

WARHAMMER
FANTASY
ROLE-PLAY

SALZENMUND

CITY OF SALT AND SILVER

GRIM AND PERILOUS ADVENTURE IN NORDLAND'S NEW HOPE

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Hear me you stalwart folk. Lend me those ears not still ringing from roaring cannon. We've Theoderic Gausser to thank for his vision, but you all warrant praise for turning the tides of fortune. Our Grand Barony takes direction from a prince of our province, not the Graf sat atop his gusty Fauschlag. We can earn just rewards for the wealth we seize from land and sea. Altdorf shall favour us, for Karl-Franz has placed profound trust in Grand Baron Theoderic and granted royal consent to the expansion of our nation's Second Fleet, pledged to keep home harbour here in Nordland. The Middenheimers can gnash their fangs in envy! The grantees of Westerland shall have to keep one eye on their ledgers and another on the horizon! We have won a great victory, but we cannot yet rest. Thanks to your continued efforts Salzenmund shall win a bright future — strong, proud, and lined with silver.





This place isn't what it was. Folk round here used to have respect, used to have a respect for their elders, their priests, their **bettors**. Folk used to have a proper respect for Ulric, who taught us how to prevail in our disputes and weather hard times. Now who have we for a role model? This pirate Gausser. A man who believes that if you see something you want you just snatch it, with no deed so dirty and underhand that it can't serve as means to such ends. He is to stand as a leader to our people? This explains all the trouble you see down by the docks these days, the smugglers and ragamuffins, the pressgangs, and the brawling benighted berserk Norse. Best wrap up in your best wolfskin, batten down the hatches and stoke the fire — this year the winter winds shall bite us with all due fury.

WELCOME TO SALZENMUND



'We don't have the palaces of Altdorf, the arrogance of Middenheim, or the perfumed fops of Nuln, but we've got our pride. From the roughest flophouse on the Ormsdeep shore to the top of Castle Salzenmund, we're a city of fighters. And we say what we mean.'

— Sergeant Astrid Hildbein, Jarlstor Guard

At the heart of the Silver Hills is a deep lake known as the Ormsdeep. The surrounding peaks form a great basin, carved into hills by rivers and streams flowing from the highlands. On the slopes facing the lake lies Salzenmund, a small city and capital of Nordland. This is not a grand city like Altdorf, Middenheim, or Nuln. This is life on a smaller, but no less dangerous, scale. Salzenmund sits on the periphery of the Empire, with the vast expanse of the oceans to the north and the mysterious domain of the Eonir in the west.

The River Salz flows from the lake, winding many miles to the Sea of Claws. Despite its inland location, Salzenmund has a rich maritime heritage. In recent times, the Emperor himself has committed the Imperial Second Fleet to Nordland, overseen by the ambitious elector, Grand Baron Theodoric Gausser. The new ruler displaced his rival, Baron Werner Nikse, to secure his position. Now Gausser surveys his province from atop Castle Salzenmund, plotting the conquest of lands he claims are his by right.

Downhill from the castle, the powerful Nordland Silversmiths' Guild counts the wealth it scrapes from mines in the Silver Hills. Belowground in old catacombs and abandoned mine tunnels, smugglers traffic contraband from the coast into the Empire. In the poorest wards, one encounters unmistakable traces of Norscan influence, from boisterous fighting pits to eccentric religious practices.



Salzenmund is a city with ambition. Salzenmunders are blunt, good-humoured, and eager to prove themselves. No longer shackled to Middenheim, they are eager to show the rest of the Empire that they are their equals. They look across the expanse of Nordland, from the Drakwald to the Sea of Claws, and take pride in their land.

HISTORY

Salzenmund has rarely affected the great sweep of Imperial history. Through the centuries of invasions, politics, and schisms that shaped the Empire, it has been on the periphery of Sigmar's domain. But it has its own story, shaped by a troubled relationship with greater powers in the Empire, Norscan settlement, and alliance and conflict with the Eonir.

BEFORE MANKIND

Long before Man ventured here, the Asur came to the northern Old World. They found rich lands, populated only by primitive tribes of Greenskins and Beastmen. The High Elves built towering coastal cities, such as Athel Toralien and Sith Rionnasc. Inland they established beautiful havens like Tor Lithanel in the Laurelorn Forest. In the Silver Hills, they raised watchtowers and hunting lodges on the peaks and in the valleys.

During the War of Vengeance, Dwarf armies trekked through the hills to confront the High Elves. According to the *Book of the Ancestors* in Karak Azgal, Brok Stonefist's throng camped by the Ormsdeep lake. His miners reported no precious metals or minerals of interest in the hills, so Stonefist decreed they should march to destroy the *elgi*. When a Dwarf throng was lost to the Laurelorn forest spirits, the mountain folk relinquished their attack on Tor Lithanel. They built forts in the Silver Hills to contain the Elves and later abandoned them to return to the mountains.

The Grey Lords were Asur exiled from Ulthuan for sorcerous experimentation. One of these 'Grey Lords' desired dominion over elemental beings. Grey Lady Athiastra Weavecaller conducted experiments in the Silver Hills, culminating in a summoning ritual atop the future Zinnentor. Over five nights, she coaxed a powerful Elemental spirit from the wind of Chamon, a silver being which writhed and transmuted itself to escape her control. When Athiastra collapsed from exhaustion, the creature transformed into a shining serpent and slipped into the stone that surrounds the lake.

THE WAS JUTONES

When Humans migrated north to the Silver Hills, they adopted the crest of the tallest peak as a defensible outpost. They raised wooden dwellings on the slopes and named the peak 'Jutone's Nest' after their tribe. They sunk piles into the Ormsdeep shallows and built halls over the water. In time, they discovered silver and the settlement grew. The Jutones thanked Olovald for fish from the lake and began to pay respects to 'Gnistre', a god they believed dwelled in the waters and rewarded sacrifice with silver.

In the decades before Sigmar's birth, the Jutones' high chief was Marius. His people were harried from the north by Norsii, confined in the east by the Udose, and threatened by Teutogens in the south. The latter proved most dangerous — when the legendary Artur defeated Marius in combat, the humbled chieftain declared that Olovald told him to take the tribe west. Their destiny lay in the marshes at the Reik's mouth, not here in the hills.

The Jutone chiefs consented until only Adda the Stalwart refused. As chieftainess of the Was Jutones, she insisted the tribe remain stewards of the Silver Hills. When the other chiefs led their folk west to found Westerland, Adda entrenched her people in the village of Salzenmund.

A SILVER KINGDOM

As the Empire grew in the south, the 'Nord Lands' remained beyond the border, surrounded by Ostland, Westerland, Drakwald, and Middenland. Sigmar's first people feared the Laurelorn, so Salzenmund persisted far from the nascent Empire. Seeking divine protection, the Was Jutones built an impressive temple to Ulric.

From the 5th century, Salzenmund became chief town of a small independent kingdom ruled by petty monarchs known as the Silver Kings. The first Silver King was Thumm Feldpick, an exiled Karak Norn miner of dubious reputation. Feldpick used a few simple Dwarf mining techniques to double the silver yield, became wealthy, and was crowned king by the grateful townsfolk. When Feldpick left the town with a cartload of silver, he passed his crown to the man with the best beard.

Stories of Salzenmund's wealth reached Wilhelm 'Bullshanks', second son of the Graf of Middenland. The Middenlander marched to conquer the petty kingdom, taking Salzenmund and dethroning the last Silver King from his Zinnentor fortress. The 'Nord Lands' became the new Barony of Nordland and part of the Empire.