

WARHAMMER
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ROLE-PLAY™

LUSTRIA



A MYSTERIOUS NEW WORLD OF GRIM AND PERILOUS ADVENTURE

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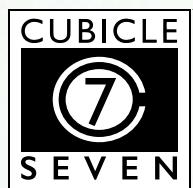
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LAND OF THE ANCIENTS

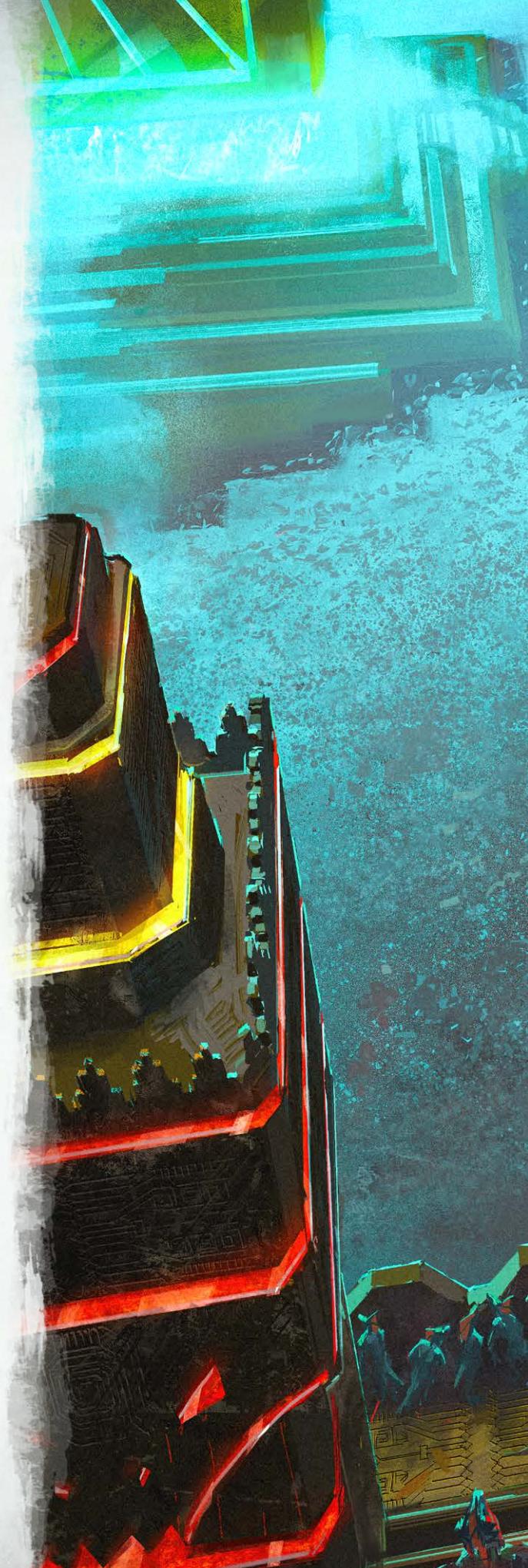
THE MYSTERIOUS CONTINENT OF LUSTRIA IS DESCRIBED

Across the Great Ocean, far to the west of the Old World, is a vast, mysterious continent. It is a place of legend and rumour, for few explorers have managed to penetrate its dense jungle, or chart its rolling southern plains. To most folk of the Old World, it is so distant and enigmatic that it may as well not exist, but stories tell of vast wealth and ancient lore that can be discovered there. Each week ships carrying adventurers and colonists cross the ocean.

Those who settle on Lustria's shores do not thrive. The continent is a vast death trap, subject to extreme weather, festering diseases, poisonous plants, venomous animals, and home to the temple-cities of the Lizardmen, who sally out to repel invaders. Only around the coasts of the Isthmus of Lustria, to the north of the continent, do a few precarious settlements cling on. Despite all the wealth and manpower that Old World nations invest in supporting their nascent colonies, there is little hope that they will pay dividends. They are tiny, wretched places, living on borrowed time before the savagery of the elements, or the ferocity of the Lizardmen, consign them to the annals of history.

There are some among the High Elves, and the Truthsayers of foggy Albion, who claim that Lustria is deadly by design. Stories older than civilisation speak of the enigmatic Old Ones, who descended from the skies at the dawn of the world, riding upon their Silver Chariots. The most learned scholars purport that these beings reordered the world, but that the blend of magic and science they engineered to work their wonders went awry, and ushered Chaos into existence. The presence of these godlike beings is no longer felt, their having perished or departed long ago, but the Lizardmen persist in carrying out orders based on their instruction.

For all the danger and mystery, occasionally an adventurer strikes it lucky, and returns to the Old World with pockets full of looted treasure. They tell tales of exotic sites and ferocious inhabitants. The testimony and wealth of these fortunate few is enough to tempt a steady stream of foolhardy souls to undertake a voyage of their own.





THE LAND OF LUSTRIA

& THE MAJOR NATURAL REGIONS & LANDMARKS



A HOSTILE CONTINENT

Those explorers who have set foot on the land of Lustria and lived to tell of it claim that the continent is the most hostile land in the entire world, save perhaps for the twisting hellscape of the Realms of Chaos.

The vast majority of the continent is covered in jungle or swamp, with even the highest peaks and plateaux blanketed in dense greenery. Towards the southern cape, the trees thin out, giving way to wide, grassy savannah. Yet each of these environments is as deadly as the next. The jungles teem with carnivorous creatures, parasites and diseases thrive in the swamps, and the plains are home to huge predatory flightless birds which stalk through dense tufts of spear-leaved pampas in search of prey.

THE ENIGMA OF LUSTRIA

For many ages of the world, Lustria remained hidden to the folk of the Old World. This was not through accident or geographical oddity, but as a result of a network of magical wards, enchantments which disorient intruders and repel daemonic entities.

The efficacy of these enchantments has dwindled over the ages, and now most experienced navigators can reliably guide a vessel to the shores of Lustria, but whilst they have lost their former power, the wards still exert an influence upon those who set foot there. Many of those who visit the land report feelings of disorientation and despair, a malaise of the mind and spirit.

No Old Worlder has ever penetrated into the centre of the Lustrian jungle, or if they have, they have not lived to tell the tale. Those who have attempted to explore the continent report finding the shattered remnants of lost Elf settlements and the vast temple-cities of the Lizardmen, many of which have also fallen into ruin.

Yet these reports are confused, and unless meticulous records are kept of the location of such sites, the chances of finding them again are slim. Those who stumbled across them struggle to explain how to retrace their steps, and those following these half-remembered instructions are soon disorientated in their own thoughts, finding it hard to concentrate on even the most well written instruction.

For those able to surmount the barriers of confusion and mind-bending enchantments, there is a wealth of treasure and forgotten lore to be recovered from the ruined temples and crumbling pyramids, but the disorientating wards set up about Lustria are the least of its dangers.

THE LUSTRIAN CLIMATE

From the isthmus to the north, to the grassy plains of the south, Lustria is a hot, steamy, tropical wilderness. The heat and humidity are relentless, extremes of temperature in the jungle interior reaching such intensity that the hardiest of explorers cannot endure there for long before they sicken or die, become idle and listless, or fall to an irrevocable madness.

The air is uncomfortably moist; the vast transpiration of the massive trees sips the moisture from the soil and the lungs, and then fills the air with cloying miasmas. Thick tendrils of mist drift lazily above the dense mass of vegetation on the jungle floor.

An explorer must take meticulous care of their possessions, else metal will corrode, textiles fray, and leather rot. During the noonday heat, the humidity grows so cloying that it can become hard for an explorer to catch so much as a breath. Many who spend time in the jungle interior suffer from chronic respiratory problems.

The Rainy Seasons

During the equinoxes, Lustria experiences sudden and dramatic seasons of rain. The moisture rising from the jungles coalesces into vast banks of towering storm clouds. Under their shadow there is a brief respite from the sweltering heat, but then tropical rainstorms and violent cyclones lash the jungles instead. The deluge turns the jungle paths into torrents of muddy water, and the rivers and swamps flood vast acreages of terrain. Unprepared explorers can find themselves suddenly cut off from the land, and doomed to drown.

To the south of the continent it is cooler and drier. The southern plains could be considered more hospitable than the jungle, were it not for the rapacity of the local wildlife and Lizardman patrols.

THE PRIMORDIAL JUNGLE OF LUSTRIA

More than four fifths of the continent is covered with a primordial jungle, a darksome abode so thickly verdant that the canopy seems to replace the sky itself.

Only a few sparse rays of sunlight filter through the leaves, so that the jungle floor is dimly lit even in daytime. The trees are so vast and dense in their growth that it is said a creature such as the arboreal razor-lizard could traverse the entire continent by leaping from one branch to another, without ever having to touch the ground.

In places, the trees soar hundreds of feet into the air, and are older than the Human species. The jungle floor is choked by dense undergrowth. Few paths cross the floor, for the Lizardmen have little need of such ways, moving unhindered through the thickest vegetation.

To a newcomer, the claustrophobic jungles of Lustria are all much the same, a singular green hell, where everything is trying to make a meal of them. For those who have spent enough time exploring Lustria, it becomes easy to distinguish a number of different ecologies within the jungle, such as dense ferntree valleys, regiments of titanic skywoods, and the moss-covered flood zones. Each of these landscapes offers a distinct variety of deadly perils. To creatures that have lived their lives braving such dangers, it becomes instinctive to identify the different environments, anticipating the types of plants and creatures that might lie in ambush.

A great amount of the plant life of Lustria is carnivorous. Some plants entrap a victim with grasping creeper-tendrils, others spray acidic, digestive juices and then imbibe the rendered-down remains through questing roots. One variety of fungus reproduces by choking a passing creature with a cloud of its spores, which then gestate within the victim's body, slowly transmuting it into a grotesque conglomeration of mammal and mushroom.

DENIZENS OF THE JUNGLE

As if the environment itself were not deadly enough, the jungles are home to all manner of beasts. The canopies overhead are the hunting grounds of the Terradons, leather-winged predators that swoop down upon their prey before bearing it off to consume in bone-littered eyries. The jungle floor trembles at the tread of the mighty Stegadon, while the roar of the Carnosaur strikes fear into the stoutest of hearts. Other creatures are said to haunt the deep jungle, such as the nigh-extinct Arcanodon, the titanic Dread Saurian, and the strange, feather-winged serpent known as the Coatl.

At night, the jungle resonates to the hideous roars and earth-shaking footsteps of its monstrous denizens, making sleep all but impossible. Those who have somehow found respite or collapsed with exhaustion often awake to find members of their party missing, dragged away in the night by silent predators.

With few exceptions, the flora and fauna of the continent are dangerous. Debilitating parasites lurk, awaiting their opportunity to latch onto a new host, and the humid air buzzes with swarms of blood-sucking insects so voracious they can exsanguinate a warm-blooded creature before their body can collapse to the jungle floor.

But at least the tiny, lethal spiders and grasping creepers can be detected and avoided — a far deadlier threat is posed by the toxic strains of necrotic pox. Patches of infectious matter lace the thick gruel of mud and decaying plant matter carpeting the jungle floor. Even the stoutest pair of boots will eventually admit some of this cloying black muck; within hours the feet inside will have been rasped to raw, bleeding flesh, and within days the wearer will have bled to death. The carnivorous millipedes and carrion ants that scuttle through the peaty bogs quickly reduce such corpses to skeletons, and the acidic jungle soil slowly claims each shard of bone.



BURNING SHORES

Due to the dangers and hardships encountered by those who venture into the interior, settlers from the Old World tend to remain near the coasts. Those who venture inland must attempt to clear away the jungle to have any chance of survival. This is hard and constant labour, for the jungle is vigorous and quickly reclaims the land from which it was cleared.

Human settlers construct ramshackle settlements close to the beaches, where the wind and spray keep mosquitos at bay. But Lustria's coasts are home to treacherous tides, unnatural vortexes, and tropical typhoons of great power. In its clear blue waters lurk scaled reptilian beasts whose jaws can crack the hull of an Imperial Greatship.

Save for the Norse settlement of Skeggi no Human nation has been able to establish a significant colony on the shores of Lustria, and none has been able to project enough naval power to secure shipping lanes and trade routes. Piracy is common around the coasts, as buccaneers from Tilea and Norsca know that if they are able to survive the perilous waters, many stricken vessels or poorly prepared merchant captains could fall into their murderous clutches.

Even these corsairs know to avoid the haunted coastlines of the Vampire Coast, where siren calls lure sailors to their demise, and service beyond death to the crazed Vampire, Arch-Grand Commodore Luthor Harkon, awaits.

The Asur keep a few scattered colonies and fortifications around the coasts and islands of Lustria. They claim that at the height of their empire their territory included significant holdings on the isthmus and the southern cape of the continent, though much of this is now ruined, forgotten, and haunted. Only the mighty Citadel of Dusk, which stands at the southernmost tip of Lustria, reflects the might and grandeur of those times.

It is only around the isthmus to the north of the continent that a few rough Human settlements have managed to eke out an existence. The languages of the civilised lands of the Old World might be heard in places such as Port Reaver and Swamp Town, but they are dangerous places, lawless and violent, and living on borrowed time. These anarchic, struggling colonies have a habit of vanishing from the map, being destroyed by massive tidal waves, swept away by storms, or razed to the ground by avenging armies of Lizardmen.

Perversely, the oldest Human settlement on the continent is the first to have been founded: Skeggi, which was established in 888 IC by the Norse explorer Losterikkson. How the Norse have managed to cling on with such tenacity is a matter of much speculation, but it is well understood that the raiders and traders who make their homes there beseech the gods of Chaos for strength and resilience.

SOARING PEAKS

Along the entire length of Lustria's eastern coast runs the mountain range known as the Spine of Sotek. The mountains are home to hundreds of volcanoes, which makes crossing the range extremely hazardous. Mighty glaciers are found there too, making their gradual, grinding progress down the valleys almost to the jungles. The mountains are dotted with Lizardmen sites, though many are disused and stand mysteriously empty despite never having been touched by war.

The mountains are impassable to all but the most well-equipped and trained climbers. The Chasm of the Condor provides the only straightforward route through the mountains, though the great pass is guarded by the Lizardmen who inhabit the ruins of the temple-city of Xhotl, and they do not take kindly to intruders.



MIGHTY RIVERS

The jungles are crossed by thousands of miles of waterways, from small, fast-flowing streams to the widest of rivers. Greatest amongst these is the Amaxon, which rises in the Spine of Sotek mountain range and flows down to a basin so vast it encompasses the territories around no less than three temple-cities. Further to the south is the Qurvesa, and whilst it is dwarfed by the Amaxon, it is still a mighty waterway, wider and longer than any river of the Old World.

SWAMPLANDS

The quagmires and bogs that pervade Lustria can swallow even the most agile of creatures, and vent pockets of poisonous gas and choking lungblight that can overcome a creature in seconds.

All manner of foul parasites buzz around the heads of those who venture into the mangrove swamps that blend from the jungle to the coastline, and a single bite can cause delirium at best and a virulent flesh-eating disease at worst. Through the murky, stinking mud slither pallid blindworms that latch on to passers-by with an anaesthetising bite, burrow under the skin, and lay their eggs in the bloodstream, condemning their hosts to an agonising death as voracious larvae hatch and consume them from the inside. Even worse is the Lustrian Brainfluke, a parasite that dooms its victims to a horrendous, maddening demise.

These swamps harbour nests of leeches as long as a man's arm, their anaesthetic bite allowing them to grow fat and bloated without discovery until their unwitting victim collapses into the water from blood loss. These unfortunates are easy prey for the massive crocodiles that lie patiently in wait under the shadow of the mangroves, exploding into a blur of violence when a trespasser strays into their hunting grounds.

The largest area of swampland in Lustria is the Piranha Swamps. Even in the driest months, they blanket an area of thousands of square miles around the mouth of the Amaxon river. The great stinking mire is drowned in the shadows cast by the jungle canopy high above, and the dark waters are home to not just one variety of piranha fish, but a staggering diversity of predatory water life. At the approach of likely prey, the brackish waters boil with the savage thrashing of the beasts within, and to attempt to navigate them by foot or by boat is to dice with death.

THE CULCHAN PLAINS

To the south of the temple-city of Oyxl, the jungles give way to a vast and fertile savannah stretching many hundreds of miles to the southernmost extent of the continent of Lustria. These deep grasslands stretch beyond the horizon, and they make for an eerie place, steeped in arcane mystery, where strange lights streak across the sky at night.

Travellers know it as the Culchan Plains, though this vast expanse of land has only been visited by a handful of explorers. The plains are named after their primary inhabitants, the huge flightless birds called Culchan which, some explorers claim, can be trained to provide vicious mounts.



LUSTRIAN HISTORY & LORE

Lustria has the longest recorded history of any civilisation or land in the world, however, this history is not fully understood by any particular society or species, and the Humans of the Old World know relatively little about the continent.

There are few people alive who understand the full extent and import of Lustrian history. The Elves know much of it, though they have come to cloak historical reality in their own legends and religious teachings. The Dwarfs have done much the same, confusing the historical facts of Lustria with the tales they tell of their own great ancestors. The Truthsayers of Albion, whilst considered rustic and primitive by most folk of the Old World, pass down a tradition of understanding that, if properly translated and analysed, might have much to say on the subject, though scholars in Altdorf and scions of the Sigmarite faith typically consider it beneath them to pay heed to the oral traditions and Ogham etchings of foggy, saturated Albion. The Skaven have had experience of life in Lustria stretching back thousands of years, though they care little about it and keep no reliable record. Even the Slann, who have the greatest command of Lustrian lore, differ with one another over how to interpret its nuances and details.

This chapter provides accounts of Lustrian history, including an article by Professor Friedrich Weirde of the Altdorf University. 'Olde' Weirde, as he is known by staff and students alike, is by no means an unbiased and objective source, but his understanding of the Human exploration of Lustria is a good example of what learned men in the Old World know of its history. This section may be read by Players of **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay** as the sort of knowledge their Characters would be able to find out if they consulted explorers and academics as to what is known of Lustria, containing the facts as commonly understood by such folk.

Many self-proclaimed experts fall short of the academic rigour exercised by Olde Weirde. Tales that recount experiences of travel to Lustria tend to highlight either its dangers or suggest that an easy fortune is there to be made by those bold enough to take it. At one extreme, lurid melodramas, such as Sendak Mittell's *Lustrian Vengeance*, suggest that so much as setting eyes on the continent leads to madness and senicide.

On the other hand the easy fortune alleged to have been won by the mercenary Pirazzo, who claims that the Lizardmen allowed his men to leave Lustria with a trove of golden treasures, is highly suspect.

The Human record of voyages to Lustria only goes back to 888 IC. The second part of this chapter, **From the Dawn of Creation**, provides a summary of facts guessed at by Elven scholars, and truly understood only by the Slann. This information may be of use to GMs, but Players should be aware that their Characters would only learn such lore through painstaking research, and privileged access to cherished secrets.

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE OF THE LIZARDMEN

Old Worlders know very little of the Lizardmen or Lustria. Fanciful rumours of 'lizard daemons' and savage reptiles are common enough stories in taverns, but they're taken as seriously as tales of half-orcs, fishmen, and the supposed empire of 'Skaven'. Your average Old Worlder knows that there are strange creatures in foreign lands, but pays them little mind when there are much more pressing issues like a bad harvest, Beastmen in the woods, and the fair coming to town.

More educated Old Worlders, and those who live close to ports, have a little more knowledge. They know that beyond the Elven Kingdoms is a continent called Lustria, which is a source of great wealth and danger. They may have heard that the natives are reptilian and guard their riches ferociously. Some may have even seen artefacts from Lustria, with their unique aesthetic.



Scholars, wizards, explorers, and Asur are better informed... relatively. They may have read that there are several species of sentient bipedal lizard in Lustria and the Southlands, that they have an extensive civilisation, and that some of their number are accomplished wizards.

Marienburgers and Tileans know more than most Old Worlders, as they have a long history of exploration and even trade with settlements on Lustria's northern isthmus. Since the secession of the Wasteland, the Empire has lacked maritime power — understanding of what lies beyond the Sea of Claws is not widespread.

The Norse have always been great sailors and the Bjornling tribe in particular. It was Losteriksson that 'discovered' Lustria and his descendants in Skjold still sail east to Skeggi for plunder and adventure. Anyone who can overlook Norscan 'eccentricity' can learn a lot about the Lizardmen, Slann, and temple-cities by talking with a well-travelled Norscan.

Lizardmen artefacts are better known than their makers, through plunder and the collections of scholars and wizards. Golden plaques and idols take pride of place in wealthy merchants' collections in Marienburg, Altdorf, and other prosperous cities. The home of Lord Bedauer-Schmidt in Salzenmund is a treasure trove of Lustrian artefacts and statuary (see **Salzenmund: City of Salt and Silver**).

SOURCES OF 'KNOWLEDGE'

The Tribulation of Averheim is a partial document describing a disputed event in the history of Averheim. In 1283 IC the anonymous author writes that '*a grete black storm appear'd over the citie of the Averheim*' when '*a host of frogges and lizards came from the heavens*'. The men of Averheim defended the walls until the Lizardmen disappeared as quickly as they came.

The Chronicle of Itza was recently translated by the Estalian wizard Mendoza. It is a treasure trove of knowledge about Lizardmen and the Old Ones. Copies have only just started to circulate in Bretonnia and the western Empire — the wizard's patron, the Duke of Brionne, has all but ignored the work.

The merchant prince Marco Colombo wrote extensively of his dealings with the Lizardmen and his account is well-known in the southern Old World.

He diligently researched the Lustrian civilisation before approaching them to trade, and he writes about the Lizardmen with great respect. Despite his firsthand knowledge, Colombo's account is distrusted in the Empire and assumed to be an allegory.

More recently, the journals of the mercenary captain Fernando Pirazzo have circulated amongst merchants and explorers in Tilea, Estalia, Salzenmund, and Marienburg. Pirazzo's 'Lost Legion' fought on behalf of the Lizardmen and he is fully aware that his journal is effective advertising for his services — some of the more lurid passages work in his favour.

A printing press in Nuln published several folios of *Dreams of Lustria*, a troubling tale of Prince Frenzo Badolhus of Ductieso, who dreamed each night that he was in Lustria. The prince was found one morning apparently transmuted into a horrible reptilian creature, which was promptly beaten to death. Whether the prince was insane or not, his dream memories of Lustria have been shown to be detailed and accurate.

Very few (if any) Humans suspect that the Slann are the world's most powerful wizards. In the Celestial College Library in Altdorf there is a copy of *The Tyranny of Lord Zhul*, a Classical translation of an Elven text which was in turn translated from Saurian. This tells of a Mage-Priest of Xahutec that was possessed by a Daemon.

The Jellaba Fragments have been copied and collected in Verenan libraries in various locations. This Arabyan tale recounts an adventure amongst the Lizardmen of the Southlands. Old World scholars who study the Lizardmen have made a connection between the inhabitants of that continent and its counterpart to the west.

Elven Lore

The Elves possess works written before the time of the Phoenix Kings. *The Book of Isha* recounts the origins of the world and the Old Ones. It is remarkably similar to the *Book of Valaya*, a sacred tome consulted only by the Priestesses of the Dwarf Ancestor Goddess. There are several translations of the *Chronicles of Beltharius* in Human collections, with detailed information on the temple-city of Pahuax. The Elder Races have records of the Lizardmen before the Great Catastrophe, although few amongst their number study such works — and fewer still would deign to share such wisdom with Humans.



OLDE WEIRDE'S INCUNABULUM



When was Lustria first discovered, and by whom? These are questions that excite scholars, and as in most matters that excite scholars, any answer provided is likely to be pulled apart by impatient nitpickers, or disputed outright by contrarian cranks. The truth is that the discovery of Lustria consists of many layers, for several civilisations have histories of contact with the mysterious continent, and each of them regards their experience with a different degree of import.

Received wisdom has it that the first Human to have set foot on Lustria was the Norse adventurer Losteriksson, who made landfall on the continent in 888 IC and went on to found the settlement of Skeggi. Losteriksson is thus considered the first Human discoverer of the continent, yet evidence suggests that the Norse knew of Lustria's existence beforehand, and that Losteriksson is merely the first to be recorded as landing there.

The saga of Erik the Lost (also known variously as Erik the Restless, Erik the Red, Erik the Rooge, and Erik Fishbrain), father of Losteriksson, was recorded by one of his sailing companions, Tostig the Skald (a Skald is a member of a caste of scholar-jesters peculiar to Norse society).

If Tostig's account is to be believed, Erik 'proposed a voyage to encompass the known and unknown worlds, claiming that such an endeavour would leave a fitting legacy for the whole Norse race'. Tostig then describes this voyage skirting the western and southern lands of the Old World, and the northern coasts of Araby, before heading westward into the Great Ocean. After many days of travel Erik's longship, the *Trueflight*, was lashed by storms and arrived at a strange land.

'Storm clouds quickly overtook us, then the heavens roared down. It was all we could do just to stay afloat, buffeted by fearsome waves and winds. We went the gods know where. As we began to despair, land was sighted. Was it the mythical Lustria?'

So the Norse apparently knew of Lustria before the voyage undertaken by the father of the person who is thought of as discovering it. As it transpired, Erik the Lost had not made landfall on the continent, but may have explored Yukka or Quetzal, islands found to the south of Lustria's Cactus Coast. Tostig's record speaks of the sorts of dangers typically faced by those who visit such places.

'The land was one of impenetrable greenery, hordes of huge fleas that drained our blood, and fierce cats as big as wolves. Further exploration aboard Trueflight revealed it was simply one of many islands. Erik claimed them all as his own. None objected; he could keep them.'

Losteriksson, inspired by the voyages of his father, would undertake several of his own. Whilst he may not have been the first to discover the western continent, he was certainly the first to figure out how to chart a reliable course there. Under his captaincy, a Norse fleet was able to travel to the Lustrian isthmus, leave a stone marker on one of the more promising beaches, and return later to found the colony of Skeggi. This was the first Human settlement on Lustrian soil, and whilst it is a benighted and lawless place, it stands there still.

For many centuries, the folk of the Old World either remained in ignorance of the Norse discovery, or deliberately ignored it. The Norse are by and large a disagreeable and atavistic folk, who are all too willing to resort to the worship of Daemons and their dark masters, and so the people of more civilised lands are understandably inclined to mistrust their word and leave them to their own business. Yet over the following centuries, the existence of Lustria ceased to be a rumour and became more of an open secret.

Many claim to have visited the land, though none of them can produce evidence, or even a convincing account of how they have done so. However, in the year 1492 IC, the Tilean explorer Marco Columbo embarked on a voyage that would discover Lustria anew, becoming the first Old Worlder to make a voyage there and return with a convincing account of his exploits.

Columbo was a Tilean merchant who purchased (or stole) a map purporting to depict the eastern coastline of Lustria from a Norseman. The princes of the Tilean city states, wracked then as they so often are by unrest, were too preoccupied with local problems to contemplate funding an expedition. Columbo resorted to taking the risk of promising condottieri mercenary lords shares in the profits of his expedition, putting his life at their mercy should the map turn out to be fraudulent. He must have been persuasive in his arguments, for in the late spring of 1492 IC, he set sail at the command of three well provisioned ships.

Columbo made meticulous records of his excursions, and his accounts were later published and remain popular for their descriptions of derring-do, mercantile genius, and exotic recollections. Given the accounts of extreme gruelling hardship reported by subsequent explorers, Marco's memoirs must omit much that might portray him in a less heroic light. Perhaps if he had been less inclined to glamourise his exploits, the lives of many who sought to emulate him may have been spared.

'On the eve of the feast of sacred Myrmidia (this could refer to several occasions cited as sacred to the followers of the southern war goddess, though it is most likely to be the evening before Mittherbst), our lookout sighted land. I was sure it was Lustria at last. We had been at sea for a hundred and forty-four days and the men were getting restless. We anchored offshore and prepared to make landfall the next day.'

Columbo's expedition made landfall near the temple-city of Tlax, and thus he avoided contact with the Norse of Skeggi to the north, and with the Vampire Coast to the south. He also made the journey along sea routes known to be used by High Elf patrols or those raided by pirates. Columbo is quick to credit himself for threading this needle, though it is likely blind chance played into his hands as much as genius seamanship, and that his wisdom in choosing this route is something he has asserted after the fact. A hundred and forty-four days is a long time to be at sea, and these days a skilled navigator can accomplish the journey in much less time.

Columbo claims that he had researched the habits of the Lizardmen of Lustria before his voyage through careful inquiry of his Elven trading contacts. Through their advice he sought to make a good first impression by the sacrifice of mutant prisoners and golden treasure, which were left out on the beaches. His men then raised a hullabaloo to attract the attention of the natives.

'Sunset was approaching, and I wondered whether all this effort was in vain, when they appeared. We were anchored close enough inshore to see them clearly without a spyglass. There were about fifty at least of the smaller kind, which we call Skinks. Their leader was a magnificent fellow, decorated with great plumes and accompanied by a drummer and one carrying a standard in the form of a coiled serpent. We watched them inspecting the heap of treasure. They became very excited. Their leader ordered them to take up the mutant captives, which they did with great enthusiasm, binding them to carrying poles and disappearing back into the jungle. The treasure was likewise bundled up and taken away.'

'Next day, at sunrise, we observed a huge pile of fruit and gourds on the beach where our gifts had been. I sent several rowing boats out to fetch it. Our breakfast turned out to be quite a feast. The fruits were most welcome and necessary since many of the sailors were suffering from scurvy. The alcoholic beverages in the gourds were very potent, excellent stuff indeed. The dried insects were also most agreeable.'

It must be recorded that a great many explorers have sought to replicate Columbo's approach in mollifying the Lizardmen, and have had little success. Critics of Columbo suggest he is simply making up this episode, and that his actual approach to the Lizardmen was to either avoid them or fight them.

His defenders state that subsequent visitors to Lustria squandered the goodwill earned by Columbo by seeking to exploit or confront the Lizardmen. There may be other explanations. The Lizardmen of Tlax are reportedly less hostile than those of other temple-cities, and groups of Lizardmen have sometimes proved cooperative when the circumstances suit them. If Columbo's approach did pay dividends, it is likely that he benefited from a degree of good fortune.

'We made a small camp on the beach, then, leaving a few men to guard the boats, I led the rest of the party inland. We came upon a small, ruined platform. On top of this were arrayed a group of Skinks and the larger and more ferocious warriors called Saurus. Sat in front of them on a strange throne, made of carved stone yet somehow buoyant upon the air, was a creature like a great bloated toad. This I had not expected, though some Norscans I had questioned back in Luccini had told me that such creatures existed and were priests and rulers among the Lizardmen.'

We know now through consultation with the more forthcoming of the mages of Ulthuan that these creatures are called Slann, and that they do indeed order Lizardmen society and may project their influence over much that is otherwise inexplicable about the workings of the world.

However, they are said to be rare creatures, the youngest of whom is many millennia in age. It is highly doubtful that such a creature would wish to bandy words with a Tilean mercenary such as Columbo.

Columbo goes on to recount how he was made a guest of the Lizardmen of Tlax. He does provide accounts of visiting the temple-city which concur with what subsequent explorers have discovered about such places.

'Looking around I could see the entire plan of the city from above. There were many small pyramids clustered around the larger pyramids, and as well as these there were terraces, numerous rectangular pools glinting in the sunlight, tall obelisks, and other structures. All of these were intricately carved and painted.'



'One building was still under construction. I could see huge beasts which looked like a cross between a dragon and an elephant, dragging massive blocks of stone up large ramps. The din of thousands of Skinks chipping away at the stones with chisels reached my ears, as well as the rasping orders of their foreman directing the work.'

'The smell of incense wafting on the breeze drew my attention to the great doorway which we were about to enter. It was flanked by several of the Saurus warriors clad in bronze and copper breastplates and greaves embossed with snarling lizard faces.'

'The room was lit by means of shafts through which sunlight entered, and all around I could see wall paintings depicting glyphs, lizard creatures, and what appeared to be maps of the heavens and seas and lands of the world, both familiar to me and unknown.'

Columbo claimed that there were those amongst the Lizardmen who had learned a smattering of Bretonnian from previous visitors from the Old World. This enabled a degree of communication to take place and the drawing up of a treaty, by which Columbo and his men would guard the Lizardmen from seaborne assaults by raiding Dark Elves, Norscans, and creatures of Chaos. In return the Lizardmen would pay Columbo with gold and gems, and through this agreement the Tileans were soon in possession of great wealth.

All but the most credulous suspect that Columbo brokered no such deal, and that he won what wealth he did through piracy. It is entirely out of character for the Lizardmen to offer such convivial reception to explorers, and all who dare to risk the voyage to Lustria should be warned that their manner is invariably one of hostility to those they regard as intruders. It is a mystery why Columbo experienced what he claimed to have experienced and lived to tell of it.

Yet he did make a return to Tilea, with such a stupendous wealth of treasure that he was later able to set himself up as the prince of Trantio. His account, for all its dubious testament, led to the subsequent desire of many adventurers who followed him.

Whilst the Tileans would often return to the shores of Lustria in the years following Columbo's voyage, they restricted their endeavours to brief explorations and opportunistic raiding. Port Reaver was established in 1801 IC, and whilst the inhabitants were from Tilea, it cannot really be thought of as a Tilean colony.

The island of Sartosa had been an outpost of the city-state of Luccini, but in 1757 IC, the inhabitants ousted their rulers and claimed independence. It quickly became a lawless state, governed by whichever pirates could intimidate their neighbours into recognising their authority.

Pirates from Sartosa soon plagued the Tilean Sea and preyed upon ships in the Great Ocean.

When the Pirate Prince Lucciano Soprania was ousted from power, remaining in Sartosa would have resulted in his death. He and his remaining supporters braved the journey to the Isthmus of Lustria and founded Port Reaver. The settlement managed to survive several attempts by the Lizardmen to wipe it out and flourished into a base for raiding and trading. Whilst the only law there is a straightforward adoption of the brutal pirate code of Sartosa, it is not so wild a place as Skeggi.

The experience of the Tilean adventurer El Cadavo is more instructive as to the fate that awaits those who believe they can confront and conquer the territory of the New World. Believing that he could replicate the success of Marco Columbo, this adventurer and sometime pirate made three attempts to establish his own colony on the Isthmus, each one ending in disaster.

Upon his first landing, El Cadavo and his colonists erected tents on the shores of the Isthmus of Lustria, to the south of Port Reaver. El Cadavo left a gift of treasure out as tribute for Skink scouts, in imitation of the gifts Columbo reports presenting to them.

However, El Cadavo believed that the Lizardmen would be as impressed by cheap costume jewellery and glass beads as they would gold and gems. Reports of what happened next are confused, but it seems that one of the Skinks invoked their snake god to swallow the sun in his displeasure at the duplicity of El Cadavo. Under the resulting pall of darkness, the Tileans hurried to depart.

El Cadavo returned the following year, having been convinced by a Hedge Witch that the darkening of the sun was an astronomical quirk, and mere coincidence. He and his followers remained long enough to build permanent dwellings, and they named the settlement Cadavo after their leader. No sooner had the rude town of rickety wooden shacks been marked on the map than it was destroyed by a series of massive earthquakes.

El Cadavo made his way back to Tilea and dug himself deep into debt raising a third expedition. In 1944 IC they made landfall at the ruined site of Cadavo and set about reconstructing the colony. Desperate for his misadventures to start paying dividends, El Cadavo led a force of mercenaries to the nearby Obsidian Column, a massive monument located some 500 miles into the interior.

The raiders loaded their wagons with plunder, but in their greed, they lingered too long. The Lizardmen attacked before Cadavo could form his army into a defensive line.

El Cadavo's men fought bravely to defend their treasure, but they were slowly ground down by the mighty Saurus.

El Cadavo himself escaped the slaughter and made his way back to the coast. He was a ruined man, bitterly raving that the bodies of his men had been hung from the sides of the Obsidian Column, and that the jewels they had attempted to plunder had been set inside their gouged eye sockets as a warning against incurring the wrath of the Lizardmen.

No sooner had he returned to the port that bore his name than it was once again levelled by great tremors.

El Cadavo and the surviving colonists laboured to make their sole remaining ship seaworthy. They sailed to Port Reaver and begged for supplies before returning to Tilea, but as soon as they left, an unseasonal typhoon lashed the shores of Lustria. What became of El Cadavo no one knows.

In 2064 IC the Ranaldan devotee Mortiz Eulenspiegel found himself threatened with the rough end of pirate justice. He had been accused of profiting from a variety of scams, thefts, and rigged games of chance in Sartosa and Port Reaver. But Moritz was not without friends, and a few of his associates, fellow charlatans and gamblers, begged themselves securing his release from lockup. They fled south past the ruins of Cadavo and founded Swamp Town.

It is, according to all accounts, a dreadful place. The wooden structures are in a constant state of decay, each of them a breeding ground for mould and termites. It is rife with vice and decadence, home to flesh pots and insalubrious taverns.

Yet in all Lustria, it has become the safest place to do trade. Folk say that there may be no honour among thieves, but the descendants of the Ranaldans who founded Swamp Town make for better business partners than the pirates of Port Reaver, or the daemon worshippers among the Norse of Skeggi.



THE REALITY OF LUSTRIA

What Humans of the Old World know of Lustria is a shadow of the truth. At one time, the world was inhospitable, swathed in sheets of ice and volcanic wastelands. Only a strip of verdant jungle existed around the equator. This was the world as the Old Ones found it. These interstellar travellers had such a mastery of technology and magic that it was difficult to discern where their scientific expertise ended, and their arcane understanding began.

Many species already inhabited the world. The Dragons flew around the volcanic wastes, the Fimir haunted the cold mires and already prayed to gods of Chaos, Dragon Ogres and Sky Titans inhabited mountain peaks, the ancestors of the Lizardmen already raised primitive cities, and the ancestors of Humans, Elves, and Dwarfs wandered the icy wastes.

The Old Ones had a plan for the world, a plan that is ineffable, but which many scholars assume had something to do with a victory over Chaos, to which the Old Ones were opposed. They stabilised the orbit of the world closer to the sun, and engineered the movement of continents and the development, or eradication, of several species. They began with the Lizardmen, utilising the Skinks as clever servants and the Saurus as soldiers. Regiments of Saurus marched forth to defy species the Old Ones deemed anathema, such as Dragon Ogres and Fimir.

The Old Ones then turned their attention to warm-blooded races who they believed would be suitable for their plans. They encouraged the development of the Elves, to whom they taught magic, and the Dwarfs, to whom they taught the arts of smithing and stoneworking. Humans initially failed to impress the Old Ones, but they later learned a respect for Human adaptability and ingenuity, and they taught many of their most closely guarded secrets to the forebears of a druidic tradition, the Truthsayers of Albion.

But not everything went according to plan. The first sign that the Old Ones were themselves capable of apparent oversight was the appearance of Orcs and Goblins upon the world. This parasitic and belligerent set of related species arrived shortly after the Old Ones, perhaps travelling with them, but remaining undetected until they were found infesting the dark depths of the world's caverns and forests.

The influence of the Old Ones was last felt in the years following the collapse of the Polar Warp Gates; as the daemonic legions of Chaos swept across the planet, the Old Ones either fell in battle or abandoned the world. They left the administration of their society, and the continuation of their plans, to their servants the Slann.

ELVES AND THE OLD ONES

Of the warm-blooded species whose development was encouraged by the Old Ones, only the Elves retain much in the way of lore regarding their ancient masters and their plans for creation. However, they have couched much of what they do know in their own cosmology and mythology. This is partly to aid comprehension, and to suit the Elven aesthetic, for the dull emotional life of the Lizardmen has little to offer the extremes of passion an Elf is subject to. Elves are more individualistic in their thoughts, and prone to analyse the historical fact of the Old Ones with scepticism or cynicism. The catastrophe that brought Chaos into the world, for example, may be seen by the Slann as a tragic consequence of the disorder that the Old Ones strove to eliminate from creation, and that actualising the Great Plan is the only way to set things right. An Elf, on the other hand, may be open to the idea that it was wrought from heedless bungling, or perhaps deliberate sabotage, and that the plans of the Old Ones need not necessarily reflect wisdom.

All learned Elves understand that before the coming of the Old Ones, they lived wild and primitive lives. Their own gods may share some qualities with the Old Ones, though most Elves feel passionately that their religion speaks to something older and more elemental to Elven experience — and so they do not lightly brook the notion that their pantheon has anything to do with the Old Ones. There are several strains of Elven thought on the matter of their creation and purpose in the world. Some of these are common to a particular kindred, though none are exclusive to any single Elven faction or kingdom.

The first is a nativist view, commonly held among the Asrai, the Wood Elves of Athel Loren. They state that a natural order existed before the Old Ones arrived, and that whilst their manipulations were by no means as antithetical to nature as Chaos, their designs were imposed upon a world that never asked for them. The Asrai are not bitter about this, though they live with woodland spirits that are less forgiving, but they care little about the plans of the Old Ones beyond common interests in opposing Chaos and destructive species such as Orcs.

The Asur, the High Elves of the Ulthuan Kingdoms, have a chequered relationship with the Lizardmen and Lustria. Their magical traditions are the closest of all other extant cultures to that which is practised by the Slann, and in general the Asur commend the Old Ones for initiating their own civilisation. But Elven pride leads them to suppose that they can surpass the feats and designs of the Old Ones. This isn't mere hubris; achievements such as the Great Vortex stand as testament to the fact that the ingenuity of the Elves can work where the devices of the Old Ones failed (though of course, to the Slann, Elven civilisation may as well be such a device).

The Druchii, the Dark Elves of Naggaroth, are typically sneeringly cynical of the Old Ones. They strive against Chaos when it threatens them, and use it where it pleases them, but they do not regard the disruption of the Old Ones' plans as important. The lands of the Dark Elves lie directly to the north of Lustria, but their attitude to the Lizardmen is that they are a spent force. The raiding parties who harry the Lustrian coast, or strike through the Grey Guardians mountain range using the Black Way, feel they have every right to plunder the temple-cities for loot and captives, though even the most ferocious of Black Ark captains can be shocked to find their own ruthless cruelty matched by the inhospitality of the land they prey upon.

DWARFS, HALFLINGS, AND OGRES

The Dwarfs are not generally interested in the continent of Lustria. It is far from their mountain holdings, and exploration of new lands is not a priority, in contrast to the desire to reclaim what they have lost. Whilst individual Dwarfs may become explorers and treasure seekers, no Dwarf hold has sought to sponsor an expedition or establish a settlement in Lustria.

In regard to what they know of Lustria's history, the Dwarfs have much in common with the High Elves (though they would resent being told so) in that an ancestral knowledge of the Old Ones has become intertwined with legends about their own forebears.

The Halflings and Ogres were late-stage experiments carried out by the Old Ones in creating forms of life that were particularly resilient to Chaos.

However, they were only partially successful by the time the Old Ones disappeared. The Ogres possessed the might to defy Chaos, but lacked the intellect and will to avoid the temptations it offered. The Halflings were resilient to the corrupting powers of Chaos, but were indolent and physically frail. Neither species knows, nor cares, much about the Old Ones or how the history of Lustria impacts their existence.

OTHER SPECIES AND LUSTRIA

The Dragons suffered greatly because of the Old Ones' transformation of the world. They were better suited to the colder climate, and as the world has grown warmer, they find themselves drowsy and stupefied. Now the Dragons slumber, and waking them becomes progressively harder. The Fimir and Dragon Ogres survived the campaigns led by the Saurus to eradicate them, but each of these fell species forged separate pacts with the gods of Chaos to ensure their continued existence. The more learned members of these species may indeed know a great deal about Lustria, though they would fear to venture there, even with the protections afforded them by the dark gods.

The Orcs and Goblins infest Lustria as they do elsewhere, though they do not flourish in the hot and hostile land. Bands of Savage Orcs and Forest Goblins lurk within the jungles, and certain tribes may persist there for generations. In the main, though, they are hunted down by Lizardmen war parties and wiped out before they can grow to any number.

Certain Skaven know a great deal about Lustria. The great Clan Pestilens dwelled there for many centuries, and even came close to overwhelming the Lizardmen. However, they were driven out, in no small part due to the rising influence of the serpent god Sotek, which led to an aggressive campaign of destruction against the Skaven and their territory. Clan Pestilens regard Lustria as one of their best kept secrets, and they do not share the details of their experiences of the mysterious continent with other Skaven clans. This is a cause of much frustration within Skavendom, as many clans desire to establish a foothold in Lustria (particularly Clan Moulder, who have heard rumours of the many strange creatures to be discovered there). Clan Pestilens do all they can to obstruct or delay such undertakings, all the while planning to re-establish their own powerbase in the ruined temple-city of Quetza.

LUSTRIA TIMELINE

THE AGE OF CREATION

Circa -15,000 IC

The Old Ones descend from the skies and begin to reorder the world. Slann of the First Spawning are created to execute the designs of the Old Ones. The Saurus are spawned as living weapons, created from now extinct native creatures. The first generations of Skinks are spawned to follow complicated orders, and Kroxigors are created to aid in building.

Circa -10,000 IC

Founding of the first city, Itza. Soon followed by the founding of Xlanhuapac and Tlax. A long age follows under the Old Ones' rule, and many sites of great power are erected.

The second generation of Slann are spawned. The world's orbit is altered to make it warmer and conducive to the Old Ones' plans.

Slann of the Third Spawning are brought forth. They found the temple-cities of Tlaxtlan, Quetza and Zlatlan.

Slann of the Fourth Spawning are created to attend the polar Warp Gates. They found the remaining temple-cities, creating the geomantic web – Natural lines of energy linking the cities. The supercontinent is split into several smaller lands. The World Pond is created and the Southlands moved around the globe, separating the temple-cities.

The Old Ones extend their dominion over the inhabitants of the world, altering the future of several species. They send armies of Saurus to enforce order. The annihilation of many undesirable species is accomplished.

Ongoing experiments are conducted by the Old Ones. They create and destroy several new species, altering them from native lifeforms. Elves, Dwarfs, and Humans are born.

The Old Ones ensure that their creations are secured a strong foundation in the lands chosen for them, to continue the process of evolution and the growth of civilisation with minimal interaction with each other. Down the ages, the Old Ones become wholly unknown to the younger species; only the Elves maintain some ancient myths of their creator gods.

Orcs and Goblins appear to the end of the Age of Creation. No one knows how they came into existence, though their shamans tell stories of Gork and Mork falling from the sky to populate the world with greenskins. The Old Ones consider them a threat and send the Saurus to try and eliminate these parasitic creatures from existence, though the greenskins seem to be impossible to eradicate.

Circa -5700 IC

Elven scholars estimate that around this time the Old Ones create Ogres and Halflings to help prevent the spread of Chaos. However, the creations are rushed and flawed. Ogres have the physical might to prevail but are simple-minded and brutal. Halflings display strength of will when resisting the corruption of Chaos but are small and self-indulgent.

THE GREAT CATASTROPHE

Circa -5600 IC

Collapse of Polar Warp Gates. Chaos enters the world.

-5000 IC

Lustria Besieged. The temple-city of Xahutec is the first to fall under the daemonic onslaught. Its Mage-Priests are slain and its spawning pools tainted.

The Lizardmen muster the greatest armies ever witnessed in the world to repel the daemonic invaders. Countless millions are slain in these titanic battles. Within three hundred years, all Slann of the First Spawning are slain.

Across the world, species formed by the Old Ones struggle against rampantly spreading Daemons, yet they fight a losing battle. Except for enclaves in the Southlands, the Lizardmen retreat to Lustria, which is transformed into a deathtrap to thwart the invaders.

The populations of Huatl, Tlanxla, Chaqua, and Xhotl are slain by Daemons, each temple-city weakening as more of them fall, impairing the geomantic web. Mage-Priest Adohi-Tehga of Tlaxlan repels the Daemons besieging his temple-city after weeks of battle. He lends his power to protecting the remaining cities and ensuring the geomantic web does not collapse.

Circa -4500 IC

Lord Mazdamundi manages to hold the protective barrier around Hexoatl, but in doing so cannot aid his brethren of Pahuax, who are slain by a host of Greater Daemons.

The power of the Old Ones is lost from the world. Contact with the Lizardmen of the Southlands is lost. The ancient Mage-Priest Chiccotta of Zlatlan, a pupil of the Old One Xholankha, destroys the daemonic legions within the Southlands with a catastrophic spell, but perishes during the process.

Circa -4450 IC

The siege of Itza, which had lasted for over four centuries, is broken by Lord Kroak. Although slain in battle, Lord Kroak's spirit fights on – invoking a spell that secures Itza from its doom.

-4420 IC

The Great Ritual. The Elves are almost vanquished by Daemons overrunning Ulthuan. Their mages work a desperate ritual to push the Daemons back. The Slann add their powers to those of the Elves, and they draw the Daemons to the poles.

Defences are erected to hold the forces of Chaos at bay. The immediate threat of Chaos is repelled.

THE AGE OF ISOLATION

-4419 IC

High Elf explorers penetrate the Lustrian jungle. They arrive at the gates of Pahuax at the time of the Conjunction of the Two Moons, held as a portent of ill fortune.

-3894 IC

The temple-city of Chupayotl slips into the sea. Its Mage-Priests are slain and survivors journey to other temple-cities. Rumours speak of an undersea species taking up residence in the sunken ruins. Alarmingly, the event is not prophesised in any known plaques left by the Old Ones. So the Mage-Priests come to know uncertainty.

-3127 IC

The Thought Fog. Skink scribes record that the Mage-Priest Lord Xltep begins to experience an impairment of memory.

-2423 IC

Lizardmen investigating the ruins of Xahutec are ambushed by a cavalry force of Bloodletters of Khorne mounted on Juggernauts. Several Slann Mage-Priests are slain. Xahutec is discovered to be located above a rift to the Realm of Chaos. The remaining Slann close the rift, but Xahutec and its treasures are lost.

-2374 IC

Lord Hua-Hua of Xlanhuapec claims victory in a 500-year-old debate concerning the fate of the younger species. Taking umbrage, other Slann ignore him for the next thousand years.

-1500 IC

Lord Quex enacts a minor shift in continents. The World's Edge Mountains are riven by earthquakes. Dwarf strongholds are destroyed, and the Dwarf empire falls into decline. As far as the Mage-Priests are concerned, the alignment is carried out according to the will of the Old Ones, as described on the Plaque of Ozli-Potec.

THE AGE OF STRIFE

-1399 IC

Undetected, Skaven Clan Pestilens occupy the ruined Lizardman city of Quetza. Their arrival coincides with a time of great tribulation as foretold in the plaques of Chaqua, although the prophecy's true meaning is not revealed to the Slann for centuries. Plagues spread throughout Lustria. Many sites are abandoned.

-951 IC

Under cover of a poisonous green mist, the Skaven make their boldest attack yet, emerging to take the ruins of Conqueso.

-594 IC

A century long campaign commences between the Lizardmen and the jungle Orcs of the Scorpion Coast. Kroq-Gar ends the fighting by slaying the Warbosses of six enemy tribes.

-238 IC

Dark Elf Kaledor Maglen discovers the Black Way, a series of caverns in the Underworld Sea leading westwards into the Boiling Sea.

-215 IC

The first Dark Elf raiders penetrate Lustria's jungles and plunder sacred artefacts.

0 IC

The temple-city of Chaqua is abandoned as its Mage-Priests succumb to Skaven plagues. The Prophecy of Sotek is brought to light, preached by the Skink Tehenhauin. A double-tailed comet, symbol of Sotek's forked tongue, appears, heralding the migration of the Red-Crested Skinks and the rise of the Cult of Sotek, which spreads throughout Lustria.

100 IC

The armies of Clan Pestilens are defeated by Tehenhauin's forces and thousands of venomous serpents slither into their tunnels. They abandon Quetza and flee across the ocean to the Southlands. Sotek is recognised by Slann Mage-Priests as the preeminent god of the Lizardmen. His worship becomes widespread, particularly amongst the Skinks.

271 IC

At the Zenith of Xla-Tepec, more continental realignments are made. A series of earthquakes ravage Araby and Cathay.

315 IC

Lord Tepec-Inzi opens a portal to Naggaroth, allowing the Saurus Gor-Rok to lead an army through. The Dark Elves are defeated and the Star Stela of Quetli is recovered.

513 IC

Lord Zltep of Tlaxtlan passes from the world. the last words he uttered became known as the incantation of Xetlipocutl. The Mage-Priest did not complete this prophecy, however, and it is said that should anyone ever do so, the world will come to an end.

535 IC

The first of the twin-tailed beings known as Skink Oracles emerge from the spawning pools of Itza. They alone of all the Lizardmen are able to approach and ride upon the dreaded and ill-tempered Troglodons.

876 IC

Arrival of Luthor Harkon. The flotsam of many shipwrecks washes up on Lustrian shores, including a Vampire named Luthor Harkon. He creates the Undead realm known as the Vampire Coast, where the bodies of dead sailors killed in the treacherous waters off the coast rise from the depths and haunt the land. High Elf naval captains report of ghostly ships in the fog, and vessels plying the Great Ocean are lost, called to their doom by an eerie siren call from the west.

888 IC

Founding of Skeggi. Norse adventurer Losteriksson lands in Lustria and founds the colony of Skeggi. Norse raids into Lustria begin. Though Losteriksson himself is wise enough to avoid direct conflicts with the Lizardmen, more impetuous champions attempt to penetrate the jungle. None are ever seen again.

901 IC

The Chaos Moon engulfs the Xaki Star, prompting a delegation of Mage-Priests to set out from Xlanhuapec with a column of workers to re-found the ruined city of Huatl.

912 IC

A daemonic incursion overwhelms Tlencan and Lord Zhul is slain. Xahutec is abandoned for the final time shortly after, its population fleeing to the remaining temple-cities. The Mage-Priests finally acknowledge the return of Chaos to Lustria.

930 IC

Luthor Harkon attempts to penetrate the Lustrian interior at the head of a shambling hordes of drowned pirates and sailors. As foretold in the Prophecy of Huanca-Xlanpac, Lord Xtep of Itza, aided by the ancient Kroxigor Nakai the Wanderer, puts a halt to Luthor's forces.

954 IC

Allac Fellclaw leads the first full scale Chaos invasion of Lustria since the Great Catastrophe. His horde is defeated and driven into the sea. The survivors escaped with a great quantity of gold, but the plaques they had stolen are recovered.

1004 IC

At the equinox of Tlac-Ipec, Lord Mazdamundi consults the plaques of Huatl. He raises the Grey Guardians mountain range in the path of a mighty Dark Elf invasion of northern Lustria. The plaque sequence of Huatl is realigned with that of Itza.

1157 IC

Contact is lost with the High Elf outpost of Tor Taranth in southern Lustria. Lord Calaveri leads a rescue mission, and finds the decapitated bodies of the garrison in a pool of frozen blood.

1218 IC

The Citadel of Dusk is erected on the southern tip of Lustria by the High Elves.

1237 IC

The ruins of the temple-city of Xahutec are again overrun by Daemons. An army led by Kroq-Gar contains the threat while several Slann labour to close the magical breach.

1492 IC

Marco Colombo, Tilean merchant prince and explorer, voyages to Lustria. He arrives on the fifteenth day after the zenith of the Itchli Star. The event is predicted in the prophecy of Zhol-Tlapoc. He witnesses the defeat of a Dark Elf raid on Tlaxtlan.

1681 IC

The Night of the Restless Dead. Throughout the world the dead stir. In Lustria, the Great Warding prevents undead creatures overrunning the Lizardmen, but settlements on the coast are haunted by ghosts and revenants, and the forces of Luthor Harkon are reinforced.

1690 IC

Cathayan Yin-Tuan makes an epic journey across Lustria and the Southlands. He narrowly escapes sacrifice in Zlatlan.

1721 IC

A Dark Elf raiding force use the Black Way and attack Xlanhuapec. The intruders penetrate the city's outer quarters. A Lizardman army, using the living mists surrounding the city, mounts a series of devastating ambushes, and slaughters the intruders.

1783 IC

The Dark Elf raiders of Yrtain Nightwind attack the High Elf colony of Arnhem in Lustria after their scouts discover tunnels beneath the swamps and mountains that protect the settlement's northern approaches.

1801 IC

The ousted Pirate Prince of Sartosa, Lucciano Soprania, founds Port Reaver. Despite numerous Lizardman attacks, it manages to turn into a flourishing trading port, though it is notorious as a den of cutthroats and raiders as well as a haven for adventurers and treasure seekers.

1809 IC

Workers rebuilding the Great Pyramid of Pahuax discover a secret chamber where they discover the only known remaining egg of the Quango, a creature of legend not seen since the time of the Old Ones. The egg is presented to Lord Mazdamundi, who contemplates it for a decade before declaring that its hatching may be of great import.

1847 IC

Amidst rumours of illegitimacy, Duke Tudual du L'Anguille sponsors an expedition into the Lustrian interior, to be led by his son. They land in Port Reaver and spend several months in preparations before commencing their explorations. The Bretonnian and his entourage disappear into the jungle. Six months later, the temple-city of Huatl is reported to have been plundered of sacred artefacts. However, the young nobleman and his party are never heard from again.

1910 IC

Lord Nanahua leads an expedition to Chaqua in search of lost relics of the Old Ones, but in the process contracts a Skaven plague. Though he summons the magical strength to keep death at bay, he is covered in weeping buboes and contagious sores. He enters self-imposed exile and now resides in an isolated temple deep in the jungle, only emerging to defend Lustria against Skaven incursions.

1944 IC

El Cadavo, adventurer and sometime pirate, finds the port of Cadavo on his third attempt to penetrate the jungles. The town is destroyed under the order of Slann Mage-Priest Mazdamundi three times, each time being rebuilt. A devastating earthquake ensures that the town is finally abandoned. It is rumoured that El Cadavo, having escaped by ship with Lustrian treasures, is lost at sea due to unseasonably deadly weather. By his actions, Lord Mazdamundi is proven to be the one spoken of in the Prophecy of Querchi, 'he who rides the horned beast'.

1977 IC

A Skink Priest enacting the Ritual of Listening at the Sentinels of Xeti believes that he briefly hears the distant voice of the Old Ones. The Slann Mage-Priests contemplate the matter for several years before finally denouncing the Skink Priest's claim.

2064 IC

A group of gamblers desert Port Reaver before the wrath of their creditors. They head along the coast and found the settlement of Swamp Town. The colony quickly grows from a ramshackle shanty town into the busiest trade destination in Lustria.

2100 IC

Skink Priests attending to the mummified body of Lord Xhilipepa dispute the meaning of flight patterns of mosquitoes circling his skeletal head. This disagreement escalates and opposing factions come to blows over possession of the Mage-Priest's remains.

THE AGE OF AWAKENING

2303 IC

Taking a reading of the Iztl Star, the Slann bolster the power of the Great Warding to impede the power of Chaos. In this manner, they weaken the enemies of Magnus the Pious during the Great War Against Chaos.

2315 IC

The Pirate King Draven is employed to protect merchant shipping arriving and leaving Swamp Town from pirates operating from Port Reaver. He uses his power to destroy the fleets of his competitors and then plunders Swamp Town himself.

2321 IC

Portents of ill-omen abound as the morning sun that rises over Lustria is coloured jet-black. The geomantic web flickers, the Great Warding grows weak, and the forces of Chaos attack. Daemonic legions manifest across the whole of Lustria and many terrible battles take place. The violence lasts for a blood-filled week until the true sun rises once again.

2349 IC

A Lizardmen army from Itza marches south across the Culchan Plains. A bridge of magical energy is summoned and the army crosses to the island on which stands the Citadel of Dusk. The High Elves fear a siege, until a fleet of Dark Elf Corsairs attacks from the sea. It is only with the aid of the Lizardmen that the Corsairs are repulsed. The Lizardmen then march back across their magical bridge without a word to the High Elves.

2355 IC

The Battle of Cholulec. The disgraced Dwarf Engineer Sven Hasselfriesian sets out from Barak Varr in his amazing steam powered ship, the *Voltsvagn*. He reaches the Tarantula Coast of Lustria after several months, and many battles with the creatures of the deep, Sven and his companions clash with the Lizardmen at the ruins of Cholulec.

2376 IC

At this point, the spell that turned Lustria into a living deathtrap becomes yet more powerful. The land's flora and fauna enter a new period of prolific and accelerated growth. The jungles become more dangerous and filled with more cold-blooded carnivores than ever.

2418 IC

The Slann Mage-Priest Teccizte of Tlaxtlan, the City of the Moon, enacts a sorcerous ritual aimed at pushing the Chaos Moon out of its orbit. The Mage-Priest fails to muster sufficient power. The Chaos Moon is shaken, and chunks of it split away, to fall with devastating effect upon the lands across the great ocean.

2422 IC

The Dark Elf corsair Lokhir Fellheart loots the sunken ruins of Chupayotl, using magic to prevent his corsairs from drowning. They persevere against the disconcerting aquatic creatures that inhabit the ruins and return with chests filled with golden treasure, stone plaques, and the magical Helm of the Kraken, which Lokhir reserves as part of his share of the prize.

2465 IC

The Battle of Blackswamp marks the end of a ten year campaign fought in the waterlogged woodlands of the Tarantula Coast. Many Savage Orc and Forest Goblin armies are destroyed. For his role in securing this lost territory, the Skink Astromancer Tetto'eko is gifted a palanquin such as the Slann sit upon.

2471 IC

Luthor Harkon forms an alliance with the Dark Elves to raid the coastal ruins of Chokablox. During the battle, Harkon is captured and imprisoned.

2489 IC

The Skink Astromancer Tetto'eko stems a Skaven incursion from the ruins of Quetza, the Defiled City, redirecting a passing comet to crash down upon the centre of the city and destroy the ratmen's nest.

2497 IC

Sensing growing instabilities in the swirling winds of magic, several Slann Mage-Priests lend their power to the High Elves' Great Vortex on Ulthuan.

2502 IC

It is foreseen that a device being built by the Skaven in their lair of Slagmire must not be completed. Tehenhauin is chosen to lead the assault and the Slann use magic to transport the Prophet of Sotek and his army into the Skaven den. A three year battle leads to the eventual defeat of the Skaven and the destruction of their rocket invention.

2512 IC

A Dark Elf army emerges from the Black Way to raid coastal ruins. Kroq-Gar and his army drive the tentacled war beasts summoned to support the Dark Elves back into the sea, and the Black Ark *Umbral Tide* is grounded by the magic of the Mage-Priests and destroyed.

◆ PLACES OF POWER ◆

DESCRIBING ARCANE SITES FOUND ACROSS THE CONTINENT



'I once made a study of ley lines and their interaction with Ulthuan's statues and circles. This place felt similar. The pillars, enormous gilded monuments carved into the form of serpents, pinned the Winds of Magic down just as a collector sticks an insect to a specimen board. And their eyes... They knew we were there.'

— Uriel Nightseer, Scholar of Saphery

'As with their Beastmen brethren, the Lizard-daemons of Lustria raise heinous monuments in praise of their dark gods. I implore all followers of Sigmar, tear these blasphemous creations down!'

— Letter found in the pack of a long-dead explorer, along with glyph-etched gold pieces

At first glance, Lustria seems nothing more than an inhospitable green hell, an untameable place which devours any attempts to build within its boundaries. However, as one ventures deeper into the jungle, the truth is revealed. Great structures peer over the trees, moss scrapes aside to reveal intricate carvings, and obelisks thrum with gathered magic. Few outsiders know the purpose of these creations, and scholars may spend decades researching just one, but all are places of power.

Such sites, magical locations and vital nodes within the Geomantic Web, exist throughout Lustria. Often, these are deliberate constructions, their creation dictated by the Old Ones long ago. Others were built later by the Slann and Skinks to take advantage of a particular celestial alignment, or as devotional objects to their lost masters. These places hold great significance to the Lizardmen and many boast small settlements dedicated to their care and maintenance.



Even those which appear overgrown and abandoned are not forgotten, guarded by watchful scouts and intricate, cunning traps.

However, not all such places are acts of artifice. Magic is fickle and even the careful workings of the Slann cannot predict all the paths it will take. As in other lands, sites of great tragedy or magical workings form eddies in the Winds, manifesting as wondrous and forbidden places. This is even more common in Lustria, where everything from the weather to the wildlife owes its nature to the channelling of magic.

Whether constructed or natural, Places of Power are sought by explorers from all nations. Some seek the treasures they are rumoured to hold, or come searching for knowledge, wishing to uncover truths about a time long forgotten. Still more come to claim these places for their own uses, leading great armies to push back the defenders, poisoning the Geomantic Web with their actions. Whatever their reasons, few escape unscathed. These places are sacred, dangerous, and protected.

The following Places of Power are just a few of those a dedicated explorer might find in Lustria. Some are of more significance than others to the Lizardmen, although this can change with each new pronouncement from the Slann. They are often very difficult to reach, placed in the depths of the Lustrian jungle. Someone flying over the canopy might see them rising from the sea of greenery, large monuments, ruined temples, or scars left in the landscape itself.

It is entirely possible for an explorer to find one by accident, not realising where they have blundered into until they feel the prickle of magic across their skin. Such places are often home to more than just Lizardmen. Coatl take it upon themselves to guard sacred locations, while many of Lustria's fearsome predators choose such places for their lairs. Dark Elves from the north take a great interest in these structures, and have sought to bend them to their will many times. And always there is the creeping, pestilential presence of the Skaven, or the insidious influence of the Great Enemy, seeking to weaken the Lizardmen and the Great Warding which prevents Chaos from engulfing the world.

ZIGGURAT OF DAWN

The Ziggurat of Dawn stands close to Skeggi, whose people have learned to give it a wide berth. Tall and sheer-sided, the ziggurat's peak is carved into a five-clawed hand in the palm of which burns a constant, brilliant flame. Tall colonnades surround the ziggurat, spreading to form the stylised rays of the sun. It is tended to by Skinks and Saurus marked with Chotec's blessing, and lizard-folk who come here are quickened in its presence. For this reason, it is rarely visited by Slann, who prefer their measured calm undisturbed.

Nothing which corrupts the Great Plan may persist in Chotec's presence, and the temple is considered a cleansing place. Any artefacts touched by the Dark Gods are sent to the Ziggurat, where the Keeper of the Dawn feeds them to the flame. These rituals cause the fire to flare violently, illuminating the jungle for miles around.

Despite this, a rumour persists that, should one touch the flames, they will be granted the power of the sun. This led the Dark Elf Prince Kharondhel to attempt a twisted imitation of the Flame of Asuryan. The resulting flare blinded his Naggarothi host and rendered the Elf prince into ash. In truth, this legend is a misunderstanding of an ancient Lizardman practice. When a Keeper of the Dawn knows their time has come, they feed themselves to the beacon, returning their essence to Chotec, who then spawns a replacement. The cycle of Keepers is as never ending as the cycle of the sun.

Huitz'l'Po — Keeper of the Dawn. The current Keeper of the Dawn is an elderly Skink who has served in the role for decades. Despite his age, Huitz'l'Po is a dedicated and spry priest. He knows the time to complete his final ritual is drawing near, but he cannot yet relinquish his duties. More corrupted objects are being fed to the flame than ever before, and the ever-lasting beacon is slowly dwindling. Huitz'l'Po cannot hand over the mantle until he discovers how this can be so.

FINDERS KEEPERS

A Temple Guard procession is journeying from Hexoatl, delivering a casket of captured magical artefacts to be fed to the flame. High Elf Uriel Nightseer has learned a necklace, an old family heirloom, is amongst them, and will pay well for its retrieval.

STELLAR PYRAMIDS OF THE SOUTHERN SKIES

To call these buildings pyramids is something of a misnomer. They are stepped, in the manner of other Lizardman pyramids. However, where those imposing structures are rectangular, the Stellar Pyramids of the Southern Skies are formed from a series of stepped rings. Three of these conical pyramids stand in total, each dedicated to a different celestial body, their levels carved with intricate astronomical and astrological arrangements.

Together, they track the turning of the stars, moons, and worlds. The clearing around them is never silent, the air always filled with a low grumble like distant thunder. Only someone who observes the Stellar Pyramids carefully will notice each level rotating upon the one beneath it in an eternal, grinding dance.



The Stellar Pyramids are centres of astrological learning and a vital node in the Geomantic Web. Their careful alignment draws from the power of the Heavens, and those who seek knowledge of the future are afforded far greater insight in their presence.

For this reason, Lizardmen from across Lustria regularly engage in lengthy pilgrimages to the Stellar Pyramids, the Skinks to learn from their resident stargazers and the Slann to meditate in the pyramids' shadows, sitting upon the enormous viewing platform provided for this purpose.

It is not known, even by the Skinks, why the Slann prefer this to sitting atop the pyramids' peaks, as is their usual practice. It may be that from this position the pyramids appear to point toward particular celestial alignments. Or perhaps the Slann may divine something in the steady, grinding rotation of the stone rings. Or maybe they simply get dizzy sitting on the constantly moving rings. Rudimentary housing exists for pilgrims within the clearing, many-stepped barrios where the Slann rest in chambers elevated above a teeming mass of Skinks.

The Slann are not the only ones to have noticed the benefits provided by the Stellar Pyramids. In the past, the magicians of other races realised here was a place where the future could be unravelled, and the pyramids have seen many battles as wizards attempted to take them. Most notably, a Dark Elf sorceress led a raid from Naggaroth and succeeded in wresting control of the Stellar Pyramids from the Lizardmen for almost a month. In this time, she carried out hideous acts of haruspicy, sacrificing victims atop the great structures and reading the future in their entrails. Her own future, it turned out, was quite short.

The Lizardmen did not take kindly to her corruption of such a vital site, and a host of Saurus marched out from Hexoatl to reclaim what was theirs. Even now, warriors from the City of the Sun stand guard. However, the sorceress's acts still stain at least one of the pyramids; the tallest, central spire has grown erratic, the futures it reveals unreliable. Whenever the Chaos Moon is ascendant, the pyramid's rotating rings grind to a halt. Anyone observing it at such times finds their mind filled with doom-laden images, the folly of all their efforts to direct the future scoring feverish paths through their thoughts.

REMOVE STUBBORN STAINS

A Skink cleaner has been trying to scrub away the blood stains left by the Dark Elf's sacrifices. He has tried everything from Salamander bile to further sacrifices in Sotek's name. Nothing seems to have worked. In desperation, he approaches Skeggi in the hopes an outsider might possess some means of undoing an outsider's work.

HEAD MONOLITHS OF THE FALLEN GODS

On the Isthmus of Lustria's eastern coast, a series of giant stone heads look out toward the sea. The monuments are not tended to and many have features worn smooth by the elements, but they are still clearly unlike any other statues created by the Lizardmen. Some are reptilian, others humanoid, but most defy definition. Eyes peer from amidst enshrouding glyphs which spill from lipless mouths, and hands grip tools whose purposes are lost.

Scholars argue about what these monuments represent. Most believe they are Lizardman gods, lesser known members of their vast pantheon. Others think they came later, like Sotek, but lacked the serpent's staying power. Yet, if either is the case, why do the Lizardmen not honour them? Some Elves contend they date before even the Old Ones' many architectural wonders.

VISIONARY HEADS

Among the treasures which fill Salzenmund's Lustria House, few are as grand as the stone pillar which supports its dining hall ceiling. This pillar is carved with many reptilian faces, surmounted by four toad-like entities gazing down on the diners. The elder Lady Bedauer-Schmidt delighted in telling guests of how she found it overlooking the Lustrian coast and secured it with much ingenuity and daring (and the loss of three labourers, but that's not important to the story). Furthermore, after she installed the pillar in her home, she came down one night and heard the faces talking – chattering away in a tongue she could not understand, but the moment she lit a candle, they fell silent.

Lady Bedauer-Schmidt has long since passed, but her stories are still told amongst Salzenmund's nobility. Most believe the tale to be made up to impress dinner guests, but in certain circles, the talking pillar is as famous a subject for speculation as the Lustria House itself.



THE TREASURES OF LAKE XUHUA

A lake filled with riches lies south of the ruined temple-city of Pahuax. Those who approach Lake Xuhua report the night sky shimmering in its waters, so many are the treasures it holds. However, should the observer be able to tear their eyes away from the gold decorating the long-sunken buildings, they will see something far less pleasant. Corpses hang beneath the surface. Bloated and unravelling, they stretch hands towards a sky they will never again reach.

Lake Xuhua is cursed. Some believe it was once a temple-city. They say the Lizardmen there grew greedy and gathered Lustria's gold and jewels to themselves, declaring their home more glorious than the gods' own palaces. In response, the gods drowned them, placing a curse on the water so none could ever threaten to rival their glory again.

Anyone who dives into the lake is trapped. All they can do is hammer helplessly against the surface as their lungs burn, knowing it won't be long before they must take that last, fatal gasp.

The truth of such stories is doubtful. Lizardmen do not value wealth the same as other cultures, and it is more likely a warning dreamt up by Skeggi's folk. Despite this, and despite the deadly magic, explorers still seek out Lake Xuhua, trekking many miles, sure in the knowledge they will be the ones to claim the treasure.



MAGISTER HARTLEY VON RALEY

'See the ragged fellow there? Take my advice, when he comes promising riches, don't listen. Hartley von Raley, that is, and he's mad as a drunken goblin. Used to be a wizard, part of The Company for the Exploitation of Lake Xuhua. He's all that's left now, and he's still luring folks out to that forsaken place. All that time there, trying to break the curse, left him a bit doolally. Still, he gets his coin from somewhere.'

WELSPRINGS OF ETERNITY

The Wellsprings of Eternity sit amidst a vibrant swamp, surrounded by stone stelae. These monuments are a traveller's first warning. The closer to the centre, the stranger the world becomes.

The swamps shimmer in aurora shades, colours dancing across their surface. The sky dances in response, stars spinning into silver spirals, while the sun and moon draw golden trails across the heavens. Fed by the Wellsprings, these swamps are unlike any other in the world. No corrupting, foetid *Dhar* sinks into the ground here. Instead, the world is infused with pure High Magic.

The Lizardmen believe the Wellsprings were once important to the Old Ones, a place where their silver sky chariots would come to prepare for journeys across the empyrean vastness. However, when the Dark Elves arrived, Lord Mazdamundi reworked Lustria itself to oppose them. As a result of this, the Wellsprings came untethered from the Geomantic Web and magic fountained from the earth. The carved stelae were erected soon after, grounding the flow of power and preventing the swamps from expanding further.

The Wellsprings of Eternity remain a sacred place. Skinks learned that drinking their waters provides glimpses of the world as they believe the Old Ones saw it, a coruscating clash of eternity held within a moment. Such insights grant incredible power, but can come at a terrible cost.

MAKE MY MARK

Lord Stern Glazend, an Astromancer of the Celestial Order, has heard about the Marks and wishes for them to be mapped out in full. He believes if he can divine their true shapes and then match those patterns to Lustria's skies, he may unlock some great secret of astromancy.

WELSPRING WATERS

Drinking from the Wellsprings allows Characters to learn one spell, even one they do not normally have access to, handled the same way as the *Witch!* Talent. They also gain a vision from the table below and must make a Difficult (-10) Cool Test. Failure causes them to permanently lose three Wounds.

1d10 Result	Vision
1-2	The sky fills with strange silver shapes, almost ship-like in form. Iridescent streams rise from the ground to meet them. Something watches. Its attention is so heavy it drives the air from your lungs.
3-4	Daemons dance around you. One lands on your chest, eyes bubbling up around its mouth. It whispers something you've longed to hear.
5-6	You hang in darkness with only the sound of your heartbeat. The darkness blinks.
7-8	You find yourself staring at a tattooed woman, her hair matted and wild, sitting beneath a carved menhir. <i>'Find me,'</i> she says.
9-10	You find yourself atop a barren, lightning-lashed hillside. A huge man stands frozen in time. A skeletal creature lies at his feet. The man's hammer is ready to crack the thing's skull, but he hasn't spotted the dagger it will soon plunge into his belly. The slightest shift could change the outcome.

MARKS OF THE OLD ONES

Close to the Mangrove Coast lies a cleared section of jungle which has puzzled explorers since the Elves first discovered it. Across a flat expanse, huge lines are carved deep into the earth, extending for miles in precise pathways. There is nothing magical about them, save that Lustria's vegetation has not reclaimed the space, and the forms they make cannot be discerned from the ground.

The Marks, like the Sentinels of Xeti, are an attempt by the Lizardmen to contact their long-lost creators. Their true shapes are a secret for the gods, and Terradons, alone. They were created shortly after the Great Catastrophe, but now the Lizardmen avoid them. They are a painful reminder of their failure to find the Old Ones. Only Kroxigor still approach, clearing away anything which might obscure the Marks. It is a task some have carried out since their first creation.

THE AMAXON RIVER

There are many rivers winding across the Lustrian continent, but none as great as the Amaxon. The river begins its journey in the Spine of Sotek and from there flows northwards, passing through temple-cities and settlements, joined by numerous tributaries, sprawling out until at last it reaches the sea. This estuary serves as a gateway to Lustria for explorers, but no one has yet managed to reach its source. The rotting spars of ships emerge from the mud of the riverbanks, testament to those who have tried.

The Amaxon is treacherous. Though it might appear a slow, meandering ribbon through the lush undergrowth, it can quickly turn into stinking marshland or turbulent rapids. It also boasts many of Lustria's most fearsome predators. The Piranha Swamps gift it with a thriving population of predatory fish, hunted in turn by Salamanders and Razordons, while Skinks patrol the waterways on the backs of huge Pliodons. This is to say nothing of the snakes, leeches, crocodiles, and giant insects which call the river home.

This abundance of life may be due to the strong flow of *Ghyran* which passes through the Amaxon. Wizards who wield this Wind find their spells gain in potency the further toward the river's source they travel, though at regular intervals, the magic bleeds away into nodes of the Geomantic Web.

Despite its changeable nature, there are permanent islands. Some have been charted by Human explorers, such as Colombo's Isle, the ill-fated location where the famed explorer first made landfall.

Others, such as the Island of Sacrifices or Amazon Island, defy exploration. Those who try find the vegetation becomes utterly impenetrable, or their ships get caught in eddies and turned away. Despite this, Human figures have been glimpsed fishing from their shores, watched over by tall pyramid structures lurking above the treetops. These are the homes of Amazons, and they guard their territory with homicidal jealousy.

PIRANHA SWAMPS

'There's good eating on them fish. 'Course, they might say the same of you, eh?'

— Tarn Stoutbelly, Dwarf fisherman

North of Tlaxtlan, the Piranha Swamps form much of the Amaxon's estuary, and they contain the greatest concentration of deadly aquatic life in Lustria. The waters are said to boil at the approach of a boat, predatory fish fighting to get to the food. As the name suggests, they are primarily home to various piranha species. These range from the huge Megapiranha, to schools of smaller fish capable of stripping an incautious swimmer to the bone. Tlaxtlan's Skinks cultivate these populations as both a food source and a deterrent to intruders. When invasion appears likely, Skinks dam sections of swamp, starving the piranha until they work themselves into a frenzy. The Skinks then unleash them, their maddened hunger driving them to even try chewing through a boat's hull.

Heh'Minq — Skink Fisherman. Heh'Minq lives within the Piranha Swamps, avoiding his fellow Lizardmen. The fisherskink never shares why it is he turned his back on his fellows. Occasionally, he deigns to guide outsiders through the swamps in return for goods, though never close to the temple-city. Such reclusive tendencies are alien to the Lizardmen and would cause much concern in Tlaxtlan, should his fellows ever learn of his habits.

Moira Greensbottle — Halfling Naturalist. Moira has dedicated her life to studying the various creatures which call Lustria home. Currently, she is living on a raft in the Piranha Swamps, attempting to find one of every fish species they hold. The Halfling scholar would pay well for any specimens brought to her.



THE GREAT CONFLUENCE

Travellers hear the Great Confluence long before they see it. Here in Lustria's heartland, rivers come together and hurl themselves over cliffs, forming waterfalls larger than any other in the known world.

The throaty roar is deafening, and fine, cold spray fills the air, lacing every breath with the taste of rain. Yet, grand as the waterfalls are, they pale next to the three pyramids which ride upon their mists.



The Great Confluence is a meeting place for the Lizardmen. Slann come to engage in peaceful contemplation, separated from their home city's background agitation by the floating temples' separation from the earth.

Skinks accompany them, their Terradons providing the only means other than palanquin to reach the pyramids. They then join the makeshift community thriving on the riverbanks, sharing news and fishing with their fellows from other temple-cities.

The Lizardmen here are relatively unconcerned by outsiders. They see little threat when their charges are safely ensconced so high up. Any attempt to access the floating temples, however, would see Terradon patrols converge to deal brutal, screeching death.

The temples are incredible creations. They ride upon the constant mists, with only the faintest blue light showing about their bases. To see such colossal stone buildings ride atop mere vapour baffles even the most learned of magical scholars.

Each temple is dedicated to a specific Old One. The eastern and western temples represent Tzunki and Xokha respectively. Skinks tell stories of how the Lord of Waters asked the Master of Stone to make them these residences.

However, the central temple appears abandoned. Its entrances are sealed and no Terradons rest on its ledges. The glyphs, which once might have given some clue, have been deliberately obliterated. Those who have observed through a spyglass say they may once have shown a hooded figure, or perhaps something like a bell, but time and sabotage have robbed them of meaning.

TERROR AT 200 FEET

Karl Taylor, one-time engineer of Nuln, is obsessed with the Terradons gliding above the Great Confluence. After many days of observation, and drawing upon stories of the famed Birdmen of Catrazza, Taylor created a glider in mimicry of the creatures. Now, he needs a stout-hearted warrior to test it. They need to be a warrior, as Taylor is certain the Terradons will attack.

The glider is a large, Terradon-shaped wing, made from wood and sail-cloth. Two people may lie suspended beneath it, one to steer and one to fire the Repeater Handgun lashed to the underside. It can stay airborne for just over an hour before it starts to fall apart, and is steered by a pair of levers.

Craft	Crew	TB	W	Height	Traits
Terradon Glider	2	4	23	200ft	Experimental (2)

Experimental: For every hour in use, a **Challenging (+0)** **Trade (Engineering)** Test is required. For any doubles rolled on a failure, something breaks. This can happen a number of times up to the Trait's rating before the glider stops working.

GWAKMOL CRATER

Gwakmol Crater is the site of the largest Lizardman victory against the Skaven during the days when Clan Pestilens ravaged the inhabitants of Lustria with war and disease. The jungle dives down into a huge bowl, as though carved from the earth by a god's hand. Sotek's armies fought the Skaven on its slopes, capturing their hated enemy in their thousands. The crater then became the site of the greatest ceremonial sacrifice then seen in Lustria, as the serpent god's prophet Tehenhauin plucked out heart after heart, killing the ratmen on an altar reclaimed for Sotek's worship.

The crater retains something of that grisly event. More serpents can be found here than anywhere else in Lustria, and the clinging mud is of a deep ochre hue, stained by the blood of the countless captives. It has become a holy site for Sotek's worshippers, and every year, fresh sacrifices are offered on the altar. Skaven fear the place, even though many of their most precious artefacts and weapons of war still lie at the crater's centre, swallowed by jungle.

The altar to Sotek is far older than the cult dedicated to his worship. None remember who it was devoted to before. Its carvings were first obliterated by time, and then by enthusiastic Skink craftsmen, reworking it into Sotek's image. Now, huge stelae resembling fearsome serpents flank the altar, their jewelled eyes forever fixed upon the crater, should the enemy try to return.



YELLOW BELLIED VARMINTS

Martha Gerhart is hiring explorers for a journey to Lustria. No one is sure where Martha got the funds, as she used to be just a guttersnipe. In truth, Martha is one of Ubersreik's Yellowbelly cultists, devoted to Skaven Clan Slekit, who have tasked her to go to Gwakmol Crater and bring back a weapon lost by Clan Pestilens.

Unfortunately for Clan Slekit, no such weapon exists. Agents of Clan Gratzz, who are members of the Pestilential Brotherhood (an alliance of Skaven Clans who proclaim loyalty to Clan Pestilens), provided the information to the Yellowbellies in the hope that they would expend lives and treasure on a forlorn expedition to Lustria, and thus deprive Clan Slekit of an asset.

THE EMERALD POOLS

The Emerald Pools lie deep in the Lustrian heartland, protected by the city of Itza. Here, green-tinged water forms great pools, steam rising from them in plumes to join Lustria's ever-looming clouds. The Slann bathe in these waters every few decades. They are a long-lived species, even without their magics, but the Emerald Pools can rejuvenate someone even at the point of death. Only the Slann may approach the pools, and the Lizardmen protect them with ferocious determination. Saurus, Temple Guard, and Skinks are always housed nearby to act as defenders, and the paths to the pools are cunningly hidden and protected. Thanks to their determination, the pools have never fallen into enemy hands, not even when Clan Pestilens ravaged the continent.

Despite this, there are rumours others have accessed the waters. Stories tell of a Norseman who drank from a fountain which restored him to the prime of youth, before he was eaten by some kind of carnivorous shrub. More recently, a sailor charting the Amazons described seeing holes dug into the river bank, catching luminous green water that trickled out from the jungle. He had no chance to investigate as Amazons attacked his ship. Most intriguing, a grizzled Dwarf mercenary named Skalfi tells of fighting the lizard-folk. Spying their leader, he somehow climbed aboard its floating palanquin and set upon the Slann with his dagger. Suddenly, the world twisted and he found himself in a shrouded grove, filled with steaming pools. The Slann dragged itself into deep waters, and Skalfi managed to beat an escape.

BEAUTY IN A BOTTLE

Herbalist Dolf Brune is selling vials of green water which invigorate any who drink them. Thanks to their popularity, his stock is dwindling. His supplier says the substance comes only from a place deep in Lustria. In truth, these vials are a mixture of water, warpstone, and less pleasant components.

TAKING THE WATERS

While travelling through the jungle, the Characters stumble across a spring of luminous green water. It is small, little more than a puddle, but the plant life all around is lusher than any they have seen. As they approach, something moves in the trees above.

THE SECRETS OF BEUJUNTAE

Most places the Lizardmen construct are carefully located in reference to the Geomantic Web. Beujuntae, however, is completely disconnected from this magical flow of power, situated apparently at random in the most remote stretch of jungle possible. It also appears to be genuinely forgotten by the Lizardmen. No sentinels watch the place and no paths mark the presence of Saurus patrols. Instead, Beujuntae has been left for the jungle to reclaim, its large stone doors sealed forever.

Beujuntae may be one of the most dangerous places in all Lustria. It is, in truth, the entrance to a great, underground vault. Tunnels twist their way into the earth, carved with the geometric precision typical of Lizardman architecture. Traps have been set to deter any who venture inside, ranging from pitfalls and spikes, to capturing the unwary within a time-loop, replaying the same ten minutes for all eternity.

All this protects a chamber whose walls are lined with enormous golden discs, each one polished to a brilliant shine. The passing years have done little to tarnish their splendour, and to look into one is to see yourself reflected in shining glory. If you look carefully, you might also spy red eyes glaring back at you.

Each disc contains a Daemon, trapped during the Great Catastrophe. How they came to be so thoroughly forgotten by the normally watchful Slann is a mystery, though it may be their deep deliberations are not so untouched by Chaos as they wish to believe. Only once has the vault been disturbed. A party of Estalian explorers, led by Sebastian de Beujuntae, managed to claim a disc from atop the vault's high peak. Their voyage home was ill-fated and the disc now rests somewhere in the Sea of Claws.

Njal Halfborn — Skeggi Witch. Njal Halfborn was born in Skeggi. His whole life, he has been sent dreams of a temple where the gods' own servants wait to grant him their blessing. For the most part, he is content with his life in Skeggi, but he always keeps an ear out for any rumours of such a place.

THE VOLCANIC ISLES

For centuries, Elf sailors have used the smoke and ash rising from the Volcanic Isles to navigate, and they keep several sites of their own on the islands. These twin volcanoes sit off Lustria's eastern coast, filling the skies with crimson-painted storm clouds. They hold great significance for the Lizardmen, with many workshops, and even a ruined temple-city, lying in their shadows.

The southern island formed around the Spitting Serpent. The smaller of the two mountains, many of the Lizardmen's greatest weapons, such as the Saurus leader Gor-Rok's obsidian shield, originated here. Workshops litter its slopes, Skinks and Kroxigors working to collect the volcano's obsidian or work metal with its heat. Before the rise of Sotek, their finest creations were taken to the Star Tower, where priests imbued them with power from the sky and mountain. Few of the cold-blooded Lizardmen can stand the great temperatures required for long, but the results speak for themselves. However, over the last two millennia they have abandoned the site.

The Fuming Serpent stands on the northern island, and is by far the larger. According to legend, Sotek first entered the world through this volcano, descending upon the Skaven in a tide of hissing flame and rock. Since then, the Fuming Serpent has seemed disinclined to further violence, content to release thick clouds which choke out the sun's warmth. Here can be found the City of the Dead, Lustria's great necropolis.

The Red Cult of Sotek established the Fuming Serpent as a holy place. While the City of the Dead is no longer regularly tended to, the serpent god's priests often come to the island as part of their initiation. Here, they climb the Fuming Serpent's slope alone, save perhaps for a bound captive, overcoming both the heat and choking air to honour the place of their god's manifestation.

Zocti — Skink Enchanter. Zocti is the chief priest of the Star Tower, serving under its attendant Mage-Priest Lord Cuaha. He is skilled in the Lore of Metal, unusual for Skink magicians, and oversees many of the Tower's greatest creations. He takes pride in his works, and laments how many have fallen into the hands of outsiders. Anyone who returns these to him would be treated with great honour.

SENTINELS OF XETI

The Sentinels of Xeti are a desperate effort by the Old Ones' lost children, the embodiment of a need most of them would never recognise, to hear the voice of their creators. In appearance, they are rows of immensely tall monoliths, overlooking the turbulent waters separating Lustria from the Turtle Isles.

Formed from black, polished obsidian, they are unusually free from Lustria's insidious vines and mosses. Glyphs cover their surfaces, occasionally pulsing a startling green. Whenever this happens, the Skink overseers are stirred into a frenzy, only calmed by the croaked proclamations of Mage-Priest Qrl'Zy'Ken.

Qrl'Zy'Ken is a relatively young Slann, one of the last born from the fifth spawning. He was tasked to watch over the Sentinels of Xeti, an eminent position as the Sentinels listen for signs of the Old Ones. When at last their creators reach out to the Lizardmen, it will be Qrl'Zy'Ken who first hears them. Despite this, the Slann grows ever more lethargic.

While emotions such as 'depression' are alien to a Slann, it does seem his long vigil has taken a toll. His contemplations are also ceaselessly interrupted by his Skink attendants, who take the slightest signal picked up by the Sentinels to be the Old Ones. The Mage-Priest only stirs enough to assure them that no, this is merely another fluctuation in the Winds of Magic, before returning to his meditations. These constant interruptions mean Qrl'Zy'Ken has been unable to finish a complete thought in at least a century.

IS THIS THING ON?

Magisters throughout Altdorf clutch their heads as a voice thunders through their minds, demanding answers. The Sentinels have picked up a true sound at last. But, to Qrl'Zy'Ken's confusion, it was in perfect Reikspiel.



MINE OF THE BEARDED SKULLS

The Mine of the Bearded Skulls is a strange place, even by Lustria's standards. It lies high in the Spine of Sotek, a place where snow laces the peaks and which the cold-blooded Lizardmen avoid. It is only known about thanks to a luckless Imperial sailor who, finding herself wrecked off the Mud Isles, attempted to cross the Spine in hopes of finding help. As icy blizzards tore through her, the sailor praised Sigmar in hopes of finding a cave. Exhausted and frostbitten, she immediately fell unconscious.

The next day, the sailor woke to find herself staring into the empty eyes of a bearded skull. More skulls clustered along every wall, stretching off into the distance, more even than in Morr's grand ossuaries. People debate what the sailor's discovery meant, with theories ranging from a long-lost Dwarf mine to a hitherto unknown civilisation who called the mountains home.

Most put it down to mere hallucinations, as the sailor was later found wandering the Mangrove Coast, delirious with fever. When asked how she made it from the mountains all the way to the eastern coast, the sailor could only mumble about a golden door opening in the cave's deepest reaches. She followed stairs which twisted and turned in upon themselves, until she lost all understanding of direction, even of up and down. She described great, silent structures gleaming silver in the dark, and glass spires filled with brackish green liquid in which strange creatures floated. Her ramblings continued like this, becoming less and less coherent, until at last she died, a victim of the Lustrian Brain Fluke.

GOLD IN THEM THERE HILLS

Barri Grudgesmiter of Barak Varr's mining guild is putting together a mining expedition. He's heard stories of Lustria's wealth and while he's got no interest in plundering cities, why bother when you can go to the source? The Imperial sailor's ramblings included snatches about gold veins, and the Lizardmen must have got their gold from somewhere. He's being funded by a contingent of Runesmiths, who wish a closer look at this place of Bearded Skulls.



FIRE BOGS

As with the Wellsprings of Eternity, the Fire Bogs are another result of Mazdamundi's magic. However, in this case it was not an effort to defend Lustria, but rather preserve it. The Fire Bogs are the remains of Chupayotl's territories and extend all the way to the jagged cliffs where the city once stood. Its destruction violently severed the Geomantic Web connecting Lustria to Zlatlan in the Southlands, causing magic to thrash outwards. Only through Mazdamundi's great efforts, and the placement of numerous carved stelae, was this contained.

The Lizardmen avoid the Fire Bogs. They represent a painful memory, a time when they were forced to question their place in the Old Ones' plans. Remains of Chupayotl's outer barrios and other districts still pierce the swamps, rising from the earth like the bones of some long-dead creature. These stones are scarred with vicious scorch marks, for the Fire Bogs are well named. While the wild magic has been grounded, it often bursts upwards in geysers of great flame. Those whose business takes them into the Fire Bogs soon learn to listen to their feet. The slightest tremor could be all the warning they get before a pillar of fire erupts beneath them. The heat has also made it a favoured breeding ground for Salamanders, who think nothing of taking an incautious traveller as a meal.

The Slann recently began sending scouting parties into the region. Chupayotl held many secrets of the Old Ones and, if any remain, they must be found. Those patrols which come back talk of strange, ramshackle buildings and of new, mammalian predators which stalked them.

Giant Rats, and more twisted creatures besides, have taken residence in the swamps. Some dismiss these as nothing more than the long-lost pets of the Skaven, left behind to breed on their shores when the rat-men were driven from Lustria. Others worry such a presence could spell a new move in their enemy's twisted plans.

THINGS ARE GOING SOUTH

A Human expedition into the bogs uncovered the remains of Chupayotl's Gate. This occasionally flickers with power, revealing a frozen landscape under unfamiliar skies. Astronomers studying it conclude this is none other than the southern pole, perhaps the most inaccessible region in the entire world.



THE SKY ROADS

The Sky Roads stretch high over Lustria's southern jungle, enormous obsidian pathways suspended from towering pillars. At one time, they connected the cities Oyxl and Chupayotl and stretched down into the Culchan Plains, allowing travellers to avoid the dangers of the Headhunter's Jungle. They were among the Lizardmen's greatest architectural accomplishments, glittering roads hanging above the canopy along which armies marched and glyphs pulsed with magic to light the way. These glories faded with the loss of Chupayotl. Now, large sections have crumbled away and travellers must always look out for Ripperdactyls.

The Sky Roads are still used. Without the relatively clear paths they provide, crossings into the Culchan Plains and beyond would be far more difficult. These days, they are largely the province of Oyxl's Culchan riders. These Skinks patrol the roads on their carnivorous avian mounts, ensuring no threat to their homes can approach along these highways.

The Culchans are well suited to the task. With their strong legs and sure-footed gait, the creatures bound across ruined sections, and they are more than vicious enough to drive back any other predators they might meet. Culchan rider camps are common on the Sky Roads, with some Skinks spending their entire lives above the jungle, guiding travellers, or driving off those who have no right to walk these ways.

DESTINATION ANYWHERE

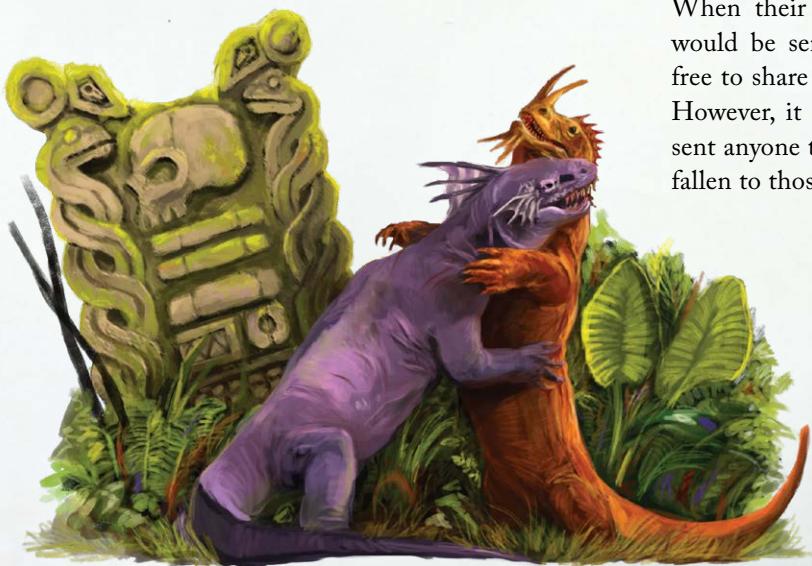
The Sky Roads are an invaluable channel of the Geomantic Web, and the magic which flows through them has, in the past, allowed them to bridge distances far greater than those allowed by their mere physical dimensions. Occasionally, a Slann will conduct the rituals of awakening, channelling power into the Roads' glyphs so they can reach any point of Lustria's magical network. The most recent example of this happened in 2349 IC, when an army from Itza used the Sky Roads to reach the besieged Citadel of Dusk and helped drive off the attacking Dark Elves. Each time the Roads are used in this manner their glyphs weaken, so the Slann are loath to resort to them. Still, the Culchan riders have reported occasions when the Roads activated by themselves, taking the Skinks far from their home.

THE SENTINEL OF TIME

The Sentinel of Time is an unnerving presence overlooking the Culchan Plains. At first, it appears to be an uncannily accurate statue, an Elf perhaps, or a Human of regal bearing. Then one looks closer, sees the pores, the gleam in their eyes, and the truth becomes clear. The Sentinel is no statue. They are a person, frozen forever in a single moment.

There has always been a Sentinel. Magic flows strangely through these foothills, allowing things which were and things which will be to coexist simultaneously. A platform was set as a place where an observer might be protected from time's ravages and stand guard over the flowing moments.

When their time of watching ended, a new Sentinel would be sent to take their place, and they would be free to share all they witnessed in the tempestuous flow. However, it has been many years since the Lizardmen sent anyone to serve as Sentinel, and the role has instead fallen to those who step inadvertently upon the platform.



◆ SKEGGI ◆

A COLONY OF NORSE MARAUDERS RAIDING AND TRADING ON THE Isthmus of Lustria



'Take me with you, please! I cannot bear it here another moment! Please! Take me with you! I beg of you!'

— Deserted Drifff, Ex-Sailor aboard the Wargalley *Manann's Trident*, now a Beggar of the Skeggi dock

There are few ways into the jungle for those who come across the ocean. The rocky outcrops and treacherous reefs make landing difficult, and pirates, Vampires, and Dark Elves will swallow the souls of every sailor that strays too far south or north. The Norse port of Skeggi is therefore a busy place, despite its many dangers. The Norse live a broken, barely sane existence in the far north. Perhaps it is the only way to survive the brutal, twisted reality of that homeland, where life must be squeezed from ice like blood from a stone. On the lush soil of Lustria, far from the taint of Chaos, the Norsemen might have softened. Instead, their brutality has only gained a fresh madness.

The port of Skeggi squats at the edge of the sea like a rain-soaked spider. Its bedraggled legs stretch around the great bay while a fat bloated body rises up upon the hill. Spilling down behind that ragged rocky scarp was at first very little, for the jungle was fierce.

But there is no warrior more fierce than time. Over the centuries, Skeggi has pushed the trees and vines back with fire, blade, and ploughshare — but only so far.

Skeggi has swollen in numbers to become a busy colony, but it has never stopped being a beachhead. It began as a desperate landfall for Norsemen who dreamed of conquering a new world, and for the longest time it marked only their failure to succeed. Then the New World became a home to more explorers and colonists, with the transit becoming safer and cheaper and more talked about every day. And so the mark of one Norseman's folly has become the mark of countless more. Like the Norse before them, they all dream of gold and glory, and they crash onto the sandy streets of Skeggi to find that dream already beginning to shatter. Many never even reach the jungle; Skeggi itself is enough to break them.

But there are always more. Dreamers arrive every day, sure they will be the ones to beat the odds, break back the jungle, and live forever in legend. It is better, indeed, to turn for home.



HISTORY OF SKEGGI

A Norscan seaman is like an Empire politician: full of lies.'
— Captain Alessandri, Tilean trader

Besides the High Elves, no sailors in the world can equal the Norse. Their homelands are little more than sheer rock face and frozen ice, so most of their sustenance must be taken from the sea, or raids on foreign lands. And since so much of Norscan culture is about proving oneself the strongest, deadliest, most fearsome and most fearless warrior of the tribe, each sailor sets out to outsail all others. So by misadventure, stubbornness, and skill, they have explored the furthest realms of the globe. Their longships reached the shores of faraway lands long before the efforts of sailors from the more southerly realms of the Old World.

Among the greatest of their explorers was Losteriksson the Far-founder. His determination to build a settlement across the sea and conquer all the lands beyond changed the fate of the great southern continent forever, as well as the mysterious plans of the Old Ones.

It was spring of the year 888 IC when his fleet landed in the only sandy bay along the entire coast. This was his second landing. On the first, his men had erected great stone cairns to mark the long promontory and the sheltered bay behind it. Losteriksson swore he would return to build his new world on that spot. Five years later, he made good his vow with five ships of eager colonists. Here was presaged a new age of the Norsemen, a new land for them to grow and prosper in, to farm like the soft southerners, and leave behind a hard life on the seas.

The colonists included whole families from the Bjorning tribe to which Losteriksson belonged, as well as many thralls to do the building. The great Stockade was erected and then longhouses, slaughterhouses, and a vast drinking hall. Solweig, Losteriksson's wife, gave birth to a daughter in the first month, and the new town was named for her — Skeggi. The girl died of gumrot a few days later, but the spirit of the colony was undiminished. A decade later, they were a thriving township. Word of their success reached back across the ocean, and a great emigration began. Henceforth, Skeggi would be defined by this movement: each generation heaping another pile of immigrants onto the docklands.

Like sediment, they build up until they become part of the scenery, leaving rings of culture around the township, and ever-higher piles of detritus and jetsam. Dig down deep enough through a pile of muck and corpses in a back alley, and you might reach all the way down to the first settlers themselves.

At first, adjustment was difficult: no whales to hunt or seals for skins. Jungle pigs were farmed and added to the Norse's seafood diet; skins were replaced with grass weaves. The strange tropical mead of Skeggi, made from honey taken from bees the size of dogs, is mildly hallucinogenic and sweeter than any other known beverage. Quickly the pale-skinned Norsemen acclimatised to the heat and the sun, although new arrivals — nicknamed 'ice bears' due to the fact that they are so poorly acclimated to life in a tropical jungle — are easily spotted. It was not paradise, for the jungle was cruel with disease and infection and ever-marauding beasts, but there were many Norse who would gleefully take their chances with the random fates of the hot south before they would ever bear another frozen winter. After all, the Norse are used to life and death flipping like a coin, and here the odds were slightly more in favour of life. They fit well, and they prospered.

Dear Widow Hochner

*Tell me of your son
Did he die in Norsca
Or die in Albion?
Did he die in Kislev
Did he die in Skeggi
Or did he die in Tilea
Where they eat spaghetti?*

— Children's rhyme in Marienburg

*Well the ragged man lies screaming
In the shadow of the dock
While the traders sell a thousand souls
And smile at their stock
And the gold and silver trinkets
Speak of treasures, past the cape
But their curses neither buyers
Nor the sellers can escape
For there's one port in all the world
Where sailors know but fear
And he sleeps with one eye open
Until Skeggi's at his rear*

— Hob Dillen, Mad Poet of Wuppertal

AGAINST THE JUNGLE

At first, the jungle was left alone. Yet just a few hundred miles inland stands Hexoatl, one of the great cities of the Lizardmen, and dozens of cities stand between there and the beach. As dangerous as the dark paths were, they were certain to lead to wealth beyond imagination. Thefts and raids became more and more common. When the new jarl, Sammi Fjorgerisson, strangled Losteriksson and took over Skeggi, he declared the jungle the enemy.

Since then, Skeggi has been in a long, slow war with the great rainforest. Thralls slash and burn swathes of jungle away each winter only to watch it grow back in summer, but territory is slowly secured and expanded. At the same time, raids on Lizardmen sites became a primary source of income. Half of the proud warrior gangs who went into the jungle would never return, but the sacred relics they tore from walls and altars could be sold for a king's ransom in Marienburg or Altdorf. Skeggi had its first export product, and it would make the colony rich.

Of course, the Lizardmen were enraged by the violent intrusions and thefts. At first they believed the slaughter of any Humans they came across would suffice as warning. As the invaders grew bolder, stronger, and better supplied, and their thefts more brazen and more invasive, the Lizardmen knew they had to act. A great army was sent to exterminate the settlement.

They were almost successful, but the Norse are most fierce when defending their homes. Unable to cut the city off from the sea, the colonists could continue to get food, weapons, and soldiers from home. After a decade-long siege, the Lizardmen retreated back into the jungle, and Skeggi remained. As a cruel irony, attacks on the settlement kept Skeggi alive. For the Norsemen know no law, and swiftly divide into warring factions. Fighting to save themselves gave them unity, purpose, and cohesion. And so the cycle repeats, over and over. The greed of the Norsemen makes them bolder in their sorties and hungrier to be free from their bonds to their king. Then, just as the city might destroy itself, they unite to save their skins when the Lizardmen come.

There have been close calls. Once the Lizardmen managed to get the sodden city to burn, but the Norsemen stood in the water and fought back with flaming spears. Another time, the Skink Priests called down meteors, drowning the city in great tsunamis, but it seems that the Norse cannot be easily killed by fire or by water.

LEGENDS OF THE AMAZONS

Stories of the legendary Amazons, an all-female tribe said to dwell within the jungle depths, have been told since folk from the Old World first arrived in Lustria.

In the Old World, the few scholars who purport that Amazons exist tend to claim that these women were outcasts from Skeggi. This theory was recorded in the *Journeys to the Dark Heart*, by the brilliant yet notoriously eccentric scholar of Geographic Lore at the University of Altdorf, Professor Stillmensch.

Stillmensch claimed that after a series of battles around the settlement had decimated the menfolk of Skeggi, a band of their women set sail for the south. They landed on a swampy island in the Amaxon estuary. The ruins of several Lizardman temples remained on the island, and the women inhabited and fortified them.

When explorers from the Old World explored the island centuries later, they encountered the descendants of the women of Skeggi. They claimed the women had taken up the worship of Lizardman gods, were able to wield powerful weaponry of arcane manufacture, and had even figured out how to spawn in the manner of Skinks.

Other more controversial scholars have written that the Amazons were an entirely separate yet related species created by the gods for a specific divine purpose, although this theory is commonly derided by authorities on such matters.

Regardless, the mythology of the Amazons continues to flourish, and tales of vicious warrior-women wielding strange weapons of power are told in the drinking dens of the world's ports.

A HEAD IN THE POLLS

Skeggi is built entirely on soft sand, and nothing stays buried deep when the ocean keeps turning the seashore over and over. Any day now, the gem- and barnacle-covered corpse of Losteriksson himself will surface somewhere in the muck, his crown still bolted to his skull. Taking control of Skeggi requires force, but having the skull of the first king is an ace in the hole. Some are actively digging in the old beachside graveyard in hopes of striking it lucky.

DEATH AND CONQUEST

Meanwhile, Skeggi always welcomes newcomers. In 1492 IC, the famous expedition of Marco Colombo led to an ongoing stream of Tilean and Estalian conquistadors, with most of them visiting the Norscan settlement. They spread the word across the globe, and Skeggi became the central port of call for all Old World explorers. The town changed to become more than purely Norse-dominated: inns and dormitories were constructed, the docks greatly expanded to hold hundreds of boats, and a pidgin language developed.

Two centuries later, the Night of the Restless Dead occurred. Far to the south, Luthor Harkon's Undead kingdom had until then been of no importance to the settlement, but as the dead conquered the sea, Skeggi found a new enemy. A makeshift navy was developed to guard from seaborne attacks. To this day, this collection of marauders call themselves the *Dodvakt* — the Deathkeepers. Their formation proved prescient: in the centuries to come, both Estalia and Tilea would also try to take the settlement by force, to ensure they had domination of the sea. The Sartosan Pirate Prince Soprania had a better idea in making his own landfall, and founded Port Reaver in 1801 IC. Although it lies a hundred miles south of Skeggi, Soprania and his successors make all who land there swear to never touch a Norscan longship. This was not just in fear of retaliation from the Dodvakt; while the Norsemen remain, no Old World power can truly rule the Western Ocean, and that keeps piracy alive. Skeggi treats pirates as they treat all sailors. There are no flags in Skeggi, no laws or letters of marque are valid, no arrest orders paid heed. The Norse have no treaties either, with pirates or nations, so freebooters who know what is good for them turn and flee if they see a Norse flag ahead.

In 2376 IC, the great magic spell that protects the continent of Lustria was strengthened by the Skink Priests, and the jungle itself set its sights on swallowing Skeggi whole. The vines and undergrowth crept forward at twice their previous speed, stealing back the pig farms and plantations and filling them swiftly with every kind of venomous reptile, monstrous insect, and more. The Dodvakt had become a default fishing guild when there were no more Undead to fight; from the farm-owners the city now built a *Veslvakt*, the Sneak-Guard, to slay any Lizardmen they might see, and to hack away at the jungle vines threatening their farmland in between. They are just enough: for the last few centuries, Skeggi's land area has been at a fragile equilibrium.

If a disaster hit the town for long enough, it might finally be threatened with extinction. The Norse can and will fight any army, but even they cannot long outlast the spread of rampant green.

But for now, Skeggi survives. Nobody really knows how, but it is what Skeggi is good at doing. It is not a wealthy city or a safe city or a kind city. It is not even a sane city. But it is a persistent city. And in the savage world of Lustria, that is worth a fortune.

THE FANTASTIC BEASTS OF LUSTRIA

For Old World Characters, Skeggi may be the first place they encounter the strange and wonderful creatures of Lustria. Many of the beasts and birds of the jungle are kept there as pets or have altered their habits to fit the life of the port. On rare occasions a Norse warrior has been seen to ride a Cold One up and down the street and use them as beasts of burden; great birds of paradise, sporkbills, and flamingos strut along the pier; rogue capybaras steal food at night.

Such things would earn a pretty penny brought home alive or stuffed, and Characters can make a living doing just that. Such creatures are worth just as much as exotic foodstuffs, and that's true in Skeggi as well. A whole campaign could be built around hunting exotic animals, whether they end up in a cage or on a plate.



TRULY NEUTRAL

After decades of bloody feuding, an Estalian pirate hunter and his nemesis are seeking an end to hostilities. Skeggi is a convenient neutral ground to begin negotiations. Neither would want to be seen as so dishonourable as to break neutrality, but both sides are willing to pay handsomely to ensure the other gets shanked in some 'random Skeggi street violence'. Enterprising Characters may be approached by both sides. Can they find a way to collect a bounty (or two)?

GOVERNMENT AND LAW

I've been to Sartosa, city of pirates. It has law. I've heard tales of the Dark Elves and the laws that bind them. I've trucked with agents of the Khemrian revenants, and even they have a kind of law. But Skeggi? Skeggi has no law.'

— Hilaire, Bretonnian Explorer

Norse society is a brutal hierarchy where power is determined by bloodshed and braggadocio. The strongest rise above simple farmers and serfs to become warriors and bondsmen, and the strongest of those will become jarls or kings of their tribe. Much of that has been preserved in Skeggi, but some traditions have waned, and what were unspoken rules and rites were found to have no power to enforce them. There is a king in Skeggi, most of the time, but their power is ill-defined and their rule unsound. Some rule with force, some with terror, some with cunning; either way, it rarely lasts long.

Power is wielded through loyalty, and the strongest links are between roving gangs known as *jakkers*. These groups usually consist of six to two dozen individuals, also called *jakkers*. They will be ruled by a *sterk*, or strongman, and his most loyal bondsmen. The *sterk* and his bondsmen keep order through intense social bonding, reinforced with ritual humiliation of each other and outsiders, as well as rites of challenge, risk, and shared self-harm. Those who lack the strength and fury of the leaders can survive in a *jakker* by making themselves targets of abuse and ridicule, or by having some useful skill or gift.

Seers and the priests called *vitkis* are among such folk, but they lack the formal role in society they have in the north. Most kings keep a *vitki* in their retinue, but only because it is the best way to stay protected from gods, spirits, and those with their own arcane resources. One does not become king of Skeggi without taking every possible precaution. *Jakkers* tend to rule over small districts of the town — hills, corners, and valleys — and come together to protect larger sections. Above these groupings are three *Vakts*, or 'Guards': the *Dodvakt*, the *Veslvakt*, and the *Jarlvakt*. The *Dodvakt* works to protect the sea, the harbour, and the Stockade, the *Veslvakt* guards the western palisades from jungle incursions, and the *Jarlvakt* protects the king and the streets in the centre of town around King's Hill and residence, called the Highholt.

Technically, all three owe allegiance to the king, but only the *Jarlvakt* can really be trusted. A king of Skeggi must intimidate and placate all three of the Guards if he or she wishes to stay king.

The *Vakts* can call groups of *jakkers* in to support them, but they cannot oblige this support. Norse culture is built around browbeating others with tales of one's own strength in battle; likewise part of the politics of Skeggi is convincing others you have the largest army ready to fight. It doesn't have to be true, it just has to be believed.

There are two other power bases in Skeggi: the traders, who bring in hundreds of thralls every month to sell, and the 'handlers'. The latter term encompasses the merchants and middlemen who deal with all the visitors, goods-carriers, and explorers, as well as the jungle guides and bodyguards they hire to those arrivals. Neither group has a formal position nor many warriors at their side (although *jakkers* in their streets may support them), but they have the support of the king because they keep Skeggi running and wealthy, respectively. Reminding the more violent factions that these two forces are equally important is an ongoing struggle, often coming to actual blows.

Old Worlders who are not used to bonded service will find the streets of Skeggi shocking. Although at first the *jakkers* appear to be nothing but roving gangs of thugs, each is effectively a landlord, served by farmers and labourers who give them food and shelter, and with dozens or more thralls at hand to fill their cups with wine, mead, or blood, however the mood may strike. A thrall's life is no less horrifying in Skeggi than in the far north, but at least in Skeggi there is more possibility of escape, typically by jumping onto a departing ship. The *Dodvakt* are constantly on the lookout for this, and the traders guard their product fiercely, but thralls have nothing to lose.

Despite the lawlessness of the town, there are some rules that persist unspoken. One is that the proud Norse warriors will be served by labourers and have plenty of thralls to spare. A thrall uprising is impossible: the idea is not even dreamt of. Not yet, at least. The other enduring law of Skeggi is that Skeggi must survive.

As much as every faction and every jakker and every bondsman is loyal — often only as far as they are fearful — every warrior of Skeggi will come together to support the city. This is not just military fealty. Every year at midsummer, for example, everyone from the king down to the lowliest vassal gets together and cleans the streets of corpses and sewage, and those found shirking are bullied and shamed into joining.

KING OF ALL NORSCA

The warlord Harald Whyrlas of the Graelings has an ambition to unite all the tribes of Norsca into one nation, using intimidation and the promise of stability. Those who do not wish him to rule point out that if he does not control Skeggi, he cannot claim to truly rule all of Norsca. Although nobody in the far north gives a cold walrus fart for the opinion of southerners, this technicality sticks in the warlord's craw. He has sent a secret group of agents to find a way to acquire and prove the loyalty of Skeggi's king. They have underestimated the dangers of the settlement and are in need of outside help.

UNDISCLOSED CARGO

Escaping thralls in Skeggi have only one place to flee to, and that is onto the ships of visitors. The Characters will return to their vessel to find a score of starving, desperate people in their hold. The Dovvakt are searching ships for the escapees. Will the Characters risk their lives for strangers who offer nothing but danger?

GAINING PURCHASE

The Characters spot an old friend they haven't seen in years serving as a thrall to a powerful sterk. They can always buy their erstwhile companion's freedom, but if the sterk suspects they value the thrall highly, he will set the price impossibly high. Can they keep the appearance of casual interest? Will their friend give the game away when he sees their faces?



HUMAN SETTLEMENTS ON THE ISTHMUS OF LUSTRIA

Human settlements founded on the coasts of Lustria are destroyed or abandoned before they earn a mark on a map. However, around the isthmus to the north of the continent several settlements of note have been established. Skeggi is the oldest of these, though Port Reaver was established in 1801 IC and Swamp Town in 2064 IC. These ports are stable and lasting settlements by the standards of Human colonies in Lustria, even if newcomers from the Old World would deem them little more than wretched dens of pirates and gamblers.

The Lizardmen of Hexoatl are governed by the Slann mage-priest Mazdamundi, who has grown increasingly intolerant of warm-blood presence on Lustrian soil and has had a hand in demolishing many settlements. Why Skeggi, oldest of the human colonies on the continent, should have escaped his wrath so far is deemed mysterious by those who do not want to face the fact that the worship of the Chaos powers might grant some benefit.



ADELLA OF THE THOUSAND MOUTHS

'Great idea, Adella, yes, thank you, I thought so myself, hahaha.'

Whatever the gender of the ruler of Skeggi, they are always called king: the Norse of Skeggi have no word for female ruler. King Adella is eight feet tall and physically powerful, but she is not strong enough to rule through intimidation or violence alone. She makes up for it with deviousness and savagery. She likes to kill people slowly and publicly to make clear what happens to those who get in her way.

Her cognomen comes from her strategy in dealing with the five factions of the settlement. Whereas other kings have cowed them into submission or made deals, she has told each group lies about the others, until they have become so busy distrusting each other they have no time to countermand her edicts or threaten her position. She has a different story, even a different style and tone of voice, for every person she speaks to — a thousand mouths with a thousand different tales, so nobody knows what's true except her. This has allowed her to rule unchallenged for over a decade, but it has its risks: if the city's factions are so divided, they may not unite to protect Skeggi in the face of invading forces. Adella's reign has produced stability but could be the city's undoing.

Adella is a worshipper of Tzeentch, and that Chaos God has blessed her with a mutation to match her name: thousands of half-inch holes pepper her flesh, each of them whispering different sounds. Many of them have actual voices, and when they aren't giving Adella new plans, they're adding murmurings of support whenever she speaks before a crowd, making her pronouncements seem more popular. Whilst proud of her gift, when appearing before Old Worlders for the first time Adella swaddles herself to obscure the extent of her mutation.

ADELLA OF THE THOUSAND MOUTHS

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	62	33	45	41	58	38	55	68	55	64	18

Traits: Armour 2 (6), Distracting, Weapon (Spear) +8, Weapon (Sword) +8

Skills: Athletics 48, Bribery 84, Charm 84, Climb 50, Cool 75, Consume Alcohol 61, Dodge 48, Endurance 51, Gamble 88, Gossip 84, Intimidate 60, Intuition 78, Language (Bretonnian 71, Estalian 78, Reikspiel 83, Tilean 78, Wastlander 71), Leadership 84, Lore (Chaos 88, Lustria 83, Skeggi 88), Melee (Basic 82, Polearm 87), Perception 78, Row 55, Sail (Longship) 43, Swim 50, Track 78

Talents: Argumentative, Blather, Briber, Carouser, Commanding Presence, Coolheaded, Dealmaker, Luck 3, Public Speaker, Resistance (Chaos), Savvy, Schemer, Shieldsman, Very Strong, Warleader, Warrior Born

Trappings: Assorted Armour, Magical Sword of Warping (ignores Armour including scaly skin), Spear

RELIGION IN SKEGGI

'The gods are like our fathers — laughing at us when we fall, impatient for us to learn, lonely for us to visit them.'

— Sigrid Sun-Starer, blind Seer

The Norse believe in four primal forces that guide the universe: the savagery of battle, the delights of bodily lusts, the certainty of death, and the unpredictability of change. Most Norse adopt euphemistic titles for these four forces, such as 'the Raven' or 'the Plague Father', though they could not deny in good faith that these are the four gods of Chaos. Each god they revere reflects some aspect of these forces in the life of the Norse, and prayers usually include either ritual sacrifice, scarification of one's flesh, or offering a totem. These fetish items are carved or painted in the image of the god, which may come from stories or one's own dreams or visions. Many Norscan villages have a cave or barrow on the outskirts where the sacrifices or totems are placed or buried. Snowfalls and the land bending under the seismic forces of Chaos usually take care of any persistent build-up of bodies and votive items over the centuries.

In Skeggi, however, the cave cut into the Scarp is dry and unreached by the tides, and nothing has ever been cleaned out of it. The cave gradually filled up with rotting corpses, severed limbs, and terrifying coral statues, bleached white like the bones around them. The cave eventually became a pile, and then a second peak. Blood-running gutters lead up to this mound, and the stink of it dominates the city, even over the stink of the Corpse Reef. But the gods never stop demanding sacrifice. If you are wealthy or powerful, you can send your own vitki to the mountain known as Godspile to make sacrifices for you. Otherwise you must tread through the gore and slime yourself to add your token and hope the gods will take note.

In Norsca, every tribe has seers, vitkis, prophets and visionaries, and they beseech their gods for counsel and omens every day. In Skeggi, this remains true, but there is no system or formality to it. Seers are chosen by the gods, revealed when they have terrible dreams and visions of the past and future. Vitki are those who have power beyond just visions, or the determination to beseech the gods directly. Vitki are self-proclaimed: one simply assures their sterk or the city in general that they are one of the chosen who speaks with the gods.

Of course, it is useful to prove this, so vitki will scar their flesh with symbols of the gods and adopt strange ways to assure those offering bounty for their services that they are both able to endure any hardship and are truly not of this earth. Some bedeck themselves in filth or gore, others adopt strange artforms or habits or diets. The stiltwalkers and pole-sitters crisscross the city on huge bamboo supports to prove they are high among the gods, while also keeping them from sitting in the filthy streets.

The gods of the Norse are not just found on the piles of Godspile: icons and symbols are carved into wood, stone, and flesh all around the town. Almost all of these gods are terrifying and bizarre, and in some cases involve syncretic mixing with Lizardman religion. All of it looks blasphemous, and indeed Chaos-tainted. In Skeggi, some of these icons have unusual designs, but it does not take an anthropologist to realise that the four forces worshipped there are the four Chaos gods.

The Norsemen have no fear of Chaos, and treat its mutations and deformities as blessings. Witch Hunters and other loyal servants of Sigmar may thus be inclined to burn the city to ashes, and they are free to try. But the Old World is hungry for the treasures of Lustria, and that means it requires Skeggi to remain standing. Doing business in the port means tolerating its attitudes.

I SHALL NOT LOOK UPON IT

The Characters are hired by a ship's captain in desperate need to sell his cargo to another captain, but the buyer refuses to leave his ship's cabin lest his god strike him down for trucking with the dark powers. The Characters have to find a way to persuade him to come on deck and down to the harbour to sign the deeds in view of the proctor. A short journey, but the captain is very nervous and very suspicious, and should even the wind change he may take it as a bad omen and scurry back below deck.

In fact, the captain has good reason to avoid any contact with Chaos and its minions, for he is already suffering from the accumulation of a number of Corruption Points, and should he accrue any more whilst at Skeggi, a mutation is almost certain to develop.



SOREN HOARDER

The most esteemed vitki in Skeggi is known as Soren Hoarder. He carries an enormous sack with him as he lumbers across the city, full of totems and gifts people have given him for his insight and blessings. Now barely able to lift his hoard, he insists on being gifted things he can eat instead and has grown enormously fat (not to mention flatulent) in the last few years. But Soren can seemingly see the future with terrifying accuracy and has powerful command of Chaos and Dark Magic. He is thus always busy, with even the king herself seeking his counsel regularly. He sees so many folks that he dispenses his advice and gifts with the same frantic speed with which he devours offerings, and then screams 'Done! Done!' to tell the supplicant it is time to move on.

THE OMENS SAY NO

An explorer and his men have been stuck in Skeggi for two months because Soren has allegedly declared that 'all is doomed unless before your very portal two scaled beasts turn and eat each other'. The explorer's majordomo will hire the Characters to steal two Cold Ones and arrange for them to attack each other outside his master's inn. However, the vitki knows nothing of this: the 'prophecy' was reported by the explorer's sergeant at arms who seeks to bed the innkeeper's son and is stalling for time.



SOREN HOARDER – VITKI

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	48	29	31	45	55	52	40	65	65	45	17

Traits: Spellcaster (Petty, Tzeentch, Witchcraft), Weapon (Quarterstaff) +7

Skills: Animal Care 85, Channelling (*Dhar*) 85, Cool 80, Dodge 67, Endurance 65, Gossip 55, Intimidate 51, Intuition 75, Language (Magick) 85, Lore (Chaos 85, Dark Magic 85, Warfare 70), Melee (Basic 58, Polearm 68), Perception 75, Research 85, Row 36, Sail (Longship) 60, Sleigh of Hand 60, Stealth (Rural) 72, Swim 34

Talents: Athyric Attunement, Arcane Magic (Tzeentch, Witchcraft), Bookish, Combat Aware, Detect Artefact, Frightening, Instinctive Diction 3, Iron Will, Menacing, Second Sight, War Wizard

Spells:

Petty Magic: Bearings, Dazzle, Dart, Drain, Murmured Whisper, Sly Hands

Arcane Magic: Arrow Shield, Bolt, Bridge, Drop, Entangle

Lore of Witchcraft: Blight, Creeping Menace, Curse of Ill-Fortune, The Evil Eye

Lore of Tzeentch: Treason of Tzeentch

Trappings: Quarterstaff, Sack Full of Gifts (contains ingredients for Soren's spells and assorted treasures worth a total of 40 GC)

THE ECONOMY OF SKEGGI

The Great Western Ocean facilitates trade. High quality Imperial manufactured goods and machinery can be traded for great quantities of Estalian steel and Tilean mercenaries in the Old World's southern ports. Guns, ships, and steel are sent into the jungles of Lustria to extract the treasures of the Lizardmen cities. Loot from Lustria is sold back to the southern princes and the profits return to Altdorf and Marienburg. For an investment of a few hundred crowns, one can earn back ten times or more.

The odds are long, but like all great games of chance, they pay out just enough to tempt, just enough to destroy. The exchange eats the lives and livelihoods of thousands every year. And the great bloodsucking tick sitting on this open vein is Skeggi.

Whether outfitting for a landing further along the coast, setting out from the town itself, or simply providing the goods explorers need, every ship that comes to Lustria stops in Skeggi. Every trip across the Great Western Ocean leaves even the strongest vessel in need of water, biscuits, and sailcloth by the time they reach the other side, and Skeggi is the most reliable place to get everything. Skeggi is small in permanent population, but its harbour is as busy as many Old World ports of much greater size. The fact that there is no proper tax system keeps prices fluid and fierce competition helps some get rich, and only a modest number get swindled. And since most ships just want to make a sale and leave, the docks are the least anarchic place in Skeggi. The area still sees plenty of violence and murder, but rarely in such a way as to disrupt business.

Things change for those seeking to explore the jungle. They need to moor and acquire the true cash crop of the city: the expedition outfit. Explorers from the Old World have men and steel, but they need proper spiked boots for the jungle swamps, cooler clothes for the hot climate and food supplies that will endure the moisture, machetes, mosquito nets, antivenom kits, climbing harnesses, pick axes, maps, compasses, waterskins, rope, iron spikes and a hammer, knapsacks to keep it all in, bearers to carry it all, and scouts.

Most merchants of Skeggi have realised that the moment the Old World explorer sets off into the jungle, they cease to be profitable, so many will try to make sure they either never leave, or they are flat broke by the time they do. Many sell entirely fictional things, such as Cold One repellent, bat swatters, pale stones that turn black in the presence of a vampire, moon compasses, and Official Saurian Phrase Books; others will offer well-designed fakes of maps, journals, charcoal sketches, or lost artefacts that surely point to a fortune almost found. Whilst they browse such goods, explorers may lose their crew, temporarily or permanently, to flesh-pots, Lotus dens, and gambling rings, or just to the ubiquitous casual violence.

The Old Worlders go home with empty pockets and Skeggi grows ever richer. And without remorse.

AUTHENTIC IMITATION

A rich noble has become tired of being sold imitations and is in the mood to dispense summary justice to the salesman who told him the Cold One tooth necklace he just bought was guaranteed real. He'll pay a handsome price for the Characters to steal a Cold One from one of the Norse riders, cut off its head, and bring him the teeth so he can compare. Meanwhile the shop owner will pay the Characters if they don't do this, because the noble will definitely cut off the heads of the shop owner and his family once he sees he has been fooled.

RAISE THE STAKES

The economy of Skeggi is wildly unstable but it is rooted somewhat in the economy of the Old World nations and what they will pay. Many merchants in town think Skeggi should mint its own currency. Any Character trying to equip a mission, bargain a sale, or pay a vitki for a vision will be approached to convert their money into the new currency. The value of these coins is of course dubious, but if they can pass them on to someone else for more than it cost them, the problem is solved.

THE SHAPE OF THE CITY

'To greet the Elector Count of Hochland, I had to bow at the waist ten times along the Great Hall, never making eye contact. To greet the king of Skeggi, I had to climb hand over hand up a rickety staircase. 'Tis the same always, with Human kings — they want you bent over.'

— Kaldouttir, Dwarf veteran

Skeggi is an oddly shaped city, shoved about by the demands of its rude geography. The huge, long cape sticks out far into the sea, and then behind it the bay curves for miles along the ragged beach. Slowly, the beach gives way to silty soil and then climbs up to a rocky scarp about a mile inland. The city rests in its shadow. The ramshackle harbour is dominated by a stockade that extends hundreds of yards into the bay — and dozens of yards into the air, where it contains a whole district of its own as buildings sway high above the sea.

Teetering wooden towers are the most common form of building throughout the city. Skeggi is built on shifting sand and soft loam, and all the original buildings were slowly sucked under the surface or washed away. Not understanding how to build outside of a cold climate, the Norse also had no solution to deal with waste. The streets became nothing but gutters of filth. The town had to go up to survive.

In the north, the Norse build with sturdy timber that only grows tougher in the freezing cold. Here, the use of wood was a disaster; in the Lustrian heat, it buckles and rots. So not only is each house built on stilts, it is often built on the remnants of the house that collapsed below it, or a twisted floor or roof that eventually turned in on itself. Yet somehow, the Norse longhouse design survives, and these elevated structures are rarely small single dwellings, but rather long halls, kinked and half-connected in places, occupied by dozens at a time.



Beyond the Scarp, the ground is firmer and the stilts give way to ground-floor buildings, but the Norscan longhouse and sharp-peaked roof design are ever-present, giving the tropical farmland an eerie, out of place look. Since the western end of the city is typically given over to farmers and the poor, flat land has become a symbol of poverty and powerlessness. In Skeggi, the higher your house stands above the ground, the higher your standing in society.

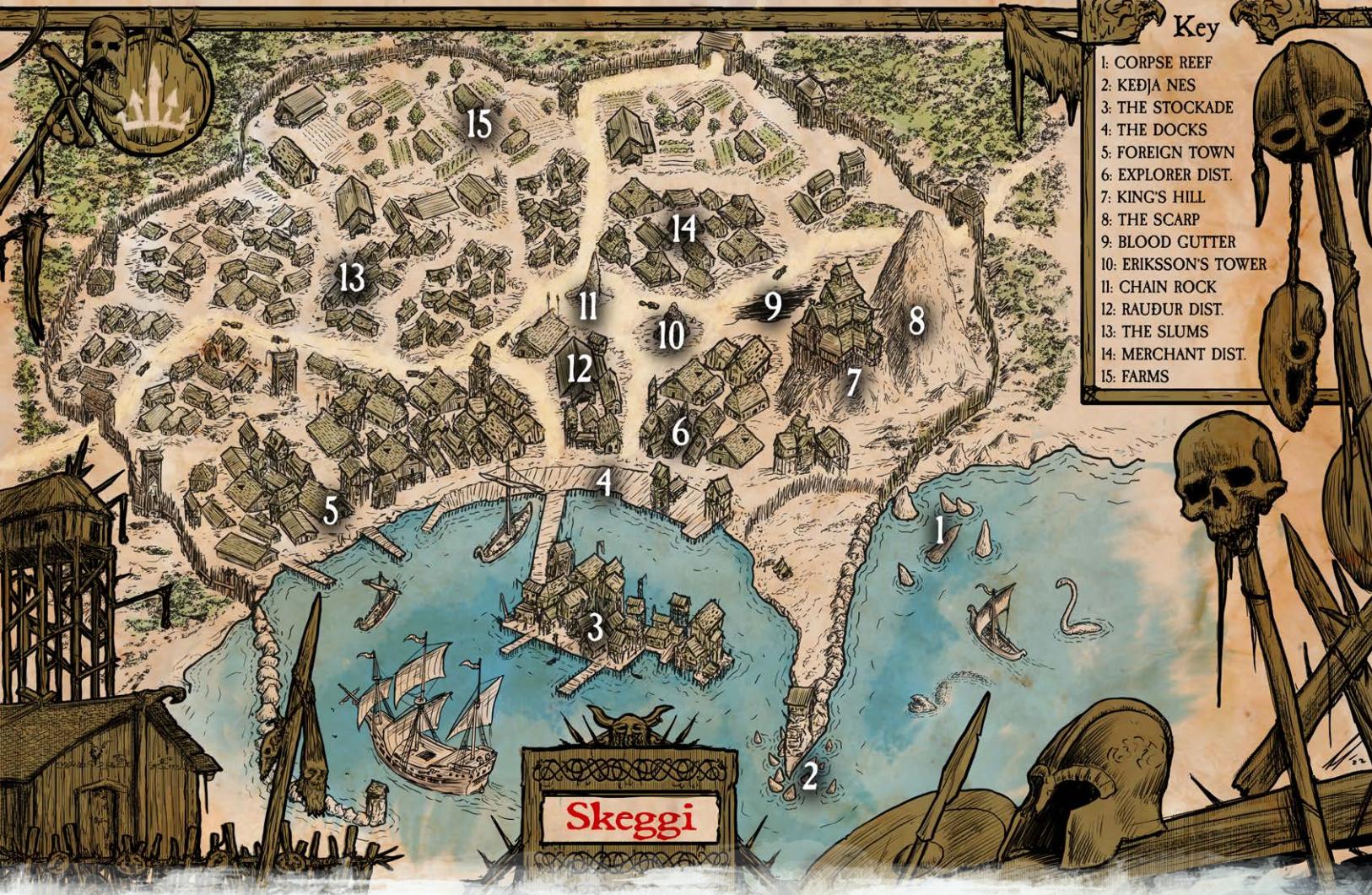
Beachside, this has combined with the high dunes and the ongoing erosion to create a city of gullies and gulches. During the rainy season Skeggi's roads become mud-strewn trenches with the walls of earth four to six feet high on either side. Entry to buildings closer to the waterside is by steep steps or ladders, or even just handholds in the dirt. In many places, this makes foot traffic maddeningly slow; it backs up in open squares or cross-corners, waiting for passage one way to stop so it can flow in reverse. If one has business in a nearby district it is typically easier to take a bridge (or leap) across rather than go all the way down and back up again.

This vertical lifestyle means the primary function of thralls and servants is hauling huge loads of goods up ladders and pulleys. It also means a lot of accidents from falling goods or workers. Crime also works vertically: with the aid of long poles or anchored ropes, thieves can snatch things from a gutter-walker and swing up to a level above their victim. This strengthens the sense that height is king in Skeggi: everything you have can be stolen by the person above you — even your roof to make their new house floor.



HOUSE OF MANY NATIONS

A pickpocket makes off with one of the Characters' items and runs into a long house on the Stockade. It turns out that this house is in fact several embassies in one, and going from one side to the other involves crossing three national borders, with a document check at each stage. The Characters can try to push through but they will cause several international incidents. They can climb onto the roof instead, but the thieves are experts in this terrain and it is a long, long way down.



FAILED COLONIES

Whilst it has persisted for over fifteen hundred years Skeggi's fortunes should not be thought typical of Human habitation on the coasts of Lustria. For every colony that clings to life in the New World, there are dozens which deteriorate into desertion or destruction within scant years of their founding.

Cadavo was founded close to Port Reaver, in a part of the Isthmus of Lustria known as Settler's Coast. The mercenary general and pirate captain El Cadavo named the colony for himself, during his larcenous rampages across Lustria in the IC 1930s and 1940s. Cadavo is infamous for being established and destroyed on three separate occasions. The final razing occurred after the massacre of Tilean forces at the Battle of the Obsidian Column in IC 1944 – Lord Mazdamundi summoned a terrible earthquake which left no building in Cadavo standing. El Cadavo himself drowned in unseasonable weather on his journey home.

The mystery of Dalmark Town, also in Settler's Coast south of Swamp Town, has confounded scholars for centuries. The settlement was completely abandoned by its inhabitants for unknown reasons.

Dalmark Town is still marked on many Lustrian maps because, unlike most failed colonies, its remains are intact, and have not been reclaimed by nature. Many desperate souls have sought shelter in the ruins of Dalmark Town, but few remain for long. It is a cursed place, haunted by the echoes of a terrible atrocity.

The hamlet of Bregonne, and the neighbouring fort of Baron Marcel of Parravon, was founded in the Scorpion Coast as recently at IC 2510. Bretonnian settlers enjoyed early agricultural successes, whilst Marcel's knights returned from jungle ventures with gold and Lizardmen artefacts.

Since these early reports though, communication with Bregonne has abruptly ceased. Some speculate the village has been eradicated by the nearby Lizardmen of Tlaxtlan; others that the colonists persist, but have adopted a siege mentality, and shun contact with outsiders. The darkest rumours whisper the Bretonnians have made a deal with the devil to survive, serving the evil will of the vampiric 'Scourge of Aquitaine'.

CORPSE REEF

The silt of Skeggi does not hold the dead. Instead, they are thrown into the sea to the north of the cape. The warm water bloats the corpses until they rise to be gleefully devoured by terrifying giant gulls and scavenging Ripperdactyls (see page 176). The mortal skeleton is not nearly as strong as coral, but over the centuries, the two have grown together to create a razor-sharp reef that prevents any ship from travelling to or from the beach. Bonepickers do however tread the coast, risking being devoured by hungry birds and swarming eels to pick precious metals from what they can reach. It's extremely dangerous, but better than being a thrall.

THE RUNE OF KEEPING

A great Dwarf warrior lifted his hands to the sky to toast his ancestors and a hungry Ripperdactyl sliced off two of his fingers, including the one wearing his ancestral heirloom: a steel ring bearing the Rune of Keeping. The Rune records the history of everything its bearers have experienced, so it is not only priceless to its Dwarven owners but useful to almost anyone who can find it and make it speak. A sailor saw the beast drop its meal into its nest for its young, and seeks folk to help him retrieve it.

THE EUREKA

The Stockade is an entire town district, only arranged vertically, barely forty metres across at its widest point. About halfway up sits the Eureka, a tavern named for the word in the Classical tongue for 'I see it'. Skeggi has a pidgin language that borrows words from modern Estalian and Tilean, Classical, and lots of Norse, but in the Eureka, it is the first three that dominate.

The tavern is the unofficial centre of Estilians in the city, both long expatriates and new arrivals. Since it is the closest inn to the docks, it also has insight into every ship that lays or hauls anchor, and its cargo. Tileans are tolerated here ('at least they aren't Norsemen') and find it full of things they miss from home, but it is Estalian songs they sing and toasts they raise. If you want to know the lay of the city, you need to speak Norse; if you want to know the shipping news, you better speak Estalian.

SECOND THOUGHTS

While the Characters are busy in another part of the bar, they hear an argument break out. An Estalian *diestro* has realised that the seven-foot-tall Norseman with whom he has been discussing international affairs has markedly different values to his own regarding the morality of piracy, is becoming increasingly outraged, and demanding satisfaction. Out of his depth, and suffering from an acute bout of cowardice, he throws a purse at a Character and assures his opponent that his second will stand in his place. Win or lose, the Characters will attract the attention of both Estilians and Norsemen.

THE PLAYA

Another Classical word, this time for 'beach', describes the sandy semi-swamp that weaves beyond, over, under, around and between the docklands. The Playa is the first place every arrival sets foot. Here then is the first chance for small and medium operators to remove every last cent from those arriving, and then direct them to spend more at their establishments slightly further inland. There are hundreds of these hawkers and bawds, and they know no restraint, for they will be brutally beaten if they do not make their quotas.

The Playa is pure chaos. If it nets them extra, every dark deed, including murder, can be bought from the hawkers. A sailor may receive a dozen propositions in his first steps, and if no competitor can go any lower than the last bid, the winner may find a sharp object heading towards their back. The arrivals are never injured, but nobody gets to the accommodation of the Foreigners District free of blood splatter. It is a cruel and violent life, but if a hawker falls, well, they should have fought harder to make the deal — it is just the way of the beach.

I CARRIED YOUR BAG, SIR!

In the scramble of getting through the Playa, someone will push past the Characters, grab a small item from the party's belongings, and then insist they have been employed as the Characters' servant. They will follow the Characters thereafter, demanding payment, employment, or restitution in the form of a duel. This individual is terribly annoying, but when his honour is satisfied, he explains that he also has visited a Lizardmen temple of great wealth, and can lead the party to it.

KEDJA NES

A *nes* is a Norse word for a promontory or spit, and one indeed spits out far into the bay. As a sandy, desolate port of call, hard to access except by small boat, it is used to contain the local population of thralls awaiting sale. The heavy chains around their necks explain the place's name.

Although thralls have a desperate, destitute existence, when they are on the *Nes*, they are left to their own devices to survive, which can be far better than being worked to death. They can live on fish from the sea, and the warm climate is often beneficial compared to being held captive in the hold of a ship. They lack any will or awareness to organise, but if an outside agitator came along, the *Nes* could brew a rebellion in just a few months, and the city could easily fall.

ERIKSSON'S TOWER

When Losteriksson discovered Skeggi and went home to fetch a party of settlers, he stacked a twenty foot high pile of stones at the top of the dune ridge so he could find his way back again. Ever since, the pile has been the symbol of the city. It is considered good luck to add stones to it every time one returns or sets out on a new venture. Sitting at a central crossroads, the stack has become the default city square. When the king needs to make a proclamation, she or her men climb to the top, lift up a torch, and yell it at the top of their lungs. Lesser news is also announced at the foot of the stones, either personally or hammered onto the rocks or wooden stakes nearby. Anyone looking for work or workers walks the dirty boulevard and joins the masses huddled around the signs and hawkers, and the street merchants who sell to the crowd.

THE MONSTER

Thralls have seen a strange aquatic creature that rises and falls from the waters around their promontory and across Corpse Reef. It has a neck like a swan yet its back is like a whale's, and it crawls like a giant ape. It is in fact a Dwarf Nautilus, a steam-powered underwater vessel used for reconnaissance and covert strikes. Destroying the craft could win the respect of the Norse, but would risk angering the Dwarfs of Barak Varr.

SCOUTING FOR TALENT

An explorer putting together a crew is tired of time-wasters and drunkards showing up at his door with no jungle experience, no navigation skills, or unable to even hold a sword. He's looking for anyone who can fight to weed out the useless as his talent scout at the Tower. But nobody likes to hear they didn't make the cut. Hopefuls may try to impress with feats of strength or skill – or try to bribe the Characters to put in a good word.



THE RAUDUR DISTRICT

Behind the Playa is the Foreigners District, where visitors often stay for months at a time, and alongside is the Explorer's District, where they equip themselves for the expeditions ahead. Between the two runs a broad, flattened-down road, the home of Skeggi's extensive vice dens. As one of the busiest harbours on the planet, its businesses are as numerous as they are bustling, with services offered all day and night for a range of prices.

CHAIN ROCK

Not far from Eriksson's Tower stands a huge spur of rock that has also collected stones over the centuries. A thousand years ago, a great metal loop was hammered into the stone and chains attached, with manacles on the end. Most days, there are one or two citizens with the manacles around their necks, feet, or hands, fighting off other prisoners or folks from the crowd, or dodging any detritus being thrown their way.

Sometimes this is a punishment. Sometimes Norse men will chain themselves up to prove their strength. Sometimes the crowd or some jakkers will free a prisoner who fights well, or at least throw them food to keep them alive. Sometimes a captive grows thin enough to slip their shackles, or turns mad and mauls their fellow prisoners. This is Skeggi, and there are no rules governing how a captive should be chained or freed — only a show which passes the time. It runs all night, too, with torches to illuminate the participants.

KING'S HILL

The secondary peak of the Scarp is the highest point in the city besides the mountain, the pile of houses on stilts at the top stretching even further into the sky, and on top of that sits the Highholt, the king's ruling seat. Height is power, so no house may be taller than the king's. Many kings have tried to prove they are greater than their predecessors by building ever higher, while others have expanded the buildings at the peak to allow for more comfort or companions.

The Norse call it a 'rugl' — a tumbling-down mess. It has the added effect of making it hard to climb all the way up to seek an audience, keeping away troublemakers and time-wasters (and ensuring the king has to rely on bondsmen and advisors to know what is going on below).

King Adella has decided to test her court's mettle by insisting her advisors run up the hill to the Highholt every morning, and has installed deadfalls, traps, and hidden blades to make it even more strenuous (and entertaining). She is more and more alone these days, although her mouths keep her company.

UPWARD MOBILITY

Getting to the king's seat is like navigating a maze, only outdoors and vertical. Silemon was once a powerful Grey Wizard who was thrown out of the Order because he couldn't keep his mouth shut. Now he lives in a dung heap at the bottom of King's Hill, but believes if he can reach the king, she will instantly appoint him as her court wizard. This is unlikely, but he will pay a large purse (secretly hidden in a midden) to any party that gets him to her door.

THE SCARP

Until you get a few miles beyond its shadow, the Scarp is the only solid piece of rock in the city. It towers half a mile into the air, most of it a sheer granite surface that only birds and madmen seek to climb. Indeed, the top third is bedecked with all the varieties of raptors of the coast: razorbeaks, seahawks, albatross, sternes, reglettes, baffins, and one even see the occasional cormorant or shag. So tough is the climb, but so prevalent are the seabirds, that a common way for a Norse warrior to prove himself worthy of joining a jakker gang, becoming a sterk, or addressing the king is to retrieve a live bird or bird's nest from the top of the Scarp. Even better than doing so is falling off in the attempt and gaining some hideous wound to brag about for the rest of your days. Anyone wishing to make an impression in Skeggi (and not willing to truck with dark gods like the vitki) usually has to climb the Scarp eventually.

SOMETHING IN THE AIR

Peas-in-the-Bowl Tumbledown-Stoutheart is in Skeggi for a top secret meeting with a powerful High Elf merchant sailor. The Elf thought the Halfling wouldn't make it to the seaport; when he did, she suggested the only safe place to meet is halfway up the Scarp, a place the Elf can easily reach on her Pegasus. Peas-in-the-Bowl was sent by the Elector Stoutheart herself, however, and offers a great reward for a crew to get him to the northern ridge by midnight. Impressed, the Elf will talk turkey, and the Characters may hear a treasonous plot for the Mootland to secede from the Empire with the help of Elven sky-cavalry.

BEYOND THE CITY

'For every ten men you send west, you lose two to the sea, two in the streets of Skeggi, and five in the jungle. That leaves... hang on... five plus... no, wait, I can do this...'

— Ignor the Uncountable, Marienburg press-ganger

All jungles are dark and deadly, but the jungles of Lustria are powered by a great spell to protect the Slann and their secrets. This jungle is deeply enchanted, partially sapient, and personally vindictive. So it is that as soon as one steps a few hundred yards from Skeggi farmland, the branches close behind and above, the compass needles spin, and it is easy to lose one's way or one's life. But this is the shallow end; it is nothing like the enclosing terror of the deep forest that begins a hundred miles inland where the Skink settlements first appear. Here, in the penumbra of the protective spell, live the things of the half-light.

THE CAST AWAY

About a day's march west of Skeggi, the jungle turns into a swamp that becomes a vast lake. Explorers often turn here to explore the continent by boat. Here grow vast pulse vegetables in huge pods that are easily turned into canoes steered by 'podders', but rafts, catamarans, and even steamboats are available to be commissioned. This makeshift harbour is overseen by a tavern and hotel called The Cast Away. The proprietor is the almost-spherically fat Willsen, a Wastlander who has lived on the continent for nearly sixty years. Around his establishment is a shanty town of those who have been cast out from Skeggi or are on the run from their captain or employer. It's also often where explorers give up and decide to go home, or at least drink away their fears for a few days. Cast-podders can make an easy living rowing exploring crews across the lake, a job any unskilled idiot can do.

JUST DESERTS

Lots of expeditions have deserters, especially once they get further into the jungle. A lot of them run to The Cast Away, and that leads to enforcers turning up at all hours to haul their men back into line. Willsen is looking for some tough customers who can discourage this, as he finds all his patrons scatter when the guards show up. He'll pay handsomely for a night or two of what he describes as just being a bouncer, and won't mention that a lot of expedition leaders cannot afford any desertion and will mark the Characters with a death warrant for interfering.

THE SKINKEN

Those who walk away from Skeggi are desperate. They could not survive the chaos and violence of the port, but the jungle will assuredly eat them alive. Some decide that the only way to survive is to learn from the lizardfolk and copy their ways. Almost all of them die, because the Skinks guard their knowledge carefully. But over the centuries, a small tribe of Humans and even a few Elves have formed a pseudo-society they call the Skinken, and have learnt just enough jungle craft to survive. The tribe worships the Lizardmen as semi-mythic beings who are deeply in tune with the earth, and make offerings to them in the hope they will come and teach things to their devotees. The wary Skinks, for their part, have figured out that the tribe is a safe place to come to try to understand more about how the strange ones from across the ocean think, so occasionally they make an appearance, enjoying the lavish banquets and gifts they receive when they do.

VENERATING THE STONE

The Characters are fleeing through the jungle and later find they have dropped one of the cheap souvenirs they were forced to buy to get through the crowd at the Playa. Later, they stumble upon a Skinken camp and see that the cheap shell amulet has been placed on an altar by the Skinken, who worship it as a true artefact of the lizardfolk. Some even believe the trinket can cure diseases. Do the Characters reveal the truth and break their faith, or leave them to their delusions?



THE MYRMIDIAN MISSION

Some desperate folks try to embrace the jungle. Others believe the jungle is a kind of hell, invented to test one's faith to the limit. The Children of the Setting Sun are a Myrmidian sect that believe the truest way to serve their goddess is to follow her example, where she left her people and sailed into the west. They interpret this as her command that they discover, conquer, and convert the entire population of Lustria (and Naggaroth as well). They till the soil around their small, hidden monastery, trying to grow Old World crops and welcoming the lost who stumble their way. Occasionally they go into Skeggi to trade for supplies and seek more adherents. They are clearly insane, but in a port full of madmen, who can tell?

MISSIONARY MAN

The Characters hear screams coming from a jungle river and reach the banks to see a man tied to a wooden raft floating down the river towards a titanic waterfall. He is screaming for help, but if the Characters rescue him, they will find themselves beset by Children of the Setting Sun on the banks. They insist the man's screams are illusions created by Chaos daemons to prevent the willing sacrifice of their faithful son, and when he is pulled ashore, he will swiftly agree with this. Is it worth the Characters' while to save those who refuse to be saved?

DARIEN'S FOLLY

Eighty miles north of Skeggi is a narrow bay with a tiny sliver of sand where a small ship can land. Here, in 1698 IC, the Wastelander Eicher Darien founded his city of New Marienburg. Fearing Wasteland independence, the Empire set out to sink every vessel travelling to the new colony and the settlers slowly starved to death, leaving a ghost town behind. The sturdy stone buildings record the growing madness and despair of the townsfolk, as they became so weak from hunger that they were unable to move or stand. Some say the place is haunted; it certainly is haunted by suffering. But the two thousand who died left much treasure for those who can bear the gloom.

GHOSTS BELOW

The truth is the last survivors of New Marienburg turned to cannibalism, and have become ghoulish. Their skin is bleached white, their eyes swollen to see in the dark, and their bodies skeleton-like from hunger. They leave their city untouched, knowing treasure hunters still come. Then they spring from their holes and prepare their feasting tables.

PORT REAVER AND SWAMP TOWN

There are other Human and Dwarven settlements along the coast. These come and go, as the jungle and the waves have little care for determination. What sets Skeggi apart is that it has stood for so long and remains so large. It is the only thing that could be called a town, and the only place one can reliably tie up a ship, find shelter, and purchase supplies.

Port Reaver, a few hundred miles south, is another place one might try such things, but it is a pirate port under pirate law. The Captain-in-Chief is always a retired pirate, and he rules with the harsh law of the sea. Vessels not flying pirate colours are turned away or sunk on sight.

Making a stop at Port Reaver requires paying the Captain-in-Chief's tribute, which is always a large take of your hold or any treasure you may have found, should they decide to let you leave. And of course, should the Imperial Navy get word that you docked with pirates, you become pirates by association and will be blown out of the water by any gunship that finds you. So Port Reaver is a poor choice for explorers.

Swamp Town was founded by a group of disaffected refugees from Port Reaver trying to establish a better expression of what is called 'seaborne justice'. This is a romanticised idea of the old pirate codes, where justice was meted out by a ship court and jury, each man took a share of the prize, and no man but the elected captain could stand above another. They chose a swampland where they grow hops and hemp and try to build a more perfect union between man and nature.

Over the years, however, the hops farmers and the hemp farmers have become fanatically divided over whether it is legitimate to keep Lizardmen as thralls, and the city is now a mess of in-fighting and petty bureaucracy. No foreign flags are recognized as valid, and all hierarchies are ignored in favour of long-winded legislation. Any who land in Swamp Town take what stores they can find and swiftly sail away, for it is a village of madmen.

◆ QUETZA THE DEFILED ◆

A ONCE-PROUD TEMPLE-CITY MADE
THE MEPHITIC LAIR OF PESTILENTIAL VERMIN



Deep within the teeming jungles of Lustria lies a barren crater, the remains of an ancient temple-city once so overrun by denizens of disease that the voracious jungle refuses to reclaim the land. This crater lies several hundred miles hard journey north and east of the city of Axlotl. Once overgrown with thick trees and foliage fed by tributaries of the mighty Qurveza river, the land is now a charred, hollow, rocky basin, an unhealing scar ripped out from the depths of the jungle and devoid of life.

Long ago, Quetza was a mighty temple-city of the Slann, the tips of its pyramids rising far above the jungle itself. Quetza survived the Great Catastrophe that consumed so many other temple-cities, but weakened over time as many of the Mage-Priests responsible for its sustenance and guidance were slain by daemons. Finally — and quite suddenly — its inhabitants mysteriously disappeared.

Then came the Skaven, whose infestation led the abandoned city to become known as 'the Defiled'. Tunnelling up from caves beneath the jungle, the rat-men unleashed festering plagues that spread like wildfire across the continent, claiming thousands of lives.

These foul creatures were routed first by Tehenhauin, a Skink prophet of Sotek who drove the Skaven before thousands of serpents, and then by a Skink Astromancer named Tetto'eko, who brought a comet crashing down from the sky into the streets of Quetza. The temple-city and most of its under-warrens were utterly destroyed.

Today, deep beneath the charred surface and collapsed caverns, there still exists a network of broken tunnels abandoned by all but the slithering serpents of Sotek. Inside, a thing of unspeakable evil is said to lie in wait, gathering power until the day it can emerge from its hibernation and curse the overland with fresh infestations. Whispers of rats that walk have begun to circulate again in the jungles of Lustria for the first time since the destruction wrought by the comet. Rumours also abound of artefacts of great power still hidden in dark places beneath Quetza the Defiled, possessed of long-forgotten, powerful magicks undreamt of by the inhabitants of the Old World. Few adventurers survive the terrible journey to behold the crater that now stands as the only reminder that the doomed temple-city existed at all.



THE SKAVEN INFESTATION

Quetza was built during a wave of construction following the founding of Itza. It was located at the centre of six other temple-cities as a major hub in the Geomantic Web designed by the Old Ones. The collapse of the polar Warp Gates wrought havoc upon the entire world, but Quetza remained a stalwart bulwark against Chaos, withstanding attack after daemonic attack, protected perhaps due to its position of power within the Geomantic Web. And then, quite suddenly, Quetza was abandoned. According to some, its inhabitants finally fell victim to daemonic incursions, others suggest they died due to plagues caused by packing themselves into smaller, more defensible sections of the city, and still others say the great temple-city was brought low by both Daemon and infestation (whilst noting that the two are not mutually exclusive).

THE SKAVEN ARRIVE

Whatever became of the population of Quetza, the city had been empty for centuries when, during their Great Migration, a clan of Skaven burrowed up from the depths into the caverns beneath. There they were confronted with massive underground chambers shaped over millennia by Slann Mage-Priests who often spent long periods within them in quiet contemplation. The large caverns seemed tailor-made as a stronghold nest for the ratmen, as they gathered strength for forays into the abandoned city and surrounding jungle. Whether above ground or beneath, however, the Skaven were ravaged by new and terrible diseases for which their vital systems were wholly unprepared. They died horribly and in droves, their rodent bodies wracked with pain, their bellies vomiting bilious fluid, and their skins disfigured by innumerable seeping boils.



CLAN PESTILENS ARISES

The Skaven are not diligent recorders of their own history, and secretive regarding what they do know. Scattered and inconsistent tales shared between the Plague Lords of Clan Pestilens suggest that when the final remaining ratmen lurched back into the caverns to regroup, they instead encountered a horror in the depths beneath Quetza. Inside a previously undiscovered, filth-ridden throne chamber rested a corpulent Daemon marked with the same weeping sores, foul stench, and bulbous lesions that mutilated their own bodies. It is said that the leader of these ratmen, desperate to save their vile hides, promised what remained of his clan to the Daemon and its master, who they proclaimed as the Horned One, and embraced the plagues that had so thoroughly decimated him and his kinsmen. In that day, those Skaven truly became Clan Pestilens, bringers of plague, disease, and filth.

From that moment, Clan Pestilens gained strength, in number and in power. Under supervision of their daemonic master and in exchange for secret knowledge of illness and disease, they redirected strands of the Geomantic Web below ground and into the Daemon's chamber, providing it with direct access to the energies of the Old Ones. When next they emerged into the jungle, the plague-bearing Skaven wreaked havoc among the Lizardmen of Lustria, in a scourge of pestilence that swept the continent. For centuries, the plagues seemed never to end, for just as one burned through the populace and died out, a new, more terrifying infestation emerged, and the process started all over again. All the while, the Skaven of Clan Pestilens continued their unholy experiments, expanding their network of warrens beneath the continent of Lustria and emerging above ground only to release afflictions newly engineered from their Cauldrons of a Thousand Poxes.

This continued without relief or relent until some perceptive inhabitants of the temple-city of Chaqua took note of a long-disregarded prophecy in their sacred plaques. The so-called 'Prophecy of Sotek' predicted the land of Lustria would fall victim to vermin that walked upright, but that the Time of the Rodent would come to an end when a fork-tongued serpent heralded the arrival of a new god named Sotek. Chaqua itself was soon ravaged by disease, and the populace despaired — but at that time, a twin-tailed comet appeared in the sky. Before succumbing to the plague, the Mage-Priests interpreted this sign as the 'serpent with the forked tongue' and declared the time of the prophecy was nigh.

THE SKAVEN ARE VANQUISHED

Convinced of the truth of the prophecy, Tehenuain, the foremost Skink Priest in Chaqua, led an army of survivors to spread the word and eradicate the two-legged vermin in the name of Sotek. There followed a century of bloody warfare, but Tehenuain finally succeeded in forcing Clan Pestilens to retreat to their original nesting place, the warrens beneath Quetza.

Lord Nurglitch brought his Plague Lords together in council and they agreed it was time to retreat in the face of Tehenuain's unrelenting onslaught, but they promised to return one day as the terms of their daemonic bargain remained unfulfilled. At Tehenuain's bidding, countless serpents dove hungrily into the under-warrens, driving the Skaven before them, out of the dark tunnels. Quetza was then abandoned a second time, and Clan Pestilens fled Lustria to return home to Skavenblight and seek their rightful place on the Council of Thirteen. From that day forth, Quetza was known as 'the Defiled', hopelessly tainted and left to the ravages of the jungle.

Yet Clan Pestilens was not finished with Quetza. Though it took millennia to lick the wounds inflicted by the Lizardmen, they eventually returned to Lustria and re-established a presence in the under-warrens they once called home. Skinks patrolling the outskirts of the ruined temple-city soon began to disappear, and an alarm was raised for the first time in over two thousand years.

A Skink Astromancer named Tetto'eko, who had predicted the return of the vile rat-men, attempted to rouse the Slann for assistance. At this time, however, the Slann had slumbered for centuries and could not be awakened. He therefore led a Lizardman army out of Tlaxtlan to march against the Skaven. A pitched battle raged amid the streets of Quetza, but it seemed that the depths beneath belched forth ratmen beyond number, overwhelming the Lizardman army and forcing a strategic retreat. For a time, all seemed lost, until Tetto'eko called forth unprecedented reserves of magic and tore a passing comet from the heavens to plunge down onto the Defiled City. It impacted Quetza with tremendous force, levelling the Temple-City and reducing the host of Skaven to charred dust in one cataclysmic instant.

QUETZA TODAY

Today, all that remains of Quetza is a rocky crater so barren that even the teeming jungle that surrounds it refuses to encroach upon its borders. Not a single building was left intact by the impact of Tetto'eko's comet, only skeletal remnants of twisted metal and melted rock. The warrens beneath are mostly collapsed, save for a few broken tunnels and fragile chambers amid the debris and fallen rock. Yet treasures still lie deep within the caverns, left behind by the Skaven fleeing in haste — first from the serpent hordes of Tehenuain and more recently from the comet of Tetto'eko — and they are treasures Clan Pestilens desires greatly to reclaim.

To this end, an expedition has been sent from Skavenblight to first regain a foothold back into Lustria and then repopulate the empty under-warrens beneath the ruins of Quetza. Led by Lord Skrolk, one of Clan Pestilens's mightiest Plaguelords, this expedition has already breached the deepest caverns beneath Quetza and begun exploring and repairing its collapsed warrens.

Skrolk and his rat-kin gnaw their way through the dark, rotted tunnels, but the work of repairing the under-warrens has just begun. It is slow and tedious labour, but the Skaven of Clan Pestilens are nothing if not tenacious. Inch by rotten inch they clear rancid debris to reinforce the tunnels and chambers, vowing to restore their nest-home beneath Quetza if it takes all the time that is left in the world.

For their part, the Lizardmen are certain that the ruins of Quetza the Defiled have been deserted for decades following the impact of the comet, and remain empty to this day. Still, they deploy a limited force of Skinks to patrol the perimeter, sceptical that the rat-men will stay away permanently. The tunnels beneath the crater are left to the snakes of Sotek, for it is said that no one who ventures into the depths beneath Quetza emerges unmarked by the forces of corruption and decay.

SITES WITHIN QUETZA

Any adventurers brave or foolish enough to travel to the ruins of Quetza feel immediately ill at ease, as if there is some unknown confluence of powers here that are constantly at odds with one another. Spellcasters in particular feel their pulses quicken and may notice the hairs on their forearms and necks stand on end, as if the entire crater above ground and the Skaven warrens beneath exist within a torrential nexus of pure, untapped, roiling energy pouring in from all directions, and which could destabilise without warning. Yet the dark tunnels have an undeniable allure, for surely hidden within the depths beneath the ruins of the Defiled City lie ancient artefacts designed to tap into the maelstrom of power above...

THE CRATER ITSELF

The site of the once-great temple-city of Quetza is best approached from the south, after navigating the River Qurveza until its shrinking tributaries force a turn north through the jungle. An approach from the north requires a journey through the foetid Mosquito Swamps, east of Quetza lie the terrifying Blood Swamps, and the nearly impassable Spine of Sotek mountain range towers over the west. The crater itself is visible for miles from the top of the jungle canopy, but trekking even dozens of miles through the labyrinthine jungle is an arduous task at the best of times. In less fortunate conditions, such a journey has claimed the life of many an adventurer.

Upon reaching the crater, the devastation wrought by the comet is immediately apparent: the verdant jungle ends where the basin begins, as if some force prevented further encroachment. The crater is ringed by the skeletal remains of alien-appearing architecture; where once stood elegant stelae, sprawling barrios, and sturdy pyramids, now only deformed doorways, blasted glass, and melted rock remain. Inside one of the nearly destroyed buildings, in an outlying alcove that may once have served as a shrine of some type, is a rectangular hole leading into darkness below. Its shape implies that it was carved from the rock specifically for the purpose of accessing the tunnels beneath, but by whom or for what purpose is lost to the mists of time. The entrance through the floor leads down into a small tunnel, which after multiple bends, twists, and turns empties through the partially collapsed roof of the Chamber of Edification.

THE COLLAPSED VESTIBULE

In the southern quadrant of the crater, inside one of the inner blast rings, is a second entrance into the warrens beneath Quetza. Here, a portion of the rocky basin floor has collapsed, revealing a large vestibule 20 to 30 feet beneath the surface, in the rough shape of a triangle. It has been carved out from the bedrock, with its apex pointing directly south.

The part of the floor that remains visible under large clumps of fallen ceiling stone and dirt is made up of dried mud pockmarked by scratches and claw marks and thin, shallow ruts. No vegetation can be seen, even among the many shadows. At the very periphery of vision sudden movement can sometimes be detected, but any attempt to locate the source of motion is futile.

Opposite the apex at the base of the triangle, there stands, partially obscured by fallen rock, the remains of a doorway that opens to a corridor leading down into darkness. What can be seen of the tunnel floor seems oddly unnatural, as if the floor itself shifts subtly in shadows. Closer inspection reveals that it is filled with writhing serpents.

SERPENTS OF SOTEK

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	45	-	30	35	70	65	-	20	35	-	45

Traits: Armour 2 (5), Bestial, Cold-Blooded, Size (Small), Swarm, Venom (Hard), Weapon +6

This vestibule acted as the entrance to the warren of Clan Pestilens, and their most important connection to the outside world. It originally opened into one of the dark, rarely traversed alleyways of Quetza, allowing Skaven to emerge into the overworld and descend below unseen.

As the closest of the main rooms to the surface, its thick roof of rock, once thought impenetrable by the Plaguelords, was the most vulnerable to the impact of the comet and has now collapsed.

CHAMBER OF INQUIRY

The entrance tunnel leads down away from the vestibule and terminates in a forked, V-shaped corridor. The left passage winds for a time before opening into the Chamber of Inquiry of Clan Pestilens, also known as the 'Plague Laboratory'. The room itself is oddly circular in shape, with no corners or sharp angles.

Here Plaguelords and their students combined scrapings and collections of pus from disease-ridden victims to create new, more transmissible, and more lethal maladies to release upon the overworld. Phials filled with viscous fluids still rest upon rotting wooden tables, cabinets, and shelves, though most of the liquids in the many beakers and flasks dried up ages before. On the floor lie shards of broken glass embedded in sticky pools of dark slime, aged parchment filled with Queekish scrawl, and scattered straw and coprolitic scat.

THE CAULDRON OF A THOUSAND POXES

Along the far wall lies a Cauldron of a Thousand Poxes, filled with a faintly glowing yellow-green liquid that still bubbles and occasionally belches strings of noxious matter far beyond the confines of the Cauldron itself. Adventurers who are struck by these slimy strings, fail to cover their mouth and nose while inside the Chamber of Inquiry, or simply spend more than a few minutes next to the Cauldron must pass a **Very Hard** (-30) Endurance Test or contract one of the following diseases:

THE POXES OF THE CAULDRON

01-11	Black Plague (see WFRP page 186)
12-24	Blood Rot (see WFRP page 186)
25-37	The Bloody Flux (see WFRP page 186)
38-43	Itching Pox (see WFRP page 187)
44-51	Ratte Fever (see WFRP page 187)
52-74	Bilious Ague (see page 186)
75-82	Bleeding Eyerot (see page 186)
83-89	Choking Lungblight (see page 187)
90-00	Yellow Skull Fever (see page 188)



CHAMBER OF EDIFICATION

The passage to the right is partially collapsed, and following its winding corridor requires careful scrambling over some very large fallen rocks. Well-equipped Characters may need to remove pieces of armour or large packs to squeeze through a few tight spaces. Eventually the passage opens into another roughly circular chamber, whose narrow corridor spirals in upon itself before terminating in a central study room. Along the increasingly curved walls are carved alcoves replete with row upon row of books and scrolls written in Queekish. Strewn about the floor are variously-sized pieces of decrepit parchment and vellum, scribbled upon which are diagrams, notes, and hastily scrawled pictograms. None of these papers appears to have been touched in decades.

Most of the books and scrolls are written in Queekish. Noteworthy items include all three volumes of the *Liber Bubonicus*, an encyclopaedia of plague, alone on their topmost shelf in a place of honour. Long forgotten in a small corner, stuffed in between other, unremarkable tomes, are the note-scrawlings of the mad Skritt Blightmaster, who was said to have uncovered a sickness so deadly that it brought the entire clan near the brink of extinction. Research into 'Skritt Pox' was abandoned only after he contracted it himself, and died.

A scant few texts bear titles inscribed in varieties of Old Worlder, comprising the following:

On the Varieties of Execrable Ailments by Wikerus Blatter. A veritable encyclopaedia of infectious diseases containing mostly wrong and certainly outdated information. Scattered throughout the entries are stains of various sizes and colours, containing actual samples of bodily fluids from victims of the described diseases — some may still be contagious to the unknowing reader. It may fetch up to a gold crown or two from a collector as a curious footnote in medical history.

Of Plagues and Peril by Meffridus Schreiber. A history of multiple waves of various plagues from the time of Sigmar to the year 1114 IC, when the author died of the Black Plague. Legendary within scholarly circles for its first-hand accounts and tantalisingly cited by multiple ancient authors, *Of Plagues and Peril* is thought to have been lost for hundreds of years. To the right buyer, this book is nearly priceless.

Infestations by an unknown author. This infamous tome is sought after by two main groups: cultists who prize the information within for its forbidden knowledge of maladies and afflictions, and Witch Hunters who would see every copy reduced to ash. This specimen is bound in the hide of an unknown animal, though rumours persist that animal is Human. Touching this book counts as a Minor Corrupting Influence, carrying it counts as Moderate, and reading it counts as a Major Corrupting Influence.

CORRUPTED SPAWNING POOL

Taking the branched passage from the Chamber of Inquiry instead of following the main tunnel leads to a triangular chamber with a floor of rock and mud, littered with deformed bones and decaying flesh. The hot, clinging air of this chamber is close and rancid. Its most prominent feature is a stagnant, foetid pool that pulses irregularly with a faint and sickly green light from deep within.

The pool used to spawn strong Saurus warriors, but it has been corrupted by the workings of Clan Pestilens and now intermittently vomits forth deformed monstrosities with only the vaguest reptilian features. These creatures lumber about aimlessly for a time, and most die after a mercifully brief existence wracked with pain. Only a few make it out of the cavernous depths to the crater's perimeter, to be dispatched by wary Skink patrols.

MALFORMED SAURUS SPAWN

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	53	-	58	55	25	35	25	11	20	-	17

Traits: Armour (Scales) 3 (8), Bestial, Cold-blooded, Disease (Yellow Skull Fever), Infected, Weapon +9

STORAGE AREA/SLEEPING QUARTERS

The branched passage from the Chamber of Edification leads directly to this large triangular chamber, which used to act as a storage room but now houses some of the advance troops of Lord Skrolk's expedition. Currently sleeping after the hard work of clearing the chamber (mouldy supplies, rotting blankets, and broken containers are heaped up in a teetering pile along the far wall), thirteen Clanrat scouts lie on mats of straw and refuse. Currently Lord Skrolk is exploring elsewhere, but sounds of battle will draw him back to his troops within 1d10 Rounds.

Sharp-eyed adventurers will spot a curious oddity amidst the heaped refuse: while everything else in the room is caked with generations of filth, three metallic triangles jutting out from beneath a ragged blanket appear as if they had just been polished. Sneaking past the Skaven requires a **Difficult (-10) Stealth (Underground)** Test. Failure wakes 1d10 Skaven.

Success means the ability to examine the metallic triangles, which upon close inspection are linked at their bases by twisted golden thread to form a sort of necklace. There are 12 triangles in all, each one bearing a symbol of weather, such as a sun or cloud, or a stylized motif for wind or rain. Though heavy and unwieldy, the necklace can be worn by Human or taller Characters. Halflings and Dwarfs may attempt to wear it (awkwardly) as a belt. This item is the Pectoral of Qotl, an artefact once worn by Qotl, a Slann Mage-Priest of Quetza. The Pectoral repels dirt, dust, and grime, and always appears as new.



THE PECTORAL OF QOTL

It is said to grant the bearer power over weather, to calm storms or create them, to call down lightning from above or conjure up a shroud of mist. And for a Slann Mage-Priest, this is true. For anyone lacking their deep knowledge and insight, attempting to wield the Pectoral of Qotl results in random weather alterations.

To wield the Pectoral of Qotl, one ties the device around one's neck and contemplates a change in the weather. On a successful

Challenging (+0) Cool Test, roll upon the following table:

THE PECTORAL OF QOTL

D10 Roll	Result
1	Torrential rain soaks everything within a 10 yard radius — except the Pectoral's bearer
2	A gust of wind blows out from the Pectoral in all directions. Anyone within 10 yards who fails a Hard (-20) Athletics Test gains the <i>Prone</i> Condition
3	Lightning strikes a single random friend or foe within 10 yards, with Damage 1d10 which ignores metal armour
4	A thick fog arises lasting 1d10 minutes, obscuring everything within a 20 yard radius
5	A bright light bursts forth from the Pectoral in all directions, inflicting a <i>Blinded</i> Condition on everyone within 10 yards who fails a Hard (-20) Endurance Test
6	Searing heat blasts forth from the Pectoral in all directions with Damage 8. Anyone who fails a Hard (-20) Athletics Test is knocked off their feet and gains the <i>Prone</i> Condition
7	A burst of frigid wind blows forth from the Pectoral, laying down a sheet of ice in a 30-foot radius in all directions. For the next 15 minutes, anyone attempting movement within that area must pass a Hard (-20) Athletics Test or gain the <i>Prone</i> Condition
8	Lightning strikes 3 random friends or foes in a 10 yard radius with Damage 10. A massive thunderclap ensues as well, inflicting a <i>Deafened</i> Condition on anyone within 20 yards who fails a Hard (-20) Endurance Test
9	Hurricane winds surround the Pectoral and extend 20 yards outward. Anyone caught inside, with the sole exception of the bearer of the Pectoral, must pass a Very Hard (-30) Athletics Test or be swept off their feet and knocked about with Damage 11
10	Roll 2 more times on the table, adding the effects together

ALTAR TO THE HORNED ONE

Tunnels leading out of both the Chamber of Inquiry and the Chamber of Edification branch out into side passages leading away to collapsed ruins, but following the main throughway leads to this room, comprising another large, roughly circular shape. The floor is cut away in concentric, descending circles of increasingly smaller diameter, leading to a stone altar in the very centre of the chamber. The altar stands three feet high, topped by a bulbous, corpulent form whose most prominent features are the twin horns protruding from its forehead.

The walls enclosing the room are smooth, and marked only by dark, malodorous fluids that continuously seep down from the ceiling, along the floor and down the concentric circles, finally to disappear beneath the altar. The only interruptions to the gentle curving of the walls are the two openings leading into the chamber and a single aperture leading due south. Foul air, like hot breath, emanates from the dark passage, though the placement of any light brighter than a torch near the opening is rewarded with a brief glint of gold from deeper within.

Any prolonged stay within this chamber counts as a Moderate Corrupting Influence. Those foolish enough to touch the liquid seeping along the walls, or the altar itself, must pass a **Hard (-20) Endurance** Test or contract Yellow-Skull Fever.

THRONE CHAMBER

The passageway from the Altar room leads directly into this chamber. The air is hot and rank and seems to thrum and crackle with unseen energy, and the odour is so foul that stepping inside requires a **Difficult (-10) Endurance** Test, failing which means spending the next Round vomiting. The chamber itself is roughly circular, though smaller than the Altar room. The walls here are carved with strange, greenish symbols that seem to shift at the edges of vision but remain motionless when directly viewed. The floor is obscured by mounds of grime and filth that seem to intermittently breathe, shift, and flow of their own accord, as if alive. Indeed, taking more than two or three steps here requires a **Challenging (+0) Athletics** Test to avoid gaining the *Prone* Condition and falling face first into the muck.

In the centre of the chamber, seated, but whose corpulent flesh seemingly engulfs whatever it is that supports it, is a mishapen Daemon, its flesh riven with scabs, boils, and buboes weeping purulence and ichor. Twisted, branching horns protrude from its head, one of which is adorned with a cracked brass bell. Blistered, webbed hands with interwoven claws rest atop its belly. Its eyes are matted shut with a dried yellow crust. Its torso terminates in a thick, gangrenous tail. What appears to be moonlight pours in from six holes in the ceiling, each beam striking the creature and bathing it in a silver light. It does not move.

The floor beneath the creature is littered with sacrificial offerings left by Clan Pestilens, consisting mostly of bones and scattered items deemed valuable. Among them, partially buried amid the filth and grime, is the source of the glint seen from the Altar room: a large golden bracer with an ornately carved design. Only four yards from the entrance to the Throne Chamber, the bracer seems tantalisingly within reach.

TECUTOLTEC'S BRACER

Designed by the Grand Architect Tecutoltec to assist in constructing temple-cities, this bracer would allow a Slann Mage-Priest to call forth designs from the very ground beneath their feet, raising and shaping earth and stone to exact specifications. When wielded by those less sophisticated, its directionless energies simply cause earthquakes on a successful **Difficult (-10) Willpower** Test. This causes anyone within a 30-yard radius who fails a **Hard (-20) Athletics** Test to gain the *Prone* Condition and suffer a Damage 9 hit to the body. The earthquake can be called forth once per day, and the effect lasts until cancelled by its bearer, or for a maximum number of Rounds equal to the bearer's TB.

The throne room, with its daemonic occupant, is a Major Corrupting Influence. Spending more than 15 minutes in this room requires a **Hard (-20) Cool** Test to avoid having a puckered weeping sore in the shape of the Mark of Nurgle appear somewhere on the body.



UTHL'KRITCHNAAK

Exalted Herald of Nurgle

In the throne room located in the centre of the nest-warrens of Clan Pestilens beneath the ruins of Quetza, rests this Daemon. Its foetid presence predates the first arrival of the Skaven to Lustria, and is responsible for their embrace of plague, illness, and disease. Uthl'kritchnaak stands nearly eighteen feet tall and is as grotesque and disease-ridden as Daemons of Nurgle tend to be, with limbs swollen by fluid and gout, and a gaping maw protruding from its guts. Its head bears many twisted horns, though one of them has snapped off near the base.

Since striking a pact with the first Nurglitch, Uthl'kritchnaak has hibernated in the throne room beneath Quetza for centuries, syphoning power from the Geomantic Web of the Old Ones. In the beginning, it drew energies only in small quantities to avoid attracting the notice of the ever-wary Slann Mage-Priests, but recently it has begun drawing off more and more power, greedily emboldened by the diminished number of Slann and their ever-deepening slumber. This power transfer is a difficult and time-consuming process, for the magic of the Geomantic Web is a type utterly foreign to a Daemon birthed in the Realm of Chaos. But over time, Uthl'kritchnaak found ways to ingest the alien energies, process them, and add them to its own, breaking down wards and defences better to manipulate them.

Its ambition now runs deep. It feels the time is very near when it can emerge from hibernation and unleash disease, sickness, and pestilence across the entire world — and if successful, perhaps take the battle to its master, the Lord of Plagues himself.

Uthl'kritchnaak is arrogant, and ignores any beings less powerful than Lord Skrolk as incapable of bringing harm to either itself or its plans. If attacked, however, it will rouse from slumber to defend itself for as long as it takes to despatch the threat, and then just as quickly return to a state of hibernation.

UTHL'KRITCHNAAK – EXALTED HERALD OF NURGLE

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
6	75	55	77	87	30	59	42	91	83	8	124

Fate Points: 2

Traits: Armour 1 (8), Corruption (Major), Corrosive Blood, Daemonic 8, Disease (Bloody Flux), Distracting, Fear 3, Horns +7, Grim 2, Infected, Night Vision, Regenerate, Size (Enormous), Spellcaster (Nurgle), Territorial, Unstable, Vomit, Weapon (Sword) +11

Skills: Channelling (Dhar) 103, Intuition 55, Language (Classical 96, Queekish 96, Magick 106), Melee (Basic) 85, Perception 55

Trappings: Horn of Desecration, Plaguesword

HORN OF DESECRATION

Uthl'kritchnaak's weapon of choice is its own severed horn, broken in battle long ago during its first attempt to conquer Quetza. Afterwards, it withdrew for a time to regroup and regenerate, and carved Chaotic runes into the base of the horn, infusing it with potent plagues and powerful maladies. Once per Round, in lieu of other actions, Uthl'kritchnaak may wield the horn to blow forth a hot wave of vermin. These vermin swarm over the nearest 1d10 enemies, forcing them to spend the next Round shaking the vermin from their bodies (suffering a -20 to all Tests) or ignore the vermin and chance a **Difficult (-10) Endurance** Test to avoid contracting the Black Plague.

PLAGUESWORD

The corroded blades wielded by Daemons of Nurgle such as Uthl'kritchnaak are smeared in all manner of mephitic filth. Every time a Character is wounded by a Plaguesword they must take a **Difficult (-10) Endurance** Test or suffer a *Poisoned* Condition. The sword also counts as Magical.

LORD SKROLK

That Lord Skrolk has outlived other Skaven for many generations is a mystery; that he lives at all, burdened by pox, weeping sores, malodorous infestations, scabs, thick phlegm, and innumerable other foul diseases competing for supremacy within his withered frame, is a miracle that can be explained only as the continued favour of the Horned One.

Blind since he clawed his own eyes out as an act of devotion to Arch-Plaguelord Nurglitch, Lord Skrolk is said to view the world through shades of corruption and decay that he himself emits. He is possessed of an unquestioned vitality and vigour that belie his great age and the many diseases he bears; indeed, he seems to have taken strength in each new plague blessed upon him by the Horned One.

Though bent and stooped beneath the weight of these countless miasmas, his reflexes nevertheless remain preternaturally sharp and quick. The hunches heaped upon his back, whispered to be the result of boils piled upon carbuncles massed upon abscesses, shift unnervingly beneath his tattered leather cloak as he lurches about. The very air that surrounds him is darkened by foul emanations or parasitic infestations, though what type of unholy creature could survive leeching off the ancient Plaguelord boggles the imagination. A shuffling mass of living infectious matter, truly Lord Skrolk has earned the moniker, 'The Disease That Walks'.

Lord Skrolk is foremost of the Plaguelords, unparalleled masters of disease who answer only to the head of their clan, Arch-Plaguelord Nurglitch. Nurglitch has recently dispatched Lord Skrolk to Lustria to regain a foothold for Skaven in that land, abandoned since the comet struck Quetza decades before.

This is Lord Skrolk's foremost objective, but a secondary objective is to recapture any artefacts left behind by his clan-mates. Topmost in his thoughts is a Slann artefact named The World Engine, whispered by those who escaped Quetza's destruction to have the ability to burrow holes straight into other realities, opening new vistas of conquest for Clan Pestilens and the possibility of plagues heretofore undreamt.

If this object ever existed, however, it does not remain in Quetza, above or below. Lord Skrolk also deeply desires to find the scrawled notes of the mad Nurglitch Pruxlin and resume his research (abandoned after it resulted in the death of Pruxlin himself) into an affliction greater than the Black Plague. If Lord Skrolk succeeds in either objective, it could mean devastation on a scale unseen for centuries, and perhaps even the end of the world.

LORD SKROLK – SKAVEN PLAGUELORD

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	58	23	54	75	70	55	50	85	75	20	33

Traits: Corruption (Moderate), Dark Vision, Die Hard, Disease (Ratte Fever), Frenzy, Infected, Painless, Spellcaster (Petty, Nurgle, Plague), Weapon (Quarterstaff) +9

Skills: Art (Writing) 70, Channelling (*Dhar*) 95, Cool 95, Dodge 65, Endurance 105, Gamble 105, Gossip 40, Hagggle 40, Intimidate 60, Intuition 90, Language (Battle 95, Classical 95, Dark Tongue 105, Magick 105, Reikspiel 100, Tilean 105), Lore (Chaos 95, Magic 95, Medicine 95, Warfare 95), Melee (Polearm) 63, Perception 90, Research 105, Trade (Poisoner) 70

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Magic (Nurgle, Plague), Detect Artefact, Flee!, Frightening, Hardy, Luck 7, Petty Magic, Read/Write, Savvy, Sixth Sense, War Wizard

Spells: Lord Skrolk is an accomplished wizard whose power is further bolstered by his loathsome god. He can be considered to have access to any spells from the following lists:

- Petty Magic
- The Lore of Nurgle
- The Skaven Lore of Plague

However, whilst he is a master of many magics, he has forgotten the details of many of the spells he once knew. Every time Skrolk casts a spell that is not petty magic, he should take a **Difficult (-10) Lore (Magic)** Test. If this test is failed, Skrolk may still cast the spell, but must do so from reading the *Liber Bubonicus*.

Trappings: Filthy Robes, *Liber Bubonicus*, Rod of Corruption

THE LIBER BUBONICUS

The *Liber Bubonicus* is an infamous grimoire containing the secrets of magically inculcated disease. The Grimoire contains all spells from the Skaven Lore of Plague and the Lore of Nurgle. The book counts as a Major Corrupting Influence to anyone handling it.



THE ROD OF CORRUPTION

Lord Skrolk's weapon of choice is a spiderwood flail carved with many Queekish runes, and from which hang multiple censers from which foul, reeking emanations billow forth. Its iron spikes have been steeped in so many plagues that every wound inflicted by it eventually festers. Few survive long enough to see the wounds putrefy, however, for those damaged by the Rod of Corruption must make an **Average (+20) Endurance** Test or suffer the immediate effects of Gangrene.

Any creature who comes within 3 yards of a Character bearing the Rod of Corruption enters an area filled with pestilential miasma. Creatures who choose to stay within this aura for more than 3 Rounds must make a **Challenging (+0) Endurance** Test or contract a random disease (roll as per the Cauldron of a Thousand Poxes).

The Rod of Corruption counts as a Major Corrupting Influence to anyone who handles it. It can be wielded in combat like a quarterstaff.

◆ THE VAMPIRE COAST ◆

A COLONY OF SHAMBLING CORPSES
AND DROWNED GHOSTS IN THRALL TO A DEPRAVED LORD



'This is the Vampire Coast, and we are dead.'

— Last entry in the log of the *Haendryk's Fortune* of Marienburg, found abandoned and adrift

'It was an evil fate that brought me to this land. Thank you.'

— Luthor Harkon

Long spoken of in dark tales embellished by drink in the ports of the Old World, the reality of Lustria's Vampire Coast is even more horrific. While bold captains dare the crossing to Skeggi on voyages of trade and exploration, only the foolish and the reckless willingly seek out the Vampire Coast. Only the mad think there is profit in calling at its accursed port, New Bechafen, and only the suicidal venture into its jungles, where creatures of nightmare compete with the Undead. And yet they come.

The Vampire Coast lies along Lustria's southeast, from Cape Ruin at the continent's easternmost point to the mouth of the River Qurvesa to the southwest.

For over 1,000 miles, the visitor sees an almost unbroken length of mangrove swamp, the tangled roots daring an explorer to pick out a way within. Between Cape Ruin and the mouth of Qurvesa River, the mouths of five smaller rivers pierce the jungle to empty into the sea, so evenly spaced from one another that some have speculated they were dug in some unknowable project of the Old Ones. Around their mouths — from north to south the Xingo, Pacutl, Tieto, Aboxi, and Cahuatl — sandy shores have pushed away the swamps and created beaches where shore parties can make their camps before striking inland.

The haven they provide is illusory, however. Not only is each mouth guarded by a grim stone fort whose occupants must either be conquered or placated, but the swamps and the river mouths are home to the Pliodon, a huge and vicious predatory crocodile at home both in river and sea.



The Qurvesa's estuary is the 'heart' of the Vampire Coast — the Straits of Tlaxot, the Volcanic Isles, and the 'capital', New Bechafen.

The Straits are a strange, unnatural area, where the currents of the sea grow sluggish, and the waters are choked with vast groves of sargassum, a seaweed so strong that it can entangle ships and requires an axe to cut through. The ships of the Dread Fleet seem to instinctively know their way through, while others require a pilot from New Bechafen, one that is not always alive.

Seaward of the Straits are the Volcanic Isles, the larger Fuming Serpent and its comrade, Spitting Serpent, both composed of black basalt and covered in jungle, save where lava has scorched it away.

Across the Straits, on the banks of the Qurvesa, is New Bechafen, built in mockery of the towns Harkon remembers from the Old World. It is the grim home of those captured but not killed — and the descendants of those taken in earlier raids. It is also an emergency food supply for Harkon and his court.

North of the mouth of the Qurvesa is a stinking morass known as the Blood Swamps. Within this mire can be found the dark castle of Luthor Harkon himself, its grim outline visible on clear days. The swamps are forbidden to all save Luthor Harkon and his chief minions. It is said that deep within the mire is an ancient shrine to a powerful being. Harkon is said to keep a cabal of captive sorcerers who work rituals in a centuries-old effort to awaken and bind it.

The mouth of the Qurveza forms the southern border of the Vampire Coast, the corrupted region extending inland from the sea, rising gradually through jungles until it reaches the crest of the Serra de Lágrimas highlands. Here it abruptly stops, blocked by the magical forces of the Slann cities and ruins that run the length of the mountain range — from ancient Axlotl, through Itza, Quetza, Xlanhuapec, Tlan, and Huatl — as well as the armies of their Skink servants.

HARKON AND LUSTRIA

'You say the stories about Luthor Harkon contradict each other, that the legends make impossible claims and the records must be later forgeries. You complain that it is impossible to know the truth about the lord of the Vampire Coast. I say that is a blessing, for behind truth there often lies madness.'

— Doktor Koopman of Marienburg's College of Navigation, counselling a frustrated Student

ORIGINS

For someone spoken of so often and for so long, from whispered, fearful tales in Sartosa's taverns to abstract arguments in the studies of the Directors in Marienburg, little is known for certain of Harkon and how he came to carve out his Lustrian realm. Fragments of records from before the time of Emperor Boris Goldgather mention a Necromancer of similar name, but much was lost in the intervening centuries and many scholars, while conceding the Vampire Lord is ancient, refuse to believe that he predates even Sigmar. And yet...

The strongest statements about Luthor Harkon's origins come, ironically, from asking Luthor Harkon himself. Since the first 'survivor accounts' were written in the 17th century, there have been a few, Old Worder and Elf, who have met Harkon, spoken with him and been allowed to leave relatively unscathed to tell of their encounters. Even the greatest sceptics grudgingly admit there is a certain consistency between them.

According to these accounts, Harkon claims to have arisen in the far eastern reaches of the Empire, in one of the many remote valleys of the mountains there. Indeed, several of the authors of these memoirs report that, though Harkon often instead claims an origin as a royal officer in Lahmia, he speaks with an eastern Imperial accent in an archaic, almost poetic dialect. Whether in Nehekara or among the mountain clans of the East, Luthor Harkon learned first the ways of the Witch and the Necromancer, becoming a master of each. Strangely, he has no memory of becoming a Vampire, perhaps the result of the fracturing of his mind later in unlife. He only says that, one night, he realised he had been '*born anew*'.

LUSTRIA

According to Harkon, he was forced to flee during the persecutions of the 'Witch Hunter Emperor,' Joachim II, in the 9th century. Barely escaping through the port of Marienburg, his coffin smuggled aboard a Norscan ship, Harkon's vessel ran aground months later on the rocky shore of what became known as Fuming Serpent Island. Harkon was the only 'survivor', if such a word can be used, the rest of the crew having died as the Vampire fed on them, only to be reanimated as his slaves. To this day, one of Harkon's chief advisers is the former captain, 'Black Jens', now a powerful Ghoul. The ship itself, its name faded and forgotten, still serves as the flagship of Harkon's Fleet.

Though stranded in a new land, Harkon felt its inherent magical power, particularly in the Winds of *Shyish* and *Dhar*, which were almost overwhelming in their strength. Peering across the straits from the lip of the volcano's crater, he vowed to make Lustria his, to build an empire of the Undead, with Luthor Harkon as its eternal emperor.

But an empire needs subjects, and an emperor needs an army. And so Harkon began a centuries-long program to gain those subjects and build that army. Slowly at first, he used his magic to lead ships astray, drawing them south away from the main trade routes. Once they had wrecked upon the rocks or stopped to look for food and fresh water, their crews would be overwhelmed, their bodies joining the ranks of Harkon's Undead sailors, and the ships becoming part of his growing fleet.

EXPANSION AND FRUSTRATION

At last, Luthor Harkon was ready. Crossing the Straits of Tlaxot with his army of the dead, he claimed Lustria for himself and, in a bizarre parody of Old World ceremony, had himself crowned emperor on a throne of bone under a purple and black canopy held aloft by Zombies.



With this ceremony done, Luthor marched his forces into the waiting jungle. He promptly discovered that Lustria makes nothing easy for anyone, even a Vampire. Though fearsome, the creatures of the jungle were not a real problem. If one ate a score of Harkon's Zombie soldiers, he could raise more. The armies of the Skinks and their Kroxigor warriors were more formidable, and their enmity eternal. But, even then, those that fell battling Harkon's minions inevitably became new recruits. Luthor Harkon had time, and in time he knew he would prevail.

The greatest threat, however, the one that has stymied him for a thousand years and might still bring about his destruction, is the vast magical power controlled by the Slann, the rulers of Lustria's cities. Six such sites, some inhabited, some in ruins, sit upon the crest of the Serra de Lágrimas, the jungle-covered high country that runs in an arc from Cape Ruin to the banks of the Qurvesa. Not only do the mountains form a physical barrier to further expansion, but the magic of the Slann stops Harkon's forces from crossing the ridge. He can attack and try to ransack them as he did at Huatl, much to his regret, but he cannot pass them — it is as if a hand of iron presses his forces back.

Though Harkon regularly tests this barrier, he now schemes to bypass it altogether. If he could sail his fleet up the Qurveza, he could get around the barrier with an army, and the whole of the Lustrian interior would be open to him at last. One great obstacle stands in his way, however — the ruined temple-city of Axlotl.

Though sacked by Harkon in 1351 IC, the city was soon reconsecrated by the Slann. Squatting atop tall pillars that rise from each of the city's pyramids, the Mage-Priests sit in quiet contemplation of the heavens, never speaking, never eating, yet always guarded by Chameleon Skinks who live in the jungles surrounding Axlotl. Whatever else they may have in mind, whatever knowledge they seek in their eternal service to the Old Ones, the power emanated by the Mage-Priests also anchors the barrier against Harkon, blocking him and frustrating his ambition.

Thus Harkon, admitting — if only to himself — the mistake he made long ago, has vowed to destroy the Mage-Priests and tear Axlotl down to its foundations. In preparation, he gathers more forces, seeks objects of power, and waits for when the time to strike is right. And then all Lustria will be his.

REALM OF THE UNDEAD

'It has been five years since I escaped the Vampire Coast and returned to my beloved Reikland. Though I thank Morr every night for his mercy in showing me a way out, I curse him for the dreams that come to torture my sleep. I am back in the jungles, a fool lustng for gold, only to discover horrors far worse than crocodiles. I am on the streets of New Bechafen, a beggar in a city where the Restless Dead walk freely, and the living are their cattle. And I am at the court of Luthor Harkon, 'Emperor' of that realm, on my knees in chains as my crew is slaughtered before my eyes as a feast for him and his courtiers. He looks at me and says I am of use.'

'And every night I awake screaming, knowing it isn't just a dream — Luthor Harkon still has me in chains, and I am still his captive. There is no escape, and I welcome the flames.'

— Final statement of Balthasar Ringer, executed at Ubersreik in 2506 IC. Sealed under order of the Temple of Morr

AN IMPERIAL MOCKERY

When Luthor Harkon launched his conquest of what would become the Vampire Coast, he knew he would need to govern it. Even a sorcerer and Vampire as powerful as he could not be everywhere at once, making every decision. While zombies made for ideal peasants, an 'emperor' needed vassals who could carry out his brilliant plans. There have to be commanders for his armies and nobles to keep watch for enemies — or targets of opportunity. And an emperor needs courtiers to offer advice, praise him, and rule when he is 'indisposed'.

Thus, Harkon drew on the model he knew: the Empire.

BLACK CASTLE

From his palace in the Blood Swamps, Luthor Harkon rules the Vampire Coast with an iron, if increasingly erratic, grip. The castle is built of basalt blocks by Zombie slaves over countless centuries, it is a nightmarish reflection of the fortresses Harkon remembers from his days in the Empire. Towers erupt at crazy angles, rooms and chambers are built that are never used again, and peaked roofs in the Eastern style ward against snow that never falls. In his throne room, Harkon sits on the Bone Throne, built from the remains of those whom he has killed, Lizardman, Elf, and Human.

When in his right mind, Harkon governs directly, receiving reports and giving orders, interviewing the occasional ambassador from the Druchii or powerful visitors from the Old World, and scheming to break the power of the Slann. Though relations with Lizardmen and their Mage-Priest rulers are hostile, Harkon is rumoured to maintain connections to the Great Clans of Sylvania through contacts in the Border Princes, as well as having dealings with unknown powers in Cathay.

When not in his 'right mind', something that happens with increasing frequency, Harkon relies on his courtiers. A mixed coterie of intelligent Undead and Humans, all held in thrall by Harkon's will, chief among them is 'Black Jens', a Ghoul and his chancellor. When Harkon is away or unable to govern, it is Jens who gives the orders in 'the Emperor's' name.

BLACK JENS – GOHUL CHANCELLOR

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	50	50	30	40	40	30	30	45	60	45	17

Traits: Bite +5, Fear (2), Hungry, Infected, Night Vision, Weapon +7

Skills: Bribery 55, Endurance 50, Gossip 55, Haggle 55, Intimidate 45, Language (Classical) 55, Lore (Politics) 55, Melee (Basic 65, Brawling 55), Perception 55, Stealth (Rural) 45

Talents: Etiquette (Undead), Savvy, Schemer, Sea Legs, Suave

Trappings: Cleaver, Five-Zombie Honour Guard, Tattered Robes and Chain of Office

Once the captain of the ship that conveyed Harkon to Lustria, Jens chose to forsake his soul and became the Vampire's willing slave. As most of his humanity rotted away, he became a Ghoul, albeit more intelligent and crafty than usual. Harkon found this useful, and so made Jens his 'chancellor'. Since then, he has come to rely on Black Jens and even, slightly, trust him.

Gradually, however, more and more of Jens's past life has come back to him as Harkon's mind has fractured, along with growing resentment and even hatred of the Vampire. Though still small and faint, tiny voices in the former captain's mind whisper *'My ship! My crew! MY LIFE!'* The day may soon come when they grow into shouts he cannot ignore.

THE 'PROVINCES'

The Vampire Coast runs over 1,000 miles north to south, and hundreds of miles inland. To maintain control, Harkon had divided his realm into six 'provinces': five based around the mouths of the smaller rivers between Cape Ruin and the Straits, and the sixth comprising the Blood Swamps and New Bechafen as an 'imperial district'.

Each province takes its name from the river that runs through it to the sea. Each is a 'county,' and the 'count' of each is a trustworthy Vampire or Ghoul (trusted, in that they know Harkon will destroy them at the least hint of treachery). They rule their provinces from crude stone forts that sit at the river mouths, sited to provide a watch over the sea and to serve as gathering points for expeditions against the Lizardmen. The northernmost, at the mouth of the River Xingo, has no formal count. After the Brine Wife slaughtered the last half-dozen, Harkon came to an arrangement with her giving him access, but acknowledging her as sole power in the area.

The imperial district, named the 'County of the River Qurvesa and the Interior' to reflect Harkon's ambitions for conquest, is ruled by Harkon directly to prevent the rise of a powerful rival.

NEW BECHAFEN

If there is a city of Men more horrifying, more sad, I do not know it.'

— Tobaro sea captain, reflecting on his one stop at New Bechafen

The sole location on the Vampire Coast that can claim to be a town or city, New Bechafen is home to perhaps 2,500 Humans, Dwarfs, and Halflings, as well as an even larger but unknown number of Undead.

Founded over a thousand years ago in memory and mockery of the town Luthor Harkon once called home, New Bechafen serves several purposes. On the surface, it is a port and trading town, though few ships call there. It is Harkon's capital, though its mortal residents dread his occasional visits. It is, also, a haven for the Undead, who can wander freely without fear of Witch Hunter or Raven Knight. In truth, though, it is a reserve food source for Harkon and his servants, should the seas be denied to them. Indeed, they rarely refer to it by its official name, instead calling it *Speisekammer* — 'Larder'.

The Humans here are either those captured and not killed outright, their descendants, or those mad or desperate enough to seek refuge here. Though the residents maintain what looks like a 'normal' Imperial town — markets, docks, taverns, a town hall, and a temple — they are gloomy and joyless. They even go out at night, when the Undead walk, as if resigned to fate. Should a friend or loved one disappear — or worse, return as one of 'them' — the reaction is usually a quiet 'It is *Harkon's will*'.

SPITTING SERPENT ISLAND

Frustrated by the power of the Lizardmen, stripped of his connections to the Winds of Magic, Harkon searched desperately for new sources of strength. One night, he felt a magical presence on Spitting Serpent, an island he had ignored until then. Exploring it alone, Harkon came to a magma chamber deep within the volcano's heart and there found an alien shrine, like nothing even the Slann had built. A voice came into his mind, '*...awaken... free me... I serve...*'.

Since then Harkon has worked to fully revive and enslave... it. A daemon? An elemental? A god? He has tossed countless slaves into the magma to feed it and allowed captured wizards to live, so long as they worked to free it. Success has eluded him, but he knows this entity is key to his destiny. Skinks occasionally visit the site to make sacrifices to Sotek, so Harkon must be careful and secretive to avoid any confrontation with them.

Before he lost his connections to the Winds of Magic, Harkon had seen that Spitting Serpent was strong in *Shyish*, *Dhar*, and *Ghur* — the Wind of Beasts — perhaps drawn by the entity in the volcano. Long after, fortune placed within his grasp Emil Morot, a brilliant Bretonnian surgeon who had also mastered *Ghur*. After years of torture both mental and physical, he broke the doktor's will, and Morot became his willing servant.

Now Doktor Morot runs a 'hospital' on Spitting Serpent. Often seen prowling the streets of New Bechafen in search of those 'needing treatment', he takes them to the island, where he cuts and chops and grafts and works magic, creating obscene hybrids of mortals and beasts. These monsters are intelligent enough to serve as soldiers for Harkon, yet lack the limitations of the Undead. So far, the results have been mixed: the 'patients' either go mad and have to be destroyed, or fall apart. Nonetheless, should Harkon's scheme succeed, it may result in an army the Mage-Priests might not be able to resist.

LOCATIONS

The Vampire Coast conceals many weird and dangerous places within its beaches and jungles. Below are seven that visitors to its blighted shores might encounter.

THE TEMPLE OF HARKON, NEW BECHAFEN

When Harkon built his capital, he raised a temple of Undeath in sneering contempt of Bechafen's own Temple of Morr. Built on an artificial mound at the city's north end, *Dhar* flows thick about it. Those with Second Sight see it wreath the building like a deep fog, flowing around it and in and out of its doors and windows, its black so intense it pains the eyes.

Built of basalt and black marble, the temple resembles a temple of Morr. Its facade and the ebony doors of the entrance bear carvings of the dead, yet here they rise from the grave to eat the living. Within its nave, hundreds of smoky candles and braziers burning fat illuminate the polished black marble floor, giving the illusion of endless depth. At the apse, a bloodstained altar of silver stands before a great statue of Luthor Harkon as a god. The high priestess is Beate Adelberg, an insane apostate priestess of Morr, who conducts ceremonies before mixed congregations of the living and the Undeath. To any who see her, it is evident she is well on the way to becoming a Ghoul.

Beneath the mound are the catacombs. While no one is truly buried in them, they are home to innumerable Wraiths and Tomb Banshees. The temple's gates forever open, the residents come and go at night as they wish. When someone vanishes from New Bechafen, their loved ones often come here and leave a single silver coin at the threshold, a request to know if the missing person now 'lives' within. If the answer is 'yes', the supplicants ask no more.

THE SARGASSUM

The waters of the Straits of Tlaxot are home to a seaweed called 'sargassum' that can trap ships forever, unless they find a path through. Vines thick as a ship's cable grow from the ocean floor to spread along the surface, where they form tangled mats the size of small islands.

Exposed to the heat of the sun, the weed slowly rots and emits a charnel stench strong enough to nauseate unaccustomed mortals. Vast flocks of seabirds swirl overhead, pecking at the corpses floating among the morass.

The Sargassum is the Dread Fleet's 'port'. As far as the eye can see, dead ship after dead ship floats mired in the weed, many overgrown with its vines. Some are recent, some so old that they are little more than rotted hulks. Ships of all nations rest here — cogs, caracks, and galleons of the Old World, great ships from Ulthuan, and even enormous junks from Cathay. All are still, no wind filling their sails. Passing sailors occasionally spot activity aboard them and then quickly avert their eyes when they realise the crews are Undeath, going about a seaman's duties in a grim charade of life. When the ships sail on Harkon's orders, however, the weeds release their grip and, wind or not, the Dread Fleet sets off to harry the living.

THE SARGASSUM

Ships traversing the Straits must make a Hard (-20) Boat Handling Test (or Sail or Row Test) or become *Entangled*. Escape requires 2d10 hours of chopping and cutting the weed. 2d10 hours after becoming caught, a 'pilot' — usually a Ghoul, sometimes Human — arrives offering the stranded party passage. The fee is 5 GC per crewmember, or one fresh corpse. If declined, a boarding party of Undeath attack the mired ship that night. If they succeed, it and its crew become part of Harkon's fleet. If they fail, the ship is allowed to pass.



THE GRAVESEND INN

Some ships do stop at New Bechafen intentionally, though hardly ever for a good purpose. Often crews choose to stay aboard their ships, not wishing to risk their lives on the town's shadowed streets. Others, as well as passengers coming to the Vampire Coast for their own reasons, need somewhere reasonably safe to eat, drink, and bed down for the night, and doors that lock. For those, the Gravesend Inn is the best of a bad lot.

During the day, the inn — a grim, sagging structure of plastered-over wood built to resemble an Old World coaching house — seems like a normal, albeit subdued, alehouse. Humans, and the occasional Elf, Dwarf, or Halfling, drink, eat, and talk. But it is extremely rare that any singing or laughter is heard and there are no flirtations between customer and barmaid. Just resignation and a sense of a fate none can escape.

At night, however, the inn comes to life... of a sort. Most mortals go home, and the Undead come in. Mostly Ghouls and Vampires, they come to enjoy the 'night menu', which Harkon requires the inn serve in return for the staff's safety, paradoxically making a job here one of the most desired on the Vampire Coast. Those few mortal customers and guests who stay in the taproom after dark often regret it; Harkon's law prohibits the hunting and killing of mortals inside the inn, but that doesn't mean their Undead 'better' can't have a little *'good, clean fun'*, at the mortals' expense.



Diogo Mendes is the proprietor of the Gravesend. Descendant of a shipwrecked sailor whom Harkon spared over a hundred years ago, his family has owned the inn ever since. Portly, in his fifties with a jowly face, Diogo shields his staff and customers from the worst abuses of the Undead. Unknown to all but a few, he is also the leader of a secret society, 'Morr's Stakes'. Small and pathetic, the group nonetheless provides the only resistance to Harkon's rule and, for its members, the tiniest sliver of hope.

THE SAD PRINCESS

Long ago, a greedy Bilbali merchant decided to 'cut out the middleman' when buying goods from Lustria. Hearing of a lost treasure along the Vampire Coast, he outfitted a galleon — *'The Sad Princess'* — and set sail for glory.

All went well at first. They survived the voyage and New Bechafen, found the treasure, and escaped through the Sargassum. Then the ship approached Cape Ruin and the lair of the Brine Wife. Though left undisturbed in their journey south, a song came from the shore, calling them to her and promising them their hearts' desires — if only the merchant would give back the treasure.

He was ready for this and had his men put wax plugs in their ears. Blocking out her song, he turned the ship and headed south again, looking for another way. But there was no escape. A sailor had taken out the wax, thinking they were safe, but instead fell under the Brine Wife's spell. Drawing a knife, he slit the merchant's throat and grabbed the wheel, turning the ship to return to her. Just then a powerful wave caught *The Sad Princess* and smashed it against the rocks.

To this day, *The Sad Princess* rests upon the rocks a few hours south of Cape Ruin, the shreds of its tattered sails flapping in the wind. Of the fate of the merchant and his crew, or indeed of the unknown treasure for which he sacrificed their lives, no one knows, though many guess. However, on the nights when both moons are full, sailors report seeing the wreck limned in witchlight and hearing the sounds of barked orders and sea shanties, as well as the song of the Brine Wife, forever demanding the treasure's return.

THE GHASTLY ESTATES

After the foundation of New Bechafen, Luthor Harkon saw that its growing population would eventually outstrip what could be taken by hunting and fishing. To solve this, he ordered a great swathe of jungle to be slashed and burned to make way for farmland. Given that Harkon and the subordinates he charged with managing this project had long forgotten what it was to eat a vegetable, let alone how to cultivate one, the task was far from easy, and the results are an affront to all mortal senses.

A few miles inland of New Bechafen, gangs of Human and Zombie labourers cleared hundreds of acres. It was backbreaking work, for the jungle grew back almost as fast as axes and claws could tear it down. Worse, the creatures of the jungle saw the gangs as easy meals — many fell prey to Jaguars, Bloodwasps, and Hyenadons. Even the plants fought back, Creeper Vines and Spikethorns among the ever-present threats.

From afar the estates seem like a series of normal farms and pastures, but a closer look reveals a terrible truth. The crops are unhealthy and stunted, orchards bear withered apples, the livestock almost skeletal. The farm hands are a mix of Human and Zombie — the former not looking much better than the latter — all following the directions of depraved Humans or the more articulate Ghouls who have earned the capricious and fleeting favour of Harkon.

‘New meat’, what these officials call mortals sent to the estates, come from among those caught up in raids on the Old World, or sentenced to hard labour in Harkon’s brutal and unjust courts. Few ever return, either going mad and running off into the jungle, or dying at the claws of their co-workers. Even then there is no escape, for their bodies are raised and sent back to the fields.

Lording over it all is a strange creature, once apparently a man whose features have withered and twisted to become hideous and deathly. He is also immensely bloated, ‘a function,’ he says with a wink, ‘of a healthy diet’. His accent speaks of a high class Reikland origin, and he goes by the moniker of ‘Markgraf’, though he is otherwise nameless. He dresses in burgher’s clothes that were once expensive and fashionable, but which have become sun-bleached and threadbare over many decades of use. The Markgraf is a cruel ruler, and rumoured to be capable of tremendous feats of Necromantic magic, though none can say for sure whether he is a mortal, or some kind of Ghoul, or one of Harkon’s own progeny.

THE SHRINE OF LIFE

Ages ago, a Slann Mage-Priest ordered the erection of a stele 30 feet tall where several smaller rivers joined to form the Tieto. Rising from a circular stone plaza, made of the purest jade and covered with glyphs now worn with time, the stele became a powerful focus for *Ghyran*. Whatever the original intent, the now-abandoned stele serves as a shrine to life and as refuge for those in need.

The shrine lies a week’s journey up the Tieto. To find it, one must pass the stone fort Harkon placed at the river’s mouth, a small keep commanded by an Undead ‘count’ and a garrison of Zombies. Surviving that, one must then face the horrors of the jungle, including raiding bands of Lizardmen and roving packs of Undead.

Survivors realise after several days that the creatures of the jungle and river no longer attack them, and the plants hold no dangers, but instead bear sumptuous fruit. Soon thereafter, they come to the plaza, stones broken and plants growing in the cracks, the jade stele rising over all.

Here they may find sanctuary ... for a while.

THE SHRINE OF LIFE

The stele radiates an aura of life a mile in diameter. Creatures lacking the *Daemonic* or *Undead* Creature Traits only fight in self-defence, never attacking. Creatures with those Traits — even Luthor Harkon! — cannot enter the zone. Likewise, the hostile plant life of Lustria becomes docile, never posing a threat to those in the stele’s aura.

Within the aura, Jade Wizards cast spells on a **Very Easy (+60)** *Language (Magick)* Test. Conversely, wielders of *Dhar* or *Shyish* face a **Very Hard (-30)** Test. The shrine itself even attempts to dispel their magic, equivalent to *Language (Magick)* 70.

The shrine will only let visitors stay for a week. Then the animals growl and attack, the fruit becomes noxious, and the Jade Wind blusters as if angry. It is time to go.

LUTHOR HARKON

'I fear that monster more than I do any Chaos ship on the Sea o' Claws, and that's a fact!'

— A well-travelled Marienburg Captain

Luthor Harkon is many things — Vampire, former Witch and Necromancer, and self-styled 'Arch-Grand Commodore of Harkon's Fleet', 'Pirate-King of the Vampire Coast', and 'Emperor of Lustria'. His schemes are limitless and his cruelty knows no bounds. He is the terror of all the lands around the Great Ocean. He is also thoroughly insane.

Fleeing the Old World, it was in Lustria that Luthor Harkon found his destiny. Washed onto the swampy shores of its eastern coast, he looked around at this ancient, magic-rich land and saw opportunity. Though it took centuries, he raised an army of Undead and began a slow campaign of conquest, pushing the Lizardmen back in battle after battle and slaughtering the beasts of the jungle until they learned to avoid his unliving troops.

It was as Harkon pushed against the line of Slann cities and sites along the Serra de Lágrimas that disaster struck. While attempting to break through a magically-barred door in the ruins of Huatl, a surge of powerful magical force ripped through his forces, destroying all save Harkon himself.

But Harkon did not escape unscathed. When at last he crawled from the jungle and was brought back to his castle, it was clear his mind was broken. Where once had been an arrogant Vampire Lord at the height of his powers, there was a babbling child. And then a venerable scholar on a research expedition. And then a pirate captain looking for a good time. And then... nothing. There was no telling when the stress of a setback or other frustration would bring forth another personality. Even when he rose from his coffin at night, his lackeys could never predict just who would come forth.

Perhaps worse, when Harkon recovered, he discovered that he could no longer command the Winds of Magic — nor even see them! Whatever had happened in that crypt beneath Huatl's Great Pyramid, it had not just fractured his psyche, it had stripped him of his ability to work magic. If the Lizardmen should discover the truth, it would mean disaster for him and his ambitions.

In a period of lucidity, Harkon formulated a plan. He would remain as much as possible in his castle to lessen the chance of exposure. His 'generals' would lead his forces, Harkon only coming forth when victory was certain. To continue growing his armies, he focused on 'recruiting' Necromancers and those lesser Vampires he could dominate.





LUTHOR HARKON – VAMPIRE ARCH-GRAND COMMODORE AND SELF-DECLARED EMPEROR

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
6	84	55	60	63	55	72	46	77	75	60	25

Traits: Bite +8, Corruption (Minor), Die Hard, Fear 2, Frenzy, Night Vision, Ranged (Pistol) (20) +8, Undead, Vampiric, Vampiric Gaze, Wall Crawler, Weapon (Rapier) +10 or (Zweihander) +11

Skills: Bribery 75, Charm 80, Climb 85, Cool 90, Dodge 82, Endurance 83, Evaluate 87, Gossip 70, Haggle 70, Intimidate 75, Intuition 75, Language (Battle 82, Cathayan 87, Classical 87, Magick 87, Nehekharan 87, Reikspiel 87, Tilean 82), Leadership 85, Lore (Daemonology 87, Dark Magic 87, Lustria 82, Magic 97, Old Ones 82, Undead 92, Vampire Coast 97, Warfare 97), Melee (Basic 94, Fencing 89, Polearm 89, Two-Handed 104), Navigation 87, Outdoor Survival 87, Perception 75, Ranged (Blackpowder) 75, Row 75, Sail (Carrack 82, Cog 82), Sleight of Hand 61, Stealth (Rural) 87, Swim 75

Talents: Accurate Shot, Attractive, Combat Aware, Combat Reflexes, Commanding Presence, Detect Artefact, Fast Hands, Instinctive Diction, Iron Will, Master and Commander, Old Salt, Orientation, Reaction Strike 2, Read/Write, Regeneration, Riposte 2, Sea Legs

Trappings: Dashing but Threadbare Commodore's Uniform, Doll named 'Anna', Pistol with Ammunition for 12 Shots, Suit of Plate Armour, Luthor has access to an arsenal of melee weapons but typically either fights with a Rapier or Zweihander depending on his mood

Vampiric Gaze. The creature may attempt to break the will of a target by gazing into its eyes. If in combat, this is the Vampire's Action for the Round. If the Vampire succeeds an **Opposed Willpower/Cool** Test, the target comes under the Vampire's control, obeying its every command. The effect lasts for one hour plus one hour for every SL the Vampire achieved on the Opposed Test. Controlled Characters may attempt to free themselves by making an **Average (+20) Cool** Test if ordered to do something they would normally find morally or physically repugnant. They may also spend a Resolve point to break the control.

Multiple Personalities: Luthor has a habit of becoming disassociated when stressed, bored, or confused. When first encountered, roll on the table to the right. When a personality other than Harkon has been adopted, make a **Challenging (+0) Cool** Test every d10 hours. Failure means that a new personality comes to the fore. If this new personality is Luthor Harkon, there is no need to test again unless a circumstance arises under which Harkon receives any Condition, or is the target of a spell, whereupon a new personality is generated immediately.

For those times when 'the others' were in control, a regency council of his chief aides, led by Black Jens, would rule in his name, never revealing that Harkon was 'out of sorts'. To date, the plan has worked. For how much longer is unknowable.

Though stripped of his sorcerous power, Luthor Harkon has not abandoned his ambitions. He has adapted, seeking power through other means. On Spitting Serpent, he redoubled his efforts to research the being under the volcano and either dominate it, or ally with it. His captains are under orders to bring Doktor Morot all the 'research subjects' he wants as he searches for ways to make new soldiers. And he forever hunts for artefacts and devices of the Slann and the Old Ones, both to augment his power and to cure his 'condition'. He might even be willing to 'hire' visitors from the Old World to risk the dangers of a Slann site.

HARKON'S PERSONALITIES

Roll	Personality
1-4	Luthor Harkon. If recovering from another personality, he has no memory of what they have done.
5	'Wilhelmina', a lost girl. Frightened, but pleasant if treated nicely. She becomes murderously enraged if she cannot find her doll, 'Anna'.
6	'Sancho', a gentle scholar from Estalia, there to study the insect life of Lustria. He has a large collection at the castle, occasionally feeding them 'apprentices' found in New Bechafen.
7	'Red Neel', a Marienburg pirate, out for a good time. Sometimes escapes to New Bechafen for a pub crawl. Getting him back often entails violence.
8	'Reynhard von Liebwitz', an Imperial noble. Refusing to grant his whims for any reason leads, on a failed Challenging (+0) Cool Test, to cries of 'rebellion' and a violent assault.
9	Catatonic. Unmoving, reacts to nothing.
10	An Old One returned. Refuses to give his name, as the mere sound of it would drive lesser beings mad. Schemes to crush the Slann Mage-Priests who stole his magic. Mention of Huatl brings angry denunciations of 'that fool, Harkon'.

THE BRINE WIFE

'Even Luthor Harkon himself is wary of her!'

— Whispered talk in a Swamp Town dive

Long ago in the Time of the Three Emperors, a powerful Witch named Keterlyn terrorized Ostland. Fleeing to the coast as the Witch Hunters closed in, she enspelled a captain to take her to Lustria, for in her dreams, Harkon had appeared to her, offering refuge and power. After a long voyage, they made it to the Vampire Coast where, to prove her devotion, she slaughtered the captain and the entire crew to pay for passage through the Sargassum.

Brought before Luthor Harkon in his castle on Fire Serpent Isle, the Witch offered her power in return for protection, swearing to serve him and use her powers to bring him glory. *'Oh, thou shalt,'* he replied, *'now look upon thy Lord'*. She did — only to be paralyzed as Harkon's gaze bored into her. Unable to move, nor even shriek in protest, Harkon's Zombie soldiers dragged her to the castle walls, where she was tossed into the sea as the Vampire chanted a ritual incantation. As she drowned, the magic transformed her into a Syreen.

But Harkon had not counted on the Witch's rage at his betrayal. Unlike most of her kind, Keterlyn retained some of her identity in this new form, and much of her magical power. Escaping into the Sargassum, she waged war on Harkon and his servitors, wreaking havoc and each time barely escaping his wrath. Seeing no other way to end this, Harkon offered her a deal: become not his slave, but his ally, and in return for the protection he once promised, bring him ships and sailors to grow his fleet and armies. Seeing the advantage to this, she agreed.

Harkon granted Keterlyn an island off the coast of Cape Ruin, formed around an extinct volcano and surrounded by coral reefs. To show he was the dominant ally, he declared her subordinate to the 'count' of the River Xingo... whom she promptly killed. Harkon appointed another, and she killed that one. And another. This went on until Luthor Harkon grew bored and agreed to cede the island to Keterlyn as sovereign. Having her power on his side was more important than losing an atoll to her.

Now at last she was safe and could wield her power unrestrained. Her lair is a cave in the volcano that accesses both sea and land, and through the bubbling foul liquids in her cauldron, she scries for passing ships, singing to those that come close. Wise captains sail far out to sea to avoid the Brine Wife's song, regardless of the risks that entails. But some are foolhardy and think speed will save them, or they become trapped in the current and drift near her island. Whatever the reason, the song draws them in. Those ships that are salvageable join Harkon's fleet, while the rotting hulks of others lie scattered on the reefs and rocks. The crews, alive or dead, are either turned over to Harkon, or saved for the Witch's own experiments. She keeps a portion of the ships' treasures as her due.

Of particular note are reports from those who have survived a visit to her island that it is filled with mirrors. They are of all sizes, shapes, and types — large and small, hanging and standing, polished metal and fine glass. They come from around the world and are her prized possessions. She will surrender all the other treasures on a ship to Harkon, but any mirror is hers, and she is willing to fight for it.

Those who know of this eccentricity speculate that the answer lies in her past, for the Brine Wife was once beautiful. Somewhere in her tormented mind, there is something that denies the horrid abomination she has become. When not scrying through her cauldron or tormenting captives, she spends hours staring into one mirror or another, crooning softly about how beautiful she is and asking her captives if they agree. Wise ones do.

This vanity can provide Characters an opening to not only survive an encounter with the Brine Wife — for she long ago dropped her mortal name for the title frightened sailors gave her — but also gain her help. Appeals to her 'beauty' and power can, on a successful **Hard (-20) Charm** Test, get her to listen to the Character, perhaps even free them if they are sufficiently flattering.

And though she is an ally of Harkon, she is no friend or slave. An especially persuasive argument — including, maybe, the gift of a valuable mirror as 'tribute' — could convince her to help the Characters escape his minions, get past his coastal forts, or even face the Vampire Lord himself.

THE BRINE WIFE – SYREEN AND WITCH

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
6	56	-	30	67	40	55	31	58	58	18	20

Traits: Amphibious, Corrupting (Minor), Dark Vision, Ethereal, Fury, Spellcaster (Petty, Necromancy, Witchcraft), Terror 3, Undead, Unstable, Weapon (Ghostly Blade) +7

Skills: Channelling (*Dhar*) 88, Cool 78, Dodge 75, Endurance 87, Gossip 38, Intimidate 50, Intuition 60, Language (Magick) 85, Lore (Dark Magic) 78, Necromancy 78, Magic 78, Melee (Basic) 71, Perception 60, Research 78, Sleight of Hand 51, Stealth (Rural) 70

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Magic (Necromancy, Witchery), Detect Artefact, Frightening, Instinctive Diction 3, Iron Will, Luck, Menacing, Petty Magic, Second Sight, Sixth Sense

Spells:

Petty: Dart, Dazzle, Drain, Gust, Marsh Lights, Murmured Whisper

Arcane: Aethyric Armour, Breath (rotted fish and seaweed), Dome, Drop, Entangle, Move Object, Push

Witchcraft: Blight, Curse of Crippling Pain, Curse of Ill-Fortune, The Evil Eye

Necromancy: Raise Dead, Reanimate, Vanhel's Call

Trappings: Cauldron, Cave Lair on a rocky island off Cape Ruin, Dozens of Mirrors including a Mirror of Scrying (allows access to the Psychometry Skill to the Character wielding it, and a minor source of Corruption), Horde of Treasure from wrecked ships, Undead Servants

Brine Wife's Call: As an action, the Syreen may sing its luring song. Characters within a number of yards equal to the Syreen's Initiative must make a **Hard (-20) Cool Test** or become beguiled by the call and unable to perform any action except moving towards the Syreen — effectively acquiring the *Unconscious* Condition.





There are several islands of note around the eastern seaboard of Lustria that are of interest to explorers from the Old World. There are many more islands on the western seaboard, though they are largely unexplored by Human sailors, and rumoured to be the site of several intense brushfire conflicts between the High Elves of Ulthuan and the Dark Elves of Naggaroth.

Amazon Island is the site of several ruined Lizardman structures. It is protected fiercely by the tribes who live there, and no expedition that has set out to explore the island has returned with charts or artefacts to prove that they have spent time there.

The few survivors who do return tell stories that the island is fiercely and jealously guarded by the Amazons who live there, and that these warrior women wield strange weapons and magical powers.

The Place of Power known as the Temple of Kara is sited on the mouth of the Amaxon River, overlooking the island, and is said to be of great significance to the inhabitants.

Islands to the east of Amazon Island, such as Tabazco and Xocibiki, are uninhabited, though Human visitors who try to settle there are often caught up in battles between the Amazons and Lizardman forces from Tlaxtlan. The Island of Sacrifices, found even further to the east, is so infested with venomous serpents that no Humans have settled there.

Tlencan is the site of a ruined pyramid-temple. The great structure is swathed in a dense layer of grasping creeper and spikethorn, but something about the structure unnerves those who might otherwise have settled upon the island. Some scholars suggest that it is the smaller island to the east of Tlencan that Lost Erik made landfall on during his expedition. The Norse sneer at this assumption and claim that it is a slander told by those who live in the Old World to suggest that one of the greatest Norse explorers would mistake a small island for a continent.

The Etsalian colony of Santa Magritta is found on Columbo's Island. Old Worlders drawn to Lustria are often regaled with tales of the success of Santa Magritta, being assured that it rivals the cities of the Old World in size, wealth, cultural achievement, and security. They purport that Santa Magritta is well defended by a town guard who patrol the streets in groups of six, equipped with handguns and halberds, and that its markets are as bustling and as cosmopolitan as those of Marienburg. It is actually a precarious, benighted place, dependant on shipments of food and arms from Magritta to survive. The town also relies on trade with sea captains who would normally fall afoul of Magritta's hatred of piracy. The governor of Santa Magritta has been known to host Magrittan pirate hunters at his hacienda one day, and Sartosan pirates the next. This is not an arrangement that can last for the long term, sooner or later his contacts in Magritta will learn of his reliance on pirates, and he will either have to sell out those corsairs he does business with or do without the patronage of Magritta.

To the south of Lustria, around the cape, is a small chain of three islands. These are claimed as property of the Elven Kingdoms and are overlooked by the fortress of the Citadel of Dusk, sited on the nearby peninsula.

• THE CITADEL OF DUSK •

LUSTRIA'S SOUTHERN CAPE IS GUARDED
BY THE FORTRESS OUTPOST OF DISTANT KINGDOMS



The Citadel of Dusk is a well guarded and secretive High Elven bastion on the Anurell Peninsula, a region originally charted by Elven explorer Anurell Seadrake. The citadel's narrow spire, situated on cliffs at Lustria's southern cape, stretches up to the clouds and is made invisible by powerful enchantments. Under the fortress is a subterranean naval port that cannot easily be spotted by passing vessels. Magical fogs are summoned to obscure naval and military deployments when necessary.

The primary role of the citadel is to protect Ulthuan's trade interests and guard the western routes to its colonies in the seas south of Nippon and Cathay. Despite its remote location, the Citadel of Dusk is an important link within the High Elven empire. Yet it is also a reminder of the faded grandeur of the High Elves. Where once the citadel was garrisoned by several regiments of Sea Guard now a few scant patrols walk the ramparts and man the batteries of Eagle Claw Bolt Throwers.

In addition to pirates and reavers, the Lustrian sea lanes are threatened by devastating storms from the southern Chaos Wastes. Priests of Mathlann from the citadel have developed means to counter these storms by approaching them on Sky Cutter flying chariots and using spells and arcane compounds to cause the clouds to release their tainted rain before they reach Lustria.

Uninvited visitors aren't welcome to the citadel and must enter negotiations with the High Elves to persuade them of their good intentions. However, adventuring parties can meet Elves from the citadel at other islands in the archipelago. A trading port at the very tip of the peninsula is open to foreigners. Closer to the citadel is a penal colony where Ulthuan's undesirables are sent for rehabilitation, and a island with a sinister reputation due, in large part, to the odd horticultural practices that take place there. Non-Elves who trespass on either of these sacred islands might be brought to the citadel in chains.



HISTORY

After launching a disastrous assault on Naggaroth in 1121 IC, Phoenix King Morvael ('The Impetuous') had left Ulthuan and its colonies vulnerable to Dark Elf counterattacks. As part of his recovery plan, construction was completed on the Citadel of Dusk in 1218 IC, alongside conscription reforms to the High Elf military. Eventually, Morvael's initiatives won the war and the Druchii invaders were driven back, but the cost in lives was staggering. King Morvael ultimately ended his own life in 1503 IC by walking into Asuryan's Flame for a second time.

Despite his ignominious end, King Morvael's levy system had produced regiments of elite, highborn infantry, and ship's companies, trained to operate in unique environments. At first, the citadel was garrisoned largely by warrior-nobles from Morvael's home kingdom of Yvresse (some of whom remain on the Lustrian peninsula to this day). Over time, King Morvael's successors have diversified the garrison with conscripts from Cothique, Eataine, and elsewhere. However, Yvresse retains a sense of historic ownership which causes tension with colonists from other Elven kingdoms.

REASONS TO VISIT

Most non-Elves are considered *Ylvathoi* (sidebar, page 82) making them unwelcome at the Citadel of Dusk and its sacred islands. Therefore, adventuring parties are unlikely to seek out the citadel (or even realise it exists), but they might discover it while sailing near the archipelago for other reasons:

- ✿ **Blown Off-course:** Their ship is caught in a storm and forced to take refuge in the trading port known to Humans as the Tip of Lustria.
- ✿ **Eastern Interests:** While sailing to Ind or Cathay, or trading with merchants from those lands, they acquire supplies or exotic goods at the Elven colony.
- ✿ **Circumnavigation:** Their ultimate destination is Lustria's west coast, which requires sailing around the southern peninsula and passing near the citadel.

THE EVERQUEEN'S DECREE

'You shall not alter the destinies of sentient species untainted by Chaos.'

When Ulthuan was abandoning its colonies to the victorious Dwarf empire, the Everqueen – in solidarity with Phoenix King Caradryel – issued a decree heralding a new era of isolationism. The Everqueen had been troubled by reports of colonists 'playing god' in their pursuit and acquisition of Old One secrets.

Most Elves now consider the decree obsolete, a relic of its time intended to salvage dignity from defeat. However, the current Everqueen, Alarielle, insists that the decree remains law in Lustria. Elven colonists are inconsistent in their interpretation and adherence to the decree. Some ignore it altogether, whereas devotees of Isha leave no sign of their passing but for footprints in the soil.

CITADEL OF DUSK OVERVIEW

The needle-shaped citadel is impossibly tall, defying laws of Human engineering. Its polished marble surface is invisible from the outside except during storms, when lightning silhouettes the rain-slicked tower. Once inside the citadel, the illusion dissipates. Soldiers, officers, and sailors mill about the atriums and hallways under gracefully vaulted ceilings. Hawkship and Skycutter crews rotate patrol shifts frequently. Reconnaissance patrols on land and water are often obscured with invisibility spells, both for defense and to honour the Everqueen's Decree.

Isle of Dusk

Casual observers might assume this spit of land, no more than 3 miles across, is not an island in the true sense of the word. It is at the tip of a narrow peninsula, separated from the mainland by a salt marsh and, were it not for the Elves, would be inhabited solely by sea birds. Sparse foliage dots the craggy terrain.

The island is riddled with well-camouflaged defense tunnels, and underground accessways connect the citadel with the naval port. Supplies and ammunition are stored in cellar caverns beneath the citadel proper. The most conspicuous feature is a stone ramp near the citadel, which serves as a launchpad for Skycutter chariots.

Naval Port

Directly beneath the citadel, and bounded by the foundations of its walls, is a domed, littoral cavern containing the High Elf navy. Approximately 100 ships can be accommodated here. Hawkships are docked in pens around the outer ring, meanwhile the larger Eagleships moor on the inner ring. The port's efficient launching system enables the entire navy to be deployed in just over an hour. The sea gate, concealed within a cove facing the peninsula, is rarely noticed by passing ships.

Lower Citadel Levels

The tower widens to 80 yards at its base around a central shaft. Barracks for soldiers and crews are spartan, however the common areas include shrines, training halls, a casino, and even a magical garden to boost the garrison's morale. The stables can accommodate one full cavalry regiment. On the third level are officers' quarters, war rooms, and bolt-thrower emplacements. Apertures on the outer wall can unleash a hail of bolts at unsuspecting assailants.

Upper Citadel Levels

A levitating, circular platform provides access to the upper levels, however only officers and mages of the citadel know the magical command word. Mages busy themselves in arcane workshops researching Lustria's weather, flora, and fauna. Rigorous notes are taken and stored in library-shrines to Hoeth for later study. The very highest levels contain observation decks with arcane instruments for weather monitoring. During storms, the tip of the citadel disappears into the clouds and its decorative metal inlays crackle with electricity.

ADMINISTRATION

The citadel and its fleet are commanded by Admiral Jahuthrynn Seagleam, a member of the prestigious Lothren Sea Helms with family in Yvresse (and a distant cousin of Phoenix King Finubar). She's committed to reforming the citadel's operational doctrines and improving its reputation in Ulthuan. Seagleam enforces the Everqueen's Decree more strictly than her predecessor and demands that actions and researches which violate the decree are conducted on designated islands. Older officers consider Seagleam excessively cautious.

Belodar Whitesurf, a high priest of the Storm Weaver order, is the nearest thing the Citadel has to a Loremaster. Originally from Cothique, Whitesurf is a thrill-seeker who flies her Skycutter chariot into hurricanes for fun.



She also organises aerial missions to mitigate typhoons using prayer, magic, and plumes of a special powdered mineral. This is considered an important task, as winds from the south carry warpust from the Southern Wastes. Though some consider Whitesurf a maverick, she's admired by naval officers for having Mathlann's favour.

Legal matters are adjudicated by a jury of military officers that's accountable to Admiral Seagleam (as she is, ultimately, to the Phoenix King). The citadel's jurisdiction covers the entire Anurell peninsula. Defendants might be detained temporarily at Comity Island prison during trials. Anyone who's brought to the citadel for testimony is blindfolded in transit, as a security precaution.

Elven Secrets

Few Elves realise that the citadel is constructed upon an important Geomantic Web nexus. Before the Old Ones departed, they created power nodes to contain the southern Chaos Wastes. At the center of the citadel's cavern-port is a double helix of Slann construction, which the Elves simply use as a spiral stairway up to the citadel. Lizardmen seem content to let the Elves maintain it.

Research being conducted at the citadel, in service of Hoeth, is highly classified. Weather manipulation could be exploited as a powerful weapon in the wrong hands. Meanwhile, the citadel's horticultural studies have given rise to borderline heretical theories about the fate of the soul. In addition to performing animal vivisections for anatomical study (which many Elves consider cruel), several mages are involved in species uplifting and purification experiments at the Turtle Isles.

THE ISLAND OF COMITY

One of the archipelago's major islands is a sanctuary for troubled souls. The hilly, sparsely wooded island is considered sacred, and is off-limits to outsiders. Comity Island was originally used as a penal colony for political exiles and criminals during the Sundering, however the old prison is rarely used anymore. Today, inmates at the island's newer sanatorium buildings are primarily Elven colonists who became unhinged by long-term exposure to the southern Chaos Wastes.

Residents of the hilltop sanctuary are ritually shorn and shaved upon arrival. Group meditations and prayer ceremonies to Asuryan and Isha are held multiple times each day. When not engaged in spiritual healing at the sanctuary, inmates mine the hill for rare minerals that are employed by the citadel's Storm Weavers for weather manipulation. The mining tunnels, which extend as far as the beach, are occasionally used by escapees who opt to flee the island.

Near the waterfront are stately villas belonging to pardoned Elven nobles who were formerly sanctuary inmates themselves. Some of these highborn belong to a secret cult of Atharti, goddess of pleasure and seduction. While the Elven penitents expurgate their vices upon the hilltop, Athartian cultists indulge in beach-house parties and orgies down below. This deviant clique rarely accepts new members. A drug cartel operated by the cult sells Lustrian narcotics in Ulthuan through a smuggling ring.

The waters around the island are often visited by a Merwyrm that hunts for sharks, swimmers, and small vessels off the coast. Storm Weavers from the Citadel of Dusk — who revere the sea monster as a daughter of Mathlann — occasionally summon her to join the Elven fleet in battle. Cothiquian fishermen from Spear Reef Island have attempted to slay the Merwyrm in the name of Anath Raema, goddess of the savage hunt.

A SMUGGLER'S RANSOM

Characters who are arrested by Elves while adventuring around the archipelago are detained in the old prison. Before the citadel's jury can reach its verdict, the Characters are discreetly contacted by a cultist of Atharti. The cult offers to arrange for their escape in exchange for the Characters transporting a small shipment of drugs to Lothern. The cultist warns them not to double-cross the cartel or keep the drugs for themselves, claiming they will be monitored closely.

THE ISLE OF LOST SOULS

On this island, Elven mages cultivate all varieties of dangerous Lustrian plants (page 167) in a vast, strange garden. Different species are spliced together into hybrids that are transplanted elsewhere for use as perimeter defenses. The forest is eerily quiet, and visitors constantly feel as if they're being watched. The Isle of Lost Souls is hallowed ground, forbidden to foreigners, though most Elves also fear and avoid it. Several buildings on the western coast, including a library-shrine to Hoeth, are used sporadically by researchers.

The only permanent resident is Telsomar Greendale, a quirky mage who maintains over ten acres of deadly flora known as the Garden of Khaine. Keeping the plants alive requires magic; the local climate is temperate, and the native animals are all extinct. Telsomar uses *Ghyran* to sustain the garden and *Ghur* to breed giant capybaras for plant food. The eastern coast is overrun with escaped animals that multiplied. Occasionally, a ship from the Turtle Isles delivers failed experiments for consumption. The carnivorous plants have spread beyond the Garden of Khaine, turning most of the island into a potential deathtrap. Inmates from Comity Island are brought here for execution if their souls are beyond salvation. The condemned must take the 'walk of the *Mirai*'. Souls of Elves consumed by the plants are believed to be claimed by Ereth Khial, who rules the Underworld. The Pale Queen's purgatory is deemed a lesser evil than eternal torment in the realm of Slaanesh.

On the north coast, near a rocky islet that's sacred to Mathlann, three Swiftfeather Rocs nest among the cliffs. The giant birds are loyal to the Storm Weavers from the Citadel of Dusk, answering their summons to pull Skycutter chariots whenever needed. Belodar Whitesurf's favourite Roc, Twilight, is a strong and fearless creature that can muster more of its kind when the Elves are under attack.

VEILS OF DECEPTION

Princess Fallenstar's handmaiden is an Asrai assassin operating under the pseudonym Riolta. She's sickened by the treatment and trading of animals at Spear Reef Island, and fears that worse is happening on other islands. Riolta is intrigued by rumours of a magical forest on the Isle of Lost Souls. Adventurers who seem willing to investigate are bluffed with her alibi as a spy for the Everqueen. Riolta might be a useful contact, provided the party doesn't blow her (false) cover.

SPEAR REEF ISLAND

On an island at the easternmost point of Anurell Peninsula archipelago is a trading town called *Ithisar'naynazythai Yn Daroth* (or simply, the 'Tip of Lustria' to Human sailors). The town's Elthárin name translates roughly to 'Bay of the Southern Winds on the Rocky Island'. This merchant colony predates the Citadel of Dusk by millennia, having originally been founded as a supply outpost by King Bel Shanaar during the golden age. Through a telescope, the island's impressive lighthouses are visible from the citadel.

Non-Elves are welcome; in fact foreigners are permitted to own property within the town (Dwarfs may be granted temporary access, but may not purchase property). Few outsiders choose to live here, however. The weather is unpleasant, and the Elven colonists are subtly demeaning. Nevertheless, merchants regularly visit to acquire Lustrian exotics. Delegates from Ulthuan often use the island as a meeting place for trade or negotiation with their kinfolk from distant Asur colonies, or with folk of foreign lands.

Permanent residents of the island are predominantly former citizen-soldiers who turned to farming or fishing after serving their military terms. Most landowners are highborn veterans whose inheritance prospects were unfavourable in Ulthuan. Some were awarded an estate for service to the citadel. Fishermen from Cothique live in cliffside cavern-dwellings and expertly navigate the perilous reefs. The minority Human population is a motley assortment of merchants, explorers, and outlaws.

The fortified seaport at Spear Reef Island is a reserve naval base and repair yard for High Elf warships. Sea Guards from the Citadel of Dusk garrison the island, while swift Hawkships are deployed from the citadel's secret port to protect the adjoining sea lanes from piracy. Despite the constant presence of forces from the citadel however, Human visitors are largely oblivious to its existence. Elven residents generally do not talk about the Citadel of Dusk with *Ylvathoi* visitors.

NEW MAGICAL DEVICE: WRAITH CYLINDER APPARATUS

Several Hawkships at the Citadel of Dusk carry a metal cylinder inlaid with power stones. The experimental device uses a hybrid of divine and arcane magic. Its effect is identical to the Cloak of Mathlann Miracle, but the cylinder is activated using the Lore of Shadows, as if casting a bound spell.

DIVINE MIRACLES — MATHLANN

These Miracles are only available to Elven Priests of Mathlann. In Marienburg, similar effects have been produced as spells at Baron Henryk's College of Sea Magicks, though they are dangerous and unreliable in comparison to the Elf miracles.

Waterlungs

Range: Fellowship yards

Target: 1

Duration: Fellowship Bonus Hours

Targets can breathe underwater, but in air they're subject to Suffocation and Drowning (WFRP page 181). Affected targets feel drawn to water and require only a bucketful for breathing. Unwilling targets may attempt to oppose the effects of the Miracle by passing an **Average (+20) Cool** Test.

Cloak of Mathlann

Range: Fellowship yards

Target: 1 boat or ship

Duration: Fellowship minutes

You turn a ship invisible, along with its crew. The interior of the ship remains visible to everyone onboard. Crew members become visible upon leaving the ship. Invisible ships still leave a wake behind them, and create eddies in the fog, which can be noticed with a **Challenging (+0) Perception** Test. Ships with more than a single mast require +2 SL per extra mast to cloak. Black Arks and sea monsters cannot be cloaked. If the vessel takes hostile actions against others (ramming, shooting with archers, shooting with eagle claw bolt throwers, and so on), or if it takes damage, it becomes visible again.

ARCANE SPELL — LORE OF SHADOWS

High Elf mages who specialise in sea magics are known as Storm Weavers. The following spell is often practiced by them, and has even been mastered by some Human Shadowmancers of the Grey Order.

Shroud of Fog

CN: 8

Range: You

Target: AoE (Willpower Bonus Miles)

Duration: Willpower minutes

You summon a thick fog that blankets the region. Visibility is reduced to 10 yards. The fog is non-magical and cannot be Dispelled.

MERCHANT HARBOUR

The town's large harbour is encircled by seawalls and a dozen sea-towers equipped with Eagle Claw Bolt Throwers. A pair of Hawkships glide swiftly around the bay on constant lookout for Dark Elf infiltrators. All visiting ships are permitted entry to the harbour, provided their cargos pass inspection by the harbourmaster. High Elf ships visiting from Ulthuan or other Asur colonies typically anchor here unless they're arriving for specific business at the Citadel of Dusk.

Harbourmaster Tenebrel Reefwalker

Harbourmaster Tenebrel is a former Sea Guard sergeant who retired after losing a leg fighting Dark Elves. His armed skiff pulls up alongside ships, then grapple lines are cast to board them for inspection. The harbourmaster accepts bribes to overlook cargos of contraband exotics, but he has no tolerance for drugs, and his Ellyrian bloodhounds can sniff out Pleasure cultists and Druchii assassins. Tenebrel warns visitors not to leave Spear Reef Island unescorted... for their own safety.

MARKET QUARTER

The dockside civilian market is where the island's farmers and fishermen sell their produce. Carts and animal pens are set up on the limestone-tiled plaza throughout the day. The northern docks are outfitted with cranes and cargo scales for bulk mercantile trade. Orderly rows of warehouses line Shanaar Avenue which overlooks the market. The market quarter is often quiet for long stretches until an arriving merchant fleet generates a sudden bustle of activity.

Jacobi D'Arcano, Merchant Alchemist

The ambitious exotics merchant Jacobi owns a terracotta townhouse near the docks. His Tilean family has traded with Ulthuan and Cathay for generations, and now Jacobi has decided to expand into Lustria. As a foreign resident, Jacobi's exemption from the Everqueen's Decree allows him to export flora and fauna back to Tilea with minimal restrictions. Jacobi knows something about spell components and animal familiars because he apprenticed as an alchemist before committing to the family business.

GOVERNOR'S VILLA

A magnificent two-tone villa of marble and basalt overlooks the harbour from the terraced hillside. The appointed Ward governs the island, receives important delegates, and communicates with the Citadel of Dusk via lighthouse signals. Naval (or aerial) reinforcements can arrive in a matter of hours. Since the Citadel's construction, all Ward appointees until now have been nobles from Yvresse. Recently, the kingdom of Tiranoc asserted a claim to the island's wardship, citing an ancient charter signed by Bel Shanaar.

Princess Aelsabrim Fallenstar

An Eatainian Ward was appointed by King Finubar to placate Tiranoc without formally recognising its land claim. The move is being criticized by certain Yvresse highborn, who complain that their kingdom suffered greatly while protecting the colony. Aelsabrim's husband, an animal merchant, fell ill and died soon after the family's arrival from Eataine. Rumours circulated of foul play by other Asur nobles, but in truth, Aelsabrim's husband was poisoned by her own handmaiden, an undercover Asrai agent from the woodland realms.

YLVATHOI

Foreign travellers are accommodated at most High Elven colonies but must confine themselves to designated visitors' areas. Trespassers to the sacrosanct places are called *Ylvathoi*, which translates to 'imperfect youth' in Eltharin. The term *Ylvathoi* does not refer to members of elder species such as Dwarfs, Lizardmen, Druchii, or Asrai (far nastier terms exist for Dark Elves and Dwarfs). Dwarfs typically receive less access than Humans; Druchii are attacked on sight.

All of Ulthuan is considered sacrosanct and before the reign of Bel-Hathor the land was off-limits to *Ylvathoi*. The term was popularized during Ulthuan's isolationist era after the War of the Beard. In recent centuries, Phoenix Kings Bel-Hathor and Finubar the Seafarer have favoured more inclusive policies to rebuild relations with the outside world, going so far as to open up Lothren as a free port, involving a foreign quarter there for foreigners to permanently reside in "without special permission from the king or his representatives". Therefore, the term *Ylvathoi* has acquired derogatory connotations, though it remains widely used by High Elves.

EXOTICS TRADE

Merchants visit the Tip of Lustria from distant lands to buy and sell exotic goods. Most of the merchandise passing through the port is ultimately bound for other destinations. Magical items crafted by Ulthuan's mage-smiths are exported to the Elven colonies, while spices, gems, and ivory are imported to Ulthuan. Gold Sovereigns are the standard currency for deals with Human merchants. When dealing with each other, Elves prefer to barter or exchange for services.

Despite the Everqueen Alarielle having warned her subjects against exploiting Lustria's wildlife, the exotics trade remains a lucrative one. Rare Lustrian plants are sold as medicines, drugs, or spell ingredients in Ulthuan. Exotic birds and animals are captured to serve as pets or wizards' familiars. Trading in Slann artefacts is strictly forbidden, however, Elven herb-gathering expeditions occasionally clash with Lizardmen nonetheless. The crooked harbourmaster Tenebrel is nominally responsible for policing Lustrian trade goods.

Zombie Pirates

Northern sea traffic to and from Spear Reef Island is threatened by Undead pirates from the Vampire Coast. Elven merchants sailing for Ulthuan are entitled to Hawkship escorts from the Citadel of Dusk; other merchants must defend themselves. Slain Elven sailors are occasionally spotted among Zombie crews (though Elven Zombies are more difficult to bind necromantically than Humans). Elves rarely seek to become Vampire captains or understand Necromancy — mortality is not an obsession of their long-lived species.

The island's Elves caution northbound adventurers to steer far east of the Vampire Coast. Traversing the deep sea might be dangerous, but it's safer than facing the Undead. Elves tend not to mention the Volcanic Islands, or the wealth of gems being mined there. Inquiring prospectors are warned off with tales of the dreaded Vampire captain Luthor Harkon, who summons powerful winds to capture ships and slaughter their crews, and then reanimates them as Zombies.

Dark Elf Reavers

The hated Druchii raid the Anurell peninsula for High Elf slaves, a commodity that in Naggaroth denotes status exceeding other riches. High Elves would sooner die than become slaves of the Dark Elves.

Beastmasters from Naggaroth also stalk the peninsula and its waters to fill their menageries. High Elves are tasked with protecting Lustrian wildlife, and whilst many relish the excuse to fight Druchii, there are those Asur hypocrites who ignore the Everqueen's Decree themselves.

Spear Reef Island, though defensible, is a softer target for Dark Elves than the Citadel of Dusk. Warships from the citadel patrol the peninsula vigilantly, favouring offensive action when possible. Stealth attacks are conducted against Black Arks under cover of invisibility spells. Whilst most Dreadlords know where the Citadel is located, the infamous Lokhir Fellheart (page 90) routinely anticipates and thwarts Asur attacks. Occasionally, the Tip of Lustria is infiltrated by a Druchii assassin.

SAVED BY A ROC

The party's ship is caught in a Warpdust Typhoon or one of Luthor Harkon's magical winds. A Storm Weaver who was tracking the weather anomaly from her flying Skycutter chariot throws them a line and guides them to the Tip of Lustria, where they're questioned by Princess Fallenstar. If the party includes Elves, they might be asked to recount their experiences for Belodar Whitesurf at the Citadel of Dusk and assist a weather research mission.

PLAINS OF PERIL

The merchant Jacobi D'Arcano seeks adventurers to accompany his expedition into the Culchan Plains. Many rare spell ingredients can be found there. Jacobi promises that eggs of the vicious, flightless Culchan bird are extremely valuable, and that finding some would handsomely supplement their modest pay. The eerie plains are also allegedly inhabited by a native Human tribe that's eluded contact with Old World explorers. Jacobi intends to establish a basecamp in the ruined temple-city of Xlanzec.

COURT ADJOURNED

Swordmasters of Hoeth arrive from Ulthuan to investigate colonial corruption at the Tip of Lustria. Characters might have witnessed colonists worshipping forbidden gods, or they could be accused of dark sorcery themselves. Either as witnesses or defendants, the party is brought to the Citadel of Dusk where trials are being held. Proceedings are interrupted, however, when a panicked soldier announces that Dark Elves are about to attack. The ensuing chaos provides an escape opportunity.

OTHER HIGH ELF COLONIES

The first High Elven explorers to Lustria landed near the ruined temple-city of Pahuax in -4419 IC, on the coronation year of Phoenix King Bel Shanaar. Heated negotiations with Skink Priests (and possibly the misunderstanding of a Slann's intent) culminated in the Elves' violent eviction by temple guards. Only a handful of survivors returned to Ulthuan. Many years passed before Asur explorers again dared to set foot in the jungles, and to this day, High Elves remain wary of the Lizardmen.

Bel Shanaar was a renowned explorer in his own right. During his reign — widely considered the golden age of Ulthuan — the Phoenix Crown held dominion over a world-spanning empire. Following Bel Shanaar's assassination in -2749 IC, however, the ensuing war with Dark Elves limited further Asur expansion. When another war erupted — this time against Dwarfs — the High Elven empire was overstretched. In -1599 IC, many Elven colonies were abandoned by decree of Phoenix King Caradryel, to consolidate resources for the defense of Ulthuan.

In the present age, Phoenix King Finubar has bolstered existing colony garrisons as part of a global stewardship initiative. His priorities are twofold: defend Ulthuan's sea trade routes and secure the remote arcane sites that are critical to maintaining the Great Warding. A patriotic sense of duty runs deep in the Asur psyche after 4,000 years of isolationism. Though adventurers now ply the seas in greater numbers than before, High Elves haven't yet established any significant new colonies under Finubar.

ISTHMUS OF LUSTRIA

Numerous Elven colonies existed on the Lustrian isthmus during the late golden age. However, these colonies were abandoned long ago, and all that remains now are overgrown ruins. The crumbling shells of once magnificent Elven structures are sometimes used as basecamps by explorers from the Old World. King Finubar supports the Everqueen's moratorium on new colonies being founded on the isthmus, because an Elven presence so close to Hexoatl would surely provoke the Lizardmen.

VOLCANIC ISLANDS

The volcanic islands off Lustria's eastern coast are used by High Elves as a mining outpost. A major Elven colony once existed on the larger island, at the site of a ruined Slann temple-city, however it was destroyed by a volcanic eruption. The colony is close to the ruined temple-city only known as the City of the Dead, and the miners that live amongst the half-buried remnants of ancient Lizardman buildings are mindful not to upset the native Skinks. On the smaller island is an ancient site of immense arcane power called the Star Tower.

The islands are of strategic importance, positioned on Ulthuan's sea route to the Citadel of Dusk. Warships from the citadel supply the colony and escort merchant fleets sailing past the Vampire Coast. Elven colonists mine the larger island for gems and rare metals that were deposited on the surface by lava flows. Most of this volcanic bounty is shipped back to Ulthuan. The islands' garrisons are bolstered whenever Elven mages congregate at the Star Tower to perform secret rituals.

THE TURTLE ISLES

The large archipelago off Lustria's western coast includes a minor High Elven outpost. The Turtle Isles were first colonised by rogue mages known as 'grey lords', who took refuge there during the Sundering when Ulthuan was being purged of Dark Elf collaborators. After the Citadel of Dusk was built millennia later, King Morvael established a naval port on Great Turtle Isle to resupply Elven fleets operating on the western seas. The archipelago's multitude of rare and unusual animals attracts Elven scholars and devotees of Hoeth.

The Turtle Isles are an important staging point for voyages across the Far Sea to the Elven colony of Tor Elithis, south of Nippon. Shrines to Asuryan and Isha also attract Elven pilgrims from abroad. Warships from the Citadel of Dusk vigilantly protect the isles, ensuring that the strange experiments conducted by Elven researchers remain shrouded in secrecy. Dark Elf beastmasters sometimes raid the archipelago to capture its exotic fauna for nefarious purposes.



THE FINDINGS OF JACOB STACKELDHORF

The Asur of Ulthuan are notoriously protective regarding the extent of their ancient empire, and the details of those parts that remain under their control. They do not like to teach the Humans of the Old World too much about such things, explaining that they feel the Dwarfs still harbour bitter enmity towards them, and that as a matter of security they must therefore keep their secrets to themselves.

Stackeldhorf's attempts to put together a map of the extent of old Elf territories has met with criticism, he blots his record rather egregiously by confusing the sites of major nations, for example, and many of the islands he depicts about the coasts of Lustria are inaccurate in their scale and position, but his theories as to the times and places that the High Elves have occupied parts of the world beyond the borders of Ulthuan stand up to moderate scrutiny.

Domains of Ancient Elenfolk from the Mystic Yale

Through laborious research and arduous cross-referencing on the many legends and myths of the ancient race of Elenkind, coupled with my own knowledge of the geography of the realms, I have pieced together this estimation of the extent of the Elven expansion at the height of their seafaring power. For more detailed cartographic splendours I refer the honourable gentleman to my accompanying work, *Elven Ruins in the Old World and Beyond*.

Jacob Stackeldhorf

Old Worlders are only too aware that cities such as L'Aiguille, Tobaro, and Marienburg were founded on Elf ruins, and that the Elves of Ulthuan still hold on to a few scattered fortresses on the shores and islands of the seas in the world's southern hemisphere. However, the Elves have dwindled a great deal since the days of 'the height of the seafaring power', as Stackeldhorf has it. Visitors to the Citadel of Dusk and Fortress of Dawn are few, for the Elves are stringent as to who they do and do not allow passage to such places. However, those few sea captains that have had dealings with the Elves of such places say that the vast towers of the Elven fortresses are empty and echoing places, garrisoned by a lonely few warriors, mages, and attendants.

Of course, much of what remains of their northern territory is split between warring kingdoms, and no evidence has been found of the lands they occupied about the isthmus of Lustria, if Stackeldhorf has it right that they ever lived there at all.

THE AMULET OF SUNFIRE

In aeons past when the Elves were a young race, three legendary artefacts were gifted to them by the goddess Lileath. The Amulet of Sunfire's radiant aura provided hope to those in despair and warded against evil creatures. Sadly, both the Amulet of Sunfire and the Star Crown (which was shattered during the Sundering) are lost to the Elves now. Only one of Lileath's gifts remains: the Moon Staff wielded by High Loremaster Teclis.

The Amulet of Sunfire was lost in the Churning Gulf between Lustria and the Southlands. Phoenix King Morvael had loaned the artefact to his son, Prince Aravael, to help protect one of the faraway colonies from attack. Tragedy struck when the prince was lost at sea, along with the amulet. The incident remains a subject of much speculation and theorising today.

High Elves study the polar sea currents, and divers have searched countless wrecks, but to no avail. There are those who believe the amulet wasn't lost at all, but instead remains sequestered in a vault somewhere. The quest for answers has stirred mistrust between Asur factions. Owing to their proximity and association with King Morvael, the Citadel of Dusk and Fortress of Dawn are popular targets for conspiratorial finger-pointing.



THE FORTRESS OF DAWN

Across the sea from Lustria is another colonial bastion — the Fortress of Dawn — built by King Morvael fifteen years before the Citadel of Dusk. The fortress is constructed around a massive waystone on the Island of the Sun, located off the Southlands coast. The island features a major naval base and several towns and shipyards. Non-Elven ships are directed to a merchant port outside the fortress. High Elves who aren't islanders themselves are questioned about their business if they explore the colony.

The two colonies conduct joint military exercises against Dark Elf reavers and support each other's navies. Despite their cooperation, however, the colonies are also rivals. Eagerness to outdo the sister colony has led captains to make foolish decisions in battle. Persistent rumours concerning the Amulet of Sunfire's true fate add further fuel to the colonial intrigue. Elves from the Citadel of Dusk often wonder why their Southlands counterparts are so circumspect.

AMULET INTRIGUE

Jecynthia Morningdream is a priestess of Lileath from the Fortress of Dawn. She believes the Amulet of Sunfire was recovered by the Trident Bearers centuries ago and is secretly being held either at the Citadel of Dusk or the Volcanic Islands. Before demanding an official inquiry, Jecynthia wants proof of the conspiracy. She pays a premium for strict discretion, and gives the Characters a horribly mutated canary, which she says will not tolerate the amulet's divine aura.

HEART OF THE JUNGLE

An Elven mage has 'gone native' investigating the secrets of the Old Ones. The mage disappeared into the Lustrian jungle with a handful of acolytes over a century ago and has since been joined by fugitives from Comity Island. Their permanent camp has grown into a small village. Officials at the Citadel of Dusk fear they will bring disrepute to the colony. The mage is believed to have discovered something profound, however Characters aren't informed of this during mission briefing.

LORD FINRIAN

Lord Finrian Stardrake is a High Elven noble general, originally from the kingdom of Yvresse, who now calls the Anurell Peninsula home. Unlike most Lustrian colonists, who favour the safety of the archipelagos, Finrian owns an estate on the mysterious Culchan Plains. The general is an independent thinker with no qualms about defying conventional wisdom. Lord Finrian is an ideal patron for adventuring parties because he knows the Lustrian coast well, and he's politically connected with both Lothorn and the Citadel of Dusk.

When the citadel's construction was completed in the 1200s, Finrian was assigned to an elite marine unit called the Trident Bearers. Over a service period spanning 1000 years, he conducted countless special missions around the peninsula. Though Finrian now leads a cavalry regiment and commands a mighty Dragonship, he has extensive prior experience with boarding actions, covert operations, and underwater combat. His old trident is kept in an armoury at the estate.

Phoenix King Finubar promoted Lord Finrian to Dragonship command during the Great War Against Chaos, then recalled him to Ulthuan several years afterwards. Finrian's first ship *Ingranion* was wrecked on the Vampire Coast by Luthor Harkon. However, the general led a brilliant escape manoeuvre against the Undead, delivering his precious cargo to the Citadel of Dusk overland instead. King Finubar recognised this achievement by appointing Finrian to another Dragonship, the *Exelceron*. Finrian returns to Lustria often for important missions, and to see his family.

Lord Finrian is a bold general, always aiming to seize the initiative in battle. He understands the value of allegiances with other species — particularly Lizardmen — and treats *Ylvathoi* almost as equals. Finrian can immediately sense whether someone is trustworthy. Trusted Human passengers are not blindfolded when his Dragonship approaches the Citadel of Dusk (though Dwarfs are). Finrian's rank is apparent by the many jeweled combs in his waist-length auburn hair. He keeps a large collection of magic items at the Lustrian estate and usually carries the Dragon Blade on his person.



LORD FINRIAN

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	69	57	45	42	79	62	39	46	57	45	17

Traits: Armour 4 (8), Hatred (Dark Elves), Prejudice (Dwarfs), Weapon (Dragon Blade) +8

Skills: Animal Care 51, Athletics 67, Bribery 50, Charm 65, Charm Animal 62, Consume Alcohol 47, Climb 55, Cool 65, Dodge 67, Endurance 57, Gamble 56, Gossip 65, Intimidate 50, Intuition 99, Language (Battle 51, Reikspiel 47, Tilean 47), Leadership 65, Lore (Heraldry 51, Warfare 61), Melee (Basic 89, Brawling 74, Cavalry 79, Fencing 74, Polearm 74), Navigation 82, Outdoor Survival 56, Perception 94, Play (Horn 44, Fife 44), Ranged (Bow) 67, Ride (Horse) 67, Row 50, Sail (Dragonship) 70, Swim 55

Talents: Acute Sense (Sight), Etiquette (Soldiers), Inspiring 2, Lightning Reflexes, Night Vision, Noble Blood, Read/Write, Savvy, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Strong Swimmer 2, War Leader 3, Warrior Born

Trappings: Dragon Blade (a magical weapon that grants the bearer the *Champion Creature* Trait), Dragonship *Exelceron*, Elven Steed with Ithilmar Barding, Full Plate Armour, Horn, Maps and Sea Charts, Shield, Villa on Culchan Plains

THE TRIDENT BEARERS

The citadel's oldest regiment is a crack force of 120 elite highborn marines. Trident Bearers wear sleeveless Ithilmari shirts and fight with 5-foot-long tridents (count as Spears; reduce Reach to *Long*; add *Trap Blade* Quality). Though most colonists are aware the Trident Bearers exist, few know exactly what they do. The marines carry out dangerous missions like searching deep-sea wrecks and fighting sea monsters, boarding Black Arks, and tracking Dark Elf warbands across the Culchan Plains. Many of their operations are magically assisted, usually by water-breathing or invisibility spells. Parties working for Lord Finrian might be supporting a Trident Bearer mission without even realising it.

SECRETS

Lord Finrian wishes that King Finubar would reassign him to the Citadel of Dusk, but Asur are judged by their loyalty to the Phoenix Crown, and therefore he does not confess his homesickness. Finrian has come to resent the Everqueen's Decree after so many years of conducting Trident Bearer missions under its stifling restrictions. On multiple occasions, Finrian has flouted the decree or assisted citadel officers to cover up violations that he deemed were necessary.

The Amulet of Sunfire became an obsession of Finrian's after countless diving missions searching shipwrecks as a Trident Bearer. His personal theory — which several Trident Bearers share — is that the lost amulet was only a facsimile of the original. The real Amulet of Sunfire, Finrian believes, is being kept under lock and key at the Fortress of Dawn. Finrian's open advocacy of this theory might have been partly responsible for his recall from Lustria by King Finubar.

MISSIONS

Parties can encounter the Dragonship *Exelceron* while sailing near Lustria, or they might find it anchored at Lothren or any Lustrian colony. Dragonships are a rare sight beyond Ulthuan's waters, so the *Exelceron* attracts plenty of attention. Lord Finrian is surprisingly approachable for a high-ranking Elven general. He respects adventurers and doesn't use them as expendable mercenaries. Missions are carefully planned in Finrian's private cabin over maps and sea charts. High Elf Characters might even be paid with magic items in lieu of coin.

Convoy Support

Adventurers in possession of a fast ship can provide a decoy for Elven merchants sailing past the Vampire Coast. Finrian knows where the Zombie pirates are lurking — the party just has to lead them on a wild chase; meanwhile, the heavily-laden merchant fleet will make its course safely to Ulthuan. Alternatively, the party could lure pirates into a trap, perhaps a narrow strait where Finrian can engage them with the *Exelceron*.

Black Ark Ops

Adventurers who are captured and enslaved by Dark Elves might be freed by a squad of Trident Bearers. They're looking specifically for High Elf prisoners but will arm the party and point them to an escape boat. Alternatively, Finrian might enlist the party to help Trident Bearers rescue an important prisoner from a Black Ark. Adventurers normally create distractions for the Trident Bearers, however the party might be given a secondary objective, such as poisoning the Black Ark's menagerie.

Asur Affairs

Trusted High Elf Characters might be offered dangerous missions with magic items as payment:

- An Elven fugitive from Comity Island now serves Luthor Harkon as a wretched thrall. The condemned Elf resorted to servitude over the alternative, and Finrian wants him eliminated. For his part, Harkon is finding it arduous to bend an Elf to his will.
- The captain's log of Prince Aravael could provide evidence validating Finrian's Amulet of Sunfire theory. Its suspected location is forbidden to *Ylvathoi*, and the matter is too politically sensitive for Trident Bearer involvement.



FROM THE ARSENAL OF THE PHOENIX KING

SWIFTFEATHER ROCS

Swiftfeather Rocs are giant raptors originating from the Glittering Coast of Ulthuan. Trained to pull Skycutter chariots, their nesting grounds have spread across the globe along High Elf trade routes. Swiftfeathers are a smaller, faster variety of Roc, notoriously difficult to control during breeding season.

SWIFTFEATHER ROC

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
2	45	-	40	40	50	55	-	25	45	-	32

Traits: Bestial, Bite +6, Flight 160, Night Vision, Size (Large), Weapon (Talons) +8

Optional: Frenzy, Trained (Broken, Drive, Magic, War)

Chariots of the Asur: Only Swiftfeather Rocs willingly pull a Skycutter chariot, and an Elf's reflexes are required to fly one safely and effectively.

WARPDUST TYPHOONS

Surges of magic across the southern Chaos Wastes create tornadoes of swirling Warpstone dust. When a tornado moves to sea, polar currents cause it to accelerate and accrue magical energy. The resultant typhoon can wreak havoc unless Slann or High Elves intervene. An unchecked Warpstone Typhoon can become a Warp Hurricane that sweeps northward to the Great Vortex in Ulthuan.

- **Rules:** Ships caught in a typhoon must Batten Down (*Sea of Claws*, page 107) or the sails are torn to shreds. A Challenging (+0) Boat Handling Test must be rolled to avoid capsizing. For every round of direct exposure, creatures must take $1d10+1$ Damage, test for Minor Corruption, and pass an Average (+20) Strength Test or fly $1d10$ feet in a random direction and receive the *Prone* Condition. Warpstone Typhoons typically last 5-10 rounds before moving on.

NEW WEAPON QUALITY: VOLLEY

The weapon can discharge multiple shots at once, the number of which is indicated by this quality's level. Each shot rolls to hit separately. Damage rating is reduced by 4 when fired in Volley mode.

Eagle Claw Bolt Throwers

This elegant ballista, crafted in the shape of a raptor, magically accelerates bolts to terrifying speeds. An Eagle Claw can loose a single javelin-sized bolt or empty a magazine of smaller bolts. Enchanted bolts capable of devastating power are used in exceptional situations.

ELVEN ARTILLERY

Weapon	Price	Enc	Availability	Range	Damage	Qualities & Flaws
Eagle Claw	200GC	25	Exotic	150	+13	Accurate or Volley 6, Crewed 2, Reload 3
Eagle Eye	45GC	4	Exotic	90	+11	Damaging, Crewed 1, Reload 1

HAWKSHIPS

The standard patrol vessel of the Asur fleet is a nimble catamaran. Hawkships employ hit-and-run tactics to delay the enemy until reinforcements arrive, using their twin forward-firing Eagle Claw Bolt Throwers. Hawkships are crewed by hardy young seafarers that relish the dangers and freedom of the sea.

HAWKSHIP

Boat Name	Cost	Crew	Sail M(C)	Oars M(C)	Man	Size	T	W	Carries	Trails & Upgrades
Hawkship	300	18	9(5)	-	+2SL	20	45	120	150	Shallow Draught, Smoothing, Sturdy 2

LOKHIR FELLHEART

Lokhir Fellheart is a Dark Elf reaver from the grim northern citadel of Karond Kar (also called the 'Tower of Despair'). For generations, raiders of the Fellheart bloodline have plundered Lustria's riches. Druchii raiding maps of sea lanes to Ind and Cathay — most of which were drawn by Lokhir's ancestors — feature a variety of routes through the Lustrian archipelagos and the Underworld Sea. Lokhir lives up to the Fellheart name, spreading fear and suffering throughout the world to preserve his family's reputation in Naggaroth.

In 2422 IC, Lokhir led a force of veteran Corsairs — assisted by water-breathing spells — to plunder the sunken temple-city of Chupayotl. He battled sea monsters and aquatic entities of weird sapience that tested the limits of his sanity. Gold, magic items, and ancient relics were recovered from Chupayotl's submersed ruins, as well as tablets containing Old One secrets. Lokhir acquired the epithet 'Krakenlord' for the tentacled, golden helmet that he found on this daring expedition.

Lokhir employs terror tactics and asymmetric warfare to great effect. High Elf warships from the Citadel of Dusk often run afoul of the Krakenlord on the southern seas. Lokhir knows exactly where the invisible citadel is located and turns its aggressive battle doctrines to his own advantage. In eastern Lustria, the Krakenlord favours small raiding parties to ensure his Black Ark isn't left undercrewed — Undead pirates from the Vampire Coast have occasionally attacked the *Blessed Dread* while at anchor.

In combat, Lokhir leads from the front, his erratic movements making him nigh unpredictable. Swift dodges and feints leave opponents guessing where his whirling blades will strike next. Those who engage the Krakenlord in dialogue find him to be an insufferable egomaniac who habitually refers to himself in the third person. Only proposals that promise to glorify the Fellheart name can hold his attention. Lokhir usually wears a Corsair cloak fashioned from Sea Dragon scales.

LOKHIR FELLHEART

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	75	75	35	45	64	45	45	64	70	45	18

Traits: Armour 7 (11), Hatred (High Elves), Regeneration, Terror 2, Weapon +7

Skills: Athletics 70, Charm 65, Climb 55, Cool 90, Dodge 65, Endurance 65, Gossip 55, Intimidate 55, Intuition 85, Language (Bretonnian 70, Elthárin 85, Norse 70, Reikspiel 75, Wastelander 70), Leadership 65, Lore (Oceans) 85, Melee (Basic) 95, Navigation 85, Outdoor Survival 85, Perception 85, Ranged (Crossbow) 95, Row 55, Sail (Black Ark) 65, Swim 55

Talents: Acute Sense (Sight), Ambidextrous, Commanding Presence, Coolheaded, Dual Wielder 2, Etiquette (Crew), Inspiring, Iron Will, Luck 2, Master and Commander, Night Vision, Old Salt, Orientation, Pilot, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Sea Legs, Stout-hearted, Warleader

Trappings: Helm of the Kraken, Plate Armour, The Red Blades, Sea Dragon Cloak

Magic Items

Lokhir always wears the Helm of the Kraken and carries the Red Blades. Other plundered magic items are often distributed amongst his officers, to reward their loyalty.

Helm of the Kraken: This unsettling golden helmet resembles its namesake and is older than Elven civilisation. Lokhir recovered it from the sunken ruins of Chupayotl. It is fashioned in the likeness of a terrifying sea beast. The wearer gains 2 extra Armour Points on every hit location, along with the Creature Traits *Regeneration* (WFRP page 341) and *Terror* 2.

The Red Blades: These twin blades were forged of Indic bloodsteel that was obtained by melting down a statue plundered from the Temple of Gilgadresh. After a Melee (Basic) Test, the percentile dice may be reversed for purposes of damage calculation. Attacks are also Magical.

THE KRAKENLORD'S FLEET

The Black Ark flagship that Lokhir inherited after his father's assassination is called *The Tower of Blessed Dread*. All officers are loyal to the Fellheart family; they receive generous shares of the loot and Lokhir proactively sacrifices suspected traitors to Mathlann. The Blessed Dread is literally a floating Druchii city, complete with slave pits, monster pens, and an internal cavern-port. Adorning the ship's rigging are heads of slain heroes belonging to nearly every known species — and some unknown ones...

When sailing the open seas, *The Tower of Blessed Dread* is guided by Corsair scout ships. Land raids usually involve ferrying warriors ashore on smaller skiffs. Only when confronted by a large naval fleet does the Ark's monster gate open to unleash a dozen Doomreavers. These fearsome warships are in fact crewed towers mounted on the backs of Helldrakes, sea creatures bred for aggression, which in the absence of other prey will turn on each other!

Most of Lokhir's warriors are Corsairs clad in Sea Dragon cloaks (3 Armour Points on the body; can be wrapped to cover arms & legs as an Action) and equipped with dual swords and crossbow pistols. His army is supported by sorceresses from the Dark Convent who reside in one of the Ark's highest towers. Beastmasters capture, train, and handle the Ark's menagerie of monsters. Assassins serve Lokhir as spies and hidden ambuscade attackers.

LUSTRIAN OBJECTIVES

Spread Terror

Characters will know they've made a name for themselves when they attract the Krakenlord's attention. Lokhir is always seeking heroes to slay in combat for fame and notoriety. Their severed heads join the hundreds of others mounted on *The Tower of Blessed Dread*. Lokhir also remains on the lookout for suitable victims to sacrifice for the continued blessings of Mathlann, Loec, and Anath Raema. His sacrificial methods are designed to maximise terror at the very moment of the victims' deaths.

Slaving

Characters who aren't yet famous might be spared Lokhir's blades and instead receive a chance to escape his slave pits. Slaves of all species are taken for service aboard the Blessed Dread, or for sale in Karond Kar (sometimes called 'Slaver's Gate' for its thriving slave markets). Lokhir usually keeps the High Elven slaves — which are prized above all others — for himself and his officers. The vulnerable Lustrian colonies are a good source of premium Asur slaves.

Contest of Claws

Characters can encounter warbands of Dark Elf reavers in the jungle. Lokhir's Beastmasters are kept busy gathering Lustrian monsters to compete in the annual Contest of Claws. Every year, Karond Kar faces off against the rival city Clar Karond in a formal battle between monstrous armies, to determine whose Beastmasters are the greatest in Naggaroth. Naturally, Lokhir uses the event for personal glory. Thwarting Beastmasters might ingratiate the party with Lizardmen but will anger the Krakenlord.



TEMPLE-CITIES AND TLAXTLAN

THE ABODES OF THE LIZARDMEN
AND THE CENTRES OF THEIR CULTURE



There is a common misconception that Lustria is a place of ruins. Reports tell of crumbling, vine-choked cities, all that remain of a forgotten empire, waiting for worthy treasure hunters to claim back their secrets. This is wrong, in almost all particulars. Many would-be plunderers have met their end, shocked to find the 'abandoned' ruins still guarded by the Lizardmen, who do not take kindly to people entering their homes uninvited, and these ruined cities are but one aspect of that still-mighty civilisation.

Across Lustria, vegetation is pushed back from well-tended roads and walls carved with impressive frescoes. The sounds of the jungle give way to the chatter of Skinks, the grinding of stone, the hubbub of industry. Looking down on it all stand the enormous pyramid-temples, their steps awash with Lizardmen. These are the temple-cities of Lustria.

The temple-cities are the hub around which Lizardman society turns. Most Lizardmen live within one, and even those who do not still owe their allegiance to a city and its rulers. They are places both sacred and mundane. They are dedicated to the Old Ones' service and worship, with Skink Priests and Oracles making pilgrimages across the continent to visit a given temple at an auspicious time.

Meanwhile, Skinks labour in the barrios, hunting, crafting, recording, all the daily tasks which allow society to function. Each also serves as a military centre, boasting regiments of Saurus warriors and formidable fortifications, supported by more esoteric defences. These living temple-cities have weathered both enemy armies and the weight of millennia, and continue in their devotion to their vanished masters, defiant despite the aeons of mixed fortune they have endured.



Lizardman cities are a fraction of their former number. Daemons destroyed many, their campaigns of corruption and destruction leaving the places ruined and poisonous. Others were abandoned according to the Great Plan, or the arrival of new enemies. Despite this, many still house cohorts of Lizardmen and they continue to serve as nodes in the Geomantic Web, the network of communication and magic controlled by the Slann.

All temple-cities, even those no longer fully occupied, were created with a specific purpose, a function within the Great Plan. These are now matters for conjecture. Those Slann who were instructed by the Old Ones have long since passed away, and the Sacred Plaques which describe their instructions are incomplete, and open to interpretation. Still, something can be gleaned from the cities' layouts.

All temple-cities share structures in common, but the forms and the arrangement of their architecture differ depending on the magical forces a particular city was designed to channel. The Old Ones were masters of the heavens and aligned their cities with celestial bodies and constellations, drawing down their power. Perhaps one of the greatest examples is Tlaxtlan, the City of the Moon. This temple-city was planned in accordance with the orbit of Mannslieb, its power granting clarity to the predictions of the Old Ones, and allowing them to oversee the Great Plan's every stage.

All temple-cities, living and ruined, are places to be approached cautiously. The Lizardmen have endured much and, should anyone threaten their homes, they will act without mercy. However, despite their dangers, each city also represents an incredible opportunity. Temple-cities are not mere treasure troves to be plundered. They are strongholds, repositories of scientific and magical thought from times before even the Elves kept records. Their inhabitants hold secrets denied to (or by) the most learned wizards of other nations. They would make powerful allies against the Ruinous Powers, if they could be convinced that those who sought their aid had a place in the Great Plan.

TEMPLE-CITIES

Temple-cities are named for the many-stepped ziggurats at their centres, enormous pyramid-temples built in many-layered terraces. Clustered nearby are smaller temples dedicated to individual Old Ones. Further out lie the Skink barrios, districts where the smaller Lizardmen live and work. These streets are filled with constant chatter, interrupted by the loud bellows of Kroxigor.

Each city is laid out according to astronomical and geomantic patterns. Those who possess a sense for magic feel its flow, channelled through the streets. This ordered design can make temple-cities feel alien to those used to the anarchic layout of Old World cities.



HEXOATL

City of the Sun

Patron Old One: Chotec
Ruler: Lord Mazdamundi

Lustria's bastion against northern invaders, Hexoatl is protected by imposing walls, atop which Saurus and Temple Guard stand vigil. The land around shakes with the tread of Stegadon patrols, whilst Terradon scouts glide upon the thermals rising from the nearby jungle. And, ruling it all, is the most powerful Slann alive, and active, in this age.

Hexoatl pays homage to Chotec, the Old One associated with the Sun, and many Lizardmen here bear his blessing. They are energetic, quick of thought and action, and even the Slann share this vivacity. Lord Mazdamundi is the most active, and respected, Slann of the second generation. He long ago determined that, for the Great Plan to proceed, war must be waged against all who refuse to play their allotted part in it. He is restless to see Elves returned to their island kingdoms, and for Humans to stay within the borders of their nations to the east of the Great Ocean. By his edict, battalions march across the world and warm-bloods are driven from Lustria's shores.

Skeggi remains the exception. Occasionally, raids are sent against it, but for the most part its people are wise enough not to draw the Lizardmen's attention. Some of Hexoatl's satellite communes have even engaged in limited trade for supplies and information. The Skinks responsible are nervous creatures, forever afraid they might attract Mazdamundi's ire, but still they carry on. Whether they do so by their own initiative or the direction of another Slann is impossible to say.

FRIENDS FOR DINNER

It is rare for Lizardmen to let outsiders into their temple-cities, though not unheard of. Both Marco Columbo and Ibn Jellaba write of being treated as honoured guests and of Skinks tasked with studying the outside world.

XLANHUAPEC

City of Mists

Patron Old Ones: Tepok and Tzunki
Rulers: Lord Hua-Hua and Lord Huinitenuchli

Shrouded in perpetual mist, one might walk past Xlanhuapec's boundaries and never know. That is, if you survive. There are worse things than Lizardmen lurking in the fog.

Xlanhuapec is a repository for some of the Old Ones' greatest artefacts. The Placid Pool, the Device of the Great Beyond, the Eternity Ship — all lie in Xlanhuapec's vaults. No outsider is allowed within its borders and even other Lizardmen are sometimes regarded with suspicion. However, after a rampaging Thunder Lizard destroyed the worker barrios, the rulers relaxed their isolationist tendencies, allowing in caravans of construction materials.

Xlanhuapec is ruled by two Slann. The first, Lord Hua-Hua, is of the third generation and has ruled Xlanhuapec since the Great Catastrophe. Lord Huinitenuchli is of the second generation; this revered Slann came from Pahuax after his home's destruction and taught the incantation which hides the city in mist. Both Slann respect one another, but since neither is particularly active, the chain of command is often confusing for their Skink Priests. Arguments over whose orders are to be given precedence are common.

MAP OF PRINCE RODRIK

The Bretonnian Prince Rodrik de L'Anguille once attempted a raid upon Xlanhuapec. Only he escaped with his life. Since then, a map of the city, claiming to be drawn in Rodrik's hand, has begun circulating the Old World.



ITZA

The First City

Patron Old One: Itzl

Ruler: Lord Xlotc

First and greatest, Itza is the Lizardmen empire's heart. The summits of Itza's tallest ziggurats rival mountaintops for height, and are home to the greatest magical practitioners in the world. During the Great Catastrophe, Itza was the rock upon which Chaos broke, driven back by Lord Kroak, whose spirit guards the city still. More Slann live in Itza than anywhere else and their power makes the air seethe, or fall serene with their contemplations.

The city is dedicated to Itzl, the lord of cold-blooded beasts. It is strange to find large temples dedicated to this Old One within a temple-city; their complexes are generally confined to the outskirts. Yet it was on the Great Pyramid of Itzl that Lord Kroak cast his final spell of banishment. This pyramid houses artefacts of such power even the Slann do not dwell upon them, and it blazes like a beacon for those with Second Sight.

In recent centuries, Sotek has eclipsed Itzl's worship in Itza. Many Skinks fled to Itza during the plagues, and its proximity to Quetza made it a staging ground for Tehenhauin's forces. One of Itza's pyramid-temples was re-dedicated to Sotek, its stone stained by sacrifices, and the hiss of the seething tangles of snakes in the sacred serpent pits can be heard in the streets outside. While some Slann find this concerning, Lord Xlotc appears happy to accommodate the Red Cult, directing them against a far greater threat: the Undead lords of the Vampire Coast.

TEMPLE-CITIES IN DISTANT LANDS

While Lustria is the cradle of Lizardman civilisation, there are other places where they built their temple-cities. The most notable is Zlatlan, deep in the Southlands, though contact between it and the Lustrian Lizardmen became sporadic after Chupayotl's sinking.

Ruins reminiscent of Lizardman architecture have also been reported from Albion to the Laurelorn, and even high in the World's Edge Mountains.

RUINED TEMPLE-CITIES

Ruined temple-cities are a temptation for the warm-blooded species, either for plunder or as sites for their own settlements. However, they are rarely as abandoned as they seem. The Lizardmen watch over their former homes and many are still inhabited. While trees may grow in once-grand plazas, and stone crumbles over time, the Lizardmen wait for the Slann to announce an auspicious time to recolonise and rebuild.

PAHUAX – CITY OF ASH

Pahuax's Slann were among the foremost of their kind when it came to the understanding of temporal manipulation, but this proved their undoing during the Great Catastrophe. Attempting to buy time, the Slann conducted a great ritual, but the magic twisted, flinging the city's defenders into the Realm of Chaos. Pahuax aged thousands of years in the blink of an eye, and only its weathered central pyramids remain.

Once, Pahuax was believed the only place where Chameleon Skinks spawned. Though they have since emerged across Lustria, these Skinks still honour the place. Chameleon Skinks explore the City of Ash, recovering treasures and sending them to Hexoatl. The temples have been restored, re-occupied, and abandoned many times by command of both Hexoatl's Lord Mazdamundi and Lord Huinitenuchli, Pahuax's last surviving Slann. Inevitably, the City of Ash is left to its own devices.

TIME LIKE THE PRESENT

Amethyst wizard Heinrich Kühn has dedicated his life to studying time. His most secret desire is to undo a great wrong suffered by his family. He came to Lustria as his researches have led him to believe that there is a site there where time has become knotted, but each time he sets out, he finds himself back in Skeggi.

TLANXLA – CITY OF THE SKY

The River Amaxon weaves between Tlanxla's vine-choked towers, their peaks hidden in the trees. It was among the first cities to fall during the Great Catastrophe, a terrible blow to the Lizardmen's messenger network, and is often the first temple-city outsiders encounter thanks to its place on the Amaxon. Its lower levels have been plundered many times.

Despite this, Tlanxla is not truly abandoned. High above the canopy, it still houses innumerable Terradons and Ripperdactyls. Skinks maintain these roosts and it would be difficult to distinguish the city's upper reaches from the bustle of a 'living' temple-city barrio.

TLAX – CITY OF GHOSTS

Tlax sits on the Tarantula Coast, where ships are drawn by the Golden Spire of Chotec's shimmering light. It has been explored many times, but few stay long. It is unnerving enough to come to a hostile land, without sharing it with ghosts. At certain times, spectral Saurus and Daemons appear, locked in battle. It is as though the city remembers its fall, a trauma it can never escape.

Every decade, Slann journey to Tlax to work The Ritual of Words Yet Unvoiced. They summon the city's defenders and pour their magical strength into them, empowering the spirits. Whether they hope to protect Lustria from the ghosts of Daemons, or think they might change the outcome of history, only the Slann can say, but Tlax has become a place where the very air tastes of magic.

SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Kenreth Silverbark, an Eonir scholar, wishes to see Lustria's City of Ghosts for herself. She studied the Old One ruins in the Laurelorn and believes there may be a connection between them and the fearsome spirit army the Grey Lords summoned during the War of the Beard.

HUALOTL – CITY OF MASKS

Hualotl watches over the Mal'liente Swamps, one of the few breaks in the Spine of Sotek. Only a contingent of Temple Guard still live here and only the split-tailed Skink Oracles may enter unchallenged. Inside, great golden masks line every street. Most appear to be Slann, while others take the form of jaguars, eagles, Stegadons, and other creatures. Endless rumours surround what might happen should someone put on such a mask.

THROUGH YOUR EYES

The masks hold the spirits of Slann Relic Priests whose bodies were ritualistically destroyed. It takes some time for the Slann to adjust to the lesser mind of any who wears one of their masks, but should a Character keep the mask, they risk slowly becoming the dead Slann's vessel.



XAHUTEC – CITY OF ECHOES

Xahutec is a cursed city. During the Great Catastrophe, a rift opened in the crevasse the city sits upon, flooding Xahutec with Daemons. Cold blood stained the stones and the sound of battle echoes even now.

The Lizardmen believed the rift sealed many times, only to find Daemons again emerging from the ruins. The greatest incursion was only halted thanks to Oxyotl, the legendary Chameleon Skink, along with a host of his fellows from Pahuax. Despite this, there have been many attempts to re-establish the city. All ended in tragedy and madness. Xahutec has since been declared 'lost for all eternity' and a guard stationed at its borders.

LOST FOR ALL ETERNITY

Each day spent in Xahutec counts as Minor Exposure to Corruption.

LORD TENOOQ'S FINAL DECREE

Lord Tenoq was the last Slann to rule Xahutec, taking over after Lord Zhul's fall to tyranny and madness. It was by his order the city was abandoned, though not before his own mind was infiltrated by the Great Enemy. He died even as his Temple Guard carried him away, babbling warnings, promises, and threats in two voices. His Skink attendants recorded all these, but are unsure which pronouncements can be trusted as truly their lord's will. Most puzzling is a statement that the rift of Xahutec could be closed forever with 'the power of stone and will of the disciple'.

HUATL – THE AWAKENING

Ruler: Lord Vo'Kel

While some believe the ruined cities are evidence the Lizardmen are a fading people, Huatl stands in defiance of this. Xlanhuapēc's rulers ordered the city restored. Now, the surrounding jungle quakes as Stegadon and Bastilodon bring stone quarried from the Spine of Sotek, while countless Kroxigor work to raise the city up to its former glory. Already the central pyramid-temple has been reconsecrated to Huanchi, its Star Chamber made a home for Slann Lord Vo'Kel. It is hoped Huatl might stand as a bulwark against the Vampire Coast.



SOMEWHERE BENEATH THE SEA

The Lizardmen hope Huatl might replace sunken Chupayotl as a connecting node to the Southlands. To do this, they need an ancient artefact of communication, still believed to lie in the sunken city.

OYXL – THE ETERNAL CITY

Oyxl overlooks the great plains extending across the southernmost continent. Slann come here to meditate, their minds expanding to accommodate the expanse before them, reaching out to the horizon. It is said from here their minds can reach as far as the southern pole.

Oyxl is also home to a thriving Skink population. These Skinks have long mastered the ability to ride Culchan, the carnivorous, flightless birds which call the plains home, and use them to herd the slow-moving herbivores grazing here. Their meat is prized as a delicacy, not often enjoyed in Lustria's northern jungles. Limited contact exists between the Culchan riders and Elves from the Citadel of Dusk, meeting infrequently at the Southern Sentinels. Each party treats the other with wary suspicion.

AXLOTL – THE STAR CITY

Axlotl was among the first to fall to Clan Pestilens. The temple-city has been partially restored, but these efforts were abandoned in favour of Huatl. Axlotl is not empty though. Atop four pillars, the hermit priests remain. These Slann have separated from their fellows and now sit high above the jungle floor, protected from the elements by spheres of calming magic. None have moved since the city's fall. The only others in the city are Chameleon Skinks, who watch over the Slann and Star City both.

TAKING THE UNDERGROUND

Subterranean tunnels exist beneath Lustria, extending all the way from Naggaroth's Underworld Sea to the continent's southernmost tip. These are home to all manner of strange, vicious creatures, of which the Cold Ones are the least unnerving, and have been used many times by the Lizardmen's enemies to take them unaware. Because of this, Lord Mazdamundi ordered a series of underground settlements and barracks created. The greatest is Subatuun, a temple-city built within the tunnels long ago and abandoned when the Skaven arrived. It now serves as a military encampment, a central base from which the Cold One riders tasked with patrolling the tunnels can operate. It has never been seen by warm-bloods, yet stories of subterranean Lizard-folk persist. Most notably, the Dwarfs of Karak Ziflin once uncovered a golden gate within their deepest mines. The Runesmith Thegi Sindrisdottir succeeded in opening it and saw a stepped pyramid hanging upside-down in an enormous cavern. When the Dwarf stepped through, the gates shut behind her. No one has persuaded them to open again.

CITIES LOST AND DAMNED

While the Lizardman empire can no longer maintain all its temple-cities, it is extremely rare for them to give one up entirely. With some cities, however, they have no choice. Quetza is perhaps the most notable. This temple-city was abandoned some time after the Great Catastrophe, but it took Clan Pestilens to make it the defiled place it is today. Even now, no Lizardmen dare enter its confines, due to both the memories and the diseases it still holds.

Chupayotl is another such place. Once an important node connecting Lustria with the Southlands, Chupayotl was torn from its clifftop perch by an enormous tidal wave. All that remains are the Fire Bogs and the suggestion of gold glimmering beneath the waves. Chupayotl's loss struck the Lizardmen a painful blow and there are some who hold out hope it might one day be raised from the waters.

TEMPLE-CITY STRUCTURES

'The smaller lizard-folk live and work in places similar to our own barrios. These were a hive of activity, each individual focused entirely upon their task.'

— 'One Thing Further: My Voyages with Marco Colombo' by Filipa de Ruiz

Temple-cities are both wonderful and often incomprehensible to outsiders. Their buildings are formed from stone cut to precise dimensions, held together without mortar. Lizard-sphinxes, stylised snakes, and colourful murals cover every surface. Over everything loom many-stepped pyramids, a constant reminder of the power this civilisation wields. Living temple-cities are constantly awash with activity, only subsiding during the coldest parts of the night. While temple-cities differ in character and purpose, there are some structures common to all.

PYRAMID-TEMPLES

Pyramid-temples are enormous ziggurats defended by Temple Guard at every level, their unblinking eyes watching the Skinks as they attend the resident Slann. A ziggurat may host many such venerable creatures, their age and status designated by how high their chambers are situated. The foremost Slann resides at the peak, within their temple's Star Chamber, the elevation separating their thoughts from the discordant world.

Within the pyramid are chambers dedicated to many purposes. Some, like the Calendar Chamber, let light in through carefully aligned holes, marking significant occasions on the walls. Others hold sacred golden plaques, a record of the Old Ones' Great Plan. Priests attend these constantly, puzzling out the Plan's next course. Most sacred are the Tomb Chambers, where lie the revered Relic Priests. These chambers remain sealed except in the direst of circumstances, or when ritual demands a particular Slann's presence, even if they died long ago.

Deep below lie the Saurus' spawning caverns. These are connected to their barracks and the Saurus defend them with utter dedication and ferocity. When not patrolling or training, the Saurus keep to their barracks and the company of their spawn fellows.

TEMPLES TO THE OLD ONES

While every city counts an Old One as their patron, all are honoured. The major pantheon members have their own temples, each differing in size, architecture, and placement reflecting an interpretation of an Old One's character. One city's temple to Chotec might emphasise the Old One's command over the sun, honouring them with ever-burning fires, while another might focus on Chotec's relationship to the Lizardmen, providing flat stones on which to bathe in Chotec's power.

TEMPLES AND ALTARS OF SOTEK

After purging Clan Pestilens from Lustria's shores, Sotek's cult became an inescapable part of Lizardman society. Every temple-city boasts temples dedicated to the vengeful god. These temples often rival those dedicated to a city's patron Old One, though few Slann choose to live atop them. On the temple's steps, priests carry out grizzly sacrifices, offerings to empower Sotek in its endless hunt for the ratmen. Smaller altars are also placed throughout temple-cities, most often pits filled with the god's slithering children. Priests of Sotek call upon these creatures in times of war, sending them ahead to carpet the ground with writhing, snapping bodies.

SSUSSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES

A Character is thrown into a sacrificial serpent pit. They land with a crunch on dry, brittle corpses. Every snake is dead.



CAUSEWAYS AND PLAZAS

Though the Lustrian landscape makes temple-cities inaccessible, they were not built to be hidden. Causeways and roads radiate from their centres, stretching off into the jungle. These are carved with intricate sculptures, some showcasing the city's history, others dedicated to unnamed Old Ones. In this way, a city's roads are also its memory. These roads converge before the pyramid-temples to form grand central plazas. Such places are reputed to be where the Old Ones first laid each city's foundations, and they form gathering places for ritual and warfare. Saurus use the space to train, running through tactics and manoeuvres under their Oldbloods' watchful command.

SPAWNING POOLS

All Lizardmen begin life in spawning pools. These differ depending upon the intended function of those born from their waters. Some are surrounded by ornate walls, watched over by devoted Temple Guard and Skink attendants. From these crawl individual Skinks, whose solitary spawning marks them out as priests or leaders.

Outside the city proper, the land is given over to swamps, with spawning pools almost indistinguishable amidst the brackish water. Causeways allow travellers safely through these regions and let Skinks keep an eye on their soon-to-be spawned fellows. The larger body of Skink society come from these: labourers, scribes, artisans, and farmers. Pool attendants watch over them, helping their newly born brethren emerge and directing them where to commence their duties.



AQUA VITAE

Samples from Lustria's flora and fauna often fetch a high price. Should someone bring back a bottle filled with water from the mythical spawning pools, it is sure to draw interest.

BARRIOS

Barrios lie to a temple-city's outer edges, but they are its true life. Named for the Estalian districts early explorers compared them to, barrios are where the Skinks live and work. Hundreds sleep within a single building, clustering together for warmth during the night. Their homes are cunningly crafted to hold the day's heat, helping the cold-blooded inhabitants stay active, and most feature low, flat roofs for sunbathing.

Skink culture places little value upon personal space. They group together based upon their assigned profession and barrios are often divided by vocation. One might be a place of crafting — potters, weavers, and metal workers living alongside one another. Another is home to scribes, the barrio containing repositories of scrolls where those edicts relating to day-to-day matters are recorded and stored. The Kroxigor Labour Districts exist alongside these, large buildings filled with resting pools where the colossal Kroxigor are given their assignments each day. Between the barrios lie open squares where Skinks meet to exchange goods with traders from other cities, while priests share pronouncements on the Great Plan.

CORRALS, ROOSTS, AND CAVES

The Lizardmen have tamed many of Lustria's creatures, and these are usually kept in corrals outside the city limits. In these cultivated areas, Stegadon and Bastilodon are left free to graze. Meanwhile, Salamanders and Razordons are lured to patches of swamp with the promise of good nesting and plentiful food left by (and made of) Skink handlers. Alongside corrals, artificial caves replicate the Cold Ones' natural habitats. These are stables for the Lizardman cavalry, their Saurus riders living close by in an attached barracks. Those used to the agricultural practices of other cultures may see little to separate these spaces from the surrounding jungle, as the Lizardmen do not cut back the vegetation. They have no need to, their creatures are perfectly adapted to Lustria's environment.

Roosts take two forms. Terradon roosts are often housed within the city proper, sometimes even within a pyramid-temple's upper reaches. These roosts double as messenger stations, with scribes climbing up to deliver and receive word from other temple-cities or settlements. Ripperdactyl roosts, however, are another matter. These aggressive creatures cannot be trusted not to attack anything they see on the ground. Only their bonded riders can approach, so Ripperdactyl riders form small settlements away from their home cities, made exiles by their own beasts.

SATELLITE STRUCTURES

Structures such as Pliodon Landings and Harbours must exist outside the temple-city due to accessibility of resources. Chameleon Skinks make their ambuscades deep in the surrounding jungle, away from their fellows. Granaries and meat storage houses may also exist beyond the city, providing well-hidden supplies in case of attack or contamination. The Lizardmen have learned from their struggles with the Skaven to keep a number of granaries independent of each other.



TLAXTLAN

City of the Moon

Patron Old One: Tlazcotl

Ruler: Lord Adohi-Tehga

Tlaxtlan, the fourth founded temple-city, lies south of the Piranha Swamps. Those travelling down the Amaxon might catch the distant gleam of its spires, decorated with silver and platinum in emulation of the true moon. The city lacks the impenetrable walls of Hexoatl, the mighty hosts of Itza, and the esoteric defences of Xlanhuapec. It is less militant than many of its fellows, a place of cold contemplation and careful study.

Without walls to bind it, Tlaxtlan has been free to expand, new roads, monuments, and observatories sprawling out from its central plaza. Towering obelisks and impassive lizard-sphinxes mark out the city, each placed in careful consultation with the moon's orbit. In this way, Tlaxtlan serves as a vital node on the Geomantic Web, harnessing the power of the heavens to fuel their defences and divinations.

According to legend, the City of the Moon was created by the Old One Tlazcotl. The Skinks tell stories of how Tlazcotl taught the Lizardmen of the city to read the night sky.

The moon and stars see everything, their light beginning in the past and reaching into the future. By Tlazcotl's teachings, the Tlaxtlani Slann shared in everything the celestial bodies saw. They were the Old Ones' most trusted overseers, those who watched over every decision and measured every outcome. At least, this is what the Tlaxtlani say.

Whatever the truth, Tlaxtlan's original purpose was subsumed by the tragedy of the Great Catastrophe.

As the polar gates fell and their mysterious masters vanished, the Lizardmen saw a green scar tear itself across the sky. In a burst of sheer sensation, a new moon appeared. This was the first time the Tlaxtlani saw the Chaos Moon and they learned to hate it above all other foes. The powers of the true moon twisted in the Slann's grip. New power, dark and corrupt, flowed through the city. Near a quarter of the city's Slann perished in this moment alone, the magic they wielded turning back on them, becoming a foul parody of their mighty work. Stone ran like water, the air filled with the taste of sound. Where the Chaos Moon's light fell, Daemons reigned.

Tlaxtlan fought to defend all they had accomplished as the Daemons poured across Lustria. This was a losing battle. At this time, no temple-city had been designed with defence in mind.



Tlaxtlan's wide avenues, towering pyramid temples, and delicate observatories were quickly overrun, forcing the Lizardmen back to the steps of the Great Pyramid of Tlazcotl. The city only survived thanks to three Slann, sent to the Ziggurat of Quetli by Lord Adohi-Tehga. There, they succeeded in activating one of the Old Ones' most powerful artefacts, an arcane barrier of incredible strength.

This held the Daemons at bay, though sadly not all the city could be contained within. Tlaxtlan emerged from the Great Catastrophe relatively unharmed. But the magic which fuelled their divining was never the same. Always, the taint of the Chaos Moon could be felt within it, spreading like ink in water, unless properly bled away.

Despite this, Tlaxtlan is still regarded as a place of astromancers and prognosticators. The jungle has been pushed back for miles around the city, allowing a clear view of the night sky. Many of their pyramids and temples double as observatories, where Skinks carefully track the movements of the heavens through intricate lenses made by the Skinks of Spektazuma. Some buildings even move, following the courses of certain astral bodies. Orreries, shimmering mechanical assemblies of silver and jewels, turn high above the streets. The horned peak of the Temple of the Eclipse holds the shrouded moon in place, feeding the city with its power. Over it all, the Great Pyramid of Tlazcotl stands, as impassive and unchanging as the Old One it is dedicated to.

The rulers of Tlaxtlan seek to emulate their patron deity. They are quiet, watchful, and rarely act without first considering a matter from all possible angles. They know the future is a delicate thing, at once as implacable as the changing seasons, yet as brittle as a bubble on the face of the Amaxon. To act in haste is to risk acting against the Great Plan and it is all too easy to cut the tether binding the present to a desired future. This caution has sometimes brought them into conflict with hastier members of their people, who feel it is only by their action and sacrifice Tlaxtlan may continue in its indolence. However, many Lizardman victories would never have been possible if not for their predictions. It was thanks to the efforts of the great Skink astromancer Tetto'Eko, for example, that a massing of Skaven in Quetza was uncovered, and the Chameleon Skink Oxyotl dispatched to prevent ratmen assassins from ambushing Lord Mazdamundi.

Despite this, unrest is growing in Tlaxtlan. Thanks to its proximity to the Amaxon, Tlaxtlan has often been among the first temple-cities discovered by foreigners to Lustria's shores. The Mage-Priests and prognosticators of the city pondered long and hard upon this issue. So far, they have determined these newcomers are a part of the Great Plan, and not to be killed out of hand.

In some cases, this has led to a cautious exchange between the two parties, Skinks approaching outsider settlements ostensibly to trade, but really to watch and study the foreigners so the Slann might better know how to deal with them. This attitude rankles with some of Tlaxtlan's younger Slann, who are swayed by Lord Mazdamundi's more aggressive philosophies.

Meanwhile, the edict that the outsiders should not be killed provides little comfort to those satellite settlements who are often the first to fall victim to raiders. On the back of such discord, the Red Cult of Sotek is growing in strength and influence. More Skinks turn to the god of vengeance, hearing their message of action and bloody retribution, in stark contrast to Tlaxtlan's meditative patience.

How aware the Slann are of this is hard to say. They keep their eyes fixed on the heavens; their every thought turned to their celestial foe. The Chaos Moon continues to pervert their careful divinations, its insidious power seeping into the Geomantic Web through Tlaxtlan's astromantic alignments. It is a thing which does not belong in the Great Plan. Many times, the Tlaxtlani have tried to rid themselves of it. Sometimes, they even seem to succeed. The Chaos Moon retreats into the black abyss, fading until it becomes little more than a green speck within the sky. The next night, it returns, fat and full, a grinning face sneering at all who pit themselves against it. Some among the Slann now think of nothing else save destroying the Chaos Moon. Only then will their visions and city be purified. Only then will they be able to see the Great Plan as it is meant to be.

BY STAR AND STONE

Any Character attempting Casting or Channelling Tests for Lore of Heavens spells in Tlaxtlan receives +2 SL. If Morrlieb is full (at the GM's discretion), any roll of an 8 on the units die results in a Minor Miscast, as per the Malignant Influences rule (WFRP, page 236).

ADMINISTRATORS OF TLAXTLAN

As with all temple-cities, Tlaxtlan is ruled by the Slann. However, these lofty creatures rarely participate in day-to-day administration, and a Slann may not even speak within a Skink's lifetime. The running of the city therefore falls to Skink attendants, priests, and overseers.

SLANN

Lord Adohi-Tehga

Lord Adohi-Tehga has ruled Tlaxtlan since before the Great Catastrophe. An impassive creature, more given to introspection than leading armies, Adohi-Tehga is respected throughout Lustria for his great wisdom, insight, and skill at divination.

The outsiders' arrival has been weighing on Adohi-Tehga's mind in recent days. It is obvious to him they have a part in the Great Plan, but what this may be eludes him. He has set scouts to watch Skeggi and Skink scribes to learn the outsiders' language, while he seeks answers from the moon's orbit. Some who come to Lustria describe a feeling of being watched, of an enormous intellect brushing against their dreams, threatening to engulf all that they are.

Lord Tecciztec

Lord Tecciztec, a fourth-generation Slann, is dedicated to studying and destroying the Chaos Moon. Lord Adohi-Tehga set him this task centuries ago and all his considerable intellect is bent upon it. Most recently, he led a ritual which attempted to push the Chaos Moon from its orbit. This blasted a chunk from the evil orb, raining warpstone upon the unsuspecting peoples of the world. While the Chaos Moon remains, Tecciztec was heartened. It is not untouchable after all.

Once again, the Slann has fallen to meditating upon the issue. While still revered, some among his attendants worry this focus is taking a toll. His latest mutterings have been fevered, about a creature born from the Chaos Moon released to wander the world, seeking revenge.

Lord Chuqa-xi

Tlaxtlan's youngest Slann, Lord Chuqa-xi is caretaker of the city's magical defences. Unusual for a Slann of Tlaxtlan, Lord Chuqa-xi is very militant in his mindset. He has seen Lord Mazdamundi's accomplishments and wishes for Tlaxtlan to take its place in enacting the Great Plan. However, he sees also the wisdom of Lord Adohi-Tehga in not acting without proper knowledge, and has taken it upon himself to study the outsiders and how they might be used. Recently, Chuqa-xi has sent Skink raiding parties to bring back captives for him to investigate. Losing people to the jungle is common, and so far none have gone looking for the people Chuqa-xi has taken. However, stories are beginning to be told in Skeggi's taverns, of people turning up at Lizardman holy places, their minds broken, attacking anyone who dares to approach them.

SKINK LEADERS

Tzku'Ta, Chief Attendant to Lord Adohi-Tehga

Tzku'Ta is a diminutive Skink, recently elevated to the dual status of Chief Attendant to Adohi-Tehga and Chief Priest of Tlazcotl. It is a role they take extremely seriously. Tzku'Ta is normally found either in the Plaque Chamber or at their master's side, wax tablet in hand should Adohi-Tehga make a pronouncement, or mutter a brief utterance in his sleep. As Chief Attendant, Tzku'Ta speaks with Adohi-Tehga's voice and it is therefore him who oversees Tlaxtlan's daily administration, along with the other Skink priests and overseers.

THE CIRCLE OF VOICES

In every temple-city, the chief priests and attendants for each Slann meet regularly in the great pyramid-temple's Plaque Chamber, debating the inscriptions' meaning in light of recent revelations. When the Slann are inactive, these collective deliberations become the main means by which decisions are made. Tzku'Ta oversees Tlaxtlan's Circle of Voices, alongside Pa'Qa who as head of the scribe barrio is the only non-priest allowed to attend. The chief priest of Sotek is a growing voice in these meetings, winning over support with their active, eager rhetoric. So far, Tzku'Ta's natural caution has carried the day, but even they find themselves admiring the Red Cult.

Tetto'Eko, Astromancer of the Constellations

Reputed to be the oldest living Skink in all Lustria, the Chief Astromancer of Tlaxtlan's Temple of the Eclipse is accorded honours normally reserved only for the Slann. He floats through the streets atop a palanquin, and Temple Guard bow low as he passes. Tetto'Eko has often been entrusted with Tlaxtlan's legions. It is said no force led by him has been defeated, the strands of fate reshaping themselves to their needs.

Though revered by all Skinks, Tetto'Eko keeps himself removed from the doctrinal squabbles of his fellow priests. However, recent changes in the moon's cycle have drawn him out from his temple. A lunar eclipse came when none should and stars hid their meanings behind it. He has sent out messengers to the other temple-cities, asking if their plaques hold any clues. None have returned.

ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT

On the night the moon fell dark, a ship arrived in Skeggi. It carried a merchant hoping for riches in the new world, accompanied by his bodyguard, a large Skaeling who has been to Lustria before.

Kupa'Ti, Overseer of Fish and Forage

An intense Skink with a crest dyed the distinctive crimson of Sotek's followers, Kupa'Ti is chief of all Tlaxtlan Skinks whose role is to see that the temple-city is well-fed. To this end, he rarely spends long within the city limits, travelling between insect farms, fisheries, and storehouses. It is a demanding task and one he takes great pride in, though it is not without dangers.

Living outside the city's defences, Tlaxtlan's providers are often the first victims of attack. Kupa'Ti has been assailed many times. He would never question the judgement of his superiors, but each time a farm is sacked, he feels the strike against his duty strongly. In such situations, Skinks must seize the initiative and strike first.

Pa'Qa, Record Keeper of Tlaxtlan

Pa'Qa oversees Tlaxtlan's scribe barrios. Under his careful eye, messages and decrees are read, copied, and disseminated. He specialises in the sorting of tally sticks, keeping track of goods exchanged, Tlaxtlan's supplies, and other matters both marvellous and mundane. Pa'Qa has a gift for numbers and he can usually be found atop his overseer's chair, muttering over the latest tally sticks, while around him Skinks file information away.

The Record Keeper is a respected figure, blessed by Tlazcotl with an ability to weigh information and see what truths lie behind it. While priests might see the future, Pa'Qa sees the present, forming pictures from the sticks and scrolls which flow through the barrio each day.

TALLY HO

Tally sticks regarding supplies for rebuilding Huatl have gone missing. A careful investigation finds more items vanished: papyrus scrolls with Lord Adohi-Tehga's latest proclamations, maps of the Tarantula Coast, and messages from Xlanhuapac.

WORSHIP OF TLAZCOTL

Tlazcotl is a distant, impassive watcher, embodying the cold-blooded ideals of implacable indifference. It is everything the Lizardmen were intended to be and represents a frame of mind which comes naturally to the detached Slann and stoic Saurus. Tlazcotl's worship usually takes the form of intense meditation. Those who wish to appeal to the Old One must achieve Tlazcotl's cold, watchful state.

Skinks find this particularly difficult. While boredom is an alien concept to most, they lack the stoic indifference of their Saurus brethren. They are skittish, easy to startle, and though a Skink may appear unmoved, their internal thoughts flash past, jumping from one point to the next with incredible speed. This makes the quiet contemplation of Tlazcotl a difficult prospect and those priests who accomplish it are highly honoured.

While Tlazcotl remains Tlaxtlan's prime deity, the focus on patience, inaction, and watchfulness is allowing Sotek's more proactive cult to gain a greater following. Many still remember it was only by following Tehenhauin, by taking matters into their own hands, that the Skaven were finally pushed back. Some, among them the Slann Lord Chuqa-xi, see the snake god's cult as the means to stir Tlaxtlan to action at long last.

TLAXTLAN'S DEFENCES

All temple-cities have their own means for repelling invaders. Hexoatl relies upon its incredible fortifications, the walls around the city stretching up to rival its pyramid-temples. Xlanhuapēc shrouds itself in mists, hiding from the eyes of any who come searching for the treasures it safeguards. Tlaxtlan uses neither of these. It trusts instead to the power of its magic and the strength of its hosts.

MAGICAL DEFENCES

The Ziggurat of Quetli

East of the central pyramid-temple lies the Ziggurat of Quetli, dedicated to the divine protector and warrior god Quetzl. Should the city find itself under attack, Slann congregate in its ritual chamber. Here, under the guidance of Lord Chuqa-xi, they invoke the shrine's power. A ray of shimmering magic rises into the sky. It settles itself around the city's edges, an impenetrable dome which has never been breached. While Slann in other temple-cities can conjure something similar, this dome stems from an Old One artefact, many times more powerful than even those great spell-crafters can manage. However, not all parts of Tlaxtlan fall within its reaches, the city having expanded since the Ziggurat was first built, and it takes some time to enact. This forms Tlaxtlan's final shield, a defence not lightly invoked as it leaves much of the city vulnerable and prevents its armies from marching out to meet the enemy.

The Guardians

The golden rings of the Guardians turn slowly above Tlaxtlan's southern gate. Any who pass below them can feel the power they hold, the air growing thick with thunder-storm potential. When the moon aligns with the Guardians, this power becomes so strong even those without the Second Sight can see the magic forming a silver halo around the devices.

The Lizardmen possess a few artefacts from the Old Ones' time. These Engines of the Gods are incredibly precious and are normally kept hidden deep within temple vaults, or mounted onto Stegadons in times of great need. The Guardians are an Engine of the Gods larger than any other known, capable of unleashing blasts which can scar reality itself.

They are constantly attended by dedicated Skinks, including a scribe whose role it is to note down the alignment of the markings on each ring at significant moments in the lunar cycle.

While the Lizardmen can direct the Guardians' power, none truly know how they work and many fear what could happen should the Chaos Moon corrupt the power they draw from the city.

Statues of the Watcher

Tlaxtlan possesses many statues dedicated to their patron, Tlazcotl. These monuments seek to display its nature as the watcher of all, and those who walk the causeways, roads, or even try to approach Tlaxtlan through the jungles, may find themselves passing beneath these statues' mirrored stare. By far the most impressive is the Great Statue of Tlazcotl, which overlooks the Spawn-Pool of the Guide in central Tlaxtlan. The statue looms high over the central plaza, its many heads looking to every corner of the Geomantic Web. Offerings surround its base and priests from Tlazcotl's temple attend it daily to see what their master's eyes have witnessed.

The Great Statue can see everything which occurs before the lesser statues' eyes, their sight reflected in its own mirrored orbs. In this way, Tlaxtlan can never be taken by surprise. Even those approaching by stealth, unseen by living eyes, find the Lizardmen ready and waiting for them. The Great Statue of Tlazcotl is rumoured to see all things in the universe and, if a priest can achieve the correct meditative state, they can direct its gaze beyond Tlaxtlan's borders. When not directed in such a way, the Great Statue's eyes show an unfamiliar night sky. Occasionally, other images appear. Images of a star-strewn abyss in which worlds burn. Of a field covered in lines and symbols, surrounded by screaming supplicants. Of a dark and silent city, where Humans squabble like rats. The priests believe these to be things which Tlazcotl is seeing and make careful note of each and every one. One day, they hope to see for themselves.

THE HOSTS OF TLAXTLAN

Even with its impressive magical defences, Tlaxtlan maintains a strong military to defend both itself and its wider territories. Located on the edges of the Piranha Swamps, it lacks the large, natural cave formations favoured by Cold Ones and Troglodons. What the city lacks in cavalry, it more than makes up with a solid infantry core.

Skink Patrols

Skink patrols form both the city's first warning system and its first line of defence. Small scouting bands patrol the jungle constantly, reporting back on anything they find. They are supported in their efforts by the city's Chameleon Skinks. These stealthy hunters have ambuscades set up throughout the surrounding territory and rarely move from their stations, except to hunt down an intruder or warn Tlaxtlan of any threat greater than those they can handle.

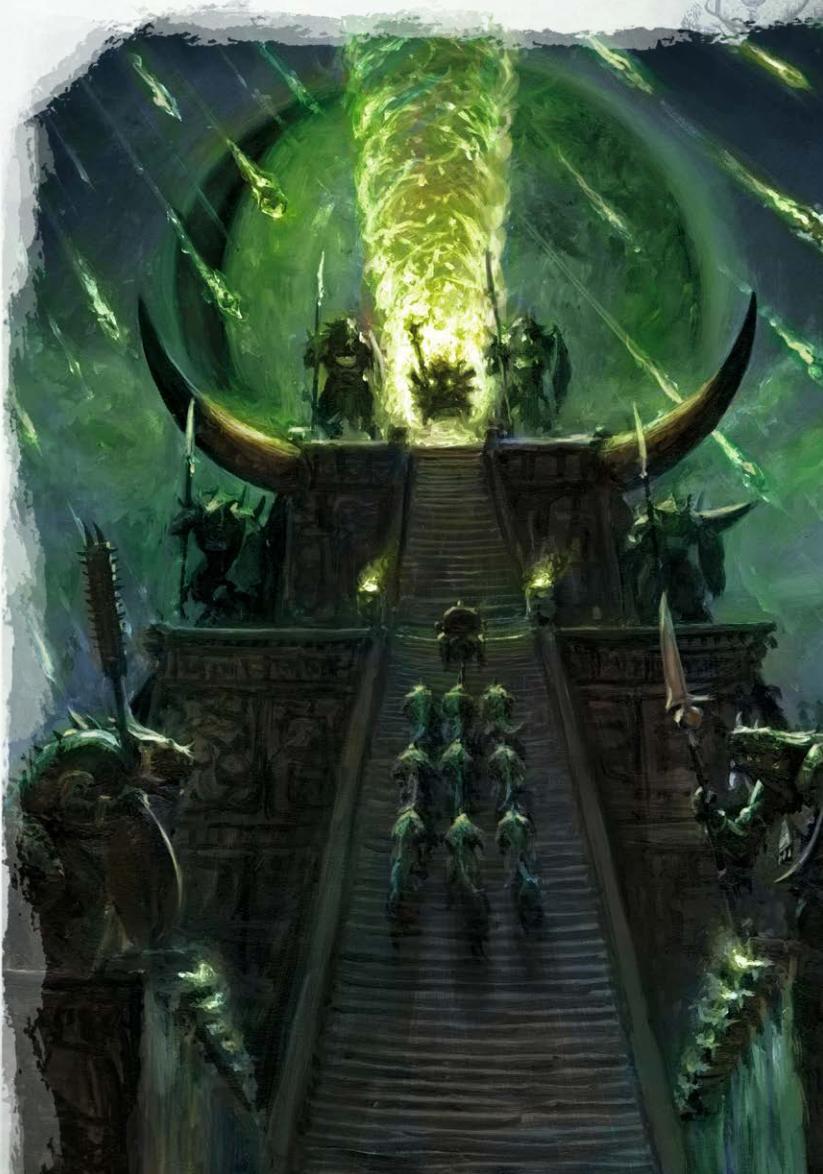
When such a threat is identified, Skink warbands converge on their location. These diminutive warriors lack the strength and skill of their Saurus brethren, but their amphibious nature allows them to quickly intercept the enemy, delaying them as the city readies its defences. If the threat demands it, Salamanders and Razordons are released from their pens and driven towards the advancing foe. Dams are opened, allowing the swamp to swallow up the causeways. To this are added the dangers of the Piranha Swamps, where the Skinks cultivate the region's plentiful supply of predatory fish. Kroxigor hide themselves beneath the waters, bursting up to ambush the incautious in a roaring, bloodthirsty mass of scale and muscle. Should the enemy overcome these, the Skinks fall back to harass their flanks, leaving them to deal with the waiting Saurus cohorts.

Tlaxtlan's Defenders

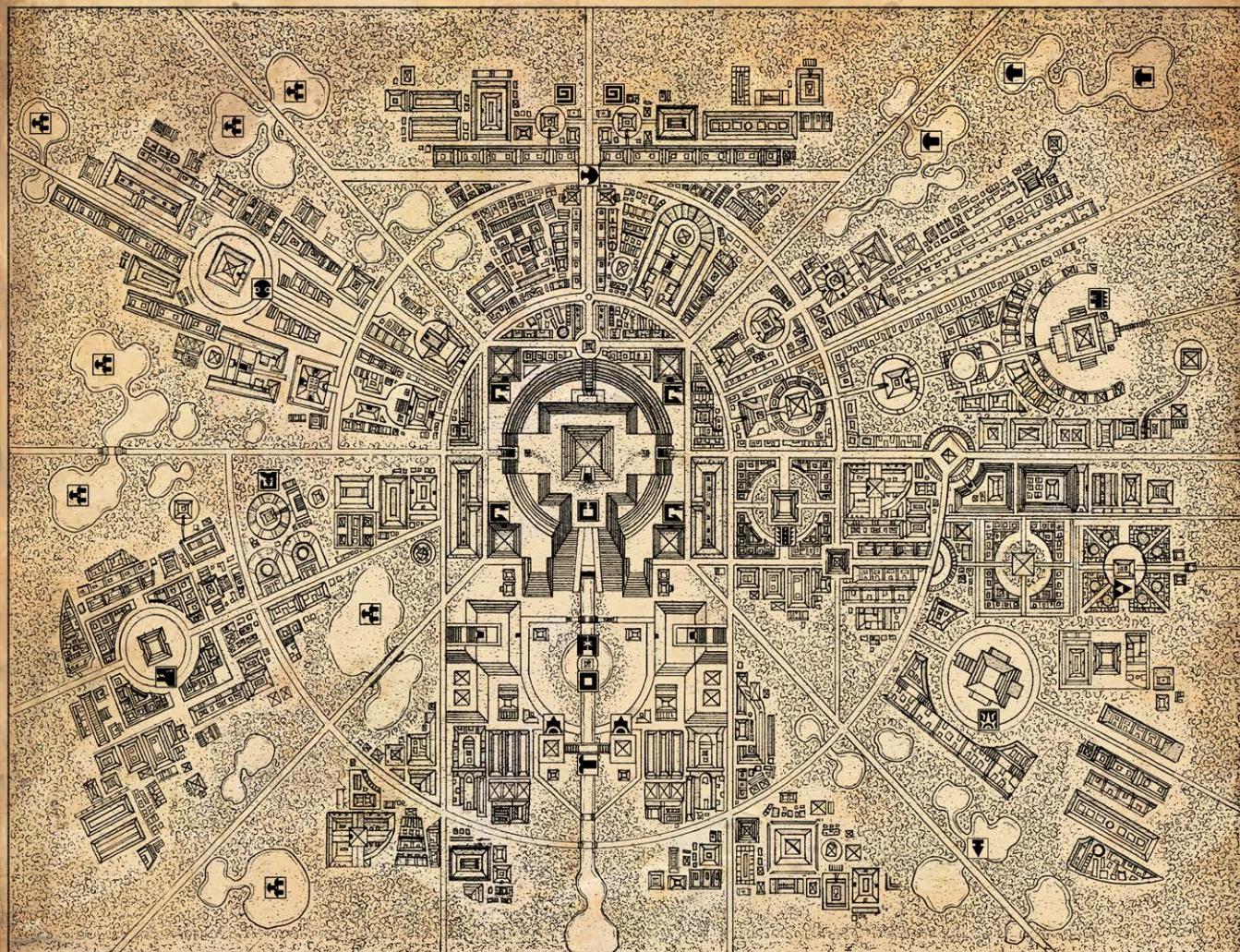
Even more so than many other temple-cities, Tlaxtlan relies heavily upon its Saurus infantry, the surrounding swamps being ill-suited for large cavalry formations. Before conflict, these warriors assemble at the Sun Temple of Chotec, lining up in perfect formation with their spawn-mates. Here they receive their orders from the Scar-Veterans and Oldbloods, while the sun god's priests channel the temple's power to quicken their cold blood for the battle. If Tlaxtlan itself is threatened, these warriors form up into defensive blocks, forcing the enemy back with spears and saw-toothed shields. Many of the city's Saurus carry the blessing of Tlazcotl. These Saurus anchor the Lizardmen line, as even supernatural terrors find little purchase upon their stoic nature.

The Temple Guard, meanwhile, keep to their charges. Many line the steep steps of their ziggurats, waiting for the enemy to approach. They rarely join the fighting, no matter how things might go, holding back to defend the temples and Slann without any consideration beyond this duty.

When not in battle, the hosts of Saurus patrol the city. At certain times of day, all local Skinks know to step aside as the heavy tramp-tramp of Saurus marching in perfect step shakes the stones. Some of these Saurus have been following these patrol routes without change for centuries, their tireless dedication to the city's defence marked out on the stones themselves. Others take up watch stations along the roads, temples, and squares, not moving unless ordered, as still and watchful as the statues of Tlazcotl.



THE TEMPLE-CITY OF TLAXTLAN



■ GREAT TEMPLE OF TLACZCOTL

"And so did impassive Lord Tlazcotl raise the shrine-spire atop his greatest temple, wherein resides the great Adohi-Tehga, his devoted Mage-Priest of the Second Spawning. So it was then, as it is now and evermore."

■ BLOOD SHRINES OF SOTEK

"On the cyclic turnings of the moons, the shrines of Sotek are to be drenched in blood to appease the Great Serpent's unquenchable thirst"

■ BLESSED PYRAMID OF TZUNKI

"Surround my temples with the blessed waters of life. So He did speak, and so it has remained."

■ SHRINES OF TEPOK

"Brother of Great Tlazcotl, Tepok of the Air shall always be honoured in great Tlazcotl. Let it be done."

■ GREAT STATUE OF TLACZCOTL

"Let all who gaze upon our lordly deity rejoice. The universe, resides within his reflective eyes, embrace the coldness of blessed certainty."

■ MORTUARY SHRINES OF THE HOLY

"Let not the pre-eminent servants fall into decay, but honour them always."

■ DOME OF HUANCHI

"Cousin of darkness, Huanchi's priests too shall dwell in the twilight."

■ THE GUARDIANS

"They arrived with the gods, and with the gods do dwell their spirits. Their wrath is beyond imagining. Any who pass with evil intent will be struck down from afar."

■ ZIGGURAT OF QUETLI

"Warrior and protector of the true way, nothing in this world can harm this great city when his power is invoked. From within the shrine, his protection envelopes the city in entirety."

■ SUN TEMPLE OF CHOTEC

"Whilst one brother lives in darkness, the other, his double-twin, exists in light. Behold!"

■ TEMPLE OF ITZL AND CORRAL-ARENA

"Creator-meld of the beast, Itzl be praised!"

■ BARRIOS OF THE WORKER

"The industrious shall hold this city together. Their strength shall be as vital as the warrior's arm."

■ SPAWN-POOLS OF THE GUIDE

"As the life-liquid lives on, so too shall we build ourselves ever stronger. Alas, we are fallen."

■ SPAWN-POOLS OF THE LABOURER

"Ever even-tempered and filled with life-liquid, the pools shall be our future. Broad and strong, the Labourers shall come forth."

■ SPAWN-POOLS OF THE WORKER

"Bountiful vitality shall exist within the pools of the Worker. Let them never fall silent."

■ GATEWAY OF TLAXTLAN

"Portal to nowhere, to everywhere, to always and never."

■ FLOATING GARDENS OF LOST XHOLANKHA

"Alas, Xholankha was lost. An eternity of mourning shall follow."

LOCATIONS IN TLAXTLAN

Tlaxtlan is both a vital node in the Geomantic Web and a microcosm of the Web itself. Magic moves through it in perfect order, directed and channelled by its temples and monuments. Someone walking along its roads, past the spawn-pools and corral-arena, may feel a gentle tug at their awareness. They are walking in the flow of geomantic power as it is drawn to the city's centre. If one is not careful, they might unconsciously follow their feet into the barrios and all the way to the central plaza. Here, the Great Temple of Tlazcotl stands, the spoke around which Tlaxtlan turns.

TEMPLE PLAZAS

Great Temple of Tlazcotl

Legend tells how Tlaxtlan's central pyramid-temple was built by Tlazcotl itself. Four entrances cut into its many-stepped sides, leading to a circular platform on which stands the pyramid's main spire. Inside lie the city's greatest treasures. The Plaque Chamber holds Tlaxtlan's sacred prophecies. Meditation chambers let in no light, save the moon's. Huge orreries turn in the darkness, showing stars matching none in the sky. Below, the circular base holds the Saurus' barracks, where Tlaxtlan's hosts gather and train. Their chambers take up much of these lower levels, alongside armouries, food stores, map rooms, and the subterranean spawning caverns. So great is the number of Saurus, it takes an entire barrio of Skinks to keep them fed and their weapons maintained.

At the temple's peak sits the Star Chamber, framed by a statue of twin-headed Tlazcotl. Here, Lord Adohi-Tehga sits at the centre of a placid pool, watching the moons as they battle across the night sky. His chambers stand open to the elements, providing unrivalled views of the city below and the sky above. Skink attendants serve his every need, watched by implacable Temple Guard bearing Tlazcotl's blessing.

When the full moon stands between Tlazcotl's heads, silver lines appear throughout the temple. The air grows so still it muffles speech and even one's own heartbeat becomes a distant, sluggish thing. When Adohi-Tehga was asked what this meant, he thought for a decade before answering, 'Depart.' The questioning attendant promptly left the city.

Blood Shrines of Sotek

At each corner of Tlaxtlan's central plaza stands a tall tower, similar in appearance to the pyramid-temples, with steps so steep even the Skinks must climb on all fours. When moonlight falls across these steps at the right angle, it draws an undulating snake's body with their shadows. These silhouettes meet serpent-head statues flanking the tower's entrance, revealing Sotek in stone and shadow. Whenever this happens, prisoners are disgorged from the tower's base. Eager Skinks force the captives to climb to where Sotek's priest waits for them, knife raised in praise.

Sotek's worship did not initially gain support in Tlaxtlan, but the city could not long ignore the faith that the vengeful new god inspired in the Skinks. In the City of the Moon, Sotek has taken on a new significance. All Tlaxtlani Lizardmen despise the Chaos Moon. By their sacrifices, they hope to empower Sotek.

One day, the forked-tongue comet will appear again, blazing with the snake god's hunger. Then, the Chaos Moon will be swallowed and Sotek will restore order to the world once more.

SACRIFICES MUST BE MADE

As the party travels north of Tlaxtlan, two figures stumble from the forest, chained together. Ranja Ravensmane, a Norse fisherman, and Morai Seabane, a Dark Elf Corsair, escaped a Lizardman dungeon the night they were due to be sacrificed.



Blessed Pyramid of Tzunki

Tzunki's temple floats in a serene pool. Water runs down its many-stepped sides, the stones painted green with algae. Tzunki's priests do not wear the elaborate headdresses favoured by other temples. It would only weigh them down. To enter the Blessed Pyramid of Tzunki, one needs to swim.

The interior is taken up by a pond with enormous lily pads, strong enough to support the Skink supplicants. Ever-burning lanterns stand about its edges, scattering their light across the water's surface. However, it's not just the water's reflection which lends the walls their shimmering appearance. Gold lines mark every surface, coming together to form an elaborate map.

The Skinks believe Tzunki drew this outline of the World Pond, and that it contains mysteries hinting at the Great Plan's culmination. Things are shown which no scrying spell can find — a swirling confluence lying off the Southlands' east coast, Albion connected to the Old World, and a string of islands stretching between Ulthuan and Naggaroth. The priests wish to discover if these are images of how the world was, or how it should be.

To enter the Blessed Pyramid, a Character must swim beneath the temple for five minutes.

Chalchi, Priest of Tzunki — Chalchi has served in Tzunki's temple his whole life, trying to unravel the map's mysteries. He believes the only way to be sure is to head out into the World Pond and see for himself. He prays to Tzunki for a means to do so.

LUSTY JIM'S AWAY

Lusty Jim, a popular Port Reaver tavern keeper, has vanished. He was named for the vivid red birthmark across his face, which sailors joked is a perfect map of Lustria's coast.

In truth, his birthmark extends across his skin and matches the Blessed Pyramid's map. The priests wish to know what this means and ordered the Human brought to them.

Shrines of Tepok and the Temple of the Eclipse

The Shrines of Tepok cluster about the Temple of the Eclipse, west of Tlaxtlan's temple plaza. At first glance, the paths through its many ranks of stelae follow the city's precise alignments. However, walk among them with your mind unprepared and you quickly become lost. Only those blessed by Tepok with an appreciation for magic's flow may navigate the shrines.

The Temple of the Eclipse is overseen by the ancient Skink Tetto'Eko. It is said the temple stands as tribute to the kinship which existed between Tepok and Tlazcotl, and the Old One of the sky is honoured highly in Tlaxtlan. Those who serve in the Temple of the Eclipse understand the flow of Azyr greater than any other practitioners, save perhaps Lord Adohi-Tehga himself.

Many of Tlaxtlan's younger Slann live amidst the shrines, situating themselves atop stelae where they can observe their unique flow of power. Skink Priests, wishing for greater understanding, allow themselves to become lost among the stelae, following where the magic leads. Together, the Skinks and Slann have been incanting a single spell for almost one thousand years, their words forming at once in the mind of anyone who sets foot amidst the shrines. When the spell will end, and what it will accomplish, no one knows.

TOTAL ECLIPSE

A rare celestial event has occurred; an eclipse of the sun aligned perfectly with the horns mounted atop the Temple of the Eclipse, while the Chaos Moon was still visible in the sky. At this moment, the Shrines of Tepok lit up, casting dancing lights into the darkened sky. Pure Azyr flooded outwards, and everyone from the seers of Saphery to the Runesmiths of the Karaz Ankor felt its presence.

Mortuary Shrines of the Holy

All temple-cities honour their fallen Slann. Tlaxtlan differs as its Relic Priests do not reside within the great pyramid-temple. Instead, two buildings flank the temple plaza's southern gate. Skeletal stone Slann perch atop every corner, sitting above walls etched with their lives' work. Yet it is the stillness which most notice first. Anyone who approaches finds their thoughts begin to still and an overwhelming, choking peace settles upon them. These are the Mortuary Shrines, the final resting place of all Slann who die in Tlaxtlan's service.

The Mortuary Shrines are forbidden to anyone save the Slann, the Temple Guard, and the Mortician Priests. These attendants differ from other cultures' death priests as they do not wear the funereal paraphernalia often associated with such a calling. In fact, it is forbidden to bring bones or symbols of death gods near the Shrines, nothing which might attract *Shyish* or corrupting *Dhar* inside. Those who wield such forces find their magic bleeding away the closer they get.

A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME

As a Character passes by the Mortuary Shrines, they hear someone call their name. When they turn, the only person nearby is an elderly Skink, dressed in the colourful garb of a Mortician Priest. The longer the Character spends in Tlaxtlan, the more their need to visit the Mortuary Shrine grows.

Dome of Huanchi

A huge stone dome marks Tlaxtlan's south-western quarter. This is the Dome of Huanchi, a temple dedicated to the jaguar god of the night and the hunt. Inside, night reigns eternal. No light can enter the Dome and the sound of the city falls away, leaving those within cut off from their senses.

The Dome's interior is separated into various levels. The ground level is a sweltering, nocturnal jungle where jaguars and other predators wander free and ritual hunts are held in honour of Huanchi. Above this, the darkness gives way to a star map. To touch a star is to illuminate it in glowing glyphs.

Finally, the highest level is the Oblivion Chamber. Slann meditate here at the very point of non-existence, cut off by the Dome's strange power from all sense of self. This chamber is forbidden to any but the Slann, as only a Slann has the strength of mind to find their way back to their body. Even some of them have failed, their bodies remaining empty in the Oblivion Chamber, less aware than even the dead Relic Priests.

THE DEADLIEST GAME

The Characters awaken in a pitch-dark jungle. A few minutes feeling their way around brings them to a stone wall, curving off into the unknown distance. A horn blows, just once. The hunt has begun.

Sun Temple of Chotec

In a city dedicated to the moon, Chotec enjoys less favour than elsewhere. Nonetheless, the Sun Temple of Chotec is still important to Tlaxtlan's precise layout. The pyramid-temple is filled with polished bronze mirrors, directing the sun's rays and the wind of *Aqshy*, magnifying the Lustrian heat many times over. Only the hardiest Skinks can stand the temperatures for long and even they must cool themselves in pools set aside for this purpose.

Whenever the Saurus muster for war, they come first to the Sun Temple. Here, the warmth quickens their blood, preparing them for the battles ahead. Other Lizardmen also come here when quick thought is required, presenting offerings to Chotec in thanks.

The Sun Temple is a mirror of the Moon Temple in distant Hexoatl. Once a year, Lord Adohi-Tehga carries out the Ritual of the Setting Sun, while in Hexoatl, Lord Mazdamundi oversees the Ritual of the Rising Moon. The temperature around the Sun Temple becomes cooler after this and it takes many weeks to rise to its former intensity.

THE ECLIPSE BLADE

An emissary from Hexoatl is staying within the Sun Temple. He brought with him an item taken from a recent Dark Elf raid which Hexoatl wishes to consult Tlaxtlan's astromancers about. It appears to be of Lizardman creation and bears the glyphs of Tlazcotl and Chotec both, but no record of such an object can be found in Hexoatl's histories.

BARRIOS

Skink barrios exist throughout Tlaxtlan, though the northern Barrios of the Worker are by far the largest. Almost ten thousand Skinks live and work within this district, which is further subdivided into living spaces, workshops, and market favelas. Mirror-eyed statues of Tlazcotl stand everywhere, surrounded by offerings brought at each day's end.

The Record House

The Record House is the centre of the scribes' barrio, a vast stone-and-stucco edifice around which smaller Skink residences cling limpet-like to its walls. Here scribes transcribe the city's records, both sacred and mundane. The building is like the squat Skink homes, but many times larger to allow for the scrolls, books, and tally sticks shelved within. These continue underground, with cavern-rooms kept cool and dry to preserve precious documents. The record keepers scurry about with great agility. Many are blessed with incredible memories, capable of finding the smallest scrap of information from anywhere within Tlaxtlan's extensive archives. Some pieces are said to date back as far as the Old Ones themselves.

Embassy of the Messenger

This low building looks little different from other barrio homes, save for the glyph of the Old One Uxmac above its door. The Embassy is used by visitors to the city, Skink messengers and trade envoys come to Tlaxtlan from across the length and breadth of Lustria.

The Embassy is not a comfortable place. Skinks do not value privacy and do not expect to receive greater treatment when visiting another city. The exception is food, which may be brought to them as a welcoming gift by Skinks eager to receive news from their distant cousins.

While Skinks are the usual inhabitants, there are rare cases of warm-blooded folk being allowed to stay within the Embassy. Such people are rarely allowed to leave the Skink barrios without an escort, and they may find camping in the outskirts more comfortable than sharing quarters with a host of Skinks, all sleeping together to share warmth.

Gateway of Tlaxtlan

The Gateway of Tlaxtlan stretches high over Tlaxtlan's northern barrios. In appearance, it is an elaborate stone archway, framing nothing but the jungle beyond. However, look closely and you see a slight shimmer to the air. The world shifts in colour, clouds take a few minutes longer than they should to pass from one side of the arch to the other, and a roiling sickness settles in your gut. Fortunately, you will not be able to get too close, as the gateway is guarded by the city's largest Kroxigors, encased in enchanted armour.

The Gateway was once Tlaxtlan's entrance to the Paths of the Old Ones, that mystical network of routes and roads which defy distance and stretch to all points of the world. However, after the Paths became a haunt for Daemons, the Gateway of Tlaztlan spewed out corrupting magic, twisting the Lizardmen before it into hideous mockeries of the Old Ones' work. It took the sacrifice of Mage-Priest Tlaztlan to seal the gate and it is said his spirit holds it shut still.

OUTSKIRTS

Beyond Tlaxtlan's protective magic, the city breaks down into satellite settlements, cultivated swamplands, and watch stations. The Skinks who live among the outskirts have little reason to venture into the city proper, and despite still living within Tlaxtlan, may have more connection with Lizardmen further afield. This, coupled with their more isolated tasks, means they often seem distant and even parochial to those in the barrios.

Floating Gardens of Lost Xholankha

The Floating Gardens provide exuberant colour amidst Tlaxtlan's cold silver spires, a series of large platforms suspended in mid-air, overspilling with plant life. Water pours from their edges in constant iridescent waterfalls and the air is thick with the smell of pollen and soil. Gardeners fly between the platforms on Terradons, their tools rattling as they harvest plants for medicines and potions.

Lustria is no stranger to unusual plant life. However, the Floating Gardens hold specimens unlike any within its borders. Some are familiar, if rare, herbs and trees from Lustria and elsewhere. Others exist only here, their seeds supposedly brought by the Old Ones in memory of mythical Xholankha.

The gardens are popular with the city's Slann. They sit amidst them and experience a sense of peace and belonging which they would find difficult to explain. The platforms float around one another in a never-ending dance of complex patterns. When they line up with the Itzi star, the Slann's sense of belonging turns into a disquieting wanderlust, disrupting their thoughts and even causing them to fidget.

PLANTS OF LOST XHOLANKHA

All Herbs listed in WFRP page 307 and Death on the Reik Companion pages 10–16 can be found here, alongside Lustria's deadly flora (see pages 167).

Temple of Itzl and the Corral-Arena

The Temple of Itzl is one of Tlaxtlan's larger temple complexes. It doubles as the city's corral-arena, a place where mighty Stegadon and Bastiladon are housed and trained. The grounds shake as Skink handlers put their enormous charges through their paces, their thunderous cries echoing across the city. Terradons soar overhead, diving in and out their aerie at the temple's peak. Meanwhile, inside the temple itself, priests of Itzl care for the city's arcane weapons, to be mounted on the beasts when Tlaxtlan goes to war.

While Itzl is the Old One who oversees all cold-blooded creatures, the corral-arena tends to only stable the city's larger beasts of burden. Cold Ones, Carnosaurs, and Ripperdactyls all have their own caves and roosts further from the city. However, the corral-arena does sometimes house stranger creatures. The priests are currently attempting to tame a group of Culchan sent as tribute from distant Oyxl. The Slann of Oyxl seem to believe it is auspicious to send these birds to Tlaxtlan, but so far, the beast keepers have enjoyed little success with the creatures, and several of them have been eaten.

TEMPLE-CITY TRAFFIC

While being guided through the barrios, the ground begins to shake. The Skinks all freeze, then scatter as a Stegadon comes rampaging around the corner. When the Stegadon is at last calmed down, it falls over dead, a festering wound in its flank. Should the Characters help stop the creature, they will enjoy +1 SL on Fellowship rolls with any Skinks who witness their bravery.

Spawn-Pools

Spawn-Pool of the Guide. The Spawn-Pool of the Guide is named for the Priests and Oracles who have crawled from its waters. It is the only Skink spawn-pool within the city proper and is watched over by the Great Statue of Tlazcotl. Those spawned from this pool are destined for leadership.

Spawn-Pool of the Labourer. These spawn-pools lie to Tlaxtlan's north-east, cut through by well-tended causeways. The Skinks spawned here often prove to be the hardiest, and serve well as herders, cleaners, doctors, and warriors. Recently, Skinks carrying Quetzl's blessing came from these waters, a sure sign of tumultuous times to come.

Spawn-Pool of the Worker. The most numerous, and most productive, of Tlaxtlan's spawn-pools, barely a week passes without the attendants pulling a new host of Skinks from these waters. These Skinks are Tlaxtlan's backbone, its artisans, scribes, and farmers, and are noted to have a particularly strong bond with their spawn-mates.

Spawn-Pool of the Sentinel. This spawn-pool has been dormant for centuries, though its waters remain tended to. History states the city's greatest guardians came from these pools. The attendants have recently spied a faint glimmer growing in the pool once again.

SOMETHING SKINKS

A single Saurus emerged from the Spawn-Pool of the Worker, sending Tlaxtlan into uproar. Could this be a new step in the Old Ones' plan, or does it signify a perversion of it?

A POTION FOR THE POOL

The Skink Priests determined that a new potion needs to be added to the Spawn-Pool of the Sentinel. However, the ingredients have long since vanished from the Amazon lowlands.

TZKU'TA, CHIEF ATTENDANT TO LORD ADOHI-TEHGA

Each evening, as the moon rises above the Great Temple of Tlazcotl, horns sound across Tlaxtlan. At this signal, high priests, patrol chiefs, and barrio overseers climb the temple's steps together. They are met near the summit by two Temple Guard. These Saurus wait until all the Skinks have gathered, before parting to reveal a diminutive figure, draped in silver. This is Tzku'Ta, Chief Attendant to Lord Adohi-Tehga. It is his task to deliver the Slann's word to the city. He who stays by his master's side, day by day. He who ensures Tlaxtlan never wavers from its ruler's will, no matter how obscure that might be.

Tzku'Ta is small, even by Skink standards, and possesses a quick, sharp way of speaking, which among any other species might suggest nervousness. His predecessor, Chief Attendant Coyolqi, served as High Priest of Tlazcotl for decades, and was known as well-learned in the ancient texts and the speech of Slann. Under his direction, Tlaxtlan guarded against the Chaos Moon's corrupting influence and Lord Adohi-Tehga's guidance became a stabilising presence across Lustria. Tzku'Ta served as Coyolqi's apprentice for only a year before the old Skink breathed his last. Since then, Tzku'Ta has rarely left his master's side, ready should Adohi-Tehga utter the smallest whisper. So far, the Slann has remained silent.

As Chief Attendant, Tzku'Ta speaks with the voice of Lord Adohi-Tehga. All decisions regarding the city's governance go through him. He dutifully takes every request to Adohi-Tehga, no matter how small, noting any reaction these produce. Even the slightest twitch might be a sign of approval, or a warning not to pursue such a course. To ensure each decree accurately conveys his master's wishes, Tzku'Ta spends long hours in the Plaque Chamber, carefully making sure nothing conflicts with the Great Plan. Tlazcotl teaches the values of patience and observation, and as the Old One's high priest, Tzku'Ta embodies these to a fault.

A greater worry for Tzku'Ta is Chief Astromancer Tetto'Eko. The ancient Skink is a figure respected by all, none more than Tzku'Ta who recognises the elder's experience and skill in unravelling the strands of fate. Whenever Tetto'Eko speaks, the Skinks listen.

However, in recent days his predictions have conflicted with what Tzku'Ta has gathered from Adohi-Tehga's slight directions. Such contradictions are deeply disturbing, for how could the far-seeing Slann and the city's greatest astromancer be so opposed? More delays are the result, as Tzku'Ta and Tetto'Eko search for answers.

The truth is Tzku'Ta is desperate for guidance from the wise Slann. With no response to his questions, Tzku'Ta has taken to noting the direction of Adohi-Tehga's gaze each day, hoping this might provide clarity. What he has observed is Adohi-Tehga's eyes remain open and unblinking all through the night. In those large, dark orbs can be seen the moon's reflection. When the moon sits above Tlazcotl's statue, Adohi-Tehga's eyes droop shut.

Tzku'Ta believes Adohi-Tehga is searching for Tlazcotl. The patient, impassive Old One supposedly placed its own eye in the sky to be the moon. If the moon is a piece of the Old One, Tzku'Ta reasons, Adohi-Tehga may be using it to find the Slann's long-vanished masters. As Chief Priest of Tlazcotl, and the Slann lord's Chief Attendant, Tzku'Ta has taken it upon himself to aid his master. Each night, he leads the other priests in a ritual, channelling Tlaxtlan's gathered power to feed the distant fraction of their god. Through this, he believes he might one day allow the moon to glow bright enough for Tlazcotl to notice and find them once again. Tetto'Eko and the Skinks at the Temple of the Eclipse have so far resisted Tzku'Ta's teachings. Tetto'Eko has been alive a very long time. He has seen Chief Attendants come and go, and learned that all have their own methods for delivering the Slann's words. He would never question these Skinks, for they were chosen by the Old Ones. But the changes in the moon's orbit worry the old Skink more than he likes to admit.

Motivations

Tzku'Ta wishes only to serve Tlaxtlan and Adohi-Tehga faithfully. He would rather take no action rather than potentially taking the wrong one. He takes particular interest in anything which might disturb Tlaxtlan's status quo and keeps a careful eye on the Cult of Sotek. Should something unexpected occur, Tzku'Ta will delay making a decision until all possible outcomes are known.

The one thing likely to stir him to quick action is his desire to empower the moon. He would leap upon any method to increase the moon's brightness, and stop anyone who endangers his rituals.

As Adversary

Tzku'Ta is slow to act, but is implacable once a decision is made. Anyone who threatens Tlaxtlan is dealt with harshly. Acts of violence towards Tlaxtlani settlements may not see immediate reprisals, but eventually those responsible will find Saurus and Chameleon Skinks sent to capture them. Even then, Tzku'Ta is not eager to kill such enemies until he knows everything about what their actions imply.

As Ally or Patron

Tzku'Ta's knowledge of warm-blood language is limited to a smattering of broken Elthárin, but there are scribes in the city with greater knowledge of Reikspiel and Bretonnian.

All knowledge is valuable to Tzku'Ta, allowing him more angles from which to consider his options. He would be eager to know of anything which might impact his city, whether this be the actions of warm-bloods or the growing support for the Red Cult in the city's outskirts.

Tzku'Ta would be a powerful ally, allowing access to parts of Lustria which only the Lizardmen of Tlaxtlan know, not to mention their own formidable talents in divination. However, this alliance ties the Characters to Tzku'Ta's careful inaction, and the Skink would not look kindly on anyone who forces his hand.



OF DIPLOMATIC IMPORTANCE

Reports have reached the Citadel of Dusk that a great procession, carrying the mummified remains of a Skink to the City of the Dead, was sighted near Tlaxtlan. The High Elves previously opened tentative communication with Chief Attendant Coyolqi and are keen not to let their good work go to waste.

A diplomatic party is being sent, along with gifts to offer Lord Adohi-Tehga. Such a delegation needs bodyguards, porters, and all the other roles necessary for important people to get where they need to go.



TZKU'TA

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
6	24	40	32	26	56	60	45	67	63	58	10

Traits: Amphibious, Arboreal, Armour 2 (4), Cold-blooded, Leader, Night Vision, Size (Small), Spellcaster (Petty, Heavens), Weapon (Staff) +7

Skills: Channelling (*Azyr*) 72, Cool 68, Dodge 72, Entertain (Fortune Telling) 78, Gossip 65, Intuition 67, Language (Elthárin 38, Magick 74), Lore (Astrology 77, Astronomy 77, Magic 70, Politics 73, Theology 88), Melee (Basic 33, Polearm 40), Perception 69

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Magic (Heavens), Bookish, Impassioned Zeal, Instinctive Diction, Magical Sense, Petty Magic, Public Speaker, Read/Write (Saurian), Second Sight

Spells:

Petty: Bearings, Dazzle, Dart, Warning

Arcane: Aethyric Armour, Flight

Lore of Heavens: Starcrossed, T'Esslá's Arc

Trappings: Papyrus copies of the Plaques of Tlaxtlan, Silver necklace and bands of office, Staff, Wax slate and stylus

SERVANTS OF THE OLD ONES

THE LIZARDMEN, THEIR MASTERS,
THEIR CULTURE AND CHARACTER



Grizzled veterans of the Lustrian interior whisper that the continent is alive... and hostile. Over pints of ale, they swear that a malign intelligence commands the strangling vines, vicious insects, and creeping predators to repel interlopers. Superstition or otherwise, there is an advanced civilisation at the heart of Lustria. The ancient jungles, rainforests, and foetid swamps shelter a vast, crumbling network of cities, monuments, and temples. This is the land of the Lizardmen, whose cold, inscrutable intellect is greater and more farseeing than all other species on the planet.

'Lizardmen' is an Old Worler term which comprises several distinct species created or evolved by the Old Ones to realise their inscrutable plan. The Old Ones' favoured servants were the Slann, to whom they granted

the Lizardmen and commanded to enact the Great Plan from their temple-cities in Lustria, the Southlands, Albion, Khuresh, and beyond.

The Great Catastrophe wiped out the first generation of Slann and millions of Lizardmen. Temple-cities and sites across the world lay devastated. Lustria remained a stronghold, while only small numbers of Lizardmen survived in the Southlands and elsewhere. The Slann regrouped, they were the last remnants of a world-spanning civilisation, even though its techno-magical society was devastated and its true masters gone.

Thousands of years later, the servants of the Old Ones are more determined than ever to continue their legacy, expel Chaos from the world, and enact the Great Plan.



THE OLD ONES

The Old Ones have passed from history into legend. They were travellers from space who arrived in silver vessels with an unfathomable purpose for coming to the planet. They used their mastery of magic and science to recreate the world as they saw fit. Immensely powerful technology was harnessed to build the Polar Gates and alter the planet's orbit. This warmed the atmosphere and melted the ice blanketing the lands north and south of the equator. Lustria became their base of operations, its climate suited to their alien metabolism.

The Old Ones commanded the Slann to enact their wishes, and raised up the Skinks and Saurus to serve as their hands and weapons, respectively. If keepers of arcane lore — such as the Truthsayers of Albion — tell it true, then from the perspective of folk of the Old World their most significant legacy was in engineering the intelligent species that dominate the world today — the Elves, Dwarfs, Humans, Halflings, and Ogres.

The forms and motives of the Old Ones are lost to time. Indeed, their cosmic intelligence and almost unlimited power may be incomprehensible to the world's inhabitants today. It is perhaps only the very oldest Dragons and Dragon Ogres that remember anything of them. Dragons call them *Shaan-tar*. They were wary of the silver starboats, fearing the newcomers would destroy them. Today, the Dragons share little with mortals, and almost nothing about the Old Ones.

The Slann's relationship with the Old Ones is complex. They do not worship them as the Humans worship Sigmar or the other gods. They see the Old Ones as their ultimate masters, flawless in their foresight and the source of perfection, albeit beings of flesh and blood, now departed.

The Skinks do treat the Old Ones as gods, venerating them as sacred protectors with a divine plan to return purity to the world. Saurus and Kroxigor are not built for abstract thought — they simply follow the will of the Slann and join rituals as instructed.

THE OLD ONES TODAY

There are countless rites dedicated to the Old Ones, led by Skink Priests and, less often, the Mage-Priests. The seasons, the movements of astral bodies, and complex mathematical formulas dictate patterns of worship. These ceremonies implore the Old Ones to return and reveal their will, so that the Lizardmen can fulfil their purpose.

The Great Plan is the full extent of the Old Ones' designs for the world and its inhabitants. While the coming of Chaos disrupted this plan, the Slann insist they must uncover every detail, execute every task, and eventually herald the return of the Old Ones. Only by resisting the encroachment of Chaos can they make this happen.

The Old Ones ordained the spawning of every Lizardman for all eternity. Their forgotten intentions also cause rare 'sacred spawnings' of Lizardmen marked by a patron Old One. These Lizardmen are distinguished by scales, skins, physiology, and temperament reflecting the characteristics associated with their ruling deity. Rare individuals are blessed by the whole pantheon, notable for their albino colouring.



Sadly, I can only confirm reports regarding the forlorn condition of Stalmety. Whatever wisdom Verena saw fit to inculcate in her seems to be irrevocably lost. She refuses to leave her bathtub, has abandoned language save for occasional croaks, and has developed a noisome habit of eating flies. The temple librarian in Garroburg recovered these from her study. They may have been what she was working on prior to the seizure of her units.

the Gods of the Lizard-folk

Walls they endure were determined before

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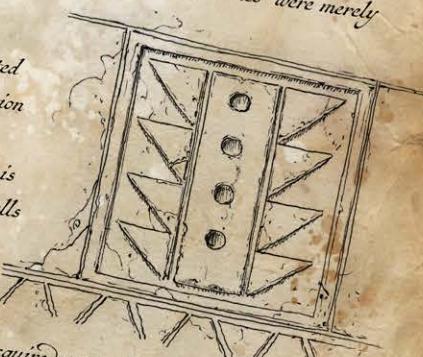
I am much relieved to have survived my return voyage across the Great Ocean. It was an ordeal, with much heavy weather and a prodigious vomiting. What follows are my notes and sketches pertaining to the gods of the lizard-folk, collated from my expedition with Von Bek's company.

The lizard-folk embody their gods as 'Old Ones', which they insist journeyed to this earth in silvered chariots from beyond the stars. They ascribe great deeds to these entities, believing them the ultimate creators, who took the raw life of our world and moulded it to their will. Humans, elves and dwarfs were redrafted according to their designs, each race engineered for an obscure purpose. The slann and diverse other reptiles are their favoured children, given stewardship over their arcane mysteries.

I have seen what must have once been an impressive civilisation, now in dreadful decline. Shrines and edifices stand in ruins, choked with vines. I must conclude that the lizard-folk are turning away from the Old Ones, abandoning their pyramid-temples. The High Priests are corpulent and dissolute. I saw one from a distance... a toad-like creature slumped on a stone throne. I speculate — perhaps the 'Old Ones' were merely ancient slann priests before they fell into such an idle torpor?

The pantheon of Old Ones is ill-defined, akin to the bewildering range of gods depicted on the sand-blown relics of Lost Vehkhara. According to von Tasseninck's translation of the Chronicles of Beltharius, each Old One has its own purview (although von Danling's grasp of Eltharin leaves much to be desired). Furthermore, each Old One is paramount in particular cities across the Lustrian landscape, rather as Ulric's cult calls Middenheim its home.

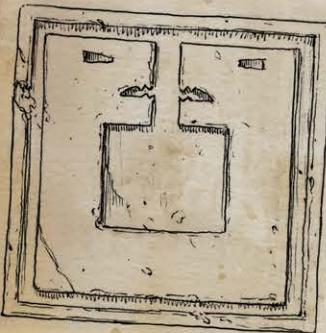
So — what can we state about the individual Old Ones? Having witnessed a lizard war-host on the march, I saw countless standards and icons of their gods. I have also acquired a set of gold plaques inscribed with primitive runes which represent several prominent gods. Curiously, some are symbolised with warm-blooded animals — a jaguar, a bat and so forth. Maybe the original overlords of the lizard-folk were not reptilian themselves?



The entity Chotek takes a prominent role, likely King of the Gods. Its rune resembles the sun or fire — a solar deity? From the bark-leaved codex I acquired in Skeggi, I deciphered sufficient lizard script to ascertain that Chotek is patron of the belligerent lizard-folk of northern Lustria, under a High Mage-Priest 'Master Mondee'.



Another deity, whose name I cannot discern, is portrayed with a mask-like glyph. Perhaps its horrible face? This symbol is often found in bodies of water, so likely an aquatic deity? Some lizard-folk dwell in swamps, it is logical that they worship a fish or frog god.



Chotek's twin is Sotek, the deity of a snake cult. The skinks consider Sotek the master of the Old Ones and their bloodthirsty priests make countless sacrifices in its name. Poor Gaston had his heart and sundry other organs thrown to Sotek's serpents, as did Father Vernhalt — although this was perhaps less regrettable given his cantankerous nature and digestive issues.



I am unsure whether Tepok is an Old One or a living creature found in the deepest jungles. Its symbol is a winged serpent, such as Captain Pirazzo claims to have encountered. He writes that this beast was a formidable wielder of magic. It is worshipped by the lizard-folk as a living god.

The Norscan Hrothgar Olveksan of Skjold recounted a very long, very fanciful saga, in which he and his bondsman infiltrated the temple-city Tlaxtlan. He told me that it is sacred to a double-headed Old One. An inveterate looter, Olveksan returned with a stone stela bearing the double-headed rune and installed it in front of his hall near Skjold. He claims the light of Mannslieb strikes it every night, no matter where the moon is in the sky. But who may rely on the word of a Norseman?

The warhosts of the lizard-folk often raise a banner bearing a spiked shield or mace. These devotees have thicker scales and large shields. I believe this Old One embodies resilience or fortitude. This may be Quetzl, as identified in Danling's *In The Garden of the Gods*.

One of the lizard-folk's gods was apparently introduced to Lustria by human settlers in the distant past. It is represented by a human-like female figure in a head-dress — even on carvings of seemingly reptilian craftsmanship. The 'Mother of Kalith' is likely an aspect of Rhya — where the lizard-folk have adopted their own degraded version in imitation of the Mother Goddess.

There are countless Old Ones that I have yet to investigate. While visiting Lord Bedauer-Schmidt in Salzenmund (a dreadful place), I discovered in his collection a polished obsidian mirror with a recurring motif of a jaguar carved around the border. A strip of degraded hieroglyphics on the reverse suggest a word like Huw-an-gee.

Loremaster Farioth of the Sapherian Embassy has replied to my missive. She takes a rather patronising tone, typical of her kind, and declines to share whatever knowledge of the Old Ones the Elves clearly possess. She claims human minds are unsuited to contemplating deep history and the Mage-Priests of Lustria may take an undue interest in my intrusions into their holy sites. I confess that the lingering effects of a long sea voyage have left me out of sorts — troublesome dreams of late — and a feeling that my mind is being scrutinised. I shall pray to Verena and trust in her wisdom.



THE PANTHEON

There are countless recorded Old Ones, and even the Slann do not know the identity of all of them. Some are lost, remembered only on a broken plaque or on the walls of a sealed chamber deep beneath the earth. Others now dominate Lizardman worship, with countless shrines and pyramids in the temple-cities.

Chotec, the Solar God

Chotec is a god of the sun, who represents fire, energy, and warmth. The relentless heat that beats down on Lustria is a blessing by Chotec that gives the Lizardmen vigour and life. There are temples of Chotec in all temple-cities, positioned so that the rising sun frames their apex each day. The greatest temple is at Hexoatl, where Lord Mazdamundi leads Chotec's major rites at the head of thousands of devoted Lizardmen.

Chotec favours fiery orange and burning gold. Those with its mark move a little faster and make more rash decisions.

Tzunki, the Water God

The Old One Tzunki is master of the sea, rain, rivers, and spawning pools. Just as Chotec gifts the cold-blooded Lizardmen the heat they need to live, Tzunki nurtures and sustains them. There are depictions of Tzunki with an alligator as its totem animal and others of a batrachian figure rather like a Slann. Fifty miles off the coast of the Isthmus of Lustria is the Monument of the Moon, a singular monolith inscribed with a lengthy account of Tzunki's domains.

Tzunki's colours are green and turquoise. Lizardmen with Tzunki's mark are agile, with webbed extremities and an affinity for water. They are not harmed by piranhas, pliodons, or the other denizens of Lustria's rivers, lakes, and coast.

Tepok, the Inscrutable

Tepok's domain is the air, wisdom, and sacred places. It protects the Lizardmen from harmful magic and embodies mystical contemplation and otherworldliness. The Old One's totem creature is the Coatl. These serpent creatures are as inscrutable as the god itself, and their relation to Tepok is mysterious to the Lizardmen.

Those with Tepok's blessing have rich purple markings and scales. They are instinctively drawn to sacred places — nodes on the Geomantic Web and sacred sites.

Tlazcotl, the Impassive

The Old One Tlazcotl is aloof and indifferent to even the most harrowing events, willing to watch without reaction or involvement. It embodies the cold-blooded detachment inherent to the reptilian temperament. The moon Old Worlders call Mannslieb is associated with Tlazcotl — Skinks say it is the god's eye watching calmly from the heavens. The temple-city of Tlaxtlan was supposedly built by the god.

Tlazcotl's tones are yellows that blend into pale green. The Lizardmen bearing the god's mark are unusually patient and restrained.

Huanchi, the Jaguar God

Like its totem jaguar, Huanchi stalks silently at night, hunting its prey across the face of the earth. It gave the Lizardmen the gift of stealth and the ability to see in the dark. It is invoked before Skinks hunt in the jungle for game or enemies. Huanchi is secretive and its rituals hidden from view.

Lizardmen sacred to Huanchi bear no visible mark. Instead, they are preternaturally stealthy and prefer the shadowed undergrowth of the jungle to the bright Lustrian sun.

Quetzl, the Protector God

The Old One Quetzl is a warrior god, embodying resilience, defence, and protection. It favours stoicism and resistance to force. Quetzl's spiked glyph reflects the tough scales of a Lizardman's hide. It can be found carved on the defensive walls of temple-cities.

Lizardmen marked by Quetzl have thicker hides and scales. They are brave and resolute, slow to change their stance both physically and mentally. Jade Magister Cryston von Danling wrote that during an attack on Port Reaver, he saw a Saurus withstand a direct shot by a cannon, protected by Quetzl's blessing.



Itzl, Ruler of Beasts

Itzl has dominion over the reptilian beasts of Lustria, those that serve the Lizardmen and those that remain untamed. A three-horned entity, it is wilder than the other Old Ones. Itzl's temples lie deep in the jungles and forests. Given its prominence in the first city, Itza, the Old One may have once been more integral to the pantheon.

Those marked by Itzl are at ease in the company of Cold Ones and other beasts of burden. They have bony head-crests and slightly more bestial features.

LESSER OLD ONES

The most prominent Old Ones in the present age have a martial aspect, a reflection of the state of the world since the Great Catastrophe. More obscure Old Ones are still worshipped as deities with a confusing proliferation of overlapping domains.

The following list is not exhaustive and GMs should improvise their own Old Ones as they see fit.

CATALOGUE OF THE ACTIVELY VENERATED OLD ONES

Old One	Domain	Additional Information
Axliberyn	The Firmament	Obscure Old One related to the night sky. Its priests in Axlotl paint themselves with coal dust and mark constellations on their skin.
Caxuatin	Predators, stillness	Embodying the perfect stillness of the predator waiting to attack.
Conalxa	Concealment	Revered by the Chameleon Skinks in shrines that are incredibly difficult to find.
Inhamex	Righteousness	Inhamex is easily enraged, making the skies burn when invaders undo the work of the Great Plan.
Potec	Protection against the supernatural	Skink myth claims Potec was an emissary of Tepok. Invoked against the Undead.
Quatl	The Obscure	Named on many plaques, nothing is known about this Old One.
Quetli	Protector of the true way	A warrior god that guides the Lizardmen to their objectives, both literal and figurative.
Rigg	The Outcast	Depicted as a tall humanoid female figure. Rigg has a shrine on an island in the Amaxon, where the Amazons dwell and worship her as Mother of Kalith. The Lizardmen do not venerate Rigg and are wary of her devotees.
Tlanxa	Tactics and strategy	Rode a sky chariot and wielded a spear. Tlanxa is associated with the fallen city that bears its name.
Tzcalli	Application of power	Represents conceptual strength — the ability to influence the course of events.
Tzcatli	Strength of attack	Embodying ferocity. Almost solely revered by the Saurus. In combat, swallowing the whole heart of your enemy is an act of worship.
Uxmac	Messenger of the Old Ones	It is said Uxmac will herald the return of the Old Ones.
Xapati	Restoration of order	Lizardmen invoke the name of Xapati before righting a wrong.
Xhotl	Fate, chooser of the destined	Xhotl selects those destined for greatness. Spawning pools are marked with Xhotl's glyph.
Xholanka	The Lost	Skinks believe that Xholanka has yet to return from a mission to the beginning of time.
Xokha	Stone and duty	Lizardmen make offerings to Xokha to give them the strength to meet their responsibilities, even if it kills them.
Xoloc	Precision	Items dedicated to Xoloc allow energy to be stored for deployment at exactly the right moment.
Yuxa	Language and speech	Skinks believe that Yuxa created language and taught it to the Lizardmen and their warm-blooded creations.

Sotek

Sotek is the dominant god amongst the Lizardmen in the modern era. The Serpent God is a new addition to the pantheon and not an Old One, although there is some protracted debate on this matter amongst the Slann. Sotek's coming was prophesied, and it gave the Lizardmen increased fervour in fighting invaders. Yet the Mage-Priests are unnerved by the unexpected arrival of Sotek's bloody cult and its grip over the Skink population.

Sotek represents the need for bloody vengeance. Skink Priest Tehenhauin carried the Prophecy of Sotek through plague-wracked settlements and inspired the Skinks to pray and sacrifice to the coming god. Since then, the cult has grown with each slaughter of Skinks by invaders. Veneration of the Snake God is led by Skink Priests and those who bear Sotek's mark — reddish patterns on scales and skin. Its temples rise high in the cities, rivalling the Old Ones' monuments in grandeur.

Sacrifice is essential to worshipping Sotek. The Skink Priests devoted to the Snake God believe that it demands the death of warm-bloods in its name — especially the hated Skaven. On several occasions, Sotek responded to this bloody devotion by sending a colossal serpent avatar to devour the enemies of the Lizardmen.



RELICS OF THE OLD ONES

The Old Ones recorded their Great Plan on a series of gold plaques, inscribed with assignment, portent, and prophecy. These are sacred to the Lizardmen, the sole remnant of their gods' instructions. The Slann pore over them to determine what they must do to complete their masters' designs.

Unfortunately, many plaques are lost through natural disasters, theft, and the depredations of Chaos. Mage-Priests try in vain to compile a complete sequence — if they succeed, they believe the Great Plan will be revealed and Chaos defeated completely. Different cities recognize different gaps in the series, and still more plaques remain to be discovered.

The Old Ones fashioned many fabulous objects. These strange devices and technologies remain, hidden in overgrown ruins and beneath the ground. Some are still in use, such as the Blade of Realities or the incandescent medallions that allow heavy objects to float as if they were on water.

No Lizardman knows how to make these devices, but the operating rituals are passed down over the millennia. Other relics' properties are lost to time, as they lie dormant and waiting for masters who will never return.

Some relics have no magical properties and seem to work with advanced technology. There are swords that glow with eerie energy, twisted rods that fire beams of burning light and need no refilling, amulets that emit a shimmering ward of protection, and gauntlets that crackle with power. For the most part, the Lizardmen are unwilling to use these, wary of upsetting the gods.

THE BLOOD PLAQUE OF SOTEK

'On the cyclic turning of the moons, the shrines of Sotek are to be drenched in blood to appease the Great Serpent's unquenchable thirst...'

- Translated from the Blood plaque of Sotek after a two hundred year debate about the finer points of its meaning

THE SLANN

The overlords of the Lizardmen are rarely seen by outsiders. The Mage-Priests spend much of their time in contemplation or slumber, sequestered in cool, moist Star Chambers at the summits of their pyramid-temples. There is an unending responsibility. They must divine the will of the departed Old Ones, protect their legacy, and use their immense sorcerous ability to keep the forces of Chaos at bay. This is their lot — to restore the order that once prevailed on the planet.

When they venture from their chambers, it is a momentous occasion. A Mage-Priest may decide that physical proximity to another Slann is imperative, or it must move to a particular place on the Geomantic Web for a specific ritual. In times of tribulation, the stars may align to indicate that the Mage-Priest must lead a warhost to battle.

The Slann are toad-like and bloated. They squat on thrones which float above the ground with arcane energies — since the Great Catastrophe, the earth itself has become tainted and the Slann will not touch the ground lest they lose their magical power or contaminate their thoughts.

The Mage-Priests are the most powerful sorcerers on the planet, inheritors of the Old Ones' blend of magic and technology. Manipulation of magic is not a mystical process for Slann. It is a precise scientific art, requiring mathematical calculations far beyond the lesser minds of the warm-blooded 'New Ones'.

The Old Ones created five spawnings of Slann, each with a different assignment. The first spawning were the only Slann to deal with the Old Ones directly, but this generation perished during the Great Catastrophe. Later generations survive, ever more distant from the original instruction and knowledge of the Old Ones. None have spawned since the Old Ones' departure, and the numbers of Slann are dwindling with each death.

Slann communicate through telepathy, although they do utter the occasional croaking word. These articulations are ambiguous, and at times attendants misunderstand their meaning. Lord Tenoq woke in 2210 IC and said 'renew flow'. After some debate, the Skinks spent 289 years painstakingly removing a mountain from the landscape to change the course of the River Quar'makoma. Tenoq simply wanted cooler water in his meditation pool.

A MAGE AND A PRIEST?

A handful of warm-bloods have encountered the Slann and labelled them 'priests', a preconception reinforced by witnessing the Skinks treat them as religious and secular leaders. Yet the Slann see themselves more as scholar-technicians and make no distinction between magic, technology, and divine power.

For example, the Lord Xtli presides over the *Ritual of Huanchi's Claws* four times per century. For Lord Xtli it is a routine exercise in maintaining a particular geomantic tributary several leagues from Tlax — little more than a cosmic plumbing task. For the attendant Skinks, it is an awesome act of devotion to the god Huanchi. They spend decades preparing for the ritual, instructing generations of Skink Priests in the correct incantations and precise sacrifices they deem necessary for this act of worship.



ROLE IN LIZARDMEN SOCIETY

The Mage-Priests are the architects of Lizardman civilisation. They direct the course of events and have ultimate power. Yet their minds are on higher things than the mundane ordering of society. They must strive at arcane calculations, ponder the Great Plan, and fight Daemons in the aether. Everything that happens is a cog or equation in a greater scheme and they must reason how it fits together. This cannot happen if they are troubled by drainage issues in the barrios or an escaped Razordon loose in the plaza. While the Temple Guard and Skink attendants tend to their material bodies, their minds are constantly busy in the spiritual realm. Younger generations or vigorous Mage-Priests like Mazdamundi are less unworldly, but they still won't tolerate being troubled with supervisory trivia.

Slann undertake mental tasks far beyond the comprehension of lesser mortals, such as manipulating time, altering the very makeup of the earth, or guiding the growth of the jungle. Their minds operate on multiple levels at once. With great concentration and the right conjunction of the heavens, a Mage-Priest can project their consciousness far beyond Lustria, even over the World Pond.

The Mage-Priests direct their vassals to find missing gold plaques to complete the sequence of the Old Ones' Great Plan. This is perhaps the only consistent interaction with the physical world common to all Slann.

RELIC PRIESTS

When a Slann Mage-Priest dies, their spirit is so powerful it can live on without a body. Since the death of Lord Kroak of the first generation, Skinks have mummified the physical remains of dead Slann. These departed Mage-Priests can still provide power to further the plans of the living Slann.

A Relic Priest viewed with *Second Sight* reveals a lingering consciousness which repels *Dhar*.

SLANN IN WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY

The Slann alive today in the world are the last individual members of a dwindling species that existed for countless thousands of years. Favoured for their considerable intelligence and magical abilities, they now rule the Lizardmen as a caste of Mage-Priests.

The Slann are massive, unearthly creatures quite unlike anything else in the world. Their heads are large to match the mighty intellect held within, and their bulbous eyes are inscrutable and deep. Much of their power is purely instinctual, for they are naturally gifted magical beings, and their grasp on manipulating the Winds of Magic is unparalleled. They are the unmatched masters of the magical arts — indeed, they were the first true practitioners, and it was they who taught the arts of sorcery to the Elves in the millennia long past.

The Slann were the favourite servants of the Old Ones and travelled across the stars with their god-like masters. The Slann alive today are the same who once served the Old Ones, though they were all spawned on this world after the Old Ones arrived. Those few Slann that travelled from across the stars have long since passed.

SLANN RULES

Although it is normal for a Slann to live for thousands of years, very few remain alive, perhaps only a few hundred in total. They are a dying species, slowly heading towards extinction. There have been no spawnings of Slann since the time of the Old Ones, and without their masters' intervention, there can be no more Slann to replace those who fall in battle or die naturally.

It is therefore highly unlikely that Characters in a game of **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay** will meet a Slann face to face, or ever interact with one knowingly. Note that whilst older Slann are tougher, more knowledgeable, and make more potent magic users, they do suffer some penalties, being slower to react, less agile, and less perceptive.

SLANN SPELLS

Slann are masters of magic without peer, and the spells suggested below are very much a minimum. During their long lives, even Slann of the (relatively junior) Fifth Generation are likely to have forgotten more spells than most wizards could ever learn.

The lists below are just a guideline to the magical talents of a Slann, many of them have an even more comprehensive knowledge of spells. As Arcane spells aren't loreless spells, but abstractions, choose which lore or lores a given Slann uses to work his Arcane spells.

Fifth Generation: Most Slann of the Fifth Generation know all Petty Magic and all Arcane Magic not associated with a particular lore. They also know between 8 and 20 spells from any Colour Magic Lores of the GM's choice, and 2 High Magic spells.

Fourth Generation: All Petty Magic and all Arcane Magic not associated with a particular Lore. They also know between 16 and 32 spells from any Colour Magic Lores of the GM's choice, and 4 High Magic spells.

Third Generation: All Petty Magic and all Arcane Magic not associated with a particular Lore. They also know between 20 and 40 spells from any Colour Magic Lores of the GM's choice, and 8 High Magic spells.

Second Generation: All Petty Magic and all Arcane Magic not associated with a particular Lore. They also know between 25 and 50 spells from any Colour Magic Lores of the GM's choice, and 10 High Magic spells.

First Generation: All Petty Magic and all Arcane Magic not associated with a particular Lore. They also know at least 30 spells from any Colour Magic Lores of the GM's choice, and at least 10 High Magic spells.

Should the GM wish, a Slann may know any spell from any spell list. Whilst they would not be so reckless as to work Dark Magic in a direct way, and whilst the WAAAGH! Magics of Orcs and Goblins and the peculiar spells of the Skaven are inscrutable to the Slann, they could easily formulate spells that have equivalent effects, such as spells that summon elementals or dream spirits rather than Daemons and Undead creatures, or which conjure forth swarms of lizards rather than swarms of rats.

Slann of the Fifth Generation

Slann of the fifth and final generation are more common than their ancient forebears and yet are still immeasurably ancient beings that can remember a time before Elf or Dwarf history began. Some of these younger Slann have been known to shift their weight occasionally, though such occurrences are rare. It is these younger generations who are more inclined to warfare and aggression.

SLANN OF THE FIFTH GENERATION

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	45	35	35	55	20	15	30	85	85	30	42

Traits: Cold-blooded, Size (Large), Spellcaster, Weapon (Claws) +5

Skills: Channelling 105, Cool 105, Intuition 40, Language (Magick) 105, Lore (Chaos 95, History 135, Lustria 105, Magic 105, Science 115, Warfare 105), Melee (Brawling) 55, Perception 50, Research 100

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Magic, Bookish, Detect Artefact, Fast Hands, High Magic, Instinctive Diction 2, Luck 2, Magical Sense, Petty Magic, Read/Write, Savant (Magic), Second Sight, Sixth Sense, Speedreader, Super Numerate, Tower of Memories, War Wizard

Slann Special Rules: Auger and Scryer, Contemplation, Emergency Teleportation, Palanquin, Telepathy

Slann of the Fourth Generation

Slann of the fourth generation are thousands of years old but they seldom rule pyramid-temples. They serve the greater Slann as generals of armies, overseers of works, or as subordinate rulers presiding over the smaller pyramid-temples that surround the great temple-cities.

SLANN OF THE FOURTH GENERATION

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	45	35	35	60	15	15	30	95	95	35	48

Traits: Cold-blooded, Size (Large), Spellcaster, Weapon (Claws) +5

Skills: Channelling 115, Cool 120, Intuition 40, Language (Magick) 120, Lore (Chaos 110, History 155, Lustria 115, Magic 120, Science 130, Warfare 115), Melee (Brawling) 55, Perception 45, Research 115

Talents: Aethyric Attunement 2, Arcane Magic, Bookish, Detect Artefact, Fast Hands, High Magic, Instinctive Diction 3, Luck 3, Magical Sense, Petty Magic, Read/Write, Savant (Magic), Second Sight, Sixth Sense, Speedreader, Super Numerate, Tower of Memories, War Wizard

Slann Special Rules: Auger and Scryer, Contemplation, Emergency Teleportation, Master of Magical Mishaps, Palanquin, Telepathy

Slann of the Third Generation

Slann of the third generation are younger than those of the second generation by several thousand years, yet they are still old. Ten of these beings remain alive, and serve the Slann of the second generation or rule lesser pyramid-temples throughout the realms of the Lizardmen.

SLANN OF THE THIRD GENERATION

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	45	35	35	65	15	10	30	100	100	35	50

Traits: Cold-blooded, Size (Large), Spellcaster, Weapon (Claws) +5

Skills: Channelling 125, Cool 130, Intuition 45, Language (Magick) 130, Lore (Chaos 120, History 170, Lustria 120, Magic 130, Science 140, Warfare 130), Melee (Brawling) 45, Perception 40, Research 125

Talents: Aethyric Attunement 3, Arcane Magic, Bookish 2, Detect Artefact 2, Fast Hands, High Magic, Instinctive Diction 4, Luck 4, Magical Sense, Petty Magic, Read/Write, Savant (Chaos, History, Magic), Second Sight, Sixth Sense 2, Speedreader, Super Numerate, Tower of Memories, War Wizard

Slann Special Rules: Auger and Scryer, Contemplation, Emergency Teleportation, Master of Magical Mishaps, Palanquin, Telepathy

Slann of the Second Generation

It is believed that only five Slann of the second generation remain. They are Lords amongst the Mage-Priests, ruling the greatest temple-cities in Lustria. They are the most powerful of these creatures left in existence, and the ones who spend most of their time in meditative states.

SLANN OF THE SECOND GENERATION

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	40	35	35	65	15	10	30	105	105	35	50

Traits: Cold-blooded, Size (Large), Spellcaster, Weapon (Claws) +5

Skills: Channelling 135, Cool 140, Intuition 50, Language (Magick) 140, Lore (Chaos 130, History 180, Lustria 130, Magic 140, Science 150, Warfare 140), Melee (Brawling) 45, Perception 35, Research 135

Talents: Aethyric Attunement 3, Arcane Magic, Bookish 2, Detect Artefact 2, Fast Hands, Hardy, High Magic, Instinctive Diction 4, Luck 5, Magical Sense, Petty Magic, Read/Write, Savant (Chaos, History, Magic), Second Sight, Sixth Sense 2, Speedreader, Super Numerate, Tower of Memories, War Wizard

Slann Special Rules: Auger and Scryer, Contemplation, Emergency Teleportation, Knack for Total Power, Master of Magical Mishaps, Palanquin, Relic Priest, Telepathy

Slann of the First Generation

The Slann of the first spawning died many thousands of years ago, and their mummified corpses are hidden in the tomb vaults deep beneath the pyramid-temples, venerated as holy relics and tended by mortician priests known as the Keepers of the Dead.

So strong is their spirit, that they can still affect the world around them, manipulating the Winds of Magic and advising the younger Slann.

SLANN OF THE FIRST GENERATION

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
-	25	-	35	65	15	-	-	110	110	35	58

Traits: Cold-blooded, Ethereal, Flammable, Size (Large), Spellcaster

Skills: Channelling 140, Cool 145, Intuition 50, Language (Magick) 145, Lore (Chaos 135, History 185, Lustria 135, Magic 145, Science 155, Warfare 145), Perception 20, Research 140

Talents: Aethyric Attunement 3, Arcane Magic, Bookish 2, Detect Artefact 2, Fast Hands, Hardy, High Magic, Instinctive Diction 5, Luck 6, Magical Sense, Petty Magic, Read/Write, Savant (Chaos, History, Magic), Second Sight, Sixth Sense 2, Speedreader, Super Numerate, Tower of Memories, War Wizard

Slann Special Rules: Auger and Scryer, Contemplation, Emergency Teleportation, Knack for Total Power, Master of Magical Mishaps, Palanquin, Relic Priest, Telepathy



SLANN SPECIAL RULES

Auger and Scryer: GMs with access to **Altdorf: Crown of the Empire** or **Winds of Magic** may make use of the Psychometry and Augury rules in relation to the Slann. They are also capable of using the Psychometry Skill as if it were a Basic Skill and may ignore the usual prohibition on being both a magician and a Scryer.

Contemplation: Slann often appear distant and detached. They are not lacking in awareness, but their contemplations into distant events or future likelihoods often take priority over their appreciation of the here and now.

When a Slann is not being interacted with, they are likely to become lost in contemplation. Should circumstances in the vicinity of the Slann change, the Slann should make a **Difficult (-10) Perception** Test to see if they realise what is going on.

CONTEMPLATION TABLE

SL	Result
+2 or More	Alive to the Moment. The Slann is alert and may react to happenings in their surroundings with no penalty.
0 to +1	Detached. The Slann is subject to distraction but has at least some appreciation of what is occurring in their vicinity. They suffer from the <i>Stupid Creature</i> Trait for the rest of the encounter, and then either become fully alert or drift back into meditation depending on the circumstances.
-0 to -3	Thought Fog. The Slann is dimly aware of goings on around them. They suffer from two <i>Fatigued</i> Conditions. On their turn they can either Move or take an Action, but not both.
-4 or less	Lost in Thought. The Slann has no awareness of what is going on around them and does not react to actions taken by nearby characters.

Unresponsive Slann may be forced to take their Perception Test again. If loud noises, bright lights, or other stimuli are used to alert the Slann, they may Test again with a **Challenging (+0) Perception** Test to see if they are stirred into awareness. If the Slann is assailed with weapons or magic, this becomes an **Easy (+40) Perception** Test. Also note that because of their Telepathy rule, a Slann who is alerted to dangers by another Slann or a Skink magic-user will become Alive to the Moment.

Knack for Total Power: These ancient Slann are gifted magicians who can summon overwhelming magical energies where lesser spellcasters might struggle. Such Slann count as scoring a Critical on their successful Casting Tests when rolling a double or when their roll includes a '0' on the units die. Whilst in Lustria, they may also reroll any Tests to perceive the Winds of Magic.

Master of Magical Mishaps: Experienced Slann rarely make mistakes when casting spells. If such a Slann suffers a Major Miscast, it becomes a Minor Miscast instead. This rule does not apply if the Slann is casting a spell through another spellcaster using their Telepathy rule.



Emergency Teleportation: Slann are routinely provided with protective amulets that transport them away from harm if they face the risk of injury and death. Whenever a Slann is reduced to 10 Wounds or less, or receives a Critical Wound resulting in broken bones, torn muscles, or worse, they can immediately take a free action to cast the Arcane Spell *Teleport* (WFRP, page 244). If the spell is cast successfully, the Slann is immediately transported to the star chamber within a pyramid-temple of the nearest temple-city (or a neighbouring temple-city if that star chamber is not safe).

It is plausible that a wizard of another species could adapt such amulets to their own use, but the vast energies of the Geomantic Web are involved in this teleportation, and only the Slann have been known to use them and survive the experience.

Relic Priest: Relic Priests are the mummified remains of truly ancient Slann. The profile given is for the spirit form of such priests, which must remain within Willpower Bonus yards of their bodies. The bodies possess the same number of Wounds as the spirits. Destroying the body will destroy the spirit with it. Damage to either the body or the spirit may trigger the Emergency Teleportation rule. The spirit may possess its body and use it to direct a palanquin, but other than this, the body itself may not move or take actions.

The spirit may cast a spell for either of its actions, meaning it may cast up to two spells per turn if it does not move or take other actions.

The body of the Relic Priest counts as having the *Prone* Condition at all times. The spirit may have some meagre ability to fight in melee, though this is just for the purpose of determining defence against attacks; it cannot inflict damage of its own.

Telepathy: The Slann are in constant contact with each other and their favoured servants via telepathic communication. A Slann may share their thoughts with others in their network, which is defined as those Slann and Skink Priests within Willpower Yards, and, provided that the Slann is within Willpower Yards of a flow of energy in the Geomantic Web, any other Slann within Willpower Yards of a similar flow of energy.

As their Action or Move, a Slann may concentrate on telepathic communication by passing a **Challenging (+0) Intelligence** Test. If this Test is passed, the Slann may perform one of the following Actions.

- **Share Intelligence:** The Slann may ask questions of, and provide answers to, another within their network. This is not an exact process, as Slann are alien in their thinking and given to pondering tangential thoughts even when pressed. However, in a single Turn, a Slann could have the equivalent of a five minute conversation in this manner.
- **Cast a Spell:** A Slann may seize the consciousness of a Skink Priest in their network for the purpose of casting a spell. The Slann may use their own Characteristics, Skills, and Talents when casting the spell. Any Miscasts are applied to the unfortunate Skink Priest.

Palanquin: On those occasions when Slann travel abroad, or accompany forces of Lizardmen, they sit atop stone palanquins that float above the earth thanks to ancient devices of forgotten design. These palanquins afford the following Creature Traits to the Slann: Fly 16, Ward 8+.

In addition, the palanquin means that the Slann benefits from hard cover from missile fire originating from behind or to either side of the Slann, and soft cover from missile fire originating from in front of the Slann.

CHANNELLING QHAYSH

High Magic is fuelled by a combination of the Winds of Magic, called *Qhaysh*. *Quaysh* can be accessed by those who have learned to channel it wherever the other winds blow. A benefit of *Qhaysh* is that in areas where a particular wind blows weakly, High Magic may still be worked, though a drawback is that it is no easier to work in an area where a Wind blows strong. If several Winds are impaired in a particular area the GM may impose a -1 SL or -2 SL penalty to Channelling Tests using *Quaysh*, depending on the number of Winds impaired and the severity of such impairment. Equivalent bonuses may be granted where several Winds blow strongly.

The Skill Specialisation Channelling (*Qhaysh*) can be purchased once a Character has learned the *High Magic* Talent.

HIGH MAGIC

Slann Mage-Priests are the undisputed masters of magic, capable of manipulating all eight Winds individually or together in the form of High Magic. The Slann can harness natural earth energies through the Geomantic Web, enabling the command of terrestrial, cosmic, and temporal forces that only the most powerful Elven mages can comprehend.

The mysterious Old Ones taught the art of High Magic to the first generation Slann Mage-Priests, and those Slann in turn mentored the Elves. After the Old Ones had departed and the Slann withdrew to their pyramid-temples, the High Elves preserved their arcane teachings through the priesthood of Isha and the White Tower of Hoeth. Wood Elves have managed to retain High Magic by the tutelage of Highweavers, who pass along its secrets to their most gifted proteges.

MAGICAL ABILITIES OF THE SLANN

The most powerful Slann spells and meditative techniques rely upon the Geomantic Web. The corpulent Mage-Priests therefore remain ensconced in their Star Chambers most of the time. When they must venture outdoors, Slann usually travel parallel to lines of power and take precautions not to touch the earth (tainted since the Coming of Chaos). Should a Slann fall from their floating palanquin for any reason, their magic is greatly diminished on the ground (-3 SL to Channelling and Casting Tests).

High Magic spells used by Slann and Elves are essentially the same, though each species uses different arcane and divine foci to cast them. The Slann also know unique High Magic spells that are unavailable to Elves. Slann Mage-Priests have learned how to telepathically share spells with each other by ‘trading’ the mental space occupied by High Magic for a spell from another Lore. This means that Slann NPCs with time to meditate could potentially know any spell that your game requires.

New Talent: Blessed by Isha

Max: 1

Only Elves can take this Talent. You served as a novice of Isha and received the Everqueen’s blessing in Ulthuan (if you are of the Asur), or Ariel’s blessing in Athel Loren (if you are of the Asrai). You may now take the *High Magic* Talent.

ELVEN HIGH MAGIC

High Elf mages can learn High Magic (also called *Qhaysh*, in Elthárin) at the White Tower of Hoeth in Ulthuan. Wood Elf mages must spend an equivalent period mentoring under a Highweaver in Athel Loren. Learning the Lore of *Qhaysh* requires years of diligent repetition and study, therefore most Elven practitioners are NPCs. High Elf Player Characters can only learn High Magic during extended downtime breaks.

The principles of casting wholistically are learned by Elven mages when they’re young. High Elves serve as novices of Isha to understand the relationship between divine and arcane forces. Eventually, novices travel to Avelorn where the Everqueen decides if they’re suitable for advanced learning. At character creation, High Elf Wizards can purchase the Blessed by *Isha* Talent (using bonus XP) as part of the Character’s background.

HIGH MAGIC CASTING RULES

High Magic spells offer more Overcasting options than spells of other Lores. Overcasting Success Levels may be used for these effects in addition to increasing Range, Area of Effect, Duration, or Targets (see **WFRP** page 238, or **Winds of Magic** page 23).

Slann are capable of casting High Magic spells without speaking, instead using their Language (Magick) Skill telepathically. Physical gestures are minimal, often just the slightest movement of a finger, though some Slann do wave their spindly arms when channelling great quantities of magic. Elves cast High Magic spells with the usual verbal requirements.

New Talent: High Magic

Max: Intelligence Bonus

Tests: Casting Tests

Only Slann and Elves with the Blessed by *Isha* Talent can take this Talent. When you first take this Talent, you benefit from the ability to access multiple Winds of Magic. When casting a spell from the Lores of Beasts, Death, Fire, Heavens, Life, Light, Metal, or Shadows, lack of access to a particular Wind due to environmental conditions does not prevent spellcasting. You may also learn a single High Magic spell. The second and subsequent times this Talent is taken, you may learn an additional High Magic spell. If a spell is cast successfully, your level in High Magic is added to the Overcasting SL for purposes of invoking bonus effects of High Magic spells. The High Magic talent negates the Multiple Arcane Lores rule on **WFRP** page 238.

GENERAL HIGH MAGIC SPELLS

These spells are used by Slann and Elven mages alike, however, certain options are restricted to Slann only.

Apotheosis

CN: 4

Range: Half Willpower yards

Target: 1

Duration: 1 Round

You infuse the target with pure magic to heal and inspire fear. They recover your Willpower Bonus in Wounds and temporarily gain the *Fear 1* Creature Trait.

Overcasting:

- Every +3 SL can increase the number of healed Wounds by your Willpower Bonus.
- +6 SL the target can heal a Critical Wound.
- **Slann:** Every +2 SL can increase the target's *Fear* rating by 1.

Arcane Unforging

CN: 9

Range: Willpower yards

Target: 1

Duration: Instant

You summon the powers of unmaking to injure armoured enemies and destroy their magic items. The target suffers 1 Damage to the body for every 2 Armour Points worn.

Example: a target with 3 Armour Points on all six hit locations would have a total of 18 armour points and so suffer 9 Damage. Toughness Bonus is subtracted as normal, but Armour Points are ignored. In addition, one of the target's magic items (randomly determined) is destroyed if you pass a **Challenging (+0) Willpower** Test.

Overcasting:

- Every +1 SL can destroy 1 Armour Point worth of metal or leather armour.
- +8 SL the spell's damage can be increased to 1 Damage per Armour Point.
- **Slann:** Every +5 SL allows another destruction attempt roll against a random magic item.

Drain Magic

CN: 6

Range: Half Willpower yards

Target: AoE (Willpower Bonus Yards)

Duration: Instant

You expel magic from the world by conjuring an aethyric vortex. All persistent spells within the AoE are immediately dispelled without an Extended Test. Magic items and innate magical auras are unaffected.

Overcasting:

- +5 SL the AoE can be increased to Willpower yards.
- +7 SL persistent Divine Blessings and Miracles are also dispelled.
- **Slann:** Every +4 SL allows the caster to drain some environmental magic within AoE (see **Winds of Magic**, page 189). Each increment can either desaturate a leyline nexus or reduce environmental saturation by 1 level.

Uproot the Mountains

CN: 8

Range: Line of Sight

Target: 1

Duration: 1 Round

You cause a hill or mountain to tremble and shake. Targets on the terrain feature must pass a **Very Hard (-30) Athletics** Test at the start of their Round, otherwise they can take no actions or movement, and they receive the *Prone* Condition.

Overcasting:

- For every Round the spell's Duration is extended with Overcasting, the hill or mountain can be moved Willpower Bonus yards. Targets in the path of this movement must pass an **Average (+20) Athletics** Test or suffer 10 Damage to a random hit location.
- +5 SL this spell can trigger an avalanche. Targets in the path of falling rocks must pass a **Challenging (+0) Dodge** Test or suffer 15 Damage to a random body location.

Walk Between Worlds

CN: 7

Range: Willpower yards

Target: AoE (Willpower Bonus Yards)

Duration: 1 Round

You open the paths between worlds for your allies. Selected targets gain the *Ethereal* Creature Trait, and their Movement scores are doubled.

Overcasting:

- **Slann:** +4 SL targets at an appropriate geomantic nexus may traverse the Paths of the Old Ones to arrive at another nexus. You decide which nexus they travel to. There is no limit to the distance travelled.
- **High Elves:** +8 SL targets may traverse the Paths of the Old Ones, as described above.
- **Wood Elves:** +6 SL targets in a magical forest may traverse the Worldroots to arrive at another Weave. Targets may decide which paths to follow, but without guidance they may become lost.

SLANN HIGH MAGIC SPELLS

These geomantic spells are used only by Slann mages. High Magic is drawn from the Aethyr and redirected for the manipulation of natural earth energies. Casting these spells requires a geomantic nexus or leyline within the Slann's Willpower Bonus miles.

Earth Line

CN: 10

Range: Line of Sight

Target: Special

Duration: Instant

The Slann causes earth energies to surge through a geomantic leyline. Anyone on the leyline must pass a **Hard (-20) Endurance** Test or suffer 15 Damage to the body (modified for Toughness Bonus, but not Armour). The energy surge can be sent any direction the Slann chooses, and it continues until it reaches the next geomantic nexus.

Overcasting:

- +4 SL a bridge can be created across water of any depth. The water is either parted, or an earthen causeway rises from it. The bridge is 8 yards wide and can be any length, provided it follows the leyline. The bridge lasts for Willpower Bonus hours and cannot be dispelled.
- +6 SL a path can be cleared through jungles and forests. Trees are knocked aside, creating a path 8 yards wide along the leyline.

Ruination of Cities

CN: 12

Range: Line of Sight

Target: 1 building

Duration: Instant

The Slann causes an unfortified building, wall, or bridge to collapse. The target is reduced to rubble, counting as Difficult terrain. Everyone inside a collapsing building must pass a **Hard (-20) Dodge** Test or be crushed for 20 Damage to the body and buried alive. Buried victims are subject to Suffocation (WFRP page 181).

Overcasting:

- Additional targets added with Overcasting must be those nearest to the primary target. The ground between targets opens into a crevasse 2 yards wide by 4 yards deep. Anyone on the crevasse must pass a **Challenging (+0) Dodge** Test or suffer falling damage. Marginal Failures allow victims to grab onto the edge.
- +6 SL the target can be a fortified structure such as a castle wall or tower.

Mental Blast

CN: 7

Range: Line of Sight

Target: AoE (Willpower Bonus Yards)

Duration: Instant

The Slann directs a burst of mental energy against their foes. Enemies suffer Damage equal to the Slann's Intelligence Bonus + 6 Damage. Creatures with the *Daemonic* or *Undead* Traits suffer 6 additional Damage. Toughness Bonus is subtracted, but not Armour. Additionally, targets must pass an **Average (+20) Intelligence** Test or gain a *Stunned* Condition.

Overcasting:

- +6 SL this spell can be cast as 'The Deliverance of Itza'. Increase the Target diameter to AoE (Half Willpower yards) but must be centred on the caster. AoE can be increased with Overcasting as normal.
- +9 SL this spell can be cast as 'The Great Leveller'. The Slann sacrifices their own life to turn the tide of a losing battle. All outnumbering enemies within Line of Sight are automatically killed, reducing their numbers to equal the Slann's allies. Remove casualties with the lowest Intelligence scores first. Only a Fate Point prevents the instant death of a Character in these circumstances.

SLANN MEDITATIONS

Meditating Slann Mage-Priests can use the Geomantic Web to wield godlike magic on a world-altering scale. Advanced Slann techniques use a combination of High Magic, Old One disciplines, and relic devices to project spirit-selves through the Aethyr or harness earth energies. Meditations are not treated as spells or rituals, but as quasi-divine forces that can shape a game's narrative.

Rules for meditation are left deliberately loose. No tests are needed to determine what Slann do in the realms of their collective alien subconsciousness. In scenarios where meditating Slann encounter divine or extradimensional entities (such as Greater Daemons), their conflicts can be resolved with **Opposed Willpower** Tests.

As a rule, Slann do not communicate directly with adventuring parties. Characters have no way to ascertain whether an impassive Mage-Priest truly speaks to them through a Skink interpreter or is focused on something a thousand miles away. However, telepathic messages may occasionally be received from Slann in the form of extemporaneous ideas, or even total (and catastrophic) seizure of the psyche.

Pontificating Toad-men

In the meditative state, Slann can solve multiple complex puzzles or philosophical problems simultaneously. They crave intellectual challenge and favour visitors who bring them interesting new dilemmas. Slann are quite certain of their own correctness because — in their opinion — they are seldom wrong. Characters who are stumped by a riddle might have the answer occur to them suddenly in a Slann's presence. Note that Slann do not share revelations about the Great Plan with outsiders lightly, if at all.

Amphibian Omnicience

The magical awareness of meditating Slann spans the entire globe. Disruptions can be detected anywhere the Geomantic Web remains intact, across seas in faraway lands, and even across time. Skink Priests and Oracles are dispatched to investigate disturbances in the Aethyr before they become problems. Characters who bring news of a magical catastrophe might discover that a Mage-Priest in Lustria has known about it for years. Slann do not always have solutions to such problems, however.

Skink Intercessors

Slann can project their consciousness into the mind of a Skink Priest or Oracle many miles away. This enables Slann to see through the Skink's eyes and communicate with them telepathically. Characters encountering Skinks might unknowingly be observed by a Mage-Priest. Provided the Skink is on the Geomantic Web, Slann can also cast spells through their body. Skink Oracles require Divining Rods to act as magical intercessors.

SLANN SPELL-SHARING

Slann Mage-Priests are in constant telepathic contact with each other through the Geomantic Web. In addition to sharing ideas and insights, they also trade spells amongst themselves. Spell-sharing gives the Slann access to virtually every spell in existence, meanwhile preserving most of their prodigious mental capacity for other activities.

Planetary Engineers

If the Old Ones were the original architects of the world, the Slann were its engineers. The surviving Mage-Priests aren't as powerful as Old Ones or the first-generation Slann, who could shift entire continents. However, by pooling energies across the Geomantic Web, Slann are still capable of moving mountains, islands, the course of rivers, and so on. Slann can also manipulate the Web's earth energies to seal Warp rifts, reduce environmental magic saturation, and cleanse environmental Corruption.

Extraplanar Transcendence

Star Chamber meditation enables Slann to project their spirit-selves into the Realms of Chaos and engage Daemons in mental battle. Mage-Priests display few signs of this struggle aside from occasional twitching. Slann are grateful to visitors who provide them with known daemonic true names. In the Realms of Chaos, Slann can witness the actions of Chaos gods to gain insights into the ever-changing balance of the Great Game.

GEOMANTIC NEXUS PROPERTIES

In Lustria, Nexus points on the Geomantic Web are often imbued with special properties. The affected area can range in size from a single temple to several miles in diameter. These ancient sites of power were designed by the Old Ones to facilitate their inscrutable Great Plan. A nexus can have multiple properties besides the standard +2 SL Channelling bonus (see Winds of Magic, page 197).

GEOMANTIC NEXUS PROPERTIES

1d10	Nexus Property
1	Chaos Ward: Daemons and Chaos spells are instantly banished unless they're sustained by powerful artefacts or Warpstone.
2	Terrify Creatures: A type of Chaos creature (such as Beastmen, mutants, Skaven, or monsters) is subject to <i>Terror 3</i> .
3	Transform Climate: The nexus zone's climate type (tropical, temperate, or arctic) is different from the regional norm.
4	Alter Current: Wind and sea currents change intensity, direction, or temperature upon contact with the nexus zone.
5	Slow Time: Time passes at half normal speed for purposes of ageing and effect durations.
6	Locus of Birth: Fertility rates are high, and plants grow abundantly. Necromantic Undead cannot enter the nexus zone.
7	Warp Portal: One type of magic receives random casting bonuses of 1d10/2 (+1 to +5) each Round.
8	Path of the Old Ones: Certain conditions, such as activation spells, allow teleportation to another nexus on the path.
9	Solar Beacon: Energy from the Daystar invigorates Lizardmen, providing 1 Advantage at the start of every battle.
10	Lunar Conveyer: Energy from the Silvered One (as Lizardmen call Mannsrieb) alters sea-tides and causes rocks to float in mid-air.

THE LIZARDMEN

The Lizardmen are several species ruled over by the Slann. The most numerous are the diminutive Skinks, the workers and administrators of the temple-cities and outlying settlements. The Saurus are soldiers, assigned to fight and protect. The Kroxigor are muscle, bred for heavy labour.

Lizardmen don't reproduce. They are born from spawning pools into preordained roles determined as part of the Old Ones' grand, complex scheme. Their motivations are very different from those of warm-blooded species. They do not crave power or position, as this was assigned to them by incomprehensible intelligences many thousands of years ago.

As a civilisation, the Lizardmen want to restore order to the world by protecting, interpreting, and enacting the will of the Old Ones. For the most part, the Lizardmen follow their duties without question or complaint. If they have nothing to do, they wait around until they meet a situation where they can act.

The Skinks are most like warm-blooded races — on occasion, they may even develop glimmers of curiosity regarding their own purpose and the wisdom of blind obedience.

Lizardmen are cold-blooded creatures with inner lives very different to warm-bloods. They don't experience emotions in the same way, yet there is a sense of loss, a feeling that something has gone from the world that leaves them incomplete.

There is a common need for certainty and a clear sense of direction represented by the Old Ones. Lizardmen do possess a survival instinct, but if they are told by the Slann that their sacrifice is required for the Great Plan, they are willing to give up their lives without pause or question.

COMMON BIOLOGY

Lizardmen are cold-blooded, which means they react slowly to stimulus. They sometimes bask in water to cool down or the hot Lustrian sun to warm and quicken their blood. At night, Skinks and Kroxigor draw their limbs up and sleep squatting or perching. Saurus remain standing and go dormant — ready to react if attacked. They are never lazy — inactivity is simply a chance to recharge for further toil in service of the Great Plan.

Lizardmen are omnivorous, although they prefer raw meat. Saurus and Kroxigor have prodigious appetites, which leaves little fresh meat for Skinks. They are content with small game, fish, and insects — which can grow to a tremendous size in Lustria.

Most Lizardmen have bluish-green skin and scales, although there is a wide range of tones — from jade green to a pallid azure. There are exceptions — spawnings in browns, greys, black, and dark reds. Those marked by the Old Ones have striking tones and markings in colours sacred to their patron god. The most celebrated Lizardmen are albino, a sign they are blessed by the whole pantheon.

As Lizardmen age, their colour pales and their scales thicken and harden. The most ancient Lizardmen are covered in thick, ossified scales and, in the case of Saurus, scars from many battles.

SKILLS AND TALENTS

Lizardmen may develop skills such as Animal Care, Animal Training, and Charm Animal. They may also gain the *Animal Affinity* Talent. These skills can only be used in conjunction with cold-blooded animals, as Lizardmen struggle to relate to warm-blooded creatures who tend to be skittish around them. An exception exists in that some Skinks learn to ride Culchan, but this only occurs under special circumstances and to those Skinks who are marked by the Old One Itzl.



SPAWNING

Spawning pools are mysteries created by the Old Ones at the beginning of time. Each one is filled with a luminescent primordial soup, harbouring the secrets of ancient science. Spawnings appear sporadically, sometimes foreseen by prophecy, sometimes without warning. A pool may spawn dozens of cohorts a year or as few as one spawning every millennium.

Some spawning pools are found in the jungle, others in cool subterranean caverns, and yet more in the depths of the temple-cities. Some stand forgotten, miles from civilisation. They can become tainted or poisoned by invaders or otherworldly influence. A tainted pool could spawn undifferentiated masses of reptilian flesh, amoeba-like entities, or twisted beasts which die almost as soon as they've crawled free of the liquid.

Spawning pools contain leathery yellow eggs which hatch into carnivorous tadpole-like larvae. These slowly develop into bipedal creatures. When grown, the spawnlings pull themselves clear of the water as a cohort of Skinks or Saurus or a single Kroxigor, almost fully-grown and ready for their role in Lizardmen society. A Skink spawning could be a cohort of skirmishers, scribes, construction overseers, or whatever role the Old Ones ordained was required at this point in time. When a Skink or Saurus spawns alone, it is a sign they are destined for greatness as a leader.

On occasion, an entire brood hatches under the influence of one or more of the Old Ones. These Lizardmen emerge marked by the gods, their scales and physiology matching the colour, mentality, and preoccupation of their patron. The emergence of a sacred spawning is a moment of great importance — the Slann and Skink Priests immediately try to calculate the significance of such an occasion and what it portends.

ATTITUDES TO OTHER SPECIES

Warm-bloods have been exploring Lustria for many thousands of years. Too often they are hostile plunderers that steal the Old Ones' plaques and defile temples. When this happens, the Lizardmen respond with cold-blooded violence, but they know that the 'New Ones' are somehow part of the Great Plan.

The Slann view Humans, Elves, Dwarfs, Halflings, and Ogres as flawed tools of the Old Ones without comprehension of their role in the Great Plan. They know that each species has a function, and seek to calculate when they must be manipulated and when they must be eliminated. Occasionally, the Slann use telepathy and magic to direct and influence the behaviour of the younger species.

The Lizardmen have learned to differentiate between the Druchii and the Asur. The former are a greater threat, with a history of despoiling shrines and stealing sacred artefacts in Lustria. The Asur are classed as promising spawnlings, even with their primitive grasp of magic. The Slann's constant battle to keep daemonic incursions at bay was aided by Caledor and his wizards when they summoned the vortex which drains magic from the world — a feat which impressed even the second generation Slann. However, when High Elves encroach on sacred ground or take relics, they are met with the same response as their dark brethren.

All Lizardmen know that some species are anathema, tainted by the Chaos that rushed into the world when the Gates collapsed. They are a reminder of disaster and must be eliminated. In very rare circumstances, the Slann discern some utility for a savage, Chaotic invader — should the planets and mathematics line up, even the most Chaos-tainted being could inadvertently play a role in the Old Ones' plan.

The Skaven are especially loathed by the Skinks, who bore the brunt of Clan Pestilens's depredations. The Cult of Sotek does not suffer the ratmen to live. The Priests strive to satisfy their god's craving for Skaven sacrifices.

Lizardmen have a fractious relationship with the Amazons. The feeling is mutual — the Amazons keep Lizardmen away from the Shrine of Rigg just as they do Old Worlders. The Mage-Priests do not understand how the Amazons or their goddess fit into their equations and instruct their vassals to keep away from them.

LIZARDMEN BEYOND LUSTRIA

Southlands

The vast continent south of the Old World was once joined to Lustria, before the Old Ones realigned land masses to their liking and created the World Pond. The temple-city of Zlatlan lies on the southwest of the continent and there are Lizardman settlements along the geomantic lines that cross the land. The Slann here are younger than those in Lustria and spawnings of Skinks are far more common than Saurus. The Mage-Priests here are only in contact with Lustria intermittently due to the curvature of the planet.

Dragon Isles

The Dragon Isles lie to the south of the Dark Lands. A former ancient outpost has been reduced to degraded bands of Saurus and towering saurians stalking through the jungle, hunting one another for food. The Mage-Priests here died long ago and any Skink spawnings are eaten by the bestial Saurus.

The Old World

Certain legends in the Empire, Estalia, and Border Princes represent folk memories of subterranean enclaves of Lizardmen cut off from Lustria after the Great Catastrophe. Fanciful tales of scaly daemons under Mount Zardéle in the Irrana Mountains are likely just superstition and only a credulous fool would believe rumours that reptile-beasts emerge at night to abduct travellers on Schuppzahn Edge near Dunkelburg.

The Paths of the Old Ones

The Old Ones once traversed continents in minutes, riding fiery chariots through portals that tunnelled through the Realms of Chaos. The Paths remain behind entrances long forgotten. The routes themselves are degraded, with corruption, daemonic entities, and bubbles of raw Chaos matter encroaching on the trans-dimensional pathways.

It is still possible to travel the Paths to cross the planet — in recent times, some say that Teclis of the Asur studied the *Testament of Tasirion* and passed through from Ulthuan to Albion. Given the dangers, the Lizardmen use the Paths reluctantly. Unexpected appearances of Lizardmen in the Old World, Dark Lands, and Cathay may be explained by such perilous journeys.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

A temple-city stands on the Volcanic Islands, different from all others in Lustria. It is not a 'living' city, nor was it abandoned. Rather, the City of the Dead is a necropolis, home to the Lizardmen's honoured dead. These Skinks, Saurus, and occasionally Kroxigor are honoured with an interment in the City of the Dead, watched over by those Relic Priests with no temple-city of their own. The Elves who inhabit the islands are careful to ensure their own activities do not disturb visiting Lizardmen.

Luthor Harkon is less diplomatic. He has long had his eye upon the place, and has despatched agents to test its warding. Only one returned. Harkon keeps them bound within his cabin as he tries to puzzle out their mad ravings. They speak of something buried beneath the necropolis. Of a presence as vast as the ocean and as cold and still as the crushing depths. It sleeps there, never waking, never stirring, all-knowing, all-shaping, dead, and ever-dreaming.



THE SAURIAN LANGUAGE

The Lizardmen language is called 'Saurian' by warm-bloods and 'Ssissy'l'k' by native speakers. It is a *primaeva*, sibilant tongue suited to reptilian throats and unpronounceable by other species. Some rare warm-bloods have learned to understand the Skinkian dialect, but they cannot articulate it clearly without magical means.

Spoken Saurian is the preserve of Slann, Skinks, and Saurus, each with their own dialects. The Slann prefer telepathy when communicating with one another and their Skink attendants. The low croaking sounds of the Slann dialect are only used to utter short, cryptic commands to Skink Priests.

Skinkian is a rich dialect with a large vocabulary, very specific terminology, and grammar intended to eliminate ambiguity. When speaking, Skinks use gestures and subtle changes in the position and colour of their crest to add nuance to their words. Kroxigor cannot speak, but they understand basic Skinkian instructions to lift, carry, or put down a burden — or hit something.

The Saurus dialect is Crude Saurian. It is a simple, direct variant with around fifty words, dedicated mainly to fighting and command. Saurus anatomy is better suited to battle cries and roars than conversation.

Some Skink Priests and chiefs have learned non-Lizardmen tongues. They struggle to articulate Old World and Elven languages, but it is possible to meet a Skink who can communicate with surprising fluency.

Written Saurian takes the form of phonetic glyphs taught to the Lizardmen by the Old Ones Tepok and Tlazcotl. It is used only by Skinks, who write in codices of folded bark and scrolls made from reeds. They record everything, from movements of the heavens to annals of spawnings to detailed surveys of food stocks. These screenfold books degrade in the humid Lustrian jungle, so scribes repeatedly copy them. Temporary writing is inscribed on clay plaques which are scraped clean to be used again.

The Slann have another *higher* language distinct from Saurian, a magical tongue of deep batrachian warbles and carefully articulated syllables. Old *Slann* is an almost perfect tool for manipulation of the Winds of Magic and power channelled by the Geomantic Web. It can be inscribed with glyphs, although these are indecipherable to all but the wisest Asur mages in Saphery.

ROLEPLAYING LIZARDMEN

The Lizardmen can be the basis of memorable encounters for your Players, that bring to life the diversity and peculiarities of the **Warhammer** world.

They Want To Restore Order...

Individual Lizardmen have no interest in wealth or power. They do not have pride, vanity, or personal aspirations. They *exist* to restore order — to return the world to how it was under the Old Ones and resume their Great Plan. They want to undo the damage and unpredictability introduced by Chaos. Anything that frustrates that need causes them discomfort.

...but Reality Is Against Them

Unfortunately, none of them really know whether they're doing the right thing. For Skinks, there's an element of doubt — the Great Plan is both incomplete and incomprehensibly complex. The Slann occasionally offer commands, but they are ambiguous and may lose relevance before the Skinks can understand them. The Cult of Sotek has taken hold in part because it's pretty clear what Sotek wants: sacrifice or revenge.

Cold-blooded Emotions

Lizardmen (especially Skinks) do experience something akin to emotions, but they're slow to take hold and more muted than in warm-bloods. When they're unsure whether they're acting for the Great Plan, they feel uneasy until certainty returns. When subjected to violence, they feel cold anger until they can make things right. When they could be killed or injured, they feel a dull sense of panic.

When instinct is no guide, Lizardmen struggle to make decisions. Whereas warm-blooded species rely on emotions, self-preservation, and bias to direct decisions, these motives have less influence for Lizardmen. When faced with an unexpected or unusual situation outside their experience, they struggle to take action — they're waiting for directions from above, which are rarely forthcoming. Play this out, with Lizardmen withdrawing or pausing for instruction when faced with the unfamiliar.

Don't Make Everything a Fight

Lizardmen are more than scaly adversaries or guardians of fabulous treasures. Their motives are complex and sometimes warm-bloods *are* an important part of the Old Ones' prophecies, especially when combating the Ruinous Powers or Skaven.

Lizardmen encountering Characters from the Old World may not always attack — they could ignore them, help them, try to negotiate for mutual benefit, or simply move them out of the way.

Some Skinks can make conversation and ally with the party in the right circumstances. No matter what Old Worlders think, Skinks and Saurus are relatively intelligent and will be pragmatic if the situation permits.

Give Them Character

Lizardmen may not have vivid personalities, but they have temperaments shaped by the Old Ones — even those not marked by the gods carry some of their influence. The following table gives suggestions for how you can differentiate Lizardman NPCs. Page 151 also provides rules for those individual Lizardmen who are specifically marked by the Old Ones.

LIZARDMEN AND INJURY

For the purposes of injury and amputation, all species of Lizardmen have the following anatomical differences to Human Characters. Lizardmen have between 50 and 100 teeth. They lose twice as many teeth to Critical Hits which cause the loss of teeth. Lizardmen have three fingers and a thumb on each hand. Most Lizardmen possess four toes on each foot, but some variation exists, and certain spawnings may have three, or three forward-facing toes with a rear-facing toe or dewclaw.

A Lizardman who takes a hit to the leg from an attack from the rear will be hit on the tail 50% of the time. Critical Hits to the Tail are handled as follows.

Roll	Additional Effects
01–40	Tail Cut. 1 Wound inflicted. Gain 1 <i>Bleeding</i> Condition.
41–60	Tail Sliced. 2 Wounds inflicted. Gain 2 <i>Bleeding</i> Conditions.
61–80	Tail Broken. 3 Wounds inflicted. Gain the <i>Stunned</i> Condition. The Lizardmen suffers a loss of 20 Ag until the tail is healed.
81–100	Tail Struck Off. 5 Wounds inflicted. Gain 5 <i>Bleeding</i> Conditions and the <i>Stunned</i> Condition. Tail amputated, resulting in a permanent loss of 20 Ag.

TEMPERAMENT OF LIZARDMEN DISPLAYING MARKS OF THE OLD ONES

Old One Influence	Skink temperament	Saurus temperament
Sotek	Bloodthirsty in battle Likely to advocate for use of force	Eager to retaliate against foes Appetite for mammalian flesh
Chotec	Restless, always in a hurry Rarely still, other than when basking in blazing sun	Tireless Quick to react
Huanchi	Stay in shade when possible Evasive and guarded in conversation	Strong hunting instinct, stalking opponents Preference for ambush
Tlazcotl	Chatters far less than most Skinks Responds slowly or not at all to minor events	Continues through adversity to complete their goal Stands immobile for long periods of time
Tepok	Knowledgeable Drawn to sacred places	Attracted to magic users Seeks new information
Tzunki	Spends time in water whenever possible Adapts plans more readily than most Skinks	Prefers to bask partly submerged Observant and athletic in combat
Quetzl	Stubborn Strong advocate for the status quo	Shields others during an attack Changes course of action only when it is impossible to continue
Itzl	Prefers the company of reptilian beasts to other Skinks Skittish around threats	Eats messily and in company with reptilian beasts Prone to episodes of savagery

SKINKS

'The diminutive lizard-daemons are a form of reptilian goblin, who dwell underground and in time grow to become the larger "Saurus", as unscaled goblins eventually mature into orcs and later trolls.'

— Baron Eldebrand Sachs-Kusche,
Gentleman Scholar of Averheim

'Of all the lizard-folk, it is the skinks which are most comprehensible to our way of seeing the world. I have even communed with several and found them good-natured, if a little skittish and bland of demeanour. When I spoke with the priest Tiketl, I discerned something resembling a personality — and more manners than your average Ulrican.'

— High Priestess Stalmetz of Carroburg



It is the Skinks that keep Lustrian society functioning, as the workers and administrators of the temple-cities, smaller sites, and settlements. While the Slann contemplate the infinite and the Saurus march to defend civilisation, the Skinks do everything else.

When Old Worlders meet Skinks, they are struck by their small size and unthreatening aspect. Many explorers underestimate the Skinks, assuming they are merely servants to the Saurus — much as Gnoblars scurry around their Ogre masters. Little do they realise that not only are Skinks intelligent and perceptive creatures, but in the right setting, they can be deadly opponents.

Skinks are observant and can move silently through the jungle. Individually they may be weak, but through stealth and numbers, they can defend their settlements and support the Saurus when battle commences.

On the sun-baked plazas and on the steps of ancient temples, it is the Skinks that oversee and conduct the rites that mark the life of the Lizardmen. Almost every aspect of culture comes from the hands and toil of the smallest species. The Priests and chiefs direct society, relying on the Slann for only the most significant decisions and the Saurus Oldbloods for matters of war.

While they are subservient to the Slann, the Skinks have their own god, Sotek. It is worship of the Snake God that drives their warlike acts of revenge against the warm-bloods that slaughter their fellows.

The Red Cult of Sotek is an increasingly potent force in Lizardmen society, led by Skink Priests that sacrifice in the god's name. As the Mage-Priests slumber or croak esoteric commands, the Skinks have become ever more independent in progressing the Old Ones' Great Plan and taking action against invaders.

PHYSIOLOGY AND APPEARANCE

A Skink stands no more than 4 feet and is usually hunched over in a crouch. They are slender and agile, skittish impatience and extreme stillness. They don't need with a long tail to counterbalance their weight. Their constant stimulus like warm-bloods, but their heads are pointed and reptilian, while their eyes are large, and bodies are restless. They are lively when around one with a pale iris and slitted pupil. A Skink's wide mouth is lined with small, sharp teeth. They vocalise with low, quick croaks and constant chittering. When speaking

warm-blood languages, they force the words out, halt mid-sentence, and speak quickly and sibilantly.

All Skinks have a fleshy crest on their head, which they can fan out to cool themselves. It is also used for communication, altering the meaning of their words with nuanced subtext. Their bodies are covered in fine scales and a row of larger scales on their back, running down

their tail. There is variation between spawnings; some Skinks have tiny, smooth scales and others have thicker, denser protection.

Skinks can alter their skin colour to send subtle signals to one another. Crest tones vary greatly and signify an affiliation with a particular Old One. For example, the red-crested Skinks are renowned devotees of Sotek and more aggressive than their fellows.

Skinks move in swift, darting motions interspersed with periods of total stillness. When startled, they disappear instantly into the undergrowth before reappearing to see whether the coast is clear. They are naturally stealthy in the primaeval forests of Lustria and if they do not want to be seen, it is difficult to find them.

The forebears of the Skinks were giant, water-dwelling creatures from the Lustrian swamps, and their descendants share their amphibious nature. They are quite content to use the rivers and lakes of the continent to move around or cool down in the heat. Towards the coast, Skink spawn with a tolerance for salt water — although they only enter the sea when absolutely essential.

Skinks spawn in pools in the jungle and on the fringes of temple-cities. Some emerge from spawning pools hundreds of miles from civilisation, in lost ravines or

amidst the dense vegetation of an isolated plateau. These spawnings set up camps and await instruction which may never come. The Skink's natural lifespan is equivalent to that of a Human, and as they age, like all Lizardmen, their scales thicken and become paler. Rare individuals live longer, their life extended by the will of the Old Ones.

PSYCHOLOGY

Observing a Skink, one would see them alternate between chittering and gesticulating with quick, jerky movements. Skinks have a greater degree of self-awareness and free will than Saurus and Kroxigor, and (outside of combat) more flexibility of thought and adaptability. This makes

them better able to understand warm-bloods and deal with them — although they are still baffled by some of the bizarre and impetuous behaviour they witness from non-reptilians.

If they detect that other beings have caused deviation from how the world should be, Skinks feel a strong need to rectify matters. This resembles a cool anger or the need for vengeance — which they see as restoring what should be, according to the Great Plan. Sotek's vengeance is a more cold-blooded response to the Skaven than it appears, although it drives Skinks to become aggressive and even hateful.

Given that Skinks must work in concert to run their society, they are sociable by nature and cooperate with

members of a single cohort are effortlessly collaborative and uncannily well-coordinated.

The Skinks spawn with an instinctual awareness of their role in the Great Plan. They do not question the purpose for which they were created. Unfortunately, nobody tells

them what the plan is... they're treated by the Slann as unquestioning cogs in the machine. Skinks experience an inner tension, in that their self-awareness makes them wonder how their current tasks work towards the greater goal. They know it's not their place to prioritise themselves above the Great Plan, but sometimes they

question their orders. This is taboo and triggers a pattern of brainstates which, in Humans, might be described as guilt or shame.

Since the rise in popularity of the worship of Sotek there have been increased instances of Skinks showing a degree of independence from the dictates of the Slann. There that of a Human, and as they age, like all Lizardmen, have even been reports of some Skinks asserting a degree of independence, even rebellion, though this is said to be restricted to a few far-flung communities.

ROLE IN LIZARDMAN SOCIETY

The Skinks basically *are* Lizardman society — the Slann are detached, intellectually distant, and often asleep, while the Saurus play a very limited role outside the context of combat. Skinks are the workers, administrators, record-keepers, farmers, artisans, and even diplomats. Each of them has an appointed role in the complex planned society in which they live.

Soon after spawning, a cohort of Skinks is trained by older Skinks in their appointed role. There is a degree of societal stratification — for example, the priestly caste is higher in status than the artisan caste. However, other than a greater position of authority and command, members of a higher-status caste do not get privileged access to resources or better living quarters — all must fulfil their roles in the Great Plan and expect no reward other than the knowledge that they are playing their part.

Skinks support the dedicated soldiery of the Saurus in combat. They form scouting parties, skirmishers, and missile troops. Specialised riders climb onto Terradons and Ripperdactyls, and beast handlers goad Razordons and Salamanders into battle. Priests and their attendants haul ancient Old One artefacts onto Bastilodons and Stegadons to provide heavy support to the warhost.

In remote locations, small spawnings of Skinks may protect and maintain Old One sites or carry out long-forgotten orders handed down from spawning to spawning.

SKINK CASTES

In temple-cities and larger settlements, Skinks occupy dozens of different roles, all necessary to the running of the community or the needs of the Slann.

Priests are the main attendants to the Slann and de facto leaders of the Skinks. Slann orders are vague and sporadic, so the Priests make many decisions and interpretations in service of the Great Plan. They lead rituals, maintain shrines and temples, and supervise a host of religious attendants. Priests study golden plaques, relics, and texts to further the Great Plan, but they aren't as rigorous or deliberate as the Slann. They prefer action over protracted contemplation. When Skink Priests do receive orders from the Slann, they don't question them, even if they seem counter-intuitive.

Skink Priests wear elaborate jewellery and headdresses. Some are dedicated to a particular temple or shrine, representing an individual Old One. Others have a defined ceremonial role — such as the Keeper of the Dead that ministers to the mummified Slann, or the Tender of the Pools, who oversees the rites to keep spawning pools fruitful and cleansed. Astronomers and Astromancers work to determine auspicious times for rituals and to guide Priests' decisions. Rare twin-tailed individuals known as Oracles wander the land using their divinatory powers to find lost items or repair the Geomantic Web.

Skink chiefs and braves lead the non-priestly castes and take orders from Priests. For example, the functionary caste is led by Head Scribes who do not have official power, but the extensive library of information that they oversee gives them immense influence in decision making.

Skinks in remote camps live simpler lives with a less-defined caste system. Under the leadership of a brave, all play a role foraging, hunting, and scouting for threats.

A DANGEROUS TRADE

Huachuq is a small Skink camp on the coastal reaches of the Forests of the Viper. After decades of raids by Druchii and Norse explorers, the Skink brave Nka'qua started trading silver, gold, and rare furs with Old Worlders in exchange for protection. The arrangement worked well, until a Mage-Priest in Hexoatl woke up and decided that such an arrangement causes too many random variables in their mathematics. A cohort of Saurus are on their way to deal with the enterprising Skinks.

CLASH OF SKY GODS

Skink Priest Tzin'atl and their attendants must conduct the *Gleaning of Axlberyn* tonight when very specific stars align. Skink Priest Biqaxli and their attendants must conduct the *Auspex of Tepok's Heralds* at the very same time, at the same junction of the Geomantic Web. It is unclear which should take precedence, although both have opinions and will gladly share them with someone neutral who can help decide.

SKINK MAGIC

Skink Priests can wield magic, gifted to them by the Old Ones. They use the Wind of *Ghur* that surges through the jungles of Lustria and the airy Wind of *Azr* that stirs with the movements of celestial bodies. Rare individuals can manipulate *Ghyran* from the verdant forests. No Skink Priest can master more than one Wind of Magic. Skinks suffer the usual Repelling the Winds (WFRP page 237) penalties for not dressing appropriately for the Wind they're trying to attract, though their vestments are less complex than those of Human wizards.

SKINK CHARACTERS

This book provides several ways to build Skink Characters, but be careful about applying too many modifiers to the basic Skink profile, lest you create Skinks that are rather too powerful. If creating a Skink NPC, you may apply the templates below in order to produce a Skink from a given caste. The Skink may also take Marks (see page 151) to further individualise them, and add to their abilities.

If creating a Skink Player Character, use the rules on page 160. This may involve adding Marks, but do not apply the bonuses listed here even if the Skink in question might fit one of the roles listed.

USING SKINKS IN YOUR GAME

Skinks are the best option for non-violent Lizardman interactions with your party. Some can speak warm-blood languages, and they have goals and dilemmas, much like other Characters. They may be curious about the Characters, seeking to discern how they fit into the Great Plan.

Skinks may be more relatable, but they're still reptilian and alien. When playing them, try not to express emotions, talk with disarming honesty, and remember that they're not personally ambitious. Use simple sentences, hiss out words in staccato bursts punctuated with pauses. Describe how the Skinks jerk their heads from side to side when listening. Try not to explain yourself. If you must, dump information all at once, like a download. Skinks don't do small talk or humour.

Put in little reminders that they're not warm-bloods – an indifference to suffering, or absent-mindedly plucking a dragonfly from the air and chewing it messily. They engage in short bursts of activity punctuated with eerie stillness. If they fight, use the jungle and surroundings to best advantage – they'll avoid a pitched battle if possible. If attacked, they're likely to make a tactical withdrawal to report back to their priests and chiefs.

CREATING QUICK SKINK NPCS

Caste	Description	Example Roles	Profile Changes	Traits, Skills, Talents
Priest caste	Cult leaders, Slann attendants, and ritual leaders	Priest, Keeper of the Dead, Steward of the Mage-Priest's Grubs, Calendar Priest	Int+15, WP+15, Fel+10	Traits: Spellcaster (Beasts or Heavens) Skills: Intuition +15, Leadership +25, Perception +20 Talents: Public Speaker
Functionary caste	Scribes, record-keepers, and archivists	Great Plan Archivist, Temple Administrator, Sacred Plaque Librarian	Int+10, WP+5, Fel+10	Skills: Evaluate +10, Intuition +10, Language (Any) +10, Perception +10 Talents: Read/Write
Industrial caste	Surveying, repair and construction, mining	Temple Architect, Spawning Pool Cleaner, Great Warder	Int+5, T+10, WP+5	Skills: Endurance +5, Evaluate +5, Trade (Engineer) +10 Talents: Sturdy, Super Numerate
Martial caste	Scouts, hunters, and look-outs	Keeper of the Roadways, Jungle Scout	BS+5, I+10, Agi+10, WP+5	Traits: Stealthy, Tracker Skills: Dodge +10, Melee +5, Perception +10, Ranged (Blowpipe, Javelin or Shortbow) +10, Stealth (Rural) +10 Talents: Flee!, Marksman
Artisan caste	Smiths, artists, and crafts-skinks	Star-Metallurgist, Weapon-crafter, Stone Carver	Dex+20, Int+10, WP+5	Skills: Evaluate +10, Trade (Any) +15 Talents: Artistic, Craftsman (Any)
Husbandry caste	Beast-handling, farming	Beast Handler, Insect Breeder, Carnivorous Horticulturist	Agi+15, Fel+10	Skills: Animal Care +15, Animal Training (Reptile) +15, Charm Animal +15, Outdoor Survival +10 Talents: Animal Affinity, Tenacious

ANOMOQ, SKINK PRIEST OF SOTEK

Along the eastern coast of Lustria, Skinks whisper of Anomoq. They say that he is a successor to Tehenhauin, the first Prophet of Sotek who heralded the coming of the Snake God. They say that he travels the jungle with an ever-growing river of snakes following in his wake. They say that Anomoq is recruiting a great host to cross the World Pond, find the source of the Skaven, and wipe every last one of them from the face of the world.

Anomoq spawned far from any temple-city, in the shadow of a collapsed Old One construction covered with vines. He was the sole Skink in his spawning and nothing heralded his birth, miles from any settlement. After emerging from his pool, the spawnling crawled into a recess in the Old One edifice and found a strange chamber, covered with silvered stone and broken glass vessels. Anomoq did not know how to hunt or survive, yet before he died of hunger, a lone python slid into the chamber and disgorged a part-eaten monkey from its gut. For several years, Anomoq was nurtured by serpents and consumed their venom in small doses. This brought on visions — of the Great Catastrophe, of Sotek, of Skaven, of a festering city half a world away brought low by thousands of reptiles like himself.

Anomoq eventually sought out his fellow Skinks, convinced he had been given a sacred purpose. Everywhere he went, snakes followed as holy companions.

The Priest is indeed trying to raise an army. He believes that the threat to Lustria cannot be eliminated with a defensive war, that the Serpent God's followers must travel across the world. Now, Anomoq walks the jungle pathways between the River Qurveza and Tlaxtlan, speaking his message to the small communities of Skinks on the periphery of the temple-cities' hinterlands.

The cold-blooded Lizardmen are not influenced by grand oratory but by sound logic. Anomoq persuades them by appealing to the Skinks' inherent need to restore order to Lustria and, ultimately, the world. They are also impressed by the stream of serpents following Anomoq that mark him out as favoured by Sotek. The Priest now travels with an entourage of seven Skinks and one Kroxigor, those who have chosen to give their life to the vision.

Some Skinks pledge to follow the Priest once the stars are auspicious, others are unsure whether this crusade across the World Pond is part of the Great Plan. None feel that they should consult with the Slann, for reasons they can't articulate. If Anomoq can find a route east across the ocean, it's likely that many more Skinks will join the crusade to the Old World and the city of Skavenblight.

APPEARANCE

Anomoq is tall for a Skink and bears the Mark of Sotek — a scarlet crest and reddish-brown scales running down his back. His teeth are a little longer and sharper than is typical in a Skink and, most unusually, he spawned with venom sacs and poisonous fangs.

Anomoq's priestly status is attested by the golden helm and amulets he carries, gifts from Skink artisans. Around his belt are several skulls — Human, Skaven, and Elf — taken from those that Anomoq found doing violence to Skinks and subsequently sacrificed to the Snake God. These have been carefully inlaid with jade and gold, symbols of Sotek's vengeance.

MOTIVATIONS

Anomoq has a holy mission from Sotek — the Red Cult must travel to the Old World and sack Skavenblight. First, the Priest must raise a warhost and find a gate to the Paths of the Old Ones. He has not considered travelling over water, but if there were a means to do so, he would pursue that option. He also wants to learn of the Skaven, where they can be found, and the location of their city in the Old World.

The Skink Priest is patient, and works carefully to gain support amongst Skinks by saving those in peril and explaining the vision of a Skaven city falling to the Cult of Sotek. He avoids the Slann learning of his plans, because he reasons that they are too introspective, bound to Lustria, and slow-moving to let the crusade proceed.

On the most basic level, Anomoq wants to kill Skaven and any other warm-blood that threatens the Lizardmen or despoils their land.

As Adversary

Anomoq is a Priest of the Red Cult, so aggression and violence are second nature to him. As he travels the land, Anomoq has encountered Human and other bands attacking Skinks or looting ancient sites.

This has never ended well for the invaders; Anomoq's serpents dine handsomely and the Priest adds a few more skulls to his belt.

If a party is acting violently towards Skinks dwelling away from the temple-cities, Anomoq could arrive with his serpents and Skinks to retaliate. He could also seek the Characters as sacrifices or to interrogate them on the nature of the Skaven.

As Ally or Patron

Anomoq would really benefit from warm-blood help. He does not speak their languages, but Tza'tsl (a scribe in his retinue) can translate between Reikspiel and Saurian on his behalf.

He seeks help in finding an entrance to the Paths of the Old Ones, and there are tasks that Anomoq cannot accomplish without attracting the attention of the Mage-Priests — such as research into the Paths or communicating with Skinks in temple-cities. Knowledge of the Old World would also prove valuable; Anomoq does not know that Skavenblight is so massive and the Skaven so numerous that no crusade could ever succeed.

Anomoq could be a powerful ally for the party, especially against Skaven. He can bring his divine powers (and snakes) to bear on any adversary. If the party helps Anomoq in a particularly meaningful way, they will not be attacked by snakes of any size for the rest of their time in Lustria.

Anomoq's Serpents

The swarm of snakes that follows Anomoq will obey his commands — no Tests are necessary.

Treat them as a Snake with the *Swarm* and *Venom (Challenging)* Traits (WFRP page 316). You can also add individual Snakes with the *Constrictor*, *Flight 5*, or *Size (Average)* Traits if you want.



ANOMOQ SKINK PRIEST OF SOTEK

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
6	45	35	39	30	55	58	35	50	69	48	12

Traits: Amphibious, Arboreal, Armour 2 (5), Bite +5, Cold-blooded, Hatred (Skaven), Night Vision, Size (Small), Spellcaster (Beasts), Venom (Challenging), Weapon +10

Skills: Animal Care 56, Channelling (*Ghur*) 75, Cool 75, Intimidate 43, Intuition 65, Lore (Lustria 65, Old Ones 60, Sotek 78), Language (Magick 70, Saurian 85), Leadership 60, Melee (Brawling 55, Polearm 56), Perception 64, Stealth (Rural) 64

Talents: Animal Affinity, Arcane Magic (Beasts), Hatred (Skaven), Public Speaker, Second Sight, War Wizard

Spells:

Arcane Magic: Blast, Drop, Entangle, Fearsome, Ward

Lore of Beasts: Hunter's Hide, Quick Passage, The Amber Spear, Vengeful Hood

Trappings: Collection of Decorated Skulls, Golden Snake Helm, Retinue of Skink Followers including two Chameleon Skinks and a Kroxigor, Serpent Swarm, Staff

CHAMELEON SKINKS

'Yenial insisted we were quite safe to rest for a moment. After all, what crude Lustrian creature could catch a troop of Shadow Warriors unawares? The keenest eyes in Ulthuan watched the treeline and saw nothing. Yet moments later, Yenial had half a dozen feathered darts in his neck and one in each of those beautiful grey eyes.'

— Miliendra of Cairn Auriel, Asur Explorer

New spawnings of Skinks can bring forth different subspecies, presumably for a hidden purpose of the Old Ones. Some Skinks are more newt-like, with smooth, wet scales, while others may have unusual frilled necks or suckered feet to climb smooth surfaces. A notable subspecies are the Chameleon Skinks.

Chameleon Skinks once spawned only in pools at Pahuax. When the forces of Chaos ripped apart that city, the Lizardmen believed that the Chameleon Skinks were lost to time. However, there have been intermittent spawnings in recent centuries across the continent and these are becoming more frequent, suggesting some ancient pattern coming into play.

Chameleon Skinks are jungle hunters par excellence, their unique physiology giving them uncanny vision and preternatural stealthiness. They prefer to live in rainforests and jungles away from the temple-cities, although they will play their part when called upon to help other Lizardmen.

The most celebrated Chameleon Skink is Oxyotl, who witnessed the fall of Pahuax and was swept into the Realms of Chaos, only to emerge in the present era apparently unscathed. Oxyotl is oblivious to the debate between Mage-Priests relating to its return, as it continues a relentless campaign of revenge against the Ruinous Powers and their followers.

CHAMELEON SKINK

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
6	20	45	30	25	40	45	30	30	25	20	6

Traits: Acute Sense (Sight), Amphibious, Arboreal, Armour 2 (4), Blowpipe +1 (20), Chameleon, Cold-blooded, Night Vision, Size (Small), Stealthy

Optional: Champion, Clever, Swamp-strider, Tracker, Wallcrawler

Skills: Dodge 50, Ranged (Blowpipe) 55, Stealth (Rural) 55

PHYSIOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY

Chameleon Skinks have the diminutive, hunched stature common to Skinks. What make them remarkable are their skin and scales, which change colour to mimic their surroundings. They are excellent climbers, able to scale trees and rock faces with their clawed feet and prehensile tail. They can hold themselves in place for many hours without moving, waiting for days observing their prey before choosing the right moment to strike.

Chameleon Skinks' eyes protrude and move independently of each other. The eyes also telescope in and out, giving them exceptional vision and awareness.

Role in Lizardmen Society

Chameleon Skinks spawn and dwell in the deepest, most remote jungle. Certain spawnings remain close to places of significance to protect them from interlopers. Others roam the land following a 'stalker', who emerges from the spawning pool with an instinctive ability to lead.

As hunters and scouts, they are invaluable to the Lizardmen, especially in warning of warm-blood incursions. Should they need to attack, Chameleon Skinks unleash a flurry of poisoned blowdarts with such pinpoint accuracy that they can even find gaps in armour. They are also adept at using the jungle against their prey, herding adversaries into a glade full of blood bats or scaring up a swarm of sabreflies.

As creatures of few words, Chameleon Skinks have developed ingenious ways to silently communicate. For example, they tie knots in creepers in specific patterns to convey surprisingly complex messages to one another and other Lizardmen.

USING CHAMELEON SKINKS IN YOUR GAME

Chameleon Skinks can almost always get the jump on a party exploring the jungle, so if you need to warn the Characters off a location or alert other Skinks to their presence, the Chameleons could prove useful. Likewise, they can protect explorers unseen. If for some reason the Lizardmen want the party to survive the jungle and its predators, a hail of darts could help at an unexpected moment.

Chameleon Skinks are unlikely to understand warm-blood languages, and they're not great communicators. Any message to intruders will be a few croaked words they've been told to repeat, rather than a conversation.

SAURUS

'Ha! They call them the Saurus — and I have to tell you, lad, they're as big, scaly, and tough as you like. I was part of an expedition out of Skeggi this one time, an attempt to chart a path to the foothills of the Grey Guardians. Fifty strong we were. A troop of the Saurus marched out of the undergrowth and tore into our group on the afternoon of the third day. It was as bloody a battle as I ever saw, and I'll remind you of my upbringing among the Krakas of Norsca, where a fight for your life are to be found easily enough. They're lumbering beasts, the Saurus, but powerful strong, hewing through those who stand against them with their stone axes stoving in heads and their snapping teeth biting hands off left and right. I took on a few of the beasts, and it were as tough a match as I've met. I really thought that was it for old Juggo, but I was in one of my umbrages, and there aint much can withstand me and my axe when I'm in my bloody minded frame of mind. Reckon I saw to it that the seven of us that managed to limp back to Skeggi made it home. Still — got to respect an enemy like that. Now, about that ale...'

— Juggo Joriksson, Norse Dwarf Berserker

'Beastmen are to be found the world over. In the tropics we find the reptilian beastman, a scale-covered brute. These monsters of Chaos inhabit the ruins of an older civilisation, undoubtedly Elven in origin.'

— Baron Eldebrand Sachs-Kusche,
Gentleman Scholar of Averheim

There was intelligent life on the planet when the Old Ones arrived. Dragons swooped through the skies, Shaggoths roamed the mountains, and Marnocks dwelt in the deep chasms. There were impossibly ancient civilisations, now no more than forgotten ruins. Most of the natives did not fit the Old Ones' plan. They instructed the Slann to breed the Saurus as soldiers, to seize the valuable species and eliminate any surplus to requirements. Legions of powerful warrior Lizardmen marched across the world to impose the will of the Old Ones through slaughter.

When Daemons burst through the Polar Gates and brought an end to the Old Ones, the Saurus fought selflessly and ferociously against the incursions. Since those dark times, they have remained dedicated to their role, to protect the weaker bodies of the Slann and Skinks against all that would do them harm. Whenever a temple-city is under threat, the Saurus march forth to fulfil their purpose. If a Slann orders an excursion beyond Lustria, the Saurus lead the warhosts into battle.

Saurus are devoted to combat and little else — it is the reason they were created. They are fearsome to look at, but within their reptilian skull is a mind which has an instinctive ability to fight and strategise. They do not devote themselves to contemplation or spiritual faith, yet their adherence to the Old Ones is resolute — the ritualised adherence of the unquestioning loyal soldier.

The Saurus take orders from the Slann and, off the battlefield, Skink Priests. Their own leaders are Oldbloods and Scar Veterans, warchiefs spawned many years ago and hardened from centuries of warfare. In times of war, they command whole hosts on behalf of their temple-cities.

SAURUS

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	35	5	45	45	15	20	18	25	65	20	18

Traits: Armour 3 (7), Bite +4, Cold-blooded, Infected (applies to their Bite attack only), Night Vision, Tail Attack +7, Weapon +8

Optional: Belligerent, Swamp-strider

Skills: Melee (Basic 50, Polearm 50)



PHYSIOLOGY AND APPEARANCE

The Saurus are as imposing in stature as they are in battle. Each one is between six and eight feet tall, with a broad, muscular frame. They have been honed for combat through the will of the Old Ones. Their tough scales and dense hide act as natural armour, and they have bony crests to protect their head and neck. With age, their scales harden and some grow protruding spurs and spikes which can deflect a blow.

Saurus have a thick neck to support a large head with a broad, blunt snout and a powerful jaw, lined with rows of pointed teeth that can rip meat from a carcass or an enemy. Saurus don't chew, instead swallowing lumps of flesh whole. A bite from a Saurus can easily cause infection, given the remnants of past meals that stick in their teeth. Their mouths are not suited for speech; an especially chatty Saurus might growl a few words in Crude Saurian and no more.

The Saurus can use its muscular tail as a weapon to trip and bludgeon enemies in combat. Their feet and hands end in cruel claws, and they have manual dexterity only sufficient to wield weapons, shields, and similar.

Unlike Skinks and Kroxit, the Saurus are not amphibious, other than those sacred to Tzunki. However, they are comfortable in water and have adaptations which allow them to lie partly submerged for long periods of time.

Saurus move slowly in response to stimulus, and in a fight, they rely on resilience and skill more than speed. They can run quickly on the battlefield, while out of combat they are steady and assured in their movements.



The Saurus spawn in underground pools below Lizardman settlements. Each spawning heralds the arrival of a new cohort, a regiment ready to fight together, each individual aligned in temperament with the others. Their lifespans are unbounded, living as long as they are needed to serve. In practice, most die within a few hundred years — the dangers of Lustria and battle make death in combat inevitable for most.

PSYCHOLOGY

The Saurus' brain is completely focused on their singular function as warriors. This can cause almost automaton-like behaviour. Unlike Skinks, Saurus do not need to engage in higher forms of reasoning — their fine-tuned reptilian brains process information and trigger actions contingent on circumstances, honed for protection and battle.

Even the sophisticated strategy of an Oldblood commander is a series of intricate decisions and judgements made by unconscious ability. They do have a form of consciousness, but it is bounded and unimaginative.

Although their combat instincts were laid down when they spawned, Saurus still learn. Experience and training improve fighting prowess and conditional responses. Saurus live in barracks and train almost continually. They rehearse potential tactics for future combat situations, laying down new behaviour patterns in advance.

Despite these characteristics, Saurus are not inflexible. They can show initiative and adaptive thinking when in battle. They can recognise allies and non-combatants and will treat them as their orders or pragmatism dictates.

Warm-bloods mistake the Saurus' brutality in combat for savagery, but this is a misconception. They do not delight in battle, they are simply performing their duty with discipline and efficiency. Saurus do not have true emotions — although a sense of self preservation in their reptilian brain can lead them to flee in moments of extreme threat, and when eating they can become aggressive. When separated from Slann or a Saurus leader for long periods of time, they can revert to their bestial instincts — such as the Saurus of the Dragon Isles.

Saurus aren't full of character, but they do differ in temperament. See page 135 for suggestions on how to give NPCs more distinction and individuality based on Marks of the Old Ones.

ROLE IN LIZARDMAN SOCIETY

The Saurus have a straightforward place in Lizardman society — they are warriors, set to fight, guard, and hunt in service to the Old Ones' plan. They know little else and do not question their role.

In war, the Oldbloods and Scar Veterans command warbands and armies, drawing on their experience and instincts to lead.

The cohorts take up their brutal weapons and march in service of their civilisation. Some Saurus strap on headdresses and golden armour as a mark of rank and ceremony. Those blessed by Itzl mount Cold Ones and ride as cavalry.

When there is no battle to fight, Saurus bask in the sun to restore their bodies, guard settlements and shrines, and practice combat. Those charged with guard roles stay almost dormant, awaiting orders or a threat. They also hunt alongside the Skinks — their prodigious need for raw meat makes this a necessity.



PICK A SIDE

The party stumbles upon a handful of Saurus fighting a mutated warband of Norsemen, led by a Chaos Spawn. The Lizardmen are losing and only intervention by an outside party would tip the battle in their favour. The Characters have been spotted by both sides.

TOP OF THE BILL

Wenlund Eldrid of the Steinhafen Pits in Salzenmund has always coveted a Saurus. If she can secure a live specimen, it will bring spectators from far and wide to watch it fight in her pits.

TEMPLE GUARD

Temple Guard are the most exalted Saurus, a rare spawning ordained to protect the Slann Mage-Priests and highest temples. It is an event of great significance when a cohort of Temple Guard emerge from the subterranean spawning pools. Skink Priests scurry around, readying the accoutrements of the guard for the new spawning — ceremonial armour, saurian bone helms, and ornamental halberds. Mage-Priests are occasionally caught unaware by such an event. They may revisit calculations and portents to discern whether this means an attack is imminent.

The Temple Guard are completely devoted to their charge. They leave their posts only when commanded by a Mage-Priest or Oldblood. They can stand for decades, practically immobile, in a state of almost suspended animation until they detect a threat. If something is stolen from their temple, the Temple Guard may leave to pursue the thief and return what they have taken.

The Temple Guard have more independent thought than the average Saurus. They have several distinct ceremonial roles:

- 💀 The Stone Warden guards the palanquin chamber.
- 💀 The Sentinel of the Blessed oversees the Skink attendants.
- 💀 The Relic Keeper guards the temple's treasures.
- 💀 The Mortuary Custodian guards the Relic Priests.
- 💀 The Revered Guardian leads the Temple Guard in battle and stands at the threshold of the Mage-Priest's chamber.
- 💀 The Eternity Warden is forever by the side of its Slann master, ready to lay down its life if necessary.

SAURUS TEMPLE GUARD

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	45	5	45	45	25	20	18	25	65	20	18

Traits: Armour 4 (8), Bite +4, Cold-blooded, Infected (applies to their Bite attack only), Night Vision, Tail Attack +7, Weapon +8

Skills: Melee (Basic 65, Polearm 65)

Talents: Combate Aware, Combat Master, Drilled, Shieldsman

SCAR VETERAN COTAZ'L, SAURUS OF SOTEK

Scar Veteran Crotaz'l spawned at an auspicious time, when the planets of Charyb, Verdra, and Lokratia were in alignment and Lustria was beset by powerful storms. As the torrential rains lashed the plazas of Xlanhuapec, Crotaz'l emerged dripping from a subterranean pool and roared to the heavens. The Skink Priests saw the lines of bright red scales arcing from Crotaz'l's snout over his back. They prophesied that this Saurus was favoured by Sotek, destined to bring vengeance to all who have defiled the domain of the Old Ones.

Crotaz'l exists to fight the Undead of the Vampire Coast. He is not content to defend Xlanhuapec and patrol the borders. He seeks revenge for the continuous harm done to Lizardmen by Harkon's forces. The Skinks believe that Sotek directs Crotaz'l to where he is needed. The Saurus is certainly blessed by the Snake God — he is over 350 years old and there have been countless rumours that he died in combat with Zombie pirates or worse... yet Crotaz'l always returns, battered and bloody but alive.

The Slann Mage-Lords Hua-Hua and Huinitenuchli agreed it best to give Crotaz'l free reign to roam the lands around Xlanhuapec, rather than have the restless Saurus pacing about the walls and agitating the Skinks. Despite being a veteran, he does not lead a permanent cohort, but marches the byways looking for battles and skirmishes to join.

APPEARANCE

Crotaz'l is a hulking Saurus, seven feet tall and broad. He has a thick turquoise hide and dense scarlet scales across his muzzle, head, back, and tail — the sacred mark of Sotek. He wears a fine, gold-plated helm of starmetal with a bone crest, and beaten gold ceremonial armour on his torso.

Draped across Crotaz'l is the pelt of Chief Skal Blightbone, a Clan Rictus warlord hired by Clan Pestilens to defend Quetzl, ironically against Luthor Harkon's Undead. The axe-hammers used to brain the Skaven chief are still Crotaz'l's weapons of choice — heavy implements suited for bludgeoning.

MOTIVATIONS

Crotaz'l is permanently on the warpath. He is subservient to the rule of Xlanhuapec and has specific instructions to wander the jungles, causeways, and tracks of the city's hinterland in search of the unliving and other despoilers. His main motivation is to kill (or re-kill) Undead, with quiet resolve and intelligence perhaps at odds with his ferocious appearance. Sometimes that means joining a warhost or patrol, at other times it necessitates simply pulverising a Zombie pirate with massive spiked hammers.

Crotaz'l is cunning and very capable of waiting for the right moment to strike. He is driven to find tactical advantage — Saurus are engineered for battle and this means finding the best way to win, not charging recklessly into combat. Crotaz'l will use the land to his advantage, setting ambushes as necessary.

Crotaz'l also recognises the threat from Quetzl, and if there are no Undead to fight, he will investigate and try to eliminate the threat from the Skaven.

AS ADVERSARY

Crotaz'l is an equal opportunity scaly murder machine. If the party are despoiling a Lizardman ruin or stealing relics, Crotaz'l could spot them and (after finding the best route of attack) take violent action. He may be accompanied by a small war party of Saurus and Skinks, which makes him a tougher prospect than appearing alone.

AS ALLY

Deep in Crotaz'l's reptilian mind, he can discern how best to eliminate the enemies of the Lizardmen — and this may include working alongside or even persuading warm-bloods to work with him for the sake of the Great Plan. This is instinctive rather than reasoned, but if Crotaz'l detects a greater threat, such as Harkon's Undead or the Skaven, he will signal a pax by holding his weapons at his sides and indicating the direction of the threat with motions of his head.

He knows that his own knowledge is limited, so any intelligence about the disposition or movements of the Lizardmen's enemies would be valuable to Crotaz'l. He won't thank the informants or give any sign of gratitude, but neither will he attack... which is a relief.



CROTAZ'L, SCAR VETERAN

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	65	5	60	57	36	38	25	43	81	25	24

Traits: Armour 4 (9), Belligerent, Bite +6, Cold-blooded, Die Hard, Infected (applies to his Bite attack only), Night Vision, Tail Attack +7, Weapon +10

Skills: Athletics 45, Cool 89, Dodge 43, Endurance 77, Intimidate 69, Intuition 49, Language (Battle) 53, Melee (Basic) 75, Outdoor Survival 63, Perception 43

Talents: Ambidextrous 2, Berserk Charge, Combat Aware, Combat Master, Disarm, Dual Wielder, Fearless (Undead), Furious Assault, Implacable, Menacing, Relentless, Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Beaten Gold Armour, Skavenpelt Cloak, Starmetal Helm, Twin Obsinite Spiked Mauls (Penetrating, Pummel)

GM ADVICE FOR USING SAURUS

First impressions of the Saurus should emphasise their animalistic appearance. Portray the obvious threat inherent in their physicality, but don't use them aggressively unless the party deserves it — the Saurus are impassive and unresponsive if there's no job for them to do.

In combat, you should always convey a combination of brutality and discipline. They are relentless but efficient, only veering into savagery on occasion. They're very tough, but they're not unbeatable. A party that defeats them in a fight should feel suitably pleased with themselves.

Use Skink interpreters if you want the Saurus to communicate with Characters — crude Saurian is limited and the Saurus will be more imposing if they remain aloof from conversation.

KROXIGOR

'Object 691: Partial cranium of mutated troll(?), discovered on wrecked Norse vessel, Lustrian coast south of Port Reaver. Extended jaw, reptilian anatomy, 4 foot end to end, with 6-inch fangs.'

— Bedauer-Schmidt Collection, Salzenmund

'We'd mopped up the little ones with Saglio's crossbows, no bother. Then the big one came out of the swamp, reared up and started killing. Horrific it was, like a crocodile tearing up a school of fish. I was the only one that got away. Last thing I saw, it was swallowing Captain Rossi whole.'

— Claudia Piedua, mercenary Sergeant

A popular debate in the meadhalls of Skeggi is the worst way to die in Lustria. All agree that one should try to avoid any death involving minuscule insects, anything involving the private parts, or any demise that takes a long time. As such, the Kroxigor probably offers one of the best ways to die — having your head swiftly bitten off or swiped from your shoulders with a 450-pound stone maul.

The Kroxigor are the most bestial of the Lizardmen, colossal hulking reptiles that dwarf even the Saurus. They tower over their brethren, silent but for the occasional loud exhalation of breath or grunt when they exert themselves. The Saurian word for these creatures has passed into the Old World lexicon, so they are known to explorers as 'Kroxigor' although they are sometimes informally called 'troglodytes'.

These creatures were engineered for manual labour, where physical strength is essential rather than skill, organisation, or attention to detail. They serve to help Skinks in construction, clearing the jungle, subduing large beasts, and carrying heavy loads. Kroxigor have a close relationship with the smallest Lizardmen, spawning as individuals in the same pools and seeing in the Skinks a kind of cold-blooded companionship.

They have a rudimentary intelligence that allows them to follow orders and take direction. Otherwise, they are docile creatures who follow around their smaller companions dutifully awaiting a task — providing they are kept fed. Thanks to their size and the demands of physical labour, Kroxigor have a tremendous appetite.

They eat meat raw, including the bodies of the fallen after a battle. A hungry Kroxigor can revert to a more bestial state, so the Skinks are proficient at keeping them sated.

In times of conflict, the Kroxigor accompany Skinks, looming over the diminutive forms of their compatriots and swinging heavy stone mauls at any foes who are stupid enough to get within range.

PHYSIOLOGY AND APPEARANCE

A Kroxigor stands over ten feet tall, thick-limbed and heavily-muscled with a dense hide and large scales covering its back, tail, and head. A bony plate rises from their upper back which gives them a slight stoop, increasing their menacing appearance to any creature looking up at them. Spiked protrusions emerge from their skull and along the length of their spine.

The sight of a Kroxigor is enough to terrify the bravest explorer. Their crocodilian head houses rows of sharp teeth in a long, powerful jaw, designed for ripping flesh from bone. Their claws and tail are natural weapons, the latter ending in a spiked or spade-like club which they swish from side to side for balance.

The Kroxigor throat and mouth are not suited for speech and they are mostly silent, able only to release a bloodthirsty roar or a subdued croak. Should they need to communicate, they convey simple messages to the Skinks with gestures and head movements.

When not working under supervision of the Skinks, Kroxigor prefer to stay cool in secluded pools where they rest submerged with the top of their head visible, like a crocodile. They are amphibious like their smaller brethren and if out of water for a long period of time they can develop a terrible smell. Lizardmen do not notice this, but warm-bloods find it repulsive.

KROXIGOR

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
6	30	5	45	45	15	20	20	20	30	15	30

Traits: Amphibious, Armour 4 (8), Bite +5, Cold-blooded, Grim 1, Night Vision, Size (Large), Stupid, Tail Attack +7, Weapon +10

Skills: Endurance 55, Melee (Two Handed) 40

Optional: Arboreal, Bestial, Distracting, Hungry, Painless, Swamp-strider



SIGN HERE PLEASE

Several Kroxigor approach a Human settlement carrying huge blocks of dressed stone, place them on the ground, leave and return with more. As the sun moves across the sky, a considerable pile of blocks are stacked next to the camp. The Kroxigor aren't aggressive and no Skinks accompany them. What is going on?

UP FROM THE DEPTHS

The Jaguar's Mouth cavern near Skeggi is a waterlogged cave entrance where an underground stream flows from beneath the earth. Several strange, perforated gold ingots recently washed out, suggesting treasure within. Deep within the submerged tunnels, a Kroxigor has spawned. It's making its way slowly to the surface and has dislodged a cache of Old One records which would interest the Lizardmen... and anyone who likes bucketloads of gold.



GM ADVICE FOR USING KROXIGOR

Think of Kroxigor like the komodo dragons or crocodiles you see at the zoo. They are impassive and uninterested in what's going on around them unless forced to pay attention. When amongst the Skinks, play up the contrast in size and the looming menace of a towering mass of muscle, claws, and teeth. Any aggression towards the smaller Lizardmen could result in a bestial roar and the Kroxigor swinging into action.

Should a party encounter a Kroxigor unaccompanied by Skinks, it will appear almost mindless, continuing with some routine task and little more. Describe how it diligently lifts, pushes, or otherwise toils at the job at hand, largely oblivious to what the Characters do. If they attack, give it a slow response — until they damage it, it may not understand that they represent a threat.

Another encounter could happen in a swamp or pool, as the Kroxigor lies almost completely submerged, waiting for a meal to walk by...

PSYCHOLOGY

Kroxigor were bred to obey and complete physically-taxing repetitive labour. Without direction, they show no initiative and react slowly with simple actions, relying on instinct for seeking food or defending themselves. When accompanied by Skinks, they act in concert with their companions, and when isolated for a long period, they repeat their last instructions until they descend into a more bestial state.

On very rare occasions, a dormant Old One-induced instinct is activated by an unidentified stimulus and a Kroxigor becomes capable of proper reasoning and complex behaviour. This only happens for a very brief period of time, during which the Kroxigor will perform some specific task before relapsing into typical docility.

ROLE IN LIZARDMEN SOCIETY

Kroxigor are found wherever the Skinks need muscle power to complete a task. They work in quarries, fell and carry lumber, and pull heavy loads around temple-cities. In the corrals, they are used to restrain and tame the great reptilian beasts of burden employed by the Lizardmen.

When necessary, the Kroxigor are brought to fight alongside the Skinks. They make for powerful support amongst their weaker companions. With their size and natural defences, Kroxigor can fight well unarmed, but they usually carry large bludgeoning maces and spiked mauls made from stone and metal.

In some settlements, Kroxigor are used as guards, especially where there are few Saurus available. In the commune of Chalza, for example, the Skink Priest Koka'tatl is always accompanied by two Kroxigor. In Tlaxtlan, armoured Kroxigor guard the Gateway of Tlaztlan.

They are respected by Skinks for the invaluable role they play in the Great Plan, if not for their stimulating conversation. Kroxigor of great age or stature are particularly exalted. Nakai the Wanderer is an ancient, nomadic Kroxigor that appears when the Lizardmen need assistance, answering the obscure instincts which have carried it across Lustria for many centuries.

Nakai's arrival is a cause for celebration and a sign of important events to come. Nakai is adorned with golden tokens which the Skinks have hung upon its body in tribute to its coming.



SKILLS, TALENTS, AND TRAITS

NEW TRAITS

Telepathy

The creature can communicate without words, using the power of its mind to transmit and read thoughts. If the subject wants to resist their thoughts being read, they must pass an **Average (+20) Cool** Test.

Chameleon

The creature can change colour to blend into its surroundings, which makes it very hard to see. **Perception** Tests to spot the creature suffer a -4 SL penalty, reduced to -2 if the creature is moving. Shooting at the creature suffers a -2 SL penalty to the **Ranged** Test.

Marks of the Old Ones

Rare Lizardmen are marked by the Old Ones, chosen for a great destiny. These spawnings can be represented by applying the following changes to the profile of Skinks, Saurus, or Kroxitgor. For Skinks, these changes stack with any improvements from their caste (see page 139).

It is possible, although extremely rare, for an individual or cohort of Lizardmen to spawn marked by more than one Old One. In that case, combine the bonuses.

MARKS OF THE OLD ONES

Sacred Marking	Marking	Portent	Profile	Traits	Talents
Chotec	Vermilion or orange	Inspired by the Sun God	Initiative +10 Ag+10	None	Combat Reflexes
Huanchi*	Black	Exceptional stealth	Initiative +5 Ag+10	Dark Vision Stealthy	Shadow
Itzil*	Great crest	Command over beasts	Ag+5 Fel+5	None	Animal Affinity
Quetzl	Bony protrusions and thick hide	Protective resilience	T+5 Armour +1	Hardy	Implacable
Sotek	Blood red	Relentless ferocity	WS+10 S+5	Hatred (Skaven), Immunity (Poison)	Berserk Charge
Tepok*	Purple	Profound understanding	Initiative +5 Int+15	Magic Resistance 1	Sixth Sense
Tlazcotl	Yellow	Impassive determination	WP+10	None	Fearless (Undead, Warm-bloods)
Tzunki	Sea Green	Agility and keen eyesight	BS+5 Ag+5	Amphibious	Acute Sense (Sight)
Mark of the Old Ones*	White	Destined for greatness	Fel+15	Leader	Luck

*Skink and Saurus only

COATL

The observations in Corenzo's logbook suggest the coatl is a beast of some intelligence, wondrous and ancient — a mystery even to the lizard-folk themselves.'

— High Priestess Stalmetz of Carroburg

'In my opinion, travellers' tales of winged snakes reveal the imbecility of those who venture away from their library. It's self-evident that these "coat-tails" are a breed of tropical wyvern, as crude and mindless as the monsters we find in the Old World.'

— Baron Eldebrand Sachs-Kusche,
Gentleman Scholar of Averheim

In the deepest primaeval jungles, far from the crumbling roads of ancient civilisation, the sacred sites of the Old Ones stand silent, witnesses to thousands of years of history. Bizarre edifices designed to harness mysterious forces lay dormant amongst the cycads and ferns, shaded beneath a canopy of dense leaves and vines. Tales of riches are common in Lustria, but it is the promise of magical and inscrutable power which brings explorers to the sacred sites. As ever, the farsighted Old Ones foresaw the greed which would bring the unworthy to these places. They granted the Coatl a grave responsibility to protect their sites from any who would exploit them for their own ends.

The Coatl are rare flying serpentine creatures charged with guarding sacred sites. While they are not truly Lizardmen themselves, it seems that they are closely aligned with their intentions to realise the Old Ones' Great Plan.

The Coatl are highly intelligent creatures with mastery of the Winds of Magic. They are solitary and bound in some way to the sites which they protect, which limits their freedom to wander far afield. They prefer to stay away from the temple-cities and other settlements, emerging only when brought to defend their site or ally with the Lizardmen to see off a great threat. The Coatl use magic to manipulate the flora and fauna of the jungle, turning it against interlopers like a weapon. They are not aggressive by nature, but when attacked, they swoop down on thunder clouds summoned from the heavens.

Even the Lizardmen know little of the Coatl. The Skinks believe they are emissaries of the Old One Tepok and revere them with prayer and offerings. The Slann have no doubt that the Coatl are part of the Great Plan and carry the favour of the Old Ones, although they are not under the control of the Mage-Priests.

Rapacious Humans hunt the Coatl for its feathers and skin — they can fetch a good price in Skeggi or a fortune in Marienburg. Lustrian greenskins prize Coatl flesh as a particular delicacy. Norse settlers believe the Coatl are Daemons of the Great Schemer, although their seers have met only bloody death when trying to commune with them in the Dark Tongue.

PHYSIOLOGY AND APPEARANCE

Coatl have a huge, snake-like body, typically over 20 feet long, although some are larger. They have an unsettling, sinuous beauty, covered in prismatic scales that glisten in the Lustrian sun. Rows of bright feathers run down their spine, ending at their tail — which is sometimes forked.

The wings of a Coatl are a sight to behold. With huge sweeping pinions covered in multi-coloured feathers, the Coatl can sweep through the dense jungle or soar through the skies, carried aloft by winds of their own conjuring. By twining through the air, they weave patterns with the Winds of Magic, casting spells with their whole body's movements. Coatl are inherently magical and their feathers carry a residual essence of enchantment.

The Coatl's head is reminiscent of a Dragon or a serpent, perhaps a sign of some ancestral allegiance. They cannot speak and, like the Slann, communicate solely by means of telepathy, implanting notions and concepts into the minds of those they encounter.

Their scales and feathers vary greatly, although purples and blues predominate, an indicator of the Coatl's allegiance to Tepok. Each decade, they shed their skins. Their casts are valued by the Skinks as powerful totems, especially when fashioned into cloaks or banners.

PSYCHOLOGY

If the Lizardmen are difficult for warm-bloods to understand, the Coatl are even more alien in their outlook and mindset. They are enigmatic and wilful, their intelligence far different to the mortals they encounter. It may be that they possess some natural prophetic abilities, gifted by the Old Ones. Like the Lizardmen, they are cold-blooded and almost emotionless — they are difficult to rouse unless forced to defend their site. Should this happen they are relentless in their attack, exhibiting a cold, purposeful fury in their duty.

Coatl prefer to stay concealed, hiding in the treetops observing those that pass. They will communicate with any being that gets too close to their site, warning them to stay away or inquiring of their purpose if there is no obvious threat. Coatl have a natural aversion to anything tainted by *Dhar* or Chaos — such entities will not get the benefit of the doubt.

RELATIONS WITH LIZARDMEN

The Coatl stay close to their remote sacred sites and keep their dealings with the Lizardmen limited. The Coatl retain their independence and ally with the Lizardmen as equals, not vassals. At times they fly to a pyramid-temple to commune with a Slann or Skink Priest, sharing only that which is necessary to benefit both parties.

The Skinks see Coatl as holy creatures, messengers or emissaries of the Old Ones. The diminutive Lizardmen sometimes worship Coatl as avatars of Tepok and other gods, projecting their own conceptions onto creatures that offer no contradiction or confirmation of what the Skinks believe. For example, Xa'Qua the Vengeance guards the Infinity Chasm, an Old One site two days' travel south of Lake Incatol. The Skinks in the vicinity worship it as an emissary of Sotek and Tepok, proffering animal sacrifices to gain its favour.

When a temple-city is attacked by invaders, the Coatl may join the Lizardmen in battle. At the Rout of Aymara, the Empire captain Lord Gehirnmeister insists he saw a Skink Priest riding a Coatl, but he had just taken a massive blow to the head from a Kroxit.

CLOAK OF FEATHERS

The Skinks gather feathers cast off by the Coatl and weave them into magical cloaks. A Cloak of Feathers grants the wearer the *Flight 45* and *Magic Resistance 2* Traits.

COATL

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
2	51	—	35	55	35	20	—	75	85	20	42

Traits: Arboreal, Armour 4 (9), Bite +10, Cold-blooded, Flight 90, Grim 1, Magical, Night Vision, Size (Large), Spellcaster (Heavens, Life, Light), Telepathy, Territorial, Terror 1, Ward 8+

Optional: Constrictor, Horns +6, Size (Enormous), Spellcaster (*Aqshy, Chamon, Ghur, Shyish or Ulg*), Stealthy, Venom



LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN SNAKE

A golden Coatl emerges from the jungle outside a Human camp and observes the explorers from a distance. It returns periodically over the next few weeks and inspires a small cult. The Reman merchant Abramo Tabani claims it is an Avatar of Solkan and demands that the expedition must sacrifice to the Coatl anyone they believe is tainted.

ILL COMMUNICATION

The party hear thrashing in the jungle ahead and find a Coatl struggling on the ground, dying from some unknown Skaven plague. It projects a desperate plea into their minds — the Crucible of Life needs a new protector; they must tell the Lizardmen at Chaqua.

GM ADVICE FOR USING COATL

Meeting a Coatl should be a momentous event for any party — they are rare, powerful, and mysterious. Describe them as a creature of wonder, both terrifying and marvellous. It's immediately apparent why the Skinks worship them.

When playing the Coatl, don't converse in words; instead, suggest images and sensations to convey meaning. Whatever you do, keep it mysterious and the Coatl's motives unfathomable. They are essentially benevolent to those that don't threaten them or their sites, and willing to ally with Characters who can help their interests.

TLAT'L THE ENIGMA

The Skinks tell stories of Tlat'l the Enigma. They say that it dwells on the threshold between this reality and a realm where the Old Ones still rule the earth. They say that it can freeze and reverse time, to undo wrongs or restore the Great Plan where an event took it off course. Tlat'l reveals nothing of its nature or purpose, for the Old One Tepok gifted it a sacred calling which none other need know.

The Mirror Pool of Tepok is one of Lustria's most powerful sites. The legends tell that those who gaze into its waters can commune with any entity, even the gods themselves — and they may choose to reveal something of the future. The pool is a perfectly circular lake, its surface the still silver of a mirror reflecting the dark sky above. It is always twilight here — approaching the mirror pool, a voyager finds the constant noise of the jungle falls away, leaving an oppressive silence akin to the atmosphere of a great cathedral. There are no structures here, no stelae or other signs of Lizardmen presence, other than offerings of silver and fruit placed reverently against the surrounding trees.

The Skinks leave these offerings in homage to Tlat'l, who they venerate as an avatar of Tepok. On occasion, they find a single purple feather from the Coatl's plumage, which they take as a sign of favour from Tepok itself. Tlat'l is seen rarely. When it appears, it comes swiftly and without warning, swooping from the heavens on amaranthine thunder clouds.

Tlat'l was not always guardian of the Mirror Pool of Tepok. Once, the rogue sorceress Tiriel Rielspar led a column of Dark Elves to steal power from the pool. A great host from Hexoatl mustered to stop the Druchii and, after a battle on the shores of the lake, Rielspar was flung screaming into the waters as an offering to Tepok. When next the Lizardmen returned to the pool, they encountered Tlat'l, seemingly sent by the Old Ones themselves to guard the site from future intruders.

Since that day, Tlat'l the Enigma has protected the Mirror Pool of Tepok, permitting strangers to approach only when they are deemed worthy. It is unknown how the Coatl judges someone worthy, but to approach without its permission means certain death, even for the Lizardmen.

The Bretonnian knight Sir Julien of Desfleuve believed the pool was the end of his quest for the grail. Upon seeing Tlat'l, he sought to slay it in the name of the Lady. Two hundred years later, the knight remains propped neatly against a tree root, arms crossed as though in a peaceful sleep.

APPEARANCE

Tlat'l the Enigma is a large Coatl with an especially long serpentine body that undulates gracefully behind its magnificent wings, ending in a forked tail. Its spine sports a crest of purple feathers and its gleaming blue scales are lined with short bony spikes. Tlat'l's wings are colossal, at least 30 feet from tip to tip. The pinion feathers are especially splendid, shading from deep blues through indigo and dazzling violet. Many years ago, the Skink Priest Eczli approached Tlat'l with a magnificent golden mask, embedded with jade and other gems. The Coatl permitted the Skinks to place the mask onto its head and has worn it since.

The legends surrounding Tlat'l are a little fanciful, but there is an element of truth. It can command the Winds of *Azyr*, *Hysb*, and *Ghyran*, but Tepok has also gifted it with an aptitude for manipulating *Shyish*, especially those spells which affect the passage of time. The Coatl uses these abilities in conjunction with *Azyr* and the powers of the pool to view the distant past and the far future, looking for threats to its territory.

MOTIVATIONS

Tlat'l is charged with protecting the Mirror Pool of Tepok from those who seek to corrupt the world and work against the Great Plan. Sometimes this is obvious, such as the attack by Rielspar or the depredations of the Norse vitki Stomm Lurgolf. But Tlat'l can see glimpses of the future — it can discern those who may go on to corrupt the world, even if their current ambitions are benevolent. Any who approach the pool with a noble future, or perhaps one which Tlat'l cannot see, will be allowed to gaze into the waters.

The Coatl both responds to intruders in the moment, and seeks to anticipate threats to the pool which are still to come. Scrying the future is an imperfect art and Tlat'l cannot stray more than a few miles from the lake's shore, so it seeks information on potential threats and hostile forces further afield, which it can pass on to Skink supplicants to alert Hexoatl.

The worldview of Tlat'l is inexplicable to all but itself. Within its inscrutable mind, it has an urge for companionship, another entity with which it can converse about the world in ancient days when it was brought into being. Looking deep into the Mirror Pool, it has seen itself in communion with a Dragon, a majestic beast with brilliant white and pale blue scales.

TLAT'L AS ADVERSARY

If the Party are in Skeggi or talk to any old Lustria hand, they learn of the legendary Mirror Pool of Tepok. Rumours abound that one can gaze into the future or make requests of any being, living or dead, mortal, god, or Daemon. If the party approach close to the pool, they will encounter Tlat'l and, if their intentions are ignoble, it will attack.

Tlat'l initially commands the jungle to repel and restrain those who come to the Mirror Pool. Smaller creatures from the Bestiary will attack and plants will move of their own accord to block paths through the undergrowth. If the party persist, Tlat'l itself will swoop down, casting a series of attack spells from the Lore of Heavens. It will stay in the air, away from close combat.

TLAT'L AS PATRON OR ALLY

Tlat'l will only attack those who it deems a threat to the Mirror Pool or who want to take its power for themselves. It is restricted from travelling too far from the site, so it would value those who can bring it knowledge of the wider world. It might communicate telepathically with a Character (ideally a wizard or Elf) and ask them to seek intelligence about a vision it has seen in the pool. Tlat'l might also request their help in neutralising a threat from a distance.

As a reward, Tlat'l will grant a Character a feather as a token, or even a glimpse into the Mirror Pool itself. They will also gain +1 SL to Fellowship Tests with Skinks in the vicinity.

TLAT'L FEATHER

A feather given freely by Tlat'l has some residual magical power, a remnant of the Coatl's own will. It can be used once to remove 1 point of Corruption or provide 1 Fortune point. Once used, the feather burns to ash with a harmless purple flame.



TLAT'L THE ENIGMA, COATL PROTECTOR

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
2	52	-	35	55	56	35	-	86	95	23	44

Traits: Arboreal, Armour 5 (10), Bite +5, Cold-blooded, Flight 90, Grim 2, Size (Large), Spellcaster (Death, Heavens, Life, Light), Stealthy, Telepathy, Territorial, Terror 1, Ward 8+, Weapon (Jaws) +7

Skills: Channelling (*Azyr, Ghyan, Hysh, Shyish*) 100, Cool 99, Intimidate 56, Intuition 73, Language (Magick 97), Lore (Lustria 95, Old Ones 90), Melee (Brawling) 65, Perception 73, Stealth (Rural) 75, Track 67

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Instinctive Diction, Resistance (Chaos), Second Sight, Sixth Sense

Spells:

Lore of Death: Amaranth, Ashes and Dust, Crystal Maze, Speed of Lykos

Lore of Heavens: Cerulean Shield, Enemy Foreseen, Storm of Shemtek, T'Essl'a's Arc

Lore of Life: Forest of Thorns, Geyser, Lifebloom, Regenerate, Vital Growth

Lore of Light: Banishment, Blinding Light, Net of Amyntok

Trappings: Golden Mask

LIZARDMAN SOCIETY

Lizardman civilisation is a living, breathing society where every creature strives for a greater purpose. Daily life in the temple-cities is as involved and complex as any intelligent species' community, although the prevailing order and strange lack of individual ambition makes everything more harmonious.

While Lizardman settlements are more uniform than Human, Elf, or Dwarf equivalents, there is variation between temple-cities in how society is ordered. The Slann Mage-Priests, predominant Old Ones, and factors like geographical location and natural resources all create differences — for example, life in Hexoatl is more martial, thanks to Mazdamundi's aggression towards Old World incursions. In Xlanhuapēc, the Skink Priests take a greater role in ordering the city, with a bewildering proliferation of acolytes in ritual roles.

SETTLEMENTS

The greatest Lizardman settlements are the temple-cities, both ruined and intact. Lizardmen also live in smaller settlements, tributary to the great temple-cities.

Nomadic Bands

Some Skink bands travel continuously through the jungle, along river valleys and across mountains and plains. After spawning, the cohort feels driven to move through the land, associating with whatever temple-city territory they encounter. These Skinks are unconsciously following the lines of the Geomantic Web on ancient migratory patterns laid down by the Old Ones.

Skink Camps

The smallest settlements are little more than camps. These semi-permanent villages consist of one cohort living in simple huts close to their spawning pool. Led by a Skink chief, they maintain a loose affiliation with a temple-city and concern themselves chiefly with hunting and foraging. Skink camps provide scouts to monitor the jungle over a wide area. The braves hunt and tether great reptiles which they lead to the city as tribute. An example is Huank'haxa, a small hunting camp near Spektazuma, where the Skinks hunt giant beetles and bats.

Communes

Larger communes consist of several cohorts clustered around a minor shrine, Old One site, or infrastructure such as a quarry or mine. There may be Saurus amongst the Skinks serving as guards. These settlements are equivalent to small towns, and provide military tribute, food, and other natural resources to the more populous temple-cities. Botl'hua is such a commune, centred around a Shrine to Quetzl on the bank of the River Amaxon.

Temple Precincts and Holy Ziggurats

These settlements are located on lesser tributaries of the Geomantic Web, smaller than temple-cities but important in their own right. They consist of a temple ziggurat surrounded by lesser shrines and barrios. They may be ruled over by a late generation Mage-Priest, who bows to an older Slann ruling from the nearest temple-city. The Sentinels of Xeti are a significant landmark with an associated settlement of this size.

TRAVEL

Temple-cities are dependent on one another for resources, mutual military aid, and information. Even with Slann telepathy, there are occasions when messages must be passed between settlements by Skink heralds. Most travel by foot, but they also make use of Terradons if the message is urgent. Flying over the jungle canopy cuts many days off travel times.

When a large force must be transported swiftly over a great distance, the Slann will risk the Paths of the Old Ones.

Roads

Before the Great Catastrophe, the Lizardmen built long, straight roads along the lines of the Geomantic Web, lined with statues and paved with the same fine stone masonry as their buildings. Many are still in use, although others are lost beneath the jungle, submerged by rivers, or collapsed into ravines opened up in the intervening millennia. Some of the intact roads rise high on piers or plunge directly through mountains, never deviating from their path.

On a Lizardman road one could meet a band of Skinks travelling between settlements, traders or animal handlers, a Saurus patrol, or even a Slann on some mysterious excursion with an entourage of Temple Guard, Saurus warriors, and a multitude of Skink attendants.

Tunnels

There are networks of underground caves and tunnels permeating the rock beneath Lustria. Some are the work of the ancients, marked with dressed flags and stone animal faces. Others are natural fissures, spanning many miles beneath the jungle and deep into the earth. The Lizardmen use tunnels to move surreptitiously through the continent. The masters of Lustria know that these routes are risky — there are creatures below the ground that still resent the coming of the Old Ones. In the north, the tunnels extend into the Underworld Sea, the gloomy subterranean realm used by the Druchii to move south from Naggaroth.

Water

The Lizardmen maintain long canals cutting through the landscape in strips of green, brackish water. Skinks and Kroxigor transport heavy cargo on sturdy rafts, propelling them by swimming alongside. There are ruined canals, drained of water or infested with vicious parasites.

On rivers, the Lizardmen use barges and tamed Pliadons, massive aquatic reptiles trained to act as ferries or pull boats. Each Pliadon is mastered by a Skink Water Chief, blessed by Itzl to take control of their mount.

LIZARDMAN RITUAL AND BELIEF

Lizardmen organise their time by the movement of the stars and a schedule of rituals, each intended to order society and maintain the progress of the Great Plan. From the daily morning ritual of the 'Supreme Veneration of Chotec' to the once-in-a-millennium 'Procession of the Divine Chariot of Inhamex', Skinks and Slann mark time with rites and formal routines which combine religious practice with the practical needs of a busy society.

All rituals are precisely timed to coincide with the movements of celestial bodies. Skink Priests and Slann work on lunar and solar cycles and express time in terms of the relationship between cosmic phenomena — transits, conjunctions, and oppositions between stars and planets. Skink Astronomers take readings from the heavens on behalf of the Mage-Priests, while Astrologers interpret heavenly portents to direct the Lizardmen's actions.

The calendar is hugely important to Lizardmen — most temple-cities have Calendar Priests who track the millennia on huge stone disks representing long cycles of time. The Skinks view the passing of the year as Sotek shedding its skin and beginning anew.

Worship of the Old Ones also includes the diligent recording and retelling of the deeds of the forebears and the Old Ones. A small army of Skink scribes are continually copying records and codices to keep a library of lore and data intact.

Right and Wrong

Crime and punishment are concepts with little meaning for the Lizardmen. When your very existence is to understand and enact the Old Ones' plan, the idea of deviating from your purpose is inconceivable.

However, Lizardmen do occasionally behave in unexpected ways. Should any act against their pre-ordained role, the Skink Priests will frantically try to work out how their behaviour fits into the plan, as surely it must be some unforeseen eventuality laid down by the Old Ones?

If the strange behaviour is particularly unusual, the Priests will consult a Mage-Priest — whose great wisdom will no doubt explain events. If the unusual behaviour escalates or spreads to other Lizardmen, this must be some major shift in the Great Plan. Prophecies are consulted and, all too often, the Slann initiate a decades-long debate as to how the anomaly fits with their cosmic algorithms. The Rise of Sotek was such an instance, where deviant behaviour amongst Skinks changed Lizardman civilisation permanently.

If the behaviour causes harm to Lizardmen, their artefacts, or their buildings, then there will be swift removal of the perpetrator followed by an invocation to Xapati.

Chaotic corruption is different. Lizardmen are almost immune to the mutating and twisting effects of Chaos, but daemonic possession can still happen. Any sign of erratic behaviour attributed to the influence of Chaos is met with the cold, logical application of Slann magic to banish the Daemon and destroy the vessel.

Daily Life

If an explorer arrives in a temple-city (assuming they stay well hidden) what will they see the Lizardmen doing?

Most Skinks and Kroxigor are working. They're transporting food and goods, toiling on construction projects and maintaining the buildings. Scribes and archivists are scurrying past, clutching ledgers and tablets, Skink Priests and their acolytes chant and dance in ritual time, while small groups of attendants run up and down pyramid steps to serve their Mage-Priest. Skinks work continuously, stopping only to eat a fistful of grubs and bask in the sun when exhaustion gets the better of them. On the fringes of the settlement, small bands of skirmishers patrol the jungle, foraging and hunting for small game.

The Saurus are training in the barracks or standing guard, uncomplaining as the sun beats down. Several cohorts patrol the perimeters in a close-drilled march.

There's not much in the way of clothing. Skinks and Saurus may wear decorated loincloths, amulets and arm-rings, all with ritual significance. Priests, chiefs, and high-ranking individuals wear headdresses and sometimes beaten metal chestplates. In some temple-cities, feathers are commonly worn by Skinks, their colours carefully chosen based on the wearer's role, the position of the stars, and so on. Elsewhere, skins are worn — jaguar furs, reptilian hides, and similar.

Lizardmen don't get bored, so when biology dictates that they must rest from work, they occupy their time in ways that progress the Great Plan, but which warm-bloods might call 'leisure pursuits':

Storytelling. Priests and acolytes recount tales of past events as a teaching exercise — a means to impart vital knowledge to their fellow Lizardmen. No Skink recognises that the warm inner glow they experience during a good story comes from being *entertained*.

Board games. Saurus Oldbloods learn and rehearse battle tactics by moving onyx pieces on a stone tablet to represent troop movements. Skinks have adopted this game and added victory conditions, an element of competition, and random mechanics dependent on the current position of the stars. Priests use it for divination purposes, with quadrants on the board representing the heavens.

Agriculture and Trade

Lizardmen are largely carnivorous and a considerable portion of their diet comes from hunting. They manage populations of prey animals carefully, allowing herds to flourish close to settlements as a ready food supply. Herbivorous saurians and mammals such as tapirs, apes, anteaters, and giant sloths are preferred quarry. Swamps and rivers are a bounteous source of fish, eels, and giant frogs, which make excellent eating. Meat is preserved in cold, underground chambers.

Most meat feeds the appetites of Saurus and Kroxigor and there is little remaining for the Skinks. Hence they maintain insect breeding chambers, where swarms of beetles, grubs, and other nutritious delicacies are bred for food. Lustria has many species of giant insect and Skinks particularly favour the blood-engorged delights of the Giant Tick.

This meat diet is supplemented with a limited variety of food crops, also used to trade with other temple-cities and even, on occasion, warm-blood settlers. Skinks cultivate maize, gourds, beans, squash, cassava, and several varieties of aquatic weed. They also ferment a mildly-alcoholic cactus beverage which is quite delicious, even to warm-bloods.

Lizardmen do not forge or use iron; instead they mainly use cold working to make metal goods — beating and bending bronze, silver, copper, and gold into shape. The limits of their metallurgy is the making of bronze and the forging of starmetal, a hard, silvery alloy made and shaped through a mystical process attended by secret rituals.

Trade is conducted without currency, just extremely complex book-keeping between Lizardman settlements. Most goods exchanged between settlements are raw commodities such as metal, food, and ore, although crafted goods also change hands.

Skink chiefs have found that Human settlers can be placated and even prove helpful if permitted to trade for food and raw materials, although for some reason they seem to prefer scraps of gold.

The Lizardmen employ several beasts of burden, tamed sauropods and reptiles to carry heavy loads or similar. Large reptiles like the Stegadon and Bastilodon are pressed into service during construction.

War and Defence

For such an advanced civilisation, Lizardman weapons are surprisingly simple. They wield clubs and toothed blades, fashioned from gold, starmetal, or obsinite, a super-hardened stone made from volcanic glass. Skinks also use missile weapons, favouring blowpipes, javelins, and, in some cases, short bows. Darts and arrows are tipped with poisons taken from tree frogs (treat as Black Lotus, see page 158 in **WFRP**).

Given the protection offered by scales, bronze, gold, and copper armour is chiefly decorative or ceremonial. Lizardmen may carry shields made from hardwoods, beaten metal, or the shells of Lustrian river turtles.

When attacked, Saurus are the core of defence — whether part of an army or just a patrol. Skinks tend to skirmish or scout, harrying the enemy with missile weapons and keeping away from close combat where possible. When Kroxigors go into battle, they accompany Skinks, drawing fire and offering towering support to their smaller brethren.

Art and Music

In the bustling streets of the Skink barrios and on the plazas of the temple-cities, art and music play a role in the cultural life of the Lizardmen. Despite their cold-blooded nature, the Skinks can appreciate visual arts and music for their role in venerating the Old Ones.

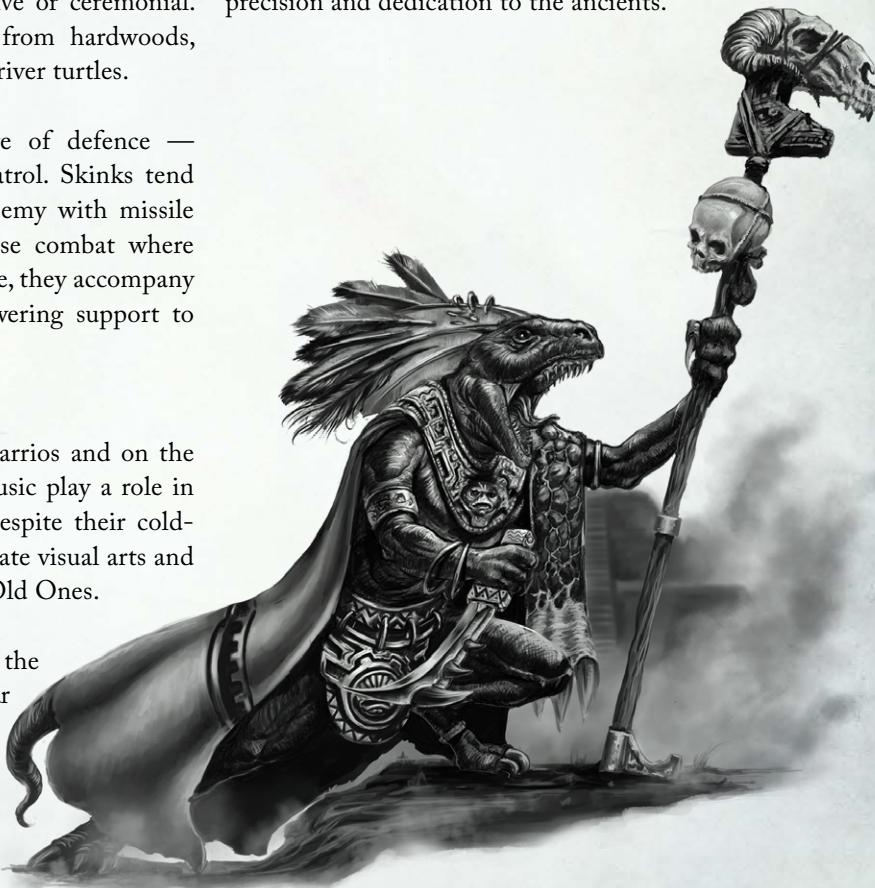
Music is ritualistic and helps harmonise the thoughts and actions of those who hear it. It is a tool for war parties keeping in step, for priests marking ceremonies, and for labourers synchronising their efforts. Skink musicians blow haunting peals on shell trumpets and reed pipes.

Percussionists play hardwood xylophones with beaters made from horn.

Saurus respond to rhythmic sounds, such as skin drums and turtle shells struck with bone clubs. Kroxigors are especially keen to join in with music — given large drums by the Skinks, they keep excellent time but have no 'swing'.

Visual arts are also important. The walls of settlements are decorated with murals and frescoes, depicting the gods, the deeds of the Lizardmen, and the many flora and fauna of Lustria. The Skinks use brilliant colours and pigments to paint in a formal, rectilinear style. The walls are a public record of history and the future.

Skink artisans lack the finesse of Dwarfs or Elves. Their jewellery and metal artefacts are solid rather than beautiful. Sculptors and masons are rather more accomplished — the many statues, stelae, and relief carvings of the temple-cities are a testament to their precision and dedication to the ancients.



SKINK PLAYER CHARACTERS

In comparison to other Character species, Lizardmen are generally emotionally blank, driven toward a predestined role, and subservient to their Slann masters. Therefore we do not think they make promising material for Player Characters. However, given that Skinks possess a degree of wit, initiative, and curiosity about the world, the opportunity to play one is outlined.

Playable Skinks should only be allowed in games if both the Players and the GM are keen on the idea. **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay** does lean on the Human experience of the world as a major theme, and fans of Skink Characters should not expect adventures and setting material to appear for such Characters. Skinks regard the settlements and nations of Old Worlders as alien and hostile places, and Old Worlders regard Skinks in the same way.

Without the support of their own society, Skinks would find foreign lands just as hostile and unhealthy as visitors from the Old World find life in Lustria. The rules presented below assume that a Skink Character, or Characters, is involved in an adventure in Lustria. GMs should consider that Skinks abroad will suffer from the effects of cooler climates, diseases, and hostile social attitudes.

Skinks do possess some individuality, but they are still defined by their limitations as much as their potentials. In particular, Skinks do not follow careers so much as they are committed to a life path, and as such their opportunities to learn from experience are fewer than other Player Characters.

With this in mind, there are very special circumstances in which a Skink might ally with adventurers in Lustria, and these rules reflect that possibility, albeit that the likelihood is slim.

Starting Skills, Talents, and Creature Traits

You may choose 2 Skills in which to gain 5 Advances each, and 2 Skills to gain 3 Advances each. You may select 2 Talents from the choices listed. You begin with all the listed Creature Traits.

SKINK CHARACTERISTICS

	Skink	Chameleon Skink
Weapon Skill	2d10+10	2d10+10
Ballistic Skill	2d10+25	2d10+35
Strength	2d10+20	2d10+20
Toughness	2d10+15	2d10+15
Initiative	2d10+30	2d10+30
Agility	2d10+30	2d10+35
Dexterity	2d10+20	2d10+20
Intelligence	2d10+20	2d10+20
Willpower	2d10+15	2d10+15
Fellowship	2d10+15	2d10+10
Wounds	(2 × TB)+WPB	(2 × TB)+WPB
Fate	1	0
Resilience	0	0
Extra Points	2	2
Movement	6	6

Skink

Skills: Athletics, Climb, Dodge, Melee (Basic), Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ranged (Bow, Blowpipe, or Throwing), Stealth (Rural)

Talents: Accurate Shot, Coolheaded, Lightning Reflexes, Nimble-Fingered, Savvy, Warrior Born

Creature Traits: Amphibious, Arboreal, Armour 1 (Scaly Skin), Cold-blooded, Night Vision, Size (Small)

Chameleon Skink

Skills: Athletics, Climb, Dodge, Melee (Basic), Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ranged (Blowpipe, Bow, or Throwing), Stealth (Rural)

Talents: Accurate Shot, Coolheaded, Lightning Reflexes, Nimble-Fingered, Savvy

Creature Traits: Acute Sense (Sight), Amphibious, Arboreal, Armour 1 (Scaly Skin), Chameleon, Cold-blooded, Night Vision, Size (Small), Stealthy

Generate a Career

Careers are alien to Skinks; they are spawned with a particular role assigned to them and may not deviate during their lifetime. They may not change Career, no matter how experienced they become.

SKINK CAREERS

Career	Role in Lizardman Society	Skink	Chameleon Skink
Physician	The Skink equivalent to the regular career.	01–03	–
Scholar	Skink scholars are less interested in innovating new understandings of a subject, or analysing existing schools of thought. They are more suited to the administration of temple-cities, but they can grow knowledgeable of local archives for the benefit of their Slann masters. Any Skink who generates a Scholar Character may choose to be an Interpreter instead.	04–07	–
Wizard	This career can be used to represent the Skink Priest archetype. If you have access to Winds of Magic , you may prefer to use the Astromancer, Druid, or Shaman careers instead.	08	–
Artisan	Skink Artisans maintain the temple cities and create artefacts of wood, beaten metal, and stone. They tend to find the smelting of metal an alien concept, but their own work is often of equivalent quality to Human smiths.	09–13	–
Merchant	Accruing wealth is an alien concept to Lizardmen. However, they still need to manage the production and movement of goods, even if they do so in a spirit of altruism. Occasionally, a temple-city facing shortfalls will haggle with its neighbours, though usually for promises of future cooperation in return, rather than payment. Some rare Skinks also trade with warm-bloods.	14–16	–
Townsman	Skinks in the barrios of the temple-cities tend to involve themselves in the distribution of food and other resources.	17–33	–
Envoy	Rare Skinks may be allotted roles to approach the administrators of other temple-cities for news or favours. They may even appeal to warm-blooded creatures on occasion.	34–36	–
Noble	This Career stands in for those rare individuals destined to be Skink chiefs.	37	01
Servant	Many Skinks fulfil the role of Servant, and busy themselves with cleaning the temple-cities, attending to other Lizardmen, and carrying out simple administrative duties.	38–50	–
Herbalist	These Skinks are typically tasked with finding ingredients for use by Physicians, but may learn a little healing art as they develop.	51–53	–
Hunter	A common role for Skinks, tasked with acquiring meat in peace time, and forming cohorts of skirmishing troops in war.	54–60	–
Miner	Skinks make use of copper and precious metals, and operate many mines in the Spine of Sotek and Grey Guardian mountain ranges.	61–64	–
Mystic	An option for a more feral sort of Skink Priest that may be encountered in wilder Skink communities. Any Skink who generates a Mystic Character may choose to be an Oracle instead.	65	–
Scout	Whilst they are at home in Lustria, even Lizardman forces and expeditions benefit from Scouts.	66–69	02–100
Villager	Skinks in more isolated communities may either be cut off from the temple-cities, or support them through the raising of crops or livestock.	70–85	–
Entertainer	Although Lizardmen find the concept of entertainment rather alien, they do still indulge in music, dance, and theatrics for ceremonial and martial purposes.	86–88	–
Messenger	Communication between Lizardman sites is mostly carried out via telepathic contact, but a cadre of messengers is on call for less important messages, or as an emergency contingency.	89–92	–
Boatman	Given that Skinks (and Kroxigor) are strong swimmers, much ferrying, fishing, and transportation is achieved without the need for a boat. However, a cadre of Skinks with the skills to manage a boat are kept by most large Lizardman communities.	92–94	–
Huffer	A small cadre of Skinks will be tasked with ensuring that temple-cities are kept abreast of changes in the flows of local rivers, or condition of local coasts.	95	–
Outlaw	To be outside the law has little meaning to Skinks, though there may be those who are spawned beyond the knowledge of the Slann, and whose feral lives bear some equivalence to Human bandits.	96–97	–
Soldier	Committed Skink soldiery are rare, as it is the preserve of the Saurus, but some, particularly those marked by Sotek, devote themselves to the cohorts with military discipline.	98–100	–

Are You Marked?

Skinks (not Chameleon Skinks) may be marked by an Old One. This provides additional Traits, Talents, and Characteristics as explained on page 135. However, being marked in such a way comes at a cost, in that the two extra points the Skink has to invest into Fate or Resilience must be given up to attain the mark.

Skill Substitutions

Whilst Skinks are intelligent, they are limited in their ability to learn by their psychological and social context. Certain skills available to Humans, Elves, Dwarfs, and Halflings make little sense to Skinks. When generating a career, replace any listed skills as described. However, all Skinks possess instincts to defend themselves. A Skink may add Melee (Basic) and Ranged (Blowpipe, Bow, or Throwing) to the First Tier Skill list of any Career.

Other Considerations

Skinks suffer from Corruption and mutation in the same way as Humans. They roll on the Stinking Drunk Table as Humans. They only suffer from Diseases described as affecting cold-blooded creatures.

STATUS

Status among Lizardmen is stricter than it is in Human society, but less bound by class and career. There is no real snobbery in Lizardmen society, but instinctive respect for authority of the Slann and whatever chain of command those Slann delegate through; Skink chiefs and Saurus officers are deferred to in times of war, Skink Priests are deferred to in matters of religion, and experience is deferred to at other times. Lizardmen do not tend to accept bribes, being less self-interested than Humans, Elves, or Dwarfs.

TRAPPINGS

Lizardmen do not tend to place much import on personal possessions, taking what they need, and returning it once that need is fulfilled. The items a Human might assume are necessary to advance in a Career mean less to Lizardmen; provided that they are part of a community that holds a stock of a needed item, they can make use of it.

A Skink's personal possessions are therefore usually little more than a weapon, ammunition, armour, and whatever tools it requires to fulfil its duties.

SKINK SKILL SUBSTITUTIONS AND ADAPTIONS

Skill	Skink Equivalent
Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm Animal	Skinks may take these skills during the course of their careers, but may only use them in regard to cold-blooded animals.
Consume Alcohol	Social drinking is limited to mezcal, the Skinks' mild, fermented cactus-juice. Consume Alcohol applies to this. Tests to resist other forms of alcohol suffer from a penalty of -2 SL.
Language	Most languages have no meaning to Lizardmen, and should be ignored. Where a Skink has the opportunity to learn Language (Classical), this refers to Language (Old One), their ability to parse Old One plaques. When a Skink has the option to learn Language (Any), they may learn a foreign tongue, but will always struggle to speak it clearly.
Lore	Lore (Anatomy) refers only to Lizardman anatomy. Treat Lore (Theology) as Lore (Old Ones). Replace Lore (Empire) with Lore (Local).
Melee	Skinks may only take the Basic and Polearm specialisations. Treat other specialisations as Melee (Basic).
Ranged	Treat Ranged (Crossbow) as Ranged (Bow). Treat Ranged (Sling) as Ranged (Throwing). Treat Ranged (Blackpowder) and Ranged (Engineering) as Ranged (Blowpipe).
Ride (Horse)	Ride (Cold One) — only those marked by Itzl may take this Skill.
Ride (Any)	Only those marked by Itzl may take this Skill. They must choose one of the following specialisations: Culchan, Stegadon, Bastilodon, Horned One, Terradon, Ripperdactyl, Pliadon, Arcanodon
Secret Signs	Secret Signs (Hunter) refers to patterns in knotted rope or creeper that are peculiar to Lizardmen.
Trade	Trade (Barber) and Trade (Explosives) have no meaning to Lizardmen, and should be ignored.

WEAPONS AND ARMOUR

Skinks possess scaly hides that provide them with 1 Point of Armour on all locations at all times. This does not impose encumbrance. The scaly armour can be sacrificed to ignore a Critical just like normal armour, with the assumption being that the blow has hewn off many of the scales on that part of the body, leaving a painful flesh wound in their place. This wound will heal over time, but will be soft and tender until it does so. It generally takes a Skink six months to regrow scales lost in this way.

Spells and chemical effects that ruin armour through corrosive or caustic effects do not affect Lizardman scales. Count scales as leather for the purpose of other rules such as spell effects.

Lizardmen do not like to wear steel plate or chainmail armour, finding the experience one to which they have a strong natural aversion. A Lizardman could conceivably be forced to wear such armour, but that armour would count twice its ENC when worn by a Lizardman. They can and do sometimes wear armour constructed out of bone, rope, and beaten plates of copper. This 'Lustrian Armour' offers the same sort of protection as Leather Armour, and can be worn over Lizardmen scales. Each piece imposes an additional point of ENC compared to its Leather equivalent due to the heavier, bulkier components. Count Lustrian Armour as leather for the purpose of other rules such as spell effects.

Leather Armour could also be worn, but tends to become distressed and rotten in the humid conditions of the Lustrian jungle. Lizardmen make use of shields normally.

Skinks tend to wield short obsinite maces and clubs in battle, but may also use bronze or stone axes, machetes, and knives.

Skinks tend not to adapt to weaponry for which special training is required. Fencing weapons, parrying weapons, cavalry weapons, flail weapons, double-handed weapons, and polearms other than spears involve techniques that are not understood by Skinks; likewise crossbows, blackpowder weapons, and engineering weapons. It is feasible that a Skink could develop skill with such weapons, but only as a result of an Endeavour, under the correct circumstances (willing teacher and so on), and only if the GM agrees that the Skink in question should be afforded such exceptional training.

NEW WEAPONS

The weapons used by Saurus and Skinks tend to be made of obsinite, a hard stone that is as durable as steel. Obsinite is heavy and brittle in comparison to metal weapons, so to prevent shattering, tools and weapons made from the stone are often lined with bronze. Saurus and Kroxigor regularly make use of spiked mauls, though these are too heavy for many Skinks, who use shorter clubs. Price and availability assumes the weapon is being purchased in a suitable market, such as Skeggi or Port Reaver. Weapons in the Old World will be much rarer and more expensive. Other than Skink artisans, few know how to build or maintain such weapons.

Blowpipes represent a new group of ranged weapons. If a Character lacks Ranged (Blowpipe) they may use the weapon with their Ballistic Skill, however, the weapon gains the Dangerous Weapon Quality if used by an untrained Character. Blowpipe darts do little physical damage. Rather, they deliver a dose of poison to their targets. There are a variety of poisons available in Lustria, most infamously the venom of the Lustrian Treefrog (see page 170). Other poisons used on blowpipe darts could be the equivalent to Black Lotus, Heartkill, Moonflower, or Spit (see WFRP page 306).

LIZARDMAN BASIC WEAPONS

Weapon	Price	Enc	Availability	Reach	Damage	Qualities and Flaws
Obsinite Club	1 GC	1	Scarce	Short	+SB+3	Penetrating
Obsinite Spiked Maul	2GC	2	Scarce	Average	+SB+4	Penetrating, Pummel

LIZARDMAN RANGED WEAPONS

Weapon	Price	Enc	Availability	Range	Damage	Qualities and Flaws
Blowpipe	3 GC	1	Exotic	20	+0	Reload 1

LIZARDMAN AMMUNITION

Ammunition	Price	Enc	Availability	Range	Damage	Qualities and Flaws
Blowpipe Dart (12)	10/-	0	Exotic	As weapon	+1	-



A LUSTRIAN BESTIARY

A GUIDE TO MYRIAD CREATURES
WILD AND TERRIBLE



EXOTIC CREATURES AND DISEASES

Of the many dangers a journey to Lustria entails, the most notorious involve encounters with creatures native to the continent, or exposure to the many diseases endemic there. In the portside taverns of the Old World, folk returning from Lustria are expected to share stories of the fierce beasts they encountered, and the miserable maladies they suffered from.

New Trait: Flammable

Many plants and some animals are particularly susceptible to damage caused by heat and flame. Any Tests the creature makes to avoid suffering an *Ablaze* Condition suffer a penalty of -20. Furthermore, creatures with the *Flammable* Trait suffer twice as many Wounds as they otherwise would from *Ablaze* Conditions.

New Trait: Grim (Rating)

If, at the beginning of its turn, this creature does not have at least its *Grim* Rating in Advantage, its Advantage pool immediately increases to its *Grim* Rating. If the creature currently has an *Entangled*, *Surprised*, or *Unconscious* Condition, it does not gain this Advantage.

If using the Group Advantage rules from **Up in Arms**, the creature generates its *Grim* Rating in Advantage for the Adversary Advantage Pool.

IDENTIFYING THE LETHAL FAUNA AND FLORA OF LUSTRIA



1: Blue-ringed Asp	11: Huntipede
2: Vypervine	12: Itxi Grub
3: Grasping Creeper Vine	13: Pallid Blindwyrm
4: Bloodwasp	14: Fire Leech
5: Amaxon Swamp Python	15: Bloodmaggot
6: Tiguana	16: Carrion Ant
7: Borer Snake	17: Impaling Spikethorn
8: Hyenadon	18: Lustrian Tree Frog
9: Scalemane Reptilion	19: Brainfluke
10: Blood Hungry Spore Cloud	20: Piranha Lizard

New Trait: Stationary Attacker

Many plants and simple invertebrates are not fully mobile and active the way that opponents in **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay** are normally considered to be. Instead, they behave more like traps or environmental hazards than they do creatures. Plants such as Impaling Spikethorn, or sessile creatures such as Pallid Blindwyrms are examples of stationary attackers.

Creatures with the *Stationary Attacker* Trait have the *Immunity to Psychology* Trait. They occupy a particular location, and whilst they are hostile towards suitable prey that blunder into that location, they are not able to pursue them or manoeuvre around them. They may not take Charge, Flee, Leap, Run, or Climb Actions, or any other actions besides those which are associated with their attacks and Traits.

However, if an unsuspecting target moves within reach of a creature with the *Stationary Attacker* Trait, that creature counts as Engaged with them, and may spring an attack, inflicting the *Surprised* Condition on the target as it does so. The reach of a Stationary Attacker depends on its Size.

STATIONARY ATTACKER REACH

Creature Size	Reach
Tiny or Little	Very Short
Small	Short
Average	Medium
Large	Long
Enormous	Very Long
Monstrous	Massive

Usually, Stationary Attackers blend in with the undergrowth, appearing unassuming until they make their attacks. For a Character to recognise the threat, they must first pass a **Challenging (+0) Perception** Test to notice the presence of the Stationary Attacker, followed by a suitable Lore Test to identify it. If either test is failed, the Character does not recognise the threat.

COLD-BLOODED AND WARM-BLOODED

Some diseases, and some behaviours, only pertain to certain types of creature. In Lustria, a number of the most dangerous poisons and diseases do not trouble the Lizardmen, but are lethal to Humans and Dwarfs. The terms 'warm-blooded' and 'cold-blooded' are used when describing the effects of diseases or the rules governing the traits and behaviours of creatures to help delineate between targets that are susceptible to harm, and those that are not.

- 💀 The term 'warm-blooded' refers to Humans, Elves, Dwarfs, Halflings, Ogres, Giants, Skaven, Beastmen, and any other creature that is recognizably mammalian (or bird-like).
- 💀 The term 'cold-blooded' covers Lizardmen, Fimir, Dragons, and any other creature that is recognizably reptilian (or amphibian, invertebrate, or fish-like).
- 💀 Orcs, Goblins, Hobgoblins, Snotlings, and Trolls fall outside of either category, so whilst they may be affected by diseases that are not described as affecting warm-blooded or cold-blooded creatures, should a disease or creature trait target either group specifically, it does not target such creatures.
- 💀 Magical creatures, such as familiars, forest spirits, Undead, and Daemons, do not tend to suffer from disease, and count as neither warm-blooded nor cold-blooded.

Plenty of borderline cases do exist — a mutant creature may appear reptilian whilst still being warm-blooded, a recently-fed Vampire may be warm-blooded, and so on. It is left up to the GM to decide in such cases if the target counts as warm-blooded or cold-blooded.

Animals that are noted as not targetting cold-blooded creatures will not behave aggressively towards such creatures, but may well defend themselves if placed under duress by a cold-blooded creature. So a Bloodwasp might attack a Human that wanders into its territory, but would leave a Skink be unless that Skink interfered with a Bloodwasp nest, or sought to capture the Bloodwasp. Plants that do not target cold-blooded creatures do not resist cold-blooded creatures cutting them down, uprooting them, or otherwise harming them.

FLORA AND FUNGI

Lustria is a lush continent with a wide variety of plant and fungal life, the majority of which is found nowhere else in the world. The jungle flora of Lustria in particular can best be described as exotic, colourful, luscious, and (in many cases) lethal.

BLOOD HUNGRY SPORE CLOUD

Pink Polypore is a fixture of the Lustrian forest floor. It is usually found in clumps in moist areas with decaying vegetation. Other than its obvious colouration, the fungus seems innocuous. Many explorers or raiders, wary of the other jungle dangers, have stumbled upon the fungus with disastrous results. If disturbed, the fungus emits a cloud of spores that dig into warm-blooded flesh, and can lead to a hideous secondary infection.

BLOOD HUNGRY SPORE CLOUD

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
-	-	-	-	45	-	-	-	-	-	-	1

Traits: Disease (Fungal Takeover), Size (Tiny), Stationary Attacker

Blood Hungry Spore Cloud: When disturbed by the movement of Human-sized or larger warm-blooded creatures occurring within one yard, the Bloated Pink Polypore emits a cloud of pale spores which cover an area with a 5-yard radius, 3 yards in height. The cloud persists for 2d10 Rounds. Any warm-blooded creature caught in this cloud must make a **Difficult (-10)** **Endurance** Test or suffer 1 *Bleeding* Condition.

VYPERVINE

Vypervine grows high in the jungle canopy, where it generally doesn't trouble individuals walking on the floor below. The jeopardy arises when someone scales the trees, say, to avoid a rampaging Carnosaur. Vypervine is distinguished by its dull green leaves, which are hard and sharp-edged. The leaves grow along its length and inject poison into any unfortunates that are pricked by its barbs.

VYPERVINE

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
-	33	-	32	31	60	-	-	-	-	-	9

Traits: Flammable, Painless, Size (Average), Stationary Attacker, Venom (Difficult)

Attack Traits: Weapon (Spines) +4

Optional: Size (Small or Large)

GRASPING CREEPER VINE

The Grasping Creeper Vine is an animated plant. Its fleshy, thorny leaves grow on vines which snake about the forest floor and up the trunks of trees. Should a warm-blooded creature blunder into the vines, the leaves latch on, piercing flesh and feeding on the spilled blood. Once its quarry is dead, the vines draw the body towards the plant's trunk so that it may serve as fertiliser.

GRASPING CREEPER VINE

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
-	33	-	31	33	60	-	-	-	20	-	22

Traits: Constrictor, Flammable, Painless, Size (Large), Stationary Attacker

Attack Traits: Weapon (Vines) +5

Optional: Size (Little to Average)

Entangled Attack: Grasping Creeper Vine only attacks warm-blooded creatures. It may not use its Weapon attack against targets until it has inflicted an *Entangled* Condition upon them. Once the vine subjects its prey to an *Entangled* Condition, it strikes them once per turn with its Weapon attack until they break free or die.

IMPALING SPIKETHORN

A ground creeping plant, the Impaling Spikethorn can be recognized by its small olive-green leaves and four-inch long, needle-sharp spines. These spines turn upward when the plant feels the vibrations of warm-blooded beasts moving in its vicinity. The spines are strong enough to pierce the soles of boots worn by explorers and raiders.

IMPALING SPIKETHORN

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
-	33	-	40	30	60	-	-	-	-	-	10

Traits: Flammable, Painless, Size (Average), Stationary Attacker

Attack Traits: Weapon (Spines) +8

Optional: Size (Large)

Impale Attack: Attacks from the Impaling Spikethorn always target the legs of its opponent, without suffering the usual -20 penalty for called shots. They ignore leather armour and possess the *Impale* Weapon Quality.

INVERTEBRATES

The Lustrian jungle, river basins, and swamps have an environment conducive to the growth of large and dangerous invertebrates. The largest parasitic invertebrates, such as leeches and ticks, can reach the size of a Human child. Several flying insects can also attain the same relative size, including Sabregnats, Lustrian Hornets, and several species of dragonfly. A few other invertebrates can reach even greater sizes, such as giant beetles, scorpions, and (especially) spiders. Giant Spiders are the most common of invertebrate monsters. Different species have varying hunting techniques. Some build webs like those of the Old World forests, while others actively hunt their prey on the ground and in the treetops.

ITXI GRUB

Itxi Beetles are rare and uniquely magical creatures imbued with Aethyric energy. Their grubs are sizable larvae, reaching a maximum of seven inches in length, that live in the earth and absorb magical energy as they grow. Though their mandibles look intimidating, they are not physically dangerous. They are notable, however, for the concentrations of magical energy they contain, energy that may be utilised by anyone who eats them.

ITXI GRUB

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
1	31	-	5	22	10	12	-	3	10	-	1

Traits: Bestial, Cold-blooded, Magical, Size (Tiny), Wallcrawler

Attack Traits: Weapon (Mandibles) +2

Magical Snack: Itxi Grubs are edible (though they are an acquired taste). A spellcaster who consumes an Itxi Grub benefits from +1 SL to all Casting and Channelling Tests for the following 3d10 Rounds. This effect is not cumulative.

BRAINFLUKE

The Brainfluke is an aquatic flatworm with cryptic light-brown colouring, reaching about 3 inches in length. They swim slowly through the muddy waters of Lustrian swamps and other areas of still water. Their lifecycle involves parasitizing warm-blooded animals by swimming into their nose, ears, or mouth and inhabiting their brains, inflicting a terrible disease known as Brain Rot in the process.

BRAINFLUKE

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
1	25	-	20	32	10	12	-	5	10	-	1

Traits: Aquatic, Bestial, Cold-blooded, Size (Tiny)

Attack Traits: Weapon (Teeth) +3

Optional: Swarm

Brain Rot: If a Brainfluke should ever inflict a Critical Hit upon the head of a warm-blooded opponent, then in addition to any Damage it inflicts, the Brainfluke burrows into the victim's cranium and they contract the Brain Rot disease (see page 186).

FIRELEECH

Fireleeches are small, reddish-brown worms found in stagnant pools and slow-moving rivulets. Like all leeches, these blood-sucking parasites prey on larger creatures. The Fireleech is remarkable due to the fact that when it is agitated it emits a stream of flame from its posterior. This is enough to make most creatures wary of Fireleeches, though Skinks sometimes employ them as ammunition.

FIRELEECH

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
1	32	-	23	21	30	22	-	3	14	-	1

Traits: Amphibious, Bestial, Cold-blooded, Painless, Size (Tiny), Swamp Strider

Attack Traits: Weapon (Raspy Teeth) +4

Optional: Swarm

Posterior Flame: The Fireleech will resort to producing flames if it is subjected to stress such as being roughly handled, or suddenly disturbed by a warm-blooded creature. The Fireleech will produce a gout of flame that persists for 1d10 Rounds. During this time, any character or flammable item that is in contact with the Fireleech receives an *Ablaze* Condition.

Use as Ammunition: Cold-blooded creatures may handle Fireleeches by passing a **Very Easy (+60) Animal Care** Test, and warm-blooded creatures by passing a **Hard (-20) Animal Care** Test. Up to six Fireleeches can be stored in a damp leather pouch where, provided they are not jostled too badly, they will remain docile for 24 hours. A Character could throw a Fireleech or use it as ammunition for a sling. A second Animal Care Test must be passed to prepare the Fireleech. If this Test is failed, the Character trying to use the Fireleech as ammunition receives an *Ablaze* Condition. If the Test is successful, the Fireleech may be thrown or shot.

BLOODMAGGOT

As far as carrion flies go, the Scarlet-Bottles are among the prettiest of Lustrian insects with their carmine wings edged in black. Their larvae are another story. Bloodmaggots are small, red-pink grubs with mosquito-type mouthparts that nest within the boles and boughs of trees. The larvae's needle-sharp proboscis can penetrate tough skin and leather armour to feed on the blood of their victim. They do not target cold-blooded creatures.

BLOODMAGGOT

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
1	23	-	32	24	32	18	-	3	10	-	1

Traits: Arboreal, Bestial, Cold-blooded, Painless, Size (Tiny), Wallcrawler

Attack Traits: Weapon (Proboscis) +4

Optional: Infected, Swarm

CARRION ANT

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	30	-	26	26	32	34	-	6	12	-	1

Traits: Arboreal, Bestial, Cold-blooded, Size (Tiny), Venom (Average)

Attack Traits: Bite +3, Weapon (Stinging Tail) +3

Optional: Hungry, Swarm

BLOODWASP

Bloodwasps are large, predatory hornets with an appetite for the blood of warm-blooded animals. They gain nutrition from meals of blood, and also ferry it back to their large paper nests to feed to their grubs. They are notorious for their long stings, which are poisonous and can cause excruciating pain.

BLOODWASP

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	31	-	31	24	33	32	-	12	18	-	1

Traits: Arboreal, Bestial, Cold-blooded, Flight 40, Painless, Size (Tiny), Venom (Hard)

Attack Traits: Weapon (Sting) +5

Optional: Belligerent, Swarm

Excruciating Sting: A Bloodwasp sting is notoriously painful. As long as the victim of a Bloodwasp sting suffers from any associated *Poisoned* Condition, they must struggle to ignore the terrible agony of the sting. They must pass a **Difficult (-10) Cool** Test at the beginning of their Turn. If the Test is failed, they receive a *Stunned* Condition.

PALLID BLINDWYRM

Pallid Blindwyrms are large, carnivorous burrowing worms that live in wide rock fissures and camouflaged burrows. Pallid Blindwyrms lie just beneath the opening of their lair with jagged jaws opened like a bear trap. Two thin fangs protrude upwards, and if a creature touches them, the worm springs forth and seizes a chunk of its prey. Attacks by Blindwyrms are rarely fatal in and of themselves, though they can result in injury. More debilitating is Blindwurm Fits, a disease brought about by the fact that as it bites, the worm also injects the bloodstream of its victim with tiny Blindwurm larvae.

PALLID BLINDWYRM

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
-	33	-	42	25	60	12	-	3	10	-	5

Traits: Bestial, Cold-blooded, Infected (Blindwurm Fits), Size (Small), Stationary Attacker

Attack Traits: Weapon (Jaws) +6

Optional: Painless, Size (Little)

CARRION ANT

The Carrion Ant is a large, unique ant with biting jaws and a scorpion-type sting. These aggressive insects are usually found swarming over the remains of dead monsters deep in the jungle. Carrion Ants do not nest in underground complexes like smaller ants. Rather, they roam the jungle floor searching for their next meal, which could include living Human-sized creatures.

HUNTIPEDE

Huntipedes are large, carnivorous centipedes. They are golden-brown in colour with large mandibles and poisonous fangs. They have a hard exoskeleton and three spines on top of their head. Huntipedes hunt in the jungle's detritus among downed trees and fallen leaves, as well as abandoned Skink settlements.

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	33	-	33	33	32	30	-	8	14	-	7

Traits: Arboreal, Armour 1 (4), Bestial, Cold-blooded, Painless, Size (Small), Stealthy, Venom (Difficult), Wallcrawler

Attack Traits: Bite +4, Weapon (Fangs) +5

AMPHIBIANS AND REPTILES

As with invertebrates, the Lustrian jungle, river basins, and swamps have an environment highly favourable to amphibians and reptiles, enabling them to reach sizes that render them formidable adversaries. Both types of creatures thrive in the humid environment beneath the verdant canopy.

The most common dangers are the Human-sized Giant Carnivorous Frog, venomous vipers, large constrictors, and various crocodilians that roam the vast Lustrian continent. The crocodilians include the terrestrial Korubo Crocodiles in the mountains, the stealthy Matuzec Crocodiles lurking along the interior rivers and swamps, and the aggressively huge Yucatec Crocodiles prowling the brackish swamps and saline tide waters.

In addition to these dangers, other rarer amphibian and larger reptilian terrors lie in wait in the jungle depths.



BLOT TOAD

Blot Toads are a species of large, predatory amphibian native to Lustria. They have gaping mouths and eat about anything that can fit in, such as small mammals, lizards, and snakes. Blot Toads are known to crave Ripperdactyl eggs over all other foods. They will make their way to the Ripperdactyls' mountainous nests in search of such a meal. This makes them the prime target for the ferocious Ripperdactyls, who will hunt and kill a Blot Toad over every other species of animal.

BLOT TOAD

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	33	-	34	32	31	33	-	12	32	-	9

Traits: Amphibious, Arboreal, Bestial, Bounce, Cold-blooded, Distracting, Size (Small), Swamp-strider

Attack Traits: Weapon (Teeth) +4

Odour Attack: When harassed, these repulsive creatures are known to emit a noxious odour that spreads around the Toad to a distance of 1d10 yards. Any cold-blooded creature caught within the area must make a

Challenging (+0) Endurance Test. Those who fail suffer from the *Nausea* Disease Symptom (WFRP, page 189) for 1d10 hours. Warm-blooded creatures notice a bad smell, but do not suffer from the symptom.

LUSTRIAN TREEFROG

Lustrian Treefrogs are also known as Firefly Frogs. These small amphibians are usually found high up in the trees using pads on the tips of their toes to secure themselves on branches and tree trunks as they hunt for small insects. Treefrogs are brightly coloured (either yellow and black stripes or blue with dark splotches) to warn predators of the highly venomous excretions from their skin. Skinks raise multitudes of Treefrogs in order to have a steady supply of venom for their blowpipe darts.

LUSTRIAN TREEFROG

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	18	-	18	18	30	33	-	10	16	-	1

Traits: Amphibious, Arboreal, Bestial, Bounce, Cold-blooded, Size (Tiny), Venom (Very Hard), Wallcrawler

Attack Traits: Weapon (Claws) +2

PIRANHA LIZARD

Piranha Lizards are large, voracious, swimming lizards found in the backwaters of the major Lustrian river systems. They have mottled blue-green colouration and frilled ridges on their back, the backs of their limbs, and their crocodile-like flattened tail. Piranha Lizards are expert swimmers and actively hunt aquatic prey, much like an otter. Piranha Lizards are often found in small groups and have been seen to cooperatively hunt larger prey. They are also known to attack unwary explorers wading through the smaller rivers.

PIRANHA LIZARD

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	38	-	36	33	33	35	-	16	26	-	11

Traits: Amphibious, Bestial, Cold-blooded, Size (Average), Stealthy, Swamp-strider, Tracker

Attack Traits: Tail Attack +4, Weapon (Teeth) +5

Optional: Frenzy, Hungry

HYENADON

Hyenadons are large, aggressive terrestrial lizards with two rows of scaly spikes on their back and tail. They have wide scutes rather than scales on their back between the rows of spikes. Hyenadons have two large fangs on their bottom jaws which allow them to impale and bleed their prey. These lizards have an exceptional sense of smell and are generally found scavenging the carcasses of large reptilians in the jungle when not actively hunting smaller animals.

HYENADON

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	35	-	33	32	31	32	-	14	30	-	12

Traits: Arboreal, Bestial, Cold-blooded, Frenzy, Infected, Size (Average), Tracker

Attack Traits: Armour 3 (6), Tail Attack +4, Weapon (Teeth) +7

SCALEMANE REPTILION

Scalemane Reptilions are large, aggressive lizards, light brown in colour with a large scaly and spiky frill that they can flourish when angered or aroused. The lizards are arboreal when young, but become more terrestrial as they age. Scalemanes are carnivorous and have a venomous bite. Scalemane Reptilions are ambush predators, usually approaching their prey from the rear and inflicting a vicious bite. They then follow their prey using a forked tongue to sense its path as the weakened victim staggers off, dying from the poison coursing through its veins. Once the prey collapses, even if still alive, the Scalemane begins to feed.

SCALEMANE REPTILION

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	37	-	36	38	35	32	-	16	30	-	24

Traits: Armour 1 (4), Bestial, Cold-blooded, Hungry, Size (Large), Stealthy, Tracker, Venom (Hard)

Attack Traits: Tail Attack +4, Weapon (Teeth) +6

Venomous Bite: The poisonous bite of a Scalemane Reptilion is particularly potent. Opponents affected by its Venom Trait take two *Poisoned* Conditions rather than the usual one.

TIGUANA

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	26	40	24	22	28	33	-	10	24	-	6

Traits: Arboreal, Bestial, Cold-blooded, Night Vision, Size (Small), Skittish, Tracker, Wallcrawler

Attack Traits: Tongue Attack +3 (5), Weapon (Bite) +3

Optional: Trained (Guard)

AMAXON SWAMP PYTHON

The Amaxon Swamp Python is a huge constrictor snake. They grow throughout their lives and are long-lived, the oldest specimens reaching 100 feet or more in length. The serpent's eyes are located high on its head, enabling it to see out of water without exposing itself as it swims. The snake's skin is olive-green in colour with dark splotches to enhance its camouflage while submerged.

Full-grown Amaxon Swamp Pythons have no natural enemies, but younger ones (up to 20 feet) must be wary of the larger carnivores in the jungle. Amaxon Swamp Pythons generally prey on crocodiles as well as some of the larger creatures in the deeper jungle.

AMAXON SWAMP PYTHON

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	45	-	65	58	33	40	-	24	52	-	84

Traits: Amphibious, Armour 2 (7), Bestial, Cold-blooded, Constrictor, Fear 2, Grim 2, Size (Enormous), Tracker

Attack Traits: Weapon (Bite) +10

Optional: Size (Average, Large, or Monstrous)



BLUE-RINGED ASP

Blue-ringed Asps are poisonous, tree-dwelling snakes. These serpents have light brown skin with black and blue rings. Blue-ringed Asps usually prey upon monkeys and other small arboreal mammals that live unobtrusively in the jungle trees, but they are not above striking when they are cornered. The Blue-ringed Asp's venom causes local pain, swelling, tissue damage, and reduces the ability of the victim's blood to clot. Though normally solitary in nature, swarms of Blue-ringed Asps have occasionally been encountered.

BLUE-RINGED ASP

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	40	-	32	25	25	40	-	10	25	-	6

Traits: Arboreal, Bestial, Cold-blooded, Size (Small), Tracker, Venom (Difficult)

Attack Traits: Weapon (Bite) +5

Optional: Swarm

Venomous Bite: Opponents affected by its *Venom* Trait take a *Bleeding* Condition as well as a *Poisoned* Condition. The *Bleeding* Condition lasts until the *Poisoned* Condition is resolved.

BORER SNAKE

Borer Snakes are powerful, predatory snakes with narrow heads and rasping spines. Despite their slim bodies, they are capable of inflicting dreadful damage as their quick, lunging attacks bore through flesh. They are dark green in colour, with startlingly bright red mouths. Borer Snakes are found throughout the tropical jungles and swamps, usually coiled about the lower branches of trees. They feed on small rodents and lizards when they cannot find larger prey.

BORER SNAKE

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	33	-	28	22	22	31	-	10	20	-	2

Traits: Arboreal, Bestial, Cold-blooded, Hungry, Size (Little), Stealthy

Attack Traits: Weapon (Bite) +4

Boring Attack: Attacks from Borer Snakes count as having the *Damaging* and *Impale* Qualities.

MAMMALS AND BIRDS

The birds and mammals of the Lustrian jungle tend to be of more modest size and often preyed upon by reptilian, amphibian, and invertebrate predators. In the grasslands and shrublands of the Culchan Plains, however, mammals and birds are dominant. The most numerous large animal is the Willemseest, a three-toed, horse-like herd animal with a long neck and short trunk. The creature is named after Marienburger naturalist Willem van Heeck. Other creatures of the plains include giant ground sloths; large armadillos with spiked, mace-like tails; mammals resembling short-legged, hornless rhinoceroses called Toxons; and large, semi-aquatic capybaras. Small prides of massive sabre-tooth cats and large, flightless birds are the apex predators in these drier, temperate lands.

CULCHAN

Culchan are large, flightless, carnivorous birds with powerful legs that allow them to run at great speed on the Culchan Plains. These terror birds have a long, well-muscled neck to support a massive hooked beak that is strong enough to crack a man's skull. Culchan are among the top predators of the plains. Their plumage is usually brown, with juveniles and males growing red feathers around their heads. These feathers are prized by Skinks, as is the bird's meat. Hand-reared Culchan are sometimes used by the Skinks of Oyxl as riding-beasts.

CULCHAN

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
8	45	-	55	45	45	52	-	14	38	10	32

Traits: Bestial, Fear 1, Grim 1, Size (Large), Stride, Tracker

Attack Traits: Bite +9, Weapon (Claws) +8

Optional: Hungry, Territorial, Trained (Guard, Mount)

BLOOD BAT

Blood Bats are small, parasitic bats found throughout Lustria with an appetite for the warm blood of birds and mammals. These bats can stealthily move about on four limbs in order to creep up on sleeping prey. Blood Bats use their sharp incisors to make a cut on their victim's skin, and their saliva acts as an anticoagulant so these parasites can lap up the blood to feed.

BLOOD BAT

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
3	33	-	22	22	32	34	-	14	24	-	1

Traits: Bestial, Dark Vision, Disease (Cataleptic Ague), Flight 80, Size (Tiny), Stealthy, Tracker, Wallcrawler

Attack Traits: Weapon (Fangs) +4

Optional: Infected

GIANT BAT

Giant Bats are large, carnivorous bats and active nocturnal hunters. Individually, they are strong enough to kill a Human. These bats live in caves within the jungle vastness of Lustria and are also known to swarm in numbers large enough to take down sizeable prey. Giant Bats have jet black fur and leathery wings with red fingers supporting the membrane. Their heads are wolf-like with sharp teeth. Giant Bats find their prey in the dark using echolocation.

GIANT BAT

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
1	33	-	36	32	30	34	-	14	24	-	8

Traits: Bestial, Dark Vision, Flight 80, Size (Small), Tracker

Attack Traits: Weapon (Teeth) +5

Optional: Hungry, Infected, Stealthy, Swarm

JAGUAR

Jaguars are solitary hunters, rivalling the White Lions of Ulthuan for size. Their fur is pale yellow to tan in colour with black spots that become more rosette in shape on their sides. Some Jaguars can have a black coat which masks the spots. These large cats are the most wide-ranging predators in Lustria, their distribution extending from the shrublands into much of the lowland jungle and lower slopes of the mountains. Jaguars are known to take down a wide range of prey, including medium-sized crocodiles and juvenile Amaxon Swamp Pythons.

JAGUAR

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
8	55	-	43	35	50	60	-	15	30	5	26

Traits: Armour 1 (4), Bestial, Grim 1, Night Vision, Size (Large), Stride, Stealthy, Tracker

Attack Traits: Bite +6, Weapon (Claws) +6

Optional: Amphibious, ArboREAL, Swamp-strider, Territorial, Trained (Guard)

LARGE MONSTERS

The thick canopy of the deep jungle hide a myriad of monstrosities, many of which pose a threat to outsiders. A number of these beasts have been tamed (in a manner of speaking) by the indigenous Skinks as mounts for troops or in some other destructive role. In the wild state, these creatures are predators that are best avoided.

COLD ONE

Cold Ones are the most common of the Lustrian monsters. They are rapacious predators, fuelled by a savage bloodlust that drives them to attack any warm-blooded creature that comes near. Cold Ones hunt in packs and are capable of bringing down creatures many times their own size. As soon as they become aware of their prey, the pack swings forward to left and right. Once surrounded, the unfortunate victim will quickly be dragged down and consumed. Cold Ones have green skin and mottled camouflage or stripes on their back which allows them to blend with their surroundings. They range from the mountains to the lowland river basins. Cold Ones seemingly communicate with one another through a series of sounds ranging from clicking to cawing and rattling.

Cold Ones are found in many places but are most seen in Lustria. Their habitats range from the tunnels and mountains under Hag Graef, in the realm of the Dark Elves, all the way to the northern stretch of the Culchan Plains. The appearance and nature of Cold Ones varies greatly depending on where they live. The population lurking in the tunnels below Hag Graef are darker skinned and slender compared to those found within the Lustrian jungles. There have been reports of Cold One populations that bear mottled camouflage or tiger-like stripes upon their backs.

COLD ONE MOUNTS

Cold One cavalry have been employed in the military forces of both the Lizardmen and the Dark Elves. A Character may take a Cold One for a mount, but there are several considerations in doing so. Breaking Cold Ones to the saddle tempers their normally savage nature. Though still ferocious compared to most mounts, trained Cold Ones are dull eyed and sullen compared to their wild cousins. A Cold One with the Trained (Mount) Creature Trait also gains the Stupid Creature Trait.

Even when trained, a Cold One will still refuse to accept a rider who is not cold-blooded. The only way a warm-blooded creature can ride a Cold One without being attacked by their mount is to daub themselves liberally with the slime of the Cold One.

There is a high price to pay, though, for the slime is poisonous. It numbs the senses so that the riders lose their sense of smell and can no longer taste food or feel a touch. Every time a rider anoints themselves with Cold One slime, they must make a Challenging (+0) Endurance Test. If they fail, the numbing effects of the slime take hold, and the riders may no longer use their senses of smell, taste, or touch.

COLD ONE

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
7	42	-	42	45	25	30	-	15	35	-	30

Traits: Armour 2 (6), Bestial, Cold-blooded, Size (Large), Stride

Attack Traits: Bite +8, Weapon (Claws) +8

Optional: Arboreal, Belligerent, Stealthy, Stupid, Swamp-strider, Trained (Broken, Guard, Mount, War)

HORNED ONE

Horned Ones are a rare subspecies of Cold Ones that live in jungle caverns. They are highly territorial and very aggressive. Horned Ones are named after the impressive spiny crests and large horns growing on their head. These creatures are fearless and known to attack creatures larger than themselves which have invaded their territory. Horned Ones have a keen sense of smell, enabling them to know when an intruder enters their domain.

Few Skinks have succeeded in capturing and riding a Horned One to battle.

HORNED ONE

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
8	42	-	42	45	25	30	-	15	35	-	30

Traits: Armour 2 (6), Bestial, Cold-blooded, Grim 1, Size (Large), Stride, Territorial, Tracker

Attack Traits: Bite +8, Horns +9, Weapon (Claws) +8

Optional: Arboreal, Belligerent, Stealthy, Stupid, Swamp-strider, Trained (Broken, Guard, Mount, War)

RAZORDON

Razordons are large predators found mainly in the swamps and tidal basins, particularly around the Amaxon Basin, where they feed on the enormous winged insects that swarm these areas in such numbers that they blot out the sun. Though earth-bound, the Razordons stealthily move their armoured, razor-sharp bodies to pursue insects like Stegawasps and Sabreflies (delicacies to these beasts) by either moving low through swamp rushes or submerging themselves in water. Once close enough, Razordons fire their spines to impale or clip these insects and quickly devour those that fall. The reptiles' dorsal side is orange-red while the rest of the body is dark grey.

RAZORDON

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
6	40	45	41	43	22	24	-	14	32	-	30

Traits: Armour 2 (6), Bestial, Cold-blooded, Grim 1, Size (Large), Swamp-strider

Attack Traits: Bite +5, Ranged +8 (30), Weapon (Spines) +6

Shooting Spine Attack: Whether on the hunt or being prodded by Skinks during combat, Razordons can shoot their spines either singularly or en masse. It takes a day for the spines to regenerate.

Optional: Amphibious, Infected, Stealthy, Tracker, Trained (War)

SALAMANDER

Salamanders are large predators that are found in the same environments as Razordons. The two have similar hunting techniques, but Salamanders prey on different creatures and dispatch them in their own unique manner. The swift-moving creatures launch highly corrosive and volatile liquid from their gullet which bursts into flame as it emerges from the mouth. The pitch-like substance clings to its prey and burns them alive, essentially cooking them. The neck frills and back sails on Salamanders serve the purpose of cooling these predators to compensate for their overheated oesophagus.

Though difficult to capture and train, Skinks are known to use red-skinned Salamanders as a kind of flame cannon.

SALAMANDER

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
6	43	48	44	46	28	26	-	14	32	-	30

Traits: Amphibious, Armour 2 (6), Bestial, Breath +12 (Fire), Cold-blooded, Grim 1, Size (Large), Swamp-strider

Attack Traits: Bite +6, Weapon (Claws) +6

Optional: Infected, Stealthy, Tracker, Trained (War)



FLYING MONSTERS

Outsiders venturing into the jungle warily keeping an eye out for monsters behind every tree or within open caves need to occasionally glance upwards when the canopy opens to the skies. Lustria has its share of flying monsters which could swoop down and grab the unsuspecting. Most of these have eyries high in the mountains or rocky crags in the jungle. Those that range over the jungle canopy tend to be reptilian, while those soaring over temperate mountains and grasslands are birds of prey.

RIPPERDACTYL

Equipped with a sharp beak on the upper jaw and a wicked underbite, Ripperdactyls are literal terrors in the skies. They are similar to Terradons in that they have long leathery wings to ride the thermals and keen eyesight to spot prey from a distance. Ripperdactyls have a wedge-tipped tail to help them manoeuvre through the jungle's canopy and dive at high velocity onto their prey. Ripperdactyls often hunt in small packs and have a reputation for aggression, as exemplified by their enjoyment of wanton killing when not hungry.

Ripperdactyls are very protective of their eggs, often chasing off any Terradon in their vicinity. These winged reptiles are particularly merciless in ridding their territories of Blot Toads, as those amphibians are constantly vandalising Ripperdactyl nests and consuming their eggs.

Skinks use Ripperdactyls as flying mounts, even though capturing one may cost many Skink lives.

RIPPERDACTYL

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
2	45	-	45	36	33	44	-	12	36	-	26

Traits: Acute Sense (Vision: as Character Talent), Bestial, Cold-blooded, Fear 1, Flight 100, Hatred (Blot Toads), Size (Large)

Attack Traits: Tail Attack +6, Weapon (Teeth) +8

Optional: Belligerent, Trained (Mount, War)

TERRADON

Gliding the thermals on huge leathery wings, Terradons are large predators armed with beaks full of needle-sharp teeth and sharp talons on their feet. Their eagle-like eyesight enables these monsters to spot prey (up to Human-size) at a distance and swoop down to take their unsuspecting quarry at an opportune moment. Terradons are skilled flyers and can manoeuvre through the tangled jungle canopy with surprising agility and relative ease. Terradons are known to steal the eggs of other large flying predators in Lustria, making their wary competitors keen on harassing Terradons whenever the opportunity arises. This aggression towards other winged beasts makes Terradons the ideal mount for Skinks in case of war. Capturing Terradon eggs to raise and train these beasts is not without its risks, but Skinks are numerous and the rewards of being a Terradon Rider outweigh the danger.

TERRADON

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
2	45	-	42	38	36	42	-	12	38	-	26

Traits: Acute Sense (Vision: as Character Talent), Bestial, Cold-blooded, Fear 1, Flight 100, Size (Large)

Attack Traits: Bite +6, Weapon (Claws) +8

Optional: Trained (Mount, War)





GIGANTIC MONSTERS

Lustrian jungles host many monstrosities under their thick canopies, few of which are seen by outsiders. Those known are usually seen during large battles against Skinks and rarely encountered by raiders and explorers returning alive to Skeggi. Rumoured creatures include Thunder Lizards and Colossadons, though no evidence of their existence has come to light.

STEGADON

Stegadons are enormous reptiles with a sharp toothed beak, bony armoured plating, two large horns above their eyes, and another upon their nose. Their natural defences include large spikes arrayed about their head frills, sharp lateral spines along their flanks, and four similar spikes on their tail.

Stegadons gather in herds under the jungle canopy where they enjoy a mostly vegetarian diet and do not take kindly to being disturbed in their territory. These reptiles crush, stomp, and gore any nuisances that trouble them. When aroused, the beast can propel its considerable weight forward like a living avalanche, more dangerous than a stampeding herd of lesser beasts.

The impact of a striking Stegadon can uproot trees, trample entire regiments, and even knock other monsters sprawling. Stegadons keep cool by wading in pools and slow-moving rivers, secure in their size and thick skin to keep them safe from crocodiles and predatory fish.

Despite considerable risk and large numbers of slaughtered spawn-mates, Skinks regularly capture young Stegadon hatchlings which they raise and train as war beasts in their armies.

STEGADON

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
6	35	-	56	65	21	15	-	18	35	10	80

Traits: Armour 6 (12), Bestial, Cold-blooded, Grim 2, Immunity to Psychology, Night Vision, Painless, Size (Enormous), Swamp-strider

Attack Traits: Bite +9, Horns +9, Tail Attack +11, Weapon (Trampling Feet) +10

Unstoppable Charge: A Stegadon gains +3 Advantage when they charge.

Optional: Size (Monstrous), Territorial, Trained (Guard, Mount, War)

ARCANADON

Arcanadons are rare, large omnivorous quadrupeds roaming in the deep jungles. They have been used as war beasts by Skinks in the past, but their (presumably) shrinking numbers in the wild make it harder for the Skinks to find their hatchlings to raise for service. Arcanadons have two long horns on top of their skull with the fore-horn bigger than the rear one. The horns are the Arcanadon's secondary defence. Its tremendous size deters all but the largest of carnivores from considering a healthy Arcanadon as a potential meal.

ARCANADON

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
6	25	-	55	65	15	15	-	15	55	10	88

Traits: Arboreal, Armour 4 (10), Bestial, Cold-blooded, Grim 2, Immunity to Psychology, Night Vision, Painless, Size (Enormous), Swamp-strider

Attack Traits: Bite +5, Weapons (Horns) +8

Optional: Trained (Mount, War)

LIZARDMAN ARTILLERY

Skinks using Stegadons, Arcanadons, and Bastiladons as beasts of war often strap fighting platforms or howdahs to the backs of these beasts. Sometimes machineries of destruction, such as giant bows or arcane engines of the gods are strapped to these beasts.

If you have the rules for artillery from Sea of Claws or Up in Arms, you may use the Lizardmen Artillery pieces listed below. Giant Bows shoot arrows, and Giant Blowpipes shoot darts (see page 163). Other artillery pieces do not require ammunition, but may not fire if deprived of the Winds of Magic.

BASTILADON

Bastiladons are huge, heavily armoured herbivores with massive, forward-pointing spikes on their shoulders. It is a walking fortress, covered in a rock-hard bony skin, and further protected by plates as hard as iron — a natural armour so dense that it can thwart the bite of a Carnosaur.

Their main protective weapon is their long, muscular tail ending in a massive knot, looking like a spiked mace head that renders even large predators wary. Bastiladons can also defend by using their powerful beak to bite through smaller opponents and massive clawed legs to stomp them into greasy spots on the jungle floor. Bastiladons are usually solitary feeders and found in the deeper jungles on high ground.

Like with other monstrous creatures, Skinks usually hunt for Bastiladon hatchlings to raise for use in war, though they have been known to trap adults by using fire to herd them into boggy ground, where the ponderous beasts soon become mired. The strength of plodding Bastiladons enables them to carry Skink holy war devices on their armoured backs.

BASTILADON

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	31	-	45	55	14	14	-	10	62	-	80

Traits: Armour 8 (13), Bestial, Cold-blooded, Grim 2, Immunity to Psychology, Night Vision, Painless, Size (Enormous)

Attack Traits: Bite +8, Tail Attack +9, Weapon (Shoulder Spikes) +8

Optional: Size (Monstrous), Trained (Mount, War)

LIZARDMAN ARTILLERY

Weapon	Enc	Range	Damage	Qualities and Flaws
Giant Blowpipe	6	40	+0	Reload 1
Giant Bow	15	100	+10	Accurate, Crewed 2, Reload 2
Engine of the Gods' Burning Alignment	75	60	+8*	Blast 5, Crewed 3, Magical, Salvo 1d10
Engine of the Gods' Power of the Ancients	40	150	+15*	Crewed 3, Imprecise, Magical, Reload 3
Solar Engine's Beam of Chotec	75	60	+1d10*	Crewed 3, Magical, Repeater 5

* As well as inflicting Damage, these weapons give every affected target 1+SL *Ablaze* Conditions.

PLIODON

Generally hidden in the deep waters of the Amaxon, the aquatic Pliodons are rare reptiles with long jaws full of needle-sharp teeth. They feed on large fish and giant amphibians, as well as any warm-blooded creatures that blunder into their territory. The limbs of these blue-green coloured reptiles end in webbed feet, and their powerful tail propels them through the water.

Skinks tame young Pliodons and train them to serve as living ferries that can carry troops across and down Lustria's many rivers to reach their foes. In the temple-cities Pliodons are also employed to ferry cargo across lakes and along canals.

PLIODON

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
5	48	-	58	68	15	17	-	22	58	-	88

Traits: Amphibious, Armour 4 (10), Bestial, Cold-blooded, Grim 2, Immunity to Psychology, Night Vision, Painless, Size (Enormous)

Attack Traits: Bite +8, Tail Attack +7, Weapon (Claws) +7

Ramming Attack: Pliodons are known to sink river boats (perceived as a sort of rival predator) by ramming them repeatedly until the vessels take on water. Healthy Pliodons start with a Collision Rating of 14 when determining the results of this attack mode.

Optional: Frenzy, Stealthy, Trained (Mount)



GIGANTIC CARNIVORES

The largest danger outsiders face in the jungle are the immense, predatory bipeds that stalk amongst the trees in search of their next meal. Such beasts are fairly uncommon, with the largest of these apex predators being very rare. These hunters have learned to shy away from Human settlements as the foreigners can be quite the nuisance in large numbers, but the carnivores do not fear Humans. An expedition of Norse raiders can be quite tasty, though stringy.

Other gigantic flesh-eating bipeds may exist in the deeper, more inaccessible regions of the jungle, but they have yet to be discovered. Expeditions to these dark places have been unsuccessful to date.

TROGLODON

Also known as 'Pale Death', the sail-backed, pale-white Troglodons live in the underground grottos beneath the jungle. They generally emerge at night to hunt, using their whisker-like barbels to feel their way in the darkness and a forked tongue to sense the airborne chemicals generated by living creatures. Troglodons are nearly blind from their subterranean existence, but their sense of hearing and smell more than compensate for lack of sight. Once they close on their prey, Troglodons spring forth and deliver a venomous bite of toxic bile, then release the victim. The Troglodon pursues the weakening prey as the poison does its work. It feeds when the prey can no longer move or defend itself.

Troglodons are untameable by any save a forked-tail Skink Oracle. Once in the service of an Oracle, the Troglodon serves faithfully until its death.

TROGLODON

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
7	62	15	72	54	24	25	-	22	56	-	88

Traits: Acute Sense (Hearing: as Character Talent), Armour 4 (9), Bestial, Fear 1, Grim 2, Immunity to Psychology, Painless, Size (Enormous), Tracker, Venomous (Hard)

Attack Traits: Bite +11, Weapon (Claws) +11

Toxic Bile: Troglodons can project acidic bile up to 15 yards as a ranged attack. The victim's bile-caused wounds make a loud, sizzling sound as it burns, inflicting an *Ablaze* Condition on any Charcter hit by the bile.

Optional: Stealthy, Territorial, Trained (Mount, War)

CARNOSAUR

Carnosaurs are aggressive hunters dominating much of the Lustrian jungle beneath the canopy. They are huge creatures with spines projecting from the back of their skull, two long clawed hands that can grasp prey, and spiny scutes along their backbone. With powerful jaws and serrated teeth, Carnosaurs bite with such a force that armour provides no protection. Carnosaurs are one of two (known) predators that will take down a full-grown Stegadon. Epic fights between the two monstrosities result in many fallen trees and smaller creatures crushed beneath the combatants' feet. Once Carnosaurs taste blood, they go into a berserker frenzy with increased aggression and ferocity.

CARNOSAUR

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
7	65	-	75	55	20	20	-	25	55	-	88

Traits: Armour 4 (9), Belligerent, Bestial, Cold-blooded, Grim 2, Night Vision, Size (Enormous), Stride

Attack Traits: Bite +13, Tail Attack +11, Weapon (Claws) +11

Blood Frenzy: Once a Carnosaur causes a Wound in combat, it immediately becomes Frenzied until all foes in range of its senses are slain.

Optional: Arboreal, Champion, Painless, Size (Monstrous), Trained (Guard, Mount, War), Tracker



DREAD SAURIAN

Of all the reptilian monstrosities that inhabit Lustria, Dread Saurians are one of the most feared. They are an echo of ancient days when huge beasts such as they did battle with Dragons for supremacy. The spiked fins on a Dread Saurian's back brush the jungle canopy as they lumber through the deepest, most inaccessible portions of the jungle. Dread Saurians constantly search for prey to satisfy their unending hunger, and their gigantic, snapping crocodilian jaws can tear apart an adult Stegadon in a welter of blood.

The trumpeting calls of the Dread Saurians echo through the mosaic-tiled plazas of Lizardman cities as well as Lustria's deep jungles, the sound summoning their Saurian inhabitants to worship.

Retained in certain cities' mountainous temples, these beasts are kept as living shrines to the Old Ones, symbols of their lost glory. These monstrous reptiles are scarce and venerated by the Lizardmen. No training can suffice to moderate the fury of a Dread Saurian, but their Skink handlers adorn them with ceremonial armour bedecked with arcane devices. Without this precaution, even the power of the Slann could not hold their rampages in check, but with the aid of these devices the Dread Saurians can be guided into directing their terrible fury against the enemies of the Lizardmen.

Captive Dread Saurians are kept in lavishly decorated lairs as rich as an Emperor's throne room, but under this finery are layers of old blood and shattered bones, the remains of those fed to them by the Skink Priests. These ceremonial titans sometimes bear precious relics, items of power left behind by the Old Ones, and the power of these artefacts makes them all but indestructible.

When the Winds of Magic rise, the Slann Mage-Priests perform ancient rituals of binding to ensure the otherwise untameable Dread Saurians will focus on dealing death to their enemies on the battlefield.

DREAD SAURIAN

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
7	45	-	85	75	35	25	-	15	30	-	200

Traits: Armour 5 (12), Belligerent, Bestial, Cold-blooded, Fear 2, Grim 3, Hunger, Night Vision, Painless, Size (Monstrous), Stride, Tracker

Attack Traits: Bite +14, Tail Attack +12, Weapon (Claws) +12

Fearsome Roar: The Dread Saurian's roar requires other Enormous- or Monstrous-Sized predators to pass a **Difficult (-10) Cool** Test. If failed, the affected creatures suffer from Fear and must depart the area immediately. Prey or other smaller creatures must pass a **Hard (-20) Cool** Test to avoid fleeing in Fear.

Optional: Trained (Mount, War)



SAVAGE ORCS

One of the earliest campaigns of eradication ordered by the Old Ones was against the Orcs and Goblins, who they saw as unintended interlopers plaguing the world in defiance of their plans.

Armies of Saurus have destroyed hundreds of greenskin tribes in the millennia since, but despite their efforts, Orcs and Goblins can be found proliferating across the world, and a few scattered tribes are even found in Lustria.

Several Orc tribes lurk in the jungles and swamps, and they are particularly common in the waterlogged woodlands of the Tarantula and Scorpion Coasts on Lustria's eastern seaboard. These small and scattered bands of Orcs resemble those of the Old World, but culturally they are highly distinct.

Orcs in Hot Climates

Heat, humidity, and bright sunlight are thought to have an addling effect on the mind of Orcs. Typical Orcs are not known for their intellect, preferring brute violence to solve their problems, but those who live within equatorial regions have a reputation for extreme wildness and aggression, and are termed Savage Orcs. These Savage Orcs drum and chant themselves into a bloodthirsty rage before combat and are renowned as ferocious fighters.

Savage Orc Culture

Savage Orcs are skilled stone workers, making arrow heads and blades from flint. They wear little or no clothing and what they do wear is often simple undyed furs or hide. Their grunting language is cruder than that of other Orcs. When they cannot get their limited thoughts across, they resort to wild gestures or scrawl crude stick pictures on cave walls.

Savage Orcs eschew armour in favour of warpaint, tattoos, bangles, grisly trophies taken from defeated foes, and other fetishes. Their tribes include many shamans, who adorn the warriors with tribal markings, warpaint, and tattoos. Savage Orcs believe strongly that these signs attract the protection of their gods, Gork and Mork.

SAVAGE ORC

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	35	30	35	45	20	25	20	25	35	20	14

Traits: Animosity (Greenskins), Armour 1 (5), Belligerent, Die Hard, Frenzy, Infected, Night Vision, Ward 10

Attack Traits: Weapon (Stone Axe) +7

Optional: Painless, Ranged +6 (50)

SAVAGE ORC CHIEF

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	60	40	50	60	45	45	20	35	60	30	23

Traits: Animosity (Greenskins), Armour 1 (7), Belligerent, Die Hard, Frenzy, Infected, Night Vision, Ward 10

Attack Traits: Weapon (Stone Axe) +9

Optional: Painless, Ranged +8 (50)

Skills: Cool 75, Dodge 60, Intimidate 65, Intuition 60, Leadership 45, Lore (Warfare) 45, Melee (Basic) 80, Perception 55

Talents: Combat Aware, Combat Reflexes, Feint, Inspiring, Resolute, Warleader

SAVAGE ORC SHAMAN

M	WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	W
4	35	30	35	50	35	25	30	40	50	20	18

Traits: Animosity (Greenskins), Belligerent, Die Hard, Frenzy, Infected, Night Vision, Spellcaster (Petty, WAAAGH!), Ward 10

Attack Traits: Weapon (Stone Axe) +7

Optional: Painless, Ranged +6 (50)

Skills: Channelling (WAAAGH!) 55, Cool 65, Dodge 35, Entertain (Storytelling) 55, Intuition 50, Language (Magick) 50, Lore (Magic) 50, Melee (Basic) 45, Perception 55

Talents: Arcane Magic (WAAAGH!), Petty Magic, Second Sight

SAVAGE ORCS WARD TRAIT

Savage Orcs place great faith in their decorations to attract the protection of the gods. Their *Ward* trait represents this belief and is as much a result of their psychological resilience to injury as it is an actual magical effect. If a Savage Orc should lose either their decorative adornments, or their faith in the Orc gods, the *Ward* Trait no longer applies.



SAVAGE ORC WAAAGH! MAGIC

Savage Orc Shamans know a limited array of crude Orc magic. A small selection of their repertoire is provided here. Whenever a Character casts a spell from a WAAAGH! spell list any Orcs or Goblins within Willpower yards lose any *Broken* Conditions.

Bash 'Em Lads!

CN: 6

Range: Willpower Bonus yards

Target: See Text

Duration: Instant

The Shaman's encouraging yawps fill his allies with fighting fervour. For every 1+SL scored on the casting roll, the Shaman may grant a point of Advantage to an allied Orc or Goblin within range. Several points of Advantage may be granted to one target, or spread among those available to the Shaman.

'Eadbutt!

CN: 6

Range: Willpower Bonus yards

Target: 1

Duration: Instant

The Shaman thrusts his head forward, projecting a force of malign green energy that assails those sensitive to magic. 'Eadbutt is a Magic Missile that always strikes its target in the head location with a Damage of +1. If the target has the *Aethyric Attunement* or *Second Sight* Talents, the spell strikes with a Damage of +6.

Fists of Gork

CN: 2

Range: You

Target: You

Duration: Willpower Bonus Rounds

In a fit of fury, the Shaman's gnarled fists grow large, and hard as iron. The Shaman must drop any items it holds in its hands and may only attack with his fists, but counts as having Melee (Brawling) 55 and Weapon (Fists) +9 for the duration of the spell.

Mork Save Us!

CN: 8

Range: Willpower Bonus yards

Target: See Text

Duration: Willpower Bonus Rounds

The Shaman beseeches Mork to provide protection to his allies. For every SL scored on the casting roll, the Shaman may imbue an allied Orc or Goblin within range with the Ward 10 Creature Trait. If the target already has a Ward Trait, the rating of the Trait is improved by 1, so a Ward 10 Trait would become a Ward 9+ Trait. A Ward Trait may not be reduced below Ward 7+ in this manner.

USE OF MONSTERS IN THE GAME

To make their impact significant, most monsters described in this section should be used sparingly, especially those of Enormous or Monstrous Size. The largest creatures of the Lustrian jungle tend to live far from Skeggi and the other coastal settlements. One would have to trek deep into the wilds to encounter such beasts.

Instead, small, mundane creatures that are common in the areas most Humans live should be the first creatures Characters encounter. Most of these, like inquisitive monkeys, colourful macaws, and curious coatis mundis, are native to Lustria and trainable as pets. Other critters frequently found living among Humans are stowaway vermin from Old World ships, like rats and mice.

As Characters get further into the tangled wilderness, creatures become larger and more dangerous. Constrictors, crocodiles, large cats, piranhas, and vipers are far more likely to be encountered as exploring or raiding Characters journey on rivers or trails to whatever may be their intended destination.

USE OF MONSTERS BY EXPLORERS

While the use of monsters by Skinks suggests that these creatures can be tamed, many an outsider who has tried it ended up being a snack or crushed into the ground. Should outsiders need native beasts of burden, they would be well advised to seek some of the hooved mammalian herbivores from the grasslands. Unfortunately, such beasts are rare in the tropical settlements as very few traders of animal flesh are brave or foolish enough to travel past the Vampire Coast or take the long trek through the jungles to obtain one.

While traversing the jungle paths or rivers, explorers forced to augment their rations sometimes hunt and kill smaller amphibians and reptiles that live under the canopy. The rivers are also full of fish, but some of these might take explorers as prey.

MONSTER BEHAVIOURAL PATTERNS

The non-sentient Lustrian monsters have basic behavioural patterns that are well-known in similar Old World creatures and documented by scholars.

For most prey animals, flight is usually the first and only option when they are chanced upon by a stalking predator. Larger prey monsters, like the Stegadons and Bastiladons, have other means of defending themselves. When alerted to the presence of predators, Stegadons call to one another and form a circle wherein the young and weak are huddled and surrounded by the healthy and vigorous adults. The strong face outwards from the inner circle, brandishing their horns and bellowing their rage, warning the predator of the danger it faces if it persists.

Monster predators, like carnivores in our world, usually do not announce their presence when on the hunt. Most prefer to hunt from ambush, using surprise and a burst of speed in order to attack their prey before it can flee or fight. When confronted by the prey or a competing hunter, the predator bellows its challenge while manoeuvring around and looking for an opening to attack.

WANDERING CREATURES

Those wandering through the various habitats of Lustria are sure to come across creatures and monsters sooner or later. The wandering creature table shown on the following page gives a general idea of the chances of encountering a particular creature in a particular habitat.

The table may be used in conjunction with the events described for jungle expeditions on page 202, which represents the chances of coming across a creature whilst journeying across Lustria.

If Characters are searching for a particular creature, the table gives some idea of the likelihood of encountering it. Characters who search about in an area of 1 mile square should roll on the table to see what creature they encounter. Collecting valuable Itxi Grubs might entail encountering a lot of other dangerous animals on the way.

The list is not exhaustive, and GMs may like to consider that winged monsters such as Griffons and Wyverns may be encountered instead of large reptiles on the plains or in the mountains, or that Clan Pestilens Skaven be encountered rather than Savage Orcs near Quetza.

WANDERING CREATURE ENCOUNTERS

Creature	Jungle	Swamp	Mountain	Plains	Coasts
NO ENCOUNTER					
No Encounter	01–02	01–03	01–25	01–10	01–10
INVERTEBRATES					
Bloodmaggot	03–05	04–08	-	-	-
Bloodwasp Swarm	06–12	09–13	26–40	11–26	11–17
Brainfluke	-	14–19	-	-	-
Carrion Ant Swarm	13–17	-	-	27–33	18–28
Fireleech	-	20–26	-	-	-
Giant Spider	18–29	27–30	41–54	34–55	29–38
Huntpede	30–35	-	-	56–64	39–45
Itxi Grub	36	31–32	-	-	-
Pallid Blindwyrm	37–40	33–37	-	-	46–54
REPTILES, BIRDS, AND MAMMALS					
Blot Toad	41–45	38–43	55–70	65–71	55–59
Bog Octopus	46	44–52	-	-	60–63
Blue-ringed Asp	47–50	53–59	-	72–75	64–66
Borer Snake	51–54	60–62	-	76–80	67–70
1d10 Cold Ones	55–62	63–67	-	-	-
Culchan	-	-	-	81–91	-
Horned One	63–64	-	-	-	-
Hyenadon	65–71	68–71	-	92–94	-
Jaguar	72–74	-	71–79	95–98	-
Lustrian Treefrog	75–81	72–80	-	-	71–74
Piranha Lizard	-	81–85	-	-	75–78
Razordon	82–84	86–91	80–82	-	79–80
Salamander	85–87	92–96	83–84	-	81–83
1d10 Savage Orcs	88–90	97–98	85–93	99	84–91
Scalemane Reptilion	91–94	-	92–99	-	-
Tiguana	95–98	-	-	-	92–97
1d10 Zombies	-	99	-	-	98–99
A Monster!	99–00	00	00	00	00
MONSTROUS BEASTS (SECOND ROLL IF 00 ROLLED ABOVE)					
Amaxon Swamp Python	-	01–35	-	-	-
1d10 Terradons	01–35	36–40	01–55	01–30	-
1d10 Ripperdactyls	35–55	41–46	-	31–45	01–32
Arcanadon	56	-	-	-	33
Stegadon	57–75	47–51	56–74	46–74	34–64
Bastiladon	76–93	52–64	75–94	75–98	69–85
Pliodon	-	65–95	-	-	86–99
Carnosaur	94–98	96–99	-	99–00	-
Troglodon	99	-	95–00	-	-
Dread Saurian	00	00	-	-	00

JUNGLE MALADIES

Lustria is home to several strains of exotic disease, parasitic infestation, and wasting malaise brought on by the oppressive environment of the continent itself. Some of these diseases are endemic to the land, either being caused by parasites or pathogens that are found only in Lustria, or which are apparently induced because of the land's extreme climate and peculiar history. Other diseases are those which have been brewed by Clan Pestilens, and which thrive in and around their facilities near Quetza.

Generally, those maladies which are native to Lustria do not have any effect on Lizardmen, but do trouble warm-blooded visitors. In contrast, plagues designed by Clan Pestilens often have a marked effect on Lizardmen.

BILIUS AGUE

Bilius Ague is a common infection in Lustria, especially around the ruined temple-city of Quetza. The disease is not terribly dangerous, and is probably a vestige of a failed strain of illness developed by Clan Pestilens. It is heralded by a sudden onset of nausea resulting in vomiting profound amounts of yellowish fluid, followed by fever that breaks within a day, and then a longer period of fatigue and malaise.

Contraction: If you fail an **Easy (+40) Endurance** Test after contact is made with an infected individual.

Incubation: 2d10 minutes

Duration: 1d10 days of the Nausea symptom followed by 2d10 hours of the Fever symptom, then 2d10 days of the Malaise symptom

Symptoms: Nausea then Fever then Malaise

BLEEDING EYEROT

This infection causes a frothy yellow-green discharge to issue from the eyes, obscuring the sufferer's vision. The sufferer weeps a steady stream of bloody tears and finds it increasingly difficult to see. Whilst the disease is rarely deadly, it leaves its victims weakened and disabled.

Contraction: If you fail an **Average (+20) Endurance** Test after drinking infected water.

Incubation: 3d10 + 5 days

Duration: 3d10 + 8 days

Symptoms: Lingering (Challenging), Organ Failure (Eyes)

BLINDWYRM FITS

Brief spells of abdominal discomfort are the first signs of this infection. As the tiny parasites feast on the contents of the victim's intestines and grow larger, discomfort turns into sharp, searing pain as the body attempts to expel the worms as quickly as possible with episode after episode of explosive, bloody flux.

Contraction: Blindwyrm Fits may be contracted as a result of being bitten by a Pallid Blindwyrm.

Incubation: 1d10 hours

Duration: The disease lasts until the Parasitization symptom is resolved

Symptoms: Flux, Nausea, Parasitization

BLACKWATER FEVER

Victims of this insidious illness experience days of intermittent fever, scabrous pustules, and dark urine that is painful to pass.

Contraction: If you fail an **Easy (+40) Endurance** Test after drinking infected water.

Incubation: 1d10 hours

Duration: 1d10 days

Symptoms: Fever, Malaise, Pox

BRAIN ROT

Brain Rot is a dreaded disease caused by the Brainfluke, an aquatic parasitic worm. In its larval state, the Brainfluke can enter a swimming or bathing victim through any orifice. The Brainfluke makes its way to the brain where it feeds on blood while it incubates.

Contraction: The disease is contracted if the victim suffers a Critical Hit to the head when attacked by a Brainfluke.

Incubation: 1d10 days

Duration: The disease lasts until the Parasitization symptom is resolved

Symptoms: Convulsions, Disorientation, Organ Failure (Eyes and Nose), Parasitization

CATALEPTIC AGUE

A brief but fearsome plague consisting of severe fevers causing intense muscle rigidity, and a real risk of death. The Cataleptic Ague is spread through the bite of infected animals, most notoriously the Lustrian Blood Bat.

Contraction: If you fail an **Challenging (+0) Endurance**

Test after being bitten by a Blood Bat.

Incubation: 1d10 hours

Duration: 3d10 hours

Symptoms: Blight, Convulsions, Fever

CHOKING LUNGBLIGHT

The combination of extreme humidity, spores from moulds, and the foetid gases that leak from swamps and pools in Lustria can lead to an affliction involving the lungs. Choking Lungblight narrows the airways and causes a wracking cough followed by a stridorous whoop during inhalation.

Contraction: Every day spent in the more humid parts of the Lustrian jungle, or the more miasmic area of the Lustrian swamps, a Character should take an **Average (+20) Endurance** Test. If the test is failed they contract **Choking Lungblight**.

Incubation: 2d10 hours

Duration: 1d10 days

Symptoms: Coughs and Sneezes, Fever, Lingering, Malaise

FUNGAL TAKEOVER

This horrendous disease can result from blundering into a Blood Hungry Spore Cloud (page 167). Not only do the spores rasp their way into warm-blooded flesh, but once inside the bloodstream they can take root within the body's nervous system, and grow until the sufferer is reduced to a hideous hybrid, with fungal growths sprouting from their living flesh.

Contraction: A warm-blooded creature that receives a Bleeding Condition from a Blood Hungry Spore Cloud must take an **Average (+20) Endurance** Test. If the test is failed they suffer from Fungal Takeover.

Incubation: 2d10 days

Duration: As per the Paratization symptom

Symptoms: Disorientation, Gangrene, Malaise, Paratization, Wounded

NECROTIC FOOT ROT

The fecund soil of the jungle floor is home to fungal growths and tiny organisms that hunger for blood. Unless an explorer takes time to regularly clean their boots, and ensure that their feet are kept clean and dry, their feet begin to develop sores, leading to the loss of the foot.

Contraction: If a warm-blooded Character spends a week wandering Lustria's swamps and jungles they must make a **Challenging (+0) Outdoor Survival** Test. Failure indicates they have contracted Necrotic Foot Rot.

Incubation: 1d10 hours

Duration: 4+1d10 days

Symptoms: Buboes, Gangrene (affecting the Legs), Malaise, Wounded

THOUGHT FOG

By the design of the Old Ones, powerful wards once cloaked Lustria, disorientating invaders. At their most potent, these wards guarded the land from all intrusion, but these days, they have weakened, and travellers can make their way to Lustria without becoming bewildered. Nevertheless, they can still be felt, and cause some visitors to experience dizziness and mood swings.

Contraction: Thought Fog affects warm-blooded people who visit Lustria. Not everyone suffers from Thought Fog, though why the wards work in some cases and not in others is a mystery. A Character who arrives in Lustria should Test when they first glimpse sight of the continent. Roll on the table below to see if they succumb.

CONTRACTING THOUGHT FOG

1d10 Roll	Test to Avoid Thought Fog
1	Challenging (+0) Endurance Test
2	Difficult (-10) Endurance Test
3	Hard (-20) Endurance Test
4-6	Challenging (+0) Cool Test
7-8	Difficult (-10) Cool Test
9-10	Hard (-20) Cool Test

Incubation: Instant.

Duration: Thought Fog can become chronic, but most visitors to Lustria grow used to it. Every week a Character spends in Lustria, they should Test to avoid Thought Fog again, if they succeed they are not subject to it unless they spend time away from Lustria, and then return.

Symptoms: Disorientation

YELLOW-SKULL FEVER

Yellow-Skull Fever is a disease concocted by Clan Pestilens in their war against the Lizardmen. It affects the nervous system, causing intermittent, involuntary jerking movements of the limbs. Infrequently, these isolated limb movements escalate into full body convulsions.

Contraction: If you fail an **Easy (+40) Endurance** Test after contact is made with an infected individual. This disease only affects cold-blooded creatures.

Incubation: 2d10 hours

Duration: 2d10 days

Symptoms: Convulsions, Fever, Lingering

NEW SYMPTOMS

Disorientation

You are suffering from a condition that affects your equilibrium, making it difficult to maintain your balance or your concentration. All Tests based on either Ag, Dex, or Int suffer a penalty of -1SL while you are suffering from Disorientation.

Treatment: There is no treatment, the symptom simply ends when the disease that causes it does.

Organ Failure

Part of your body is severely affected by the disease. Consult the table below to determine the effects depending on which part of the body is stricken.

AFFLICTED BODY PART	
Body Part	Effects
Eyes	Perception Tests that rely on sight suffer a -3 SL penalty.
Nose	Perception Tests that rely on smell suffer a -3 SL penalty.
Ears	Perception Tests that rely on hearing suffer a -3 SL penalty.
Mouth	Language Tests suffer a -3 SL penalty.

Treatment: Soothing unguents can be bought from all good apothecaries — ten doses for a shilling. Application of a dose alleviates the symptom for 1d10 hours.

Parasitization

Parasitization is not so much a symptom as an underlying cause. The effects of the parasitization are actually the other symptoms listed alongside it. These are caused by the fact that the Character suffering from the disease is playing host to an organism living within their body.

Diseases involving parasitization can be particularly lengthy and gruelling, and whilst other symptoms of the disease may be treated individually, they will remain a danger until the parasitization itself is resolved.

Treatment: The only reliable way to deal with parasitization is to make the body a hostile environment for the organism using it as a habitat. This involves the host creature suffering from one or more *Poisoned* Conditions for a number of Rounds equal to the Toughness Bonus of the creature that caused the disease. After that number of Rounds has passed, the parasitic creature must make a **Challenging (+0) Endurance** Test, and if this is failed, the parasite is killed. Provided they survive the ordeal, the Character recovers from the disease the following day.

Example: *The Dwarf Explorer Grum Durisson is bitten by a Blindwyrm, and contracts Blindwyrm Fits. A Blindwyrm has a Toughness of 25, so Grum must suffer from a *Poisoned Condition* for 2 Rounds, after which the Blindwyrm must score 25 or less on an Endurance Test. If the Blindwyrm fails the Test, it is killed and Grum may begin his recovery. If the Blindwyrm succeeds Grum continues to suffer from the disease, but may try to rid himself of it again by taking yet more poison.*

◆ CAMPAIGNING IN LUSTRIA ◆

EXPEDITIONS INTO THE INTERIOR AND ESTABLISHING A SETTLEMENT



This chapter provides Players with the rules they need to begin their campaign in Lustria. It includes suggested campaign frames, new Career options, guidelines for undertaking a jungle expedition, and new ways to spend time between adventures.

NEW CHARACTER OPTIONS

The following frameworks and Careers are most relevant when creating a Character in Lustria, or when choosing a new Career as part of Character advancement.

PARTY FRAMEWORKS

No-one travels to somewhere as dangerous as Lustria unless they have a very good reason for doing so. Whilst the promise of priceless loot tempts many Old Worlders across the ocean, Players may prefer a less avaricious motivation for their own Characters. The frameworks below suggest a few ways your Characters might know each other, what the party intends to achieve, and how they hope to fulfil those agendas in Lustria — along with some suggested Party Ambitions that would be appropriate for that framework.

Colonial Settlement

The Characters are part of an expedition to settle, loot, or conquer the New World. They follow in the footsteps of a hundred similar ventures to Lustria, almost all of which ended in misery and death. But with great risk comes great reward. Perhaps the Characters will succeed where others have failed... or discover a different objective.

Characters from this framework are likely to base themselves out of a coastal colony, such as Skeggi, or a new settlement they found themselves (see page 210). They may be descendants of invaders, born and raised in Lustria, or new arrivals to the continent. If the latter, their

first objective might be competing with other colonisers to secure a hold on the shore. Travelling halfway across the world does not always shake the animosities between Old World cultures.

Short-term Party Ambitions:

- 💀 Establish a foothold in Port Reaver.
- 💀 Find a map to the lost city of Huatl.
- 💀 Make contact with the Lizardmen and preach the word of Sigmar.

Long-term Party Ambitions:

- 💀 End the worship of Chaos in Skeggi.
- 💀 Steal the Scimitar of the Sun Resplendent.
- 💀 Destroy the monuments to the false god Sotek in Tlaxtlan.

Voyage of Discovery

The Characters arrived in Lustria to learn. They could be mapping the continent's boundaries, or researching its wildlife and civilisations. They might strive to unravel an arcane mystery, which only the Old Ones or their servants can answer. Hostilities with the Lizardmen might be avoidable, but this is far from guaranteed. Many Lizardmen struggle to distinguish good-faith overtures from the deceptions of avaricious conquerors, whilst others, such as those from Hexoatl, regard all warm-bloods in Lustria as trespassers against the Great Plan.



This framework is a good choice for a short campaign, or an interlude in an ongoing Old World campaign, since it comes with an assumed endpoint. Once the Characters have learned what they came for, they return home and share their knowledge. The party's headquarters is as likely to be their ship as a specific settlement, perhaps visiting the New World colonies only when restocking supplies or venturing inland.

Short-term Party Ambitions:

- 💀 Discover the fate of our patron's last expedition.
- 💀 Find and sketch a juvenile Carnosaur.
- 💀 Attempt communication with the Lizardmen in their own language.

Long-term Party Ambitions:

- 💀 Discover a southern passage that facilitates maritime trade with Cathay.
- 💀 Negotiate an alliance with the Lizardmen against Dark Elf raiders.
- 💀 Channel the Geomantic Web as a weapon against the Beastmen of Drakwald.

Shipwrecked

The Characters fell victim to the World Pond's unpredictable tides or monstrous predators, and washed up on the shores of Lustria by accident. Before the shipwreck, they may have been explorers, naval patrollers, or traders from (or ambassadors to) Ulthuan or Araby; they may even have been captives of a Dark Elf raid, freed in the crash that killed their captors. Now, their goal is survival. Lustria is not kind to unprepared new arrivals. Maybe they will live long enough to find a way home, or discover a reason to stay.

A shipwreck is a great way to tie together a party of especially disparate Characters. Adventurers who would despise each other in the Old World are much more likely to join forces when stranded on hostile shores, with no-one else to turn to. It's also a good choice for Players eager to experience the toughest challenges of the continent, without their usual resources.

Short-term Party Ambitions:

- 💀 Retrieve all Character Trappings from the dangerous wreckage.
- 💀 Clear enough jungle to build a base camp on the beach.
- 💀 Survive the trek to Swamp Town.

Long-term Party Ambitions:

- 💀 Sail away home.
- 💀 Avenge ourselves upon the Undead pirates who stranded us in Lustria.
- 💀 Stay and defend Xahutec from infestation by Clan Pestilens.

Call of the Old Ones

The Characters felt compelled to visit Lustria for reasons they don't entirely understand. They may believe it the will of the gods, a call to glory, or the enigmatic hand of fate. The truth is, the Slann have foreseen the Characters have a critical role to play in the Great Plan, and have planted subliminal telepathic suggestions for that purpose. However the Characters react to this revelation, the Lizardmen are insistent they will fulfil their destiny.

This framework will not be suitable for all groups. Some Players will reject any set-up which intrudes on their Character's agency. Pre-empt this backlash by explicitly discussing it with Players up-front, keeping the secret in-character but not out-of-character. It's also important to stress that the Slann's influence is a light touch, with plenty of room for interpretation. The Lizardmen can also encourage the loyalty of their subjects by rewarding them with treasure, military assistance, or mystical knowledge.

Short-term Party Ambitions:

- 💀 Capture a Dark Elf Shade for interrogation.
- 💀 Locate the Nurgle cult lair in the Creeping Jungle.
- 💀 Learn the source of the visions that led us to Lustria.

Long-term Party Ambitions:

- 💀 Enter 'The Black Way' tunnels connecting Naggaroth to Lustria.
- 💀 Thwart the summoning of Matanugrek, Daemon Queen of Nurgle.
- 💀 Break the telepathic link with the Slann, and escape Lustria.

HABITATS

HABITATS: JUNGLE

The jungle is the largest biome in Lustria. The power of the Old Ones is evident by the jungle's higher humidity, temperatures, and heady air. These conditions are ideal for the large invertebrates, amphibians, and reptiles that live beneath and above the thick canopy.

It is also the environment most suitable for the Lizardmen. The Lustrian jungle is a hostile environment for warm-blooded Characters. The moisture makes it difficult to start campfires or light torches. Once successfully lit, the high oxygen causes fires to burn bright and quickly consume their fuel. High temperatures cause Characters to consume more liquid in order to maintain hydration.

A BIT OF A BEAST

SLs from Channelling (*Ghur*) Tests are doubled in the jungles of Lustria, but a Critical Channelling results in a Major Miscast rather than a Minor Miscast. If you have the *Aethyric Attunement* Talent, roll on the Minor Miscast Table instead.

HABITATS: MOUNTAINS

The Spine of Sotek runs north to south through much of western Lustria. The part of the range in the tropical region has the same enhancements the Old Ones bequeathed on the surrounding jungles, enabling the resident large flying reptiles to dominate the skies and their terrestrial kin to roam its tangled woodland slopes. Cave openings leading to caverns hide dangers, known and unknown, in the depths of the land.

The southern part of the mountain range bordering the Culchan Plains has the same climate as those temperate regions. Glaciers form in the high mountain valleys and feed the streams that water the grasslands. Small, humpless camels called Glamas graze on the mountain slopes and are, in turn, preyed upon by tawny Lustrian Mountain Cats. Mountain Jacas, relatives of the Savannah Jacas, live in the alpine valleys of the southern, temperate range of the Spines of Sotek.

HABITATS: SOUTHERN (CULCHAN) PLAINS

The Culchan Plains are a temperate climate zone that, unlike the jungles, have not been engineered by the Old Ones. Seasons here are the opposite of those found in the Old World (e.g., winter in the Old World is summer in the Culchan Plains).

In the north, the Plains are dominated by shrublands and marsh, transitional lands from the jungles and swamps to the north as one moves south into the grasslands. The southern prairies are as vast as the herds of herbivores roaming across the land. Large and enormous mammals roam the land grazing alongside Choikas, a flightless running bird less than half the size of a Culchan, with a primarily vegetarian diet (though they also eat small reptiles and amphibians). Smaller herbivores include the foot-long, diurnal Savannah Jaca, a stubby-tailed rodent which travels in herds feeding on the abundant vegetation of the Plains.

HABITATS: SWAMPS AND RIVER BASINS

Most of the swamps and river basins in Lustria fall within the overall jungle environment. Not surprisingly, very large invertebrates, amphibians, and reptiles flourish in these locations. Dangerous fish also abound beneath the water surface.

These aquatic perils range from flesh-shredding schools of ravenous piranhas to twelve-foot long monster catfish capable of dragging a strong, thrashing Norscan to drown in the depths of a river. The ten-foot streamlined, air-breathing Paiche fish is known to launch itself and deliver a bone-crunching blow to the torso of any fisherman trying to reel it in. There are also small, slender, sixteen-inch catfish, called the Vampire Fish, which bore into prey and eat it from within (much like the Borer Snake). Air-breathing Lightning Eels are more of a hidden danger. These eight-foot long fish are nocturnal hunters that find their prey using electrolocation and deliver a powerful jolt that is strong enough to kill an adult Human.

GHYRAN UP THE AMAZON

SLs from Channelling (*Ghyran*) Tests are doubled on the rivers and in the swamps, but a Critical Channelling results in a Major Miscast rather than a Minor Miscast. If you have the *Aethyric Attunement* Talent, roll on the Minor Miscast Table instead.

LUSTRIAN CLASS AND CAREER TABLE

Players randomly generating their Character's Class and Career for a game set in Lustria should use the table provided, instead of the table on **WFRP** pages 30–31. This includes options for the new Careers listed in this chapter, and reflects the fact that demand for certain Careers is much higher or lower in Lustria than back in the Old World.

Note that this table assumes that the Characters have been resident in Lustria for some time and have adapted accordingly. GMs may rule that for campaigns that begin with Characters as new or unprepared arrivals in Lustria, the usual Class and Career Table is more appropriate.

LUSTRIAN CLASSES AND CAREERS

Class	Career	Old World Human ¹	Norse ²	Dwarf	Halfling	High Elf	Wood Elf
ACADEMICS	Apothecary	01	-	01	01	01-02	-
	Engineer	02	-	02-04	02	-	-
	Interpreter	03-04	01	05-06	03-04	03-05	01-02
	Nun	05	02	-	-	-	-
	Physician	06	-	07	05-06	06-07	-
	Priest	07-11	-	-	-	-	-
	Scholar	12-13	03-04	08-09	07-08	08-11	03
BURGHERS	Wizard	14	-	-	-	12-15	04-07
	Agitator	15	05-06	10-11	09-10	-	-
	Artisan	16-17	07-09	12-17	11-15	16-18	08-11
	Beggar	18-19	10-11	18	16-19	-	-
	Investigator	20		19-20	20-21	19	-
	Merchant	21-22	12-13	21-25	22-25	20-24	-
	Rat Catcher	23-24	14	26	26-28	-	-
COURTIERS	Townsman	25	-	27-28	29-30	25-26	-
	Watchman	26	-	29-30	31-32	27	-
	Advisor	27	15-16	31-32	33	28-29	12-14
	Artist	28	17	33	34-35	30	15-17
	Duelling	29	-	34	-	31	-
	Envoy	30	-	35-36	36	32-33	18-23
	Noble	31	18	37	-	34-36	24-28
PEASANTS	Servant	32-34	19-24	38	37-42	-	-
	Spy	35	-	39	43	37-38	29-31
	Warden	36	-	40	44	39	-
	Bailiff	37	-	41	45	-	-
	Hedge Witch	38	-	-	-	-	-
	Herbalist	39	25-27	-	46-48	40-41	32-37
	Hunter	40-41	28-31	42-43	49-50	42-44	38-46
	Miner	42	-	44-48	51	-	-
	Oracle	43	32	-	-	45-46	47-51
	Scout	44	33-35	49	52	47-52	52-62
	Villager	45-48	36-40	50-53	53-56	-	-

LUSTRIAN CLASSES AND CAREERS

Class	Career	Old World Human ¹	Norse ²	Dwarf	Halfling	High Elf	Wood Elf
RANGERS	Bounty Hunter	49	-	54-56	57	53-54	63-64
	Entertainer	50-51	41-42	57-58	58-60	55-57	65-68
	Flagellant	52-53	-	-	-	-	-
	Messenger	54	43	59-60	61-62	58	69-70
	Pedlar	55	44	61	63	-	-
	Survivalist	56-57	45-47	62-65	64-65	59-60	71-74
	Trailblazer	58-59	48-51	66-67	66-68	61-63	75-78
RIVERFOLK ³	Witch Hunter	60	-	-	-	-	-
	Boatman	61	52-53 ⁴	68	69	64	-
	Huffer	62	54-56 ⁵	69	70	-	-
	Riverwarden	63-64	-	-	71	-	-
	Riverwoman	65-66	-	70-71	72-73	-	-
	Seaman	67-70	57-64 ⁶	72-74	74-76	65-69	-
	Smuggler	71	-	75	77-79	65-79	-
ROGUES	Stevedore	72-73	-	76-77	77-79	80	-
	Wrecker	74	65-69	78	-	-	79
	Bawd	75-76	-	-	83-84	81-82	-
	Charlatan	77	70	-	85	83-85	-
	Fence	78	-	79-80	86	-	-
	Grave Robber	79-81	-	-	87-89	-	-
	Outlaw	82-84	71-73	81-82	90	86-88	80-85
WARRIORS	Racketeer	85	-	83	91	-	-
	Thief	86-87	74-77	84	92-95	-	-
	Witch	88	78-82	-	-	-	-
	Calvalryman	89-90	83-85	-	-	89-91	86-89
	Guard	91	-	85-86	96	92-93	90-91
	Knight	92	-	-	-	94	92-93
	Pit Fighter	93-94	86-89	87-89	97	95-96	94-95
	Protagonist	95	90-92	90-92	-	97	-
	Soldier	96-99	93-100	93-95	98-100	98-100	96-100
	Slayer	-	-	96-100	-	-	-
	Warrior Priest	100	-	-	-	-	-

¹The cultural differences between nations count for less in Lustria than they do in the Old World. Any non-Norse Humans in Lustria use this column for generating Careers. Any cultures with options or obligations to swap one Career for another retain those rules in Lustria (for example, Tilean Soldiers may choose to be a Pikeman, per *Up in Arms* page 56).

²Thanks to the endurance of Skeggi, the Norse have more successfully preserved the culture of their homeland in Lustria.

See *Sea of Claws* for Norse Character rules.

³Players with access to *Sea of Claws* are recommended to replace this section of the table with the Seafarer Class.

⁴Norse Boatmen are always substituted with the Beachcomber Career in *Sea of Claws*.

⁵This Riverfolk Career is always substituted with its Seafarer counterpart in *Sea of Claws*.

⁶Norse Seamen are always substituted with the Sailor Career in *Sea of Claws*.



INTERPRETER

Dwarf, Halfling, High Elf, Human, Wood Elf

You employ your fluency with multiple languages to bargain with native populations and decode the warnings of the ancients.

Military expeditions that thoughtlessly butcher every stranger and curious native they meet are doomed to an appropriately violent demise. Communication is key to any successful enterprise, especially one undertaken on foreign soil. Intelligence from local guides can spare a company from environmental dangers, aggravated predators, and enemy manoeuvres. Unfortunately, language barriers can make attempts at dialogue extremely difficult, or even impossible. An Interpreter with the knowledge to bridge this linguistic divide can be a vital expeditionary asset.

INTERPRETER ADVANCE SCHEME

WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel
			+	💀		🛡	+	⚒	+

CAREER PATH

Translator — Brass 4

Skills: Bribery, Charm, Dodge, Gossip, Haggle, Language (Any), Melee (Basic), Perception, Research, Secret Signs (Any)

Talents: Linguistics, Lip Reading, Read/Write, Speedreader

Trappings: Magnifying Glass, Phrase Book

Interpreter — Silver 1

Skills: Charm Animal, Consume Alcohol, Cool, Evaluate, Language (Any), Navigation

Talents: Briber, Dealmaker, Etiquette (Any), Supportive

Trappings: Amulet, Clothing (In a Local Style), Deck of Cards

Polyglot — Silver 3

Skills: Art (Any), Intimidate, Language (Any), Outdoor Survival

Talents: Acute Sense (Hearing), Blather, Bookish, Mimic

Trappings: Book (Cryptography)

Polymath — Silver 5

Skills: Language (Any), Lore (Any)

Talents: Impassioned Zeal, Numismatics, Perfect Pitch, Tower of Memories

Trappings: Impressive personal library

I think the inscription means "Abandon Hops All Ye Who Enter Here"? Let me check my notes...

— Rufius Algorini, novice Translator

'They're saying "The Marsh Is Death". But there's nuance to the meaning; their culture has many words for "Death". I don't think they're referring to our inevitable demise, but to the lingering taint of Necromancy. How many wooden stakes did we bring with us?'

— Geraltina Causs, experienced Polyglot



Interpreters may be residents of the Old World who embrace contact with other civilisations, or native-born peoples who emigrate to Old World colonies. Either way, their experience makes them uniquely positioned to facilitate cultural exchanges. As the world gets smaller, and demand for international trade increases, linguistics has evolved into a scholastic discipline. It is therefore possible for Interpreters to practise languages of cultures they have never met. Though learning from books provides a more limited understanding than practising with native speakers, there are some languages — such as ancient Nehekharan — which can no longer be learned from living creatures. Approaching these dialects academically may be the only way to understand the warnings these civilisations left before their demise.

CULTURE CLASH

An inexperienced Translator may believe their job is simply to explain the meanings of words and inscriptions their clients do not understand. A successful Interpreter understands this is but a fraction of their responsibilities. As the leading representative of their faction, Interpreters set the tone of their interactions with other peoples, even if they're simply repeating the words of their commander. They practise their elocution, diction, body language, and conversational awareness to make sure they always leave the right impression. Stories of negotiations degenerating into violence because of one misguided word choice contain enough truth to keep wary Interpreters on edge.

Once someone acquires the skill for picking up a second language, they usually find it easier to learn more. Polyglots fluent in many languages can command higher rates for their services, especially in cosmopolitan areas like Marienburg, the Border Princes, Albion, or the New World colonies. Because one of the best ways to understand a culture is to study its writings, experienced Interpreters are often well-read, and knowledgeable in a variety of subjects. They often surprise their companions with niche understanding of anthropological nuances, counter-intelligence codebreaking, and historical trivia.

The most respected Interpreters transition into their nation's diplomatic corps, representing their masters as Envoys (WFRP page 72). But most Interpreters associate with less rarefied company. They are stationed on the border, where cultural contact is most intense, and primed to escalate to violence. This is dangerous, frontier territory, and most Interpreters learn basic survival skills, if only in self-defence.

Every culture requires Interpreters to communicate with immigrants and trading partners, but the great maritime powers need their skills the most. As self-declared lords of the ocean, the High Elves of Ulthuan boast a substantial number of Interpreters, condescending to learn the allegedly primitive tongues of other species.

INTERPRETERS IN LUSTRIA

Those born and raised in Lustria hear a great many tongues, as travellers from all over the world arrive on their shores. However unwelcome these invaders are, most natives would rather bargain than be impaled upon their blades. Learning to say 'We mean you know harm' in many languages is as valuable a piece of life-saving information as learning the dangers of the jungle.

Explorers may hire their Interpreters from local populations, or find an appropriately learned individual in any of the Old World's largest ports. Mercenary companies recruit from many different backgrounds, outfitting Imperials, Kislevites, Tileans, Estarians, disinherited Bretonnians, and Dwarf fortune hunters in their formations. Though fluency in a specific tongue is often a requirement for joining the corps, it never hurts to have an Interpreter on hand to communicate nuanced instructions that might be lost on non-native speakers.

The holy grail of any Interpreter in Lustria is to converse with the Lizardmen. Whilst Skink translators can develop skill in the dialects of the Old World, non-Lizardmen struggle when attempting the growls, snorts, clicks, and whistles of Saurian. Written communication has been far more successful, and many Interpreters specialise in producing the glyphs and symbols that the Lizardmen use to keep records. If Interpreters can find a way to convey peaceful intentions through this medium, it may be key to establishing a concord with the Lizardmen.

GENERATING AN INTERPRETER

In Lustria, the Interpreter Career replaces the Lawyer Career. Any other Careers which replace the Lawyer can be selected or rolled for as normal by Players who generate an Interpreter.

If a Player generates a Lawyer under circumstances where interacting with many foreign cultures is not intended to be the focus of the adventure, they may still choose to be an Interpreter if the GM agrees.

A Lawyer Character arriving in Lustria does not become an Interpreter; they must spend XP to adopt the career as usual.



ORACLE

High Elf, Human, Wood Elf

You receive visions from an ancient, alien power, leading you to investigate violations of the Great Plan.

Before the cleaving of continents, before the coming of Chaos, there were the Old Ones. These ancient gods uplifted the genetic ancestors of Humans, Elves, and Dwarfs into their current sapient forms and set the fundamental natural laws of the world. In all places where Chaos does not hold sway, the will of the Old Ones is still extant to this day, though few have the capacity to perceive their magical influence. Outside of the Lizardmen, only a few individuals are attuned to the Old Ones' directions, and not all of them accept their calling. Those who do are known as Oracles.

ORACLE ADVANCE SCHEME

WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel
			🛡	+	+			❖	+

CAREER PATH

🛡 Visionary — Brass 2

Skills: Charm Animal, Dodge, *Intuition*, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ranged (Throwing), Ride (Any), Secret Signs (Lizardman), Track

Talents: Coolheaded, Detect Artefact, Second Sight, Sixth Sense

Trappings: Quarterstaff

❖ Oracle — Brass 5

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Cool, Evaluate, Intimidate, Melee (Polearm)

Talents: Magical Sense, Orientation, Roughrider, Sure Shot

Trappings: Divining Rod, Javelin, Mask of the Old Ones

⌚ Priest of the Old Ones — Silver 2

Skills: Heal, Language (Magick), Leadership, Lore (Magic)

Talents: Arcane Magic (Beasts or Heavens), Petty Magic, Luck, Read/Write

Trappings: Collection of Feathers and Amulets

█ Speaker of Truth — Silver 5

Skills: Channelling (Azyr or Ghur), Lore (Old Ones)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Instinctive Diction, Pure Soul, War Wizard

Trappings: Recovered Magical Item

'There is only one war — the war against Chaos — and it has been waged by gods and titans for innumerable aeons. You are the latest footsoldier spawned for this conflict. You are a lesser footnote in the Great Plan, and that is a more prestigious honour than you will ever comprehend.'

— Chuqa-xi of Tlaxtlan, Slann Mage-Priest

'For the glory of the twin-tailed comet!'

— Battlecry of Amalda Forktongue, devotee of Sigmar



An Oracle's visions direct them to places where the Great Plan is under threat. They may be drawn to sacred places where protective magic has been disturbed, or an artefact of essential significance has been stolen. Sometimes they are simply led to sites of Chaos worship, the ultimate enemy of everything the Old Ones constructed. The guidance of the Old Ones is rarely explicit, and is prone to misinterpretation. Oracles try to compensate by searching for evidence of the Old Ones' intentions all around them. The movement of trees, the turning of weather, perhaps even the shifting Winds of Magic — all provide hints of where their destiny leads.

Few Oracles understand the source of their visions in anything but the vaguest terms. Most believe they are being guided by their own culture's deities, or the faceless hand of fate. Anyone who persists in attempting to communicate with the Old Ones directly is driven insane by the experience. This may be because the alien omnipotence of their kind is fundamentally incompatible with mortal comprehension... or perhaps because the Old Ones have been so thoroughly supplanted by the Ruinous Powers that truthseekers are liable to go mad from the revelation.

EYES OF THE ANCIENTS

No-one is sure how the representatives of the Old Ones are chosen, assuming it is not simply an accident of birth. It has been noted that a disproportionate number of them emerge from rural communities, where the call of the natural world is still strong and unsilenced. By adulthood, though, most Visionaries have left their homes behind, as they are drawn to places of power expressed in their lucid dreams. Here, they are 'awakened', magically imbued with a fraction of the truth regarding their purpose. If they accept this duty, they become true Oracles — and their journey is only just beginning.

Most Oracles are not spellcasters themselves, merely arcane vessels through which the Old Ones exert their will. They may perceive traces of magical influence, or locate mystical artefacts using divining rods, but do not conjure power of their own. However, an Oracle who succeeds and understands their place in the universe may unlock the potential within themselves, and become a powerful mage in their own right. This enlightenment may be found in the constellations above, or in the primaeval origins of the practitioner's own lizard brain.

The pre-eminent non-Lizardman devotees of the Old Ones are the Truthsayers. The first of these druidic disciples were taught by the Old Ones directly, and their order has preserved this sacred knowledge through oral histories ever since. The protective aura of Albion's Ogham Stones is maintained by the Truthsayers, as are other locations key to preserving the Geomantic Web. An Oracle may learn their craft directly under a Truthsayer's tutelage, or from plaques retrieved in Lizardman temple-cities that appear incomprehensible to others. It's speculated that some Oracles may even be 'awoken' by the direct telepathic manipulation of Slann, a dire prospect that suggests an Oracle's will may not be their own.

ORACLES IN LUSTRIA

Most Oracles in Lustria are Skinks — specially-spawned individuals with forked tails, destined to serve as the eyes and ears of the Slann beyond the temple-cities. Yet warm-blooded Oracles feel drawn to Lustria too. Nowhere in the Old World possesses such a precious collection of artefacts, monuments, or access points to the Geomantic Web. Oracles born on distant shores commonly volunteer to join a voyage to the New World, claiming a lust for gold or glory rather than admitting the disturbing truth. Others are fugitives from the Empire's Witch Hunters, who show little tolerance for unlicensed spellcasters or servants of an alien deity.

The caves of Lustria are the native habitat of the Troglodon (page 180), a hissing, spitting, pale-skinned monster commonly considered to be untameable. Yet Skink Oracles have been known to calm a Troglodon with a gesture, even taking the creatures as steeds. It is said the first Troglodons were conceived as tracking beasts for the Old Ones and will instinctively serve sentients bound to the same destiny. Of course, not all warm-blooded Oracles are in a rush to test this theory.

GENERATING AN ORACLE

In Lustria the Oracle Career replaces the Mystic Career. Any other Careers which replace the Mystic can be selected or rolled for as normal by Players who generate an Oracle.

If a Player generates a Mystic under circumstances where the influence of the Old Ones is not intended to be the focus of the adventure, they may still choose to be an Oracle if the GM agrees.

A Mystic Character arriving in Lustria does not become an Oracle; they must spend XP to adopt the career as usual.



SURVIVALIST

Dwarf, Halfling, High Elf, Human, Wood Elf

Bitter experience has taught you how to survive the worst of the natural world and its hazards.

Survivalists are hardened veterans who have learned how to stay alive in the most lethal parts of the world. They cultivate an encyclopaedic knowledge of which foragables are safe to eat, the symptoms of infectious diseases, and how to avoid predator territories. Much of this life-saving knowledge is acquired through painful personal experience, requiring a Survivalist to be very lucky, supremely resilient, or both. Their discoveries are so vital they can reliably make a living selling their wisdom back to travelling companions.

'The trick with blindwyrms is rolling with the hit, and not letting them burrow inside you. Once they deposit their young under the skin, they reproduce so fast they'll be flooding your internal organs. You see that happen to a friend, make sure to keep your distance, lest they explode and shower you in — look, you asked, alright? Not my fault you'd just had your breakfast.'

— Tuni the Morbid, Dwarfen Survivalist

'The wretches of the Plague God lie that only with their repugnant patron's gifts can one survive in a place as miserable as this. But I know better. I have seen the truly divine in the spirit of the uncompromising. I have seen the miracle of Human biology.'

— Flavia Zanassi, Priestess of Shallya

'When in Lustria, do as the Lizards do.'

— Orika the Grim

SURVIVALIST ADVANCE SCHEME										
WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel	
		💀	✚	✖	🛡			✚	✚	

CAREER PATH

✚ Subsister — Brass 1

Skills: Cool, Dodge, Endurance, Heal, Intuition, Melee (Basic), *Outdoor Survival*, Perception, Stealth (Rural), Swim

Talents: Hardy, Sixth Sense, Stone Soup, Tenacious

Trappings: Hand Weapon

✖ Survivalist — Brass 4

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Intimidate, Lore (Local), Navigation, Ranged (Any), Set Trap

Talents: Field Dressing, Implacable, Iron Jaw, Resistance (Any)

Trappings: Bedroll, Rope, Sling with Ammunition, Sturdy Boots, Waterskin

💀 Wild Whisperer — Brass 5

Skills: Athletics, Charm Animal, Secret Signs (Ranger), Track

Talents: Hunter's Eye, Menacing, Orientation, Trapper

Trappings: Animal Traps, Repertoire of Bird Calls

🛡 Wilderness Instructor — Silver 3

Skills: Animal Care, Leadership

Talents: Acute Sense (Hearing), Careful Strike, Iron Will, Well-prepared

Trappings: Antitoxin Kit, Bandage, Extra Day of Rations, Map



Survivalists are rarely sociable sorts. Crawling through dirt, bathing in bug-repellent juices, and extracting moisture from animal excrement is not a good way to make friends. But savvy expedition commanders know that the advantages of understanding the local terrain are worth the cost in coin and morale. Survivalists pair well with Trailblazers — whilst the latter provide the drive to keep pushing onwards, the former are a tempering influence, ensuring due regard is paid for what is practically achievable and relatively safe.

A TRAUMATIC ORDEAL

To become intimately familiar with the perils of the natural world, most Survivalists go through an excruciating process of trial and error. As a Subsister, their goals are nothing more worthy than scavenging enough food to survive, without succumbing to infection, malnutrition, or exposure. It is a career one seldom chooses, but is commonly inflicted by unfortunate circumstances — poverty, shipwreck, exile, or unusually harsh coming-of-age rituals. Often they are the sole survivors of larger companies, haunted by terrible acts they committed to survive as their fellows perished.

The few Subsisters who live cultivate a set of skills that other travellers will happily pay for. However insistently a Survivalist claims they will never return to the wild, desperation or survivor's guilt tends to change their mind. In the field, a Survivalist's sharpened situational awareness helps them to pick up new skills, with nature always the best teacher. An experienced Survivalist may transition from consultation into instruction, disseminating knowledge that can save lives in their absence. Even then, they typically follow their pupils into the field, supervising their ordeals personally.

GENERATING A SURVIVALIST

In Lustria, the Survivalist Career replaces the Road Warden Career. Any other Careers which replace the Road Warden can be selected or rolled for as normal by Players who generate a Survivalist.

If a Player generates a Road Warden under circumstances where desperate struggle against a hostile environment is not intended to be the focus of the adventure, they may still choose to be a Survivalist if the GM agrees.

A Road Warden Character arriving in Lustria does not become a Survivalist; they must spend XP to adopt the career as usual.

SURVIVALISTS IN LUSTRIA

The death toll of foreign expeditions to Lustria is beyond horrific. Between the bugs, predators, poisonous wildlife, infectious diseases, treacherous terrain, Lizardman armies, and magical defences of the Slann, it is extraordinary any explorers survive long enough to warn their kin never to visit the continent. If anyone can help an expedition mitigate its losses, it is a Survivalist. Naturally, the most useful consultants are those with experience of jungle exploration specifically, but even rangers who learned wilderness survival in Athel Loren, the World's Edge Mountains, the Nehekharan desert, or the Chaos Wastes will find many of their skills relevant. Survival is a state of mind.

Every New World colony is littered with lost souls who stumbled back to the coast after the rest of their expedition perished. It takes a shrewd eye to recognise these haunted degenerates as potential Survivalists, but an explorer who takes the time to feed and clothe them could learn plenty from the failures of their predecessors. Other Survivalists may be born and raised in the colonies, learning about the many hazards of the jungle as part of their upbringing. These lifelong residents of Lustria may possess the most comprehensive knowledge of all, and can charge commensurately higher rates for their service.

OGRE CHARACTERS IN LUSTRIA

The promise of gold to plunder and exotic animals to eat has lured many Ogres across the Great Sea to seek fortune in the New World. Rules for playing Ogre Characters can be found in *Archives of the Empire Volume II*.

When using the Ogre Random Class and Career Table, Players may choose to apply the following substitutes for campaigns set in Lustria:

- 💀 A Bounty Hunter may choose to be a Trailblazer.
- 💀 A Pedlar may choose to be a Survivalist.

Players with access to the Seafarer Class in *Sea of Claws* may also choose to apply the following substitutes for their Ogre Character:

- 💀 A Beggar may choose to be a Beachcomber.
- 💀 An Entertainer may choose to be a Chantyman.
- 💀 A Seaman may choose to be a Sailor.
- 💀 A Stevedore may choose to be a Ship's Gunner.



TRAILBLAZER

Dwarf, Halfling, High Elf, Human, Wood Elf

You forge a path through untamed wilds in expeditions of discovery.

For as long as civilisations have been carving out safe havens for themselves, there have been those daring enough to leave shelter behind and disappear into the wilderness. Perhaps they hope to discover a better place for settlement, a vital natural resource, or simply a cure for their pathological wanderlust. Most abandon their travels when confronted by an impassable obstacle. But others are too pig-headed to give up. Determined to find a way or make one, they persist in their travails until they reach their destination or perish in the attempt. In Lustria, the latter is far more likely.

'Who needs roads when we have machetes?'

— Karl Ernst Bartus, self-proclaimed adventurer

*'I already started filing the paperwork for death-in-service.
Much more efficient than waiting for the inevitable.'*

— Pessiminus the Economical, regimental quartermaster



TRAILBLAZER ADVANCE SCHEME

WS	BS	S	T	I	Ag	Dex	Int	WP	Fel
			❖	+	+		+	💀	🛡

CAREER PATH

❖ Pioneer — Brass 3

Skills: Climb, Cool, Endurance, Melee (Basic), Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Row, Sail (Any), Swim

Talents: Fleet Footed, Orientation, Strider (Any), Tenacious

Trappings: Cooking Pot, Machete, Sturdy Boots, Walking Stick, Waterskin

❖ Trailblazer — Silver 1

Skills: Athletics, Gossip, Ranged (Blackpowder), Ride (Horse), Stealth (Rural), Trade (Cartographer)

Talents: Acute Sense (Sight), Jump Up, Rover, Scale Sheer Surface

Trappings: Chalk, Map, Pistol with 10 Shots, Telescope

❖ Pacesetter — Silver 2

Skills: Bribery, Dodge, Drive, Research

Talents: Fleet, Hardy, Seasoned Traveller, Sprinter

Trappings: Bedroll, Grappling Hook, Trade Tools (Navigator)

█ Expedition Leader — Gold 1

Skills: Evaluate, Leadership

Talents: Dealmaker, Etiquette (Soldiers), Inspiring, Read/Write

Trappings: Company of Explorers, Riding Horse with Saddle and Tack, Tent, Walking Cane

There are two main schools of thought as to how best to penetrate the impenetrable. One philosophy, favoured by most Elves and Halflings, is to embrace the path of least resistance. They have an eye for any trail through dense terrain, however narrow or circuitous, and hone their bodies to slip through those routes. The other approach, famously preferred by Dwarfs and Humans, is to fashion a way forward with brute force. They chop through foliage with scant regard for environmental consequences, perhaps even laying roads for others to follow them. Each method has its advantages, though the latter surely draws more attention from native predators, even if it is more direct.

CALL OF THE UNKNOWN

Most Trailblazers start out alone or in small parties, unable to convince many to join their perilous journeys into uncharted terrain. Only when a Pioneer returns from their travels with something of value can they expect financial backing from an intrigued patron. Whilst a Scout (WFRP page 83) might prefer solitude and familiar territory, a Trailblazer's dream is to go where no-one has been before and inspire others to follow in their footsteps. Many are driven by desire for fame and fortune, glory that can only be obtained with a suitable audience.

A Trailblazer who successfully demonstrates the profitability of their ventures can expect a bigger stake in future endeavours. As a Pacesetter, they are the vanguard of their expedition, leading by example in and out of deadly environments. The ultimate goal is to be granted command of a whole expedition of explorers. Expedition Leaders know that if their undertaking is successful, they can expect their name to be reproduced in history books for hundreds of years or more.

GENERATING A TRAILBLAZER

In Lustria, the Trailblazer Career replaces the Coachman Career. Any other Careers which replace the Coachman can be selected or rolled for as normal by Players who generate a Trailblazer.

If a Player generates a Coachman under circumstances where an expedition to exotic foreign locations is not intended to be the focus of the adventure, they may still choose to be a Trailblazer if the GM agrees.

A Coachman Character arriving in Lustria does not become a Trailblazer; they must spend XP to adopt the career as usual.

TRAILBLAZERS IN LUSTRIA

The world has no shortage of murderous landscapes for impetuous Trailblazers to explore. High Elf Shadow Warriors prowl the bleak wastelands of Naggaroth. Nomads persevere through the heat of the southern deserts. Dwarf Rangers brave the freezing peaks of the World's Edge Mountains, some even pushing north to survey the desolate Chaos Wastes.

Yet Lustria lures more Trailblazers to its shores than anywhere else. Between its exotic array of lethal hazards, and the promise of gold for the successful plunderer, nowhere else so thoroughly captures the imagination of an aspiring adventurer.

The perils for a Lustrian Trailblazer are frighteningly varied. The jungle is enchanted to repel would-be explorers, with diseases, insects, predators, and Lizardman defenders spelling the doom of their expeditions. Whilst Trailblazers have a reputation for recklessness, few are foolhardy enough to undertake an excursion without diligent preparation.

Wherever possible, they will supplement their travelling packs with maps, survival tools, and the very latest local knowledge. That said, Lustria's jungles are renowned for their shifting landscape, quickly obliterating trails and paths previously marked through the foliage. A Lustrian Trailblazer expects that when they enter the jungle, they will be forging their own path.

10 STARTING SKILLS?

You may notice that rather than having 8 available Skills to choose from at their first Career level, Careers in this book have 10. Future Careers will also follow this format, to provide a bit more variety in approaching a Career, particularly in the early tiers.

To advance to a new level of the Career, you must Advance at least 8 of these Skills as described in the WFRP Core Rulebook. However, this means you have the option to choose 2 Skills not to Advance, if you so wish.

JUNGLE EXPEDITIONS

Few Characters travel to Lustria just to savour the peculiar charms of the colonies. Sooner or later, whether it's to behold the Lizardman temple-cities or rescue a captured comrade, Characters will embark on a jungle expedition — a harrowing ordeal few survive. This chapter is based on the Travel rules from the **Enemy in Shadows Companion**, but presents such an undertaking as notably more dangerous, to account for the fabled lethality and impenetrability of the Lustrian jungle.

TRAVEL STAGES

A party embarking on a jungle expedition starts by deciding their intended destination (or at least, the direction of travel). The GM then breaks the journey between departure and destination into Stages — perhaps using landmarks on the map of Lustria to divide them. Each Stage has its own phase for generating Weather, Endeavours, and Encounters before the party arrives at their destination.

Determining an expedition's number of Stages is not simply a matter of measuring distance. A Stage is an abstract metric for tracking moments of particular peril amidst the tedious monotony of extended travel. If a locale is especially gruelling to traverse, such as the Fire Bogs or Piranha Swamps, it may require two separate Stages. As a general rule, an expedition between two nearby colonies could be resolved in just one Stage, whilst a trek to a Lustrian temple-city should take no longer than four Stages (or be split into multiple expeditions across successive adventures). GMs may tweak these numbers slightly, according to their own gaming group's enthusiasm for travel encounters versus progressing with the main adventure.

After the GM has set the baseline number of Stages, they should modify the number as follows:

- If the slowest member of the group (or the party's boat) has a Movement of 3 or lower, increase the number of Stages by one. If the group are travelling entirely on mounts (or a boat) with a Movement of 6 or higher, decrease the number of Stages by one, to a minimum of one.
- If the party intends to travel on rowing boats without sails, increase the number of Stages by one.

• Finally, one Character may attempt a **Difficult (-10) Navigation or Lore (Lustria)** Test before the expedition begins, with a +20 modifier if they have a recent, accurate map. On a success, decrease the number of Stages by one, to a minimum of one.

WEATHER

Tropical Lustria has two seasons: dry and flooded. Dry season runs from mid-Sommerzeit on the Imperial calendar through mid-Ulriczeit. Rains still fall in dry season, but the season is marked by rivers keeping to their banks, and many standing pools of water are encountered. Many of these pools dry up as the season progresses. Dry season is the time for explorations and raids. Jungle trails usually follow the rivers and are firm ground.

Flood season is marked by a higher frequency of storms and unrelenting downpours. Rivers overflow their banks and the shrinking ponds become part of the larger jungle 'sea'. Travelling by boat during this time is hazardous as the rivers reach the treetops in many low-lying areas. Submerged branches can damage boats traversing the rivers, possibly even breaching the bottom of wood-planked hulls. Land-dwelling creatures make for higher ground as the flood waters rise.

At the beginning of each expedition Stage, the GM rolls 1d10 to determine the weather, and directs players to apply the corresponding effects and modifiers.

LUSTRIAN WEATHER		
Weather	Wet Season	'Dry' Season
Stifling Humidity	1	1-4
All is Well	2	5-6
Lingering Vapours	3-4	7
Rain Showers	5-6	8
Torrential Downpour	7-8	9
Tropical Storm	9-10	10

Stifling Humidity

The temperature is so high that Characters might abandon heavy gear to prevent heat stroke. All Characters immediately take a **Difficulty (-10) Endurance** Test to avoid heat Exposure. If the weather persists across the expedition, Characters may accumulate multiple failures, with the effects listed on **WFRP** page 181.



All is Well

The weather is as tolerable as can be reasonably expected, and applies no further effects.

Lingering Vapours

A thin coating of mist persists in the early hours of the day. When forced to take action at these times, visibility is decreased to 25 yards, and shooting attacks take a -20 penalty. Jungle Encounters (page 205) and other hazards may well be timed to occur whilst the fog is still lingering.

Rain Showers

Persistent precipitation reduces visibility to 25 yards, imposes a -10 on all attack Tests, and leaves everyone in a bad mood. The damp conditions facilitate the transmission of disease, imposing a penalty of -1 SL on any Endurance Tests to avoid contraction.

Torrential Downpour

Black clouds barely glimpsed through treetops deposit a constant hail of rain. Visibility is reduced to near zero, sounds below a shout are impossible to hear, and all physical Tests suffer a -10 penalty. Ranged attacks suffer a -20 penalty, and exposed gunpowder is immediately ruined. Anything not under cover is soaked through within minutes, imposing a -10 penalty on Tests to avoid disease contraction. Characters should make **Average (+20) Charm Animal** or **Ride** Tests to prevent animals with the *Skittish* Trait from bolting at crashes of thunder.

Tropical Storm

The lethal winds of an approaching typhoon temporarily grounds the party. Increase the number of Stages in the expedition by +1; there can be no travelling through this storm, only attempts to find cover. In addition to the effects of Torrential Downpour, the Characters forgo the opportunity to undertake any Endeavours this Stage, except to *Find Shelter*. If no Character successfully Finds Shelter, all Characters are hit on the body for 12 Damage.

TRAVEL ENDEAVOURS

Whilst undertaking a jungle expedition, Characters may choose to take on additional responsibilities. Each Character may choose one Endeavour per Stage of their expedition, resolved before Encounters (page 205), in whatever order the Players choose.

The strain of jungle travel is tiring enough that extra stresses can push a Character to their limit. A Character who fails a Test as part of an Endeavour gains a *Fatigued* Condition (**WFRP** page 169). *Fatigued* Conditions cannot usually be removed until the Characters make it to the safety of a New World colony or similar shelter, unless a Character uses the *Make Camp* Endeavour (page 204).

Players used to the travel Endeavours from the **Enemy in Shadows Companion** will note that jungle Endeavours are more difficult, impose harsher consequences for failure, and exclude certain options due to their wild and dangerous nature. For this reason, Characters without notable proficiency in relevant Skills should consider forgoing the opportunity to use an Endeavour, and focus instead on the tough journey ahead.

Find Shelter

You anticipate upcoming weather conditions, and make sure your company is somewhere safe and covered when the worst hits. Make a **Difficult (-10) Outdoor Survival** Test, with a -10 modifier in Torrential Downpour, or a -20 modifier in a Tropical Storm. If you succeed, all Characters may ignore ongoing Test penalties due to Exposure or rainfall for the rest of the Stage, and avoid suffering injuries in a Tropical Storm.

Forage for Food

Acquiring supplies in the jungle is a great way to reduce the weight of rations — so long as you can distinguish the nutritious from the toxic. Make a **Difficult (-10) Outdoor Survival** Test to find something to forage on your journey. If you succeed, see the options for Gathering Food and Herbs on **WFRP** page 127 to calculate how many travelling companions you can feed this Stage. If you suffer an Impressive or Astounding Failure, you ingest something poisonous instead, and gain a *Poisoned* Condition (instead of a *Fatigued* Condition). You suffer 1 Wound, spend Resolve or Test **Endurance** or **Heal** (with the Condition's -10 modifier) to remove the Condition, and repeat this process until you remove the Condition or perish.

Keep Watch

You stay vigilant at all times, scouting ahead and volunteering for additional watch duties, to try and keep your companions safe. With a successful **Difficult (-10) Perception** Test, you and your allies cannot be *Surprised* during this Stage of your expedition. On an Impressive or Astounding Failure, the GM may choose to reverse the tens and units digits of their next roll on the Jungle Encounters Table, as paranoia redirects the company into an even more hazardous situation.

Map the Route

The shifting trails of the jungle defy attempts at permanent recording, but keeping track of your steps can be very useful if you're about to retrace them. If you have the necessary materials (paper, quills, ink), you can produce a map with an **Extended Challenging (+0) Trade (Cartography)** or **Art (Drawing)** Test, requiring SL equal to twice the number of Stages in the expedition. Test each time the Endeavour is selected. If you complete the map before reaching your destination, and make a return journey along the same path, the company gains +20 on its Lore or Navigation Test before setting off home. You may also sell the map during the next period of downtime, but due to the degrading accuracy over time, the base selling price is only 1 Gold Crown.

Make Camp

A little extra effort to make stops on the journey comfortable can work wonders to soothe the stresses of travel. Make a **Difficult (-10) Outdoor Survival** or **Heal** Test, removing 1 Fatigued Condition from yourself or an ally on a success, and additional *Fatigued* Conditions equal to the SL. Alternatively, a successful Heal Test can provide benefits as per **WFRP** page 123.



Practise a Skill

Embracing challenge as a way to hone your skillset is a good way to combat the monotony of travel. Make a **Difficult (-10) Test** of a Skill you'd have an opportunity to practise during a jungle expedition — Outdoor Survival, Trade (Herbalism), Set Traps, etc. If you succeed, you may choose to reverse one Test roll of that Skill during the expedition or the rest of the adventure.

Repair a Boat

Lasting boat repairs require specialist facilities and a team of professionals, but a Character with appropriate Trade Tools (Shipwright, Carpenter, etc.) can implement temporary repairs to their vessel to last until the end of the expedition. Make a **Difficult (-10) Trade (Boatbuilding or Carpentry)** Test to restore 1d10+SL Wounds to your boat, or remove the ongoing penalties from a river Encounter (page 206).

EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES

Most Endeavours attempted between adventures require access to the amenities of civilisation, and are not suitable for undertaking in the jungle. However, GMs may allow Characters to use other Endeavours (such as those in **WFRP** pages 196–201), with sufficient justification. In this way, a Character might *Train an Animal* to fetch, collect *Income* as the Hunter for a larger company, or interrogate the Secret Signs of other Rangers for *The Latest News*. Note that the With Great Power... and Elf Improvement rules that reduce the use of Endeavours between adventures (**WFRP** page 195) do not apply in the middle of jungle expeditions.

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

As in the **Enemy in Shadows Companion**, results on the Jungle Encounters table do not force the party into combat unless the Players actively pursue that method of resolution. This is to prevent jungle expeditions from dragging on so long that they delay Players from engaging in the meat of an adventure. GMs can, of course, choose to embellish encounters into trickier ordeals, or ambush the Characters with combat scenarios midway through an expedition. However, these challenges are something the GM has the option to prepare in advance, not have sprung upon them halfway through an adventure.

JUNGLE ENCOUNTERS

After generating Weather and resolving Endeavours, the GM rolls on the Encounter table to determine what awful experience the jungle has in store for the Characters on this Stage of the journey.

JUNGLE ENCOUNTERS TABLE

d100	Encounter
01-05	Thunder Lizard Migration: A colossal saurian beast crosses the Characters' path, its feet plunging through the canopy without regard for what they crush. Every Character makes an Average (+20) Dodge Test . Characters that fail suffer a hit for 5 Damage to the body, multiplied by the number of Size steps they are smaller than Monstrous.
06-15	Lizardman Traps: Every Character must make a Challenging (+0) Perception Test . Characters that fail are caught in a snare, spiked pit, missile trigger, or other booby trap, suffering a hit for 10 Damage to a random hit location, then suffer the same attack again, unless they succeed on a Challenging (+0) Set Trap Test .
16-25	Stalking Predators: The wild things of the jungle hunt the Characters with malevolent intent. Every Character makes a Challenging (+0) Charm Animal Test . For every failed Test, a Character suffers a hit for 10 Damage to a random hit location, a valuable Trapping or resource is stolen, or an NPC ally disappears — Players choose which.
26-35	Flash Floods: The rivers of the jungle burst their banks, catching the party in a rushing torrent. Every Character makes a Challenging (+0) Athletics or Average (+20) Swim Test . Those that fail lose 5 Wounds due to Drowning (ignoring Armour and Toughness Bonus), or lose a valuable Trapping or resource — Players choose which.
36-45	Malodorous Malady: A dreadful disease spreads through the company. Roll on the Poxes of the Cauldron Table (page 57) to determine which disease. All Characters, steeds, and companions must Test to avoid Contraction.
46-50	Spoiled Food: Insufficient protections cause all of the Characters' rations to spoil in the humidity. Characters must start testing to avoid the effects of Starvation (WFRP page 181), one Test per Stage. Characters supplied by the <i>Forage for Food</i> Endeavour do not Test.
51-60	Sucking Earth: Mud, bogs, or riverbanks conceal the presence of lethal quicksand. Any Character who fails an Average (+20) Outdoor Survival Test is trapped. A trapped Character can only escape by abandoning Trappings until they are carrying a total Encumbrance of 4 or less.
61-65	Magical Curse: Mystical entities native to the jungle hex the Characters with nightmarish delusions. Every Character makes a Challenging (+0) Cool Test . Those that fail flee the visions in terror. After recovering from their fear and embarrassment, they gain a <i>Fatigued</i> Condition.
66-70	Shifting Trails: The jungle comes to life, so slowly it is imperceptible, and closes off dirt paths and river courses. One Character may make a Challenging (+0) Navigation Test to quickly plot a new route; unless they succeed, extend the length of the expedition by 1 Stage.
71-75	Spore Cloud: Madcap fungus spores or another hallucinogenic toxin drifts over the party. Characters may make a Challenging (+0) Endurance Test to hold their breath. Characters that inhale lose 5 Wounds (ignoring Armour and Toughness Bonus), and automatically become subject to <i>Frenzy</i> (WFRP page 190) during any combat encounters in this adventure.
76-85	Swarm of Bugs: Thankfully the flies and midges circling the Characters don't carry diseases, but they are still a persistent, enraging nuisance. Every Character must succeed on a Challenging (+0) Cool Test , or suffer -10 to their Fellowship for the rest of the adventure.
86-90	Volcanic Eruption: A distant mountain blows its top, ejecting ash and choking fumes over the surrounding jungle. Every Character gains the <i>Poisoned</i> Condition — they suffer 1 Wound, spend Resolve or Test Endurance or Heal (with the Condition's -10 modifier) to remove the Condition, then repeat the process until they remove the Condition or perish.
91-95	Bad Omens: A dreadful discovery of explorer corpses, sacrificial altars, or other dire warnings spook the Characters. Every Character must succeed on an Average (+20) Cool Test or they are unable to spend Fortune Points for the rest of the adventure.
96-100	Wards of Disorientation: The magical enchantment of the Old Ones attempts to deter the Characters as gently as possible. Every Character makes a Challenging (+0) Cool Test . If every Character fails, extend the length of the expedition by 1 Stage. Characters must also check to avoid contracting Thought Fog (page 187).

RIVER TRAVEL

Thick, clinging undergrowth makes penetrating the jungle by coach, chariot, or other land vehicle exceptionally difficult. However, jungle expeditions can enjoy the advantages of vehicular transport if they travel by river boat. In Lustria, the fabled River Amaxon has provided remarkable access to the interior. Only a fool would assume, though, that crossing the jungle by river is an assurance of safety. When a Stage of a jungle expedition involves travelling by water, players may choose to roll on the River Encounters table instead of the Jungle Encounters table.

Many of these Encounters inflict damage on the Characters' boat. Boats track damage in the same way as Characters — they have a Toughness score which modifies Damage taken, and a Wounds score which shows how much Damage they can take before they sink. Repairing a boat midway through an expedition requires the *Repair a Boat* Endeavour (page 204). More rules for river navigation, including boat Critical Hits and the effects of prevailing wind conditions, can be found in the **Death on the Reik Companion**.

RIVER ENCOUNTERS

1d10	Encounter
1	Broken Rigging: A sudden high wind tears loose the ropes controlling the sail, threatening to snap the top off the mast. All Characters must make a Challenging (+0) Initiative Test or suffer a hit at 5 Damage to a random hit location. Travel aboard the boat is impossible until the damage is repaired.
2	Splintered Rudder: Wear and tear, or aquatic Skink saboteurs, break the boat's rudder or tiller bar. The boat cannot steer. All future Row or Sail Tests aboard the vessel are Very Hard (-30) until the damage is repaired.
3	Snapping Jaws: A lurking predator takes a bite out of one of the boat's oars. A random Character holding the oar takes a hit at 5 Damage to a random hit location. Future Boat Handling Tests aboard the vessel suffer -1 SL.
4	Treacherous Shallows: A Character must succeed on a Challenging (+0) Boat Handling Test, or the boat runs aground, suffering a hit for 12 Damage. Dragging the boat back into the water requires every Character to succeed on a Challenging (+0) Endurance Test, or gain a <i>Fatigued</i> Condition.
5	River Rapids: A sloping gradient increases river flow, and risks smashing the boat against exposed rocks. A Character must succeed on a Challenging (+0) Boat Handling Sail Test, or the boat suffers a hit at 15 Damage.
6	Swinging Boom: A crosswind snaps at the sail. Every Character must succeed on a Challenging (+0) Dodge Test, or be hit by the swinging boom for 5 Damage to a random hit location (and probably fall into the water).
7-8	Obstructive Debris: A Characters must succeed on a Challenging (+0) Boat Handling Test to avoid fallen trees, boat wreckage, or other debris. If failed, the boat suffers two hits at 10 Damage.
9-10	Headwind: Unfavourable weather makes travel by sail impossible, requiring extra rowing shifts. Every Character must succeed on a Challenging (+0) Row Test or gain a <i>Fatigued</i> Condition.

TYPES OF BOAT USED IN LUSTRIAN RIVERS

Boat Name	Cost (GC)	Movement	Lengthh (Feet)	Toughness	Wounds	Encumbrance Capacity	Notes
Rowboat	6	3	10	35	10	60	+2 SL on Row Tests, no sail
Skiff	45	3	15	40	20	120	+1 SL on Sail and Row Tests
Knarr	60	4 (3 if rowing)	15	40	30	150	-1 SL on Sail and Row Tests
Barge	225	3	20	45	60	300	
Longship	250	4 (6 with 30 rowers)	25	50	60	100	Expected crew of 32
Large Barge	445	3	30	45	90	500	
Patrol Boat	655	4	25	60 (+1 Armour)	120	80	Expected crew of 15

TEMPLE-CITY EXPLORATION

The destination of many jungle expeditions is a Lustrian temple-city, or a monument of equivalent gravitas. This section advises what explorers will likely encounter at the end of their journey, what treasure they'll find to plunder, and the consequences of stealing from the Lizardmen.

TEMPLE-CITY REMAINS

The type of temple-city discovered table provides a few options for what Characters might discover at the heart of the Lustrian jungle. If the Characters have a specific location in mind, and reliable directions to get there, GMs can simply consult the appropriate row of the table, for a baseline suggestion of its defences and plunder.

If the Characters are travelling more aimlessly, with a view to map out the terrain and perhaps find something valuable, roll on the table to determine the endpoint of their quest. GMs may apply positive modifiers on this 1d100 roll, if the Characters have a good map, native guide, magical vision, or similar preparation that is guiding them to better plunder.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DEFENCES AND CONSEQUENCES

The Lizardmen do not take kindly to interlopers, and resent any attempts to plunder their temple-cities, however, they do not always devote their resources to the defence of their sites, and the recapture of their lost treasures, in a way that explorers from the Old World find logical.

When a temple-city is discovered, the GM should consult the table on the next page to determine what sort of defences and what sort of plunder can be found at the site. The plunder may be taken by the Characters provided they negotiate the defences in some way, either by sneaking past them, defeating them in combat, negotiation, and so on.

The consequences for removing plunder are dealt with later in this chapter. They are not contingent on the defences. Characters may find it odd that they steal into a living city to lift armfuls of golden decorations, and then escape with their fortunes with little in the way of repurcussion; when the next time they undertake a similar venture they find some plaques in an abandoned ruin, and are hunted across the world by armies of Lizardmen.

TYPE OF TEMPLE-CITY DISCOVERED

1d100	Discovery	Description
01-05	Nothing Remains	Your journey ends in nothing but disappointment, the alleged temple site indistinguishable from jungle. Whatever map, tip-off, or vision led you here was either intentionally fraudulent, or centuries out-of-date.
06-15	Buried City	Only the peaks of the highest pyramids now penetrate the soil, foliage, and volcanic ash that have settled atop the temple-city ruins over the centuries. Unless you have the labour, magic, or engineering know-how to excavate the entire site, you have wasted your trip.
16-25	Sunken City	The temple-city has been entirely submerged by the encroachment of the sea, or the bursting of riverbanks. Most valuables have been washed away, but determined plunderers could dive for the remainder...
26-40	Defiled City	The temple-city ruins have been occupied by invaders who exploit their lingering magic for malevolent purposes. These defilers have already stolen anything valuable — but their definition of valuable might be different from yours!
41-55	Plundered City	Another team of looters beat you to these ruins, and it looks like they were here recently. If you stay, you might find treasure they overlooked... or you can try chasing after them.
56-70	Abandoned City	After centuries of neglect, the temple-city has disappeared beneath a tangle of jungle vines. Digging for treasure is sure to be exhausting work. Even the Lizardmen have abandoned the site — their relics were recovered centuries ago.
71-85	Ruined City	You have the apparent good fortune to stumble upon a ruined temple-city, tumbling and derelict, but still rich in plunder to steal. However, the Lizardmen's vigil is more diligent than it first appears.
86-100	Living City	Your hubris is rewarded with appalling fortune — you have found one of the few remaining active temple-cities. You'll never take the city by force, but if you could sneak inside and back out, the rewards would be incalculable...

Example: A band of Norse treasure hunters rove into the jungle and discover a Ruined City. Whilst at the site, they are monitored by 12 Skink Scouts, who will arrange for reinforcements if the Norse do not move on quickly. Later, the Norse loot a Stela Stone from the site. Even if they dealt with the 12 Skink Scouts and other reinforcements, they will now be hunted by a significant Lizardman force. This army will be willing to cross oceans to recover the stela. Even if these Lizardmen are destroyed, their Slann masters may deem it appropriate to raise and despatch another army to find the item and return it to Lustria.

CONSIDERATIONS

Larger temple-cities, such as those described in the temple-cities chapter, will likely have even more defenders, and even more plunder, than the sites listed here. Lizardmen who venerate Chotec, such as those who live at Hexoatl, are even less tolerant of interlopers than those at other sites. Lizardmen suffering from the depredations of Orcs, Vampires, or Skaven may well consider offering potential plunderers a share of their wealth in return for dealing with their enemies, but sacred artefacts will never be considered as part of such payment.

DETERMINING TEMPLE-CITY DEFENCES AND PLUNDER

Discovery	Defences	Plunder
Nothing Remains	None, besides the usual hazards of Lustria.	None, unless you were following another expedition. A Challenging (+0) Perception Test may uncover their remains, along with their battered, rusted wargear and 10d10 silver shillings.
Buried City	None visible. If you somehow managed to enter the buried temples, some traps might remain inexplicably functional.	A day's labour, and a Very Hard (-30) Endurance or Outdoor Survival Test, excavates enough of the pyramids to scrape away gold embellishments worth 1d10 GCs. Rolling a 01 on this Test reveals a Stela Stone atop the pyramid's peak.
Sunken City	The underwater ruins are periodically patrolled by 6 Skink scouts. If the Characters are spotted, the patrol calls 12 Skinks and a Kroxitgor for backup.	A day's labour, and a Hard (-20) Swim Test, recovers 1 Encumbrance of gemstones. Marginal Failures might recover one or two gemstones, worth 3 GC each. Rolling a 01 on this Test reveals a Sacred Plaque, buried in sediment.
Defiled City	Roll on the Random Creatures Table (page 185) for the habitat most appropriate for the location of the ruins to find out what creature makes its lair there. Alternatively, you may decide that the ruins harbour a nest of Skaven, Savage Orcs, or Undead.	Vanquishing or sneaking past the garrison reveals the presence of an obsinite block, difficult to lever from its current position. The occupation leader is also protecting a stolen Stela Stone.
Plundered City	An army of 20 Saurus with Skink skirmisher support arrives to reclaim their treasure. You can fight, run, or strike a bargain by offering to help reclaim their stolen goods.	A day's labour, and a Hard (-20) Perception Test, locates an obsinite block on site. The escaping looters are carrying 3 Encumbrance of gold, 1 Encumbrance of gemstones, and a Sacred Plaque. The Saurus only care about returning the Plaque.
Abandoned City	The forgotten temple-city is now home to a pack of monsters, or a solitary alpha-predator. Roll on the Monsters section of the Random Creature Table (page 185) for the habitat most appropriate for the location of the abandoned city to find out what creature makes its lair there.	Monster remains, equivalent to 1d10 Stegadon Skulls, litter the site. A clutch of monster eggs may be found with a Difficult (-10) Perception Test. Days of labour, and a Hard (-20) Endurance Test, digs up 2 Encumbrance of gold. Reduce the value of the find for Marginal Failures.
Ruined City	12 Skinks in hiding monitor the Characters' approach. Over the next few days, they summon escalating waves of Skinks, then Saurus, then Kroxitgor, then Stegadons.	Every day of searching, with a Difficult (-10) Perception Test, recovers 1 Encumbrance of gold. Impressive Successes reveal gemstones or obsinite; Astonishing Successes reveal a Stela Stone, or even a Sacred Plaque.
Living City	Hundreds, if not thousands, of Skinks and Saurus, including elites like Temple Guard and Skink Priests. Escalating confrontation may even attract the attention of a Slann Mage-Priest.	Characters who survive sneaking past Lizardman patrols accumulate 1 Encumbrance of gold on a successful Challenging (+0) Evaluate, Perception, or Sleight of Hand Test. Valuable treasures are more heavily guarded, with Sacred Plaques most secure of all.

TEMPLE-CITY PLUNDER

The Temple-City Plunder table details valuable materials the Characters might loot from a Lizardmen temple-city.

The **Value** of each item assumes the Characters offload their haul to the earliest interested customer (and can be modified by the Haggle Skill and *Dealmaker* Talent, as normal). Characters can increase their profit by the multiplication factor listed in the **Preferred Buyer** section, by selling to discerning clientele.

The **Encumbrance** of Plunder is usually directly proportionate to its Value. For example, a gold statuette with 2 Encumbrance sells for twice as much as a 1-Encumbrance decorative plate.

PLUNDER DETAILS			
Plunder	Value	Enc	Preferred Buyer
Gold (decorative plate)	25GC	1	-
Gemstones (12 jewels)	36GC	1	-
Obsinite (block)	40GC	4	Smiths (x2); alchemists and engineering guilds (x3)
Stegadon Skull	5GC	1	Natural historians and collectors (x2)
Cold One Egg	15GC	1	The Imperial Zoo, Clar Karond Beastmasters, etc. (x2)
Stela Stone	5GC	2	Spellcasters (x10)
Sacred Plaque	20GC	1	Imperial wizards (x8); Elf mages (x15)

Gold

This precious metal is used in great quantity in the construction and decoration of Lizardmen temple-cities. It is used for jewellery, ornamental statues, and embellishments of pyramids and entranceways.

• **Consequences:** Gold is of little consequence to the Great Plan, and the Slann rarely oblige retaliatory attacks for the sake of mere trinkets. A band of 6 Saurus Soldiers and 6 Skink Scouts may follow the thieves, but would not pursue them beyond the bounds of their temple-city's surrounding territory.

Gemstones

Precious stones like jade, amber, obsidian, or crystal may be found in the eyes of statues, at the peak of monuments, or even as part of inexplicable Old One technologies. They fetch a higher price than gold, and are easier to transport.

• **Consequences:** As gold, above.

Obsinite

Obsinite is a durable rock or volcanic glass, used as the basis of Lizardman weapons technology. Though its capabilities are little understood, its resilience makes it an obvious choice for smithing wargear. Early experiments in the production of obsinite gyrocopters and other war machines show great promise.

• **Consequences:** The Lizardmen need obsinite to wage war, and acquiring new supplies is difficult. Efforts to recover stolen ore are therefore carefully proportioned to the value of what was taken. Small elite teams of hunters, such as a band of 6 Chameleon Skinks, Terradon Riders, or Cold One Knights, are most commonly despatched after plunderers.

Monster Parts

The fossils and remains of exotic jungle monsters are a prized novelty in the Old World. Claws, teeth, and skulls are good, but complete skeletons are even better. Some looters go one better and seize the eggs of unborn reptilians, hoping to raise and partially domesticate them.

• **Consequences:** Though the Lizardmen are usually unsentimental about animal parts, some artefacts like the Sacred Stegadon Helm of Itza contain more magical power than apparent at first glance, and the eggs of creatures like Carnosaurs are very hard to come by. Either instance might justify despatching a cohort of Lizardman warriors to pursue thieves.

Stone Tablets

Arcane artefacts inscribed in stone, marked with eldritch symbols, and bound with magical power. Stela pillars are used as guardian stones or astrological aids. The Sacred Plaques are even rarer, for they are said to contain instructions from the Old Ones themselves, and are pivotal to implementing the Great Plan.

• **Consequences:** The most valuable treasures of the Lizardmen are protected diligently. Whole armies will not hesitate to assault colonies that harbour stolen Stelae, whilst if a Sacred Plaque is taken, they will cross oceans to recover it. In some cases, even if an army is defeated, another may be despatched.

BETWEEN EXPEDITIONS

When Characters need a break from lethal excursions into the wild, they retreat to the relative safety of a colony. This chapter includes rules for building or expanding a settlement, as well as alternate Events and Endeavours to replace those in **WFRP** pages 192–201. Unless the GM rules otherwise, Characters are only eligible to use the options in this chapter if they are spending their downtime in a New World colony, such as Skeggi, the Citadel of Dusk, or a base camp of their own creation.

BUILDING A COLONY

For as long as invaders have been making landfall on Lustria, they have built colonies to assert territorial claims. These colonies provide outsiders from the Old World and Ulthuan with food, shelter, and options for reinforcement or retreat. Most settlements survive no longer than the excursions they were built to support, falling to Lizardman attack, natural disasters, or simple neglect. Yet a few colonies persevere — usually by opening their borders to interlopers of every nation and creed, and interfering as little with the native peoples as possible.

Maintaining a colony means building and maintaining Colony Structures, the key locations of a settlement which are pivotal to its ongoing occupation. Constructing a Colony Structure takes time, usually undertaken during a period of downtime (see the *Construction* Endeavour, page 216). Colony Structures also have specific requirements before they can be built — most notably Timber, which is typically harvested using the *Deforestation* Endeavour (page 216).

Characters who commit Endeavours to help build a Colony Structure (or show sufficient respect to those who did) can take advantage of its facilities. Each of the Colony Structures below lists the benefits it provides to its settlement and community. Characters may gain additional benefits from those Colony Structures by rolling specific Events (page 213), or choosing corresponding Endeavours (page 216).

PRE-EXISTING STRUCTURES

If the Characters spend a period of downtime in a pre-existing settlement, it is important to know what Colony Structures it possesses. This determines what options there are for expanding the colony, what Events it may be affected by, and what Endeavours are available. The key locations of the most important colonies in Lustria are listed below — if GMs create their own settlement, they should determine its Colony Structures too.

- **Skeggi:** Farmsteads x10; Veslvakt Palisades (Fortification x4); Dodvakt Stockade and Harbour (Fortification and Port); Godspile (Monument, *Blessing of Might*); The Eureka (Venue); The Highholt (Capitol, not currently accessible to Characters).
- **Citadel of Dusk:** Farmsteads x6; Citadel Garrison (Fortifications x4); Naval Facilities (Fortification and Port x2); Admiral's Quarters (Capitol, not currently accessible to Characters); Geomantic Nexus (Monument, *Blessing of Protection*).
- **Port Reaver:** Farmsteads x3; Pirate Bay (Fortification and Port); Shrine to Manann (Monument, *Blessing of Tenacity*); Gambling Dens (Venue x2).
- **Swamp Town:** Farmsteads x3; Barracks (Fortification); Merchant Harbour (Port); Shrine to Ranald (Monument, *Blessing of Fortune*). The colony's tavern district (Venue) was recently destroyed by arson.

FARMSTEADS

Requirements: 100 Timber.

Plantations of crops, ranches of livestock, and fleets of fishing boats provide colonies with enough food to sustain their population. Expeditions to Lustria bring seeds and animals with them to serve as the basis for these enclosures. From there, agricultural labour and good fortune is essential to securing the colony's future.

Farmsteads generate a **Food Supply** for other Colony Structures. The total number of Colony Structures that require a Food Supply (Ports, Monuments, Venues, and Capitols) can never exceed the colony's number of Farmsteads. If the number of Farmsteads ever decreases below this total, the GM chooses Colony Structures to be **Vacated**, until the equilibrium is achieved. Whilst Vacated, a Colony Structure provides no benefit, but is returned to functionality once the Food Supply is restored.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS

The most successful colonies are self-sufficient, never expanding beyond the limits of what their settlement can afford to support. However, circumstances may force Characters to import resources from other colonies, at the costs listed below:

- 💀 **Timber** is relatively cheap to import, given the plentiful supply. It costs 1 gold crown per point of Timber imported.
- 💀 **Food Supply** is much harder to come by in Lustria. It costs 10 gold crowns to import one Farmstead's worth of Food Supply, lasting until the end of the next adventure.
- 💀 **An Established Reputation** is not something that can simply be purchased, but an individual of means may choose to extend their patronage to a colony, conferring the benefits of their own reputation. A powerful patron's influence reduces the number of Colony Structures required for an Established Reputation by 1. Characters who court this influence owe their patron a Significant Favour (WFRP page 198); if they ever displease their patron, the colony loses its Established Reputation.

FORTIFICATIONS

Requirements: 80 Timber. Since they only need to be occupied in times of crisis, Fortifications do not require an ongoing Food Supply.

It is only good sense to make sure a colony's valuables are secured against the perils of the jungle and the sea. This may mean erecting barracks, watchtowers, a wooden palisade of sharpened sticks, or a sea wall stockade.

If the colony is attacked during an adventure, Fortifications provide cover, elevation, and other advantages according to their function. Between adventures, if an Event requires a Colony Structure to be destroyed, Characters may choose to destroy a Fortification in its place, unless the Event explicitly states this is not an option.

Characters exporting their colony's excess Timber and Food Supply do not enjoy a significant rate of return, as every colonist involved in the process of harvesting and transporting the resource expects to be paid too. Once everyone has taken their cut, the party can expect to earn 1 silver shilling for every point of Timber sold, and 10 silver shillings for a Farmstead's excess Food Supply. Resources can only be exported if the colony has boats with sufficient Encumbrance Capacity to transport it – 1 Timber weighs 1 Encumbrance, whilst one Farmstead's excess Food Supply weighs 10 Encumbrance. As always, the costs listed here may be modified slightly using the Haggle Skill (WFRP page 291) and the *Dealmaker* Talent (WFRP page 135).

COLONIAL TRADE

Enterprising merchants using the trading rules in *Sea of Claws* pages 135–139, or the *Death on the Reik* Companion pages 70–78, can profit by hauling cargo between the New World colonies using the gazetteer below:

GAZETTEER OF LUSTRIAN PORTS

Settlement	Size	Ruler	Wealth	Produces	Surplus	Demand
Skeggi	2	The Jakker King (nominal)	3	Luxuries (<i>Lustrian Gold</i>), Timber, Trade	-	Arms +1, Grain +1
Citadel of Dusk	2	Admiral Jahuthrynn Seagleam	2	Ship Parts, Trade	-	Timber +1
Port Reaver	2	Captain-in-Chief Philipp Billings	2	Luxuries (<i>Lustrian Gold</i>), Timber	-	Arms +1, Ship Parts +1
Swamp Town	1	General Helmut Nussbacker	1	Luxuries (<i>Pottery</i>), Timber	-	Grain +1
Santa Magritta	2	Comandante Blas Elcano	2	Timber, Trade	-	Arms +1, Grain +1

New colonies in Lustria begin with a Size and Wealth of 1, and Produce one resource (usually Timber). A colony with at least 5 Colony Structures increases its Size to 2; a colony with an Established Reputation (per Capitols, page 212) increases its Wealth to 2.

PORTS

Requirements: 150 Timber; Food Supply (see *Farmsteads*).

Almost all Lustrian colonies are built on the coastline, and those that aren't do not stray far from the great rivers of Amaxon and Qurveza. By staying close to the water, colonists keep open a supply route to their homes and other colonies, a marginally less hazardous route than trekking through the jungle.

Ports provide harbour for boats. If the Characters own a boat and leave it docked in port between adventures, they can use it to travel on water during adventures (such as **River Travel** on page 206). NPCs will also leave boats in ports, and may be persuaded to take Characters out onto the water during adventures, if provided the right incentive.

A colony must have a Port to trade with the outside world. See the **Imports and Exports** and **Colonial Trade** boxes for further details.

MONUMENTS

Requirements: 150 Timber; Food Supply (see *Farmsteads*).

Colonists determined to make a living in Lustria need all the help from a higher power they can get. By erecting runestones, obelisks, shrines, and churches to their gods, they hope to attract blessings of vigour or protection that can empower them in upcoming ordeals. Many of these holy sites are loosely connected to the Geomantic Web, inducing more power than even their priesthood might expect.

When a Monument is built, choose one of the Blessings on **WFRP** page 221. Characters that spend a period of downtime in a colony with a Monument may, for the duration of the next adventure, make Pray Tests to activate the Monument's Blessings, and use the Pray Skill as a Basic Skill. Characters may activate this Blessing even if they do not have the Bless Talent (or know a Divine Lore that excludes that Blessing). If a Character already knows the Monument's Blessing, the Monument provides +20 on Pray Tests to activate the Blessing.

VENUES

Requirements: 150 Timber; Food Supply (see *Farmsteads*).

Every colony in the New World has a watering hole where miserable explorers can bemoan their poor fortune. An establishment that actually raises the spirits of their patrons is a much rarer proposition. Entertainment, relaxation, and other home comforts are such uncommon luxuries in the colonies that folk will travel from far and wide to patronise a Venue that provides them.

Any Character who spends a period of downtime in a colony with a Venue may, during the next adventure, spend a Resolve point to remove all of their *Fatigued* Conditions (instead of just one Condition).

CAPITOLS

Requirements: 200 Timber; Food Supply (see *Farmsteads*); Established Reputation (see below).

The most successful patrons, warlords, and pirate kings of the New World build halls and towers where they can efficiently administer their holdings. These structures are a far cry from the palaces of the Old World, but they are effective enough declarations of supremacy. With privilege comes insulation from the worst of Lustria's hazards, though other settlers may covet that position for themselves...

A colony may only have one Capitol. An additional requirement for constructing a Capitol is an **Established Reputation**. This means the colony is already sufficiently lively and sizeable that it can justify the presence of a supreme leader. An Established Reputation requires a colony to have three or more of the following Colony Structures (including duplicates): Ports, Monuments, or Venues. If a colony with a Capitol ceases to have an Established Reputation, rivals of the Characters attempt to seize control of the colony and its Capitol.

If the party spends a period of downtime in a colony with a Capitol — and the leader of the colony is a Character, an ally, or a puppet ruler — the Characters do not suffer the penalties of the *With Great Power...* rule on **WFRP** page 195. In addition, one Character per period of downtime may choose to reverse the tens and units digits of their roll on the Lustrian Events Table.

LUSTRIAN EVENTS

Between jungle expeditions and other Lustrian adventures, Characters will usually retreat to a coastal settlement to recuperate and perform Endeavours. Though less immediately lethal than the heart of the jungle, life in the colonies involves plenty of hardship, especially compared to the relative comforts of the Empire.

If you're using the **Between Adventures** rules, Characters spending their downtime in a Lustrian colony should roll on the Lustrian Events Table instead of the Events Table on **WFRP** pages 193–194.

The Lustrian Events Table assumes that the Characters are using the rules for **Building a Colony** (page 210). If an Event interacts with the rules for a Colony Structure, but you aren't using the **Building a Colony** rules, you can use the Event as narrative inspiration instead, and apply whatever mechanical effects seem most appropriate.

If you are using the Colony rules, and an Event instructs you to destroy a Colony Structure that your settlement doesn't have, that mechanical effect is ignored.

01: Ruination of Cities

Your colony is marked as an affront to the Great Plan and assailed with devastating spellcraft. The GM chooses and destroys 2 Colony Structures. This is only the beginning — the next time you roll on the Events Table, the Slann will destroy the settlement entirely, killing all its residents. You can avert this fate by spending the next adventure devising formidable magical defences, bargaining with the Slann, or killing the Mage-Priest responsible.

02–06: Natural Disaster

The colony is ravaged by a furious tropical storm (or a more unusual disaster, such as a tsunami or earthquake), shaking the settlement to its foundations. The GM chooses and destroys 2 Colony Structures.

07–09: Monstrous Stampede

A herd of Stegadons emerges from the jungle, crashing into the colony and trampling buildings underfoot. Only the garrison's stern defence can repel them. The GM chooses and destroys 2 Colony Structures. You may negate this effect by destroying 1 Fortification instead.

10–11: Rot from Within

Woodrot, unstable foundations, or saboteurs inside the community erode your colony's infrastructure. The GM chooses and destroys 1 Colony Structure. You cannot choose to negate this effect by destroying a Fortification.

12–14: Extortion

Pirates or raiders appear on the colony's border, and offer to 'protect' the settlement for a fee. It costs 20 gold crowns to pay them off. If the Characters know a wealthy NPC in town, they can cover the payment, but the Characters now owe them a Significant Favour (or a Major Favour for half the payment). If the Characters refuse to pay, the extorters choose and destroy 1 Colony Structure.

15–17: Tidal Wave

Turbulent weather causes a wall of water to smash into the colony's harbour. 1 Port is destroyed. Any ship docked in the colony has a 50% chance of being destroyed. You begin the next adventure unpleasantly soggy.

18–21: Animal Infiltration

A predator slips into pasture, a rat infestation devours the crop fields, or a monster chases off fishing shoals. Lean times are forecast. 1 Farmstead is destroyed. Check to see if another Colony Structure must therefore be abandoned.

22–24: Thoughtless Vandalism

Drunken hooligans make a short-sighted decision to bite the hand that feeds. The GM chooses to destroy 1 Venue or Capitol. The Characters decide how to punish the arsonists responsible (assuming it wasn't them).

25–27: Blasphemous Sacrilege

Whispers of heresy compel a cult of non-believers to defile, and effectively destroy, 1 Monument. Tracking down the culprits will require a little detective work.

28–31: Disease Outbreak

In spite of all precautions, infection spreads throughout the colony. Roll on the **Poxes of the Cauldron Table** (page 57) to determine what kind of outbreak occurs. All Characters, steeds, and travelling companions must Test to avoid Contraction. Other NPCs may be infected by the disease, at the GM's discretion.

32–33: Old 'Friends'

An enemy of yours from the Old World arrives in Lustria. It may be deliberate pursuit, or extravagant misfortune, but either way they know you're here. If they're polite enough to be welcome at the colony, they meet you in person for a 'friendly chat'; otherwise they write to you, promising a reckoning soon. If you've never been to the Old World, the new arrival is someone everyone hates, like a Necromancer, Chaos warlord, or Bretonnian.

34–36: Bad Choices

Greed or desperation moves a friendly NPC to a very foolish decision, such as stealing from the Characters, gambling more than they can afford, or venturing into the jungle alone. The ramifications of this reverberate into the next adventure.

37–39: Troublemakers

Dubious characters arrive at the colony, claiming to be humble settlers. The colonists hesitantly take their coin, whilst discretely speculating whether the newcomers are fugitives, spies, cultists, or press-ganggers. The atmosphere of paranoia permeates, providing Warriors +50% money on any *Income* Endeavours they take before the next adventure.

40–42: Short Tempers

It's hot, it's wet, bugs are everywhere, and everyone is in a bad mood. The GM chooses an NPC colonist who you have upset with some trivial argument. They look for petty revenge the next chance they get, probably during the next adventure.

43–46: Mutineers

Social upheaval erodes the thin pretence of law and order in the colony. Communities turn on their leaders; soldiers turn on their officers. If you are in a position of power, you are vulnerable — Courtiers cannot use the *Income* Endeavour before the next adventure. If you are hoping to climb the hierarchy, this is an opportunity — Characters gain +10 on all Tests during the Foment Dissent Endeavour before the next adventure.

47–49: Blockade

A pirate ship, navy patrol, or marine predator circles the entrance to the colony's harbour. No ships can leave port until the Characters venture out to repel the threat, most likely during the next adventure.

50–51: War on Crime

A well-intentioned (but inevitably doomed) attempt to enforce the rule of law makes life for the colony's criminal population a little more interesting. Rogues halve the money they gain from *Income* Endeavours until the next adventure.

52–54: Can't Run Forever

If you owe a Major or Significant Favour to someone on the Lustrian continent, they call in the debt. You lose an Endeavour preparing to pay your dues in the next adventure. If a Major or Significant Favour you owe is to someone outside of Lustria, there is a 10% chance they catch up with you through a representative, and call in the favour instead.

55–58: Fresh Meat

A company of new arrivals from the Old World think they know it all, and start throwing their money around. Burghers and Peasants willing to flatter their ego gain +50% money on any *Income* Endeavours. At the start of the next adventure, the company ventures into the jungle, likely never to be seen again.

59–61: The Jungle Advances

The vegetation of Lustria refuses to be contained, growing back as fast as it is chopped down, right up to the colony's borders. No Characters can undertake the Construction Endeavour until at least 3 more *Deforestation* Endeavours are completed.



62–63: Returned Expedition

The tattered, traumatised survivors of a jungle expedition stagger back to the colony, clutching a few stolen trinkets. They attract the attention of many interested parties. Until the start of the next adventure, Academics gain +50% money on any *Income* Endeavours, as they treat the wounded, repair damaged equipment, or translate temple-city inscriptions.

64–66: Dubious Trade

A group of anxious merchants arrive at the colony late one night, pay well to take on supplies, then disappear by the following morning. A few days later, another group of strangers arrive, and demand to know what happened to the traders and their cargo. Minor Favours and new Animosities are both available, depending on how you respond.

67–69: Festivities

It takes effort to maintain traditions in the colonies, but it keeps up morale. You lose an Endeavour celebrating a holiday, marriage, or feast, according to the customs of your people.

70–72: Cloying Mists

Humid fog settles across the colony, providing cover for disreputable dealings. Rogues gain +50% money on any *Income* Endeavours they take before the next adventure.

73–75: Almost Comfortable

The jungle retreats, the weather is tolerable, and your enemies cut you a break. For a while, it's almost like being back home. Begin the next adventure with a sense of wary anticipation.

76–78: Rest and Recreation

You take some time off to enjoy the scant pleasures you and your fellows have built here in Lustria. If your colony has a Venue, your maximum Resolve points are increased by 1 for the duration of the next adventure.

79–81: New Friends

NPCs arrive at the colony who see things the same way you do. They like what you're building here, and want to be dealt in. Take advantage of their skills and resources during the next adventure.

82–85: Buried Treasure

Truly Lustria is the land of riches! You dig up nearby treasures worth 10 gold crowns — Lizardmen artefacts, loot from dead explorers, flotsam and jetsam from passing ships, or another colonist's nest egg. Since these are stolen goods, it's very likely someone will want them back.

86–88: Agricultural Diversification

Local farmers successfully transition into tending native crops or rearing native livestock, which fare much better in the harsh climate. 1 of your colony's Farmsteads now counts as 2 Farmsteads, for purposes of calculating how many other Colony Structures can be built and supported.

89–91: A Letter from Home

Sympathisers in the Old World or Ulthuan write to you from across the sea. If your colony has a Port, their message is successfully delivered, and contains an offer of reinforcements, additional resources, or another Significant Favour. You can send your response back with the courier.

92–94: Follow the Path

Travellers discover a semi-reliable trail or river course through the jungle. For a brief window before it disappears, reliable contact with other colonies is established. Until the start of the next adventure, Rangers and Riverfolk gain +50% money on any *Income* Endeavours, and +20 on Tests for *The Latest News* Endeavour.

95–98: Tribute

Power has its privileges. A trading venture or jungle expedition defies expectations by succeeding, and the people in charge take a cut. If your colony has a Capitol, and you have installed yourself or an ally as colony leader, you and your allies gain 5 gold crowns each.

99–100: Favour of the Heavens

The devotion of the colony pleases its divine patron — somebody up there likes you! Characters gain +20 on Pray Tests to activate Blessings provided by Monuments for the duration of the next adventure.

NEW ENDEAVOURS

The Endeavours below are alternate options that Characters can use when taking a period of downtime between adventures in a New World colony. These Endeavours integrate with the **Building a Colony** rules on page 210.

Periods of downtime in Lustria are affected by the With Great Power... and Elf Improvement rules, reducing the number of Endeavours Characters can take between adventures as normal (see **WFRP** page 195).

At present, there are no banking houses operating in Lustria, so players cannot choose the Investing option when taking the *Banking* Endeavour (**WFRP** page 196). However, unless the GM rules otherwise, any other Endeavour listed in **WFRP** or elsewhere can still be undertaken in Lustria. The difficulties of Tests to locate experts or potential tutors may be higher — but the New World tends to attract a diverse array of outcasts and renegades, with an extremely varied skillset. Most of the conveniences of the Old World can still be found in Lustria, for Characters willing to pay an inflated price.

Deforestation

You take a woodcutter's axe to the jungle encroaching on the colony and chop down a clearing's worth of trees. This has several advantages — it provides the colony with more space to expand, keeps jungle critters that spread disease at bay, and generates raw materials with which to build boats and Colony Structures.

Characters who choose this Endeavour generate 10 Timber for their colony.

Characters may choose to work double shifts to generate an additional +10 Timber, but this requires an **Average (+20) Endurance** Test. Characters who fail begin the next adventure with the *Fatigued* Condition. Impressive or Astounding Failures may also expose the Character to tropical diseases.

If the Character is leading a team of woodcutters in this Endeavour — employees who work for them, or other settlers with a stake in expanding the colony — they make an **Average (+20) Leadership** Test. On a success, the team generates +20 Timber. On a failure, they generate +10 Timber.

Attuning With the Ancients

This Endeavour may only be selected in a colony with a **Monument** (page 212).

You undertake a pilgrimage to a place of power and offer yourself in supplication to your god. After a week of worship, you are empowered by divine purpose — or perhaps by the magic of the Old Ones.

Choose one of your colony's Monuments. For the duration of the next adventure, you may reverse any Pray Test rolls made to activate the Blessing of that Monument.

Boatbuilding

This Endeavour may only be selected in a colony with a **Port** (page 212).

You commission the local shipwrights to create a new water-going vessel to explore the coasts and rivers of Lustria. Choose a boat from the list on page 206 to manufacture; the cost of the boat in gold crowns is listed. However, whilst using the *Boatbuilding* Endeavour, you have approval to use the colony's Timber supply as part of the construction. Every point of Timber spent reduces the cost of the boat by 2 gold crowns.

You have ready access to your boat when undertaking jungle expeditions — see the **River Travel** rules on page 206 for more details. Alternatively, you may second your boat to a crew of NPCs to deliver messages or attempt supply runs whilst you're undertaking your own adventure.

Construction

You lay the foundations and raise the framing of a new Colony Structure. Whilst you're busy breaking ground, explorers from other colonies flock to your settlement, ready to occupy or patronise the Structure.

Your colony gains one of the Colony Structures listed on pages 210–212. You may only choose to build a Structure your settlement has enough Timber to afford, which must be paid in full when you select this Endeavour. Colony Structures may have other requirements before they can be built, such as Food Supply (see **Farmsteads**, page 210), or an Established Reputation (see **Capitols**, page 212).

Entertaining

This Endeavour may only be selected in a colony with a **Venue** (page 212).

The oppressive tribulations of surviving in the New World leave settlers hungry for any recreational relief available. Talented Characters can take advantage of this captive audience to make a tidy profit.

This Endeavour uses the same rules as the *Income* Endeavour, with the following exceptions:

- Instead of Testing their Income Skill, the Character must Test one of the following Skills: Entertain (Any), Perform (Any), Play (Any).
- For purposes of this Endeavour, the Character may count their Status as Silver 3.

Patrolling the Border

This Endeavour may only be selected in a colony with a **Fortification** (page 211).

With nearby guards providing cover, and a safe perimeter to retreat behind if necessary, you dare to probe the edge of the jungle — and anticipate whatever dangers it has in store.

If you undertake a jungle expedition in your next adventure, you may reverse one Test roll made to resist the effects of a Jungle Encounter (page 205) or River Encounter (page 206). You may choose to provide an ally the benefit of this reversal, instead of yourself.

Rationing

This Endeavour may only be selected in a colony with a **Farmstead**.

By carefully husbanding the resources produced by the colony's farms, you set aside enough supplies to see your party through a mid-length expedition.

You generate enough food and water rations to cater for yourself, other Characters, and any travelling companions during the next adventure. If you are undertaking a jungle expedition, these supplies last for 3 Stages — after that, Characters must rely on the *Forage for Food* Endeavour.

Sponsoring an Expedition

This Endeavour may only be selected in a colony with a **Capitol**.

Characters close to their colony's centre of power enjoy first refusal on new business enterprises. Most enticingly of all, they have an option to invest in other explorers' jungle runs. Though most attempts to loot the temple-cities of Lustria end in misery and death, the few that succeed can deliver a return on investment beyond the dreams of avarice.

The GM describes an ambitious NPC who approaches you with a bold proposal. Choose how many gold crowns you invest in the expedition, between 1 GC and 20 GC. Higher investment both increases the chance of the expedition's success, and improves the rate of return.

Your Character does not accompany the expedition they sponsored — it occurs 'off-screen' whilst the Characters are having their next adventure. At the start of the next period of downtime, roll 1d100 + the number of gold crowns invested to determine the outcome of the enterprise.

EXPEDITION OUTCOME

1d100	Outcome
01-55	Abject Failure. The expedition disappears into the jungle, taking the Character's investment with them. They are never seen alive again.
56-80	Failure. Only a few members of the expedition make it back to the colony, ranting about their horrendous ordeal. Any creditor with a heart would not ask the survivors for repayment — the jungle has already taken everything from them.
81-95	Modest Success. Some members of the expedition make it back with minor trinkets — perhaps taken from the Lizardmen, perhaps taken from another expeditionary party. It's enough to repay the Character double their investment.
96-100	Jackpot. The expedition achieves the impossible, raiding a temple-city and returning with armfuls of treasure. They fulfil their rash promise to repay the Character with 10 times their investment. Reprisals from the Lizardmen for this larceny may follow!

• LUSTRIAN ADVENTURES •

THREE QUICK ADVENTURES SET IN AND AROUND LUSTRIA



THE JADE FROG

Several years ago, an expedition commanded by a Dwarf scholar, nicknamed 'Quartz' for his mental and physical toughness, set sail for Lustria in search of the fabled Jade Frog, a Slann idol said to be worth a fortune and the source of vast magical power. Months later, a message reached his sponsors: the expedition had reached Skeggi and was leaving for the Vampire Coast. After that, nothing more was heard. The expedition was presumed lost. The truth is a bit different.

Quartz found the idol at a lost shrine deep in the jungle, but only after enduring horrors that killed his crew and drove him mad. Escaping with the Frog, he stumbled through the jungle until he came to a village of Skinks who sensed the power in the idol and assumed that Quartz was its priest. He became their chief, giving orders in the name of the Jade Frog and brooding over the idol.

The end approaches, however, as one of Harkon's 'counts' learns of the Characters' success in recovering Quartz and his treasure, and resolves to seize the idol himself after they have done all the hard work.

INTRODUCING THE EXPLORERS

Characters can have several reasons for daring the Vampire Coast. The first is simple greed. Whether back in the Old World or already in Skeggi, they hear rumours of the Jade Frog and Quartz's expedition. From there, it is simply a matter of hiring a ship and crew.

If the Characters have survived **Empire in Ruins** and you are using one of the aftermath scenarios, then the hunt for the Jade Frog becomes a search for an artefact to turn the tide against whatever evil has befallen the Empire. The adventure becomes a desperate quest, a race against time to save the Characters' homeland.

On the other hand, they might be explorers affiliated with the Imperial Zoo in Altdorf tasked to bring home a legendary beast for the collection. In this case, the Jade Frog is a living animal of unusual intelligence and power. Quartz considers himself its high priest and worships it as a god. Perhaps it is.

GETTING STARTED

The first stop is likely Skeggi for rest and resupply. While there, Characters can carouse for rumours along its docks and dives. Use the information given in this chapter and feel free to exaggerate — no story about the Vampire Coast is too wild. However, the Characters should learn the price for passage through the Sargassum, so they can reach New Bechafen.

Leaving Skeggi, their ship must pass dangerously close to Cape Ruin and the Brine Wife. Scrying them, she sings her songs to draw them in. If crew or Characters succumb, the survivors face a difficult struggle to free them.

In New Bechafen, their goal is to find word of Quartz and his fate. Most efforts get shrugs and vague memories, but gold spent at the Gravesend leads to a guide nicknamed 'Sparkles' — *'For my personality!'* — who is also a Ghoul. He knows the route Quartz took and can guide the Characters, but it requires not only paying his price, but surviving Gravesend's 'night crowd'.

UPRIVER

The Characters sail to the mouth of the Tieto river, where they must leave their ship — travel upriver is only by canoe, or a march through the jungle. Their first obstacle is the fort at the mouth of the river. The ruling count, the Vampire Ridolfi, accepts bribes to allow passage, but any mention of Quartz or the Jade Frog intrigues him and leads him to scheme to take it. If instead the Characters attack, they discover that, in addition to his Ghoul and Zombie 'soldiers', he has a pet Carnosaur.

The trek takes over a week as they battle jungle, river, and the creatures that dwell in both. Eventually they come to the ruins of a camp — a fire pit and some tools are all that remain — where a **Challenging (+0) Perception** Test uncovers a Dawi gold coin, a sign of Quartz's passing. A successful **Difficult (-10) Track** Test discovers faint signs of a marked trail leading into the jungle. Following it leads the Characters to a cave vaguely shaped like a frog's mouth, the shrine of the Jade Frog. If the Track test is failed, Characters may use the Jungle Expedition rules to represent a more arduous search for the cave.

But the idol is gone, the plinth on which it once rested now empty. An **Average (+20) Intuition** or **Perception** Test detects a Skink watching them from the jungle. Spotted, the Skink flees. The Characters can track it to a village of Skinks in a clearing surrounded by a wooden palisade, the 'Village of the Frog'.

QUARTZ

Sparkles desperately warns the Characters not to go into the village, mostly because the Skinks will kill him. Ignored, he curses them and flees into the jungle. In the village, rather than being attacked or killed, they are taken to the hut of the Jade Frog and its priest, Quartz. It is clear he is quite mad, constantly asking the idol for its orders and imagining, maybe, its replies. It is obvious that the Skinks regard both as divine.

To obtain the idol, the Characters either have to fight Quartz and the Skinks, or trick him somehow — and it should be clear that, given the number of Skinks, diplomacy and cleverness are preferable. One possibility is to convince him to bring the idol to the Empire, to '*spread the Word of the Frog*', though the Skinks still object.

I'LL TAKE THAT

The trip downriver is less eventful than the journey inland, but, arriving at sunset at the fort by the Tieto's mouth, they discover Count Ridolfi refuses them passage, regardless of any agreements made. If they hired him, they can see Sparkles among his troops. Ridolfi demands the idol in the name of Luthor Harkon. The fight is on.

EPilogue

If the Characters win, they discover that the count had killed any crew left behind, some as food for the Carnosaur, some to serve as Zombie soldiers. They can still just manage to sail the ship back to Skeggi, where they can find new crew and head for home.

WRATH OF THE SERPENT GOD

Old World prospectors and traders can buy maps of the Volcanic Islands' gem deposits from sailors. Foreign adventurers are tolerated by the Elven colonists, who are themselves merely guests of the native Skinks. Parties shipwrecked by storms off the Vampire Coast must begin this scenario stranded in the Blood Swamps, and be careful not to attract the attention of the lackeys of Luthor Harkon.

After exploring independently, adventurers are accused by Skinks of breaking a taboo. Cultural and linguistic differences must be overcome to escape Sotek's wrath. Information gathered during exploration can buy adventurers a pardon, and perhaps earn them Skink friends. This scenario also presents an opportunity to introduce a Skink Player Character.

EXPLORATION ENCOUNTERS

The party should be allowed to explore Fuming Serpent Island without Elven interference. Intersperse these encounters with occasional sightings of Skinks concealed amidst the undergrowth.

- **Broken Tablet:** A buried stone tablet, recovered in four fragments, is easily pieced together. It depicts the mysterious Star Tower located on Spitting Serpent Island.
- **Snake Pit:** A buried ruin leads to a snake-infested dungeon. Murals depict a temple-city being destroyed by a volcano, as Sotek battles the Horned Rat.
- **Elf Zombies:** Drowned Elven sailors emerge from the ocean, reanimated by Luthor Harkon. They shamble towards the nearest port or mine and attack anyone present.

THE INCIDENT

The nature of the party's transgression is up to you. Perhaps they mined too carelessly, stole a relic, harmed sacred snakes, or trespassed on Spitting Serpent Island. When the party has finished exploring, dozens of Skinks surround them from the jungle. A chittering Skink Priest points to the Spitting Serpent.

Characters aren't manhandled — they receive spiced cocoa, flower garlands, and are taken to the smaller island on a ceremonial raft. The Skinks are really preparing them for sacrifice, but this might not be evident at first. On the opposite bank, a Skink interpreter finally reveals the gravity of their situation.

CONCLUSION

The party will probably try to escape when they realise what's happened. Pursuing Skinks use nets and bolas to catch them alive. The Skink Priest waits at the volcano summit, where offenders will be dropped into the fiery caldera. The Skink interpreter offers one last chance for absolution before Sotek.

Absolution requires volunteering the location of the Snake Pit (with relevant details) and returning stone tablets. Absolved parties that fought Zombies can receive local Skink assistance in the form of scouts, guides, or translators. The Skink interpreter might join them as a Character or NPC.



Fuming Serpent Island

The larger island, named for its dormant volcano, was the site of Clan Pestilens's final defeat and expulsion from Lustria. The native Skinks permit Elves to mine designated sites on the map. Skinks have little use for gems and ores, and they have learned how to exploit the Elven labourers.

• **City of the Dead:** Volcanic eruptions buried a Slann temple-city, then centuries later, destroyed the Elven colony that was built upon its ruins. Wooden houses amongst the ruins are inhabited by Elves who mine the jungle floor with picks and spades. Unearthed relics must be handed over to the Skinks.

Spitting Serpent Island

The smaller island is sacred to Sotek; no trespassing is allowed without a Skink Priest's permission. Lava streams resembling red snakes flow from the active volcano. The superstitious Skinks won't cross lava, even in pursuit of escaped prisoners. Elves visit the Star Tower, but they don't mine on this island.

• **The Star Tower:** This ancient tower of Old One construction has been gradually abandoned by Lizardmen since the time that Sotek's cult ascended. Elves occasionally use the site's arcane nexus to perform powerful rituals. Something about the tower keeps Undead at bay. Elves and Skinks take refuge here when Undead pirates attack in force.

The Blood Swamps

These brackish swamps are tainted with dark magic and littered with shipwrecks. Within its feotid interior the dark castle that Luthor Harkon keeps as his base. The concentrations of dark magic are so strong here that Zombie sailors can rise spontaneously without the aid of Necromancy. The swamps' carnivorous plants eat both fresh and rotten flesh. Shipwrecked adventurers might be rescued by an Elven pilot who brings them to the City of the Dead. If the party manages to befriend the Skinks, their ship can be extracted from the swamp by several Skinks with ropes and a pair of Bastilodons.

PRETERNATURAL SELECTION

The party is hired by an Elven scholar, Eleasor Autumngale, for an expedition to the Turtle Isles. Eleasor needs guards and research assistants. The purpose of the mission is to locate a rumoured cure for mental mutation, and if possible, discover the origins of life. Asur nobles have provided financing.

After a sea journey with the Elves, the party realises that strange experiments are being conducted at the Turtle Isles. An unexpected turn of events results in them being abandoned by the Elves and needing to find their own way home. While navigating the islands, the party must evade Dark Elf reavers.

SAILING WITH HIGH ELVES

You can play through the journey in detail, or just run a few shipboard encounters and Endeavours. Over the course of the voyage, Eleasor can tutor academically inclined Characters in scientific lore. Non-Elven passengers are treated like cadets by the ship's crew. The party is allowed to go anywhere on the ship except the cargo hold. Characters who sneak into the hold discover live Beastmen in cages. If questioned, Eleasor explains that they are test subjects.

LEFT ASHORE

As the ship approaches its destination, an anchored Black Ark is spotted off Great Turtle Isle, forcing the Elves to re-route. The Black Ark is moored in the straight between Great Turtle Isle and the small island to its northwest. At Patrician Island, the Elves drop anchor, and the caged Beastmen are hastily ferried ashore to waiting Elven mages.

The ship proceeds north, past the Sentinels of Xeti, around to Inception Island. Everyone disembarks and Eleasor leads the party to a small flame-shrine of Asuryan that has been erected on the island, an echo of the vast shrine to the god that is found in Ulthuan's Sea of Dreams.

As soon as he feels he is unobserved the scholar promptly steps into the flame and is incinerated! The crew blames the party for this misfortune and leaves them stranded on the island.

ENCOUNTERS

The party finds an abandoned Elven fishing boat to help them escape. Dark Elves sail about on skiffs, but they're mostly preoccupied with capturing beasts.

- **Vivisected Beastmen:** Several Beastmen with transplanted body parts and lobotomy scars escaped from Patrician Island. These wretches fear Elves and seek Beastman or Skaven allies.
- **Skaven Outpost:** Tunnels lead to a Clan Moulder hideout containing rat-hybrid abominations. The Skaven beastmasters who gather specimens are willing to negotiate while the Elves fight.
- **Druchii Slavers:** A raiding band tries to capture the party. Captives are offered freedom if they betray the Asur; otherwise, they're enslaved on the Black Ark.
- **Elven Guerillas:** High Elves accuse the party of being Dark Elf collaborators. To prove their trustworthiness, the party must join a counterattack against Druchii reavers.

CONCLUSION

Eventually, the arrival of a large High Elven fleet forces the Dark Elves to withdraw. The party is rescued and brought to the Citadel of Dusk for interrogation. Turtle Isles colonists testify either for or against them, depending on their actions.

Characters who tampered with experiments at Patrician Island or interacted with Druchii or Skaven are imprisoned on Comity Island for trial.

Otherwise, parties that behaved favourably receive passage home aboard the next merchant ship.

Great Turtle Isle

The largest island includes High Elven supply ports, villages, and farms. Waterfall shrines sacred to Isha make this a wild sanctuary, protected from further colonisation. Any creatures from the Lustrian bestiary can be found here (often with unique Creature Traits). Currently, Asur colonists are taking refuge in the mountains while Druchii reavers occupy their coastal homes. The Dark Elves are capturing beasts for the Contest of Claws in Naggaroth (see **Lokhir Fellheart**, page 90).

Inception Island

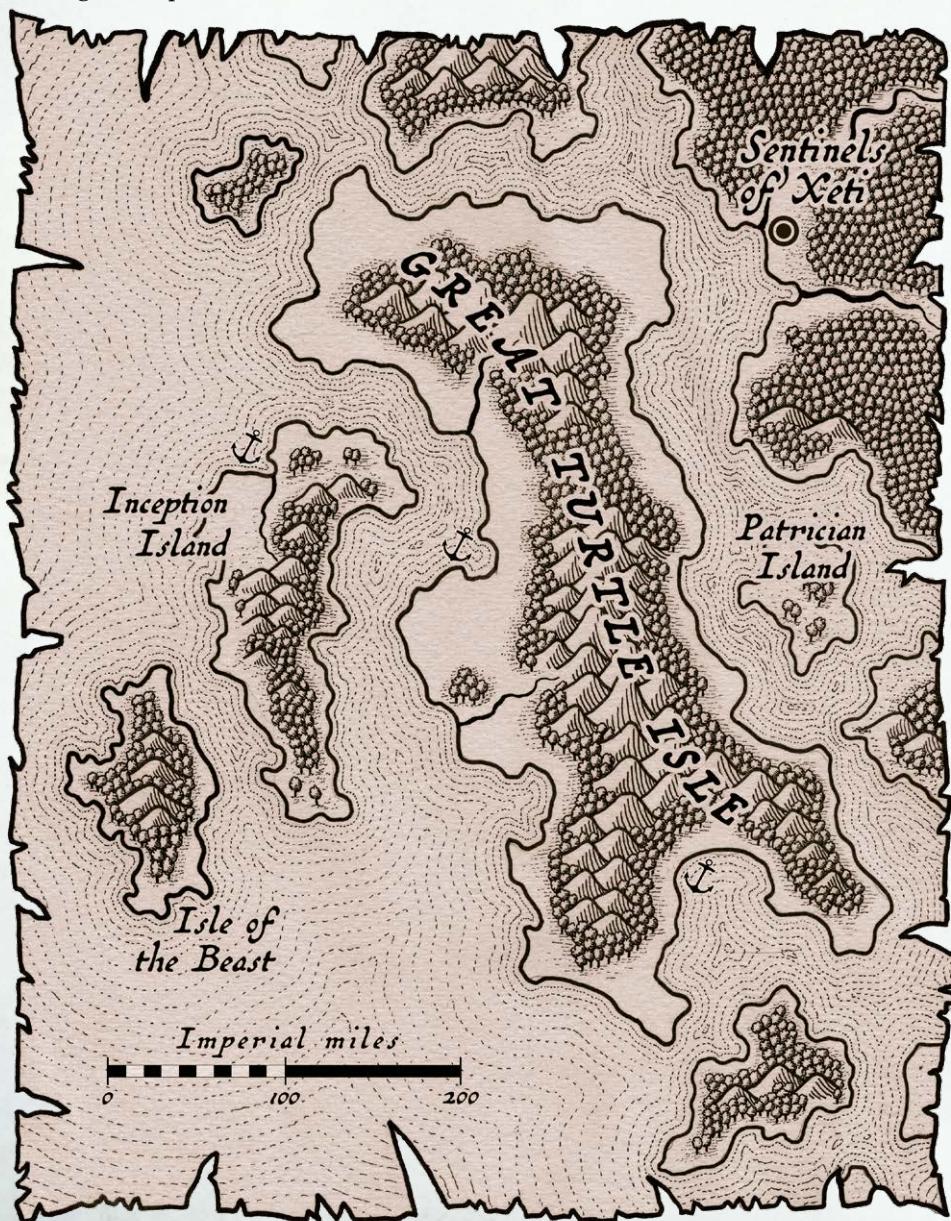
Elven fishing huts are scattered along the coast. The island's main feature is a flame-shrine to Asuryan which is said to be able to cure mental mutations, but only in those who are pure of soul. Those corrupted by their own flawed natures will instead burn to death. Dark Elf prisoners are brought here for execution by fire.

Patrician Island

This research colony was originally used by rogue Elves for elevating animals to magical familiars. Today, mages conduct purification experiments on Beastmen and Dark Elves in the name of Hoeth. Test subjects live in a fenced-off compound. The research station is concealed by trees, and there's no docking for ships.

The Sentinels of Xeti

Rows of towering monoliths are engraved with shimmering green glyphs. The sentinels were constructed by Slann to receive signals from the Old Ones (thus far, none have arrived). Tzeentch has communicated with Elven mages through the sentinels, planting blasphemous notions of moral balance through transformation in their sleeping minds.



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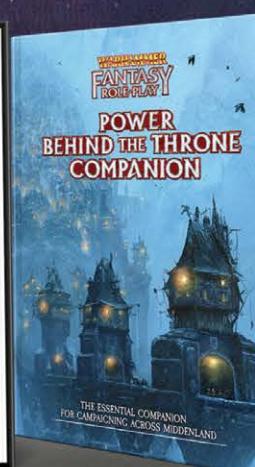
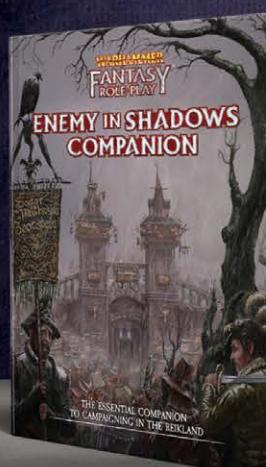
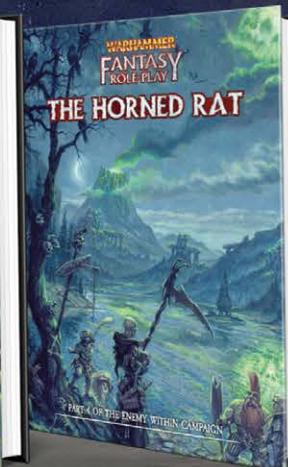
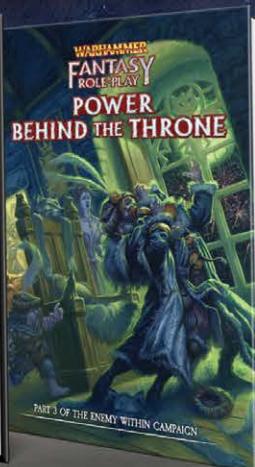
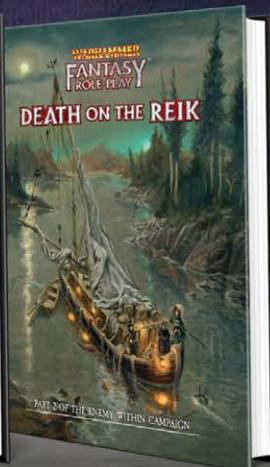
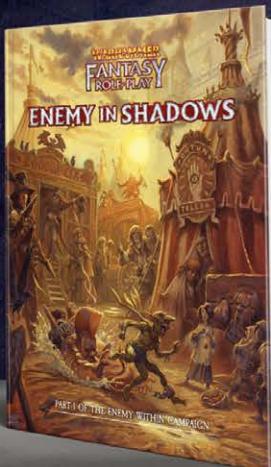


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