There was a time when it seemed that the Empire itself was dying. Torn apart by a terrible civil war, the realm of Sigmar had fallen to anarchy and chaos. Come now to those dark and terrible days when the struggle for the throne of the Empire divided brother from brother.

Fires burn in the tomb-cold night, as bounty hunters and ruthless mercenaries search for the stones of power amidst the ruins of Nordheim. What is left of a once proud city is now blackened ruins, devastated by the hellstone from the sky.

So now it is the time of Chaos, of war, of slaughter and darkest deeds, when the courage of men has been subdued by the dark Daemons of greed and lust for earthly power.

Come with me, descend into the darkness.
The Life and Times of
Veli & Marquand

And Their Misadventures in
Nordheim: City of the Damned

As related by Messrs
Rennie & Thorpe

and depicted in lurid woodcuts
by those infamous artisans
Peacock, Perkins & Kopinski.
The Life and Times of

Ulli & Marquand

And Their Misadventures in Mordheim: City of the Damned

Writers Gordon Rennie & Gav Thorpe
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Printed in Great Britain.
TWENTY CENTURIES,
TWENTY CENTURIES SINCE SIGMAR HELDENHAMMER RULED THIS LAND.
NOW THE EMPIRE HE FOUNDED LIES IN RUINS, ITS CHILDREN AT WAR WITH EACH OTHER.
THREE EMPERORS FIGHTING OVER A VACANT AND WORTHLESS THRONE.
THE FAITHFUL LOOKED TO THE HEAVENS FOR GUIDANCE.
AND SO THEY GATHERED IN THE CITY OF MORDETHIN TO WITNESS A MOST BLESSED EVENT.

A DIVINE PORTENT BURNED IN THE NORTHERN SKIES, THE SAME HEAVENLY SIGN HAD PROSESSO THE BIRTH OF THE LORD SIGMAR TWO THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE.
THEY REJOICED, BELIEVING IN THEIR FOOLISHNESS THAT THE MOMENT OF SALVATION WAS AT HAND.

AYE, AND SIGN IT WAS, BUT NOT OF SALVATION - A SIGN OF JUDGEMENT, A SIGN OF REBUTTAL. THE WRATH OF SIGMAR DESCENDED ON MORDETHIN.
A shroud of darkness covered everything.
From the skies fell a burning rain of foul chaos stuff.

Dark and twisted things moved where no life should be.
Evil flocks to what was once Morpheim, seeking out the greater evil that now resides there.

Go north and find your fate in the ruins of Morpheim.
Fame and fortune, madness and death.
Go seek your destiny in the city of the damned.

Marcia Volker and Heli Leitfoid, their careers in banditry and brigandage recently ended after capture by bounty hunters.

You hear that, Marcia? Shrouds of darkness? Flocks of evil? Madness and death? Now there's a cheery thing to be hearing on the way to your own hanging.

Any other time, and dogs like all of you would be hung a dozen times over.

...but there's a civil war on, and his lordship the Count of Stirland is offering good money for anyone who can provide him with fresh recruits for his slave regiments.
SO CHEER UP! WHO KNOWS, IF ANY OF YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO WIN HIM THE THRONE, MAYBE HE'LL EVEN FREE YOU!

WHAT DO YOU THINK, MARQUARD?

I THINK I'VE STILL GOT THE CAT O' NINE TAIL SCARS FROM THE LAST TIME I SERVED IN THAT BUCHEERING MANIC STIRLING'S ARMY, AND I'VE NO WISH TO ADD TO MY COLLECTION.

I CHEATED, TUOMAS. I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT.

THEN LET'S DO IT.

HE' D HAVING YOU EXECUTED LIKE THE SCUM YOU ARE.

EH? WHAT ABOUT IT?

NO HARD FEELINGS, RIGHT?

PANICKED BY THE SIGHT OF THEIR BOUNTY PROFITS DISAPPEARING OVER THE EDGE, IT IS SEVERAL VITAL SECONDS BEFORE THE GUARDS REALISE WHAT IS HAPPENING --

EMPTY MANACLES! WHERE ARE THE TWO PRISONERS AT THE END?!
RIGHT HERE, DOG'S BREATH.

I TOLD YOU I COULD UNPICK THOSE MANACLE LOCKS IN TIME. ALL WE NEEDED WAS THE RIGHT DISTRACTION.

WHAT ABOUT WEAPONS?

SWORD'S MINE. HERE, YOU TAKE THIS.

FINE BY ME.

FOUR AGAINST TWO?

OUR KIND OFF ODDS.
A sad day, Ulii. When worthless scum like this can call themselves bounty hunters, no wonder the Empire's in the state it is.

Death or glory, in equal measures?

That's a full half-chance of it being glory. Our kind of odds.

I'm more concerned about our state of affairs. Even with all the Empire at war, there aren't many parts of it left where we don't have a price on our heads.

Where do we go from here?

Mordheim. Go north to Mordheim.

Death or glory await in equal measures in the city of the damned.

Then north it is.

Huh, huh, huh! Death for some and glory for others, yes...

But all will share equally in the same damnation.

The End
MORDHEIM - CITY OF THE DAMNED

Script - Gordon Rennie
Art - Karl Kopinski
Letters - Gordon Rabin

PIT FIGHT!

ORDEAL BY UNARMED COMBAT! ONE CHAMPION FROM EACH WARRANCY, ALL OF THEM FIGHTING FOR POSSESSION OF A SMALL PIECE OF WYRDSTONE.

THE RULES ARE SIMPLE: WHOEVER IS LEFT STANDING WITH THE WYRDSTONE IN HIS HAND WINS THE FIGHT AND THE RIGHT TO CLAIM THE DISPUTED TERRITORY!

MINE!

NO... MINE!

NO... MINE!

NO... MINE!

NO... MINE!

IT'S MINE.

S'WITCH!

NO, YOU'RE BOTH WRONG...
From all corners of the empire and beyond they come, the scum of the old world, seeking their fortunes in the city of the damned—

Ulli Leitpol, a Rhodenheim mercenary turned bandit and thief.

Gottlieb Zeller, a crazed flagellant for whom pain no longer has any meaning!

Man Draakho, the Praag strangler, who boasts that he once killed a troll with his bare hands!

Grugnar also-Doomladens, a trollslayer who has come to Nordsheim in search of his missing brother!
FINALLY, ONLY TWO OF THEM ARE LEFT.

BLINDSIDE HIM, ULLI! GO FOR HIS EYES AND THEN ROLL HIM HARD IN THE LOWER VAULTS!

FIFTY CROWNS, SAYS THE DWARF, WANTS HIS NECK BOLTED WITH A KNIFE AND THE BOY DOESN'T EVEN HAVE THE TIME TO SCREAM.

YIELD, MANLING! GIVE ME THE WIREDSTONE AND I'LL GIVE YOU A CLEAN DEATH INSTEAD OF LEAVING YOU A HELPLESS CRIPPLE!

WARM UP, CHOKER ON IT!

INTRODUCE IT INTO LIVING FLESH IN ITS UNREFINED FORM, THOUGH, AND THE RESULT CAN BE EquALLY SPECTACULAR!

SPLAT!

GOOD WORK, ULLI. I NEVER Doubted YOU COULD DO IT. AND NOW WE'VE GOT FIRST CLAIM ON A NEW WIREDSTONE SITE.

SAY, YOU COULDN'T LEND ME FIFTY CROWNS, COULD YOU? I NEED SOME CASH TO COVER A FEW DEBTS, AND--

WIRDSTOE, CONCENTRATED NUCLEAR STUFF IN ITS RAWEST FORM, REFINED, IT IS ALMOST PRICELESS, CAPABLE OF RAISING THE DEAD OR TURNING LEAD INTO GOLD.
MORDHEIM WHERE DEATH AND GLORY AWAITS IN EQUAL MEASURE, AND WHERE WARRIORS OF INTREPID WYRDSTONE HUNTERS SOON FIND EITHER ONE OR THE OTHER IN THE RUINS.

YOU WERE RIGHT, ULLI. HE IS STILL THERE, AFTER ALL. THAT'S TWENTY CROWNS I OWE YOU.

HAIRED RAT THINGS! THEY MUST BE SITTING ON A RICH WYRDSTONE LODE IF THEY'RE GOING TO THIS MUCH TROUBLE TO PROTECT IT.

R-R-RAT THINGS!

THERE'S ONE OF THEM OUT THERE SHOOTING AT US AND WHILE HE'S GOT US PINNED DOWN A COUPLE OF HIS LITTLE RATY FRIENDS ARE PROBABLY SNEAKING UP ON US FROM BEHIND!

THE SKAVEN.

YOU WON'T HAVE HEARD OF THEM, IF YOU MEET THE SKAVEN AND LIVE TO REMEMBER IT, THEN YOU'RE EITHER VERY SMART OR VERY LUCKY. AND YOU DON'T LOOK TO BE EITHER OF THOSE TWO THINGS TO ME!

WE RUSH HIM. HE'LL HAVE THREE TARGETS INSTEAD OF ONE, AND IF WE MOVE FAST ENOUGH AND KEEP DODGING HE MIGHT NOT GET ANY OF US!
Alright, everyone ready? We go on the count of three—

ONE—

TWO—

THREE

Blam!

Heh heh! Works every time, that old trick.

And now we go while he's reloading!

I'll deal with the vermin in the tower, you see to his friends!

Ulli knows it's going to be close, but as he races towards the skaven's position he hears it give a shrill shriek of warning—

Neeeee!

The response coming immediately from his two clan-kings hiding nearby, but the skaven aren't the only deadly vermin infesting the ruins of Mordheim—
There's also Marquard Volker, the Mariburg whearseat who took his first life before the age of ten!

Ulli sees the skaven weapon's muzzle pointing down towards him. He knows he isn't going to reach the tower in time...

But reaching the tower in time was never part of the plan!

"Naaaagh!"

As with the rest of Morheim's standing ruins, it doesn't take much to finish the job started by the impact of the comet called the hammer of Sigmar!

Kraash!

Nice work, Ulli. Too bad about our comrades, though.

Indeed. It'll be a long time before we find idiots as naïve and trusting as them again...

The End
Mordheim – City of the Damned

THE CITY OF MORDHEIM, WHERE DEATH OR GLORY AWAIT IN EQUAL MEASURES FOR THOSE BRAVE OR FOOLISH ENOUGH TO SEEK THEIR FORTUNES HERE --

-- AND WHERE SALVATION CAN COME IN ANY SHAPE AND FORM!

ULLI LEITPOLD AND MARQUAND VOLKER, JUST TWO OF THE CUTTHROATS AND MERCENARIES FLOCKING TO THE CITY OF THE DAMNED!

WYROSTONE! AND A GOOD-SIZED PIECE! WE'LL TAKE THIS TOO!

GET THE GIRL! I'LL DEAL WITH THESE SCUM!

KILL THEM! THEY HAVE STOLEN THE SHADOWLORD'S CHOSEN SACRIFICE!

THEIR LATEST JOB FOR HIRE – RESCUING A NOBLEMAN'S DAUGHTER FROM A COVEN OF CHAOS WORSHIPPERS!
SLOWED DOWN BY THEIR RESCUED PRISONER, THEIR ESCAPE SOON RUNS INTO PROBLEMS—

MARQUAND, MY FRIEND, HOW MUCH DID YOU SAY THAT NOBLEMAN PROMISED US FOR THE SAFE RETURN OF HIS DAUGHTER?

UH-HUH. AND HOW MUCH WOULD YOU SAY THAT WYRDSTONE NECKLACE IS WORTH?

TWO HUNDRED CROWNS, ULLI! WHY DO YOU ASK?

THREE HUNDRED CROWNS, EASY. AH, I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHAT YOU'RE GETTING AT...

LOSE THE GIRL, KEEP THE NECKLACE, RIGHT?

MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY, MY FRIEND.

THE CULTISTS BUSY WITH THEIR RECAPTURED SACRIFICE, THE TWO CUTTHROATS ESCAPE UNHARMED—

TOO BAD ABOUT THE REWARD MONEY, BUT WITH THE NECKLACE WE STILL COME OUT AHEAD ON THE DEAL.

NOT A BAD NIGHT'S WORK, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED...

THE END
Mordheim, City of the Damned, draws in adventurers like moths to a flame. Some seek wealth, some seek power.

And some, like dwarf Trollslayer Grung! Doomladen seek the biggest and most spectacular death in battle they can find.

It's been a busy day for the Trollsayer, ever since he was tipped off about the location of a particularly vile and hideous troll living in the ruins.

Entering the city at first light, he has slaughtered his way through the worst parts of Mordheim in search of the creature's lair.

See what happens when ye get between me and me quest for death!
Now at last his goal is near.

Now at last the prize he has fought so hard for is his.

Y-you...! You were the ones what told me about the troll...

That's right. And you were the one stupid enough to believe us!

There's no troll, but there's probably plenty of Wyrdstone. Without you, we'd never have been able to get to it past the warbands controlling this area of the ruins.

Death or glory. Plenty of the former, but very little of the latter here in the city of the damned.

The End.
MORDHEIM, CITY OF THE DAMNED,
WHERE MARQUAND AND ULLI HAVE MADE
THE MISTAKE OF BEING CAUGHT OUT IN
THE OPEN AFTER DARK WHILE WYRSTONE-
HUNTING IN THE WRONG PART OF TOWN!

NOT NOW, MARQUAND, CAN'T
YOU SEE I'M BUSY?

ULLI!
I COULD USE SOME HELP
HERE, ULLI!

THEY'RE IN, ULLI,
AND I CAN'T HOLD THEM
BACK. RANALD'S TEETH, DO
SOMETHING!

DON'T SHOUT, MARQUAND.
YOU'RE BREAKING MY
CONcentration.
NOW, ULL!!
SALUTIA’S MERCY,
DO IT NOW!

OH ALRIGHT,
THEN, IF YOU
INSIST.

WITH THE NECROMANCER'S
DEATH, THE DARK MAGIC
ANIMATING HIS MINIONS IS
IMMEDIATELY DISPelled!

ULLIS TARGET - THE NECROMANCER
CONTROLLING THE WARBand OF
UNDEAD.

THINK YOU
COULD HAVE
CUT THAT ANY
CLOSER?

I HAD TO WAIT
TO GET A CLEAR SHOT.
DIDN'T IT? BESIDES, NOW WE CAN
GO LOOK FOR THEIR LAIR AND
EVERYONE KNOWS NECROMANCERS
ALWAYS HAVE A GOOD HOARD
OF WYRDSTONE...

THE END
Mordheim - City of the Damned

MARQUAND & ULLI'S GUIDE TO VAMPIRE HUNTING

STEP 1: FIND THE VAMPIRE'S LAIR. NOT AS DIFFICULT AS IT SOUNDS. VAMPIRES HAVE HUMAN SERVANTS CALLED DREGS TO CARRY OUT THEIR BIDDING DURING DAYLIGHT HOURS, SO ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CAPTURE ONE OF THESE DREGS AND TORTURE HIM FOR THE INFORMATION.

STEP 2: ALWAYS MAKE SURE YOU DO YOUR VAMPIRE HUNTING DURING DAYLIGHT AND WELL BEFORE SUNSET. OBVIOUS, REALLY, BUT YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MANY IDIOTS, NERDLANDERS, WITCH HUNTERS AND THOSE LUNATIC BRETONNANS, MOSTLY - GET THIS WRONG.

STEP 3: THE HARD PART. REMEMBER, THE VAMPIRE MAY BE CONFINED TO HIS COFFIN DURING THE HOURS OF DAYLIGHT, BUT HIS HUMAN SERVANTS AND UNDEAD SERVANTS AREN'T.

HINT: TO MAKE THINGS EASIER, KILL THE VAMPIRE'S PET NECROMANCER AND DESTROY HIS MAGICAL CONTROL OVER ANY ZOMBIES PRESENT.

NOW, DREGS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE THRALL OF THEIR UNDEAD MASTERS IN PLACABLE WILL, BUT KILL ONE OF THEM OVER A HOT FIRE FOR A FEW HOURS AND IT'S AMAZING WHAT THEY'LL TELL YOU.
Finally, don’t forget that vampires don’t live all those centuries without realising the importance of a last line of defence.

And remember that fire is always an effective deterrent against the undead...
AND ONCE YOUR JOB'S OVER, GET OUT OF THERE QUICK WHILE THE GOINGS STILL GOOD AND THE SUN'S STILL HIGH IN THE SKY.

YOU'RE SURE THOSE CHAINS WILL HOLD?

THEY'LL HOLD TILL SUNSET, AND THAT'S ALL YOU AND ME NEED TO WORRY ABOUT.

BY THAT TIME, THAT COFFIN AND WHAT'S IN IT IS GOING TO BE SOMEONE ELSE'S PROBLEM!

NOW WE HOLE UP SOMEWHERE SAFE, BREAK OPEN A BOTTLE OF ALE AND WAIT FOR THE SUN TO GO DOWN AND THE SCREAMING TO START.

SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

AT LEAST NOW THE OTHER WARBANDS WILL THINK TWICE BEFORE ANY OF THEM TRY TO CLAIM WYRSTONE-HUNTING RIGHTS ON OUR TERRITORY AGAIN...

THE END
Gallowscum’s Refuse, just one of the many Wyrdstone Hunter Settlements surrounding the ruins of Mordheim, where a business deal is being negotiated.

An Assassin?
Well, if it’s any kind of cutthroat, backstabber or mother-killer you’re looking for, you’ve come to the right place, my friend.

Mordheim – City of the Damned
Script – Gordon Rennie
Art – Paul Peacock
Letters – Fiona Stephenson
Bodyguards

NO, YOU MISUNDERSTAND. I’m NOT looking for a hired killer. I’m looking for someone to protect me from one.

SO WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I can help you?

YOU’RE MARQUAND VOLKER, AREN’T YOU? THE SAME MARQUAND VOLKER WHO CUT THE HEART OUT OF THE DUKE OF SUDENLAND WHILE THE DUCHESS SLEPT ON IN BED BESIDE HER HUSBAND, THE SAME MARQUAND VOLKER WHO...

AND IF I WAS THIS DREAD ASSASSIN YOU’RE TALKING ABOUT – AND THAT’S NOT AN ADMISSION, BY THE WAY – DO YOU THINK I’D WANT ANYONE TALKING ABOUT IT?
AND SPEAKING OF MISTAKEN IDENTITIES, I'M SURE YOU'RE NOT THAT SAME MERCENARY PAYMASTER WHO DISAPPEARED ALONG WITH HIS COMPANY'S PAY CHEST A FEW MONTHS AGO.

YES, A COMPANY OF TILEAN PIKE-MEN, WASN'T IT? NASTY. THERE'S NO-ONE CAN HOLD A GRUDGE WORSE THAN A TILEAN WHO'S BEEN CHEATED OUT OF MONEY.

I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE - SOMEONE WHO KNOWS A THING OR TWO ABOUT ASSASSINS, MIND - TO PROTECT ME FROM THE RESULTS OF THIS TRAGIC CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

SO WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO AN OPENING RETAINER OF 200 CROWNS?

I'D SAY IT WAS A GOOD START.

THEN WE HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING...

SO THESE ASSASSINS THAT YOUR TIEAN FRIENDS SENT AFTER YOU - HOW CLOSE DO YOU THINK THEY ARE TO FINDING YOU!

'NOT TOO FAR AT ALL!

NOT TOO FAR, I FEAR...
WELL, YOU'RE THE EXPERT. YOU RECOGNISE THESE SCUM?

TILEAN DUELLISTS. TOP-OF-THE-RANGE HIRED KILLERS.

VERY FLASHY, VERY EXPENSIVE, AND EVEN FOR TILEANS, THEY'VE GOT A REPUTATION FOR FIGHTING DIRTY.

BUT THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BECAUSE SO DO WE!

SO WHAT DOES ALL YOUR SUPPOSED ASSASSIN EXPERIENCE SAY WE SHOULD DO NOW?

OF COURSE, THIS MEANS WE'LL BE NEEDING A FURTHER ADVANCE ON THAT RETAINER.

FAR FROM IT. FIND A SAFE PLACE TO HIDE THE MARK AND THEN MAKE A STAND THERE!

ANYTHING, ANYTHING! JUST DON'T LET THEM KILL ME!
OVER THERE! THAT PRAY, HUH?--!

BUT... 
BUT--!

RIGHT, LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.

YES, I KNOW. SMELLS SO BAD, EVEN THE TROLLSLAVERS WOULDN'T USE IT. STILL, A MAN WITH A PRICE ON HIS HEAD CAN'T AFFORD TO BE TOO CHOOSY.

YOU GO, THEN!

WHAT'S THIS TLEAN CLOAK AND DAGGER FIGHTING?

INTERESTING TECHNIQUE, BUT HERE'S HOW WE DO THINGS UP HERE IN THE EMPIRE!
They're fleeing, but why?!

Tleans, no stomach for a stand-up fight.

No, no... please... nAAAAAAGHHHH!

Marquand, my friend, a sudden unwelcome thought has just occurred to me.

Likewise, Ull.

Perhaps this was all a trap. Perhaps our opponents intended for us to hide their target in the privy hut?

Marquand, beware--!

Already ahead of you, friend Ull!

Hiding in the privy pit, good trick, I'll have to remember that one...

And we've got our fee too, so this day hasn't completely gone down the privy.

The End
'THE FLAYER'
BUT I'VE HEARD OF HIM. SUPPOSED TO BE ONE OF THOSE CRATED SIGMARITES, ISN'T HE?
CAN'T SEE WHAT ALL THE FUSS IS ABOUT, I MEAN, HOW MUCH TROUBLE CAN ONE PRAYER-HUMBLING MADMAN AND HIS FLOCK OF WHIPPED AND STARVED IDIOTS BE?

WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY.

TERRITORY MARKERS, WE MUST HAVE STRAYED ONTO THE TERRITORY OF THE FLAYER.

UM... ULLI?

I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THAT.

Mordheim – City of the Damned
The Flayer

Script: Gordon Rennie
Art: Paul Peacock
Letters: Fiona Stephenson
FORGIVE THEIR SINS, LORD SIGMAR, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.

WHAT--?
FORGIVENESS CAN ONLY COME AFTER PUNISHMENT?

SIGH
VERY WELL, LORD SIGMAR, IF THAT IS THY BIDDING.

BELIEVE ME, SINNERS, THIS IS GOING TO PAIN ME FAR MORE THAN IT WILL PAIN YOU.

MARQUARD--!

KK-KRAK!

FINE BY ME.

YOU DEAL WITH THE REST OF THEM, WILL? LEAVE THIS ONE FOR ME.
AUGH!

SEE MY WOUNDS, SINNER? ONLY THROUGH PAIN CAN WE REDEEM FOR OUR SINS!

AGAIN, FINE BY ME.

THUNK!

MARQUAND! TIME WE WERE GOING!

DON'T MAKE IT HARDER FOR YOURSELF, SINNER.

SURRENDER, AND LET ME FLAY YOUR SOUL FREE OF SIN AND DAMNATION.

KRANK

SNAP!
YOU WERE RIGHT. THIS IS GOING TO HURT YOU A LOT MORE THAN IT HURTS ME.

YOU DIDN'T KILL HIM?

NO TIME, AND HE WAS ONE OF THOSE WHO DEFINITELY DESERVED SPENDING SOME TIME OVER.

'BUT HE PUT HIS MARK ON ME, SO IT ONLY SEEMED FAIR I DID LIKewise IN RETURN...'

EVEN STITCHES, BROTHER RUTGER, AND NEXT TIME LIKE A BLUNTER NEEDLE.

IS THERE MUCH PAIN, MASTER?

SIGMAR BE PRAISED, YES, BUT SADLY IT WILL SOON PASS.

ALAS, THE SHAME OF MY FAILURE WILL NOT PASS SO EASILY.

NOTE THIS WELL, BROTHER RUTGER. I WILL BRING THOSE SINNERS TO GRACE, AND THE CLEANSING AND PAYING OF THEIR DAMNABLE SOULS SHALL BE RIGOROUS AND FORTHRIGHT INDEED.

THE END
There are times when the Chaos Moon of Morlaheim hangs high in the night sky, when the currents of dark magic rise up from the Pit, when fire rains from the skies...

And when dark things slouch forth in search of prey...

And when even the most foolhardy inhabitant of the city of the Damned knows better than to go into the ruins...

Raaarrgh!

For the love of Sigmar, Ull, run faster! It's still after us!

We need to find shelter! Where's the nearest warband camp, preferably one with a hired warlock?

"Johann's it is, then!"

Johann, my old friend! Room for two more?

Arm yourself? Good idea, that...

Well, there's Johann One-Ear's Warlock, but he won't be too happy to see us, seeing as he got his nickname after that knife fight with you.

Right, well, that's that settled...
"Trust me, you'll be needing those weapons soon enough!"

RAAARGH!

The warlock...!

My thoughts exactly, friend Ull!

A protection spell, sorcerer, the strongest one you've got.

And best be quick about it, too...

Good of Johann and the others to sacrifice themselves on our behalf, but I don't think they're going to last much longer!
KRUNCH!

IN ARMS

COMRADES

Mordheim - City of the Damned

unsigned

GOTTHARD KETTLER, YOU FOOL! ERE THE DAY OF THE WARCHIEF FALLS, I WILL RUIN YOU!

THANKS, YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE IF YOU WERE UNDERMIND!

YOUR ARMS, WARRIOR! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE 3RD SEIGE OF MORDHEIM?

THE CITY OF THE DAMNED, WHERE A POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS TURNS INTO AN INCOMPLETE REGION FOR ONE HALF OF THE WURST TUNING PARTNERSHIP OF ETT & HARPARD...
THE REUNION CELEBRATIONS CONTINUE LONG INTO THE NIGHT BACK AT THE MIDNIGHTMERS' CAMP...

AND SO THE NEXT MORNING...

WAKE UP, ULL!!

MARQUAND! WHAT HAPPENED...? DID YOU--

EVERY ONE OF THEM, LUCKY FOR YOU THAT YOU REMEMBERED MY WARNING ABOUT STICKING TO THE BEER AND STAYING OFF THE MEAD.
YOU GET THEIR WYRDSSTONE STASH?

AND A LOT MORE BESIDES.
SO WHAT YOU WANT TO DO WITH THE BODIES? BURY THEM?

WHY BOTHER? I NEVER DID LIKE THEM MUCH ANYWAY...

THE END
Tonight, a terrible howling echoes round the ruins of Mordheim. Tonight, the mounds of Mordheim are hunting, savage beasts mutated and driven mad by the chaos taint of the comet.

"Psst! Over here, friend. Quick!"

"Shallyas mercy! Thank you, thank you!"

And Sigmar help you if they've caught your scent!
NOT SO FAST,
THERE'S A TOLL TO PAY
FIRST, STARTING WITH
EVERYTHING YOU'VE
GOT!

WHAT YOU
GOT IN THERE? WYRDSTONE?
NICE, AND WE'LL HAVE THAT MONEY
POUCH, AND THAT SWORD AND
DAGGER, SAY, THOSE BOOTS
LOOK ABOUT MY SIZE,
TOO...

AND SO--

NOT BAD, AND I
SUPPOSE YOU THINK
WE'RE GOING TO LET
YOU UP NOW?

SORRY, BUT
I DON'T THINK THIS LEDGE
CAN TAKE THE EXTRA
WEIGHT.

NO! NO....!
Look at them go! What do you think, Uull? Twenty crowns says the big one with the two heads gets more of him than the others...

THE END
...SIGMAR'S BLESSINGS ON YOU ALL, MY SISTERS. SISTER SIEGFRIEDA, SISTER HELGA, BRING FORTH THE SACRED RELICS.

SISTERS...?
THIEVES! DEFILERS! STOP THEM!

THE DISGUISES WERE A BOLD IDEA, SISTER SIEGFRIEDA, BUT HOW DO WE GET BACK OUT AGAIN...

GETAWAYS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, SISTER HELSA...

IF YOU'VE GOT ANY IDEAS ON THAT SCORE, NOW'S THE TIME TO SPEAK UP.

WITH ALL EXITS UNDER GUARD MARQUAND SOON REALISES THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY LEFT OFF THE ISLAND FORTRESS.
OH NO, MARQUANS NO. NO. NO.

HAVE FAITH, ULLI...

WE'RE BRIDES OF SIGMAR, REMEMBER, AND IS IT NOT WRITTEN THAT SIGMAR ALWAYS WATCHES OVER HIS OWN?

WE MIGHT BE ONTO SOMETHING HERE, ULLI. IF WE COULD FIGURE OUT A WAY TO PASS OURSELVES OFF AS DWARFS, THEN I KNOW HOW WE COULD MAKE OURSELVES A FEW CROWNS...

PLOOSH

THE END
I'M NOT SURE COMING THIS FAR IN WAS A GOOD IDEA, MARQUAND.

WHAT'S TO BE SO WORRIED ABOUT?

WELL, THERE'S THE CHAOS RATHER...

AND THE CULT OF THE POSSESSED ARE OUT IN FORCE AROUND THESE PARTS...

AND LET'S NOT FORGET FLESH-EATING MUTANTS!

FOOD
FRESH MEAT!

Time to be going!

Want to eat!

Treachurous cutthroats!

Ulric's curse on those cowards...
COWARDS, EH? COME ON, ULLI.

I THOUGHT I'D NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.

THESE ARE DANGEROUS TIMES.

WE WON'T GET BACK ACROSS THE RIVER WITHOUT YOU.

YOU REALISED THE WORTH OF MY FIGHTING PROMISES, EH?

STAY HERE, WE'LL GET THIS SORTED OUT.

WHAT'S THIS TOLL?

PAY THE TOLL.

YOU ARE!

END
KRUNCH!

Mordheim

CRUSADE

Script: Gordon Rennie, Art: Paul Jeacock

WURM! I CRUSH YOU GOOD, JAH!

SIGMAR’S HOLY EMPIRE IS DIVIDED BY CIVIL WAR. EVERYWHERE, THE FORCES OF EVIL ARE ON THE RISE. MANY BELIEVE THE END OF THE WORLD IS NIGH.

AT SUCH TIMES, THE FAITHFUL MUST STAND UP AND BE COUNTED.

SISTER PURITY, HOLY WARRIOR, BRIDE OF SIGMAR...

ACH, DUMBKOPFS, YOU THINK THE RUNNING AWAY WILL SAVE YOU?

SCHWEINHUNDS! PREPARE FOR THE HOLY JUDGEMENT!
AND HER PURITAN ASSASSIN PARTNER, BROTHER CROWE...

...HIS DEADLY SKILLS NOW DEDICATED TO THE GREATER GLORY OF SIGMAR!

TOGETHER, THEY TRAVEL THROUGH THE EMPIRE, BRINGING THE MERCY OF SIGMAR TO THE WICKED AND UNRIGHTEOUS.

PLEASE... AFTER THE PESTILENCE DESTROYED OUR CROPS, WE HAD TO TURN TO BANDITRY... WE HAD TO FEED OUR FAMILIES!

I UNDERSTAND, MY SON. AND I FORGIVE YOU.

GO IN PEACE, AND EXPLAIN YOUR CRIMES TO YOUR JUDGES IN THE AFTERLIFE.

ACH, I LOVE THE SMELL OF BURNING SINNERS IN THE MORNING, BROTHER CROWE. IT SMELLS OF... SALVATION.

BLESS WORDS INDEED, SISTER. SIGMAR BE PRaised.
LOOK, BROTHER! A MESSENGER RAVEN!

QUITÉ SO, SISTER...

HMMMM, A PARCHMENT MADE OF HUMAN SKIN...

A MESSAGE FROM OUR COMRADE THE FLAYER? WHAT DOES IT SAY, BROTHER?

LET US SEE WHAT NEWS IT MAY HAVE FOR US.

IT IS A SUMMONS, SISTER. THEY HAVE NEED OF US IN THE NORTH.

FROM ALL DIRECTIONS THEY CAME, FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE EMPIRE, THE BLESSED AND THE INSANE, FANATICS AND ZEALOTS, ALL OF THEM ANSWERING THE SAME SUMMONS.

SUMMONED TO MORDHEIM, CITY OF THE DAMNED.
There were the Three-Who-Were-One, holy brethren whose love of the Lord Sigmar had inspired them to mortify their own flesh so that they would not fall prey to the temptations of sin.

From the wilds of the Drakwald Forest came the Packmaster, who had trained his hounds to track their prey by following the scent of sin and heresy.

And with them came the Executioner, the mysterious holy avenger who showed his masked face only to those doomed heretics about to fall under his axe.

And so they came together in Mordheim, answering the call of their comrade in arms, that most pious and virtuous enemy of evil, Gottlieb the Slayer—

Welcome, brethren! Welcome to this festering pit of corruption and damnation. Welcome to Mordheim...
LORD SIGMAR HAS BLESSED ME WITH A SACRED VISION, BROTHERS.

FOR TOO LONG HAS THIS BREEDING GROUND OF VILENESS BEEN ALLOWED TO ESCAPE UNCLESSED. NOW LORD SIGMAR COMMANDS THAT YOU CARRY OUT THIS GREATEST AND NOUSET OF TASKS IN HIS NAME—

FOR MORDHEIM, JUDGEMENT DAY IS HERE AT LAST.

EVEN HERE, THERE ARE TWO AMIDST THESE RUINS WHOSE ABOMINABLE CRIMES DISTINGUISH THEM FROM ALL OTHERS.

FEAR NOT, WISE BROTHER CROWE. I HAVE ALREADY PRAYED FOR GUIDANCE ON THIS MATTER...

SEE, EVEN UPON MY OWN FLESH MUST I BEAR THEIR MARK AS A REMINDER OF MY FAILURE, BUT NOW THE TIME OF THEIR CHASTISMENT IS NIGH...

BLESSED BE YOUR WORDS, BROTHER FLAYER, BUT WHO AMONGST US SHALL LEAD US IN THIS HOLY WORK?

"LORD SIGMAR COMMANDS THAT TO THE FIRST AMONGST US TO VISIT HIS WRATH UPON THESE TWO SINNERS SHALL GO THE HONOUR OF LEADING HIS HOLY CRUSADE TO WIPE THE CITY OF THE DAMNED OFF THE FACE OF THE EMPIRE..."
THE OUTLAW SETTLEMENT OF GALLOWGOW'S REFUGE, WHERE MARQUAND AND ULLI HAVE RETURNED AFTER ANOTHER WYRDSONE-HUNTING EXPEDITION.

YOU KNOW, ULLI. I CAN'T HELP NOTICING SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE CHANGED SINCE WE WERE HERE LAST.

AGREED, FRIEND MARQUAND. THE MOURNFUL CORPSES AND STENCH OF BURNING FLESH ARE DEFINITELY A NEW LOCAL FEATURE.

UMM, FLAYED AND BURNT CORPSES, PLENTY OF SIGNS OF HOMICIDAL AND SUSTAINED TORTURE, COULD BE THE WORK OF A CHAOS DST, OR MAYBE EVEN THE WITCH-HUNTERS.

WITCH-HUNTERS? CAN'T BE, NOT ENOUGH OF THEM IN NORSENM TO DO SOMETHING ON THIS KIND OF SCALE.

NO, LOOK AT THOSE GARROTTTE MARKS AND GOUGE WOUNDS, MARQUAND. IT COULD EVEN HAVE BEEN THE WORK OF THE AMIT-THINGS.

UM, ULLI?
I wouldn’t be so sure about that.

...who’s first?

SKUTCH
DESPITE THE ODDS AGAINST THEM, MARQUAND AND ULLI BATTLE ON...

...FIGHTING, WELL, IF NOT THE GOOD FIGHT, THEN AT LEAST THE VERY VIOLENT ONE!

SKWAK!

UNTIL —

WURM! YOU FIGHT GOOD, JOHN!

BUT YOU NOT ESCAPE DER WINDS OF SISTER PURITY!

SHUNKT
LEAVE THIS ONE TO US, SISTER...

BRASHT!

WAKK

SWUD

LET THE-THREE-WHO-WERE-ONE
DEAL WITH HIM!

A FINE DISPLAY.
BROTHERS, NOW
BIND THEM AND
MAKE THEM READY...
WE WILL BEGIN THE HUNT AT SUNSET.

...REJOICE, SINNERS, FOR CONSIDER THE GREAT WORK YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE PART OF!

YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND, YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE, YOUR DEATHS HAVE ALREADY BEEN ORDAINED, LORD SIGMAR HIMSELF HAS COMMANDED IT.

PICK THEM UP, BROTHERS. IT IS TIME.

YOU WILL BE HUNTED THROUGH THE RUINS. TO THOSE LOYAL SERVANTS OF SIGMAR WHO FIND AND KILL YOU SHALL GO THE HONOUR OF LEADING ALL HERE IN THE BLESSED WORK TO COME.

THE LORD SIGMAR HAS COMMANDED THAT MORNEIM IS TO BE CLEANSED.

RIGHT, BUT WHAT HAPPENS IF WE GET AWAY?

The ruins of Mordheim, where the Sigmarite crusade to cleanse the city of the Damned has begun...

Onwards, Brethren! The great work begins!

A touching and poetic smile, friend Marquand, but what now? There's a damned lot of them after us, and we don't even have any weapons.

Their first quarry, Ulli and Marquand.

This is our home, we own these ruins, and these lunatics are trespassing on our territory.

...Amateurs, I tell you, I've had harder challenges picking my nose than unpicking these knots.

Not a problem, friend Ulli. Remember where we are...

The Three Who Were One, Holy Brethren in the sacred service of Sigmar—
BROTHER HEAR-NO-SIN, WHO
had seared away his own ears,
to shield himself from every
spoken heresy and blasphemy.

A COMMENDABLE NOTION, TO
be sure...

...BUT ONE NOT WITHOUT CERTAIN OBVIOUS DRAWBACKS.

KRITCH KRITCH KRITCH

BROTHER SPEAK-NO SIN, WHO
sought to ensure that no
ungodly utterance ever
passed his lips.

AGAIN, A COMMENDABLE NOTION...

BUT, AGAIN, ONE NOT WITHOUT ITS DRAWBACKS.

MMHHH! MMMMMMM!

WAAAAUWWWW!
BROTHER SEE-NO-SIN, WHO TOOK THE NECESSARY STEPS TO ENSURE THAT HE WOULD NEVER GAZE UPON ANYTHING EVIL AND UNGODLY.

SSHHH!

VILE BLASPHEMER! FOUL HERETIC! STEP FORWARD AND FACE ME!

COME, LET ME SHOW YOU HOW I NEED NO EYES TO GUIDE MY BLADE INTO YOUR BLACK HEART! LET ME--

EVEN UP THE SCORE ON THAT ACCOUNT.

SQUINTCH!

Indeed, friend Marquand...
'Now to deal with the rest of them.'

You are sure your hounds have the trail, Brother Packmaster?

I have trained them to hunt by following the scent of sin and heresy, Brother Player.

Even here, amongst the ruins of the city of the damned, the stench of these two evildoers' sins leaves a clear trail behind them for us to follow!

And so—

There! We have them now!
BROTHER PACKMASTER, BRING YOUR BEASTS UNDER CONTROL!

I CANNOT!
BEWARE BROTHER FLAYER...
IT IS ALMOST AS IF THEY SENSE SOME OTHER ABOMINABLE PRESENCE NEARBY!
SOMETHING--

SSSSHHHUK

A GOOD PLAN, ULLI, TO LURE OUR ENEMIES INTO THE TERRITORY OF THE RAT-THINGS.

Indeed, friend Marquand...

LET US HOPE WE NOW SURVIVE LONG ENOUGH TO CONGRATULATE OURSELVES FURTHER ON THE INGENUITY OF THIS PLAN!
Mordheim, city of the damned, where the Great Sigmarite Crusade to cleanse the city of all sin and heresy has hit a sudden and unexpected snag...

Flee! Flee! Run away!

A modest proposal, blessed sister...

Perhaps it is Sigmar's will that we should go our own way and leave the flayer to lead the crusade on his own?

Jah, brother...

I am thinking that this is definitely being the smart thinking!
Meanwhile, the would-be targets of the Player's Crusade were also taking their leave of the proceedings—

HERETIC SCUM, DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD ESCAPE SO EASILY?

RAT-THINGS... AT LEAST NOW WE KNOW THEY'RE GOOD FOR SOMETHING!

DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD ESCAPE THE RIGHTEOUS WRATH OF THE EXECUTIONER!

A THOUSAND SKINNERS HAVE FALLEN TO MY AXE. DID YOU THINK YOUR FATE COULD BE ANY DIFFERENT?
JUDGEMENT HAS COME, SINNER, LOOK UPON THE FACE OF YOUR EXECUTIONER AND PREPARE TO ENTER DARNATION!

SO, THE SIGMAR CRUSADE’S HIGH HOLY EXECUTIONER... A MUTANT, EH?

NOW WHAT?

YOU STAY ALIVE LONG ENOUGH HERE, YOU GET TO SEE IT ALL, EVENTUALLY...

BEST WISHES, BROTHER.

BANG!

SHIT!
FOUL HERETICS! DO YOUR WORST! LORD SIGMAR SHALL PROTECT ME!

BLESS YOU, BROTHERS, BLESS-

YOU!

WHERE'D YOU WANT TO START, ULLI, THE TOP HALF OR THE BOTTOM HALF?

PUT THE KNIFE AWAY, MARQUAND. I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA.

THE PIT, THE STILL-BURNING, POISON-SPEWING CRATER LEFT BY THE IMPACT OF THE METEOR ON MORNEHAIN.

SOURCE OF ALL THAT IS EVIL AND UNNATURAL IN THE CITY OF THE DAMNED, WHO KNOWS WHAT FURTHER UNKNOWN AGENTS INHABIT ITS DAEMON-HAUNTED DEPTHS?

A QUESTION THAT A CERTAIN SIGMARITE FANATIC MAY WELL SOON BE IN A POSITION TO ANSWER...

TRUE, BUT TRUST ME, IT'LL BE WORTH IT IN THE END.

Y'FF HARD WORK, THIS WILL...

FOUL HERETICS! BASE DEFilers! THE HOLY WRATH OF SIGMAR BE UPON YOU!

BOOT!
NO... NO!
NO!!!

DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S SO WORKED UP ABOUT. THOUGHT HE SAID HE WAS PROTECTED BY SIGMAR HIMSELF?

THE END
FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE
OLD WORLD THEY CAME, THE
GREATEST ADVENTURERS AND
TREASURE SEEKERS OF THE
AGE. RUTHLESS AND DARING,
ALLIED ONLY BY NECESSITY
AND MUTUAL GREED.

THE PRIZE THEY SOUGHT,
PRICELESS BEYOND
COMPARISON. SNATCHED FROM
THE DEPTHS OF THE HELLISH
PLACE KNOWN AS THE PIT,
STOLEN FROM RIGHT UNDER
THE FELL GAZE OF THE
SHADOWLORD HIMSELF.

NOW THEY MADE THEIR ESCAPE
THROUGH THE RUINS, HARRED AND
PURSUED EVERY STEP OF THE WAY
BY THE FIENDS OF THE PIT. ALREADY,
MANY BRAVE WARRIORS, THEIR NAMES
INFAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE OLD
WORLD, HAD FALLEN ALONG THE WAY.

GIOVANNI BADLEMENTE, BANDIT KING OF LUCIANI,
TORN APART BY THE DEMON GUARDIANS OF THE PIT.

VLADIMIR PUTYKH, THE BUTCHER OF PRAAG, DRAGGED
OFF INTO THE SHADOWS BY CHAOS SPAWN. EVEN
HOURS LATER AND MILES AWAY, HIS SCREAMS
CUTTED HEARD BY HIS FLEEING COMRADES.

GUSTAV VON HEITZ, BENEFACTOR,
COMMANDER OF THE KNIGHTS PANTHER,
HIS BONES BURNT TO
ASH IN SECONDS BY
THE TOUCH OF THE
SHADOWLORD.

FOULBELCHER, CHAMPION ALE DRINKER
OF TROLLSLAYER KEBB. KILLED IN A WAY TOO
TERIBLE TO BE EASILY PUT INTO WORDS.
Among the survivors, perhaps not surprisingly, Marquand Holker and Ulli Leitpold.

A tragedy, is it not, friend Marquand? So many brave comrades dead already.

Indeed Ulli, but I prefer a more pragmatic view of the situation...

After all, the more of us that die, the more money left for those of us that survive!
FINALLY, AS DAWN APPROACHES, THE LAST THREE SURVIVORS STAGGER GRATEFULLY TOWARDS THE SAFETY BEYOND THE CITY GATES...

NO SIGN OF THEM, I THINK THAT LAST BEASTMAN WARRIOR MUST HAVE STOPPED OFF TO TORTURE WHAT WAS LEFT OF JOHANN.

A FINE POINT WELL MADE, MARQUAND. IT WAS SURELY PHILOSOPHY'S SAD LOSS WHEN YOU INSTEAD CHOSE TO DEDICATE YOUR ENERGIES TO A LIFETIME OF BANDITRY AND MURDER!

SEEF! TOLD YOU THAT DUMB AVERLANDER WOULD COME IN USEFUL FOR SOMETHING!

I'M DONE FOR TOO... THAT BEASTMAN ARROW MUST HAVE BEEN POISONED...

PLEASE... BEFORE I DIE... LET ME SEE IF LET ME SEE JUST HOW CLOSE I CAME...

HERO SONGS... THEY'RE GOING TO SING HEROES' SONGS ABOUT US... ABOUT WHAT WE DID HERE TODAY...

RALAND'S EYE! IT'S EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN I REMEMBER!

SKLUTCH!!
Heh, a score and four enter, but how many shall leave? How many shall be permitted to pass in safety through the gates of the city of the damned?

Fame and fortune, madness and death. So were ye warned, and so shall ye now reap what ye have sown!

Another holy fool. I swear, lads, that this city breeds their like rats. You any idea what this one's talking about?

Oh, I might have a fair idea, Marjand...
ONE LAST SUP BEFORE HELL TAKES ME!

MARQUANDI, YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME.

AH, REKLAND WINE, MY FAVOURITE. I KNEW YOU STILL HAD SOME LEFT. OH WELL, NO POINT IN WASTING IT ON THE DEAD.

WE ALWAYS AGREED THAT WE'D DISSOLVE OUR PARTNERSHIP AFTER ONE LAST BIG SCORE, REMEMBER?

WELL, I JUST MOVED THE TIMETABLE FORWARD A LITTLE, THAT'S ALL.

SO LONG, MARQUANDI. WE'VE HAD SOME FINE TIMES, BUT OUR ADVENTURES TOGETHER IN THE CITY OF THE DAMNED ARE OVER.
The Big Middennheimer takes only a few short steps before he feels the first stabbing pains, only then does the realization hit him:

The wine... poisoned!

Marquand, you sneaky little f-...

Here in the City of the Damned shall ye always be made to pay the full price for your sins.

Fame and fortune, madness and death, dare ye come to Nordheim and find out what fate shall be yours?

The Damnable End
MORDHEIM  City of the Damned!

ANY HUNDREDS of years ago, with the Empire bereft of leadership, a great catastrophe came to be. A huge meteor born of Chaos struck the city of Mordheim, doomed to be known evermore as City of the Damned. Mordheim is now the hunting ground of various, merciless hordes of treasure seekers, all with their own motivation to be in the city, but many covet the wyrdbone – shards of strange rock that are scattered amongst the ruins, whose allegedly magical properties have made it more precious than gold.

What manner of men come to Mordheim? What manner of men do not! To the tattered encampments that lie around Mordheim come men from every state in the Empire...

The Cult of the Possessed
What do men have to lose if they pledge their souls to the dark gods of Chaos? In the aftermath of the destruction of Mordheim all manner of mutants have appeared, along with a new leader, a new Dark Emperor, who claims lordship over the City of the Damned.

The Undead
In the dimly-lit chamber of Drakenhof Castle sits Vlad von Carstein, the ruler of Sylvania. For many long years Vlad has gathered his strength and mustered his Undead legions in secrecy. One day soon he will march from the forests of Sylvania at the head of an army of restless dead. The pieces of magic stone that lie scattered among the ruins of Mordheim can give the Count the power to challenge the nobles of the Empire and enslave the men of the Old World.

Witch Hunters
The order of the Templars of Sigmar, universally known as the Witch Hunters, is an organisation dedicated to the eradication of heretics, be they warlocks, witches, necromancers, worshippers of the dark gods, blasphemers, sinners, or composers of corrupting music.

Middenheimers
Middenheim stands on a mountain pinnacle in the centre of Middenland. The tradition of rivalry between Middenheim and Reikland goes back hundreds of years, and the Count of Middenheim, Mannfred Todbringer, is one of the chief contenders for the Emperor's throne.
Reiklanders

Reikland lies at the heart of the Empire, home of the Grand Theogonist and seat of the Temple of Sigmar. Reiklanders are known as men who embody the discipline and loyalty of the professional warrior – and would fight bravely to the death for the cause of the Grand Prince of Reikland.

Sisters of Sigmar

The Sisters of Sigmar have traditionally travelled the Empire administering to the sick and poor. In the carnage of Mordheim they believe they have a holy mission to gather up the shards of wyrdstone and hide it deep beneath Sigmar's Rock in the vaults of their convent, where it will cause no more harm to Sigmar's people.

Skaven

Since ancient times, the Skaven have searched the world for the stones of power that men in their ignorance call wyrdstone but which Skaven have long since known as warpsone. It was as a result of gnawing upon this magic stone in ages past that commonplace rats spawned the Skaven race.

Marienburgers

Marienburg is the largest and most prosperous trading city in the Old World. Many call it the City of Gold which alone conveys a good idea of the wealth of this sprawling cosmopolitan city.

But wherever they travel from, they all desire the same thing – wyrdstone. Lusting for its power they come, braving the insanity of Mordheim, only to find the Daemons and Monsters of Chaos waiting for them in the sinister shadows of the City of the Damned!
The Sisters of Sigmar

Sister Regina advanced toward the abomination, gripping her Sigmarite warhammer tightly as she prepared to strike. The fiend lashed a sinuous tentacle at her as she cautiously approached, but without even looking down, Regina gracefully side-stepped the appendage and regained her attack posture. Once again, the beast struck out at her, this time aiming a mocking blow with its flexible organ at her battle-scarred face. Regina reacted swiftly and parried the lethal jab with the shaft of her warhammer, but, misjudging the force of the blow, lost her balance and span vigorously — leaving her unarmoured back exposed to the abomination’s next attack. Without pausing for thought, the beast lunged, aiming both tentacles at the sister’s vulnerable rear. Regina, sensing the imminent assault, raised her weapon and closed her useless, blind eyes. Drawing deep on her powers of second sight she spun like a dervish, aiming her strike at where she estimated the mutant’s head to be. The satisfying crack of disintegrating bone rang out around the courtyard signifying to Regina that the abomination would no longer be troubling her. The augur removed her warhammer from the fiend’s temple with a pop as the air rushed in to fill the cavity that she had rent in its skull. Swiftly searching the mutant’s corpse, Regina stowed the meagre offerings of Wyrdstone she found there in her flowing white robes — before venturing once more into the City of the Damned to continue Sigmar’s righteous work.

For centuries the nobility of the Empire has sent its wayward or troublesome daughters to the Holy Convent of the Order of Merciful Sisters of Sigmar in Mordheim to be initiated into the only order of priestesses dedicated to the Empire’s patron god. The Sisters of Sigmar, as they are commonly called, have traditionally travelled the Empire administering to the sick and poor, tending to the needs of orphans, curing the diseased and mending broken bodies. As well as the healing arts, which they practise with expert knowledge of herb-lore and prayer, their advice is frequently sought by those about to make an important decision, for the Sisters of Sigmar are famed for their ability to predict the fickle course of fate.

Though once much loved by the common people, the Sisters have seen their popularity wane in recent years. Rabble-rousing Witch Hunters have denounced them as witches and heretics, so that even in the countryside they are attacked and driven away by the very peasants they seek to help. Many of Sigmar’s priests wish to disband the order altogether,
claiming that women have no right to teach the holy word of Sigmar. Even the Grand Theogonist, ostensibly the chief authority over the order, has cooled towards the sisterhood, denying the throne to Magritta of Marientburg who was brought up by the Sisters and said to be sympathetic to their cause. These days the Sisters of Sigmar have retreated to their convent situated high on the craggy island of Sigmar’s Rock in the river Stir in Mordheim.

Of all the inhabitants of Mordheim only the Sisters of Sigmar were prepared for its destruction. Seeress Cassandra foretold of the disaster and at their nightly vigil the maidens of Sigmar heard the voice of Sigmar speaking in their dreaming minds. Thus they knew that they would be safe in their fortress high above the city, raised as it is above the polluted vapours, if only they were prepared to survive the fire of Sigmar’s Fury.

While the rest of Mordheim fell under a spell of madness the Sisters of Sigmar offered prayer after prayer, scourging themselves to drive out all thoughts of sin, fervently accepting a punishing penitential regime to harden their minds against the wantonness running rampant outside their walls. When the blow finally came the Sisters gathered beneath the great temple dome of their convent which, well built and fortified as it was by the prayers of the Sisters, protected them from the fire and heat of their master’s ire.

The Sisters believe they have a holy mission, a task that they have been set by Sigmar himself and to which they must submit themselves body and soul. Their sacred duty is to gather up the shards of wyrdstone and hide it deep beneath Sigmar’s Rock in the vaults of their convent where, shielded by a great depth of solid granite and guarded by the eternal prayers of the sisterhood, it will cause no harm to Sigmar’s people. It is a high hopeless task, for there are few Sisters and countless shards of stone. Worse still, there are many who want the stone for themselves, to take it from Mordheim and spread its contagion amongst the cities of the Empire.

The warbands of the sisterhood are led by tough Matriarchs, each accompanied by a body of warrior sisters. The training and harsh discipline of the convent includes mastery of martial as well as ecclesiastic skills, for mastery of the body is but the first step towards the mastery of the soul. Their favoured weapon is the warhammer, the instrument of Sigmar, seen as his holy symbol, alongside the twin-tailed comet.

The Sisters of Sigmar hold a unique position in Mordheim for their convent, the Temple of Sigmar’s Rock, sits upon a tall and rocky island midstream in the River Stir which flows through Mordheim dividing it in two. Though the destruction of Mordheim left few buildings standing it is an undoubted miracle that the Temple of Sigmar’s Rock and its inhabitants survived unblemished. Indeed, whilst all those about them fell into depravity and wantonness the Sisterhood maintained their holy vigil and raised unending prayer to Sigmar and by this means they escaped his judgement – or so they say, for certainly there are no witnesses to dispute their claims. The Witch Hunters sneer at these pious claims and maintain instead that a daemonic pact allowed the Sisterhood to betray Mordheim yet escape destruction itself. Even today the Sisters seem blessed, or else favoured by some diabolic power, for the great height of their refuge raises them above the poisonous vapours and they claim to be able to resist the contagion without suffering harm.
The adventures of Ulli & Marquand originally appeared in:

Warhammer Monthly – devastating action and carnage from the worlds of Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000, Mordheim and Necromunda.

Town Cryer – The City of the Damned comes to life with Games Workshop’s bi-monthly magazine dedicated to supporting the Mordheim rules system.

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The Guilty Parties

Those despicable gentlemen whose fault this all was

Gordon Rennie – Heiropate of the highest order. Also responsible for such tragedies as Bloodquest, Rat Verico, Execution Hour and Javanet. Extremely dangerous, approach with the utmost caution and if he is armed with a pen then inform a member of the watch and vacate the area immediately.

Paul Peacock – Sturicens pensil wielder whose former crimes include Iron Snakes and Siff Shadowron. Has a penchant for severed heads and limbs and is therefore considered to be a danger to the public at large.

Mike Perkins – Notorious embezzler responsible for many a running ruse. Has since been deported to the colonies.

Karl Kopinski – General rogue and vagabond whose work on Rat Verico earned him a long sentence in the Games Workshop's design studio where he is still incarcerated in a maximum security wing.

Guy Thorpe – Perpetrator of 11th Legion, Rat Team and the forthcoming The Claw of Chaos. In still at large and believed to be working with a mechanical hamster.
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By thy proclamation of Graf Andreas Von Gustav, envoy of his grace the Count of Stirland.

MARQUAND VOLKER
ULLI LEITPOLD

**DEAD OR ALIVE**

For the crimes of murder, banditry, theft, heresy, desertion, mud-slinging and running a disorderly bawdy house

Thee sum of 500 gold crowns

---

**HEADSTONE ENGRAVING**

Can provide own chisel.
Contact Fiona Stefanson at the Sigmar's Font.

---

**SCRIBE FOR HIRE**

Fluent in Double Dutch & Scottsh.
Will work for Beer and Kippers.

GUDRUN RENNIE
Can be found at the Encroaching Deadline inn down by the docks.

---

**LOST**

**ONE SOUL**

If found please return to the lunatic in the swinging gibbet.

---

**HALFLING SIZED JERKIN**

Left at the Hairy Toe Inn last Angestag. No reward offered as I'm a bit short at the moment.

---

**PURITY & CROWE**

Due to the untimely demise of our previous employer we are now looking for work of a physical nature within Mordheim and the surrounding environs.
Salary is negotiable but we refuse to work with heretics, deviants, mutants, animals & children.

---

**SOULS CLEANSED**

Impure thoughts and deeds ruining your life?
Considering serving a higher power other than Sigmar?

**NOTHING THAT A GOOD PLAYING WON'T SORT OUT!**

Contact Gottlieb at the Pitsmouth Tavern

---

**FOR SALE**

**PRIVY HUT**

Perfect hideout for murderers & assassins. Flies and stench inclusive. No chain.

Portraits Painted.

PAULO JEAOCK

Friends, family and pet fish.
No rat-things.

FIND ME DOWN AT YE OLDE PUB.

---

**OBITUARIES**

Vlad von Murnau. He should never have gone out after sunrise.

Olaf the Libidous. His 36 children will miss him.

Alfred the Ready, taken by surprise.

Igor 'Double' Gloucester, eaten by rat things.

'Eagle Eye' Rurikson, never saw the arrow that killed him.