

# The Snail Man



A Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay supplement by  
Sami Uusitalo

To the attention of Witch Hunter Captain Kaspar Glockner  
Wissenburg Chapter House

13th Ulriczeit

My Captain,

As you well know, after my humble efforts exposing the Order of the Feathered Lord helped abolish that Tzeentchian cult my superiors deemed I have some talent in uncovering the machinations of the Ruinous Powers – particularly those that trace their roots to the thrice-damned city of Mordheim. Hence, when whispers of forbidden old woodcuts depicting the fall of Mordheim started surfacing in Wissenland yours truly was chosen to investigate. What began as an investigation into vague rumours about an apocryphal prophecy turned out to be something much worse.

It turned out the woodcuts came from a creature called the Snail Man. Through all my years of hunting down those who seek to corrupt and destroy the Empire of Our Beloved Sigmar my trusted assistants Doktor Helberg and Maximillian Stenstrom have stalwartly stood by my side. Together we have braved dens of vile undead, uncovered machinations of venal nobles, and brought the cleansing fire of Sigmar to degenerate cultists. I have come to trust these men like brothers.

We chased the Snail Man to Kreuzhofen and, once again, my brothers were at my side when we stormed the von Falkenberg warehouse. What we discovered inside was the missing piece to the mystery that is the Snail Man. It all makes sense to me now. I know what our enemy is. I know what it wants. And it is far worse than I had imagined!

The price I paid for this knowledge was high, however. Even though I warned him not to, Stenstrom looked straight at the thing in the warehouse. I told him not to look, but he did. And now, my brother lies catatonic in Doktor Helberg's room where Sister Mariangela is tending to him. She is cautiously optimistic he will recover, albeit it will take months if not years. May the gods watch over him.

Now that I know my true enemy I am going after it, but time grows short. Hexenstag is fast approaching and in a few nights Morrslieb will be grinning down on us from the tar-black winter skies. Like the snail's penchant for coming out and retreating back into its shell, I fear the Snail Man's powers are similarly connected to the waxing and waning of the Chaos Moon.

I cannot trust for certain I will survive this final encounter with the creature and, as Doktor Helberg is coming with me, I need to leave the notes of my investigation with someone I can trust. So we come to the documents you now hold in your hand. Consider this letter my report on the mission I was given on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of Erntzeit and an account on my investigations into the creature known as the Snail Man. I trust your judgement on what to do with these documents in case I do not return.

I pray to Sigmar this nightmare ends tonight and the first gaze of the rising sun will meet the dying embers of the pyre that reduced the Snail Man into nothing more than a rumour, and the four winds scatter its ashes to the ends of world to be seen nevermore.

May Sigmar protect us all.

**Samael Neuhauser**

Witch Hunter of the Holy Initiatic Order of the Templars of Sigmar

## *24<sup>th</sup> Erntzeit – The Prophecy, and the Hunt Begins*

*It seems I am onto something. The whispered rumours and hearsay I have gathered so far hint at forbidden images of the End Times being circulated in Wissenland by persons unknown.*

*I had to raid most of the printing houses in and around Wissenburg before I finally came upon one Hieronymus Tinte, a miserable, ink-stained husk of man. Herr Tinte is the owner of a small printing press who makes his living by printing questionable pamphlets for agitators and other such rabble-rousers. It took merely the mention of hot irons to get him to divulge all he knew. Herr Tinte revealed that a man, whose name he claims he never learned, approached him with some very old woodcuts and Hieronymus printed a few pamphlets for him.*

*The heretical prints do indeed hint at the thrice-cursed city of Mordheim. More specifically, I believe they depict an old prophecy made by one of the Augurs of the Sisters of Sigmar before His Wrath destroyed the city. These Augurs were blind seers of the sisterhood and it was believed they had a gift of second-sight, an ability to predict Sigmar's will. What folly! Fortunately, these deceitful she-heretics and their daemon-worshipping Sisterhood was destroyed by my Order long ago.*

*This is alarming news indeed.*

*I confiscated the rest of the prints, turned Tinte over to the authorities, and started after the man the printer described looking like a pedlar.*

## *4<sup>th</sup> Brauzeit – Its Slimy Trail*

*With Mittherbst now behind us Ulric's season is approaching fast. I must try to find this pedlar of forbidden images before the Wolf God's freezing breath is upon us.*

*They say his name is the Snail Man, and that you can hear him coming from a mile away by the dull clatter of pots and pans and the raspy chime of a dozen rusty bells hanging from his wares. He wanders slowly from hamlet to village all around Wissenland, and always seems to bring with him whatever folks are most craving for at the moment.*

*I haven't been able to confirm the man's appearance. Some describe him as a wrinkly old man, his true age impossible to determine. Others say he wears a filthy, red scarf as protection against the elements (or to hide his features?). A few around the banks of River Sol claim to have seen him wearing a decrepit mask made of either wood or leather.*

*The Snail Man's gait is slow as he seems to carry a mountain on his back. All his wares are slung on his back as one, huge contraption that seems to defy the very rules of nature with its balance and volume. I have yet to meet a single soul who would have seen the man without his wares. Curiously, his wares have still been seen left leaning against wall without the man in sight.*

## *13<sup>th</sup> Brauzeit – Sweaty Palms*

*I met a farmer today who had bought a pot from the Snail Man. To close the deal he had shaken the man's hand and described his handshake as "extremely sweaty, bordering on slimy". The farmer's son said he gave the pedlar an apple and as the man took a bite the boy saw his tongue covered with small teeth.*



## *21<sup>st</sup> Brauzeit – Ambush*

*It was raining heavily when we arrived at Pfeildorf. Stenstrom got a tip about familiar prints surfacing in taverns around the wharf and we went to investigate that very night.*

*The ambush was rather clumsily executed but its sheer ferocity took us by surprise. Filthy men in rags and tatters crawled from under the pier and chased us into an alley surrounded by local fishermen's smokehouses. The fight was dirty and feral. High-pitched screams pierced the darkness, the smell of gunpowder and smoke filled the air, blood and fish guts were everywhere. Doktor Helberg got himself tangled in a fishnet. Only after Stenstrom used his blunderbuss to blow their leader right through a smokehouse door, were we able to drive them off. I was removing fishhooks from my gear days later.*

*As I had suspected, I found our attackers to be filthy mutants upon further inspection. What I found peculiar were the snail shell necklaces each of them wore like protective talismans. Why did they attack us? Did the Snail Man send them? Were they his followers? Do they worship the pedlar, for there was an almost religious fervor to their attack? Or could it be they are after the Snail Man as well?*

*Could the Snail Man be a Mutant and these men were his followers? Or some kind of cultists worshipping him, and his message of the End Times?*

*One thing is certain though. We are getting closer.*

## *2<sup>nd</sup> Kaldezeit – Further Thoughts on Mutations*

*I had a very interesting discussion with Doktor Helberg tonight regarding the Snail Man. The Doktor has fastidiously catalogued and illustrated the mutations we have encountered during our years doing Sigmar's work, and he is convinced the man is in fact a Mutant. He believes the creature we are after has several – what the good Doktor categorizes as minor – mutations, like a tongue covered with teeth, slimy skin, and inhuman strength.*

*Next, Doktor Helberg showed me some sketches to support his theory on why they call it the Snail Man. The reason is the creature's one major mutation – a gigantic snail's shell on its back. Doktor Helberg believes the reason the Snail Man carries enough wares on his back to make a Strigany caravan jealous is to in fact cover this major mutation. This shell would not seem to be overly aggressive or hostile in itself. It certainly offers a place for the man to retreat into (hence he is never seen without it). Thus, it would appear to be more protective than hostile.*

*So, compared to some of the more aggressive mutations like claws, tentacles or horns that contribute to aggressive behavior in the subject, the Snail Man's mutations seem to be more benign. Doktor Helberg insists I must consider the possibility we are dealing with a mutant that actually has good, or at least harmless, intentions.*

*Could I have miscalculated the creature's intentions? Could the Snail Man be in fact trying to collect the prophecy so that it does not hurt anyone or fall into the wrong hands? Or, maybe it is trying to warn us. I must pray for guidance.*

## *21<sup>st</sup> Kaldezeit – Sister Sigrid*

*When inquiring about the pamphlets, I was encouraged to see a local Sigmarite Priestess. We found her running combat drills for local boys using wooden practice hammers. However, as soon as she learned who I am a dangerous gleam lit in her blue eyes and she challenged*

me to a practice duel. And no matter what Stenstrom says, I did not forfeit. I merely executed a graceful retreat once I noticed her attacks were bolstered by her hatred towards my Order and my mission.

Later, at lunch at the local inn Sister Sigrid turned out to be a devout Sigmarite and quite the charming conversationalist. She told us she had been banished to this wayward shrine for two years now. Why? Because of a very peculiar birthmark. You see, she has this large birthmark on her back. Once you gaze upon it, you see in it either the face of Sigmar or the face of a daemon. Doktor Helberg was anxious to examine the mark, but he had to settle for the description I gave of it later. Based on that he believes, and I tend to agree, that one projects unto the mark something of their inner self rather than having her (or the mark) influence what one sees. But for some priests in Altdorf, what they saw in the mark was too much. A Lector (who had seen the face of Sigmar) saved her from being burnt as a witch, but the price was exile to these backwaters.

After spending time with Sister Sigrid I am, however, inclined to think her mark is not the sole reason she was exiled. With her head shaven save for a single long braid and her talk of visions and prophecies, she echoes the ways of the old Sisterhood of Sigmar. Dangerous, possibly bordering on heretical, but I decided to trade the prints I had collected thus far for the information she had on the Snail Man. With my current mission in mind, it seemed like the lesser of two evils.

Sigrid's take on the Snail Man was quite different from Doktor Helberg's. She had actually met a Wizard not long ago who had been looking for the Snail Man as well. This Wizard believed the Snail Man is a skilled alchemist and a purveyor of occult paraphernalia. Many Wizards were said to seek his services to secure ingredients they could not find elsewhere. (This would explain a lot. If he carries Warstone hidden among that mountain of wares, its influence could have ridden him with mutations.)

According to Sigrid, some spell-casters believe the Snail Man is indeed carrying a huge shell on his back. Why? Maybe it draws the winds of magic to him, or for some reasons he concocts his alchemical experiments within the shell. Maybe he hides all the forbidden occult items, tomes and vials inside the shell.

## 21<sup>st</sup> Kaldezeit – An Alternate Theory

The Halfling cook Hannibal who had been serving me and Sister Sigrid dinner overheard us talking about the Snail Man and, with a hearty laugh and jiggling belly, offered an alternate theory. According to Hannibal the Snail Man is nothing more than an old Halfling old-wives' tale used to frighten children. The story goes like this: when children are making a nuisance of themselves their elders berate them and threaten them with the Snail Man. They say the Snail Man will come and get them. The children could hear it coming from the clatter of empty pots and pans (a frightening enough proposition in itself to any Halfling) were it not for all the ruckus they are making. And thus the Snail Man will get them, and it will take them into its cavern. And because the Snail Man hates Halflings, for he hates everyone who eats snails, it will slowly cook them in a huge cauldron and eat them – possibly with some basil.

I wish Hannibal was right, but I doubt it. Nevertheless, if it is true the Snail Man hates all who eat snails, I find myself actually agreeing with this creature on one thing – we both hate Bretonnians.

## 1<sup>st</sup> Ulriczeit – Conspiracy of Ravens

Following Sigrid's instructions we followed the Wizard to the ruins of Rabenheim. The town had been built mostly on the River Sol and it had been quite the bustling center of trade. However, the town grew so corrupt that the Priests of Morr, guided by dreams from their god, manipulated the complex set of river locks upriver and drowned Rabenheim. The ruins are said to be haunted for many innocent people died that day.

*To this day warrior priests of Morr stand guard over the Rabenheim as penance. Dressed in black cloaks and beak-masks they watch silently over the ruins from parts that still stand above water, not unlike ravens perched on eaves. With the help of the priests we were able to capture the Wizard and subject him to questioning. The musty tomes he carried in his satchel revealed what his lying tongue did not.*

*According to contemporary legends, a cabal of necromancers called the Hourglass Men secretly ruled Rabenheim. They summoned forth a dream-devouring daemon that took the form of a gigantic snail. The priests of Morr had no other choice but to drown the whole town to save the rest of Wissenland.*

*The Wizard's tomes revealed theories by none other than the Great Enchanter himself that although the daemon was banished back to its nightmare realm, its shell stayed behind and is now a gateway, a portal that leads to the daemon. This could mean the Snail Man is either a powerful Sorcerer or a Necromancer. Or, even worse, it could be an avatar of the dream-devourer.*

*According to this theory the shell is a powerful occult artifact that distorts the winds of magic, trapping them in a whirlpool where they grow stagnant and slowly corrupt. The shell itself is covered with foul symbols and unholy magical sigils.*

## *22<sup>nd</sup> Ulriczeit – Facing the Beast*

*A word of warning. What I am about to write next borders on insanity and heretical delusion. The mere act of putting these names on writing is enough to make evil spirits stir. So prepare yourself, dear reader. Pray for strength, purify your thoughts, and fortify your mind contemplating on the Deus Sigmar.*

*Don't say I didn't warn you.*

*We are close. I can feel the Snail Man's presence. One cannot walk twenty paces without stepping on a snail. One's breath mists in the cold winter air and night lingers. The old, crooked clocktower stands in the central square like a rheumatic finger, rusty hands crawling across the clock face. It is like there is a temporal disturbance that gets worse the closer we get to the Snail Man. Even the sands in my hourglass seem to run ever so slowly.*

*I have studied some of the forbidden texts I confiscated from the Wizard. What I have learned makes my heart run cold.*

*The Snail Man is slow, but relentless. It seems to be adverse to change. It is of the earth, of soil, and manure, and darkness. Its slimy touch leaves one caught in its grasp.*

*All these signs point to the touch one Ruinous Power in particular – Grandfather Nurgle. Is the Snail Man one of its children?*

*Could it be that the Snail Man is – one of the Seven Proctors of Pestilence?*

*The danger such a powerful daemon would present to the Empire would be almost unfathomable. I must warn my order. But first, I must be certain. I must see for myself. We have reason to believe the answer lies within the von Falkenberg warehouse number 7. Armed with our righteous zeal and bags of salt; protected by our faith in Sigmar and masks soaked in garlic and wormwood, we enter the night.*

*By Sigmar, if my fears are true, I will truly need Your strength to face this beast, to burn it on a pyre so high its scattered ashes will blot out the sun for a fortnight.*





Shell necklace



## Using the Snail Man

Below you can find three different versions of the Snail Man. They are by no means the only possible options. The GM is encouraged to mix and match to come up with a version that best suits his needs.

### The Snail Man (Human)

**Career:** Pedlar/Sorcerer

**Race:** Human

Main profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42	25	41	41	30	42	40	21
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	4	3	3	0	0

**Skills:** Academic Knowledge (Magic, Daemonology), Channelling, Evaluation, Haggle, Magical Sense, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Magic), Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel), Search

**Talents:** Dark Lore (Chaos), Orientation, Petty Magic (Chaos), Lesser Magic (Bind), Meditation, Seasoned Traveller

**Armour:** Giant Shell

**Armour points:** Head 0, Arms 0, Body 3, Legs 0

**Weapons:** Rusty Dagger

**Trappings:** Almost anything imaginable can be found in his wares, Alchemical Apparatus, Spell Ingredients, Forbidden Pamphlets

The Snail Man was the second son of a minor Sylvanian Noble. This was so long ago that even he cannot remember his name anymore. At a young age he discovered he had affinity with Magic, but his family had a long and proud tradition of providing Nuln with templars and found all magic-users to be untrustworthy at best, beacons for all kinds of evil spirits and calamity at worst. So, the Snail Man was forced to conduct his studies in secret. He had forbidden tomes smuggled to him and built a secret laboratory in a rarely used family mansion.

A powerful Astrologer and Sorcerer had for a long time terrorized the local peasants with his horrible experiments from his observatory. The shadow of this towering house of horrors fell on the peasants for miles. It was said that on a clear day you could see all the way to the ruins of dreaded Mordheim. A regiment of knights lead by the Snail Man's brother stormed the observatory and took down the Sorcerer. Amongst the many foul things in the man's laboratory the knights found a gigantic snail shell. Once the second son heard of this, he became obsessed with the shell. In secret, he had it whisked away to his mansion. There he spent endless hours studying the occult symbols engraved on its surface. It was a powerful artifact and with it his power grew exponentially, but he felt he had only scraped the surface of all the knowledge hidden in the shell.

Eventually, terrified peasants living near the hunting lodge moved away and word spread of terrible magics being performed in the forest. The older brother and his most trusted men were sent to investigate. A battle ensued and many of the knights were slain. Before the older brother could slay him the Snail Man used his magic to open a portal and disappear with the shell.

Since then the family's knights have searched for the Snail Man to hunt him down and kill him. The Snail Man travels the Empire from village to village on a strange pilgrimage, trying to solve whatever occult puzzle the shell hides while purveying magical ingredients to wizards and witches.



## The Snail Man (Mutant)

**Career:** Pedlar (ex-Chief-Librarian)

**Race:** Human (Mutant)

Main profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42	25	41	41	30	52	58	21
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	4	4	3	2	0	0

**Skills:** Blather, Common Knowledge (the Empire) +10%, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel), Search

**Talents:** Orientation, Natural Weapons, Petty Magic (Chaos), Seasoned Traveller

**Armour:** None

**Armour points:** Head 0, Arms 0, Body 3, Legs 0

**Weapons:** Rusty Dagger, Bite

**Trappings:** Almost anything imaginable can be found in his wares, Forbidden Pamphlets

**Mutations:** Gigantic Shell (AP 3), Slimy Touch, Tongue with Teeth (Bite; Precise SB -1)

The Snail Man is an old, old creature that has roamed the Empire for centuries. Rumours say it was still a man back when the twin-tailed comet hit Mordheim. More specifically, he was the Chief Librarian of the Great Library. When everything was in flames and people were dying all around him, all he cared for was saving his precious books. Many were the men and women who died at the steps of his library as he denied them entry.

For years the Snail Man stayed in the ruins, protecting the library with what little librarians he had left. Being a man driven by an unquenchable thirst for knowledge he needed to understand why the comet hit the city? What had brought Sigmar's wrath upon them? Could he have prevented it? The Chief Librarian poured through mountains of books and scrolls, religious pamphlets and obscure prophecies. As he got completely absorbed in his studies, the other librarians took it upon themselves to save as much of the remaining collection as they could. They packed the books into crates and used an underground river to ship them out of the City of the Damned.

Was it the extensive time spent in a city riddled with warpstone, or perhaps something in the esoteric books he had studied, that changed the Chief Librarian? None can tell. Whatever it was, he emerged from his study a changed man. What had initially looked like a hunch had morphed into a gigantic shell on shell on his back. The Snail Man learned what his brothers had done with the collection and took it as a betrayal. Using what he had learned in the ancient tomes and channelling the power of warpstone around him, the Snail Man summoned things to slay his brothers. Then he took what he could, strapping his belongings on his back as he left Mordheim via the underground river.

No one knows why the Snail Man has roamed the Empire ever since. Some say locked in his study he was taught many secrets and the price of that knowledge was mutation. More specifically, the Snail Man was given the knowledge how to decipher where Sigmar's wrath will strike next. Unfortunately, the keys needed to solve this riddle were in the books his brother librarians had shipped out of the city. Now, the Snail Man is cursed to seek these keys at a snail's pace, knowing that only he can save the Empire if he can only find the keys in time.

## The Snail Man (Daemon)

**Career:** Pedlar

**Race:** Daemon

Main profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
48	30	41	47	40	42	44	21
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	18	4	4(6)	3	2	0	0

**Skills:** Academic Knowledge (Magic, Daemonology), Blather, Channeling, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip, Evaluate, Haggle, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Read/Write, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark tongue, Reikspiel), Search

**Talents:** Aethyric Attunement, Ambidextrous, Daemonic Aura\*, Dark Lore (Chaos), Frightening, Natural Weapons, Petty Magic (Chaos), Will of Iron

\* Against non-magical weapons the Snail Man's Toughness is considered to be 6.

**Armour:** Gigantic shell

**Armour points:** Head 0, Arms 0, Body 3, Legs 0

**Weapons:** Bite

**Trappings:** Almost anything imaginable can be found in his wares, Forbidden Pamphlets

**Mutations:** Gigantic Shell (AP 3), Slimy Touch, Tongue with Teeth (Bite; Precise SB -1)

There was a tree in the center of Praag. It was an ancient tree, one that had stood there for centuries. Messages and announcements were posted on it to the extent that the foot of the tree was covered in signs and notes. During the Chaos Incursion in 2301 IC and the following siege by Asavar Kul left the city horrible transformed, infested by daemons. When Kislevite forces and Magnus the Pious finally broke the siege, a cunning daemon, Nokh'turr-nae, Devourer of Dreams, shed its mortal vessel and hid inside the ancient tree. It could not escape the purifying flames though, and as the city burned the daemon was banished into the Realm of Chaos. But some of its essence persisted and bled from the roots into the soil.

From the soil the daemon's essence transferred into snails. A priest of Morr saw a warning in his dream-vision from his god and sent a flock of ravens to eat the snails. But again, a single snail persisted – and as decades passed and Praag was rebuilt, the snail morphed into the Snail Man: an avatar of Nokh'turr-nae.

The Snail Man travels the Empire from one hamlet to the next and nightmares follow in its wake. Nokh'turr-nae draws power from these nightmares. The Snail Man is the daemon's gateway into this world, for it cannot manifest here. The Snail Man's shell, engraved with foul symbols and sigils, is actually a gateway to the daemon's nightmare realm. Only by crawling into to the shell can one enter Nokh'turr-nae's domain. The Snail Man himself enters it regularly to pay homage and receive mystic instructions from its master.

## Scenarios

### Escargot

Countess Emmanuelle is coming to Wissenburg. As usual this means busy days ahead for the staff at the Wissenburg mansion. For weeks Head-Chef Kranse Ramsi had been trying to come up with a dish that to impress the haughty Countess when he overheard one of his Halfling cooks mention the legend of the Snail Man. Now that would be escargot for the ages! Not to mention, he would become a legend in Halfling lore for catching one of their boogeymen.

Chef Ramsi knew a group of Tilean criminals from whom he had bought smuggled Bretonnian brandy in the past. He hired these thugs to capture the Snail Man and imprison him in an abandoned salt mine where the Chef is having it prepared by purging it of the likely undesirable contents of their digestive systems by having it on a steady diet of milk.

The PCs are hired by the Chef to go fetch the prisoner from the abandoned mine and to kill its captors. Along the way, a group of mutants who consider the Snail Man their leader try to first stop the characters, but might later try to team-up with them against the Tileans. And why are the Wood-Elfs interested in the Snail Man?

### **The Augur**

Like the bygone Augurs of Mordheim's Sisters of Sigmar Sister Sigrid sees visions of darkness and death, of the End Days. These visions scared high ranking priests in Altdorf as much as the strange birthmark on her back and they banished her to a remote village in Wissenland to attend the local temple. It is in this village where the Player Characters meet her.

When the PCs arrive, Sister Sigrid is running basic combat drills to the village youth. The kid of a minor local noble gets cocky and overconfident, so when Sigrid sees the PCs approach she challenges one of them to show the kids what it takes to win in the real world. After this bout she invites the PCs to the temple where they can spend the night.

Sister Sigrid has been tracking down pamphlets that foretell similar things she sees in her visions. The PCs have previously come across these pamphlets and heard that someone called the Snail Man is distributing them. After hearing from Sigrid about her visions and the old Augurs, some of the PCs might suspect her beliefs are frowned upon by the Sigmarites going so far as to border on heretical. She asks for their help in solving the mystery of her visions.

The evening is interrupted when the noble arrives with his men-at-arms and demands Sister Sigrid to surrender herself to the judgment of the authorities on a count of heresy and worship of the Ruinous Powers. Earlier, some of the boys, including the noble's son, snuck on the priestess while she was taking a bath. They saw her strange birthmark and the noble's son saw a daemon's face on it. He reported it to his father (mostly to shirk from future combat drills) and now they are here.

The PCs have to defuse the situation (to complicate matters, they possibly check her birthmark and see different things in it). Whatever the outcome, the PCs now know that Sister Sigrid saw visions of a horrible fate for Wissenland and that someone called the Snail Man knows more about it.

The Snail Man is an alchemist who is trying to bring down a piece of Morrslieb to secure himself an unlimited supply of warpstone. He is manipulating the impoverished noble, promising him wealth in exchange for help and resources. But where there is warpstone there are the Skaven. They have been following the Snail Man for some time and want to see his plans come to fruition. The Skaven and the PCs could even be allies of convenience.

Alternately, the Snail Man could be trying to warn people about the terrible things drawing close. In this case, the noble can be a member of a depraved cabal of cultist-sorcerers or an ally of the Ratmen.

### **The Order of the White Raven**

The PCs are travelling on the river Sol, when they come across a river-barge floating down the river. They investigate and discover everyone on board slain by mutants or river pirates. The passengers seemed to have been some sort of physicians or medical professionals with plague doctor gear.



As they arrive at the next city (possible with the salvaged river boat on tow), they discover that part of the city is quarantined because of a plague outbreak. It is a case of mistaken identity as the PCs are taken for a group of plague doctors expected to come and solve this mess. The city council offers them a very lucrative deal (possible because of nefarious reasons of their own).

Soon after, the PCs are approached by a priest of Morr who wears a white raven symbol. Brother Jacobus is from the Order of the White Raven, a brotherhood of Morrite priests from a remote monastery who can trace their beginnings to the Priest of Morr who sent a flock of ravens to eat the daemon snails (see previous page). Brother Jacobus received a message from Morr in his dreams and has been seeking signs of the daemon ever since.

Now Brother Jacobus tries to recruit the PCs to help him enter the quarantined quarter and find the daemon. If the PCs refused the city council's offer, this is their chance to rethink it (the council has no-one else to turn to anyway).

The situation within the quarantined quarter is one of hope and despair, although the traditional roles of Shallya and Nurgle have been reversed. A Priestess of Shallya is at the end of her means. The situation is dire - the death toll keeps rising and there is nothing she can do about it. As a final measure she ponders poisoning a central well to stop the spreading of the disease and ease the suffering of the sick by taking them to Morr's realm.

Meanwhile, the Snail Man is a beacon of hope to the suffering, despite being a follower of the god of despair. He wanders amongst the sick and the weak bestowing upon them the blessings of Father Nurgle and taking away their pain. At the same time, the Snail Man devours their feverish, fear-infested nightmares.

The PCs have to find the Snail Man, save the innocent citizens, and restore true hope.

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*Inspired by Ken and Robin Talk About Stuff episode 74. Rabenheim ruins inspired heavily by New Londo Ruins from Dark Souls.*

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