

WARPSTONE

The independent magazine for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay



NO WAY OUT by John Keane

"At last" thought Daedalus Kreiger as he stopped at one of the numerous notice boards of Middenheim. But what would stop him leaving this time he thought to himself as he scanned the notice board. He'd lost count of how many times he'd tried to leave Middenheim, but this time would be different, by the grace of Grungi nothing would stop him leaving. Each time he was let down, he took comfort in the fact that it was Grungi keeping him out of danger, that Grungi was watching over him like he'd thought as a child.

He recounted some of the many occurrences that had kept him in Middenheim, like the first time when just as he was packing to leave, his uncle was struck down with illness and he was forced by his honour to stay and take care of the business. When Gordrell died several months later he had no choice but to continue in the job. A few years later, with his cousin fully trained and set to take over, the Dwarven Engineer's Guildhouse suffered severe damage as part of a well orchestrated racial attack. Every Dwarf was needed to rebuild the Guildhouse (and repay the debt) and he was no exception. And so he continued for twenty years, building up hope only to see it taken away at the last moment, he'd even managed to get just outside of the gates at one time, but once again he was denied his escape from tedium. It wasn't just the fact that he craved adventure and excitement, it was that he was denied his creativity as a member of the Guild. The Guild abhorred new ideas and inventions, and his head was just swimming with them, such as his thoughts on machines which can fly! And so he is forced to keep his ideas and inventions a secret. "Aha!" he said aloud as he spotted the notice he was looking for:

HIRED HELP WANTED FOR TRAVELLING
GUARD DUTY TO BRETONIA
Minimal Experience Required
2GC's per day plus food
MUST supply own armour and weapons.
Apply to: Gotfried Richthoven
25 Ubahn Strasse, Middenheim.
By Angestag 2nd at the latest.

"Three days" he pondered for a moment as he scratched his heavily bearded chin "Yes, I should be ready by then!". And so with a glint of freedom in his eye he wrote down the address and made his way there. The interview for the job was easier than he could have imagined. As soon as they saw him they said "A Dwarf, good, your hired." And that was it, he was in.

After twenty years and countless attempts, Daedalus had his packing and farewell's down to an art form and one he undertook with relish. It was going to happen this time, he was sure of it. The business was doing fine, better than fine in fact, and he'd just finished the last contracted piece of Guild work two days ago. Adventure was so close now he could almost smell it, or was it just the sewers overflowing again. Whichever it

was didn't matter, nothing mattered now except his forthcoming adventure. Dawn on Angestag came slowly, or at least it did for Daedalus, but by the time it did arrive Daedalus was ready. Fully armoured and standing beside his equipment laden mount was how the Caravan found him. By the time the stragglers had all arrived and the Caravan was ready to depart it was significantly later than dawn, and Daedalus had hated every second. With everyone mounted, the Caravan set off through the city gates, and Daedalus breathed an undisclosed sigh of relief. Passing through the city gates was like a rebirth to Daedalus, who had been in the relatively safe womb of Middenheim his whole life. In the distance behind him, as the city gates closed Daedalus could hear a familiar voice shouting. "Wait, wait, hold the gates. Daedalus, Daedalus, don't go there's been an accident. Daedalus..."