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# FANTASY ROLEPLAY<sup>™</sup>



SIFTING THROUGH SHADOWS



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Now that so many fans have had a chance to experience *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*, players around the world are eager to see how Fantasy Flight Games will be developing the line to enhance their campaigns and add even more excitement to their roleplaying sessions.

There are many exciting projects ahead for *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*. The development team is working on a wide range of products that explore different parts of the rich Warhammer Fantasy setting, provide additional information on important parts of the Old World, and add more options and depth to your game.

Some people may have heard rumours and speculation about what lies ahead. The Old World is shrouded in such mysteries. So I thought, who better to pierce the veil of secrecy surrounding the future of *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* and to shed light on these shadow-shrouded topics than a Grey Wizard, a master of illusion, trickery, and secrets?

Starting with the next page, you can follow along as Gavius Klugge, renowned Master Wizard of the Grey Order, shares his personal thoughts and musings on what the future holds in store.

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The future of the Empire, nay, the entire Old World, is uncertain. Dark forces are at work, eating away at the fringes of the known world, while simultaneously gnawing at its tender, exposed centre. Brutal greenskins, crazed cultists, the sinister dark elves, beastmen, followers of the dread Ruinous Powers... and so much more.

The number of enemies is staggering, threatening to overwhelm those who would stand against this tide of Chaos, who would dare oppose the relentless, oncoming evil.

But on the horizon there is a glimmer. The faintest sliver of hope, perhaps? Or is it but a false hope, illuminating the vastness of the threats, the bleakness of the situation we now found ourselves in?

It seems everyone sees something different from the signs and portents. From village mystics and street corner prophets to high priests and master wizards, there are as many different opinions and interpretations as there are omens to interpret.

This intrigues me a great deal. For I have also read the signs, and attempted to interpret their meaning. And I have always enjoyed a good riddle. A number of my fellow wizards from other Colleges believe they have the right of it, that their augurs and visions are accurate.

Cornelius Scheffler, a starry-eyed Celestial Wizard, believes he has seen a great conjunction in the sky, and that by reading the constellations while Morrslieb is ascending, he has foreseen a great doom ready to fall upon us.

Dorithe Grunwald - a rather fetching Druidess if I allow myself to say so - has mentioned a disturbance in the ley lines, and that she has sensed a flux in the "tree energies" of the Reik Forest. Whatever that may mean.

And even the religious sects are not without their doomsayers. Mortimer Grimme (an aged priest of Morr I met briefly after burying what remained of my last apprentice - a real shame, as he was quite promising) mentioned to me that he has seen a divine message from Morr himself, an endless flock of ravens swirling overhead, blackening the sky. Doubtless a harbinger of our ultimate demise.

Phah, I say. Speculation and prattle one and all. These others rely on signs seen from on high, or sensed more than seen. I have far more convincing evidence, coming from a far more reliable source.

My shadows told me.

-Gavius Klugge  
Master Grey Wizard

While my shadow has long been my most reliable and faithful companion, he is a tricksome thing. For he is not one, but many. I have learned over the years, however, to sift through the shadows, until I find the right one. He does so like to hide among his brothers.

Sorry, I digress.

The first shadow revealed to me that a storm is brewing. A terrible storm. A raging storm filled with difficult decisions and dire consequences.

As he spoke, the shadow's shape changed and flickered, seeming first a wild beast, then a capering imp, then a decaying corpse. And he showed me other shadows, vague and indistinct. A small group, my shadow said, but they alone would stand against the storm. Then the conversation devolved into a series of increasingly weak puns on "weathering the storm."

Still, I have cancelled my planned trip to Stromdorf, just to be safe.

Invariably, I have need of assistance from time to time. Be it (yet another) apprentice to perform some mundane task, or my nez-pince spectacles imported from Cathay, there are a number of resources that I rely upon. I even find the counsel of my fellow wizards invaluable. Well, sometimes.

The second shadow told me even more assistance is coming, more tools and resources to help me manage my affairs, to help me organise my thoughts, and ultimately allow me to prepare for what is coming in the year ahead. A trove of wisdom, the shadow promised, and more.

Good news, indeed, I thought, and told my shadow so. He laughed, then, a laugh eerily like my own.

Then he told me of the Nemesis, the foe unlike any we have faced before. The shadow went so far as to suggest that my personal Nemesis would be as powerful and clever as me. Me!

I don't like the sound of that at all.



The third shadow revealed itself, and I was quite surprised to find that it was not just inky darkness and blackest light, but a spectacle of vibrant and myriad colours.

In fact, it did not take me long to solve my third shadow's riddle. Before he could whisper in my ear, I had deduced his meaning - the very winds of magic were blowing, bringing with them new secrets to share with me and my brethren.

Suddenly the colors twisted and surrounded me in a vortex of light. I could hear laughter, distant and faint. Something lurked at the centre of the winds, something terrible that I could neither see nor know. But I heard its whispers, and it promised me that a Great Change was coming.

I pushed the vision from my mind and found myself gasping for breath. A final image hung in my mind, a sigil that puzzled me. A broken wheel?

This vexed me thoroughly, and it was some time before I sought out the next shadow.

The fourth shadow's inky blackness was absolute. I trembled as it slid forward to speak, its hoarse whisper so deep I barely heard it. Was it a shadow of mine, or of something more sinister?

It spoke to me of the greed and lusts that lurk in the heart of man, the depths to which he will sink to achieve his goals. Of the pride that goeth before the fall. Of foul promises made with foulsome things.

I heard a scurrying of vermin and smelt the stench of dead things, woven into the fabric of the shadow's words. The shadow placed in my hands a mask, a trifle, a noble's amusement of pure shadow that melted and twisted and evaporated before my eyes.

It spoke also of a night that would not end, of darkness absolute that veiled earth and sky alike. His last whisper was a choking rasp, but it raised the hairs on the back of my neck.

"Morrslieb," he whispered, and for just an instant it seemed that fell moon had become the shadow's eye, before he slipped away.



*Alas, this is all I can surmise for the time being. My shadows are flighty things. And the further afield they fly, the less accurate they tend to be. A whispered comment from a whispered conversation overheard in whispered tones.*

*But my shadows are long. They lurk in alleys and tap rooms. In brothels and the inner sanctums of even the richest nobles, as they feast upon roast boar and toast each other with exotic Tilean wines. Once my shadows return from their current... adventures... I am sure they will have many exciting things to share with me, and I with you.*

*But until that time, this is just idle speculation. Until I can confer with my shadows, I shall not indulge such musings.*



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