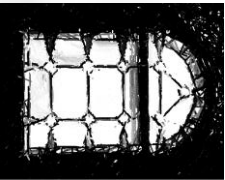


Zleda the Jaded

A Mordheim Dramatis Persona by Niels Christian Ganderup

The forces of chaos in Mordheim need reinforcements and here is a special someone for them – a chosen of the Shadowlord. Meet Griselda von Grünglüh who became Zleda the Jaded. This is her story.



Zleda peeks around the corner and sees her quarry walking straight toward her and her trap. Smiling gleefully, she steps out in the open. The warriors see her and pick up their pace toward her, the small seed pods in their path. The greenish specks are easily

mistaken for minute fragments of wyrdstone, but the warriors only have eyes on her. Only too late do they realise their folly. A split second before the leading warrior steps over the pod, it bulges, expanding instantaneously into a red-and-green oversized seed pod lifting the warrior off the ground before exploding and sending him flying high, disappearing from sight. The remaining warriors freeze, dumbfounded by what they just witnessed.

“Welcome to my garden!” Zleda yells and charges, her trusted felling axe in hand. Moments later she engages the leader of the pack, closing the distance with incredible speed, thanking the Shadowlord for her cloven feet.

Zleda’s foppishly dressed adversaries barely manage to ready weapons before she is upon them, her felling axe chopping flesh like her father chopping trees. But her second swing is disastrous, and it slips her grasp, landing behind her opponent. As a veteran warrior she immediately readies her Kislev chain saw and gleefully observes her adversary’s face paling. “If I can’t chop ya, I’ll saw ya” she declares with an eerie voice from behind a red, wooden mask. Seconds later the remaining male dress dolls engage her. Chain saw spinning in circles, screeching like a six-legged cat from hell being pulled by its tail, she smiles, “Are you ready to dance?” Dodging a flurry of attacks from her foes she lands a perfect troika of strikes. The first ensnares the leader’s torso, her follow-up move cuts his arm badly, and his attempt to avoid the grinding saw exposes him, and all Zleda must do is pull hard, and she feels the saw grind through his spine as he drops like a rag doll blood splattering everywhere. “Thank you, my Lord!” she shouts in exaltation while turning to meet her next foe. The two remaining pin-up laddies hesitate for a moment looking like they are going to break from combat, just as Zleda hears their comrades are closing in. “Time to hoof it” she mumbles, sprinting away from combat and scaling the wall of a two-story building around the corner, leaving the two youngsters baffled, but alive.



Reminiscing her upbringing, mostly spent in the Forest of Shadows north of the upper Talabec River with her father Vasilij, a Kislevite lumberjack, scaling trees taller than cathedrals, bringing them down to be transported and sold in Bechafen – an expert lumberjackie she was. Her mother, often awaiting them at the docks when the large log-floats arrive after spending weeks in the forest. She was someone different then, she was Griselda von Grünglüh. A talented lass catching the attention of jade wizards at a very young age on accounts of her connectedness with the forest and inherent witchsight, allowing her to see the ebb and flow of Ghyran so clearly rarely seen. She was summoned to meetings of the Jade Order and participated in tests and trials, but she never really felt she belonged there with them. She had nightmares for years about a wooden mask she was forced to put on during her first visit. Her heart was green, as was her soul, but not the same green as the Jade Order. She was a different shade of green.



Thinking back of her last trial with the Jade Order she cannot help but to remember her father’s reaction. “I’m glad to have you back my girl. My own little Griselda, my Zleda,” His eyes lit up as he said those words. “Zleda, that’s how you pronounced your nickname the first time, and that became you. Now let’s go and chop some wood, my girl.” He hadn’t called her that since she was very young. That was the last time she went logging with her father. He died in the strangest accident which left Griselda convinced green wizards were behind, as revenge for her not wanting to join their ranks. She was never the same again. After years of trying to pretend she was alright, she left the broken home in Bechafen and travelled extensively, not knowing when or if she would return. That’s when she heard about the great omen. Something which would happen before long.

Rumours of calamity and end-of-times touches her like a calling, a summoning. Eventually she finds herself in the marvellous city Mordheim, the jewel of Ostermark. At least that is how many see the city. Not Griselda. She sees a city on the verge of disaster, a



calamity in the making, yet she knows this is where her calling is and decides to stay close to the city. Occasionally frequenting it during the day but staying on the outskirts during the night.



Observing the city from her camp overlooking the city, she is bewildered why so many would come to the city to celebrate the end of a year and the start of a new. Men and women from all over the realm flock to Mordheim chasing visions and omens. The comet on everyone's lips, and clearly visible in the sky for some time. She is not going into the city this evening. Enjoying the solitude outside the city she watches the glowing hive below. Suddenly daybreak begins, or so Griselda thinks. She must have fallen a sleep. Only then does she realise that it is not daybreak, it is the twin tailed comet illuminating the night sky and the land below; city and land illuminated as bright as day far as she can see.

The prophecies are true. Something magnificent will happen. Her heart and soul elated; she feels closer to her calling than ever before. Moments later the sky erupts in a flash brighter than the sun. She feels warmth. She feels safe.



Griselda awakens with a jolt. Looking around she doesn't recognise where she is, nor who she is with, for she is not alone. Her body aches, bandages all over, her feet bandaged so extensively she cannot walk. She has been hurt. Badly. Someone has tended her. She is in an encampment. Looking around with trepidation for her saviours she sees someone sitting next to a fire, or rather something, with horns, before slipping into unconsciousness once more.

Awakening again she remembers the last thing she saw. She raises her head looking in the direction of the fire. Three horned beasts gaze back at her. One of them gets up and walks out of sight. Moments later it walks toward her accompanied by a man, a human.

"I am leader, and magister, of this warband. We have been preparing for our Lord's arrival for some time now. His portents clear for us to see. He has arrived and you have received his blessing," the man says and nods towards her feet. "We, and many sympathetic to his cause have been gathering around the city of Mordheim for months preparing his arrival," gesturing around the encampment. Griselda counts a dozen individuals, staring at her. Some do not look like ordinary men. They are disfigured, immense in size. One

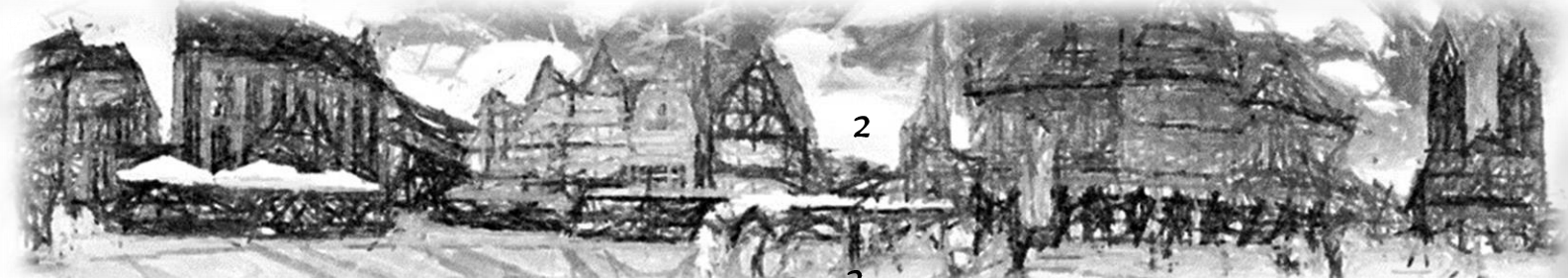
has an extra arm. They look corrupt, mutated. The remainder of the lot look like a crazed lynching mob. And then there are the beastmen, towering over all the others. Hulking brutes of immense power. Griselda has only heard about such beasts. "The Shadowlord watches over you. You witnessed and survived his coming and were blessed so you better can serve him, and he ensured we found you." He gestures around the crowd, and continues, "There are many like us who have long awaited his arrival. We have hidden in the shadows. Ever ready. Now we are ready to carry out his bidding, to be his vehicle of execution

in this realm, and he has elected you, his helper. You are his chosen. We would be honoured to count you among our ranks until He

calls you elsewhere."

Forgive my rudeness, "I am Albrecht Leiter. What is your name?" Sitting up, pain wrecking her body, Griselda pauses a long moment, takes a deep breath, and extends a bandaged hand to greet him. Speaking with a clear voice "I am Zleda. Zleda the Jaded. I have searched for long, not knowing what I was looking for. I know now. I have arrived," she said with tears of joy in her eyes, "it would be a privilege to join your band of warriors and serve our Master together."

Thus commenced Zleda.



Zleda the Faded

Zleda is a multifaceted being. Human in origin, drawn to chaos and blessed by the Shadowlord to whom she is uncompromising in her zeal. She seeks out the company of others who follow chaos and the Shadowlord. She is a tall, burly woman with long thick black hair. Her leather outfit, a legacy from her lumberjack days, suits her attitude which is staunch, independent and commanding. She is a versatile warrior who can hold her own in most combat engagements, moving around the battlefield with amazing speed, and through her special connection to Chaos and the Shadowlord she can set chaos traps on the battlefield to the detriment of her enemies. Although her allies should steer clear of them as well.

She continuously seeks the Shadowlord's blessing and does this best by fighting for his cause. Her payment is used for maintaining a shrine dedicated to the Shadowlord and his followers, devotees, and disciples. Its exact location known only by those she deems worthy but is rumoured to be in or near Mordheim. It is her ambition to gather sufficient resources to build a temple where followers of the Shadowlord and Chaos can congregate.

Hire Fee: 75 gold crowns to hire; +25 gold crowns upkeep

May be Hired: Cult of the Possessed, Carnival of Chaos, Beastmen Raiders.

Rating: Zleda increases the warband's rating by +75 points.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Zleda	5	4	3	3	4	2	4	3	8

Weapons/Armour: dagger, felling axe (treat as normal axe), Kislev chain saw, worn lumberjackie outfit consisting of thick leather trousers and matching leather shirt, this counts as hardened leathers but without the stench (Opulent Goods, Mordheim Annual 2002), patchy leather cloak, and wooden mask.

Skills: Leap, Acrobat, Scale Sheer Surfaces, Step Aside, Sprint, Mighty Blow.

Mutant: Zleda has been blessed with cloven feet by the Shadowlord himself.

New Weapons

Zleda brings with her a new armament to Mordheim's battlefield: the Kislev Chain Saw.

Kislev Chain Saw (35gc, Rare 11)

All who have witnessed a Kislev chain saw in combat fear it. Originally made for felling trees in the Forest of Shadows that were to massive ordinary saws could not be used. A chain saw can measure many yards in length and is operated by several men at each end. Of course, this tool of work was weaponised; shrunk to be used by one person. It consists of a dwarf-made gromril wire with handles at each end. The wire is filled with small, razor-sharp blades which interlock into a flexible yet extremely strong chain of small saws. Once mastered it is a deadly weapon which can cut an armoured knight in half.

Range: close combat; **Strength:** as user (special); **Special Rule:** Two-Handed, Chain-Saw-Dance

Two-handed: A model armed with a double-handed weapon may not use a shield, buckler, or additional weapon in close combat. If the model is equipped with a shield (which Zleda is not) it will still get a +1 bonus to its armour save against shooting.

Chain-Saw-Dance: If the saw finds its way into flesh it becomes very, very deadly. For each successful hit beyond the first against the same opponent, attacks gain +1S, e.g., if scoring 3 hits each hit will be at +2S when rolling to wound.

Special Rules

Immune to Psychology: when in Mordheim Zleda is not affected by psychology (such as fear) and she never leaves combat – she is The Shadowlord's chosen.

Chaos Traps: Zleda may place up to six counters representing traps. Place these traps on the board immediately after Zleda's model has been placed. They may be placed anywhere at ground level but must be placed with at least 6" between them. Any model (except Zleda) that moves within 3" of a trap must roll a D6 and consult the table found under Chaos Traps – The Seeds Chaos over the page. The trap counter is then removed. A single model can only set off one trap at a time. A model landing on a new trap because of a Kinetic Discharge will trigger the second trap.

Chaos Traps, Seeds of Chaos

Murmurs say the very first convert and celebrant of the Shadowlord's arrival in Mordheim received a special gift: lurking forth seeds of glorious chaos from the soil of Mordheim.

Seeds of chaos create a temporary conduit between the realm of chaos and Mordheim, unleashing the chaotic energy of the multiverse wreaking havoc. Their greenish glow is easily mistaken for tiny fragments of wyrdstone luring adventurers, travellers, and passers-by to investigate further thinking themselves fortunate, most only realise too late what they have stumbled upon.

D6	Result
1-3	Nothing happens
4	Kinetic Discharge
5	Protoplasmic Sphere
6	Temporal Fissure

Kinetic Discharge

In an instant a large red-green pod sprouts out of the soil of Mordheim and detonates sending the unfortunate sod closest to it flying high into the air disappearing behind a building.

The target is catapulted into the air by an exploding pod. The blast itself causes a S2 hit (normal saves). The now airborne warrior must make an Initiative test. If successful, the warrior lands on his feet at the determined location unharmed and ready (but a bit confused) ending his movement immediately. If the Initiative test fails, the warrior suffers a single S4 hit with no armour save. The direction of flight is determined by rolling a Scatter Dice. Results of "On Target" are ignored and the direction indicated by the arrow is used. The distance flown is 2d6".

Protoplasmic Sphere

A bulging blue-green seed pod emerges from the ground, expanding in size and engulfing the poor warrior standing close to it, before it starts rolling away with the warrior inside.

The sphere is 2" in diameter and moves at random with any trapped warrior(s) inside as described above under Kinetic Discharge. Walls, objects, obstacles etc. which are 2" or less in height do not affect its movement. Should the sphere move into a larger structure (e.g., the side of a building) it will bounce off the wall at the same angle as it hit (like a ball bouncing off a wall) and continue doing so until its entire move has been expended.

A trapped warrior can escape the sphere by succeeding an Initiative test at the start of his turn (i.e., before the Movement phase begins). If he succeeds, he is ejected 2D6" in a random direction (as above). If he hits a wall or other solid object, he suffers a S3 hit with no armour save.

If the sphere comes into contact with other warriors during its movement, they are absorbed into the sphere. Inside of the sphere space is warped and thus it can hold any number of warriors regardless of their size while retaining its outer diameter of 2". Warriors inside fight combat each round as normal. Due to the chaotic nature of the sphere all warriors inside are considered in base contact with each other. Attacks are made in order of Initiative. Spell casting and Shooting is impossible inside the sphere. If a warrior is taken out of action inside the sphere, he is removed from the game as per normal rules. No model is ever considered "All Alone" inside the sphere. If the sphere becomes empty, it disappears immediately.

If the sphere moves off the table, any warriors inside it are removed from the game immediately and re-join their warband after the battle. They do not roll for injuries.

Temporal Fissure

A large golden-green pod instantaneously sprouts from Mordheim's soil, and a fissure emerges, engulfing the warrior standing close by in crackling golden fireworks. The warrior is nowhere to be seen.

The affected model is trapped in a fissure where time has stopped and cannot take any actions, nor can actions be taken against it. A trapped warrior can escape the fissure as described under Protoplasmic Sphere. A warrior still trapped after the game ends is expelled without any harm and re-joins the warband.

Making Zleda



Chaos Traps - Seeds of chaos are natural seed pods collected outside and painted. Pretty straight forward. The necromancer is show for scale. A black undercoat followed by several dry brush steps. All done quick and dirty.



Zleda's core is an empire solder which was scraped/filed down to a basic human shape. Layers of greenstuff were added creating her form, hair, and clothes. The mask is shaped of blackstuff. The cloak is a standard cloak which has been reduced in size, cut up, sanded down and given a new surface and patches added with greenstuff. The patches have the same colours as her Chaos Traps when activated (red, blue, and gold). The axe handle had a mishap during painting. The hairdryer got too close,



and it started to warp. The axe head is wood. The chain saw is electric wire twisted tight and attached to some plastic bits filed into shape with holes drilled where the wire is glued. The belt over the shoulder for carrying the chain saw is a thin strip of real leather. I haven't painted a mini in 20 years, nor ever worked with this amount of greenstuff, so she was a challenge just to get started on, let alone finish.

A shout-out to fellow gamers Morten Juel Søndergaard Nytoft for feedback on the initial concept, and to Anders Nøhr for continued feedback, constructive criticism, and encouragement the entire way.