

WARPTSTONE

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Rumours

By Francis Plunder & Others

This was to be a regular article that would allow GMs to build on the rumours within and also to give hints to forthcoming WS articles and scenarios. Wasn't particularly popular though...

"Aye, surs, but you'n a sure to'o heard 'bout ol' Johan. You ain't? Roit, well'n, listen roit good. Gurt big rats, he seyz, bigger'n a bairn, a-scuttlin' about in the straw of 'is ole barn. Oi, well, I reckons all he's a-seein' is too much home-brew coider, like, an' tha's why we ain't seen him for the las' few days. Afeard to show 'is 'ead after makin' such a fool o'imself. Gurt big rats indeed. I dunno..."

"Beastmen. Don't try and tell me they ain't dangerous. Travel up to Ostenwald and talk to some of the folk there. They'll tell you what dangerous is. The stories they can tell you, not just things they've seen but tales from the father and his father. The roadwardens know it's bad too. Why do you think they've got double the men there?"

"You looking for work in town? Well, mark my word - you want to watch your step. Lots of people been looking for work here recently, and a good few of them found face down in puddles, if you get my drift. Beats me why - if you lot were worth robbing, you wouldn't be here looking for a job, now, would you?"

"I heard this great story. True as well. I'll tell you like I was told in Marienburg. This councillor, or someone important anyway, was doing the naughty with his maid when his wife walks in. Well, she spends all day giving out food at the temple of Shallya and she goes "I feel sorrier for you than I do for the beggars". Ah, ha, ha, ha. Oh! I thought it was funny."

"Listen, and I'm only saying this to you as you look trustworthy and because you'll be on your way in the morning. Two moons ago this was, just after the festival, when I was out in Hollow Tree Wood. No, I was not poaching! Just listen. I saw the Lord and Lady come riding by. Nothing funny there you're going to say ain't ye, but you're wrong. She was with child and in a big way. My better half looked like that the week before she dropped. Anyway, I sees her again last Marktag, in her carriage, flat as the bar she was and no sign of a sprog."

"Reports say that Armin Semmelrouge, one of the members of the Wizards Guild Council in Altdorf, is near death's door. The favourite candidate to replace him is Hieronymus Thiele, but no doubt Joachim Wolk will be campaigning for himself already."

"Understand this, I'm no looney, no matter wot no-one sez. Big bright light it was, comin' from the Grey Mountains. Could've been seen for miles I'd say, and I'd bet my

front teeth it had somethin' to do with those pointed eared gits livin' in Loren forest. Mark my word, evil, that's wot they are, evil."

"I... I tell you it be true. Master Kohl told me so himself, the Emperor's coming here soon. But in disguise as a beggar. Woe betide you if you treat him bad. I got a shilling ready for the next few I see, I tell you."

"That accursed Flame, took my family jewels. Eh? No, not those ones. Must be a Noble I say, he obviously recognises true craftsmanship when he sees it. Fine tailoring too, may get myself a suit like it made."

"Uouts 'itt. Ut 'alve mi 'ung owt wit ife."

"All of them dead. The whole lot and no loss to anyone. They say the whole of the underworld is at each others' throats. Now the Guildmaster is gone, they're like a pack of wolves."

"The Bretonnian agitator Koe has been seen in the Empire recently. Talk has it, he's looking for fellow minded folks to sponsor his latest campaign. The King has put a huge price on his head."

"Collapsed at my feet he did. Two broken arrows in his gut. "At the whispering rock, the runes hide the Emperor's heads." were his last words. No I don't know what it means. Erm...where's everyone going?"