Barony speculate on who the Cannibal Knight actually is. Most just assume he is a ghoul of unusual cunning and strength who rose to the top by natural selection. The truth is a darker and more tragic story, but it is one that

perhaps might one day be uncovered. The creature now known as the Cannibal Knight was once Baron Jules de Fontainebleau, a Knight of the Realm whose take on the Knightly Code was that a knight had the right to rule over lesser men for their own good and that he should be obeyed in all things. A fine warrior and a stern taskmaster, he was a natural choice when King Charlen selected the knights who would lead a host of Knights Errant into the renewed Errantry wars. These wars had been going on for more than a generation and had begun when the Knights of the Border Princes far to the southeast of Bretonnia had requested help from the king in ridding their lands of Orcs and Goblins. In 1480 (2458), Baron Jules and many more Knights Errant arrived in the lands of the Border Princes, and he proved an implacable foe of the Greenskin, famed for his discipline and exacting demands of obedience. Knights Errant under his command sent countless Greenskins to a well-deserved death, and Baron Jules himself proved an able warrior.

In 1488 (2466), the Greenskins in apparent general retreat, Baron Jules decided to pursue an Orc warband far into the wilderness to the south of the Border Princes' keeps. He hoped to slay many Orcs on the very doorstep of many Orc tribes, thus striking fear into the heart of every Greenskin! But Baron Jules' mistake was to assume that the Orcs were just rampaging animals with no grasp of strategy or tactics. As he pursued the Greenskins, a mighty host of Orcs and Goblins appeared in the rugged lands around them utterly surrounding Jules and his host of Knights Errant. Several Orc tribes had united to punish the Bretonnians, and Jules was trapped in the jaws of their ambush.

Very few ever returned to Bretonnia to tell of what followed, but Jules lived through it all. His Knights were trapped, fighting back to back against wave after wave of frothing mad Orcs and endless flights of Goblin arrows. Almost every single Knight Errant died, and after three days and three nights of murderous combat, the Orcs were dancing over great heaps of Bretonnian dead. But Jules did not die. Trapped in a mound of the dead, it took weeks before the bodies decayed enough for him to force his way out. Even he does not quite know how he lived that long, but he spent long periods of it haunted by delusions, and it is perhaps here that his taste for Human flesh was first realised. In any case, when Jules finally escaped, he was little more than a raving madman, remembering just enough to make his way alone and on foot towards Bretonnia. Gradually his lucidity returned, and he imagined himself returning a hero, the only survivor of a gallant but tragic defeat. What he found was far different.

When he reached the Keep he had called home, he was greeted with open-mouthed horror. His wife fainted away with shock and his faithful retainers barred the doors against him. For Jules had become a monster. His face was sunken and sallow, his teeth like fangs. His hands were gory claws, and the stench of death followed him everywhere. Muscle and gut showed through rents in his skin. He was a horrendous thing, and he was chased from his own lands by commoners wielding brands and pitchforks, led by the

members of his own household. Jules was incensed. He was a Knight of Bretonnia, and he deserved the power that had been torn from him. He sought out a land where he could build power again, caring nothing for the Knightly Code and only for dominion over men. He came to Mousillon and saw there a place where a strong and ruthless man, monster or not, could win the power that was his due. And beneath the city streets, he found a land amid the darkness and stench that was his to command. The creeping predators of the Lost City saw in him a ruler and kindred spirit, and so the Barony was born.

The Cannibal Knight desires power. He has become evil and corrupt, and he despises the living as worthy only to obey him. Mallobaude has recently contacted the Cannibal Knight and offered to give him the city to rule in return for assisting the Black Knight's forces in taking over Mousillon and defending it against the inevitable attack by the king. The Cannibal Knight is considering this offer and will probably accept it in the hope that the whole of the city, and then the whole of Mousillon, will become a land of monsters where the Cannibal Knight is king.

Cannibal Knight

Career: Chief (ex-Knight of the Realm, ex-Knight Errant, ex-Squire)

Race: Ghoul

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
62%	5%	57%	65%	69%	33%	51%	25%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
5	19	5	6	4	0	8	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry +10%, Strategy/Tactics +10%), Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm, Command +10%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Concealment, Dodge Blow +20%, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel, Tilean)

Talents: Etiquette, Fearless, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Rover, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Virtue of Chivalry, Virtue of the Ideal

Special Rules:

Poisoned Attacks: Targets injured by a Ghoul's attack must succeed on a **Challenging (-10%) Toughness Test** or take 2 additional Wounds. This Test must be made for each attack that deals damage.

Insanities: The Beast Within

Armour: Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5

Weapons: Claws, greatweapon (Two-handed Sword)

Trappings: The Barony of the Damned and all contents

— WORKING FOR THE CANNIBAL KNIGHT —

The Cannibal Knight has three tasks which are particularly troubling him and which he needs surface-dwellers to accomplish. He chooses one of these for the adventurers to complete in return for LeBeau's head. These tasks are to slay Gefreid the Pure, poison the well in the Grail Quarter, or sink one of the Ecorcheurs' slave ships to provide fresh bodies for the Ghouls. All of these tasks are, frankly, very wicked things to do, but the adventurers have the choice of either returning to Lyonesse without LeBeau's head, or get their hands very, very dirty.

KILLING GEFREID

Gefreid the Pure is an ageing Questing Knight. Details on him can be found in **Chapter Three: Rise of the Black Knight**. He is one of the few heroes in Mousillon, a brave and devoted man whose noble birth has not left him arrogant and whose many hardships have yet to leave him bitter. Though Gefreid quests for the Grail, he has come to believe he is not worthy, and his true duty to the Lady will be fulfilled in righting the wrongs he comes across while pursuing his fruitless quest. Because he knows he will never find it, he has effectively dedicated himself to the battling of evils and protecting the innocent. There are few men as laudable as Gefreid in the whole of Bretonnia, let alone in Mousillon. There are also few men less deserving of being murdered by a band of adventurers, but if they want LeBeau's head then perhaps they will have to do it.

Gefreid is currently in the Charnel Hills outside the walls, hunting down marauding Zombies and Skeletons that have been preying on peasants living on the outskirts of the South Gate area. The Cannibal Knight can tell the adventurers the last sighting of Gefreid was on Slaughter Down, a large and very old barrow covering a particularly noisome mass grave. Slaughter Down is marked out by the old gibbets that stand on its peak, where many decades ago criminals were tied up or locked in cages for the Zombies to devour. It became too dangerous even for executions many years ago, and now Gefreid is likely to be the only person around Slaughter Down.

If the adventurers have not visited the Charnel Hills before, then very probably they will be waylaid by Zombies or Skeletons on the way, showing them how dangerous the Charnel Hills are and the horrors the Curse and the Red Pox have wrought on past generations here.

Slaughter Down is easy to find because of the gibbets on its crest, which can just be seen through the noisome mist that wreaths the entire hill. As the adventurers approach they hear the sounds of combat, of metal ringing on metal or sinking into flesh. Following these sounds brings them to the sight of Gefreid himself battling a group of Zombies (see *WFRP* page 231). These horrors are evidently the recently awoken corpses of soldiers or mercenaries slain by plague, for they still wear scraps of armour or even carry broken, rusted weapons. Gefreid's horse lies dead nearby, being feasted upon by a couple of the Undead, and Gefreid himself fights with considerable skill against three more. Without the adventurers' intervention, Gefreid kills the zombies with some effort, and then kills the two who are eating his horse. He says a few words for his dead steed, Bucephale, for the horse had served him well for years, and he knows he isn't going to find another one in Mousillon in a hurry. He then returns to the South Gate district in the hope of finding a hovel where he can stay the night and allow his wounds to recover.

Gefreid has not spoken to another person for some time and welcomes strangers, especially those who help him in his fight against the zombies. Even if he sees them standing off and letting him handle the fight, he does not blame them. After all, he has taken an oath that the defence of the innocent should be his and his alone. Only if one of the adventurers is obviously a Knight of Bretonnia will he scold them for not helping him. He is a genial enough man, albeit one weary with age and experience, and he eagerly talks with the adventurers if they let him. He can talk with them about their adventures, describe some of the places in Mousillon he has seen, ask for news from the outside world, and generally act like the fair-minded gentleman he is.

DOING THE DEED

Murdering Gefreid should not be easy, either practically or morally. Gefreid may be old, but he is as tough as cured frog leather and learned his swordsmanship among the best. A straight combat with him is dangerous. Following him back to his hovel and killing him in his sleep is far easier, but perhaps



harder on the conscience. Bringing Gefreid's body or head back to the Cannibal Knight proves the task has been completed and also perhaps proves something about the adventurers that they would rather not know.

A LITTLE DROP OF POISON

Any adventurer can easily find out the significance of the well in the Grail Quarter. It is the only source of reasonably clean water in the Barony, perhaps the whole of Mousillon, for it draws water up from a very great depth where the duchy's pestilence does not reach. Scores of people every day draw water from the well, and it is the principal reason the Chapel Quarter is the most highly populated area of the city. If it were to become befouled, a great many people would die and the consequences for the whole city could be plunged into a state even more dire than the one it endures now. But the Cannibal Knight wants the well poisoned to weaken the resolve of the Humans who might oppose him, and if he so chooses then the adventurers will be the ones who have to do the deed.

The first part of the task is of course to acquire the poison itself. The Cannibal Knight requires the adventurers to obtain this from a small apothecary's shop on the edge of the Chapel Quarter, the address of which the Knight's envoy Withergrasp supplies. If the adventurers ask, the owner is a Monsieur Blouf (a long-time ally of the Barony), and he will give the poison to the adventurers at no charge. It is a small bottle full of blood-red liquid and should be treated with extreme care since the poison is so deadly. Since the shop is in the Chapel Quarter, the most populated area of the city, there is plenty of opportunity for the adventurers to witness some of the stranger habits of the city's citizens. The apothecary's shop is tucked away in an alleyway and is distinguished by a large sign depicting a skull and several medical implements. It appears to be deserted, but then so do many of the presumably inhabited buildings in the Chapel Quarter. The door is nailed shut and requires a **Strength Test** to open. If it is opened on the first try, the shop's inhabitants will not be ready for the adventurers. If the adventurers take more than one try to open the door, the inhabitants will be ready and lie in wait to ambush the adventurers.

Monsieur Blouf is long gone. It is true he once sold poisons and other things to the Barony's Ghouls, but he has been dead for some time. Instead, some of his other customers have taken up residence in his shop—the Skaven of the Thirteenth Claw. The Cannibal Knight knows the Skaven have infested the old apothecary's shop and also knows they have created a vial of extremely potent distilled Red Pox with the intent of examining its spread in the city. The Skaven are led by Iksit, a particularly gnarled and revolting Plague Monk, who harbours an intense hatred of all non-rodent life. He is a frenzied killer and does not hesitate to butcher anyone who interrupts his work. He is accompanied by four Skaven soldiers, who are well aware of Iksit's frenzied insanity and are very scared of him. Should Iksit die, there is a chance they will run or even surrender, but as long as the Plague Monk is alive they fight to the death because they are more afraid of Iksit than of anything the adventurers might do to them. Iksit is a highly infectious

creature, and any adventurer who suffers a critical hit from him must make a **Toughness Test** or contract the dreaded Red Pox.

Iksit, Plague Monk

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
34%	25%	30%	41%	40%	25%	29%	20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	4	5	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology) +10%, Common Knowledge (Skaven) +10%, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move, Speak Language (Queekish), Swim

Talents: Fearless, Frenzy, Night Vision, Resistance to Disease, Tunnel Rat

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Two hand weapons

Clanrats

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
30%	25%	30%	30%	40%	25%	25%	15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	3	3	5	0	0	0





Skills: Common Knowledge (Skaven) +10%, Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move, Speak Language (Queekish), Swim

Talents: Night Vision, Resistance to Disease, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Tunnel Rat

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap)

Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1

Weapons: Hand Weapons, shield, sling

The shop has had its floors, walls, and furniture removed and is now a crude, stinking lab. The floor is covered in filth, and the Skaven sleep in a foul nest of straw and rags in one corner. Several warped glass vessels cover a rickety table against one wall, and anyone thrown into it will be exposed to the many dangerous diseases the vials and beakers contain, contracting the Green Pox unless they pass a **Toughness Test**. Another table holds a roughly Human-sized object covered in a stained sheet, and it should surprise no one that this is a recently deceased, partially dissected victim of the Red Pox. There are bloodstains on the walls along with strange symbols scratched into the crumbling plaster, and the furniture that once stood in the small shop is now either broken bits of wood on the floor or has been used to support lab equipment.

There is nothing of value in the apothecary's shop. Once the Skaven have been killed or chased away, the adventurers are free to discover, to their horror, the partially dissected male corpse on the table, risk infection by tinkering with the various vials and obscure items of jerry-built scientific equipment, and root fruitlessly through the stinking nest. More importantly, on Iksit's body in a small pouch around his neck is a small but

finely made bottle, perhaps a lady's perfume bottle looted from the Lost Town, which is full of a deep blood-red liquid. This is the sample of distilled Red Pox Iksit was saving for a special occasion and which the Cannibal Knight requires be poured into the well.

DOING THE DEED

Killing the Skaven is probably the difficult part of this task. It is relatively simple for the adventurers to walk up to the well and pretend to draw some water from it and then drop the opened vial in. Should an adventurer try this during the daytime when there are many peasant queuing for water and the self-appointed Chapel Quarter militia are keeping an eye out, the adventurer must make a **Sleight of Hand Test**. If the adventurer fails, or attempts it without the Sleight of Hand skill, one of the commoners notices them dropping something into the well and accuses them of trying to poison it. One of the militia promptly hurries up to defuse the situation and asks the adventurer to explain themselves. A successful **Fellowship Test** does just that, but if they fail this test, then a near-riot develops as peasants accuse the adventurer of poisoning them, try to defend the adventurers, and generally get themselves riled up. This situation could turn ugly very quickly, and unless the adventurers want a fight, they had better get out of there quickly.

Once the well is poisoned, there is no going back. The Red Pox spreads quickly through the Chapel Quarter and a great many of people, innocent and wicked alike, die. It will take three or four days for the outbreak to become apparent and then a further two weeks for it to die down, during which whole tenements will be burned, scapegoats will be lynched, predictions of doom will echo through the city, and a new barrow has to be opened up in the Charnel Hills. If the adventurers have any sense they will be long gone by then.

A SINKING FEELING

The Barony must feed its subjects. Ghouls, by their very nature, crave Human flesh, and so the Cannibal Knight's subjects need a constant supply of the newly dead. For the most part, the Ghouls can snatch victims at their leisure, but the Ghoul population has grown to the extent that every now and again a batch of fresh meat must be made available to keep the Barony well fed and free of violence over who gets the last chunk of gristle. The Cannibal Knight might need the adventurers to help supply the Barony with the newly dead, but at first he simply tells them that he needs a ship sunk. The ship, the Maiden True, is crewed by members of the Ecorcheurs (with whom the adventurers may already have had a run-in), a particularly violent dockside gang. The ship is about to leave the city's northern dock at midnight, and the Cannibal Knight needs it to be sunk in the harbour. How the adventurers accomplish this is up to them, but sneaking aboard and doing some serious damage below the waterline would be the best bet. The Cannibal Knight discourages suggestions to burn the ship (the Ghouls like their meat raw; although, again, the Cannibal Knight does not actually say this).

DOING THE DEED

The Maiden True is at anchor on the north dock and although it is crewed by a few members of the Ecorcheurs, the dock gang does not have a heavy presence around the ship. This is because they want to keep the ship's presence a secret from the other dock gangs, and although the Cannibal Knight learned of it from an informer within the Ecorcheurs, the other gangs do not know of the ship's cargo. The adventurers, of course, can change all that, and in particular the Sang'Argent would be most eager to strike a blow against the Ecorcheurs by sinking whatever their precious cargo is to the bottom of the harbour. All this means that the docks around the Maiden True aren't very well guarded and boarding the ship should not be too difficult for the adventurers. On board the ship are five Ecorcheurs (use **Wreckers** statistics on page 235 of *WFRP*), three on the deck and one in the ship's cabin. The last Ecorcheur, the Slaver, is in the hold, keeping an eye on the cargo. The cargo, of course, is slaves.

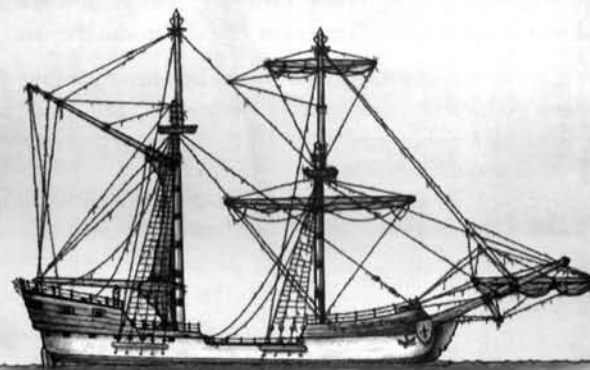
There are about thirty slaves on the Maiden True. They are men and women taken from a variety of pirate raids, kidnapped from the northern coast of the Empire to the shores of Estalia. These slaves are bedraggled and malnourished, and some have been on the ship for months. Their destination is somewhere far to the south. They are chained up in the hold and live in fear of the Slaver. The slaves are supposed to drown when the ship is sunk so that the Cannibal Knight's Ghouls can harvest the fresh bodies. They are broken-spirited and fatalistic, but one, an Estalian named Janeiro (non-combatant), still has some fight left in him and pleads with the adventurers to set the slaves free. He speaks good Breton and Reikspiel and loudly berates any adventurers who do not unchain the slaves, cursing them in the imaginative Estalian fashion if they begin to scuttle the ship with the slaves on board. His words ring in their ears as the ship sinks, and the hapless slaves disappear below the waves. If, on the other hand, the adventurers unchain the slaves and try to lead them to safety, it is Janeiro who thanks them profusely, offering regret that he has nothing to offer the adventurers in return and leads the slaves into the relative safety of the city.

Once the Ecorcheurs have been dealt with, sinking the Maiden True is quite simple. Holing the ship requires just a few combat rounds of hacking through the hull with an axe (which can be found on board), and no one tries to save the ship, as a few measly slaves aren't worth risking good Ecorcheur lives for. Listening to Janeiro's curses as he drowns will probably not be quite so easy.

RETURN TO THE CANNIBAL KNIGHT

Whichever task the Cannibal Knight sets on the adventurers, they have a choice whether to go through with it or not. Perhaps they are corrupt or desperate enough to do the Cannibal Knight's bidding and choose to do whichever heinous deed he requests. Perhaps they are not willing to perform evil deeds to obtain LeBeau's head and decide to leave the duchy without it. Or perhaps they choose to deceive the Cannibal Knight and

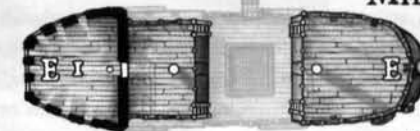
THE MAIDEN TRUE



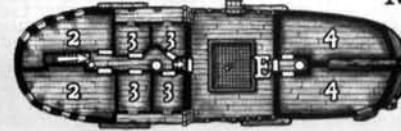
TOP DECK



MIDDLE DECK



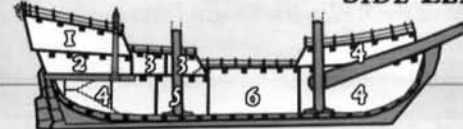
MAIN DECK



BELOW DECKS



SIDE ELEVATION



KEY	Scale in Yards:	0 4 8 12 16 20
1 - SHIP'S CABIN		
2 - LARGE CABINS		
3 - SMALL CABINS		
4 - STORAGE		
5 - SLAVER'S CABIN		
6 - MAIN HOLD (SLAVES HERE)		
E - ECORCHEUR		
S - ECORCHEUR SLAVER		
		— DOORS TO HOLD
		— SHIP'S WHEEL
		— LADDER
		— STAIRS (ARROW POINTS UP)
		— DOOR

pretend that they have done his bidding in the hope they can get LeBeau's head and flee before he knows any better. The choice they make now determines how their foray into Mousillon will end, as well as tell themselves a great deal about who they are.

The adventurers can return to the Barony by whatever means they first entered it. Withergrasp waits to escort them to the Court of the Cannibal Knight where the Knight asks them if they have performed the task they asked of him. He knows if they have not attempted it, but if they have made a decent job of faking it (for instance, by stealing the poison but not pouring it in the well, convincing Gefreid to flee the city before the Cannibal Knight catches up with him, or freeing the slaves before sinking

the Maiden True) he takes their word for it as he does not believe anyone would dare deceive him. Once satisfied, the Knight calls forward Withergrasp, who presents the adventurers with the head of Guido LeBeau. The head is in a sorry state, having been hacked off LeBeau's body, and it decomposing, its eyes sunken and black and its skin greyish and puckered. The head is slimy and smells rotten, but it really is the head of Guido LeBeau that the adventurers have come so far to acquire. The Cannibal Knight has Withergrasp escort the adventurers back to the surface, and before leaving them, Withergrasp suggests it is probably best that the adventurers not return as the Cannibal Knight is not always so generous with his hospitality.

— RETURN TO THE LIGHT —

Assuming the adventurers survived their antics in the city, it is time to return to civilisation. The simplest way out of Mousillon is to head south down the coast into Bordeleaux, but the adventurers may wish to travel north to Lyonesse, even to Auferic's watchtower, where they originally entered the duchy. Either way, the journey is relatively uneventful unless they have angered someone in the duchy who takes this opportunity to gain revenge.

If they slew or otherwise antagonised Aucassin the vampire at Chateau Hane, then Aucassin's favoured knight, Gefrelar, chooses this moment to waylay the adventurers. Gefrelar is a tall, lean knight in armour of black iron, and he wears the livery of a single black flower on a white field on his shield and on the barding of his warhorse. He is still a man of martial honour, so he openly challenges the adventurers on the road and calls out the adventurer he considers most responsible for whatever ill fate befell Aucassin. Gefrelar is accompanied by four mounted knights who will watch the contest and, as long as no other adventurers intervene, will ride solemnly away whether Gefrelar wins or not. Should all the adventurers attack Gefrelar, the knights join in. Otherwise, Gefrelar only wants one life and once he has taken it, he rides away with his knights.

AUCASSIN'S KNIGHTS

If the PCs angered or offended Aucassin, Gefrelar and four Knights locate the characters on the road out of Mousillon.

Gefrelar

Career: Knight of the Realm (ex-Knight Errant)

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
60%	24%	56%	63%	47%	31%	42%	45%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	16	5	6	4	0	1	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry +10%, Strategy/Tactics), Animal Care, Animal Training, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Dodge

Blow +10%, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride +10%, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strong-minded, Very Strong, Virtue of Chivalry, Virtue of the Ideal

Special Rules: Gefrelar gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Axe), lance, shield

Trappings: Destrier with saddle and harness

Gefrelar's Knights

Career: Knight (ex-Squire)

Race: Human (Mousillon)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
52%	31%	41%	49%	45%	28%	32%	35%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	13	4	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry +10%, Strategy/Tactics), Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Perception, Ride +10%, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Flail, Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strong-minded, Warrior Born

Special Rules: Gefrelar's Knights gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with Mousillon.

Armour: Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5

Weapons: Flail, hand weapon (Sword), lance, shield

Trappings: Destrier with saddle and harness

If, on the other hand, the adventurers deceived the Cannibal Knight about whether they had completed his task, a contingent of Killer Ghouls (see page @@) are sent to kill

them. They have no honour, not even Gefrelar's brutal martial code, and track the adventurers with the intention of killing them while they sleep. There are three assassins, all well-trained Undead killers, and they will not give up until they or the adventurers are dead. If the adventurers have both angered Aucassin and the Cannibal Knight, then it will be the ghouls who attack, and Gefrelar's revenge will have to wait for another day.

Presuming they have either avoided annoying the wrong people or survived the consequences, the adventurers reach the border with either Bordeleaux or Lyonesse. Their final tribulation lies in the knights and men-at-arms of the Cordon Sanitaire, to whom the adventurers will look exactly like the kind of people who must be stopped from crossing the border. The Knights of the Cordon (see **Aucassin's Knights** Sidebar for statistics) take their duty very seriously, and one of them will challenge the adventurers just before they reach the border, accompanied by a group of men-at-arms (use **Sell-sword** statistics on page 235 of *WFRP*). They have no qualms about killing people who might bring disease, as well as the curse, out of Mousillon. The adventurers have one chance to present the knight with the letter from the Duke of Lyonesse. Should they be able to show the letter and the head of Guido LeBeau, they can pass through the Cordon unmolested. Should the adventurers not show the letter or fail to show the head afterwards, the knight orders his men-at-arms to attack the adventurers. The knight is not interested in detaining the adventurers, only in killing them so they do not have the chance to infect anyone. It might be that the knight in question is Auferic, in which case he will not let his judgement be clouded by the fact that he has met the adventurers before.



Should the adventurers negotiate this final hurdle, they have left Mousillon. Regardless of whether they have the head of Guido LeBeau, escaping the duchy at all is something of a feat.

— AFTERMATH —

If the adventurers do not have LeBeau's head, then how they continue is up to them. Duke Adalhard does not appreciate them turning up at his court if they do not have LeBeau. No doubt, however, there is some other noble or even commoner who has need for the services of a band of adventurers.

Should they have LeBeau's head, they can return to Castle Lyonesse and hand it over to Duke Adalhard. The Duke summons Lady Augustine and asks her to identify it, which she does before fainting with shock at being presented with a severed head. Adalhard proudly hands the adventurers a large scroll on which is written the deeds to Carlaon Valley, a domain in Lyonesse with its own Keep and right to obtain revenue from its peasants. This document permits the adventurers to hold the land from Duke Adalhard, and notes (in particularly small letters) that included in the deed are the responsibilities to provide revenue and manpower to Duke Adalhard should

the Duke require it. It does not make the adventurers nobles of Bretonnia, nor does it give them any of a noble's status outside Carlaon Valley. Adalhard loudly thanks the adventurers and expresses great satisfaction that LeBeau is dead, before bidding the adventurers good luck and sending them on their way.

Carlaon Valley, of course, is the least fertile tract of land in the whole of Lyonesse. It is a barren rocky valley near the coast, where the stubborn gorse is the only thing that grows, and there are no peasants because the valley can support no fields or flocks for them to tend. Carlaon Valley does indeed have its own keep, which has been in disrepair for so long that nothing remains other than the crumbling foundations of its single tower. Carlaon Valley could conceivably become a base of operations for the adventurers, or they could con someone else into accepting the title to it in return for some valuable service, but other than that, it is worthless. But at least it isn't as bad as anywhere in Mousillon.

REWARDS

Over the course of this adventure, characters should be expected to gain 100 to 300 experience points per chapter, granting higher amounts to parties who successfully navigate through the myriad of side-tracks and misadventures. Award 50 to 100 bonus experience points to characters do one or more of the following: unmask the Vampire and free his captive tapestry artist, resolve the conflict between the two villages, and gain the agitator's head without committing some heinous deed.

• "ROLAND" MARIE, HUMAN CHARLATAN •

Career: Charlatan (ex-Agitator)

Race: Human (Bretonnian)

MAIN PROFILE							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Starting							
34%	28%	31%	32%	34%	31%	38%	37%
Advance							
+10% _W	+10% _W	+5%	+10%	+15% _W	+15% _W	+15%	+25% _W
Current							
44%	32%	31%	32%	39%	46%	38%	62%
SECONDARY PROFILE							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
Starting							
1	10	3	3	4	0	0	3
Advance							
—	+4 _W	—	—	—	—	—	—
Current							
1	13	3	3	4	0	0	3

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Law), Blather, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Concealment, Charm, Disguise, Gossip, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel, Tilean)

Talents: Coolheaded, Flee!, Lightning Reflexes, Public Speaking, Streetwise, Suave

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword)

Trappings: Backpack, Blanket, Water Skin, 1 Week of Rations, Wooden Tankard, Wooden Cutlery Set, Good Clothing, 7 sets of Common Clothing, 4 sets of Best Clothing, Forged Document, bundle of leaflets, 4 bottles of variously coloured water, 4 bottles of variously coloured powder

As an adolescent, Marie's family took her to Marienburg. There she saw a new world, one where peasants weren't made to suffer back-breaking labour, where women weren't so horribly oppressed. This experience changed her life. She ran away from her parents and haunted the streets as an orphan, learning whatever she could and from whomever would teach her. When she turned sixteen, she could read, spoke three languages, and wanted to save Bretonnia from itself. She disguised herself as a man and crossed back into her homeland, bent on fomenting a Peasant revolt. She worked for two years rallying the commoners to her cause until finally a minor lord swept in with a retinue of knights and slew everyone but Marie, who hid in a cellar. Realising that her task was bigger than she thought, she decided to raise money by pretending to be a healer. So now she travels from place to place offering cure-alls to those who can afford it. She hopes to earn enough money that she'll be able to arm her peasant soldiers properly.

• NORSKIN, DWARF VETERAN •

Career: Veteran (ex-Shieldbreaker)

Race: Dwarf

MAIN PROFILE							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Starting							
44%	28%	35%	40%	24%	35%	30%	23%
Advance							
+20% _W	+20%	+10% _W	+10% _W	+15% _W	—	+15% _W	—
Current							
54%	28%	45%	50%	34%	35%	35%	23%
SECONDARY PROFILE							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
Starting							
1	13	3	4	3	0	0	2
Advance							
+1 _W	+6 _W	—	—	—	—	—	—
Current							
2	17	4	5	3	0	0	2

Skills: Common Knowledge (Dwarfs), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Navigation,

Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Shadowing, Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Khazalid), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Miner)

Talents: Coolheaded, Dwarfcraft, Grudge-born Fury, Night Vision, Orientation, Resistance to Magic, Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Sturdy, Very Strong

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Axe), Crossbow with 10 Bolts, Shield

Trappings: Backpack, Blanket, Water Skin, 1 Week of Rations, Wooden Tankard, Wooden Cutlery Set, Common Clothing, Grappling Hook, 10 Yards of Rope, Bottle of Good Spirits

While on his way to Middenheim to lend support to the Manling city, a group of Orcs ambushed his unit and took him captive. Firmly in their clutches, he expected to be their next meal, but then the strangest thing happened: a group of Beastmen ambushed the Orcs. Totted along like a piece of baggage, the Orcs fled to the west into the mountains. Once there, Norwick escaped their clutches and to mislead them, he headed down the other side of the mountains and into Bretonnia. He's not sure about this land and now that the Storm's over, he has nowhere to be and fast.

• WALDEN, HUMAN OUTLAW •

Career: Outlaw (ex-Woodsman)

Race: Human (Bretonnian)

MAIN PROFILE							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Starting							
26%	39%	26%	31%	39%	34%	32%	22%
Advance							
+10%	+10%	+10%	—	+10%	+5%	+10%	—
Current							
36%	49%	36%	31%	49%	39%	42%	22%
SECONDARY PROFILE							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
Starting							
1	11	2	3	5	0	0	2
Advance							
+1 ✓	+3 ✓	—	—	—	—	—	—
Current							
2	14	3	3	5	0	0	2

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Gossip, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface,

Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs (Ranger), Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Excellent Vision, Fleet-Footed, Rover, Sharpshooter, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword), Great Weapon (Two-handed Axe), Bow with 10 Arrows, Shield

Trappings: Backpack, Blanket, Water Skin, 1 Week of Rations, Wooden Tankard, Wooden Cutlery Set, Common Clothing, Antitoxin Kit

Walden never placed too much stock in Bretonnia's nobility, seeing them as bad and as dangerous as the Greenskins. So he kept to himself and the forests he loved. Everything changed when he spied a young woman being readied for an execution by burning. A few pompous knights made jests at her protestations and seemed to be enjoying the whole thing. The girl was exceptionally pretty and for a moment, she turned imploring eyes at the concealed woodsman. He was hooked. He surged out of the forest swinging his huge axe and managed to unhorse one of the knights and cut the leg off the other. In the confusion, he grabbed the girl and made a run for the forest. The pair fled through the trees for two days until they were sure they were safe and alone. And then the girl did the most unfortunate thing: she showed him her tentacles. Walden finished the knights' job and butchered her right then and there. He's been running ever since.

• GREGOR, HUMAN CAT BURGLAR •

Career: Thief (ex-Grave Robber)

Race: Human

MAIN PROFILE							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Starting							
37%	35%	34%	33%	30%	41%	27%	34%
Advance							
+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+25%	+10%	+10%	+10%
Current							
42%	40%	39%	33%	45%	46%	37%	44%
SECONDARY PROFILE							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
Starting							
1	13	3	3	4	0	0	2
Advance							
—	+4 ✓	—	—	—	—	—	—
Current							
1	15	3	3	4	0	1	2

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Pick Lock,

Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Flee!, Marksman, Resistance to Disease, Savvy, Strong-minded, Trapfinder

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword)

Trappings: Backpack, Blanket, Grappling Hook, Lantern with Lamp Oil, Lock Picks, Pick, Sack, Spade, Water Skin, 1 Week of Rations, Wooden Tankard, Wooden Cutlery Set, Common Clothing, 10 Yards of Rope

Since he was a young man, Gregor saw honest work as a gross misuse of his time. Why settle for a few pennies a day when you can dig up a fortune by plundering a grave. Sure, it's not pleasant, but once you get past the smell, you can find all sorts of interesting things planted in the ground. He was doing just fine until he popped a casket and to his horror, the thing he found wasn't quite dead. It looked dead, but it moved. Horrified, he fled the cemetery and the Empire altogether. He didn't stop running until he wound up in Bretonnia. Lacking any appreciable trade, he turned to thievery to make ends meet. But for some reason, he attracts trouble, always finding himself in one desperate spot or another.

A Land Befouled

Mousillon is a land cursed by evil and death. For years, this forlorn place has festered with its own corruption, inhospitable to even the most disgusting vermin. But now, a new force has emerged, an enemy that could plunge all of Bretonnia into war. It is against this backdrop that the Player Characters meet Mousillon in all its filthy ugliness.

In *Barony of the Damned*, the Player Characters are hired by a powerful noble to bring back the head of a nefarious agitator, Guido LeBeau. In following his trail, it's clear the fugitive sought safety inside Mousillon. Travelling through the wilderness, they must contend with Mousillon's peasants and nobles alike, as they track their quarry to the city itself. Once inside Mousillon, they find themselves embroiled in a twisted tale of intrigue and investigation, thwarting the plots of pirates, murderers, and even and even the blasphemous force behind the *Barony of the Damned*. But escaping Mousillon is no easy task. Once inside, there's no getting out unless they can find the head of their prey.

Barony of the Damned is a stand alone adventure for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay, designed to breath life into one of Bretonnia's more infamous lands. In addition to the adventure, this book details the Mousillon, its history, its people, and politics. Inside you'll find several new monsters like the Grey Men, new diseases such as the Red Pox and Swampaire's Croup, and two new careers: the Frogwife and the Swampaire. In addition, this book presents statistics and information on all the important characters found in this foetid land.

Can the heroes survive the terrors of Mousillon long enough to bring back the head of Guido LeBeau? Find out in *Barony of the Damned*.



Adventure Awaits!

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