



WARHAMMER
FANTASY
ROLE-PLAY

BUILDINGS **OF THE** **REIKLAND**

A GRIM WORLD OF PERILOUS ADVENTURE



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♦ BUILDINGS ♦ OF THE REIKLAND



The buildings of the Reikland are as varied as its people. Those detailed here are common examples of their kind, and are provided to inspire your own creations.

COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS

Commercial buildings are places for trade or business, including shops and warehouses.

SHOP

Herbert Harzert Cheesemonger of Distinction

Herbert Harzert runs Harzert's cheese shop on Altstrasse in Ubersreik. He's proud to call it 'the finest cheese shop in Ubersreik', although there is not much competition.

He's recently branched out and has started stocking the 'posh' Bretonnian cheeses that travel down the Grey Lady Pass. Harzert prefers the harder, Empire cheeses, but pretends to love the new, softer, Bretonnian varieties to boost sales.

Property is relatively expensive on Altstrasse because it is so busy, and each shop is taxed by frontage. Therefore Harzert's, like all the neighbouring shops, is long and thin. The shop floor is bifurcated by a broad, wooden counter. On one side, customers queue for service and cast their eyes and noses over the array of produce. On the other side, Harzert and two or three assistants, his nieces and nephews, serve customers. Harzert's office is situated at the back of the ground floor. It's a dishevelled space with a pair of desks and a small safe for keeping the takings overnight. Piles of correspondence from suppliers across the Reikland and Bretonnia are stacked haphazardly everywhere.

KEY

- 1 Cellar
- 2 Shop Floor
- 3 Office
- 4 Storeroom
- 5 Bedroom
- 6 Kitchen
- 7 Parlour

0 5
SCALE IN YARDS

HARZERT'S CHEESEMONGER OF DISTINCTION

Trapdoor - ☒

All arrows point up stairs



Cellar



Ground



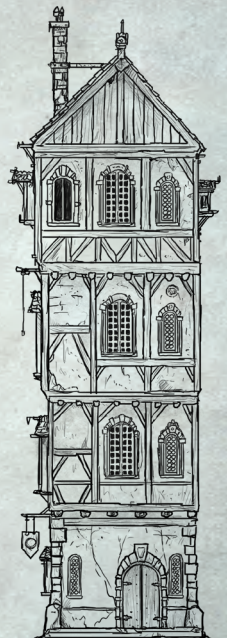
First



Second



Third



SOMETHING DOESN'T SMELL RIGHT

- The late Frau Harzert was a frail young woman who sickened and passed away a year ago. Her brother, Volker Grüner, a shipping clerk from Altdorf, suspects foul play — his sister was always a picture of indefatigable health. More importantly, if it should turn out that his sister was murdered — say, by Harzert, and this could be proved — then the Cheese Shop is inherited by him! He is looking for someone to travel to Ubersreik to investigate.
- It is a truth universally acknowledged that a young man in possession of a cheese shop must be in want of a wife. One of Harzert's suppliers — the fragrant Mademoiselle Cloche — has stolen his heart. The interfering Frau Duschen resents the interloper as she has designs on Harzert herself, and his money. Herbert needs a friendly soul to carry love letters to his paramour, while Frau Duschen will go to any lengths to dig up dirt on 'that stinkin' Bretonnian gold-digger'.

Beneath the busy shop floor lies Harzert's cool, damp cellar in which he stores cheeses not yet ripe enough to serve. The first floor is where Harzert — a widower, who lost his young wife a year ago — lives alone. His apartment comprises a bedroom, a kitchen and a small parlour — not that he has many visitors: stinking cheese is not conducive to polite conversation. The top two floors are leased out to private tenants who reach their apartments via a rickety staircase in the alley behind the shop. A large family — sixteen in total — live on the second floor. The formidable Frau Duschen, a widow, who lives cheek by jowl with her eleven children, three of their spouses, and two grandchildren. Gustav Klosch, an artist, rents the top floor and endures the noise and cheesy reek for the quality of the light.

WAREHOUSE The Oldenhaller Warehouse

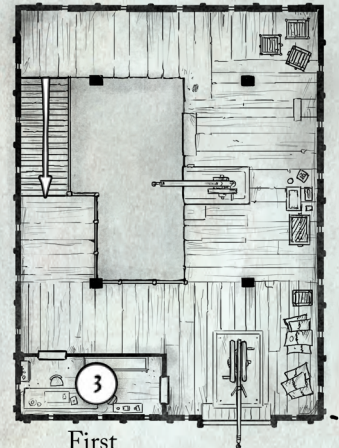
The Oldenhaller warehouse, in the seedy docklands of Altdorf in the Reiksford district, has a solid frontage. The Oldenhaller Merchant Company takes security very seriously, and prides itself on that reputation. Given the seasonal nature of trade, and the significant cost of a large warehouse in a prime location sitting empty, the company regularly sub-let sections of their warehouse to other, smaller trading ventures.

The warehouse itself has stone walls at ground level, with a timber first storey, and a slate-tiled roof. Narrow windows too small for human ingress are positioned high on all four walls of the upper level. A single pair of wide, wooden doors — heavily chained and padlocked on the inside of an evening — almost fill the wall facing the docks. On any given day, the yard outside the warehouse has numerous wagons and carts coming and going, as well as barges loading and unloading their wares.

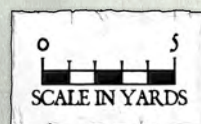
During the day, Ella Krump oversees the Warehouse. A ranking member of the Stevedores and Teamsters' Guild of Altdorf, Krump has a several gangs of stevedores under her. Taciturn and uncompromising, she bears a number of ugly scars and crude tattoos, mementos of a youth misspent on the dockside. Despite her coarse appearance, her merchant masters are most satisfied with the efficiency of her work.

By night, Kasey Backstein, the master of the warehouse, keeps watch. As broad of girth as he is light of finger, he has a watchpost at the front of the building. The post is a small room with a brazier, a cot, and a comfortable old armchair. Backstein spends most of the night in this room, only patrolling the large corridors between the stacked crates once or twice. Getting on a bit now, he loves to eat and drink, and is not above 'sampling' the wares stored there. So far, he's not been caught, but it's only a matter of time until the missing goods are noticed and the stains on his jerkin betray him.

OLDENHALLER WAREHOUSE



- KEY —
- 1 Warehouse Floor
 - 2 Watchpost
 - 3 Office



All arrows
point up
stairs





WHO WATCHES THE WATCHMEN?

- Sharing the spoils of his midnight pilfering, Backstein split a very expensive bottle of Tilean wine with a friend, whose face immediately turned purple as he died, clawing at his throat. Understandably distressed, Backstein fled the warehouse, leaving the door unlocked, the body on the floor, and the poisoned wine uncorked. He needs help, and fast!
- Making a delivery to the docks, the party witness Ella Krump casually slit the throat of a dark-haired man, their contact, and toss the body into the Reik. What do they do?
- A representative of the criminal Valantina family of Nuln approaches the party with a lucrative job offer. It's a simple task: infiltrate the warehouse, retrieve a particular item, and then burn it to the ground. What could go wrong?

DWELLINGS

From humble hovels to sprawling mansions, everyone's got to live somewhere. Most Reiklander homes are simple affairs, often only one or two rooms, with multiple family members, or even generations sharing not only a room, but a bed.

FARMSTEAD Limburg's Farm

Many farmers live safely within a village, leaving to till their fields at dawn, then returning before nightfall. However, some larger farms require permanent residence, especially those with livestock. By necessity, these remote, rural farmsteads are often self-sufficient and well defended.

Limburg's Farm — home to Luther and Rita Limburg and their extended family — lies between Siedlung and Ubersreik. The fortified homestead has a dominating view of the surrounding land, resting as it does on the crest of a ridge. Its walls are thick and solid, and bear the scars of historic raids from Greenskins and Beastmen in the past. While things have been quiet recently, the Limburgs do not take any chances, herding their cattle into the walled area every evening.

As well as their fine herd of dairy cattle, providing cheese for local markets and merchants in neighbouring towns, the Limburgs grow oats and hops, and brew their own beer. They sell some of it to locals, but a good proportion is sent down the Vorbergland canals to Nuln. In addition to Luther, Rita, and their seven children — three of whom are fully grown — Luther's Aunt Mags lives with the family, though she never leaves her warm seat near the hearth, only rousing herself to consciousness once or twice a day to hum long forgotten folk songs, or issue cryptically prophetic warnings. There are also a number of seasonally employed hired hands helping with harvest, planting and calving, and an array of cats, dogs, chickens and rabbits calling the muddy yard home.

The farmstead has a thick perimeter wall around its large farmyard, which contains both the sprawling stone farmhouse — enlarged it seems by each passing generation of the Limburg clan — a well, and a number of buildings: including a cattle shed with milking room, a stables, and a bunkhouse for the hired hands. The farmstead even boasts its own smithy, most commonly manned by the Limburg's eldest, Hari, who keeps the horses shod, makes farm implements, and patches up any damaged ironwork.





YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW

- Detecting a nearby herd of Beastmen, the party flees behind the Limbergs' stout walls. Swiftly surrounded, the Beastman leader issues a guttural decree: for the tribute of three souls, they will spare the farm. Will the party fight the overwhelming odds, or sacrifice the farmers — or their children — to save their own skins?
- The players encounter a priest of Morr returning a body recently recovered from a bog near the Limbergs' farm. The body was Luther's younger brother, Kurt, who disappeared a decade earlier. At the time, it was assumed that Kurt fled, but his body bears the clear marks of murder, and the priest of Morr wants help finding the culprit.
- While stopping to buy provisions or shelter from a ferocious storm, the party is invited to share lunch with the family — they're having goose. Aunt Mags interrupts proceedings with a dire warning that one of PCs will bring the family to ruin. Suddenly, the room is very tense. The Limbergs trust Aunt Mags completely...

LIMBURG'S FARM



KEY

1	Gatehouse	9	Tack Room
2	Yard	10	Smithy
3	Cattle Shed	11	Animal Pens
4	Kitchen and Livingroom	12	Gallery
5	Stores	13	Watchtower
6	Main Hall	14	Bedroom
7	Bunkhouse	15	Master Bedroom
8	Stables	16	Smith's Room
		17	Hay Loft





TOWNHOUSE

Widow Hurkle's Boarding House

Tilda Hurkle's townhouse is a picture of faded grandeur, much like its owner. Situated in the respectable Goellner Hill district of Altdorf, the house was built for Tilda's husband, a prosperous cloth merchant, and it was their pride and joy. Now, some forty years later, her husband is no more, and Tilda has resorted to taking in boarders to make ends meet. Though the house is not as pristine as once it was, it remains solidly constructed, and well appointed, and is a credit to its neighbourhood.

Behind the ground floor of the four-storey house is a kitchen with space for a laundry, scullery, and larder beside a small room for Tilda's servant, Lupa — a mousey country girl from Hochland. On the ground floor itself is Tilda's bedroom, a bathroom, and a small dressing room.

HURKLE'S BOARDING



All arrows point up stairs

- KEY ---
- 1 Hallway
 - 2 Kitchen
 - 3 Servant
 - 4 Yard
 - 5 Dressing
 - 6 Bathroom
 - 7 Tilda's Room
 - 8 Drawing Room
 - 9 Dining Room
 - 10 Bedroom
 - 11 Cellar



Ground



First



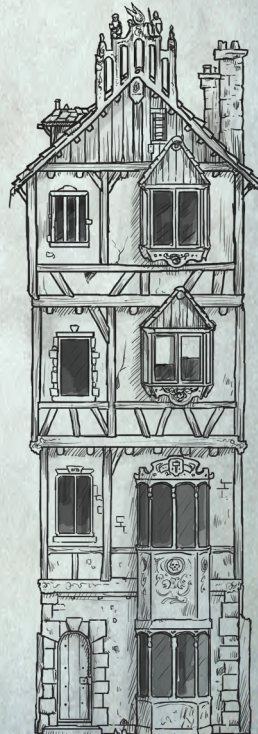
Second



Third



Cellar



The first floor is the reception area, with a dining room and a large drawing room, still beautifully furnished for receiving visitors. The top two floors contain four bedrooms and a bathroom. These rooms are let to Tilda's boarders, who tend to be middle class, either single men or women, or recently married couples unable to afford a home of their own. Currently, Tilda's tenants include Volker Grüner, a shipping clerk in his 20s; Marie Selleaux, a young Bretonnian writer of independent wealth; and Leopold and Marco Santini-Fuchs, a young couple recently moved from Nuln.

Behind the house is a small, cobbled yard, home to a compost pile, a surprisingly clean outhouse, and a cat.

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

- Looking for a place to stay in Altdorf, the party rent a room from Frau Hurkle. She offers them a discounted rate in exchange for a favour. She is being pressured to sell her house to her wealthy neighbour, Duke Otto von Siert, who is keen to expand his property. The next time he sends his bully boys round to intimidate her, all they need to do is stand up to them. But the thugs won't take no for an answer, and are willing to risk death in order to remove Hurkle. Why?
- Marie Selleaux is looking for a few hardy souls to accompany her as she catalogues Altdorf's the folklore and legends. She intends to visit even the most dangerous districts and talk to all manner of citizens. First on her list is a bookseller, Harrich Buchmann on Kerzenmacherweg, who allegedly knows all about the city's dark secrets. How willing he will be to share them, and just how accurate they will be, remains uncertain. But that's probably because he's also a cultist of Tzeentch...

INNS AND TAVERNS

The quintessential roleplaying locale: the pub! Most settlements will have at least one drinking hole, often significantly more.

COACHING INN

The Pouncing Pegasus

Resembling a fortress from afar, the Pouncing Pegasus is a coaching inn on the main road from Altdorf to Bögenhafen. It is surrounded by high, stone walls, and possesses a watchtower, clad in timber, from which lookouts can spy approaching coaches as well as any marauding Greenskins, Beastmen, or brigands.

The solid walls guard an outer courtyard with a vegetable garden. From there, two gates — 'Passenger Gate' and 'Coach Gate' — lead through to two inner courtyards and the relative safety and warmth of the inn's main building. Between the two gates, a bustling kitchen and larder connect the two halves of the inn together.

Beyond the Passenger Gate, which is manned by a porter, lies the tap room and a private 'snug' for exclusive parties. The taproom appears cavernously empty when no coaches are visiting, but packed to the rafters on a busy Festag. Attached to this is a storeroom that leads down to a well-appointed cellar — the cellar can also be accessed from a ramp in a brewhouse that lies opposite the inn's delivery entrance at the rear of the building. The brewhouse produces the inn's speciality ale, 'Forlorn Hops', which uses honey gathered from three beehouses in the rear courtyard as a secret ingredient.

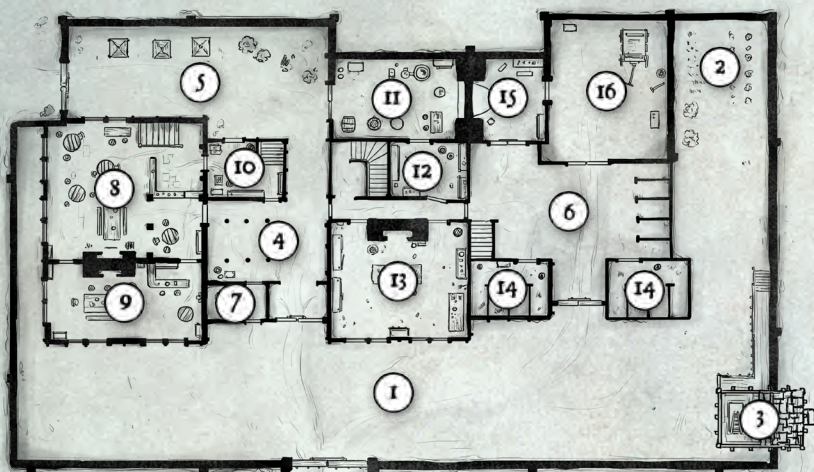
The Coach Gate leads through to an inner courtyard with three stabling areas for guests, private guests, and coaching horses. There is also a smithy for shoeing and repairs, and a large coach house.

Upstairs are six private guest rooms that cost 7/6 each to hire for a night. For those unwilling to pay for privacy, there is also a spacious common room at the front of the building for just 20d per person per night. Rooms for the staff are also upstairs, as is a small suite of rooms put aside for the State Army of Altdorf to organise its local road warden patrols.

The watchtower soars above the walls outside the main inn building. Its lower floor contains a small dormitory, where the inn's guards — Helga Schauer and Helga Brun — reside.

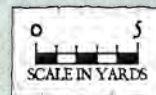
Felda Gretsche and her wife Joli run the inn on behalf of the Four Seasons Coaching Company. Felda, a Reiklander of sober mien and shrewd judgment, handles the business dealings, and is rarely seen with anything other than a frown on her face. By comparison, the aptly named Joli has a perpetual smile and her booming laugh echoes everywhere — she tends bar and deals with the customers, her harsh Nordlander accent a source of amusement to many passing travellers. Felda and Joli have 14 staff working for them, including the 2 guards, a smith, a porter, and a number of young men and women who cook, serve, clean, and muck out the stables.

THE POUNCING PEGASUS



Ground

All arrows
point up
stairs



First

KEY

1	Outer Courtyard	14	Stables
2	Vegetable Garden	15	Smithy
3	Wooden Watchtower	16	Coach House
4	Tunnel	17	Balcony
5	Rear Courtyard	18	Gallery
6	Inner Courtyard	19	Common Room
7	Porter's Office	20	Private Room
8	Taproom	21	Road Warden Barracks
9	Snug	22	Meeting Room
10	Storeroom	23	Road Warden Bunkhouse
11	Brewhouse	24	Landlord's Rooms
12	Larder	25	Servant Rooms
13	Kitchens		





AT THE SIGN OF THE POUNCING PEGASUS

- A bad case of food poisoning has struck in inn, afflicting a patrol of road wardens who were investigating reports of brigands. Someone needs to tackle the bandits, and also find the source of the suspect victuals!
- A travelling entertainer has been gracing the common room for a number of days, alluring listeners with a beautiful voice and compelling tales of high adventure and derring-do. But something is awry: rich coach passengers' belongings are disappearing, and nobody can quite remember what the minstrel looks like.
- There is an air of tension in the inn, as a squadron of road wardens have recently arrived, their manners coarse and their mood belligerent. One of the party notices their uniforms appear to be bloodstained, and ill-fitting, almost as if these men had murdered the real road wardens and stolen their uniforms.

TAVERN The Drum and Hat

In Eilhart, a town known for its ales and wines, there are many excellent drinking establishments. The Drum and Hat, just off Sigmarplatz, is one of the town's better-known taverns, popular with tourists looking to sample a range of the region's light, hoppy beers, as well as discerning locals. This is due in no small part to barkeep and brewmaster, Berthold Becker, who both brews his own delicious ales, and also deploys his garrulous charm and refined palate to pioneer the concept of 'guest ales', featuring beers brewed in other establishments. Whether this crazy idea will take off is anyone's guess.

The Drum and Hat is a two-storey building topped with distinctive orange tiles. The ground floor is given over to the taproom, which features a curved bar closing off a far corner, with the rest of the room littered with tables, stools, and mouldy straw on the floor. The cellar is spacious and is used both as storage and as a brewhouse. There are no privies, but the tavern's rear exit leads to a narrow alley that juts onto the Schilstrom Brook, a narrow tributary of the River Schilder, which most patrons use in lieu of an alternative.

The first storey is a suite of low-ceilinged rooms, where Becker lives with his widowed sister, Della, and her teenaged son, Tomas. Tomas was badly injured by a horse as an infant, losing the use of his legs. He moves about their rooms, and the inn, through a series of bars and handholds that Becker had installed. The regulars are used to the sight of Tomas moving quickly around, collecting tankards and trading barbs.

THE DRUM AND HAT

Trapdoor - ☒

KEY

- 1 Taproom
- 2 Bar
- 3 Schilstrom Brook
- 4 Cellar
- 5 Brewery
- 6 Hall
- 7 Store
- 8 Tomas's Room
- 9 Livingroom
- 10 Kitchen
- 11 Becker's Room
- 12 Della's Room



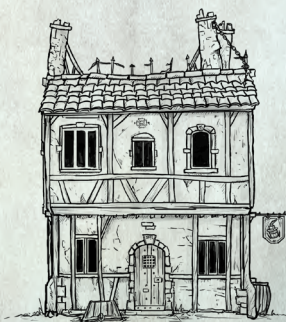
First



Ground



Cellar



All arrows
point up
stairs

0 5
SCALE IN YARDS

TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE

- Becker is concerned that some of his patrons seem to be disappearing, leaving via the back entrance and never returning. Concerned that they may be falling afoul of footpads, he needs to hire some brave souls to flush them out. Little does he know that a gang of graverobbers, providing cadavers for a necromancer, have been waylaying his clientele, and that some of them may soon be returning after all.
- Della's husband is not, in fact, dead. He was in a debtors' prison in Altdorf, but has recently escaped. He wants Becker to pay him off to leave his sister and son, who he despises and blames for all his misfortunes, alone. Becker is happy to do so, but concerned he will extort him for further funds, so needs a little muscle to watch his back.
- As many of the Drum's patrons are tourists, it's a prime location for gangs of thieves, bawds, and charlatans looking to fleece naïve visitors and separate them from their purses. When the party's purses get lifted, it's on them to get them back.

MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS

Municipal buildings enable the Reikland bureaucracy to function, and the wheels of commerce to turn, and here include locks, signal towers, and toll houses.

CANAL LOCK

Hartsklein Lock and Lock Keeper's House

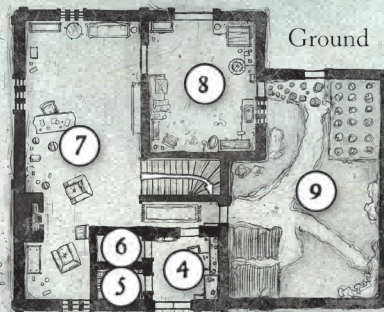
As the Weissbruck canal rises from the Altdorf Flats to the mines of the Skaag Hills, there are a number of locks that need to be negotiated. One such lies near the sleepy hamlet of Hartsklein. Hartsklein Lock is the domain of Henrietta Garland, an aged halfling.

Henrietta, as befits her race, enjoys a relaxed life of simple pleasures; she likes nothing more than sitting by her house, watching the canal go by, smoking her pipe, or tending her fine garden. Her responsibilities are minimal: repairs are handled by engineers employed by the Gruber family of Weissbruck,

and while operating the lock gates takes some effort, most barge-hands, after watching her bent and diminutive frame struggling with the gates, usually end up giving her a hand. In return, Garland will often share a pipe-full of her finest Mootland Greenleaf, as well as her scathing opinion on these new-fangled, steam-powered lock-wheels she keeps hearing about.

Henrietta's home is a modest, two-storey affair with a small watchtower. The upper chambers are her parlour, kitchen, and bedroom, in descending order of size. The ground floor contains a small office, a warmly furnished sitting room, a storeroom, and a lockroom to store toll money. There is also a sturdy cell, used by the river wardens should they need somewhere to temporarily house prisoners: a feature of most lock keepers' houses. However, the river wardens on this stretch know Henrietta well enough that they will use another lock when possible, as she does not like criminals underneath her roof. Besides, she uses the cell as a storeroom for her gardening equipment, and for growing mushrooms.

HARTSKLEIN LOCK



All arrows
point up
stairs

Second

KEY	
1 Weir	8 Storeroom
2 Lock Gate	9 Garden
3 Lock	10 Parlour
4 Office	11 Bedroom
5 Lockroom	12 Kitchen
6 Cell	13 Watchtower
7 Sitting Room	

0 5
SCALE IN YARDS

1



LOCK UP

- The party find themselves falsely arrested by corrupt riverwardens, and forced to spend the night in the cell in Henrietta's house. She is a trusting soul, and provides them with supper, ale, and some of her Greenleaf to smoke. When she accidentally leaves the cell unlocked, the PCs have a choice: stay, and try to prove their innocence, or flee, sullyng Henrietta's reputation in the process?
- Offered supper as their barge clears the lock, the party find their eyes drooping heavily. They awake to find themselves trussed up, alongside Henrietta, who was forced to drug them by brigands, who have now stolen their barge, their money, and their weapons, alongside all of Henrietta's savings.
- The lock keeps being damaged. The Grubers suspect foul play. The party are hired to investigate why Harts Klein locals would want to sabotage the lock. Are they being paid by merchants plying other routes, or the coaching inns? Are they cultists, in thrall to the Dark Gods? Or are they simply resentful that a Halfling occupies such a well-paid job, and not a local Human?

SIGNAL TOWER Tower NG-163-HY

The Imperial Signal Corps are responsible for the construction, maintenance and use of the signal towers that are beginning to appear across the Reikland landscape and beyond. This is part of a far-reaching and ambitious plan to create an extensive network of towers that will criss-cross the Empire, allowing speedy communication between all corners of the land. Initially a military endeavour, there are hopes that, in time, civilians will be able to make use of the network. For a price, naturally. The towers are built and maintained by Dwarf engineers in the employ of the Imperial Signal Corps — much to the irritation of the Imperial Engineers School in Altdorf — whose bid was rejected.

The towers — identified according to some arcane and incomprehensible system of letters and numbers — vary significantly. Where possible, the builders seek to make use of existing structures — watch towers, keeps, stable ruins, but when no such structure is available, they construct a sturdy stone tower from scratch. The service men and women staffing the towers vary just as much as the towers. The more vital the route, and the more imminent the hostilities, the more martial the operators.

Tower NG-163-HY is situated on the important route between Helmgart and Wheburg, and was constructed from scratch on an otherwise desolate patch of land. The lower storeys are given over to the living quarters for the operating staff, comprising a room for Chief Signalling Officer Votta Plüncker, and a bunkroom for his assistants, as well as an entrance hall (also used to bunk visiting road wardens), kitchen, and mess. There is a lookout deck at the top of the tower, equipped with two mounted telescopes, generally trained on the neighbouring towers, in addition to the signalling apparatus itself: two flags on mechanical arms, that can move around like the hands of a clock to transmit code to the next tower along. It also has a fire, enclosed by movable shutters that can be used to send messages even in darkness.

Plüncker is old, white of hair, and prodigious of moustache. Though genial, if given half a chance he regales stories about his time in the army, and the campaigns he fought against 'The Orc'. His assistants — Molli Tupper, Rhodni Schmidt, and Franz Larz — do the actual work, watching out for signals, and maintaining the night fires.



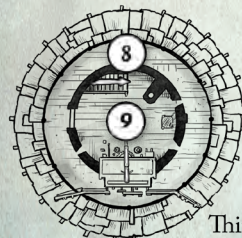
Ground



First



Second



Third

SIGNAL TOWER CODE NG-163-HY

KEY

- | | | |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1 Store | 4 Mess | 7 Store |
| 2 Bedroom | 5 Kitchen | 8 Deck |
| 3 Living | 6 Office | 9 Signals |



All arrows
point up stairs



SIGN OF THE TIMES

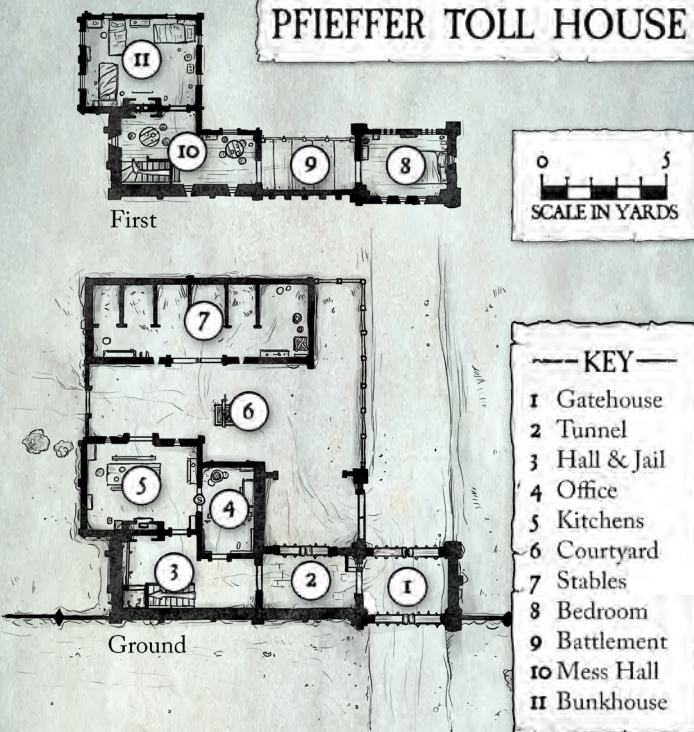
- An important message needs to be relayed, but the tower's mechanism has been damaged. Can the party get the message to the next tower in time, and will they be believed?
- Local brigands are somehow making use of intelligence transmitted via the tower network. Do they have a spy on the inside, or have they access to the code book? The Signal Corp will pay handsomely to find out.

TOLL GATE

Pfeiffer Toll Gate

Roads need maintenance and to be patrolled; this costs money, so tolls are a necessary price of travel and trade in the Reikland. As such, the highways and byways of the province are punctuated regularly by toll bridges and toll gates. Many towns and cities also charge a toll to enter.

PFIEFFER TOLL HOUSE



One such gate lies near Pfeffer, a small village by Stimmigen in the Suden Vorbergland. As a major trade route, the roads are well-maintained and patrolled, so toll gates are regularly placed, and well-staffed. A low wall, topped with iron spikes, runs perpendicular to the road for dozens of yards, stretching from the canal to the north and the treeline on the south, making the gate hard to avoid. The gate itself is a sturdy affair, housed in a strong stone tower house, with a heavy bell hanging on either side, should travellers need to make their presence known to the toll keeper. The ground floor is taken up with the tunnel and gatehouse, which also has a tiny toll booth; a hall and a small cell for holding criminals; kitchens; and an office with a strongroom, where the tolls are kept until they are collected monthly. On the top floor is the toll keeper's bedroom, and a mess hall and bunkhouse for visiting road wardens. Also inside the walls is a stable and a courtyard with a well. On most days, an enterprising Halfling from Pfeffer — Alwhin Hollyfoot — sets up a stall in the courtyard offering delicious pastries to passing travellers.

The toll keeper, Tollich 'Three Bells' Stamper, is so-called due to his habit of locking the gate at night and walking the half-mile or so to Pfeffer, and its inn The Couched Lance, trusting that anyone foolish enough to travel by night will ring the bell for his attention. In the warmth of the inn's tap room, it will take three rings for Tollich to stir; anything less doesn't signify enough commitment to rouse him from his cups.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

- Alwhin Hollyfoot is deeply resentful of a rival who has set up stall across from him, offering 'meat bread' at a discount rates. He will pay someone to investigate how his rival can offer such low prices. The meat is of dubious origin, but the village has never been so free from vagrants.

- As the party passes through the toll gate, they overhear a merchant express surprise that 'Three Bells' isn't there. The toll keeper mumbles a surly response and sends them on their way, waiving the toll. The party can take the good luck of a saved coin, or indulge their curiosity, as Stamper — the real toll keeper — lies trussed up in the strongroom, while a gang of thieves await their opportunity to slit his throat and flee with the month's tolls.

- At the Couched Lance, late at night, the toll bell begins to chime insistently, but Stamper is too drunk to attend. The party are 'nominated' to investigate, but on arrival, they find no one there. As they make their way back to the inn, they hear the bell again, but it seems to be sounding from the forest. Should they investigate, they will discover a necromancer at his grisly work in the ruins of a long-abandoned Shallyan Hospice, accompanied by the ghostly ringing of the hospital's alarm bell that it seems the necromancer cannot hear.



RELIGIOUS BUILDINGS

Religion is everywhere in Reikland; all villages have a temple to Sigmar, and most sizeable towns have more than one. While other faiths are less dominant, in large towns and cities, you may well find temples to these other deities too. Smaller shrines — to all manner of Gods, well known and obscure — pepper the roadsides of the Reikland's heartland.

TEMPLE OF SIGMAR Walen Temple

Dominating the Marktplatz of the village of Walen, near Auerswald, the temple of Sigmar is the settlement's heart in more ways than one. The relatively small building is still the largest in the surrounding area by some measure, facing its nearest rival — The Crooked Crook tavern — across the market square.

Like many Sigmarite temples, the building is loosely laid out in the shape of a hammer, although in this case it is reverse to the norm, with the 'hammer' and 'claw' positioned by the entrance rather than at the rear.

It has high, thick walls, making it a source of physical as well as spiritual sanctity, and it is the first point of retreat should the village be attacked. In addition to the main temple — in which the faithful stand to hear the priest's sermons — a number of smaller buildings cling to the temple's rear, including chambers for the local priest, Father Stihlman, and his beadle, Klaus Bahlk. Stihlman also keeps a small, cosy office — which has a small fire burning all year through — where he offers spiritual counsel and confessions to the villagers outwith his services. Above the office is the 'new' bell tower, a somewhat rickety construction that poorly fits with the rest of the stone temple. While Father Stihlman is a placid, genial man, his beadle Klaus is taciturn and dour, if not actively hostile. However, he is readily appeased by generous donations to the temple's upkeep.

Though the temple is always open, Festag is the main day of worship and all locals from miles around are expected to turn up for the weekly 'Festag Throng'. Though the temple once held all villagers and nearby farmers easily, as Walen has grown, space has become tighter. These days, latecomers have to linger outside the temple's main doors, and Father Stihlman does his best to project his voice.

WALEN TEMPLE

Trapdoor - ☒

First

Cellar

Ground

— KEY —

- 1 Porch
- 2 Head
- 3 Claw
- 4 Haft
- 5 Beadle's Chamber
- 6 Priest's Chamber
- 7 Office
- 8 Bell Tower
- 9 Store

All arrows point up stairs

0 5
SCALE IN YARDS

FAITH NO MORE

- At the Festag throng, while Father Stihlman is offering his usual, relatively tame sermon, a robed stranger enters the village and offers his own speech, a stirring counterpoint full of fiery wrath and devastation that quickly cows and sways the crowd to his side. As Stihlman appears to cede his pulpit to the itinerant preacher, the party catch a glimpse of the foot preacher the robe, and see a cloven hoof...

- The morning after the party arrive in Walen, Klaus, the beadle, is found unconscious and badly wounded in the vestry. The party are the only outsiders in town, and suspicion is levelled their way, although an investigation of Klaus's chambers reveals a strangely carved wooden plaque, etched with eldritch symbols, and a pair of boots caked in the distinctive red clay of a nearby quarry.

- As the party arrive in Walen at nightfall, they see a cheery glow ahead. On reaching the Marktplatz, things grow more sinister, as they see an old woman, bound and gagged, being dragged towards the bonfire, under the steely gaze of a witch hunter. Behind him, a dozen more villagers are being prepared for the pyre, including Father Stihlman. As they debate what to do, the witch hunter turns his fevered eyes to the unwelcome interlopers.



Beyond its spiritual responsibilities, the temple of Sigmar is also central in the training of the village's militia — all men and women of age must attend a number of training sessions over the course of the year, to ensure they stand ready to defend the village, and one another, in the face of attack. While Father Stihlman offers words of encouragement, any actual training or advice during these sessions tends to come from Else Frink, a retired road warden and State Soldier, who now calls Walen home.

WAYSIDE SHRINE

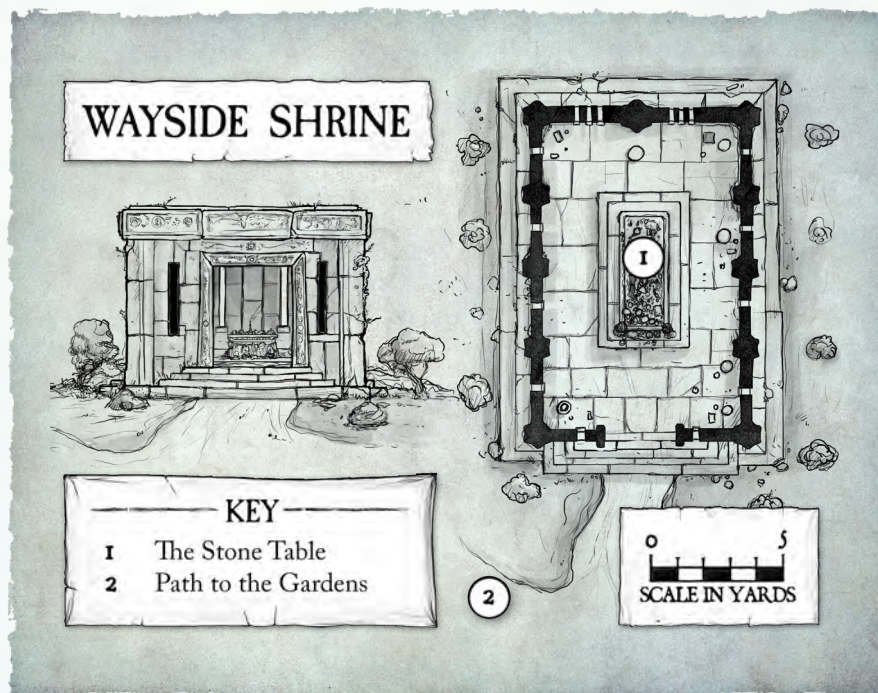
The Diesdorf Table

Just beyond Diesdorf, a little way off the beaten track, via a winding path that leads through the forest, lies an ancient shrine to Rhya. The sacred place is housed in a worn, megalithic structure with a flat roof that looks ancient. However, the large stone table it protects from the elements is much older. Nobody remembers what the table is supposed to be, or why it is enshrined, but the locals reliably maintain it, leaving offerings of fruit, vegetables, and sheaves of corn.

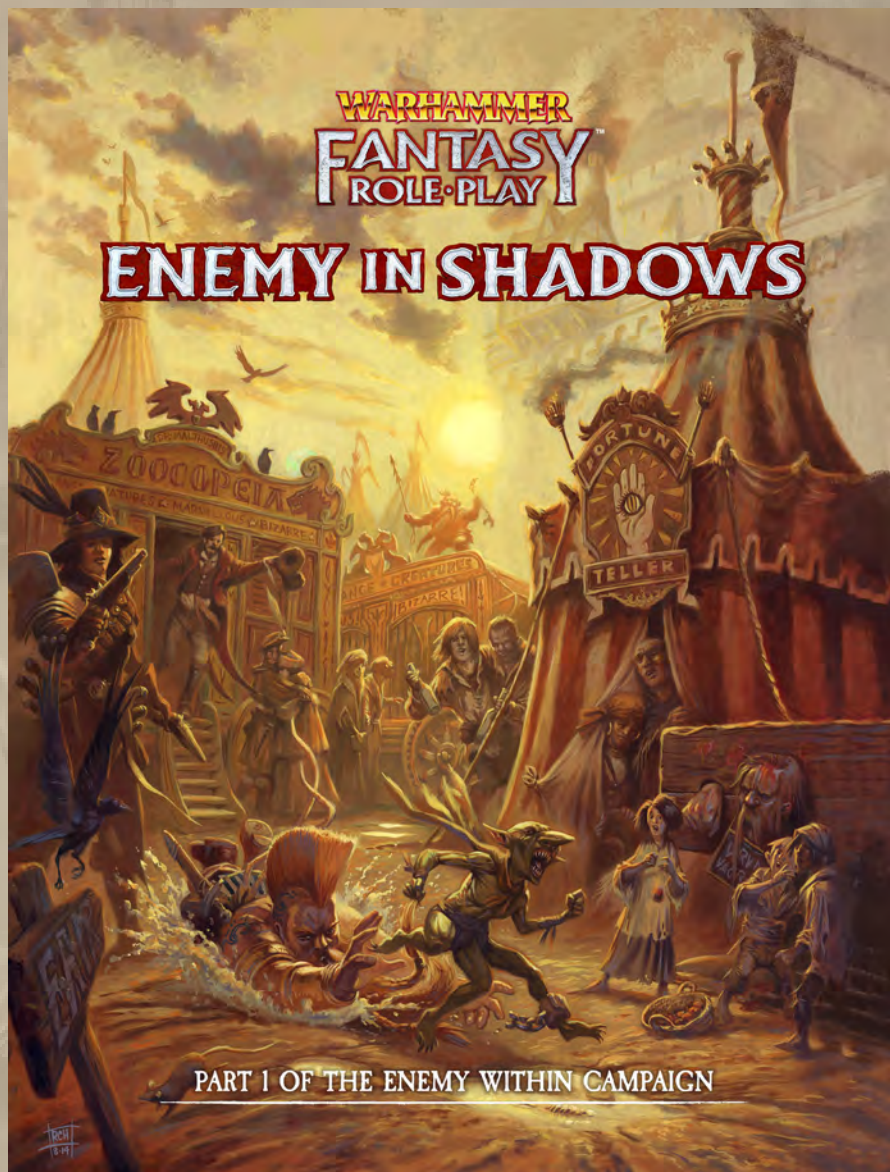
A marvellous garden lies nearby, large enough to make Rhya herself proud. Despite the fervent devotion to Sigmar of the folk of Diesdorf, many of the area's rural community owe strong allegiance to Rhya, given how dependent their lives are on the ongoing fertility of their fields. Some of these locals, from Diesdorf and its surrounding villages, put a lot of work into the garden to make it beautiful and relaxing.

SHRINE ON

- On a moonless night, the party, travelling late, stumble across a ritual taking place at the shrine. Elders from Diesdorf plan to sacrifice a criminal on the ancient table, believing it will ensure their town has a year of bumper harvests. After all, what is the life of a terrible lawbreaker, weighed against food for the masses? However, when one of the Characters recognises the cries of help as coming from an old friend, Verena's scales of Justice are suddenly weighted quite differently.
- Disaster! Diesdorf's harvest is ruined by a blight many miles across, centred on the shrine, which has been desecrated with unholy runes daubed in filth. The locals are at a loss, and are desperate to locate the perpetrators before the blight spreads, but have so far had no luck. Can the Characters succeed where all others have failed?
- As the party passes the shrine, the Characters notice movement in the undergrowth, then hear shrill laughter. A closer inspection reveals tiny footprints and a mound of dung heaped on the holy table. The shrine has been overrun by Snotlings! Should the Characters pursue the pesky creatures, they soon discover they are a precursor to a much larger Greenskin incursion. Can the party warn Diesdorf in time?



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