

**WARHAMMER**  
**FANTASY**  
ROLE-PLAY

**ARCHIVES OF THE EMPIRE**  
**VOLUME II**

A GRIM AND PERILOUS EXPLORATION OF THE EMPIRE



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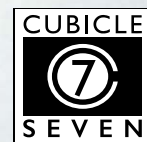
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My dears,

The time has come, I declare, to send you many things, a valuable collection of high-ranking importance. Remember: this must not be shared with another living soul. You have always been a powerful ally and my trust remains with you.

Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, it's tedious, but time marches on and waits for neither Ogre nor Wizard, let alone 'the Seer Princess'. I've had far more time to think of late and ponder on the many aspects of the Empire and beyond. At times my patience wears thin, but I know my important task will be rewarded in good time and I shall be returned to my rightful place in my brother's court.

My hope is that this second collection of important writings will garner more interest than the first – if it ever made it into the right hands. The first collection's 'safe delivery' cost me a pretty price. I won't reveal how many gold crowns, but what use is coin 'when all one's needs are met?' or so we are reminded by the sisters on many occasions. I gladly parted with my earnings; my visions come naturally to me so to exchange them for money is somewhat beneath me, but needs must in these challenging times. If my 'earnings' provide a safe passage for this treasure trove of valuable information then so be it. This particular collection provides more insight into the Empire's workings from incredible and, at times, explosive facts on warfare (not for the fainthearted), to the creation of awe-inspiring magical items. And what would the sisters say if they discovered the in-depth notes on the Great Hospice?

Reading about Ogres and their undeniable appetite for travel makes me long for the road. But with my restrained circumstances, only my sojourns back in time to the recess of my mind give me some comfort.

For example, remembering my aunt once employed a wonderful Ogre, Megg Roth, which was very fashionable at the time. Though not the most graceful, Megg was always generous to me and my brother, and her expression alone offered us immense protection. Like most Ogres, she travelled extensively before settling with our aunt and regaled us with tales of a famed Emperor of the Dragons to the East of her homeland, which caused me to have the most spectacular dreams. Alas, I stray from my urgent message to you, to relay the significance of these files and ensure they leave this place intact.

When the stars are aligned, we can place them in the right hands. Time is of the essence. On the subject of stars, my opinions are mixed, even more so with the contents of this collection. Born under the sign of The Witchling Star, the sign of Magic, or Solkios, is indeed of great interest to me, but holds little relevance in the grander scheme of things, and is no substitute for my visions and what they bring me. I've said it before, and I'll say it again, why focus on the wayward roving of the stars when you can focus on your visions? They come to all of us — only the most observant pay any heed or admit to them. That said, I still can read the Winds, though at times, I have felt cursed by the Winds of Magic instead of blessed by them. Winds aside, the sisters came true to their word and did, indeed, hire me a scribe, even if it was one of their own.

I note that the sisters have begun to take more of an interest in me and pay more heed to my observations, in particular, the novice Inga, who is a fast scribe. Though her tendency to interrupt me mid-flow or to ask if 'I really wish to record that?' can be incredibly tiresome, her general demeanour, accent and deportment indicate that she is from a noble family, which is very important to me and a mark of respect to my own position. The thought of a foundling, a crook, or a lost soul from some forsaken place recording this information and selling it to the highest bidder doesn't bear thinking about. Though a little shy and a bit of a daydreamer, Inga has a good eye for deciphering the handwriting of many scholars, which is like some ancient script at times. In particular, my contact in Nuln, an eminent professor but his handwriting is like a large graceless spider scuttling across the page leaving large blobs of black ink.

Alas Duke Leopold's agent has not returned since I last encountered him, but the man did promise to return. (I won't hold my breath.) On the subject of breath, my dearest Emmanuelle often had a touch of halitosis. No amount of expensive fans could hide it until a mysterious Wizard presented her with an unusual fan, which I've no doubt was a magical item she had commissioned. The artefact's power had an astounding success, not only on her breath but her entire being seemed to radiate when she used it. Though firm friends, she refused to reveal the Wizard's name or the magical powers the fan possessed. Though I tried, my visions refused to reveal any more about the fan's providence. So on discovering these fascinating writings about magical items, my interest was piqued no end. There are times when I'm so immersed in my research that I need to be reminded to walk the grounds. The formal garden has its merits, but I'm far more at peace in the wild garden. The sisters love to remind us of Galoroth the Brown's wonderful contribution to the gardens, a fact which we all agree on, even though Wood Elves can be full of their own self-importance.

I've made a considerable effort to be more compliant and sometimes even convivial with the Sisters of Shallaya, though I might have raised my voice on occasion when they needed reminding that the Great Hospice was founded by Eberhardt the Just! At times, the sisters forget the meaning of the word 'Just', but that could just be my opinion, if I had my way, none of us would be here.. My family's donations ensure I'm well looked after, though I do have to remind them to call me by my true title.

Time is precious and I need to return to my task in hand. There's much to hold one's interest in this rich collection of writings. I await my brother's response and look forward to returning to my rightful place in the court.

With a noble heart,  
Princess Isabella von Holswig-Schleistein,  
Sister to Emperor Karl-Franz I,  
27 Vorgeheim, 2513 IC

# ◆ GOLD AND GRUB ◆

## OGRES OF THE EMPIRE



### OGRE MERCENARIES IN THE OLD WORLD

No accurate historical account exists within the Empire detailing the first time an Ogre wandered from their lands in the distant east into the Old World. The records held within the few remaining Karaks of the Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains (and certainly their Books of Grudges) note that nomadic Ogre tribes first started assaulting the Dwarfs' eastern-most holdings two thousand years before the founding of the Empire. In the centuries after, there are many tales concerning wandering Ogres, their incredible fighting skills, and, most infamous of all, their prodigious appetites. The annals of the Empire's early history show that Sigmar himself occasionally employed, and frequently struggled against, Ogres in various battles. Ogre mercenaries have fought in almost every significant Imperial engagement since Sigmar's day, and have frequently been on both sides of the largest battles, especially those against the Greenskins. No land west of the Worlds Edge Mountains has failed to feel the heavy tread of Ogre boots at some point in their histories.

### THEY TOOK ME HALFLING!

☠ Cramgut has travelled the Empire for several years now, and has more or less gotten the hang of living among the slims. Don't eat what, or who, doesn't belong to you, trade shiny metals for tasty grub, and always keep a Halfling around for when you want something special. Unfortunately for Cramgut, he has run into some recent trouble on this last point. Pandry Ashfield, his most recent chef, went missing a few nights ago, and Cramgut is desperate to find her. The local townsfolk are just as desperate, as Cramgut has been tearing apart the town searching for her. Pandry was in fact taken by another Ogre, Maunch the Wide, and dragged off to a nearby cave to prepare his meals. The town risks being torn in half by the two Ogres should they come to blows, and Pandry has lost her appetite for working with Ogres entirely. Can the Characters possibly keep this pressure cooker from blowing its top?

### ALL THE WORLD'S A BUFFET

Ogres are naturally nomadic brawlers, travelling over wide areas, and frequently getting into fights, as the mood takes them. The rare Imperial scholars who bother to study such matters are quick to suggest this is a matter of survival more than anything — an Ogre tribe's rapacity makes short work of any sustenance a given area can provide, forcing them to be constantly on the move in search of more food. However, this does not explain the intense wanderlust that a sizeable number of Ogres feel at some point in their lives.

For whatever reasons, some Ogres are never content until they can glimpse, and likely sample, whatever resides over the next horizon. Ogres, not given to introspection at even the best of times, when asked why they felt the need to wander so far from their homelands, generally reply with something along the lines of, *'felt like takin' a bit of a walk'*. Travelling Ogres often declare they intend to return to their lands in the east 'some day', but that day can lie decades into their future.

Ogres are eventually drawn to mercenary work as the life of a hired soldier admirably fulfils many of their needs and inclinations. Ogres live to fight and eat — not necessarily in that order. An Ogre mercenary's life is one of wandering battles, frequently featuring fights against terrible odds, but with massive feasts in the offing, if they survive. Ogres find it nearly miraculous that so many slims are willing to pay them for, more or less, what they do in their own lands for free.

Ogres who become bandits or raiders, just sticking to what they know from their homeland, eventually run afoul of the authorities in the various countries of the Old World, and are ultimately run down and slain. There are even bands of Ogre mercenaries that specialise in hunting down (and consuming) their own kin. That certainly doesn't mean that some mercenary Ogres don't engage in a bit of raiding if they think they can get away with it, 'a reive and a repast' is a temptation few Ogres can pass up on if the pickings look easy, they're just far more savvy about how the local authorities are likely to react and plan their activities accordingly.