

Into The Warrens

A short fantasy adventure scenario written for Warhammer Fantasy Role-Play (WFRP)

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REQUIREMENTS/SUMMARY/OBJECTIVE

A character (PC or NPC) has died in the last few weeks under strange circumstances, killed by a ghoul or unknown creature of darkness, if possible. PCs must be willing to risk bodily harm and enter a ghoul warren in order to help the (un)dead character achieve final rest or be restored to life (optional) via the Wight/Ghoul Lord's ritual.

INTENT/FUNCTION

This is a fantasy scenario originally written for the Warhammer Fantasy Role Playing Game with some influence from H.P. Lovecraft and the Call of Cthulhu RPG, specifically his unusual depiction of ghouls as intelligent and normally non-threatening to the Living.

A "one-off" or "in-between" to allow a quick one-session scenario requiring little preparation or maintenance, which can be run as a component of or independently of any other ongoing campaigns, scenarios or plots. Its a pretty free-form scenario idea designed to be adapted and modified as needed by the GM

RECOMMENDED CHARACTER POTENCY

It could go badly for any players at any time, though it is intended for characters of low to medium adventuring experience and can be played successfully with very little risk of personal danger depending on the players' prudence.

SETTING/LOCATIONS

Small town with little/no authorities (ideally familiar or home to the PCs), Ghoul Woods, the Ghoul Lord's Warrens

NOTES

Italicized sections are intended to be either read aloud or given to players in some fashion.

SCENARIO START

1 - THE DREAMS

About a week has passed since the tragic passing of [Character Name: _____] and the town continues to go about its business and put the horrid event out of their minds, though for some, the dreams and visions have made it impossible, recurring infrequently but just as vivid and disturbing each time.

* Hand out or describe the following dreams as appropriate to the PCs or have appropriate NPCs describe them:

Dream 1 - Followers of generally neutral, good or lawful religions who don't specifically oppose undead more than any other monster or force receive Dream 1:

A dimly illuminated town under heavy cloudcover and a will-sapping cold downpour. A great plague has befallen the town and bodies litter the streets - some lie half-in and half-out of the doors to their homes, both hovels and extravagant cottages alike. A few people struggle to walk and climb into the plague-carts on their own power and cover themselves up, but there is no one around to wheel them off or bury them. None of the bodies lie still - all twitch or writhe or shift; on the brink of death but never quite finding it.

Dream 2 - Followers of a neutral, good or lawful religion specifically related to death (in other words, diametrically opposed to undead) receive Dream 2:

Its pitch black but your mind races frantically as you struggle to breathe and move in the claustrophobic space where you lie - only the sound of your own hands pounding and scratching against the rough flat wood mere inches from your face can be heard. You claw and push harder against your prison, your breathing more ragged, your mind more manic. Finally the wood splinters and gives way under your blood-soaked hands and cold, humid black earth spills in from above, piling onto your face and filling your mouth yet you continue to struggle blindly and upward through the mountain of earth - finally your hands break free of the soil into cold night air. You redouble your efforts and break free of the grave and into the frigid midnight air, driven by a hunger of a kind so foul and strong that you awake in an ice cold sweat to find you have knocked over, tossed aside or otherwise assailed everything within reach, leaving the area in total disarray from your unconscious, fevered flailing.

Dream 3 - Seers, fortune tellers and similarly gifted but less-religious people receive the waking momentary "flashes" or visions of Dream 3:

A clear view of a town silhouetted against the backdrop of a starless sky and an enormous, fungoid moon, painted and mottled the mud and olive colors of corruption and strife. An eclipse is starting, impenetrable blackness begins to consume the moon, though as it continues it looks more like the black sky itself is dissolving the moon. Figures appear in the town in the faint light, walking unsteadily to and fro as though drunk or blind, stumbling as though their limbs only function intermittently. A beacon of candlelight flares in one large town building's expensive window - the people seem drawn to the light and huddle around the door, pounding against it when they are unable to easily gain entrance. They pound for a dozen minutes, their irritation and insistence growing until finally from your soundless vantage, you can see the throng pour into the building, and seconds later, the candlelight gutters spastically then dies, as the moon above the town is entirely eclipsed by the darkness - your vision fails you entirely and total blackness prevails and though you cannot hear any sound, you have the dread certainty that someone is screaming in their own darkness.

2 - THE RESTLESS

Around midnight, while most townsfolk are long sound asleep, [PC/PC-Related NPC Near Graveyard: _____] is unable to sleep, having a great amount of nervous energy and restlessness, and steps outside for air. The stars twinkle above in the night sky as clouds drift idly by, noting an overcast but likely calm day. About to return to bed, [Same Char: _____] happens to look toward the graveyard and notices someone walking there, apparently a drunk judging by his inconsistent gait.

* One or more PCs will need to decide to investigate the "drunk".

The figure, still obscured by the cloudy night sky and a very closed posture, stumbles around erratically, mostly hunched over, picking its way through the graves, becoming easily confused and retracing its steps as though lacking memory. It occasionally clutches its stomach in pain, and emits low guttural grunts, though its actions seem to indicate a vital need for nourishment more than pain from a wound. The person seems oblivious to your presence.

* At this point, the PCs probably suspect an undead. If they don't, give a roll based on their best Perception based stat or skill to notice that the figure has no obvious bottle and none can be easily seen on the ground. The figures will have to fully approach or come into contact with the "drunk", causing it to finally become aware of them and also be fully visible to the PCs.

The figure jerks its head up violently at an odd angle, eyes gazing unfocusedly at you. You see now black dirt and bits of vegetation fall from the creature as it moves and begins to approach you, making a low gurgling moan, more earth falling from its mouth as it does so.

* This is the perfect spot for some sort of Fear or Sanity or Cool test, just from the situation itself, but also after or during this test, if the PCs would know this person, have them also make a Perception test of some kind (to recognize it is someone they know to be dead). Successfully realizing it's someone known to them, or worse, someone very close to them could yield up to 3 Insanity Points.

The pathetic creature moans and doubles over again clutching its stomach. It falls to its knees and grabs a handful of leaves, weeds and twigs and shoves them into its mouth, chewing them voraciously before spitting them out in disgust and moaning even louder in frustration and looking vaguely toward you with a rigid, filthy outstretched hand caked in dried blood as it inches forward on its knees.

* The PCs have a variety of options at this point, from subduing to killing the creature, all of which will succeed due to the creature's confusion and paralyzing hunger and lack of proper motor control. The entire scenario is most likely effectively nullified if they PCs decide to kill the creature, though it is possible that it could be continued by using the Seer to guide the PCs to talk to the Ghoul Lord to perform the ritual as per the original purpose, otherwise the creature will rise again in a few days. Burning or destroying the body at any time will condemn the character to a tortured afterlife but will effectively end the adventure, unless you want to turn the bodiless creature into an ethereal vengeful undead such as a Wight. The rest of this scenario proceeds on the assumption the PCs basically subdued and probably imprisoned the ghoul character while they decide what to do.

3 - THE MYSTERIOUS SAGE

* It is unlikely any of the PCs are of the type of Seer or Sage needed for the following section, so it is best that the Sage is an NPC sensitive to the invisible workings of the universe and also versed in some of the more ancient legends, myths and stories. For the purpose of simplicity, we'll assume there is a very spiritual sage named Aleena living in the town, old and wizened (or young but with an unsettling piercing gaze and manner of speech far beyond her years if you like). She will approach one or more PCs directly with a bearing so matter of fact and concrete that even guards and functionaries are unable to actively block or deny her access to the PC, being convinced her errand is vitally important on a scale they can't imagine. For the generic purposes of simplicity, we presume to present the Sage as an older woman of Slavic descent with a Gypsy or Romanian accent.

A [young/old] woman of the town, known for her vast knowledge of lore and legends, as well as her occasional visions, approaches you gravely, her countenance serious and urgent. "I must speak vit dee" she says in a thick ethnic accent. "It is of a vision I haf had about the unholy condition of [Undead Character]."

* The PCs should be immediately interested, presuming they didn't tell anyone about what happened with the ghoul, unless the town is aware that a ghoul is being kept penned up somewhere in their midst (which should cause plenty of public outcry and fear). Ad-lib and modify the below expounding to portray the information appropriately for your PC's situation.

4 - WIDE WORLD OF GHOULS

"In my vision... I vas tolt... vas shown... vhat happened... this poor person's very soul ist in the vorst of all dangers... da horrible det suffered has caused his very soul to stray from da natural progression of life and det... he is unable to lie peacefully at rest and unable to rejoin us on dis side... he vanders blindly on a narrow bridge between the livink and da det... his vounds fester unnaturally and his abominable hunger drives him beyond reason... he must feed on da flesh of the det to stop da terrible pain... right now he is confuste but within the next day, by midnight, he vill complete his transition to one of the creatures of da night, he vill become one of da Ghal'ah... an eater of da det..."

* Presuming a PC interrogation of the woman, she reveals she knows many old tales and shares what she knows about the situation. Each item below should be revealed in 1D6x5 minutes.

* Ghouls are carrion-feeders, normally content to feast on the dead flesh of the races of Man (though they temporarily or supplementally feast on large animal carrion if corpses are unavailable) and leave the living unaccosted, as individually, ghouls are normally cowardly and only in large numbers do they show aggressiveness. Attacks on the living are surprisingly rare enough to at least partially lend some credence to this idea of "kinder, gentler ghoul".

* Ghouls are a special variation of Undead, some of whom actually join their ranks while alive, and only through their abhorrent diet do they gain unnaturally long life and deformed bodies with poisonous saliva and talons. Although the majority of Ghouls are near-mindless, either from the shock of becoming a ghoul, or from the eventually nearly imperceptible decomposition of their brain, some maintain their mental faculties and even retain their ability to speak, read and perform other academic and intellectual functions.

* The nearby Ghoul Woods contain the Warrens, the labyrinthine underground lair of the Wight, or Ghoul Lord, who is basically the oldest, most powerful ghoul in this area and possibly anywhere. Many tales are told of travellers who stumbled into the Warrens and barely escaped with their lives, and who usually lost friends and family while attempting to. Most commonly the stories are told of adventurous souls choosing to explore the Warrens and were presumed lost in the deep anysses of the incredibly complex endless maze of twisting tunnels and catacombs created by hand by the ghouls over centuries. Some scholars have estimated that the Empire itself as well as numerous other countries and provinces may sit upon countless Warrens, possibly even one unimaginably enormous overall Warren, with mere portions of it below any one kingdom.

* The Ghoul Lord is said in the legends to be one of the races of Man who voluntarily became a ghoul in order to pursue his love of reading and science undisturbed by the pettiness of daily life and concerns; tales are plentiful of the Wight meeting travellers in the Ghoul Woods in ancient times and posing them complex questions, freeing the ones who were able to answer and eating the ones who could not.

* Ghouls detest most good, lawful or nature religions, their gods and their followers in general, due to their pettiness and tendency to lead crusades against undead, and also against most evil and chaotic cults because of their history of ruthless destruction and enslavement of ghouls to be used as part of their armies or tortured or experimented on.

* Ghouls have poor "normal" and daytime vision due to their subterranean habitat, but can see in almost total darkness with the keen vision of a predator, and are in fact, highly sensitive to man-made light and the light from the Sun, which enrages, confuses and blinds them painfully, and in some stories, kills them, therefore no light sources are permitted within the Warrens.

* Aleena knows one more piece of information about Ghouls but is very tired and asks to meet the PC's in a few hours, to discuss the actual reason she approached them in the first place - she believes she has knowledge of how to help the undead character.

5 - AND NOW FOR THE BAD NEWS

* Aleena will meet the PCs anywhere they'd like, one of their rooms or houses or the inn or even her own modest hovel. She will skip the small talk and launch into her story with no preamble.

A rarely-discussed and nearly undocumented portion of Ghoul Lore involves something called the Ritual of Return, a black and blasphemous rite whose details were said to have been possessed by the Ghoul Lord at some time in the ancient past. The Ritual is performed by the Ghoul Lord to waive possession and "return" the soul of a subject to the realm of the living, effectively reversing the transformation into a Ghoul and allowing the subject to find death as they were supposed to. The few existing stories all indicate it was used to simply allow a person to find rest and allow their soul to finalize its journey, though a few delvers considered the possibility that the Ritual could also be used to actually bring one back from the dead entirely, resurrecting him. Regardless, the price asked by the Ghoul Lord in the few stories, due to the ire invoked by meddling in the affairs of Law, Death, Life and Nature, has always been unthinkably high; unborn children, free access to a noble family's crypt and the corpses within it, exchanging the supplicant's own place among the living with the subject's place among the undying - many of the people who ventured to see the Ghoul Lord found the price too high and regretfully left their friend or loved one to his lot as a ghoul. Arguably the worst part of the Ritual is the fact that the near-ghoul must be brought to the Warrens for the Ritual if they are not there already - this must be done by the seeker at the time of his meeting, since the Offering of Parlay (see below) is accepted and honored only once per generation of Man (roughly 50 years), so one cannot meet the Ghoul Lord, then leave and bring the undead subject back for the Ritual.

* Presuming the PCs agree to consider the idea, Aleena will further reveal the Offering of Parlay, a fresh sacrifice of at least a portion of a recently dead person, placed at one of the entrances to the Warrens. The seeker marks the offering with a simple ancient symbol of Man and waits for a ghoul to appear from the Warren and accept the sacrifice and lead the seeker, under the temporary protection of "Parlay" or "Truce During Negotiation" into the Warrens to meet the Ghoul Lord, who prohibits any harm to come to the seeker unless that person does harm to the Ghouls first, in which case he will be fallen upon by the entirety of the Warrens.

* Once Aleena has given her information, she will most likely fade back into the background, or even disappear entirely, her mission accomplished, though she may be kept around if necessary to help provide additional information and nudge players in a certain direction, in this or future scenarios.

6 - THE FIRST STEP IS EASY

* If the PCs go for it, it won't be much hassle to get the undead character into some sort of travelling shape, as he will mainly moan, thrash a bit and clutch his stomach, though it will prove much easier if a coach or wagon is taken, as the horses have an instinctive aversion to the unnatural and will be extremely hard to keep calm if in direct contact with undead.

* After about an hour of entering the Ghoul Woods and a successful Follow Trail test (The closest Warren entrance in the Ghoul Woods is about an hour in), a weathered trail of constantly dead-vegetation leads nearly two miles into the Woods (allowing wagon travel) and ends in a larger clearing, unnaturally free of vegetation or any other living things, where huge scraggly dark trees ring the area and form a canopy of near-darkness.

* Follow Trail or other perception based tests can be performed, allowing the finding of clawed and distorted versions of man-like footprints, some fresh, some old, leading off in all directions from the clearing. An additional successful Follow Trail or similar test is required to trace a fresh set of prints to a nearby Warren entrance, about a quarter of a mile further north into the Woods - neither the Wagon nor even a horse can go further into the Woods because of the thick and closely-spaced trees and masses of low-hanging branches - the remaining distance will have to be travelled on foot.

* Before proceeding to the next portion, you should decide where to throw in the obligatory "Encounter", or irrelevant "wandering monster" fight for players fidgeting in their seat, looking for snacks, watching TV or stacking dice and sighing boredly. Either on their way TO the Warrens or on their way BACK to the town after their meeting with the Ghoul Lord, the PC's should encounter a moderately challenging group of enemies, probably well-armed bandits or Chaos cultists or Orcs/goblins, or even a few Fenworms or other appropriate marshy/darkwoods type monster. The fight could be a pretty serious one, with the enemy inflicting some serious damage (possibly even killing someone, depending on your taste and the dice rolls), but the PCs should ultimately prevail, otherwise how will they get to see out the rest of the scenario? If you can somehow fit the attack into a larger part of your existing plot or campaign, so much the better!

7 - ARE WE THERE YET?

A set of fresh clawed footprints lead to a tremendously overgrown gnoll, covered with thick moss, brambles and ivy and roots. An almost invisible orifice, big enough for a Man, can be seen, hidden by underbrush, vines and sprawling, tangled roots. Clearly, this is one of the many entrances into the Warrens, as a few large bones, picked clean, lie on the ground here.

* Here the PCs need to leave the Offering of Parlay, any suitable body part from a more-or-less recent corpse of one of the races of Man (Elves, Dwarves, Humans, etc). After 1D6 hours, during which time the PCs must simply wait, the Offering is accepted.

A gnarled, leathery and taloned hand reaches out of the darkness and gingerly touches the Offering, then retreats back into the hole. A few moments later, both hands shoot out without warning and grab the Offering, and sounds of chewing echo wetly in the darkness. A head, at one time humanoid but now misshapen and vaguely canine, finally emerges slowly and cautiously from the hole and looks up, its red eyes disturbingly reflecting what little light there is filtering into the area. Also reflective are the thing's inordinately long, sabrous teeth as light glints across the dark liquid coating them. The thing bares its teeth even more, though it appears to be more a grin than a threatening gesture. Finally, it speaks in a halting, gravelly hissing whisper. "The Offering of... Parlay. Rare... you seek Audience with the Wight. Parlay is in effect. No harm befalls you as you bring no harm... us." He beckons with his overlong, sinewy arm and clawed hand. "May enter the Warrens now... no light, NO! No light you bring or... no Parlay. Enter with no light and wait then... speak ... meet the Lord."

* This is non-negotiable. Any unwise move here, including refusing to douse any light, will at best, end the scenario, as light is not permitted under any circumstance, and at worst, especially if the PCs act violently, cause the other 2D6 nearby Ghouls in the Warrens to pour out of the entrance and attack, followed every few minutes by an additional 2D6, until all the PCs are dead or run from the Ghoul Woods.

As you enter the Warrens, the ghoul will actually help you down easily, his discomforting amount of pure strength belied by his small and lanky physique. Once everyone is inside the entrance, your eyes begin to adjust to the darkness. A very faint but noticeable amount of light permeates the Warrens; close inspection reveal masses of tiny strange phosphorescent blue moss all over the walls, ceiling and floor of the Warrens, lichens of some sort. Its barely enough light to see by but it IS light... light which also happens to now reveal the alarming number of silhouettes in the vicinity, over a dozen, simply standing there or leaning against the walls, and more indistinct figures vaguely visible in the distance of the Warrens. Oddly though, even with all the creatures present, your own breathing and activities are really the only things audible.

The ghoul from the entrance will grin at you in the near darkness again, waving the remains of the Offering around nonchalantly, chewing on it occasionally. "Knucklebiter..." he hisses casually, raising his scaled eyebrows in an approximation of greeting, apparently introducing himself. "You follow... Warrens are big, big beyond thinking. You lost, you gone, no more. Follow." He says simply and turns and begins leading you down the tunnels, past countless other ghouls, watching you with interest. You count at least a dozen turns, side-passages, double-backs and cul-de-sacs within ten minutes. Soon its nearly impossible to tell how many turns you've made, how far you've actually travelled from the entrance or even how long you've been here - each corridor and tunnel looks just like the last one, but Knucklebiter continues leading confidently, occasionally whispering and hissing something unintelligible and chuckling a grating laugh - if you didn't know better, you would swear he was telling you Ghoul jokes.

* roll 1D3 for number of hours spent navigating the Warrens

8 - WOW, ITS REALLY DARK IN HERE

Knucklebiter leads you out of one particularly claustrophobic tunnel into a cavernous but almost entirely pitch black chamber, and stops, tapping your arm solidly with the back of his hand. "This ... it. We here." He turns in the darkness and addresses a far wall. "Lord... Offering of Parlay given, accepted. Seeking you, rare, rare, much interest and talk in the Warrens. Speak!" the last is directed back at you as you hear the somewhat personable ghoul disappear off into some other tunnel. A dark figure is vaguely visible in the direction Knucklebiter addressed, though even with nightvision, the lack of light in here makes it impossible to gauge its size or definite shape, though it appears to be much larger than a normal man, but perhaps that is simply the inky blackness darkness interfering with your perception. You also see large man-made objects such as tables, wagon wheels and multiple stacks of books, to name the most obvious.

A ragged and raspy but extremely clear and strong voice, like the grating of mausoleum stone on stone in a crypt, emanates from the darkness about three meters ahead of you, a strange cold breeze wafts throughout the chamber.

"The Offering... I was certain that all who knew of it were long dead. The Living venture into the Warrens of the Ghoul... for a most burdensome purpose, for those of the Warm Flesh do not submit themselves to the Darkness but for the gravest concerns. What question or news do you bring me?"

* This is basically the near-end and ad-lib portion of the scenario, depending on what the situation is and if there are other issues besides the undead character involved.

* It would be good to personalize the scenario a bit, with the Ghoul Lord addressing specific characters briefly, perhaps even coldly semi-taunting, such as "Impressive that a Hand of Morr (a priest of the god of Death, which hates undead) can hold his hatred for us" and "Keep your calm and stay your weapon, Herald of Sigmar" (or any other Good/Law/Nature/Life god).

* The Ghoul Lord is reasonable but an unmoved negotiator, willing to compromise or make deals but only of what he feels to be of a benefit to himself and the Ghouls or extremely equal to both sides. He has no need of and dismisses any "good faith" conditions and cannot be swayed, threatened or outmaneuvered into anything of a remotely disadvantageous situation or agreement. He has no pity, compassion or goodwill except to his Ghouls, and is uninterested in "proving" anything to anyone but will deal in concrete facts and conditions - since Ghouls really have very little need or care for anything the Living have, anything, small or large, asked by the Living will be countered with something beneficial to the Ghouls, which encompass only a few things but all of which will be a tremendous sacrifice to the Living, such as access to or offerings from the graveyards, etc - terms which would never be normally agreed to under any circumstances by the sane townsfolk who have buried friends and family. Failure to comply with the agreements made will doom the PCs, townsfolk and immediate area as thousands of Ghouls will pour out of the Warrens within a week - an actual full army of Ghoul lead by the Ghoul Lord.

* Although he would accept offers of live sacrifices of Man as a very strong negotiating chip which would cause him to agree to some pretty demanding agreements, the Ghoul Lord will at no time ask for such, proving the "unborn child" story to be embellishment, and is intelligent enough to not expect the Living to make such an offer.

* Anything already done by the PCs which have helped benefit the Ghouls can be used as a bargaining chip (such as eliminating a nearby enclave of Chaos cultists who corrupt and drive off the Living (even animals), depriving the Ghouls of potential food), and while he will agree to some "contractual" negotiations such as "We will bring you a body every day" or something like that, he will give very little from his position in exchange, as the Living can simply refuse to honor their part, and although his Ghouls *could* overrun and eat everyone if they attacked en masse, that would be more trouble than its worth unless the agreement or concession made to the Living was important enough to warrant it - most likely the Ghoul Lord would simply take a handful of people now and then intentionally to show the cost of breaking your word.

* The Ghoul Lord himself wants access to, in some fashion (either voluntarily offered or via permission from townsfolk), corpses of the Living, since that is the sole diet of the Ghoul - large animal corpses will be accepted but not count for much. He also wants the Woods and Warrens to be left alone by the Living (including Chaos) so they are safe for the Ghouls to venture aboveground without fear of being captured and destroyed. Basically, the reason the ghouls attacked recently was because a nearby Chaos cult had corrupted or driven off all nearby Living, travellers, local forest-dwellers, even the animals, and the Ghouls had begun to starve and so began attacking the Living, an act which they usually avoid because of the danger of reciprocation by angered and horrified Living. A carryover from his former place among the Living, the Ghoul Lord is also interested in obtaining new books, trinkets, and other things related to modern science, technology, literature and the like, though what he would trade or agree to would depend on what was offered - tomes of magick, while interesting, are useless to the Ghoul Lord because the workings of magick involves the mixing of the caster's essence and soul with his spells and ghouls essence no longer exists in the same fashion as Living essence.

9 - THE RITUAL OF RETURN

* The Ritual of Return will take 2D6 hours to perform and requires only the Ghoul Lord, the subject, and a number of items related to the subject and also the races of Man, mostly items or symbols held sacred to the powers of Law, Life, Death and Nature, as the Ritual involves a blasphemous corruption of a ritual of each and the Ghoul Lord gnawing his own hand open and dripping his blood into the mouth and onto any wounds of the subject and finally breathing the breath of undeath from the subject's body, whereby the subject is usually freed of the curse of the ghoul, and dies peacefully on the spot.

* Although the Ghoul Lord has the power to return the subject to full life with the Ritual, the potential consequences are so disastrous that he won't even admit to being able to do it unless an equitable counter-offer is made, which should be suitably grim and unthinkable that no player will agree to it - something far worse than exchanging the life of one person for another - something like not only steering clear of the Woods and the Warrens forever, but also offering five entire Living families or granting unrestricted access to the graveyard and all corpses forever, basically the town agreeing to keep burying bodies with the full knowledge that they will all be eaten by Ghouls.

10 - CLOSING NOTE

* This should go without saying, but attempting to attack anything while in the Warrens is pure suicide, no exceptions. The Ghoul Lord isn't even entirely physical and cannot be harmed (though he is momentarily blinded) by fire or non-magickal attacks, but attacks 3 times per turn with a WS of 80 and a damage of 2D6 per successful hit if the players happen to go that far wrong - further stats for ghouls are in the WFRP book if needed, though unless the PCs are right at the entrance when the fighting starts, just tell them in a quiet tone, "I'm sorry. You broke the Parlay while in the depths of the unsolvable Warrens, which houses thousands of ghouls - you're all very dead - and eaten." and stare at the table glumly and start putting your dice and papers up. Also, if you didn't give them their random encounter earlier, remember to throw it in now for the PCs, unless you feel like they can do without it.

* That's pretty much it. The outcome will depend on what bargain, if any, the Ghoul Lord and the PCs strike.