

APPENDIX: This is the inn's main tavern. A number of Skaven drink milky mead from flagons and munch on wheels and wedges of pale cheese. Some shoot you dirty looks; others ignore you completely.

Heroes must roll a combat die to determine the manner whereby they interact, a skull for aggression (A/AA), a white shield for friendly (W/WW), a black shield (B/BB) for disarming. A Hero can roll any die he is normally able to roll in combat or defense. A Hero may attempt to interact with a target as many times as he is able.

PUBLICAN (beer stein): A, Your attempt to intimidate the Publican is ignored; he's seen tough adventurers before and is unimpressed. W, Your kind advances don't fall on deaf ears, but neither do they change the Publican's opinion of you. B, Your bawdy joke about a lusty Skaven maiden is well received. The Publican pours you each a flagon of mead (Rock Skin) on the house. --[still, he seems interested in you lot and is willing to let you a pair of rooms, one of which is an actual bedroom, for 100 gold each. Quarters will be cramped, he admits, but his third room has been rented out by a band of locals ever since the coming of Daedalus and the Minotaur. It is then he sees *The Craven Maze Runner of Rodentia* peeking out from one of your packs. "But you must know all about that, then." In addition to the rooms, he has a Potion of Recall, a Lantern, and two small flasks of local herbal medicine (250 gold). When he gives you the key for the rooms he invites you to finish your mead among the locals, introducing you to Rebus.

REBUS (wolf): A, Rebus, giving you the benefit of the doubt, asks if you wouldn't mind rephrasing your greeting. AA, Rebus is dismayed by your lack of courtesy and suggests you watch your backs, admitting that not everyone in the tavern is as forgiving as he is. He seems to eye the Skaven to your left as he says this. With a gulp he finishes his drink, wishes the Publican a good night, and exits with his rat. W, Rebus, something of an old coot and an enthusiastic rat-tender, is quick to fall into conversation, especially about the current state of affairs in Muroidea. He mentions that many Skaven in this very tavern fought tooth and tail to keep Daedalus from conquering the capital city of Rodentia before being betrayed by their leader. He is also clear, however, that he only knows what he does secondhand. He motions to the veteran on your left—a brute named Cur—as one such Skaven who saw the initial downfall of Muroidea. B, Grateful for your admiration of his prized Rat, Myron, Rebus tells you about his whole stable of trained Rats, loyal and plague-free. He mentions that he doesn't usually sell to non-Skaven, but sees that each of you appreciate a fine specimen when you see it. He will sell you up to eight rats for 200 gold a piece.

CUR (top): A, Angered to acute suspicion by your hostile advances, Cur sharpens his gaze and twitches his nose. As he does, his eyes widen. "Bold words from those who would consort with a coward." He leaves without finishing his drink, only halting briefly to exchange glances with the two Skaven to his left. AA, passing something slyly to the one nearest him. W, Cur barely acknowledges your friendly words. B, Cur wishes you a good night's sleep, something along the lines of "Don't let the Bed Rats Bite," and takes his leave. BB, "Right boys," he sneers to the Skaven on his left.

SLAKE (middle): A, This Skaven, Slake by name, sneers and brushes roughly by the offending Hero and out the door (paralyze this Hero's arm during the bedroom battle if Cur angrily leaves beforehand). AA, After slipping a small

envelope to Wret, the Skaven to his left, Slake... W, This Skaven, Slake by name, nods in acknowledgment of your friendliness but is unmoved to converse. He continues to sip from his flagon of milky mead, emptying three more before you leave (does not join the bedroom battle). B, This Skaven, Slake by name, is impressed with your appreciation of his finely hewn Shortsword, adding that he thinks Cur, who has since got up to leave, may have figured you all wrong. He explains how he, along with his friend to the left and scores of brave others, fought shoulder to shoulder with Cur against Daedalus and the forces of Chaos; he also explains how Cur has been both surly and distrusting ever since this defeat, ever since their beloved commander, on the verge of certain but costly victory, fled. He mentions, however, that he's sure Cur is wrong in thinking you lot have anything to do with General Sab Anrab, the infamous coward of the Battle for Rodentia (subtracts one extra Skaven from the bedroom battle). BB, Although he appears hesitant to do so, betraying a brother-in-arms and all, Slake admits that he's almost certain that Cur intends your party some harm. Before you part, he bids you vigilance in the coming night (The Hero who conversed w/ Slake gets an attack at the start of the Heroes first turn in the bedroom battle in addition to his regular turn).

WRET (bottom): A, Wret bumps into you on his way up from the bar, spilling a portion of his drink into your face (paralyze the offender until he rolls a 5 or 6 in the bedroom battle if both of the above leave angrily). AA, When he gets to the door, he turns once more toward the Heroes and mutters something foreign under his breath before leaving (In addition to Wret, add another Skaven to the bedroom battle). W, Wret has little to say to outsiders, it seems, but suggests that he wouldn't turn down a drink (10 gold). He thanks you and slumps forward to his flagon, newly filled. He says that he's had enough anyway for one night (will not or will join the battle). B, see above.

EBENEZER (book): A, Ebenezer looks up from his tea cup and smiles; he is older than the rest of the Skaven in the tavern and was nodding off just moments ago. Clutching something to his chest, Ebenezer looks to the Heroes as if waiting for them to speak again. AA, Before they can open their mouths, however, Ebenezer sees *The Craven Maze Runner* in the arms of one of their number. "Ah," he groans, "Sab Anrab." W, "I never knew no San Anrab!" he shrieks in response, awaking from some restless reverie, clutching a locket to this chest. WW, "Well, maybe...maybe I..." He is startled by the closeness of the Heroes. "Back you!" he shrieks again, losing himself in his own distracted mumbling. / "San Anrab's father, that," the Publican shouts from the Bar. "Best to leave him be." With that, Ebenezer falls into a deep sleep. B, (see AA) "San Anrab." He pauses. "My boy." BB, "Finest warrior Muroidea ever knew. Others would line up to follow him, right into the gate of Eternity, they'd follow him. Not a coward, my boy. No." He shakes his head. "No, not my boy." He looks to the Heroes almost as if he's forgotten they're there. He sees them as if for the first time, his nostrils flaring and flexing. "San!" he shouts, his eyes widening. "My boy!" he shouts, lifting himself from his seat in the corner and limping his way through the tavern door. / "San Anrab's father, that," the Publican shouts from the Bar. "Best to leave him be." On the pub table before them, the Heroes spy a small copper locket with the name Anrab engraved into its cover. Inside is a pair of painted miniatures, one of the old Skaven, another of a younger Skaven, somehow familiar in appearance, this infamous San Anrab. The Heroes pocket it. (Barnabas, finding the locket in his friends possessions, is awake looking it over when the marauding Skaven invade the bedroom. He should attack before their turn). P.S. The player who named the Skaven chose "Barnabas"; I simply rearranged the letters to get San Anrab. Different name? Different anagram.