|Warhammer Fantasy: Empire of Man|
|The Halflings of The Moot|

Straddling the River Aver between the borders of Averland and Stirland, there exists a stretch of rolling hills and near-endless fields of green grass and farmland. Mootland, or otherwise called 'The Moot,' is the home of the Halflings: Short, pot-bellied, chubby-faced humanoids that almost resemble the children of Man, and indeed seem to have existed alongside Mankind since the tribes first crossed the World's Edge Mountains. None know where the Halflings originated from, and indeed even the Halflings themselves don't seem to care one wit for their past.

Likely, Ranald created them as some bizarre joke. But that's neither here nor there.

For all that the halflings appreciate the comforts of home - chief among them being food, alcohol, pipeweed, and the chance to skip out on a hard day's work - life isn't always so easy for the little folk. The Moot sits in an admittedly precarious position, for its easterly border is along the edge of Sylvania. That cursed land, ruled by the walking dead and the ever-duplicitous Mannfred von Carstein, is enough to make even a jolly old halfling grow serious and attentive. To Mootland's south runs a spur of the World's Edge Mountains, with its myriad tunnels and caverns hosting terrible beasties and monsters: Night goblin warbands, orc tribes, skaven scouting parties, and even trolls wishing to fill their bellies.

And unfortunately, even amongst the states of the Empire, halflings experience their own share of prejudice and hatred from the Tall Folk. Even with their Elder of the Moot counting as one of the Empire's Electors, the halflings continue to fight for their rights and equality amongst mankind. Sometimes the fight goes well, other times you wind up with the Mad Count of Averland rampaging into The Moot trying to take vengeance on the "malodorous runts" who steal his road's flagstones.

Such is life for the halfling. A life you will be living for the next decade.
Here's **1,000 CP**, try not to let one of your fellows borrow any. There's only a slim chance you'll get it back.

|Mootland Registry|

Name, sex, and occupation, list 'em out so we can get you worked out okay. Halflings age at the same rate as the Tall Folk, so you'll do right with a **3d8+15** to figure out how many years old you are. Now the menfolk do most of the hard labor - farmin', shepherdin', that kinda thing - but the womenfolk work themselves to the bone managin' house and home besides. You can pick which one you are, it doesn't matter either way.

[Farmer]: The Moot is the most fertile and rich land that can be found in the Empire to this date - so beautiful it brings a Jade Wizard to tears just gazing upon it. Its farmlands produce tobacco, vegetables, fruits, herbs and spices, and countless other plants. And who else works them but you?

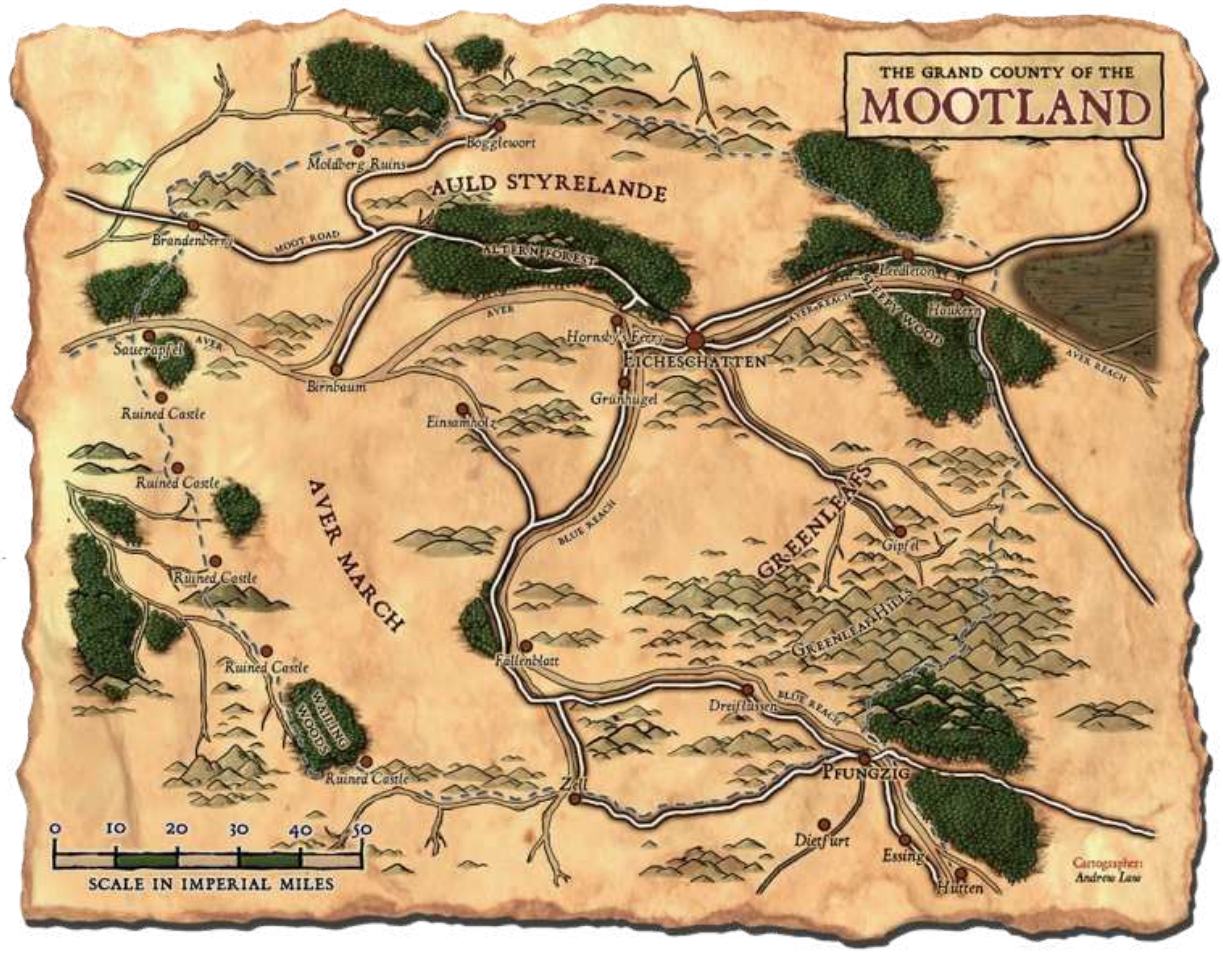
[Herdsman]: The fertile fields and rolling hills of The Moot do more than just produce vegetables and fruit - the grains and grasses make for excellent grazing grounds, leading to hale, hearty, and fat farm animals. Such creatures as sheep, goats, hogs, and cows need an experienced hand to care for them well, if only to ensure that the meat, milk, and cheese that goes to market is of the highest quality if nothing else.

[Cook]: If there is one thing that Halflings care about more than anything else in this world, it is food. Food, glorious food, wondrous food. All halflings have talent enough to take the most disparate ingredients and create a delicious spread. The cooks and chefs however take that talent and cultivate it, becoming so magnificently skilled in the culinary arts that even the Ogres - a race famed and hailed for having bottomless stomachs and appreciative tongues - seek to learn or hire the squat culinarians.

[Militia]: Now halflings aren't the best in battle. No, them tales of bloody heroism belong to the Tall Folk (humans), the Taller Folk (elves), and even the Bearded Folk (dwarves). Hells, the idea of a halfling warrior is the butt of many jokes. But for all their failings in the fray, if hearth and home come under threat, the normally placid halflings will tighten their belt-buckles and take up the shortbow and shortsword.

[~~Thief~~ SCOUT]: Now if there's one thing you should know about the short folk of The Moot - those nimble fingers do more than just cook, cobble, and weave. Indeed, simply because of their massive and extended families, Halflings have very loose ideas on what personal property means. This leads to two things: An unfortunate stereotype that you can't trust the little bastards around anything without having valuables go missing, and some halflings discovering that there is a certain thrill to sneaking away shiny goods without being caught. Course they don't call it anything so crude as *thieving,* you understand.

[Politician]: Politics and deals are ever an important facet of life in the Empire of Man, and where humankind dwells, the halfling has often been just out of sight. Even now, halfling bureaucrats and politicians are woven into the endless machine that is the Empire's hierarchy - constantly pushing and fighting against obstruction and oppression. For so long as humanity has lived on this world, the halflings have lived alongside them; And for every victory mankind has achieved, the shorties were often a significant part of the foundation for it. Now if only the Tall Folk would mind their damned manners already.



|Place of Business|

The Moot is the homeland of the halflings - as much of a homeland as it can be called. But in truth, the fate of the short folk is forever entwined with that of man, so anywhere that humans dwell in great numbers? The shorties are oft not far behind. This section thus goes into describing the various places that halflings can be found, and how things fair for them in such. You can decide which locale to begin in if you so desire - or if you know this world already, select any other place to start your decade.

[The Moot - Eicheschatten] [Default]: In 1010 IC, Emperor Ludwig the Fat rewarded his halfling valet with the position of Elector-Count. Hambelly Hazeldown's amazing culinary skills won the Emperor's favor, and had the fertile lands of both Stirland and Averland sliced away - in no short part due to Ludwig's spite for the Counts of both states, for their daughters had given him not even the time of day. All these years later, and Hazeldown's legacy has seen halflings the world over flock to The Moot's lazy hills, quiet forests, and calm streams.

Eicheschatten itself was the first town founded upon the formation of Mootland. It is here that The Elder of The Moot, the Halfling's Elector-Count, holds court. I say "court," but Hisme Stoutheart's "palace" is more of a two-storey house with a sod roof. Remember - halflings are simple folk. They don't need much for practicality.

[Reikland - Altdorf]: The current capital of the Empire with the rise of one Karl Franz, Altdorf has long been a melting pot of disparate human, dwarven, and even halfling blood. Though the short ones face little of the discrimination that they would in cities such as Nuln or Averheim, there do exist pockets of anti-halfling sentiment in this place - particularly amongst the working classes and along the docks. Course, sometimes the shorties bring it on themselves; rabblerousers and troublemakers such as Bullywick Applebag cause trouble and disarray in the name of halfling equality, bringing the ire of high figures such as Grand Marshall Kurt Helborg.

The High Helms are called High Helms for a reason, Applebag. They're all strapping lads over six-feet-six-inches. No halfling is going to grow that tall.

[Wurtbad - Stirland]: It has been over 1,500 years since Ludwig's decision, and Stirland has been spiteful towards the shorties since. The dour and fatalistic peoples of this state lost their best farmland in that decision, and know for a fact that it was Hazeldown's joke to Ludwig that was responsible. They won't be the type to go for a full-on lynching of halflings that pass through, but the short ones are decidedly made sure to not feel welcome.

Though of course, that doesn't stop some drunks. There's a birthday tradition to create a straw mimic of a halfling and fill it with candy that the halfling "stole," and have the birthday child smack it with a large club until the candy spills out. Some Stirlanders tend to substitute the straw-halfling with a real one if they can get away with it.

|Wisdom of The Moot|

The patriarchal halfling families are massive - fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, aunts & uncles, and "cousins by way of marriage" that number in multitudes. Such family gatherings pass down knowledge easily to the younger generations.

If a perk, ability, or skill is listed with the name of your Origin / Occupation, it is discounted by **50%.** 100 CP options are free for their corresponding name.

[Halfling Traits] [Free For All, Mandatory]: When man first came over to the World's Edge Mountains, the halflings followed. The dwarves recorded them as "beardless manlings we first thought to be children." That description is not far off.

As a halfling, you are only about three- to four-feet-tall, with the proportions to match. Most halflings, both male and female, oft have a beergut to match their desire for both good food and a comfortable life. I'll leave that particular detail up to you. Their feet, large and hairy on the tops, are naturally thick-skinned and leathery - rendering boots and other forms of footwear redundant as they can even walk on broken glass or jagged mountainous trails without damage. This and their naturally quick fingers and quiet movement lend halflings a natural intuition at stealth and sneaking about - fitting with their lack of physical strength.

Lastly, halflings have a native resistance to magic, both beneficial and harmful. It is not to the same extent as dwarven near-immunity, but a fireball that would severely burn a human soldier will leave a halfling singed and momentarily blinded.

After your decade here is up, you may choose to have your halfling form available as an alternate form to transform into.

[Enchanter - 100 CP]: Halflings are very resistant to magicks, but unlike the Dwarves have a fascination for the aethyric arts. Such appreciation even sees Imperial Wizards always being able to get a free meal or overnight inn room in the Mootland in exchange for a magical performance. Alas, for a halfling to be able to overcome their resistance and be able to wield even one of the Winds of Magic is a monumental effort.

You're one of the few halflings to have done so, becoming an Enchanter. Select one of the Lores taught by the Imperial Colleges of Magic: Fire, Beasts, Heavens, Light, Life, Metal, or Shadow (as unfortunately, due to proximity to Sylvania the idea of a halfling practicing the Lore of Death is a nigh impossibility). You know a marginal amount of its beginning spells such as how to generate fireworks with the Lore of Fire, or quickening the growth of barley and fruits with Life. Unfortunately due to the Halfling magic resistance, the Winds of Magic just refuse to accumulate near you long enough to use any stronger spells.

After your decade in this realm is over, that particular downside goes away luckily enough.

[Beekeeper - 100 CP]: In The Mootland, bees are kept both to ensure the pollination of the vast stretches of farmland and orchards, and so the halflings may reap a great bounty in what their buzzing friends produce. Beekeepers, as a result, have a very important job in The Moot. Without their apiaries, the farms would not be nearly as bountiful as they are now.

You are well-versed in the intricate business of beekeeping. You know how to manage your population of bees, ensuring that the population never gets too overcrowded for its hive; How to prevent or encourage the growth of more queens; How to control your harvests, and ensure you end with the highest quality of honey, wax, royal jelly, and more besides; How best to shelter and insulate your hives to ensure their survival through the winter cold; And as should not come as a surprise to you in this world, how to rile your bees against an enemy. Goblins don't like being stung, who'd have thought.

[Mootland Corruption - 100 CP]: Let it not be said that halflings are virtuous. For they are not. In fact the little bastards are actually just as corrupt as their taller neighbors, just hidden beneath a veneer of friendliness and good-natured pranks. The sheriffs of the Moot and halfling ghettos will swindle you of half your funds just to agree to help find a lost purse or satchel; Allied armies and merchants will be robbed of nary half their fucking produce and coin just paying tolls and protection rackets. It's absurd how much they try and get away with.

Luckily, you actually do know how to get away with it. Every halfling seems to innately know how to scam and swindle, and you can do it with the best of the best. Cajole coin out of a merchant's purse in exchange for completely legitimate Cathayan rugs; Convince a boatman that the river toll you've set is legitimate Empire infrastructure and that by paying he's simply doing a civic duty; Weasel your way past the tax-collectors with elaborately-forged paperwork that only a Wizard of the Grey College could see through your handiwork.

[Size Ain't All That Matters - 200 CP]: Some statements, even those said in worlds beyond this, apply no matter the place or time. One rings true in the Mootland folk's case: *"It's not the size of the dog in a fight, but the size of the fight in the dog."* The halflings produce few heroes and champions, but those that do not only face a world that is several times bigger than themselves, but succeed in the process.

The world's full of massive threats - giants, dragons, trolls, dragon-ogres, normal ogres, Tall Folk with a bit too much hate in their hearts, and the list goes on. But where size would be a disadvantage for you ordinarily against these threats, now it doesn't matter at all. You could be facing down an Ogre or particularly sizable bear, and where your short stature would leave you at an obvious disadvantage? Now it is merely a contest of other skills and attributes between you and your oversized opponents.

How does this work? Uh... Don't think about it too hard.

[In Sigmar's Country - 100 CP] [Farmer]: You know all there is to know about farming and caring for the land you've settled on. How to till, plow, fertilize, and care for the soil and the plants you grow from it; How to tend to crops and save them during disturbing weather or unfortunate accidents such as a plague from Sylvania or a sudden frost; How to protect your crops from all manner of thieves by they insect, avian, goblinoid, or halfling if need be; And how to harvest in just the right way that you have little to no waste or loss, and every harvested pumpkin, turnip, tomato, or bale of tobacco is as perfect as it can be.

[Git Off My Land! - 200 CP] [Farmer]: The Mootland sees its fair share of both wretched skaven and violent greenskin that seek to raid and plunder from the World's Edge Mountains. The sheriffs, militia, and Rangers do their job well enough, but sometimes they're too far away when a raiding party is set to burn down your life's work. A farmer's got to take matters into his own hands, and he knows his land better than anyone.

When you fight in defense of your property and land, you'll find that any knowledge your enemy has on how to navigate it or what is worth razing or looting just... tends to vanish. A group of goblins who should ostensibly be looking to raid your barnhouse or cabin will end up milling about lost in the corn fields or ending up stuck at the irrigation ditch, making them easy pickings for an angry farmer who knows how to use the business end of a pitchfork.

[Legacy & Country - 400 CP] [Farmer]: A farmer's land is his livelihood. Without the life it can provide in both food and coin, one's life is at stake. They must be able to work those fields as best as they possibly can, and care for it in turn so that the harvest can be at its best. That land is in turn passed down to their children when the time comes, so that they may survive and pass it down to their own children.

You and those related to you as "family" - be it by blood relations or adoption - find themselves able to work and care for lands and properties belonging to them with a significantly greater amount of ease than normal. Additionally if said property produces anything of value, you'll find that you and yours seem to always coax out either more of it, producing wagons of vegetables or fruit where another halfling might only get a few bushels; Or produce things of exceptionally high quality, such as massive pumpkins bigger than Tall Ones can grow.

[Animal Care - 100 CP] [Herdsman]: A herdsman or rancher can't call themselves such if they aren't aware of how to care for their beasts. You know all there is to know about this particular business: How to care, pasture, and shelter your sheep, cows, and/or goats; How to efficiently milk your animals (and in the case of sheep, shear them) and store the goods safely for later use or delivery (such as milk to a cheesemaker and wool to a weaver); How to ensure your herd's breeding stock is of

high quality, so that the next generation of beasties is better than the previous; And in this dangerous world, how to keep the best sheltered and protected from predators such as direwolves, goblins, and trolls.

It should also be worth stating that this does extend to herding dogs and hounds as well. As a herdsman, you're going to need that canine help.

[Shearing Season - 200 CP] [Herdsman]: It's more than just the quality of grazing grounds that lead to Mootland cows producing the finest dairy, the sheep having the fluffiest wool, and the pigs with the tastiest pork. It's the talent of the long-running ranchers and shepherds, who know how to feed, groom, herd, and manage their animals in just the right ways. The experts in The Moot can raise even the runt of a hog litter into the largest, meanest porker in the countryside.

You're counted as one of those experts, for a very good reason. Compared to any other rancher or farmer, the quality of your animals and the goods they produce is twice as good as anything they can hope to gather. Whether it's the finest and largest eggs, the smoothest milk to create the most heavenly cheese, or even just the most delicious meat, your ranch will be famed for its highest of quality.

[Flock Off, Greenskin! - 400 CP] [Herdsman]: Terrible puns aside, the herdsmen and caretakers of beasts oft have just has much to bring to the dinner table as the farmers do. And I do mean more than just choice cuts of meat, eggs, and dairy. When the Mootland goes to war, even the most innocuous animals - such as chickens, turkeys, even normally docile animals like sheep - are trained for the war effort. The Order of the Ram Riders in particular are a notable regiment of halfling "knights" who use farmland rams as loyal steeds.

Your skill with caring for such beasts has left you able to train even the most insignificant creature, such as barnyard sheep or chickens, to be effective combatants. Fighting capabilities, advanced tactics & maneuvers, and even advanced cooperation such as that seen between a Dog Rider and his loyal canine can be taught to animals who wouldn't normally comprehend it. It might be absolutely silly seeing a swarm of chickens and turkeys rampage over a troupe of orc boys, but you don't turn down a helping hand... Erm... talon.

[Culinary Craft - 100 CP] [Cook]: The halfling appetite is a dark omen, for the little shites are capable of eating even themselves out of house and home with nary a second thought. But with this deep gullet and voraciousness comes an appreciation for cooking and those willing to toil in the kitchen. As a Cook, you've gained a particular set of skills - skills dedicated towards the expert and expedient preparation of food. Whether you're making a constant stream of meals for a country fair, a vast feast to celebrate a victory, or just a humble dinner for two on a winter's night, you know how to make a good meal for every one of the halfling hours. Breakfast, Second Breakfast, Elevenses, Luncheon, Afternoon Tea, Dinner, or Supper, it matters not the time.

[WE'RE OUT OF BACON?! - 200 CP] [Cook]: If there's one tragedy, one of the most horrifying moments that can occur in a kitchen: It's discovering that you're out of crucial ingredients. And this is something that happens more frequently than it should in a halfling household, as grubby little hands snatching up food for a mid-day snack is a common practice. Yes, even the bacon you were using to wrap that fully-plucked turkey. Also yes, the turkey is gone too.

But no matter. Cooking, in a halfling community, is a communal effort - sometimes even with the contributing party not even knowing what got nicked out of the larder. You're always able to find the right ingredients you need for a dish or kitchen-oriented activity, so long as you either ask a neighbor or family member, or manage to find yourself in their larder or pantry by any means necessary. Out of that oak-smoked ham? Your uncle down the street will have some, even if he ordinarily hates ham. Need fresh fruit? Your cousins and next-door-neighbor just returned from the fields with a fine harvest and won't mind at all if you need to borrow a pumpkin or five for the casserole. Just uh... If you take it without asking, make sure they never find out.

[Not The Hot Pot! - 400 CP] [Cook]: Originally a weapon born of desperation, the Halfling Hot Pot has since become a staple in Mootland brigades. None can even say for certain how this bizarre artillery weapon was born, except that it involved a halfling chef, a goblin army, and the sacrifice of a hot meal. But Grom the Paunch learned to fear what a cornered chef could concoct that day.

As a chef, you have gained two things: The first, your own Hot Pot recipe. The ammunition used for the soupy artillery varies from chef to chef, who guard their secret well. But be it sticky and gloopy or scorching hot, the Hot Pot is a soupy projectile that melts through flesh and the regenerative bodies of Trolls just as easily as it warms the hearts of a Cook's hungry crew. The second: You gain a frightening skillset, one that would make most Halflings declare you a wicked and heartless monster for defiling the good name of every scheduled meal ever. You know how to take simple ingredients and food, and can create dishes that both feed the body and mind, and can be used as deadly weapons in the next instant. How? The Hot Pot is just one such example, but there is also the Black Pepper Spray invention - turning a useful, tasty, and blisteringly hot kitchen spice into a scalding and stinging solvent in battle

[Protectin' the Range - 100 CP] [Militia]: If there's one thing that halflings hate more than mealtime interruptions, it's threats to their livelihood. And with greenskins and rats to the south, and zombies and vampires to the east, unfortunately there remain plenty of threats to both life, home, and the possibility of no afternoon tea. Luckily there are halflings like you willing and able to take up the sword (or pitchfork, or meat tenderizer, or frying pan) and smack about such rude invaders until

they either fertilize the fields or flee back to whence they came. You're good in a scrap with just about any rough tool or weapon you can pick up, and decent at coordinating with your fellows in said scrap.

[Fieldwarden - 200 CP] [Militia]: The Moot, to most outside viewers, is an idyllic, safe, almost happy land. This truth comes at the efforts of the Fieldwardens, border patrol and guard force. These skilled skirmishers keep the peace at home and on the edge of their land, sniping down zombies before they lurch for the fertile fields of Mootland and patrolling the towns and farmlands. It's a difficult task, and those who take to it are respected and revered figures in halfling society.

You wear the badge and green cloak of a Fieldwarden, and bear the skills inherent. When it comes to skirmishing, guerilla tactics, and sniping foes with sling and stones, you're one of the best - able to keep a swarm of zombies distracted and falling to pieces until they cannot stumble anymore. Over all else however, your very presence gives any community you pass through no small share of hope and comfort, and its denizens always greet you with a smile and (if you're lucky about your timing) a good plate of edibles, even if you should be just passing through on a patrol route and not intending to stay for any length of time. Something about your demeanor and presence just seems to tell people that even if there's an omnipresent threat ready to come crawling over the horizon, everything will work out fine.

[Lord of the Harvest - 400 CP] [Militia]: Halflings are not known for their courage and adventurousness. They will take up arms to defend home and hearth, but the idea of actually fighting for causes and actively travelling is considered strange and bizarre. Some halflings do exist like this, a strange and antisocial sort like those of the Warfoot family - withdrawn and wishing to see the wider world, but able to whip their stocky brethren into a frenzy with inspiring speeches and no small amount of swordskill. These strange shorties are called "Lords of the Harvest," and those who don't become adventurers often find themselves leading worker gangs and militia crews in the Moot and other Empire cities.

You can call yourself one of these Lords, for in your heart burns a fire hotter than any oven or hearth that symbolizes the comforts of home. By default you have an ever-present drive to see the world and find something worth fighting for, be it a cause or a person, and to aid your drive you have decent skills with the sword - enough to earn some recognition for it even in the Imperial military. Above all else however, you have an infectious spirit and inspirational voice that can rally and drive even the unwilling into a war-ready force through one passionate speech of yours.

[Sneaky Feets - 100 CP] [Scout]: Halflings are naturally inclined towards two things. Cooking, and subtlety. Their massive feet are oddly built for subtle, light, quiet movement despite their appearance, and their small frames in conjunction lead to a

species almost naturally built for burglary. Most don't, or at least don't admit to it. You're one of the ones that does.

You're a halfling thi- I mean *scout*, with all that that entails. You're good at your job, enough to start making your name. Sneaking past manfolk and greenskins? Check. Lockpicking your standard locked safes and doors in a city? Check. Climbing up both tree branches, housing gutters, windows, and chimneys? You're decent at it. Doing all that while carrying a freshy-pilfered bag of loot? You know it, my boy.

And most importantly of all, you know how best to fucking leg it when you're discovered mid-theft. Let me tell you, this skill's severely underappreciated.

[A Bad Example - 200 CP] [Scout]: Nobody in proper halfling society likes to admit it, but to the younger generations, the older burglars and thieves are something of a role model. They're the rebellious tricksters, getting back at tyrannical tall ones, noxious nobility, and obstructive oligarchs by swiping their valuables and *sometimes* redistributing them to the smallfolk. Now, you wouldn't be that kind of fellow I imagine, but IF you were, this might be of some small help.

Your feats of thievery and robbery, if you were to commit such heinous acts, will serve to inspire others to become the same sort of rogues that plague the houses of the rich and influential. How does this aid you, exactly? Said disciples will always, should you prove your identity, be able to assist you in your heists and burgling expeditions in some manner or other; Be it by assembling teams for distraction, or acquiring supplies useful to you in your robberies.

[Luck of the Indomitable - 400 CP] [Scout]: When you look at the legend of Clegg the Indomitable, one in particular notes the amount of loot he has acquired both by sheer luck and burglary. His trusty swag bag, the lockpicks of Dimminu, the great sword-axes of Ostland, the Golden Rooster of Luccini, among many. Many others. His luck in both opportunity and operation is certainly the major chunk of his story.

Now the same goes for you. You have *absurd* luck, when it comes to two things: Finding treasures both magical and mundane, and acquiring those treasures by whatever means you concoct; Particular favor being shown to methods that entail stealth and subterfuge. This luck is, in fact, so absurd that it almost resembles a blessing from Ranald himself, the trickster-god of thieves and gamblers.

[On The Soapbox - 100 CP] [Politician]: A politician's duty is first, and foremost, to be good at speaking to an audience. Keep them captivated, make them hear your words, comprehend what you're saying, and sway them to your cause. Or lie to them outright, but that's neither here nor there. To fill your position, you've been given some sincerely good oratory lessons and are a fantastic public speaker for any cause you make yourself the face of. You could not only grab the attention of an entire bustling marketplace or tavern, and keep it? But you could then actually manage to

convince these busy merchants and shoppers, or belligerent drunks, that maybe Alberich Haupt-Anderssen DOES fornicate with hounds.

[Infuriatingly Well-Groomed - 200 CP] [Politician]: It is amazing how frequently people can let you get away with trespassing and being where you don't belong, based on appearance. Applebag, that violently mouthy politician, has managed to achieve several victories for halfling rights by managing to talk to the right people using this method. Let's see if you can make it work as well.

So long as you have the goal of speaking with a specific individual, and dress up as best as you can (or to use the term to describe Bullywick, 'infuriatingly well-groomed'), you will find nobody at all will obstruct your path. Need to have words with a king or world-leader? Their guardsmen, their secretary, the heralds, and everybody who could conceivably stand in your path will somehow either let you pass or be distracted just long enough for you to get around them. This will only work if your goal is to talk however - anything else will see your obstacles suddenly become... Well, actual obstacles.

[Audacious, Argumentative, Aggravating Applebag - 400 CP] [Politician]: The fight for equality is a long and arduous one for halflings in the Empire. Yet every victory is cause for celebration, and adds more fuel to the movement. Course, some of these shorties don't even need the fuel - some will talk your damned ear off for nineteen hours straight just to make a point, taking a break just to gulp down a pie or flagon of ale before carrying on. Tireless at being tiresome, these halfling rabblerousers like Bullywick Applebag are part of the reason both for the growing exhaustion with short one antics, but also the growing movement of halfling rights.

You have the lungs of an opera singer, and the stamina of a bull, making you very good at speech... And by speech, I mean shouting. Whether it's shouting at the opposition in a debate, shouting your political diatribe to an auditorium, or shouting on a streetside soapbox, your volume is quite legendary and able to be heard across all of Altdorf. As well, when shouting about your ideals or the cause you're fighting for, the message and volume digs in deep into the brains of those who listen. To those who sympathize with your cause, it rings out true and clear and inspires them to do more to aid your goals. To those who may be opposed for one reason or another, it grinds at their eardrums and patience until even the most stubborn, cantankerous old warrior who is objectively and subjectively in the right will acquiesce just *to get you to **shut up**.*

|Hand-Me-Downs & Bric-a-Brac|

They might not have legendary artifacts and the like that the Big Footers have, but halflings tend to collect and hoard. A lot.
Same as with Wisdom of The Moot, options are discounted for their associated Occupation. 100 CP items are considered free for their Occupations.

[Black Pepper Spray - 50 CP]: An extremely hot spice used in a great variety of Halfling dishes; If not sprinkled in carefully, the heat of the pepper can dissolve the stomach of a common Tall One - which means it comes to no surprise that the Halflings love it so much. It can even be weaponized: You have a canister of black pepper distillation, capable of spraying its hot, toxic payload a solid five feet away from the user. The spray, on contact with any sort of organic surface such as skin or eyeballs, begins to stick to it and burn the everloving shit out of it. Spray it on an orc's face and you've got the big green bastard rolling on the floor crying. The spraying canister never runs out of its black pepper distillation.

[War Sheep - 50 CP]: Men and Elves are capable of riding loyal horses. The wood elves of Athel Loren ride atop mighty elk through their woods. Greenskins take to the use of great boars, wolves, and spiders. And halflings... Well, the only other beast their height is the docile sheep.

But surprise surprise, even the woolie animals can prove stubborn in combat. You have a saddled-and-trained 'War Sheep,' one of the finest in The Mootland pastures. I'm aware of how silly it looks, but trust me.

Alternatively, if you think having a rideable sheep is too silly even for you, you can instead purchase a Pony. Smaller form of a horse, equally well-trained to carry a smaller rider, and equally stubborn.

[The Larder - 100 CP]: It bears repeating. For it always bears repeating. That halflings eat far more than their body weight should require, and the amount of food required to feed a family of halflings is staggering. Luckily for you, this is provided for purchase. A fully stocked larder, full of various meats, breads, dried vegetables, casks of wine and other assorted edibles, enough to feed about 50 people all at once. Ah, but. Before I forget - should this foodstore run out, you will doubtless be glad to know of the last feature: Close the door, wait approximately one hour. When you reopen it, the entire bit of storage will be refilled to its full capacity, good as new.

I should be charging more for this. You're welcome.

[Apiary - 100 CP][Beekeeper]: The art of beekeeping goes back for a great millenia, and the design of the apiary has changed many times. But its basic goal - sheltering many bee colonies - has not. You own a patch of land (an acre, to be exact) with a series of canopies and sheds, containing about **ten** recently-developed bee colonies. For an additional **50 CP** you can add another ten colonies, with another acre's worth of

land expanded to accommodate them. You can purchase this as many times as you like. **The first purchase of this is free for the Beekeeper perk, while consecutive purchases are undiscounted.**

[The Haffenlyver - 150 CP]: An ancient scroll in the ownership of the Elder of The Moot, The Haffenlyver is considered the greatest treasure of the halflings in the Empire of Man. It is a giant genealogical chart, expounding the bloodlines of Mootland's great and many prestigious families, tracing their lineages back to the time of Ludwig the Fat. Now in your care is a similar, almost identical, massive and greatly-decorated scroll. Your Haffenlyver is much the same as the one held by Hisme Stoutheart, but different in one particular way: Where the one in The Moot is updated manually as bloodlines intermingle and children are born, yours changes wholesale as you move from community to community. The most prestigious and/or notable families in whatever region you come to rest in will be completely detailed in your copy of The Haffenlyver, going as far back as that location's founding date to chronicle the bloodlines.

[A Halfling Home - 150 CP]: A halfling's domicile can be anything, from a series of rooms and caverns tunneled under a hill, to a thatch-and-loam cottage. But the one thing they will never be, is uncomfortable, for the halfling love for home and hearth is greater than their love for food. You have the key and deed to just such a halfling home, which will always be big enough to house you, your direct relatives (spouse, children, grandparents and grandchildren, you know how it works), as well as your belongings both cherished and... "recently-acquired." The house itself is always comfortable, perfectly cool or warm to off-set the outdoors, well-furnished, well-constructed to not let in any drafts or burrowing intruders like moles and worms, and sturdy enough to last the test of time.

[Baby Dragon - 200 CP]: For some... unknowable, ungodly reason. The most famed of the halfling regiments are known for their generals taking to the field on the backs of baby dragons. No one knows what happens after the dragon grows up into the terror of an adult - given the stories of another dragon being eaten alive, I'm not sure I want to know. One would think halflings would be sensible and stick to their ponies and rams, but alas. We aren't sensible.

You have in your care just such a baby dragon, a tad too 'ickle' to fully use its breath attack and small enough that its scales are still a tad soft, but still savage enough with its teeth and claws. The hatchling's a Fire Dragon of the World's Edge Mountains, and in time it will grow into a ferocious fire-breathing monstrosity that has earned its place at the top of the food chain. But for now, t'is small enough to bear a pony's saddle and bear a halfling's frame. How's that going to change once it grows up? Well that's not my problem now is it.

[Pegasus - 300 CP]: I've officially given up on understanding you short bastards. You have access to ponies and battle sheep - steeds that you can actually ride effectively and direct - and some of you are still mad enough to climb six or seven feet up into the saddle of a Sigmar-damned pegasus. You know those beasts fly high enough to reach the clouds, right? And your legs aren't long enough to reach the stirrups?

Well if you *insist.* On purchase, you receive your very own, fully-matured pegasus. Theorized to ride on the Winds of Magic to support their equine bulk, Pegasi fly through the air as magnificently as any eagle or swan. Cunning and intelligent creatures, the pegasus is a mount worth thousands of gold crowns to any nobleman or magister of the Empire.

[Seed & Feed - 100 CP] [Farmer]: A farmer can't well tend to ground that's not growing anything, now can they? You now have a series of small sacks, each clearly labeled and never-ending, full of seeds and sprouts for all kinds of farmland product. Corn, wheat, potatoes, cabbage, radishes, lettuce, onions, garlic, the lot. If you can think of it being farmed on a massive plot of land, you'll have a stockpile of it here.

[The Bow of Apple Oak - 200 CP] [Farmer]: A renowned weapon wot's said to have belonged to the infamous Daergal Corngold: A foul-tempered farmer with both supernatural woodcarving skill, and a habit of opening fire on any potential intruder to his fields. This ancient bow, carved from the boughs of a magical apple-oak tree, can hit a target at nine-hundred-thirty paces with barely any effort, and seems to make every arrow fired from its strings multiply into four arrows mid-flight.

[The Family Farm - 400 CP] [Farmer]: Farmlands are the staple to The Moot and to halfling ways of life. Entire bloodlines are dedicated to caring for and working the land belonging to their forebears, ensuring that in return the land cares for them with its bounty. A lesson that has been drilled into you in turn, even as your old man left the farm to you in his will.

All four-hundred-and-forty-four acres of your family farmland has been left to you. Every single inch of it has been well-maintained over the years, the soil almost preternaturally easy to till and plow by the efforts of you and your farmhands. Some traces of the Wind of Life have permanently seeped into the land as well; Not only does its bounty grow half-again as large as it would have normally, but the land seems to resist the taint of dark magic such as the necromantic energies of Sylvania, or the twisted touches of Chaos.

Additionally, there is a small-but-comfortable farmhouse on the property, along with a couple sheds full of farming equipment and a barn for any working beasts you may need.

[Sheep Dog - 100 CP] [Herdsman]: A loyal, erstwhile companion for any herdsman. Canines have been loyal friends to both man and halfling for eons now, and their duties in The Moot are much the same as they'd be elsewhere in The Empire of Man. You start out with one well-trained herding hound, of a variety of your choice (there are a great number of breeds, so to speak). You may purchase others at a discount, should your herd require more than you and your one pooch to guide or protect them.

[Shepherd's Crook & Bell - 200 CP] [Herdsman]: The venerable shepherd's crook is a tool that has lasted for about as long as mankind and other races have domesticated animals. You have a truly ancient example of such a crook, perfect for both catching and pulling along your herd in case of obstinance or a sheep getting itself stuck in a shrub, and strong enough to crack open an orc's skull without breaking itself.

Tied to the crook is a small silver bell. The tinkling of the bell, when you shake with intent, causes the animals you're watching and herding to gather at your feet immediately. All other attempts to make the bell ring simply see it noiselessly shaking, because it has one other helpful use: Should there be an imminent threat to you or those you call your 'flock,' the bell will begin incessantly ringing, louder than it reasonably should.

[The Family Ranch - 400 CP] [Herdsman]: A rancher or shepherd is nothing without their animals, for they would have no milk, wool, or meats to sell, or beasts to tame and sell such as ponies. And sheep or cows do not have a guardian without the herdsman, and would fall quickly to predation by both beast and hunter until the herd was gone. Such is the relationship just formed between both sides that even in Tall One lands, a ranch and its animals will be passed down through generations.

You have one such inherited plot of grazing land: Approximately four-hundred-forty-four acres of grasslands and fields, with numerous large stables and barns for the storage of both equipment and animals. The grasses and other plant life that grow in your fields seem to be somewhat imbued by the winds of Ghyran, as well: The fields will never be over-grazed, growing back thick and bountiful for every patch your animals may feast on. As well, the magic of these fields bolsters your herds: Few to no instances of plague or sickness will strike them, you will receive *much* higher quality of milk or wool (or whatever they may produce instead), and in general they will seem hardier and more vital than other members of their species.

As well, it should be noted that you have a small-but-comfortable ranch house on the property. Comfortable for a halfling-sized family, at least.

[The Cookbook - 100 CP] [Cook]: A good chef keeps their recipes on hand, while also knowing them by heart, and occasionally with adding a bit of estimation and guesswork to the pot. A halfling chef does all this while also bearing in mind that

sometimes you'll be missing ingredients due to a roguish cousin or five. You have yourself a massive, arcane-looking tome of considerable age that is... Just a cookbook. A tome of culinary recipes, ranging from savory to sweet, spicy to sour, gentle and mild to overwhelming-the-senses, for all possible courses and pairings. As well, you'll find that this is no *mere* cookbook. As you create and discover new recipes, they will automatically be catalogued within the massive book - and as you discover how to adjust, modify, and rearrange said recipes (such as adjusting ingredient amounts to create a different flavor palette entirely, or substituting one ingredient for another making for an equally delicious result), said revelations will be manifested in said book as footnotes and sidemarks.

[Champion Chef's Title - 200 CP] [Cook]: Once a year, Mootland hosts a competition. A grand festival is held around the same time as the best chefs in halfling history go head-to-head in grand cook-offs. For attendees, it's a grand chance to try a variety of new foods (and maybe swipe some for the larder); For the chefs, it is a deathly serious matter of honor and skill, with many training for years upon years in preparation for the competition.

You must have won this championship in the past, for you have two things: The title of 'Champion Chef,' giving you a mythical reputation for the finest cuisine to win the hearts of The Moot. The second: The Champion Chef's Cleaver, a massive butcher's knife that would almost be a sword in a halfling's hands. This Cleaver is, despite its great size, deceptively light and perfect for just about every job a knife is required for in the kitchen. On the field of battle, the Cleaver cuts through flesh and bone as easily as it cuts apart meat on the butcher's block, and treats heavy armor like the crust of bread.

[Personal Chuckwagon - 400 CP] [Cook]: Call it what you will. The covered kitchen. The mobile cookery. Be it a traveling workforce or professional army, the noble chuckwagon has often followed in the train behind such large groups. And when it comes to the halflings, the Chuckwagon is the sacred cow of such a militia group.

You have yourself in command of a Chuckwagon. Not just any Chuckwagon either, a very special one custom-made for your travels and tribulations. The wagon is pulled by a fierce and stubborn Aurochs, an ancient breed of massive bovine that has disappeared from most of the world, except for The Moot for what stroke of luck I am not sure. Regardless, your field kitchen set up in the Chuckwagon is the finest farmland quality, durable and able to withstand the tests of time and conflict. The food stored inside the wagon is, while not varied (bacon, biscuits, the kind of food that would make for easy traveling across vast distances), never seen to decay or grow mold, and restocks whenever you fully run out.

Last but not least, in a stroke of mad genius: The giant cookpot that serves as the main cooking implement? Has a catapult array supplied with it, allowing you to turn the Chuckwagon into an emergency Hot Pot-thrower.

[War Ram / Riding Hound - 100 CP] [Militia]: While the female sheep may be quite docile, if stubborn, the rams are a contentious and troublesome counterpart. Gnarled and curved horns that they use to smash into a rival or enemy's body with nary a care to their dangers, rams have as of late been mustered as a combat steed by the halfling-founded 'Order of the Ram.' These halfling knights, of which you can be counted a part of now, ride into battle on saddled 'Battle Rams,' wearing armor made of hammered pots and pans and wielding either heavy skillets or spears. If you choose to receive a War Ram, you also come with a set of Kitchen-made Armor and either a Heavy Skillet or Riding Spear.

ALTERNATIVELY, there is another form of cavalry seen amongst Halfling militias. Riding astride more massive breeds of sheep-dogs called simply 'Hounds,' these 'Hound Riders' are potent skirmishers whose canine steeds can outrun ponies both in field and forest. Said Hounds are, as well, fiercely loyal to their Riders - staying in defense even against a swarm of Night Goblins or Orcs. Should you elect to become a Hound Rider instead of a Ram Knight, you will receive one loyal Hound, as well as a set of Light Leather armor, and a Cavalry Bow (with quiver of arrows).

Regardless of which you choose, your chosen steed will always stay large enough to let you ride it as transport or battle companion.

[Gromril Chain Shirt - 200 CP] [Militia]: Rare is it that the Dwarves of the Karaks will give something freely to another. Rarer still is it that they would give a gift of gromril, such a prized metal treasured and valued more closely to the dwarven heart than even their own life. And yet like one Gabbo Flugbend, halfling adventurer and hero of numerous fields of battle, you have been gifted just such a treasure: A gromril chainmail shirt. Such armor is denser and tougher than anything that could be made by human hands, durable enough to push back against enchanted greenskin- and skaven-made weaponry; And from the dwarven rune-smithing that went into crafting it, all but powerful magicks like that of a Wizard Patriarch of Altdorf will bounce against it. Wear it well, treasure it. Such a gift does not come lightly.

[Sword-n-Board - 400 CP] [Militia]: This feels familiar, but it's probably just me seeing things. Anyways, most halfling leaders and generals are equipped with a set of weapons similar to this - an enchanted sword to serve as a badge of office, and a shield with their personal crest emblazoned upon it. You'll find like that one Nicholas Warfoot however, yours are a bit above average.

Your sword is a notch-for-notch copy of Glammyding, the ancestral weapon of the Warfoots and the one by which all halfling generals model theirs after. The magical sword's edge is enhanced that any cut, stab, or slash it doles out goes twice as deep as it ordinarily would, and enhances the wielder's own physical strength by a smidgeon. As well, any orcoid or goblinoid foe who lays eyes on it will be struck with fear by the blade's light.

Your shield is equally enchanted, enough to protect you on the field of battle

against even the dread Necromancers and Vampires of Sylvania. Its thick steel plating is as durable as steam tank armor, with a shimmering light emanating about half-an-inch off its surface that aids in defending the shieldbearer from magical assaults. As well, projectiles aimed at you - arrows, throwing knives, goblins flung from a Doom Diver Catapult as examples - are redirected mid-flight to strike the shield instead.

[Thieves' Tools - 100 CP] [Scout]: YOU MEAN SCOU-... S-scout's to- Okay no. There's no defending these. A file, a set of lockpicks, a small mirror mounted on a metal handle, a set of narrow scissors, and a pair of pliers, wrapped up in a rawhide sheet - there's no other use for things like these except for breaking and entering. But these tools will take you far in that endeavor, and should any one tool break you'll find it replaced almost immediately. It's magical nonsense, who knows where they come from.

[The Glove of Sneaky Pinching - 200 CP] [Scout]: A deranged Enchanter was on a very drunken bender one night in Nuln. Or were it Tilea. Either way, he had come into the ownership of a set of rags that had once been part of an Arabyan flying carpet. Not wanting to let the fine fabric go to waste, the halfling set about with the stitching and sewing - and created the world's first and only flying kleptomaniacal glove. Said glove then came into the ownership of one Clegg, master burglar.

Well actually it looks like there's a pair of gloves now. The other is in your possession - a flying glove made of the finest Arabyan silk, seemingly sapient and hungry to steal shinies and lootables. In particular it seems to enjoy swiping weapons and armaments from a foe's belt or hands without them even noticing until a smidgeon too late.

[Magic Swag Bag - 400 CP] [Scout]: The origin of Clegg the Indomitable's magic sack is ambiguous and mysterious, a question wrapped in a riddle. It probably wasn't very legal, in any case. But Clegg's "swag bag" as he terms it is a potent magical rucksack - which happens to now have a brother in your own magicked sack - that improves the expert cat burglar's thieving techniques.

The bag works by its holder - you or Clegg in this situation - staring at a person with highly valuable, and magical, artifacts on their person. While staring at them, you just reach into the swag bag, and mysteriously one of the items that person was carrying is gone. Instead it's now in your hand, ready to be used as you see fit. The item stolen is, unfortunately, rather random at best - you might be wanting to swipe their enchanted sword, but instead get a person's magical belt of strength enhancement.

[Giant Hat of Intimidation - 100 CP] [Politician]: A hat like this is not ordinary. Not at this size, not at this level of floppiness, and not with this *presence* it emanates.

And when a halfling needs to make a big statement on either the soapbox, auditorium stage, or throne room floor... The bigger the presence, the more you can ensure you're heard. And this hat is key: In a style of your choice, be it wide-brimmed and expansive or tall and dominating, you now own 'The Giant Hat of Intimidation.'

This hat, when worn, enhances not only your oratory skills as a public speaker but also your 'public presence.' You could bully a group of belligerent drunks into backing down or running away, or incense a rally into a riot, or force an opponent in a debate to back down purely from your overwhelming presence and utterly no merit in your argument. Wear it well.

[The Little Book - 200 CP] [Politician]: Connections. Contacts. Names. All these and more are required to make it big in the fields of business and politics. And this tool will help with that particular detail: A little leather book of names, all being people you either know directly, can become easily acquainted with, or have some tangential connection to. Whenever you need to call upon one of the contacts within The Little Book, coincidence and luck will conspire to ensure they're both available, able, and willing to help you with whatever favor you may require of them. Just be prepared to pay them back in return, if you wish to keep that name in The Little Book. The Book, by mysterious and arcane means, keeps itself up-to-date on the individuals you may be able to learn of and call upon in times of need.

[The Quinsberry Lodge - 400 CP] [Politician]: The Quinsberry Lodge isn't a cabin or lodge at all, but an organization both protective, economic, and political. When the humans of the Empire make their displeasure at the existence of the halflings well known, the Lodge is there to offer shelter. When halfling rights are being infringed and spat upon for this or that reason, the Lodge works behind the scenes to ensure that the battle for equality is unceasing. When Gorbad Ironclaw sacked the city of Nuln, and the vampires of Sylvania laid siege to civilization in the Vampire Wars, it was the Lodge that ensured food and protection went to all citizens both short and tall. The Quinsberry Lodge - one-part gentlemen's club, one part trade union, and one part racial pride society - fights the good fight to ensure all of halfling-kind can one ensure their mark on history.

With your part in the public face and the bureaucratic machine in the Empire, you find yourself at the head of a significantly-sized branch of the Quinsberry Lodge. A network of merchants, politicians, bureaucrats, "scouts," and caravaneers, the Lodge works both in the cover of night and in the public day to fight for the rights of their brethren. They will work hard to do whatever you ask, and immediately be able to network with similar orders and organizations you are the leader of.

In future jumps you can decide if either a new branch of the Quinsberry Lodge specifically has moved with you to integrate itself into a future city or civilization, or if you end up at the head of a suspiciously-similar variant.

[Township - 600 CP]: Congratulations, you poor sod. You find yourself as the current guiding Elder of a halfling town like Eicheschatten or Dreiflussen; With a population of approximately 1,500, and with several long-running family bloodlines lending it some legitimacy to Mootland history. Your town is connected to several well-used roads and trade routes, leading to a steady stream of both traders and travelers alike. Additionally, while your township still practices enough agriculture to feed its population about five times over (or in terms of halfling stomachs, "just enuff fer five helpins at afternoon tea"), your people also have a very profitable product. Perhaps you have several rich tobacco farms that grow fine and potent pipeweed? Or maybe you have several families dedicated to the finest cheesecraft known to man- and halflingkind? Maybe even being positioned on the shores of a lake or great river, leading to a thriving fishing industry. Regardless, make that choice now and your town will be famed for it.

Any changes to this town, be it through a growing population or modifications you make to it yourself, are kept throughout the course of your world-hopping adventures.

|The Hungry Horde|

Halflings never go through life alone except in desperate times...

[The Gang's All Here - 50/300 CP]: Got a couple of friends waiting in the wings there, have you? Well go on then, bring 'em in out of the cold. They'll be brought in as one of the Short Folk as well, and be given an Occupation as well as **600 CP** to see themselves sorted out. **50 CP to bring in one friend a purchase, or 300 to bring in a gang of 8.** Alternatively, you can use this option to ensure you meet some halfling compatriots that fit the purchases made.

[Extended Family - 300 CP - Requires The Gang's All Here]: Bloody hell but you've got a big stonking lot with you now. Well, we can bring them in as well, although they'll only be able to rightly be hired on with the **Farmer Occupation,** and we can spare about **300 CP per person** you bring on board.

[Dinner Invitation - 50 CP]: We all make friends in life, and it looks like you're lookin' to keep some of those friends with you. Made an ally in one of the Warfoots perhaps? Earned the good graces of one Sir Bullywick Applebag? Or maybe even convinced Hisme Stoutheart to abandon his post for a while. It had to have been excessively difficult given that Halflings don't naturally go for adventurous lives.

[Shorkn Swampmaster - 50 CP]: Ogres learn to get along with and aid the Halflings, knowing that their culinary craft will feed them for ages. Other ogres instead come to Mootland to learn how to cook with the same skill as the Master Chefs. Shorkn belongs to the latter, and has just graduated from his apprenticeship to one of the Champion Chef title-winners of The Moot. The large, jolly ogre's skill in the kitchen can only be described as SUPREME, enough that he essentially has the entirety of the Cook's perk line. In addition, this hash-slinger has **The Cookbook** full of his teacher's recipes, and an excessively-large cooking knife with the same capabilities as the one listed in **Champion Chef's Title.** Having completed his apprenticeship, Mister Swampmaster now wishes to ply his cooking trade elsewhere in the Empire and the world. Perhaps, in your employ, he could be of great service to worlds beyond.

[Primrose Tunnelly - 50 CP]: The Tunnelly family's not known for much but corn and barley, and that's just how they liked it. That's how Primrose thought she liked it as well, living a simple life on the Mootland fields. But as the Winds of Magic stir and blow from the north, so does this willowy halfling's heart begin to stir with the hot blood of adventure and exploration. It will take a calm hand to get this homebody to acknowledge said drive for adventure, but she can stand as a stalwart comrade in the conflicts to come.

As a companion, young Primrose chiefly bears the potential to become a **Lord of the Harvest** if her drive for adventure is cultivated. As well, due to life in a cramped

household and not having as much bulk to throw around at dinnertime, she has developed the equivalent to the **Sneaky Feets** and **Size Ain't All That Matters**. The Tunnelly family specialty also confers a substantial benefit towards growing and preparing corn and barley, enough to emulate **In Sigmar's Country** and **Culinary Craft.**

[Old Man Mosstache - 50 CP]: The old spirits of the woodlands, the treemen, are oft considered a legend to the rest of the Old World. Indeed, these ancients are so rarely witnessed that seeing them is sometimes considered a legendary event within a person's life. Why is it then, that the woods of The Moot seem to be the resting grounds of more than one of these elder beings? Buggered if I know. Buggered if I know anything at this point.

By some stroke of luck, or perhaps from some old favor you once performed for the forest, you have earned the friendship of one of the old men of the woods. Old Man Mosstache, who does indeed have a glorious moustache made of moss and lichen, is a cantankerous old log with quite the soft spot for the simple lives of the halfling people. He's not as ancient as the true elders of his kind, but he is old enough to have begun mastering the magicks of life, being above an **Enchanter of the Lore of Life.** In addition, due to his innate connections to the plantlife and the earth, Old Mosstache has an equivalent to the Farmer perkline.

[Marianne & Piper - 100 CP]: One's perceptive, calculated, and organized - The other's slightly dumb, but lucky, plucky, and she might be a smidgeon taller than the other. Together, they are some of Altdorf's premiere troublemakers, the two halfling near-sisters simultaneously besmirching the good name of halfling kind and ensuring the Quinsberry Lodge's goals continuously march forward. Lock your pantry door when they come to visit, but know that they'll always have your back through the harshest times. Even if sometimes you might wish they didn't.

Between their shenanigans in terrorizing the various mercantile and political groups throughout Altdorf, the two close friends have practically earned themselves the entirety of the Scout perkline. As well, their experience in a larger city and urban environment, along with their work under the Quinsberry mark, has effectively granted the two a variant of the **Fieldwarden** perk.

[The Comradeship - 200 CP]: The Comradeship are a group of adventurers who make their living and legend... What little legend there is... Assisting the halflings of The Moot. To gain admission to this group requires three incredible traits: Incredible wealth, incredible bravery, and incredible stupidity. By purchasing this you've either qualified for, or managed to bypass, all three requirements. The four heroes, all within one companion slot, are now your staunch allies:

- **Olorin the Grey Wizard:** One of the nuttier members of the Grey Magisters, the old wizard Olorin is beloved by the halfling children of The Moot for his wondrous fireworks displays, and for pulling rabbits out of his tall, pointed hat.

Tasty rabbits too, at that. But for all his eccentricities, he's still a Magister of the Grey Winds of Ulgu.

- **Aragand the Layabout:** Some say he's a king of a far-off land. They might be right. But this admittedly-skilled swordsman just looks at first glance like any average human you'd see lurking in a lone candle-lit corner of a tavern: Scruffy and alone.
- **Giblit the Dwarf:** A failed Slayer, Giblit's mohawked self was cast-out entirely from Dawi society in shame. His peers, just to remove him, sent him out on a truly despicable (in dwarven eyes) task: Befriend an elf. With his new elven friend at his side, Giblit is fearless in battle. Without him, however, the Slayer's a bit cowardly at best.
- **Legles the Elf:** You know the elf mentioned in Giblit's section? This is the one. Out for his morning constitutional, Legles was forcibly befriended and accosted by the hapless Slayer. The archer has since been part of an unlikely friendship between the two, and Legles has taken it upon himself to drive Giblit into as much trouble as he can. It's also unclear exactly what kind of elf Legles *is*, beyond pointy-eared and bow-slinging.

|Tribulations|

This is a world of nigh-constant war.
So much war that even the Small Folk are dragged into it on occasion. No matter the time of day, even the shorties will take up a blade (or spade) in the name of defending hearth and home, forming strong and loyal Militias.
At some point in your first 9 years in this world, an opportunity will come along where you will be driven into a battle. Select **one (1)** of the following Tribulations.

SUPPORT DIVISION - NORSCAN EVICTION

The year is 2502 IC. Karl Franz has just been elected as Emperor, and he must uphold his promise to the Elector-Count of Nordland. Aid in the region's defenses against the marauding bands of Norscans and repay his debt to Theoderic Gausser.

To that end the Emperor has taken an army northward, and fulfilling another promise at the same time. To get the Elder of the Moot Hisme Stoutheart to vote for him, Franz promised not just a tally tax on trade along the River Stir (part of Stoutheart's elaborate ploy to divert trade and taxation to the rivers crossing the Mootland), but also an increased halfling presence in Empire military efforts. Congratulations, you're leading a support division to aid Karl Franz in his endeavors.

Ordinarily, Karl Franz and his forces would readily win this battle against the Norscan invaders taking Nordland's beaches. But this time, he will all but require your aid to see victory this day. Should the Emperor's army be routed, or his death secured by the Chieftain, you will have failed this tribulation.
You gain: **+30 Militia Tokens** for the Rallying the Militia section.

Army of Karl Franz (Empire of Man - Reikland)
-240 Halberdiers
-360 Spearmen (with Shields)
-720 Swordsmen
-270 Crossbowmen
-90 Handgunners (Muskets)
-60 Reiksguard (Lance Cavalry)
-120 Pistoliers (Handgun Cavalry)
-4 Mortars (with 33 Crew Members)

Army of Aelfric Ovesen (Norsca - Skeiling)
-1,080 Marauders (Hand Axes)
-720 Marauders (Great Axes)
-200 Marauder Champions (Axes & Shields)
-90 Horsemen (Javelings)
-90 Horsemen (Throwing Axes)

-80 Chaos Warhounds (Venomous)
-80 Chaos Warhounds
-48 Skin Wolves
-2 Feral Manticore
-1 Chaos Sorcerer (Lore of Shadow)

|Reward|

Victory. The Norscans routed, and Nordland's shores are safe.
Karl Franz has awarded you due honors for your aid in his battle with the northern savages. You keep command of the Support Division you organized, and a shiny new medal pinned to the front of your uniform.

The Fighting Cocks, Dogs of War - Languishing in Luccini

By some stroke of luck, magic, or the machinations of higher powers, you find yourself in the lands of Tilea around the year 2505 IC. A near-constantly war-torn land of ridiculously wealthy city-states, a fertile peninsula along the Tilean Sea where great opportunity and profit await those with the guts and skill to claim it. It is a land where a man can earn his life's fortune by fighting for the right employer, or can die a horrific death in one of the ever-changing battlefields between mercenary armies.

It is in this land of mercenary opportunity that you find yourself suddenly speaking to a man. One Lorenzo Lupo, heir-apparent to the city-state of Luccini and the distant grandson to Luccini's original founders Lucan and Luccina. Lorenzo wishes to reclaim his heritage, and the throne of Luccini. And this contract you've mysteriously just signed ensures you are the mercenary general to aide him in his venture. You will be paid quite well for this, judging by the numbers written.

Your goal is simple. Lorenzo wishes for an army to help him in claiming the throne. However, Luccini has a strange and ridiculous custom which has seen numerous Princes slaughtered to great acclaim. A Prince must be pleasant, and must be seen as jolly and full of a great sense of humor. Any Prince who fails to properly display a degree of jollity and pleasantness is assassinated publicly. Lorenzo Lupo has seen several would-be rivals killed off before they could kick Leonardo de Lucci off the throne, due to both dour and even slightly-unpleasant demeanors. His solution? Alongside one Lumpin Croop and his Fighting Cocks, you will be forming an army made from the ranks of Mootland.

You will have several obstacles in your path to aiding Lupo claim the throne. The first, is this insistence in keeping things humorous and pleasant even as you're murdering people in the streets and on the battlefield. The second, Leonardo's massive legions of pikemen that patrol the streets, with the most elite of them being the plate-mailed behemoths clad in leopardskins, Leopold's Leopard Company. And third, de Lucci has caught wind of Lorenzo's play. His boundless coffers have drawn forth an army of different Mercenary groups and Regiments of Renown.

Fight well. Play your part. And you will be paid richly.
Leonardo de Lucci's Mercenaries:
-The Birdmen of Catrazza (10 Aerial Marksmen, including Daddallo)
-Long Drong's Slayer Pirates (30 Dwarf Slayers, including Long Drong)
-Ricco's Republican Guard (100 Pikemen)
-Oglah Khan's Wolfboys (30 Hobgoblin Wolf Raiders, including Oglah Khan)
-Ruglud's Armoured Orcs (50 Orc Crossbow Boys, including Ruglud)
-Marksmen of Miragliano (30 Crossbowmen, including Captain Damark)
-The Alcatani Fellowship (30 Pikemen, including Rodrigo Delmonte)
-Tichi-Huichi's Raiders (50 Skink Cold One Riders, including Tichi-Huichi)
-Voland's Venators (50 Honorless Knights, including Voland)
-Vespero's Vendetta (Assassins - Current count unknown)
-Golgfag's Maneaters (100 Ogre Maneaters, including Golgfag)

You gain: **+40 Militia Tokens** for the Rallying the Militia section, as well as the famed Halfling mercenary Lumpin Croop and his band of nineteen expert Mootland fieldwardens and militiamen, including Ned Hamfist.

|Reward|

Lorenzo Lupo sits astride his ancestors' throne. Leonardo de Lucci lies either slain or ousted. The Leopard Company is exiled. And the crowds cheered at the spectacle and hilarity of it all. And just as you both agreed upon, Lorenzo will pay you your dues:

Payment: A mountain of gold and jewels from the Luccini coffers.
Leadership: Retained command of your newly-founded Mercenary Company.
Domain: A massive, well-constructed hall for your base of operations. This hall is large enough to quarter all of your soldiers, house all armaments and weaponry necessary, and serves to coordinate your movements and contracts.

-**Special:** As you've no doubt noticed, Leonardo's payroll hosts a large number of various and diverse mercenaries and thugs. Though a sizable number will likely avoid breaking their contracts with the reigning Prince, mercenary work is never something to take personally. Should you be on amicable terms with a group, and they still live and are capable of functioning as their original Regiment of Renown, you may be able to convince them to join your company. Should Lumpin Croop's Fighting Cocks survive to the end, they will automatically join you out of camaraderie.

IN DEFENSE OF HEARTH AND HOME
Requires Township

You awaken one morning to some terrible news from one of your township's residents. Or maybe they found you as you were going about your business. Either way, the news is grim, and finally gives context to the rising smoke of bonfires on

the mountainside.

“Goblins mobilizin’ to the south, m’Elder. Lots of ‘em. Couple o’ scouts were spotted tryin’ ta map out our good town, meanin’ we’re likely to start seein’ the first raidin’ parties afore the week’s out.”

Goblins. Always a prevalent nuisance this close to the World’s Edge Mountains. Ordinarily, even an untrained farmer could kill the occasional goblin that intruded on his farmland, and a proper militiaman would remove it without difficulty. But in great numbers, a tide of Goblins has enough force and power to raze even the cities of the mythical High Elves. Your incoming foe is not near the level of that legendary Grom the Paunch - but his ambitions are clearly growing, and your Township is his first victim.

You have a week to prepare. Hisme Stoutheart, Elector-Elder of The Moot, has heard of your plight and organized a defense force of Mootlanders to help you hold the line while he reaches out to the rest of the Empire of Man. Simply specify the forces you believe will be of aid, and he will send them.
You gain: **+50 Militia Tokens** for the Rallying the Militia section

Army of Grotslik (Greenskins - Black Venom Forest Goblins)
-2 Goblin Big Bosses (Spider Mounts)
-1,400 Goblins
-500 Nasty Skulkers
-300 Spider Hatchlings
-200 Goblin Spider Riders
-200 Goblin Spider Rider Archers
-6 Goblin Doom Diver Catapults
-1 Arachnarok Spider (Grotslik’s Mount)

|Reward|

With the last of the goblinoid filth driven off, and their spiders smashed and pulped into the dirt, it’s safe to say that “Spider-King Grotslik” has had his dreams of royal conquest smashed. You’ve staved off the Goblin invasion successfully.

The units you’ve acquired via Stoutheart’s militia-rallying have taken up residence in your Township, burgeoning its populace and expanding its land claims to help support the influx of citizenry. In addition, you and yours have gained an affinity and a reputation for fighting goblins now. Your weapons, spells, and tricks hit goblins harder than they would normally, and goblinoid foes will associate your name and the name of your township with “Horrible, Painful Death.”

|Rallying the Militia|

Each unit below costs **1 Militia Token** unless otherwise stated, regardless of their number and strength. As well, you receive **one (1) Hero** for free, to serve as your lieutenant, bodyguard, or herald. Additional Heroes can be purchased at **1 Token per individual**. Each unit and hero will also, if applicable, make mention of their equipment. If an OR is used, this indicates a choice - for a unit, this will outfit them all with the weapon selected.

As well, should one of your soldiers or followers die in battle, they will resurrect after one week's time.

Heroes

SHERIFF: The halfling sheriffs are considered local leaders as well as law enforcement, often risen from former toll guardsmen and forestry rangers. With responsibilities ranging from sub-mayoral duties to settling disputes and crimes, the Sheriffs range in competency: Some only use their title as a way to get free drinks and nap time. Others are true unit commanders and law enforcers, with swift tactical minds and legitimate military experience serving in the Empire of Man.

Equipment:

-Light Armor

-Hand Weapon & Shield OR Shortbow

-May have 1 Token spent to give the Sheriff either a War Sheep, Pony, Hound, or Battle Ram, OR 2 Tokens to mount them on a Giant Swan or Great Eagle.

ENCHANTER: Most often, you'll find that Halfling Enchanters are street magicians and village healers, using their "mastered" Lore to earn street-side coinage and a few free meals. On rare occasions however, they are called to the field of battle where even cantrips and sparse enchantments can decide the course of victory. This Enchanter has been around the block a few times, and starts off well-versed in one of the following Lores: Fire, Beasts, Heavens, Light, Life, or Shadow.

Equipment:

-Light Armor

-Staff OR Wand

-May have 1 Token spent to give the Enchanter a War Sheep, Pony, Hound, or Battle Ram, OR 2 Tokens to mount them on a Giant Swan or Great Eagle.

MASTER CHEF: Chefs are crucial in war-time, and the Master Chefs of the Moot are a level apart from all others. Able to scrape together a gourmet meal out of rations and scraps, and have your army begging for seconds and leftovers, the Master Chefs are the lords of the barracks. As such, they are always in high demand, worth high wages on the battlefield and in the feasting halls.

Equipment:

-Light Armor

-Hand Weapon (See: Frying Pan, Cleaver, Tenderizer, or similar weaponized cooking utensil) OR Shortbow

MASTER ~~THIEF~~ SCOUT: Officially, they're labeled as criminals. When the records are removed from the equation however, high-class thieves and robbers of the halfling kind are often recruited to run rampant through enemy ranks. Sneaky, swiping hands pilfering enemy artifacts and other loot makes for great sabotage of the enemy. And this one is particularly kleptomaniacal.

Equipment:

-Light Armor

-Hand Weapon & Throwing Knives

HOUSEWIFE MATRON: The housewife. Not often a unit one thinks of in a fighting force. But when riled, the halfling housewife is a right proper weapon capable of driving off fully-grown Black Orcs with her rage and flailing frying pan. The most experienced among them, the Matrons, are a force of reckoning that can strike fear into the hearts of the most grizzled soldiers.

Equipment:

-Light Armor

-Hand Weapon (See: Frying Pan, Rolling Pin, or similar weaponized household object) & Shield OR Great Weapon (See Hand Weapon examples, scaled up massively)

-May have 1 Token spent to give the Housewife Matron a Pony, War Sheep, or Battle Ram, OR 2 Tokens to mount her on a Giant Swan or Great Eagle.

Infantry

100 MILITIA: Your basic halfling fighter, the average farmer and villager made into a reluctant warrior. Unsuited towards combat, halflings can still reveal truly insane levels of courage when it comes to the defense of home.

Equipment:

-Light Armor

-Hand Weapon & Shield OR Shortbows

50 VIGILANTE GUARD: A Vigilante Guard is the closest thing to a warrior that Halfling lands can ever produce. Toll collectors, gate watchers, bandit breakers, and enforcers of law (what laws get broken in Mootland, at least), the Vigilante Guard stay lean and ready enough to throw down with any filthy greenskin or bandit that tries to ruin the peace.

Equipment:

-Light Armor

-Spears & Shields OR Great Weapons (e.g. Large Mallets or Meat Tenderizers) OR Shortbows

~~**50 THIEVES**~~ **SCOUTS**: Legally, militia commanders, Elders, and lords do not consider their more roguish brethren to be anything but a pestilence and a blight on the Halfling's reputation. Outside of a legal context, you are inevitably going to find some intrepid scouts seeded into the ranks of a Mootland crew. Who else can you trust to accurately and bravely scout out the pockets and gear of the enemy troops?

Equipment:
-Light Armor
-Hand Weapons

50 RANGERS: Hunters of wild game and keepers of hunting grounds, halfling rangers are an ace shot with their shortbows that leave many human huntsmen baffled at their almost elf-like skill. Frequently hired on by Imperial nobility to protect their hunting grounds from poachers (even if sometimes they also do a little bit of sneaky poaching themselves), the rangers are a mark of pride for Mootland folk.

Equipment:
-Light Armor
-Hand Weapons
-Shortbows

50 FIELDWARDENS: Esteemed figures in the halfling communities, fieldwardens are the border patrols who keep Mootland safe from undead incursions and greenskin raiding parties. Expert skirmishers, trap-layers, and ambushers of enemies both intelligent and decidedly-not, Fieldwardens prove a crucial role in both an army and as a community figure.

Equipment:
-Light Armor
-Hand Weapons & Slings

50 COOKS: Most-respected profession, AND one of the most elite infantry. The Cooks are well-trained in the culinary and military arts, and the rest of the army will go to the ends of the earth to ensure their safety; Without the cook, they get no meal, and if you worked to save the cook, you might even get extra helpings! For an extra **1 Token**, Your Cooks can be upgraded into **Crazed Chefs**: Blitzed off of their own supply and some "spicy dumplings," these maniacal hash-slingers charge into battle swinging their own monstrously heavy cast-iron cookpots as flails that can cave in even a giant's skull.

Equipment:
-Light Armor
-Hand Weapons (Repurposed & Enlarged Culinary Tools)
-CRAZED COOK ONLY - Weaponized Pot

50 HOUSEWIVES: The scariest infantry unit on this list, the power of the halfling housewife is something out of the nightmares of any goblin or married halfling spouse. Uncannily strong, with a hand that can throw a sandal hard enough to bruise an Ogre's thick skull and astonishing durability from years of child-rearing and hard work. Sigmar save the poor fool who hurts the menfolk or smudges the clean linens, because they will be a red stain on the floor.

Equipment:

-Light Armor

-Hand Weapons (Rolling Pins, Frying Pans, Enlarged Housekeeping Tools) OR Great Weapons (Prior example, but even larger)

-May have **one (1) Token** spent to give a unit of Housewives a Washing Line banner. Should the clean linens and clothing be smudged or damaged in combat, the entire unit of Housewives and any others in close vicinity will be thrown into a bloodthirsty frenzy.

25 PANTRY GUARD: Stronger than the average Cook, and with far more experience on the battlefield and at the stove, the Pantry Guard are the elite of the elite infantry... As far as 'elite' can be said for any Mootland military. Disciplined and experienced, the Pantry Guard are brought out for the most dire of battles and can fight foot-to-foot against any Orc Big 'Un or Grave Guard of Sylvania. **If one (1) Chuck Wagon (War Machine) is purchased, one (1) purchase of Pantry Guard is REQUIRED in order to accompany and defend it.**

Equipment:

-Light Armor

-Hand Weapons (Cooking Utensils) OR Great Weapons (Enlarged Utensils)

-May spend **one (1) Token** to upgrade one Pantry Guard into a Cook Master, an experienced armsman, commanding officer, and kitchen manager whose bellowing voice echoes commands to his fellow hash-slingers and fills his enemies' with fear.

25* LORDS OF THE HARVEST: Halflings that are born with a contagious burst of courage in their hearts, the majority of the self-styled "Lords of the Harvest" form worker-gangs and bands of young bucks and hooligans. Delinquent and uncouth, such rabbles are by some grace of Sigmar and Ranald one of the better lines of defenses in a Halfling troupe. Especially once they start riding piggy-back on each other's shoulders for greater reach and easier shin-kicking.

***25 Pairs. One halfling sits on the other's shoulders.**

Equipment:

-Light Armor

-Dual Hand Weapons (One pair per halfling)

20 MOOT OGRES: When ogres and halflings gravitate towards one another, it's only a matter of time before the two species fight side-by-side. When the gut-plates realize that fighting for their shorter possibly-brethren gets them good eating, they become

enthusiastic for the idea. Now for just that promise of good food and a good fight, you have some of the monstrous Ogres ready to charge forth.

Equipment:
-Light Armor (and Gutplate)
-Hand Weapons (Ogre-Sized) OR Great Weapons (Ogre-Sized)

Cavalry

50 HOBILARS: T'is a rare sight to see a halfling with a Pony - many are smarter and more practical, sticking to donkeys and sheep. But those few who deliberately try to master the saddle of a beast multiple times their size can find work as a Hobilar - a "pony express messenger" whose agile steed carries messages all throughout the Empire and oftimes beyond. On the occasion, they're conscripted into a regiment as mounted cavalry. This works... Sometimes. Assuming they don't get kicked or fall off from their gut.

Equipment:
-1 Pony to 1 Hobilar
-Hand Weapons OR Spears & Shields
-Light Armor

50 WAR SHEEP RIDERS: Undergoing special training to overcome their naturally skittish behavior, War Sheep are one of the few mounts that a Halfling can saddle without immediately running into complications. They might not be too fast, but these stubborn sheep are capable beasts in a fight with their forceful headbutts, and are stable rides for the halflings astride them to attack with relative ease.

May have **one (1) Token** spent to upgrade these War Sheep Riders into a troupe of the Mootland's own chivalric order: The Knights of The Order of The Ram. There are multiple chapters of The Order of The Ram by this point, as keeping studious logs and archives is not usually on a Mootlander's mind. But with heavy armor (made from hammered-out cooking pots and frying pans) and well-crafted lances, coupled with their Battle Rams' ornery attitude and hornful headbutts, these are the heaviest cavalry in the Halfling roster to date.

Equipment - WAR SHEEP RIDERS:	**Equipment - RAM KNIGHTS:**
-1 War Sheep to 1 Halfling Rider -Light Armor -Hand Weapons OR Spears	-1 Battle Ram to 1 Moot Knight -Heavy Armor -Lances & Shields

25 HOUND RIDERS: Mounted archers astride large, specially-bred sheepdogs as large as War Sheep, Hound Riders are highly effective scouts, ambushers, and skirmishing cavalry. A correctly-trained Hound Rider has the archery skill to put an arrow smack dab into the eye of a Night Goblin at full run, and their Hound's sense of smell can pick

out a single person from a violent, rioting mob. As if they weren't already effective units in their own right, an iron bond of loyalty exists between a halfling and their Hound that can't be seen anywhere else in Mootland.

Equipment:
-1 Hound per 1 Halfling Hound Rider
-Light Armor
-Bows & Arrows
-Hound's Teeth

15 SWAN RIDERS: There are few words that can accurately describe Swans. Huge, is one of them. Ferocious and spiteful, are two others. And somehow, the Mootland halflings have managed to not only tame the violent Swan, but conditioned it for riding. A Swan Rider is a halfling trained to hang on for dear life on a swan's back, sniping enemies from the sky with bow and arrow. I give up.

Equipment:
-1 Swan to 1 Halfling Rider
-Clothing (No Armor)
-Bow & Arrows OR Hand Weapons
-Precision Swan Violence

1 GREAT EAGLE: No. I take that back. Now I give up. The Great Eagle is one of the most magnificent specimens of a bird of prey, just short of the mighty Phoenixes of Ulthuan. Possessing a wingspan of up to 30 feet long, and frequently seen carrying the wild elven lords of Athel Loren and contending with wild Gryphons and Wyverns over territory, such a bird is a terrifying, yet awe-inspiring sight. And yet somehow, when the little folk of The Moot are in danger, the Great Eagles deign to take flight and come to their aid.

Equipment:
-1 Great Eagle to 2 Halfling "Riders" (read: Hanging on for dear life)
-Clothing (No Armor)
-Bows & Arrows
-Beak & Talons

Warbeasts

POULTRY SWARMS (5 Tokens): In times of war, when the foul goblins or ratfolk threaten the farmyard, all hands must be called to defend the homestead. In this case, hands can be swapped out for talons and beaks. Specifically, when the battle calls for it, several farms-worth of chickens, geese, ducks, and other barnyard poultry can be taught to thirst for the blood of invaders, and driven into a swarming frenzy.

Equipment:

-The size of your poultry swarm will always be comparable to the size of your Militia or Mercenary Band, and the number & type of units that you purchase. It will always be a massive number. Only requires one purchase.

-Beaks, bills, talons, and bludgeoning wings.

-You can specify your exact percentage of poultry species. In case you want to field an unending swarm of specifically chickens.

Bee Swarm: Ah yes, the bees. With how much agriculture The Moot engages in, pollination and fertilization are quite important. Beekeepers are very popular as a result, for their little fuzzy friends serve three roles. Pollinating farmlands, producing sweet, sweet honey for the production of candies and honeyed alcohol, and stinging invaders and nemeses to death.

Equipment:

-1 Beekeeper to 1 Bee Swarm

-Venomous Stingers

-DISCLAIMER: Ordinarily, a Beekeeper is required to both deploy the Bees (they are bagged the night before a battle, while sleeping in their hive), and to control the Bees after deployment. If you have some other method of controlling Bees, you can forego the Beekeeper.

1 TREEMAN: Due to their affinity with nature, the Moot's natural proximity to several to several forests, and the halfling's natural hunger causing it to hunt the fat, juicy rabbits that lurk in those forests... There has been a rare occasion where a halfling has befriended an ancient spirit from the days before civilization. The Treemen, found predominantly in the wild wood of Athel Loren but also discovered in the various other deep forests around the world, can be found aiding their stunted friends in times of great need.

Equipment:

-Heavy Armor (Bark Skin & Wood)

-Giant, Swinging Limbs

30 SHEEPDOGS: The loyal sheepdog, true friend to both the shepherd and the flock. Unfortunately in this war-torn world, even a working dog must sometimes be called to battle. With a handler whistling commands and directing them, even a wily goblin or skaven can find themselves being herded and harried by a well-trained Sheepdog.

Equipment:

-1 Handler to 30 Sheepdogs

-Sharp Teeth

-Keen Senses

-DISCLAIMER: Ordinarily, a Handler would be required to properly command and guide the Sheepdogs in battle. Should you have some other method of either controlling or commanding the Dogs properly however, you may forego the Handler.

Warmachines & Artillery

1 HOT POT: Originally an invention of desperation, the Hot Pot has become one of the staples of Halfling weaponry. The delivery method always changes: Sometimes it's a catapult. Other times it's just two cooks hoisting on a giant slingshot with the soup pot attached perilously to the stretching strap. The payload is always the same, apart from flavor: A caustic, super-heated, angrily-sloshing soup that eats away at all but the toughest of skins and stomachs.

Equipment:

-1 Hot Pot Array (Pot & Throwing Mechanism)
-3 Cooks
-Each Cook armed with a Hand Weapon

1 REAPER: The machine wheeled out of the barn at harvest time, the Reaper is a massive multi-scythed instrument of doom for all forms of grain, corn, and tall-growing farmland essentials. At times of conflict, however, this machine serves equally capable at taking off heads and arms.

Equipment:

-1 Reaper
-2 Battle Rams to push the Reaper.
-1 Halfling to steer the Reaper and guide the Rams.
-Rams have Horns, Halfling has a Hand Weapon.

2 SHEARERS: Where the Reaper is a heavy-duty machine meant for carving up acres of farmland, the Shearer is a much lighter mechanism built for carefully separating wool from a sheep or goat's hide. It serves equally capable at taking off heads and peeling armor off of enemies, however it is slightly less-durable and capable than the Reaper.

Equipment:

-2 Reapers
-2 War Sheep to push a Shearer.
-1 Halfling to steer a Shearer and guide the Sheep.
-Halfling has a Hand Weapon.

1 CHUCK WAGON: The Chuck Wagon. The army's larder and field kitchen. Without the chuck wagon, the force doesn't eat, and when it comes to a fighting force of Halflings the chuck wagon is near and dear to their hearts. Having the mere presence of the Chuck Wagon near the army will encourage every single soldier to fight with everything they've got, to the point of rallying from defeat if an enemy comes close to capturing it. **If one (1) Chuck Wagon (War Machine) is purchased, one (1) purchase of Pantry Guard is REQUIRED in order to accompany and defend it.**

Equipment:

-1 Chuck Wagon, loaded with imperishables & field rations, and field-kitchen equipment.

-1 Aurochs, giant bull-creature to pull the Chuck Wagon.

-1 Halfling Cook to steer the Aurochs, 2 other Cooks to defend the Wagon from boarding actions.

-Aurochs has Giant Horns, Cooks have Hand Weapons.

-If a Hot Pot is purchased, the two items can be combined to allow for mobile Hot Pot projectiles.

KATHLEEN HALF-TANK (5 Tokens): A recent gift to the halflings, the Kathleen-model Steam Tank was originally a prototype of the currently in-use Steam Tanks, with a catastrophic flaw in its construction: The blueprints were made with a scale too small for any average man of the Empire. The count of Averland, having just gotten over his mental spell of rampaging over Mootland and finishing a war with the Feastmaster Ogres with the Halflings "services," threw the small-scale Tank to Mootland with very snarky, dismissive words. The emissary at the time, with a bit of tact, reworded the message delivered with the Tank as a gift of gracious thanks.

Since then, the Kathleen Half-Tank has been tended to and modified by the Mootlanders with grateful thanks. And it has indeed been heavily modified, as seen by the soup cannon and built-in kitchenette. **Can only be purchased ONCE, as there is only the one Kathleen Haf-Tank.**

Equipment:

-Armored Prow & Treads

-Soup Cannon (Operates on Hot Pot rules for projectile specifications)

-4 Halflings: One piloting the Tank, One tank-spotting out of the top hatch, One manning the Soup Cannon, and a Chef manning the kitchen-trailer to supply the soup ammunition.

-Each Halfling is equipped with Light Armor and a Hand Weapon.

|Circumstances & Unfortunate Events|

What's that? Blimey, you're already out of the 1,000 CP I gave you at the start? And you want MORE? Ya sure you didn't misplace it? Lose it in somebody else's pocket? No? Well alright I guess. Greedy little bastards.
I can load you up with some extra, but unfortunately it will entail some nasty business. Take a look.

[Big-Mouthed Little Bastard - +100]: Halflings are known for a lot. One of those issues is their big mouths constantly getting them into trouble. Y'see, the short bastards aren't particularly worried about such things as decorum and polite company, meaning they frequently come off as loud, crude, RUDE, annoying, obnoxious little shits. And you now are the worst (or best) example of this stereotype: You just can't keep your fucking mouth shut, even if you're in the presence of actual royalty like Thorgrim Grudgebearer or Karl Franz. You'll point out such issues as the boil on somebody's face when it would be polite to ignore it; you'll *love* bringing up past issues and victories you've made over somebody (even if they're companions or allies - just ask how Stirland feels about constantly being reminded about Ludwig the Fat's infamous deal now); You're even obnoxious enough that you'd insult Helborg or Todbringer to their faces.

Expect few friends and a lot of enmity.

[Lazy Little Bastard - +100]: Another infamous-yet-slightly-true stereotype about halflings, is that they... really... really do not like to work too hard. The "comforts of home" they love include the ability to just laze around smoking pipeweed and jamming a pie into their face, instead of good and honest work. Well, now you're the laziest of the lot. "Slothful," I think the Church of Sigmar calls it. You couldn't be arsed to get up and extinguish the fire rampaging through your kitchen until it started singing the hairs off your feet, and even then you'll grumble and bluster about the bother.

[Greedy Little Bastard - +100]: Remember the perk 'Mootland Corruption'? Good. Now let's go over why it exists: Oh right. Halfling sheriffs fleecing and demanding bribes for the most simple of peacekeeping duties, false tolls and checkpoints, a racial propensity for theft and larceny on a scale both personal (pickpocketing a few shillings from one's pocket), mercantile (making off with a merchant's entire wagon of goods), and interstate (stealing and hiding a road's flagstones from under an Elector-Count's nose). The list goes on, frankly. And now you're one of the worst examples of it, being such a greedy and weasely little shite that you'd sheer a neighbor's sheep, rip the shingles off his roof, scam him out of his last penny, and walk away with a chortle and dreams of fleecing some other unfortunate sod. I shouldn't have to point out how this can EASILY come back to bite you in the arse.

[Always Hungry - +200]: Well, this is refreshingly simple. Halflings have massive appetites, and prepare enough food for that monstrous metabolism. But now for you, you will never be able to eat enough to sate your stomach. You will receive all the nutrition that you would normally, but your stomach will always be gnawing for more, giving you a constant source of legitimate hunger pains. For all intents and purposes, it's as if you suffer the pains of near-constant starvation, even if it were not physically possible for you in the first place.

[Kitchen Nightmares - +200]: Halflings pride themselves on food. Food is good, and good food is even better. So why is it that everywhere you go, every culinary utensil you touch, or any dining hall you so much as sit down at suddenly seems to produce nothing but the worst-tasting trash you've ever had the displeasure of witnessing, even if it looks appetizing and delicious? This issue isn't unique to you, either - anyone who eats at the same establishment as you, or the same mess hall, or even at the same campsite? Is going to suffer from the taste of offal and carrion, even if their meal is a nice fruit salad or sweet pie. Your presence makes the taste of food turn for the worst.

And don't think you're spared if you happen to be a **Cook,** or have a degree of cooking skill from before your visit here. You could prepare meals worthy of an Emperor, and it would still taste like it was slopped out of the sewers of Nuln.

[Who Wrote This Menu - +200]: Though the ogres and halflings are famed for getting along well with one another (shared appetites and affinity for the cookpot), it doesn't always end amicably when they meet. Several clans of the Ogres keep slaved halflings to work their cookpots and cooking holes working, and apparently a Mootlander's flesh is "quite tasty wif a side of potatoes." Oh, right. You can forget your original Location choice.

You're now shackled and locked into a slave pen / larder, in an ogre encampment somewhere betwixt the World's Edge Mountains and the Mountains of Mourn. There are others of your kind here, although you're going to be worried about your safety first and foremost. See, a banquet's being planned in seven days. Several of the main courses are 'Ind-style Halfin' Masala' and 'Halfie a la Mode.' Doesn't take a genius to see you need to get going while the going's good.

Should your profession be Cook, however, you've got another problem. See, you also have a week before some unfortunate business is going down. A Butcher of the Ogre Kingdoms is under the delusion that he can absorb your mastery of the culinary arts... By literally eating you with a side of whatever he can get his hands on and sacrificing the leftovers to "The Great Maw." You are locked in his pantry while the gargantuan oaf sets to his ritual work. You need to go. Go. Right now. And hope he can't track you down.

[Leitdorf Comes A-Lynching - +300]: Oh you've absolutely fucking done it now. Marius Leitdorf, The Mad Count of Averland, has reignited his insane hatred for the stunted Halfling race all over again, and somehow it's all your blasted fault. To make matters worse, the nation of Averland is mobilizing to begin a purge of your kind from the Empire of Man, starting at a political level and gradually turning into violent riots and ethnic cleansings.

All this will come to a head in five years, when Leitdorf himself mobilizes the armies of Averland - armed with the finest gunpowder weaponry and guided by the most masterful of wizards from the Colleges of Magic. They will begin by burning down The Moot, and then Leitdorf will turn them to another cause: Hunting you down. You have but one objective here: Survive.

To make matters slightly easier for you, a few words of advice and caution: Averlanders as a people are slightly off-putting and mental compared to other Tall Ones of the Empire, given to flights of fancy and severe belief in superstitions. As well, the current reigning Emperor, Karl Franz, would not have made it onto the throne without the vote of the Elder of the Moot. Petitioning him for aid in staving off the Mad Count is feasible.

[The Freedom Pie Riots - +300]: Oh, the Quinsberry Lodge. It tries so hard to do well by its people, and has done much good for the Empire as a whole. But with the fight for equal rights being as much of a slog as it is, sooner or later discontent with their progress was bound to begin. Alas, it is too late, for the Quinsberry Lodge has decided to take extreme measures.

It will start with simple food supply sabotage, followed by ploys to see halfling merchants bringing in foodstuffs and essentials as a swift savior. Then it will turn into the bombings and burnings of racist Empire offices and the houses of prejudiced nobility, for it turns out that potatoes can make very potent explosives. Followed shortly thereafter by all-out race riots and anarchy as both those for and against halfling equality take to the streets. In a world such as this, the weaknesses and cracks this forms in the Empire will give way for many of its enemies to begin taking horrifically effective action against humanity. There is nothing one can do to prevent the Freedom Pie Riots from commencing - but Sigmar help you when the forces of darkness deign to take advantage.

[Knee-High Necromancy - +300]: Ranald really is playing a cosmic joke upon us all, isn't he... A-anyways. Allow me to explain. From their position bordering the eastern reaches of The Moot, the necromancers and vampires of Von Carstein have been a constant threat to the halfling way of life. One would assume, in this instance, that the short folk would not be tempted by such dark temptations as necromancy and undeath due to their practical, idyllic, and simple desires for life? Well, we're both fucking wrong.

As is most of the Empire of Man, for indeed nobody else expected this kind of threat. A significant, more-than-should-be-feasible population of halflings have fallen to the sway of Nagash's old magic and bloodsucker-servitors. Halfling vampires of the Von Carstein bloodline now stalk the alleyways, basements, and attics of the Empire, while halfling covens of necromancers practice dark rituals in graveyards and ossuaries. The taint of black magic will seep into the land everywhere they practice, and many victims will be claimed by both fang and foul spell, and unfortunately only you and you alone will consider this pint-sized threat something worth taking seriously.

|The Roads|

And now, here we are.
Fairly exciting decade, eh?
But now it's time for a choice. You get one of three. Good luck either way.

"Welcome Home"
You opt to stay. A stable home, a stable life, a calm land.
For however much longer that will last.

"My Home Lies Back Where I Came"
Homesick? I understand.
You return to your original world, keeping everything you received up to this point.
Stay safe.

"My Home Is The Open Road"
Welp, that's that I guess. I should've figured you were an adventurous type.
Fare ye well and all that.

|Notes & Clarifications|

Tl;dr if I couldn't fit something up there, or a question was asked later, the answer goes here.

SOURCES USED:
-The Citadel Journal Issue 36
-Warhammer Fantasy RPG 2nd Edition
-Warhammer Fantasy RPG 4th Edition
-Warhammer Armies Project 8th Edition
-Regiments of Renown Supplement

Tribulations - Luccini
-Any of the Regiments of Renown / Dogs of War regiments you managed to convince to join your crew at the end also benefit from the Militia Builder's one-week-resurrection bit.

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