

# MORDHEIM

## Scourge of the Rat

*Campaign report and pictures*

By Ian Davies & the Portbury Knights

The second Saturday of June saw the Portbury Knights Wargaming Club's inaugural open Mordheim tournament, The Scourge Of The Rat.

Despite being the first such Mordheim event held at Portbury, the day featured players from a range of clubs, and attracted both the current and the previous GW Grand Tournament champions. Augmenting this curious array of specimens were GW's Che Webster & Rob Wyness who kindly travelled all the way from Lenton, partly to lend moral support to the players but mostly just to laugh at their mishaps.

The day began with a mollifying of the participants with coffee and an unfeasible number of doughnuts, although the less said about the unseemly feeding-frenzy that followed the better. Suitably fortified with three of the four essential food groups -

caffeine, sugar and fat (the fourth of these important food groups was missing only because Alan, the club president, felt that 10 a.m. was probably too early to open the bar) – the players were told of the reason for their warbands' descent into the city.

They learned that the Battlenomicon, the secret spell-book of the once mighty wizard Macros The Undefeated, had recently been unearthed in the City of the Damned. Our wise yet inexplicably absent Patrons commanded that we return this mighty tome forthwith. One assumes the overdue fee must be racking up.

Cautiously each warband crept upon the city, each trying to out-think the unseen adversaries doubtless skulking within the shadows. The streets of the city were still, as clever captains attempted to gain a strategic advantage through stealth, sneakiness and subterfuge. This lasted approximately three minutes whereupon the usual limb-removal related mosh ensued. Warbands clashed savagely with one another as they fought to secure a cache of hidden weapons, rumoured to be of great use later on in the quest.

Several more drubbing incidents followed, in which our hapless heroes attempted to track down further arcane items of greater or lesser use in the unfolding campaign.

Touchingly the local inhabitants did their best to make our warbands feel welcome. Several cuddly rat swarms were eager to make our acquaintance, but were quickly found to be indifferent to the offer of a doughnut. A large number of Skaven also came out to greet us, each bearing sharp & pointy gifts. They saluted us with a traditional Skaven welcome, screeching something like "Stabbem minndar rasss!" but don't quote me.

At one point a number of unfortunate warbands stumbled across a randomly cursing apparition - and no, that's not a ghost with Tourette's syndrome, that's a sort of spectre who'll turn your granny into an umbrella if it looks like rain. He wasn't interested in a doughnut either.

To add to the fun the warbands' Patrons lent a distant hand by sending help from afar. Some despatched unusual bodyguards, others shipped special weapons while my own Patron displayed her unique sense of humour by bestowing upon my Sisters of Sigmar warband a gleaming pile of unusable swords and longbows. Thanks a bunch!

Other more successful warbands were at first pleased to find a magical sword, only to be disappointed to discover that its magic was only effective against dragons, of which there were none around. They weren't to be disappointed for long.

The tale neared its climax as the now tooled-up warbands aimed to track down a dodderly old codger, believed to know the whereabouts of the Battlenomicon (you remember, the spell-book, the reason for being in the city). At the same time a crack team of Skaven Assassins were also intent on discerning the book's location, although their preferred technique seemed to involve reading the old boy's entrails. Cunningly, the wily old fellow attempted to outsmart his would-be killers by hobbling about in a random direction. Why is it always the dodderly old codgers who get entrusted with all the important gossip?





Anyway, assassins duly despatched, the mad old coot informed us that a mighty fire-breathing Dragon was guarding the Tome in a district over yonder. For this intelligence he was paid two doughnuts.

The final battle saw a rare spirit of co-operation break out, as warbands combined their forces to defeat the aforementioned guardian with his kebab-breath of doom. Normal service was quickly resumed though as the now lightly toasted warbands promptly disagreed over who should look after the, ahem, ever-so-slightly charred book. Rightful owners quickly established, although admittedly in a somewhat direct manner, the adventure concluded.

And that was that.

Players slumped back in their chairs and waited while the final points were totted-up. Faces were locked in thought, each contemplating the day's proceedings or perhaps just wondering when the bar was going to re-open. Then silence descended upon the hall as Alan climbed aboard the stage to announce the winners. You could cut the tension with a knife as a respectful hush enveloped the room, broken only by some speculative whispering and the occasional fart!

Ladies and gents, salute these winners as they parade past...

The award for most-sporting opponent went to Yeovilgames' Undead player, Rich Peall, in a hard-fought contest of camaraderie, goodwill and all-round loveliness.

The trophy for best-painted warband, as wisely judged by Che & Rob, went to Nik Harwood for his dark and dirty Marienbergers. Clearly blood-speckled grime is the new black in the fashion-houses of Marienberg this season.

And the big one. The trophy for overall winner of the tournament went to Mike Ayres, also commanding a Marienberger warband. Mike, rather unsportingly, played an absolute blinder to proudly finish a mighty 106 points ahead of his nearest rival. Well played Mike.

The winners received their trophies, which they duly followed with an inordinate amount of gurning at anything that looked remotely like a camera. Pints were bought, hands were shaken and backs were slapped. Snogging was kept to a strict minimum though, for reasons of hygiene.

And, in the first of what is sure to become an annual club event, a cracking time was had by all. So if you fancy spending a day meeting fellow Mordheimers from across the country before hacking them into pieces, keep your ear to the ground for news of next year's campaign.

Anyone want this doughnut?

*We are not worthy! From left: Nik Harwood (Best Painted Warband), Mike Ayres (Best General) & Rich Peall (Most Sporting Opponent)*



## FINAL RESULTS

1. Mike Ayres: Marienburgers: 452pts
2. Stephen Ley: Beastmen: 346pts
3. Ian Davies: Sisters of Sigmar: 340pts
4. Steve Johnson: Marienburgers: 310pts
5. Craig Smith: Dwarfs: 301pts
6. Dan Holland: Shadow Warriors: 287pts
7. Simon Atkinson: Dark Elves: 260pts
8. Ian Trinder: Undead: 259pts
9. Rich Peall: Undead: 259pts
10. Rob Souter: Shadow Warriors: 258pts
11. Cris Bartram: Witch Hunters: 253pts
12. Chris Lowe: Dwarfs: 233pts
13. Greg Flynn: Skaven: 230pts
14. Nik Harwood: Marienburgers: 169pts
15. David Blake: Orcs & Goblins: 147pts
16. Joanne Cole: Pirate Goblins: 129pts



To generate more Mordheim terrain the club held a scenery-making contest, which produced some stunning pieces





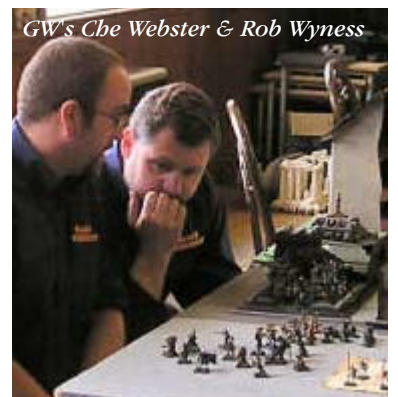
*Nik Harwood's splendid Marienbergers which deservedly won the Best Painted Warband trophy*



*The club operated a strict dress-code of black t-shirt only*



*GW's Che Webster & Rob Wyness*



*"I swear I saw it wiv me own eyes - a flying rowing-boat heading right past the mausoleum"*