WARHAMMER FARMAMER FA

A MYSTERIOUS NEW WORLD OF GRIM AND PERILOUS ADVENTURE

CREDITS

Design and Writing: Dave Allen, Steve Darlington, Michael Duxbury, Jude Hornborg, Charles Morrison, Alfred Nuñez, Pádraig Murphy, Clive Oldfield, Samuel Poots, Anthony Ragan, Simon Wileman

Illustration: Benoît Blary, Alessandro Boer, Anthony Boursier, Andreas von Cotta-Schønberg, Ken Duquet, Ralph Horsley, David Gallagher, Michal Komoch, Victor Leza, Yugin Maffioli, Sam Manley, JG O'Donoghue, Fabio Porfidia, Erin Rea, Tom Ventre

Cover: Andreas von Cotta-Schønberg

Layout: Muireann Brady, Diana Grigorescu

Editor: Brian Johnson

Proofreader: Andres Montelongo

Cubicle 7 Business Support: Tracey Bourke, Elaine Connolly, Jennifer Crispin, Fiona Kelly, Neil McGouran, Kieran Murphy, Cian Whelan

Cubicle 7 Creative Team: Dave Allen, Emmet Byrne, David F Chapman, Walt Ciechanowski, Zak Dale-Clutterbuck, Diana Grigorescu, Elaine Lithgow, TS Luikart, Dominic McDowall, Sam Manley, Pádraig Murphy, Ceíre O'Donoghue, JG O'Donoghue, LJ Phelan, Christopher Walz

Creative Director: Emmet Byrne

Publisher: Dominic McDowall

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CONTENTS

LAND OF THE ANCIENTS

The Mysterious Continent of Lustria is Described

The Land of Lustria	6
A Hostile Continent	10
Lustrian History and Lore	11
Olde Weirde's Incunabulum	14
The Reality of Lustria	16
Lustria Timeline	18

PLACES OF POWER

Describing Arcane Sites Found Across the Continent

Ziggurat of Dawn	25
Head Monoliths of the Fallen Gods	27
Wellsprings of Eternity	28
The Great Confluence	30
Fire Bogs	34

SKEGGI

A Colony of Norse Marauders I and Trading on the Isthmus of I	0
and frading on the islands of	Lostina
History of Skeggi	37
Government and Law	40
Religion in Skeggi	
The Economy of Skeggi	
The Shape of the City	
Beyond the city	
Port Reaver and Swamptown	
1	

QUETZA THE DEFILED

A Once-Proud Temple-	City Made
the Mephitic Lair of Pesti	lential Vermin
The Skaven Infestation	
Sites within Quetza	
Lord Skrolk	

THE VAMPIRE COAST

Shambling Corpses and Drowned
Chosts in Thrall to a Depraved Lord
Harkon and Lustria65
Realm of the Undead67
Locations69
Luthor Harkon72
The Brine Wife74

THE CITADEL OF DUSK

Lustria's Southern Cape is Guarded by an Outpost of Distant Kingdoms

History	78
Other High Elf Colonies	84
Lord Finrian	87
From The Arsenal	
of The Phoenix King	89
Lokhir Fellheart	90

TEMPLE-CITIES AND TLAXTLAN

The Abodes of the Lizardmen and the Centres of their Culture

Temple-Cities	
Ruined Temple-Cities	95
Temple-City Structures	
Tlaxtlan	
Administrators of Tlaxtlan	102
Tlaxtlan's Defences	104
Locations in Tlaxtlan	
Tzku'Ta, Chief Attendant	
to Lord Adohi-Tehga	

SERVANTS OF THE OLD ONES

The Lizardmen, their Masters,

A LUSTRIAN BESTIARY A Guide to Myriad Creatures

Wild and Terrible

Bestiary	165
Exotic Creatures and Diseases	165
Flora and fungi	167
Invertebrates	168
Amphibians and Reptiles	170
Mammals and Birds	173
Large Monsters	174
Flying Monsters	176
Gigantic Monsters	177
Gigantic Carnivores	180
Savage Orcs	182
Jungle Maladies	186

CAMPAIGNING IN LUSTRIA Expeditions into the Interior

and Establishing a Settlement	
New Character Options	189
Habitats	191
Interpreter	194
Oracle	196
Survivalist	198
Trailblazer	200
Jungle Expeditions	202
Temple-City Exploration	207
Temple-City Plunder	209
Between Expeditions	
Lustrian Events	213
New Endeavours	216

LUSTRIAN ADVENTURES

Three Quick Adventures Set in and Around Lustria

The Jade Frog2	18
Wrath of the Serpent God2	19
Preternatural Selection2	21

LAND OF THE ANCIENTS

THE MYSTERIOUS CONTINENT OF LUSTRIA IS DESCRIBED

Across the Great Ocean, far to the west of the Old World, is a vast, mysterious continent. It is a place of legend and rumour, for few explorers have managed to penetrate its dense jungle, or chart its rolling southern plains. To most folk of the Old World, it is so distant and enigmatic that it may as well not exist, but stories tell of vast wealth and ancient lore that can be discovered there. Each week ships carrying adventurers and colonists cross the ocean.

Those who settle on Lustria's shores do not thrive. The continent is a vast death trap, subject to extreme weather, festering diseases, poisonous plants, venomous animals, and home to the temple-cities of the Lizardmen, who sally out to repel invaders. Only around the coasts of the Isthmus of Lustria, to the north of the continent, do a few precarious settlements cling on. Despite all the wealth and manpower that Old World nations invest in supporting their nascent colonies, there is little hope that they will pay dividends. They are tiny, wretched places, living on borrowed time before the savagery of the elements, or the ferocity of the Lizardmen, consign them to the annals of history.

There are some among the High Elves, and the Truthsayers of foggy Albion, who claim that Lustria is deadly by design. Stories older than civilisation speak of the enigmatic Old Ones, who descended from the skies at the dawn of the world, riding upon their Silver Chariots. The most learned scholars purport that these beings reordered the world, but that the blend of magic and science they engineered to work their wonders went awry, and ushered Chaos into existence. The presence of these godlike beings is no longer felt, their having perished or departed long ago, but the Lizardmen persist in carrying out orders based on their instruction.

For all the danger and mystery, occasionally an adventurer strikes it lucky, and returns to the Old World with pockets full of looted treasure. They tell tales of exotic sites and ferocious inhabitants. The testimony and wealth of these fortunate few is enough to tempt a steady stream of foolhardy souls to undertake a voyage of their own.





A HOSTILE CONTINENT

Those explorers who have set foot on the land of Lustria and lived to tell of it claim that the continent is the most hostile land in the entire world, save perhaps for the twisting hellscapes of the Realms of Chaos.

The vast majority of the continent is covered in jungle or swamp, with even the highest peaks and plateaux blanketed in dense greenery. Towards the southern cape, the trees thin out, giving way to wide, grassy savannah. Yet each of these environments is as deadly as the next. The jungles teem with carnivorous creatures, parasites and diseases thrive in the swamps, and the plains are home to huge predatory flightless birds which stalk through dense tufts of spear-leaved pampas in search of prey.

THE ENIGMA OF LUSTRIA

For many ages of the world, Lustria remained hidden to the folk of the Old World. This was not through accident or geographical oddity, but as a result of a network of magical wards, enchantments which disorient intruders and repel daemonic entities.

The efficacy of these enchantments has dwindled over the ages, and now most experienced navigators can reliably guide a vessel to the shores of Lustria, but whilst they have lost their former power, the wards still exert an influence upon those who set foot there. Many of those who visit the land report feelings of disorientation and despair, a malaise of the mind and spirit.

No Old Worlder has ever penetrated into the centre of the Lustrian jungle, or if they have, they have not lived to tell the tale. Those who have attempted to explore the continent report finding the shattered remnants of lost Elf settlements and the vast temple-cities of the Lizardmen, many of which have also fallen into ruin.

Yet these reports are confused, and unless meticulous records are kept of the location of such sites, the chances of finding them again are slim. Those who stumbled across them struggle to explain how to retrace their steps, and those following these half-remembered instructions are soon disorientated in their own thoughts, finding it hard to concentrate on even the most well written instruction. For those able to surmount the barriers of confusion and mind-bending enchantments, there is a wealth of treasure and forgotten lore to be recovered from the ruined temples and crumbling pyramids, but the disorientating wards set up about Lustria are the least of its dangers.

THE LUSTRIAN CLIMATE

From the isthmus to the north, to the grassy plains of the south, Lustria is a hot, steamy, tropical wilderness. The heat and humidity are relentless, extremes of temperature in the jungle interior reaching such intensity that the hardiest of explorers cannot endure there for long before they sicken or die, become idle and listless, or fall to an irrevocable madness.

The air is uncomfortably moist; the vast transpiration of the massive trees sips the moisture from the soil and the lungs, and then fills the air with cloying miasmas. Thick tendrils of mist drift lazily above the dense mass of vegetation on the jungle floor.

An explorer must take meticulous care of their possessions, else metal will corrode, textiles fray, and leather rot. During the noonday heat, the humidity grows so cloying that it can become hard for an explorer to catch so much as a breath. Many who spend time in the jungle interior suffer from chronic respiratory problems.

The Rainy Seasons

During the equinoxes, Lustria experiences sudden and dramatic seasons of rain. The moisture rising from the jungles coalesces into vast banks of towering storm clouds. Under their shadow there is a brief respite from the sweltering heat, but then tropical rainstorms and violent cyclones lash the jungles instead. The deluge turns the jungle paths into torrents of muddy water, and the rivers and swamps flood vast acreages of terrain. Unprepared explorers can find themselves suddenly cut off from the land, and doomed to drown.

To the south of the continent it is cooler and drier. The southern plains could be considered more hospitable than the jungle, were it not for the rapacity of the local wildlife and Lizardman patrols.