

From Altdorf Correspondent

«Do you know of a good carpenter? I need new tables for my inn after that dreadful rioting last week! But I can't find a single able-bodied carpenter, and trust me, I've looked everywhere! Not even the carpenter's guild can point to a good carpenter! You know what I've heard? They've all gone to Marienburg, to help build ships for the Merchant Houses there. River barges, military river barges! And what do you think Marienburg would do with a fleet of river barges? Set sail on Altdorf, that's what they'll do. And every carpenter in the Empire have been lured there by the Marienburgers' filthy silver!»

- A frustrated Altdorf inn owner looking for a carpenter in the Werksviertel Bezirk

«Feh, the weather is foul. We haven't had a summer this cold since ... since ever! It's that Storm of Chaos, that's what it is! It's blowing foul winds from the north, filled with ice and death! I swear I saw ice floating down the Reik this morning!»

- Owner of a vegetable stall at the Marktplatz by the Mourner's Bridge, trying to keep warm in the cold drizzle of the coldest summer in 50 years

«The Emperor has decided to ban the written word! His Witchhunters are poised to strike against all printing houses and bookstores in Altdorf, to stop them from copying and selling blasphemous texts!»

- The owner of the bookstore Die Motte, confiding in a customer from the University

«The Emperor is sick! He has Neiglish Rot, and will die before the winter's end! The court physicians are doing all they can, but there's no stopping the corruption of the flesh! So they've locked the Emperor in one of the dungeons under the palace, and a look alike has taken his place!»

- By the Kaiserplatz I overheard a Palace Guard whispering traitorous gossip to a City Watchman

«Did you hear about that barge that was found adrift in the Altdorf fog last week? Maria's Heaven, that's what it's called. Right down by the Fork Wharf it was. Bloodied sails and all! The Hafenmeisterei sent out a team to investigate ... not a single soul alive was found ... the captain was a veteran of the Storm of Chaos they say, and several of his men able-bodied warriors ... so whatever killed them, was not of this world! And now ... now it is loose in Altdorf! Sigmar save us all!»

- By the Fischmarkt, overhearing an elderly cook talking to a fisherman hawking his wares

«The scandalous painter Johann Weissen has been commissioned by the Emperor to paint a depiction of the last stand of Magnus the Pious in Kislev! Weissen is bringing in goblins, mutants and even dragons to pose for his pleasure! It's an outrage!»

- A speaker from The Crusade for All That is Right speaking from atop an upturned barrel on the Three Toll Bridge

«The church of Sigmar is planning a crusade against Araby! I've heard that they're looking for able-bodied men who will all be made Knights and given land and gold as soon as they land on the heathen shores. If we enlist, we're sure to come out on top!»

- Two working class lads contemplating their future career prospects at The Cowardly Tilean in the Niederhafen

«The pies sold in the Bankbezirk are full of rat and dog meat!»

- A pie seller in the Universität Bezirk revealing a dreadful secret while hawking his own premium pork pies.

«Don't pay the ferryman until he gets you to the other side! It is true what they say, you know ... one of the boatsmen ferrying people across the Reik is a cursed revenant who will drown you halfway over the Reik if you pay him before you've reached the other shore! So, don't pay the ferryman! You'll use the bridge up ahead, good sire, if you know what's good for you. That's the truth, may Stormfels send his Kraken to take me if I'm lying!»

- Superstitious sailor besieging me to use the Ostlander Brücke instead of one of the hundreds of small boats crossing the Reik.

«Beer is the urine of the lepers doomed to eternal suffering in the Chaos Wastes! Damnation is sure for all who drink that foul brew!»

- Zealot preaching outside the establishments on the Street of a Hundred Taverns

«You know Siegfried Wiezenmehl, the Westenstrasse baker? Yeah, the one with the cakes and marzipan toppings ... yeah ... the one who's delivering to the Emperor himself. Do you know how he gets that nice, deep green colour of his marzipan? Warpstone ... that's how! Crushed warpstone, delivered by chaos imps by green moonlight! So don't be surprised if the Emperor sprouts another arm or head! That'll be the marzipan to blame, I tell you that!»

- Young woman buying bread from a baker in the Werksviertel Bezirk.

«There are no Skaven! I tell the truth! Maybe what you have glimpsed are Beastmen. They're all beastmen. Mutated scum. Ratmen? No, no, no, it's really, really just people who are mutating into rats. That's what you've all been seeing. Or just large rats. Or people dressed up as rats, feeding the conspiracy of the existence of the Skaven, to keep people afraid, to keep them down. It's an Imperial conspiracy, that's what it is. You know how they keep telling us the Skaven don't exist? That's because they DON'T exist! But why would they have to tell us that, again and again?

Because fear will keep us in line. Fear of this conspiracy will keep the local villages in line! And since it's the aristocracy, and the Emperor telling us this, people believe the opposite ... and the government knows this, that is why they are telling us they don't exist! So that we will believe they exist! The Skaven, the rat men, the scourge of the underworld.

And you know what else? There's a cult, where the Emperor is the master illuminated, and they make sure there are little pieces of evidence all over the place to make us believe that the Skaven exists! So there you have it, it's a conspiracy! To keep the working classes down!»

- Agitator in the Drecksack slums. Curiously, I haven't seen him since he delivered this tirade.

«The goblins are marching on Altdorf! They have lost the Storm of Chaos against Archaon and are retreating here make a last stand! First they want to take the city, and then turn it into a huge fortress! The Emperor needs to put more gold into arming the people so that we can defend ourselves!»

- Agitator speaking at the Ruckusplatz

«It's true! I swear on Sigmar's Hammer I heard it from a Watch Man, who himself heard it from a Watch Sergeant who heard the Reiksmarshal himself talk about it. The next tax will be a Bridge Tax, it'll cost a Crown a Leg to pass any bridge in Altdorf! That's to keep the refugees and poor people in their place, stop them wandering over to the Palast Bezirk.»

- Wool merchant chatting to his supplier by the Kaiser Karl Franz Brücke.

«Haven't you heard? The Emperor is going to Middenheim to sort out Ar-Ulric! Only he can stop the nonsense, they say! But you know what that means don't you? Yeah ... that'll leave Altdorf wide open to people like Fengsel and Waffenkammer!»

- Two soldiers sharing a flagon of Altdorfer Weisse at The Breasts of Myrmidia tavern, in the Niederhafen Bezirk

«Perfume hides the reek of mutation. A good stench keeps Chaos away! And you know who use a lot of perfume, don't you? Yes, that's right, the nobles!»

- An exchange between a pig farmer and a butcher at the Fuhrmarkt. Judging from the smell the farmer was not at risk of being accused of being in league with Chaos...

«The refugees outside the North Gate are hiding mutant soldiers in their tents! When there are enough of them they'll storm the gates! There'll be Chaos to pay when they do, I tell you that! We need those new fangled pistols and mascots or whatever they're called. That'll put the fear of Sigmar into that tainted heathen scum!»

- Overheard from a watchman engaged in a heated discussion with two other watchmen, by the Königplatz

«A giant mutated pike haunts the waterfront of the Niederhafen Bezirk. It preys on the local fishermen and the dockers, and it's taken three just this month! What's the Guild doing about it? Nothing! It's almost as if they didn't care ...»

- Rumour picked up from two sailors at The Burning Table

«The Emperor is marrying Countess Emanuelle von Liebwitz! I heard it from my cousin who has a friend who works at the palace! It's not official yet, and there will be hell to pay from the other electors when they find out!»

- Rumour picked up from a pie seller at the Königsplatz



From Spires of Altdorf

"The Grand Theogonist isn't dead, you know. My cousin saw him in the market square last week. He was buying cabbages."

"Dwarfs are so superstitious they drown black cats on sight so that one never crosses their path!"

"Lady Spitzestadt went gambling with the Lord of Nordern, won 1,500 karls and left with the Baron of Nordland. Bastard"

"This is the worst spring we've had in years. I blame the Ulricans!"

"Our local priest says that turning in Mutants is our civic duty. Are you one? Have you checked?"

"Of course Frau Schmidt's a witch. Have you seen her wart?"

"You never see Elf children, do you? That's because they don't have babies like normal folk. They lay eggs instead. And they lay them in people..."

From Liber Fanatica 3

1- Outlaws are currently troubling the area, but you can be safe because they only seem to attack people with money.

2- Someone allegedly made a strange observation in the next village, where all the inhabitants were behaving very strangely.

3- A notorious criminal just escaped, and the authorities are searching the vicinity. Watch out, because he is desperate and prone to violence!

4- An inappropriate love affair is much talked about, between a noble or merchant or senior official and a peasant girl, waitress or handmaiden.

5- The settlement has a serious rat problem, and Rat Catchers are currently being summoned to do something about it.

6- A merchant was gruesomely murdered yesterday. However, the perpetrator was caught and it was the poor merchant's heir. He must have been the only one who didn't know the victim was broke!

7- An attack on the settlement is imminent, but the authorities refuse to issue a warning. The militia is armed, the watch is doubled and mercenaries are hired.

8- A large quantity of beer is missing, stolen from a local brewery. And then, at the next inn or tavern the beers are strangely cheap...

9- A well-liked inn was recently closed for reasons untold, but there seemed to have been something wrong with the sausages served there.

10- A local tradesman cheats his customers, selling products of lousy quality. He is protected by a guild, so there's no point in complaining

