

Town Crier



Published on the first Angestag of each Mannslieb.

Mordheim 3 Groats

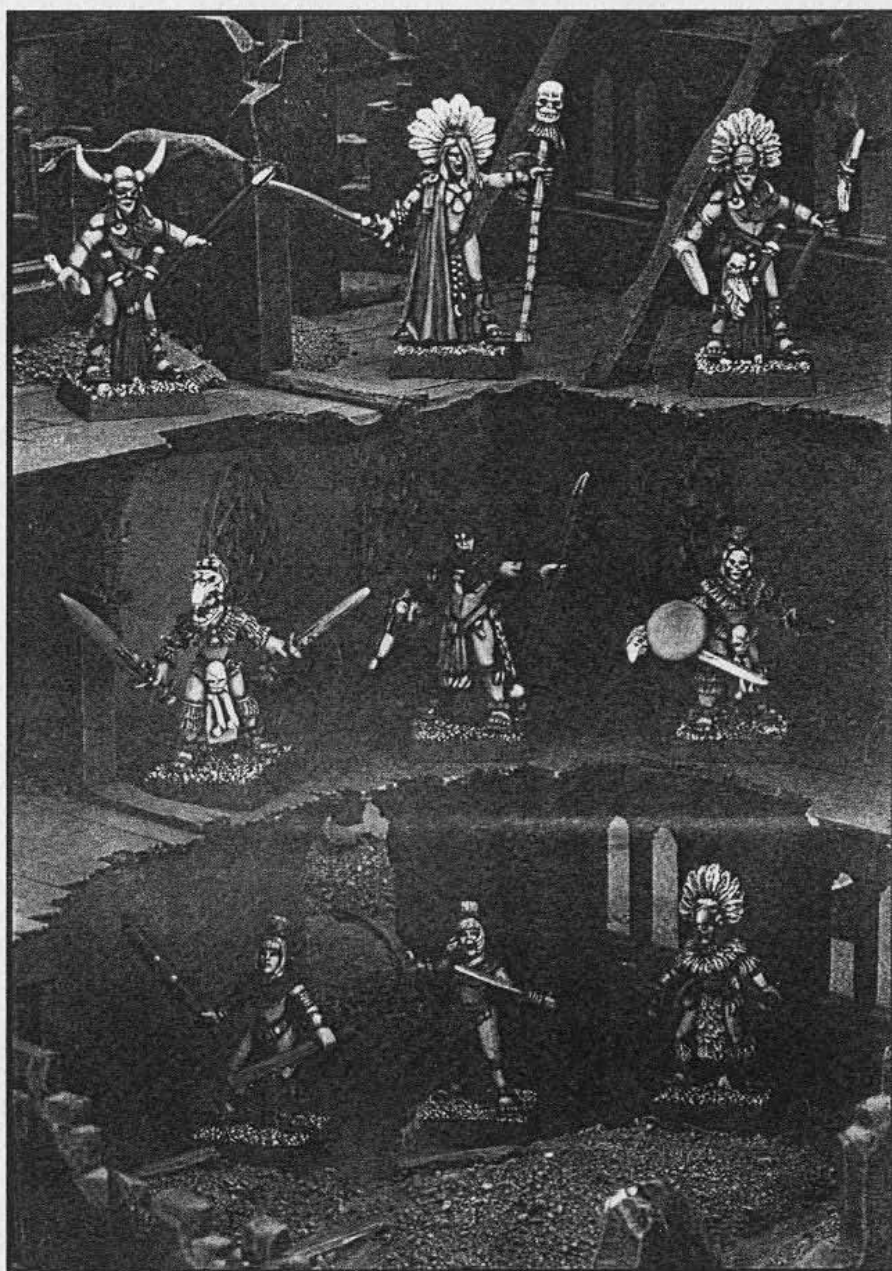
LOCK UP YOUR SONS!

FIERCE AMAZONS LOOSE IN MORDHEIM...

It appears that the tall taylor of wild warrior women from the new world are true after all! Several of these she-devils had been captured by explorers in the fabled continent of Lustria and brought back as prizes for the nobility of the Empire. Sold as exotic dancers and rare gifts, ownership of these girls were seen as the highest form of status. Despite kind treatment, many of these unappreciative savages have escaped often slaying their generous masters in the process.

Several large groups of these bloodthirsty maidens have been spotted living in the wilds around Mordheim and even within the confines of the the Cursed City itself, apparently searching for wyrdstone. These natives are reputedly as fair as they are vicious and the unwary should be forewarned lest they are desirous of becoming a ritual sacrifice for these degenerate creatures. Also, bold adventurers should beware the strange and powerful artifacts used by these heathens, for they are thought to originate from the ancient lands like their owners.

The peril of Lustria has cometh to Mordheim - fear the AMAZON!



Here
Within



Further
exploration of ye
dread ruins of
Mordheim.

The Empire in
Flames - read all
about it within...

Ferocious she-
devils - the
Amazons of
Lustria have
arrived.

GAMES
WORKSHOP

Amazon warband

Here's just a small selection of the models available for the Amazon warband.
Models designed by Gary Morley. Painted by Steve Slatford.



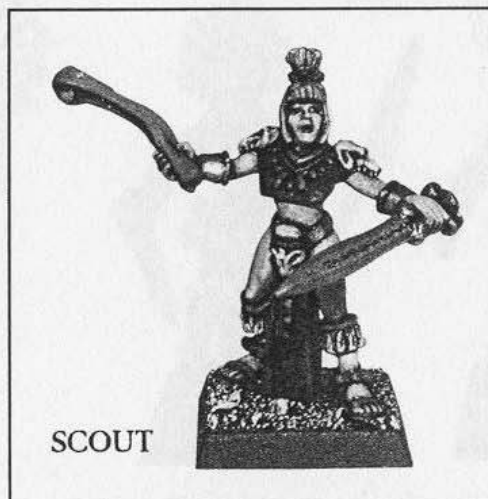
TOTEM WARRIOR



TOTEM WARRIOR



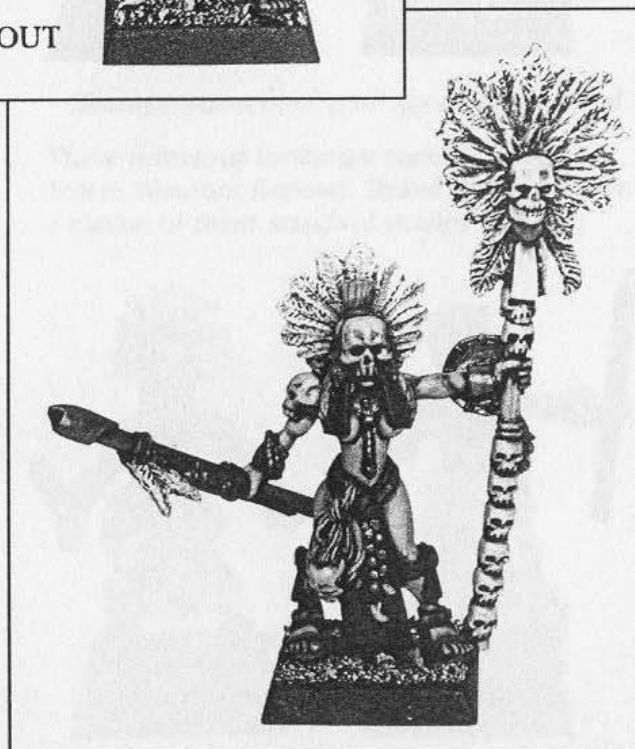
WARRIOR



SCOUT



CHAMPION



PRIESTESS

Ye Editor Speaks

Greetings again, ruthless vagabonds and cutthroats of the Cursed City, to this the third and twentieth issue of our fine Town Cryer. In this issue we feature the first stunning installment of our new setting 'Empire in Flames' that takes the fight deep into the untamed wilderness of the Empire in the dark days of 1999. This first installment sets the scene and covers the complex background of the Empire at a time of civil war. Empire in Flames will also become our first official supplement to Mordheim when finished.

If ye can possibly settle yourself from the excitement and angst over Empire in Flames, ye will find the news of the dilapidated and evil festering north quarter of Mordheim disturbing enough also. Our intrepid (some say lunatic!) scribe Space McQuirk continues his exploration, of the ruined city, enduring much danger in the process. Finally, as if they need an introduction, ye scantily clad strumpets from issue fifteen are back and with a vengeance for they have left distant Lustria and found their way to our shores. Yes, the Amazons have returned and they're bringing bad attitude by the bucket-load.

So, watch yourselves my friends for doom is surely upon us all!

Steve

Contents

NEW IN TOWN...	2
The cool new release this month is the Amazon warband.	
AMAZON WARBAND	4
From across the Great Western Ocean they come - this new all-girl warband.	
CITY OF THE DAMNED	12
The third part of our exploration of the City of the Damned.	
EMPIRE IN FLAMES	20
A new setting for Mordheim based in the untamed wilds of the Empire.	
THE BODYGUARDS	27
Can your warband protect a troublesome merchant in this new scenario?	
CATALOGUE	32
The full catalogue of Mordheim supplements and miniatures available from Mail Order.	

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New in Town...

Here we have the long-awaited new Amazon warband sculpted by the talented hands of Gary Morley. Gary's not a stranger to sculpting female models as you may remember that he sculpted the original Sisters of Sigmar. We think that you'll agree that he's surpassed himself with these new Amazons. In line with the Kislev warband released in issue 16, these models are multi-part kits that come as separate bodies, heads and hand sprues. We decided to have the new warbands designed in this manner to give players the ultimate choice in weapons and equipment.

Here we have the leader of the warband, the Amazon Priestess (bottom left). There are two types of Priestess models available, both with static left arms with staffs. These models utilise the character right hand sprue for a choice of swords and pistols.

Next up we have the warband, Champions (below). There is a choice of two models that require weapons from both the right and left hand character sprues. Both these models have a very 'Norse' feel about them as you can see from their helmets and equipment.



Priestess armed with Sunstaff



Champions armed with spear and sword

These ferocious looking wenches are the Totem Warriors (below). Totem warriors share a choice of three standard bodies with the

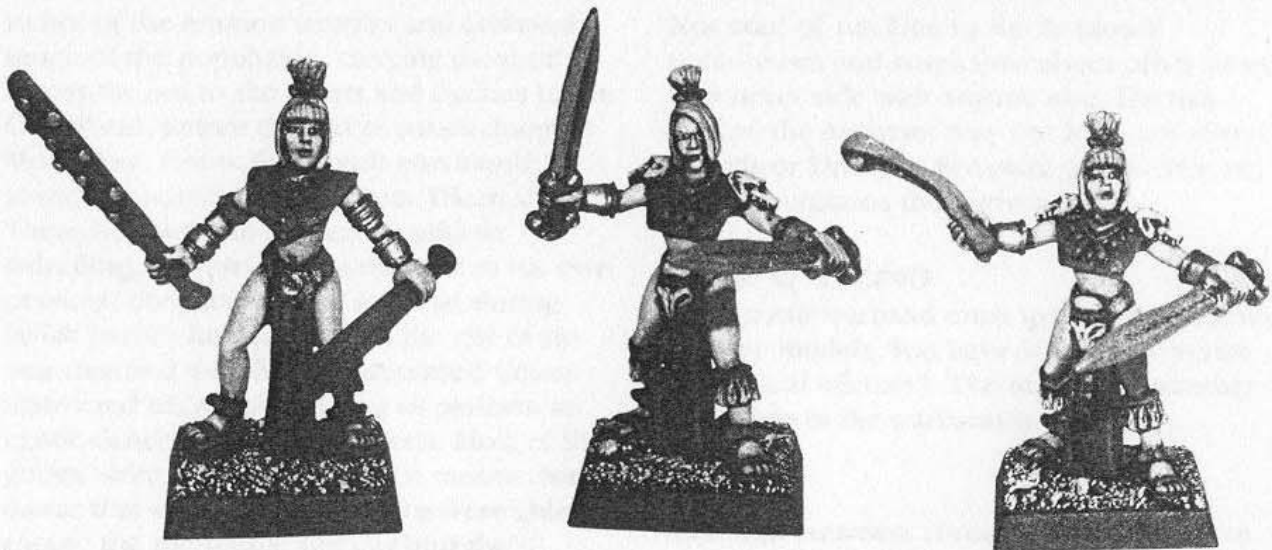


Priestess armed with Claw of the Old Ones



Totem warriors armed with spears and ancient Old One technology

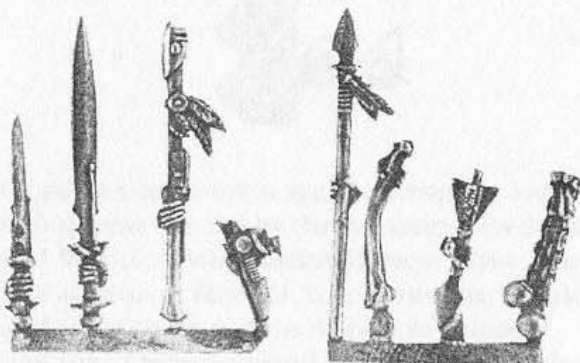
Tales and stories bold of ye newcomers to the City of the Damned



Amazon warriors armed with clubs, swords and slings

Amazon warriors. These models utilise the Totem Warrior head sprue which allows players a choice of several animal totems such as the eagle, jaguar or panther. These models also utilise the character right and left hand weapons sprues.

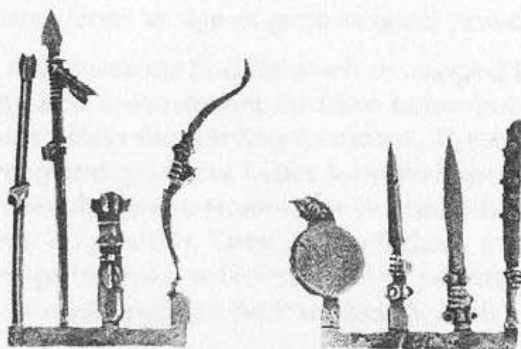
These are the standard Amazon warriors (and Scouts) for the warband (above). These models are comprised of the generic Amazon body, the standard Amazon head sprue and the standard Amazon right and left hand weapon sprues.



Totem warrior heads



Amazon warrior heads



Here's a selection of some weapon sprues – with swords/sunstaff/Sun Gauntlet/spears/slings/bows/javelins, etc.

All of these models are available as an eight figure boxed set comprising of one Priestess, one Champion, two Totem Warriors and four warrior models. These models are also available in individual blister packs of one Priestess, two Champions, three Totem Warriors and three Warriors. These packs will contain a random mix of the above models.

The full rules for these models can be found on pages 4-11 of this magazine.

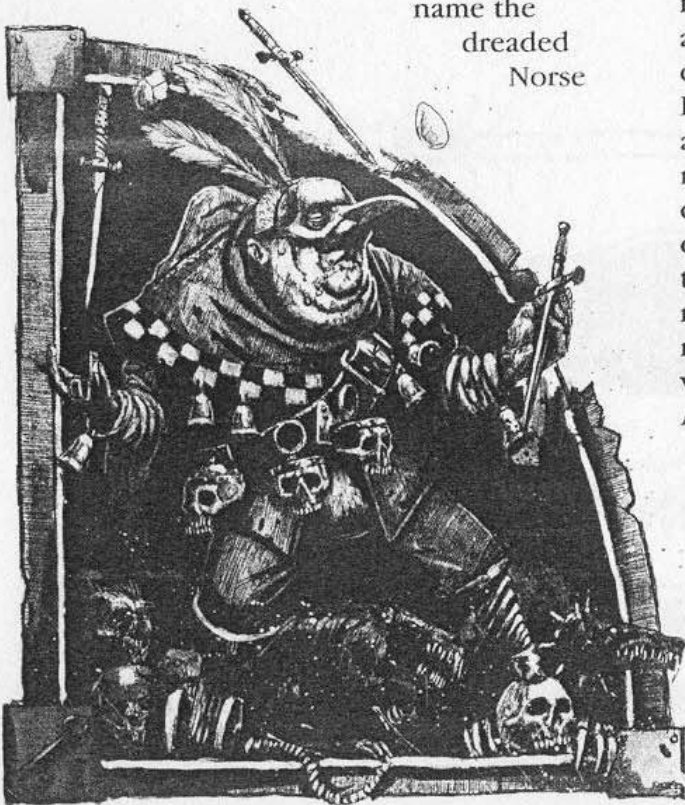
These models can be purchased from your local direct sales centre (see the how to order section on the Contacts page of this mag (page 31).

Amazons

Most of the cutthroats and scum that risk their lives daily scouring the ruins of Mordheim are drawn there by the lure of Wyrdstone and the riches that it brings. For a few, such as the Sisters of Sigmar, there are other more powerful motivating factors like redemption. However, for a certain other group of exclusively female warriors, Mordheim has no such attractions. For the mysterious Amazons that have been brought to the damned city in chains, escape is all that they seek.

Very little is known about these strange warrior women from far across the Great Western Ocean. According to Norse saga they originate from the colony of Skeggi founded by Losteriksson long ago on the eastern coast of Lustria. When large numbers of warriors deserted Losteriksson's settlement because they were impatient to go and find gold, they left their wives behind. When they did not return, these and many other Norse maidens who had come to Skeggi hoping to find a brave and wealthy warrior as a husband were bitterly disappointed. Furthermore, the number of warriors defending Skeggi was badly depleted.

These resolute Norse women became Valkyries, by which name the dreaded Norse



women warriors are known. Unfortunately, women warriors are not accepted by Norse warrior society which holds that 'axe wielding in battle is man's work and not for women!' After helping to beat off the foe, the Norse women warriors were in no mood to put away their weapons and go back to weaving breeches for the menfolk. The Valkyries were forced to leave Skeggi. They were given a longship and sailed far along the coast and up the estuary of a great river.

The Valkyries finally settled in a swampy island in the middle of the river, surrounded on all sides by impenetrable jungle. The island contained the deserted ruins of Lizardmen temples, and this place became the Valkyries' stronghold. Many years later these same warriors were encountered by Elf and Dwarf adventurers who had sailed up the river and attacked the settlement thinking it to be a Lizardman city. They were beaten off and fled, bringing back tales of strange warrior women worshipping Lizardmen gods. They called them the 'Amazons' after the name of the river. The island they called 'Heart of Darkness' because of the denseness of the surrounding jungle.

Needless to say, the Amazons now bear scant resemblance to proper Norse Valkyries, having adopted the trappings of the Lizardman culture which they found in the ruins. Furthermore, the fact that they are still there and their numbers have never been replenished and are never likely to be, lends credibility to the rumour that they have discovered a strange tropical drug which gives them everlasting youth and longevity. This rumour alone has attracted many would-be raiders to their stronghold, for such a potion would be more valuable than gold. The Amazons have never taken sides with the Lizardmen, nor have the Lizardmen ever sought their help. They remain invaders as far as the Lizardmen are concerned. The Amazons therefore are alone and never fight for anyone except themselves.

In recent years, more and more invaders have assailed the once hidden, exotic homeland of the Amazons, notably the Tilean expedition of Juan Cornetto of 1997. Raiders have pillaged the arcane

New Amazon warband adapted from *Lustria – Cities of Gold* by Stephanus Harburgh

riches of the Amazon temples and enslaved much of the population, carrying them off across the sea to the courts and bazaars of the Old World. Before the comet struck doomed Mordheim, Count Steinhardt purchased several hundred Amazons from Tilean slavers. These he used either as exotic gifts to snivelling, sycophantic courtiers or as his own personal concubines. It is said that during lavish parties held just before the city of sin was cleansed with fire, the depraved Count instructed his Amazon harem to perform an exotic dance for his noble guests. Most of the guests were so overcome by the mesmerising dance that many of the Amazons were able to escape the the palace and city into the surrounding countryside. These fugitives have adapted well to the wilds of the Empire and their numbers have been swollen by more escapees from travelling shows and the fairs of Cutthroat's Den and the Black Pit.



Of particular interest are the weapons and equipment carried by the Amazons. To those Old Worlders who liberated them these items just appear as fanciful 'mock' swords, amulets and staffs to be put on display as status symbols. Once activated by the rituals of the Amazons however, they are fearsome arcane devices from an age of great magical power.

So, the Amazons find themselves trapped in a very alien environment far from home but this doesn't stop them trying to return. These fiercely independent ladies form warbands to recover the green stones that the brutish men covert so greedily. They then sell these in an attempt to make sufficient gold to perhaps pay for safe passage back to their homeland.

Special Rules

Sacrifice: The Amazons are quick to sacrifice any captive to their gods. The Amazons follow the rules for Possessed in the Rulebook when it comes to captives.

Not one of us: Due to the Amazons' isolationism and suspicions about other races they never side with anyone else. For this reason, the Amazons may not have any Hired Swords or Dramatis Personae unless they are actually Amazons themselves.

Choice of Warriors

An Amazon warband must include a minimum of three models. You have 500 gcs to recruit your initial warband. The maximum number of models in the warband is 15.

Heroines

Although outsiders consider the Amazons to be immortal, the maximum characteristics for each type will be the same as any other human warband.

Priestess: Each Amazon warband must have one Priestess to lead it – no more, no less.

Champions: Your warband may include up to two Champions.

Totem Warriors: Your warband may include up to two Totem Warriors.

Henchwomen

Amazon Warriors: Purchased in-groups of 1-5 (You must have at least 1 Warrior in your Warband).

Scouts: Your Warband may include up to three Scouts.

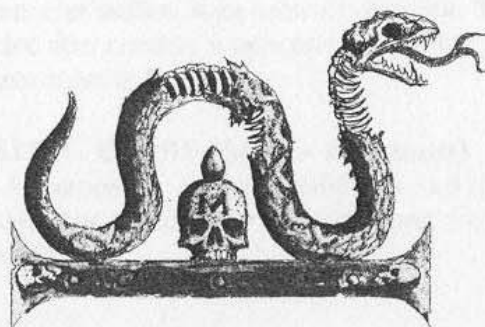
Starting Experience

Priestess starts with 20 experience.

Champions start with 8 experience.

Totem Warriors start with 8 experience.

Henchwomen start with 0 experience.



Amazon equipment lists

The following lists are used by Amazon warbands to pick their weapons:

HEROINES EQUIPMENT LIST

Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger	1st free/2 gc
Club	.3 gc
Sword	10 gc
Spear	10 gc
Claw of the Old Ones	30 gc

Missile Weapons

Sunstaff	50 gc
Sun Gauntlet	40 gc

Armour

Helmet	10 gc
Buckler	.5 gc

Special Equipment

Amulet of the Moon	50 gc
Healing Herbs	35 gc



HENCHWOMEN EQUIPMENT LIST

Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger	1st free/2 gc
Club	.3 gc
Sword	10 gc
Spear	10 gc

Missile Weapons

Sling	5 gc
Bow	10 gc

Armour

Helmet	10 gc
Buckler	.5 gc

SCOUT EQUIPMENT LIST

Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger	1st free/2 gc
Club	.3 gc
Sword	10 gc
Spear	10 gc

Missile Weapons

Sling	5 gc
Javelins	.5 gc
Bow	10 gc

Armour

Helmet	10 gc
Buckler	.5 gc



Amazon skill tables

	Combat	Shooting	Academic	Strength	Speed
Priestess	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Champion	✓	✓			✓
Totem Warrior	✓			✓	✓



Amazon Special equipment

The Amazons carry many strange arcane items and weapons, which originate from their homeland in Lustria. The origins of these mystical and powerful weapons is unknown but they are believed by High Elf scholars to originate from during the time of the Old Ones.

CLAW OF THE OLD ONES

(30 gcs Rare 12)

This is a very ancient weapon made from a strange metal that is impervious to age and corrosion. The powers of this artefact can only be unleashed through a ritual known only to a handful of Amazons. The blade of this weapon glows white hot and can cut through armour as if it were paper.

Range: Close Combat

Strength: +1

Special: No save, parry

SPECIAL RULES

No save: The blade of the Claw can literally cut through anything. A warrior wounded by a Claw receives no armour save whatsoever.

SUNSTAFF (50 gcs Rare 12)

The Sunstaff is a long tubular stick that is made from a strange multicoloured metal with one end hollow like a tube. Strange runes are carved along its length and a large gemstone is set into the pommel. Despite being extremely ancient (Elf Loremasters of the White Tower of Hoeth claim to have found a similar device that they surmise is more than 20,000 years old – older than the Elven race itself!), the wielder of the Sunstaff can discharge a beam of energy akin to the rays of the sun.

Maximum Range: 24"

Strength: 4

Special: Accurate, no save

SPECIAL RULES

Accurate: The Sunstaff does not suffer the usual -1 modifier to hit for long range.

No save: The beam from a Sunstaff can literally cut through anything. A warrior wounded by a Sunstaff receives no armour save whatsoever.

SUN GAUNTLET(40 gcs Rare 12)

This, as with all strange arcane Amazon items, is made from an unknown multicoloured metal that is impervious to damage or corrosion. It is covered in strange runes and a bright gemstone is set into the hilt. In many ways this weapon resembles a blackpowder pistol. It can be held in one hand and when

pointed at an enemy unleashes a blinding beam of energy like the Sunstaff.

Maximum Range: 12"

Strength: 4

Special: Accurate, no save, hand-to-hand

SPECIAL RULES

Accurate: The Sun Gauntlet does not suffer the usual -1 modifier to hit for long range.

No save: The beam from a Sun Gauntlet can literally cut through anything. A warrior wounded by a Sun Gauntlet receives no armour save whatsoever.

Hand-to-hand: The Sun Gauntlet can be used with another close combat weapon in hand-to-hand combat with Strength 4 and no armour save. Because it does not require prepared shot, this bonus attack may be used in each turn of combat.

JAVELINS (5 gcs Common)

Javelins are short throwing spears specially weighted to travel quite a distance. Although they have a much reduced range when compared to an arrow they can cause quite considerable damage when thrown by a person of great strength.

Maximum Range: 8"

Strength: As user

Special: Thrown weapon

SPECIAL RULES

Thrown weapon: Javelins are thrown weapons and the warrior suffers no penalties for moving and shooting.

AMULET OF THE MOON (50 gcs Rare 12)

Once activated, this ancient device creates a shimmering aura around the wearer that makes it harder for enemies to see them. Any missile fire directed at a model equipped with the amulet suffers a penalty of -1 to hit. The amulet also confers a special save of 5+ against missile fire.

HEALING HERBS (35 gcs common)

The Amazons are master herbalists and may buy Healing Herbs as common items, instead of rare items.

Heroines

1 Priestess

70 Gold Crowns to hire

Priestesses are part of the religious sisterhood that rules Amazon society. They are powerful sorceresses and their word is law. The younger, more junior members of the Priestesshood often gather war parties to search for Slann artifacts and also conduct the ritual sacrifices of captured enemies.

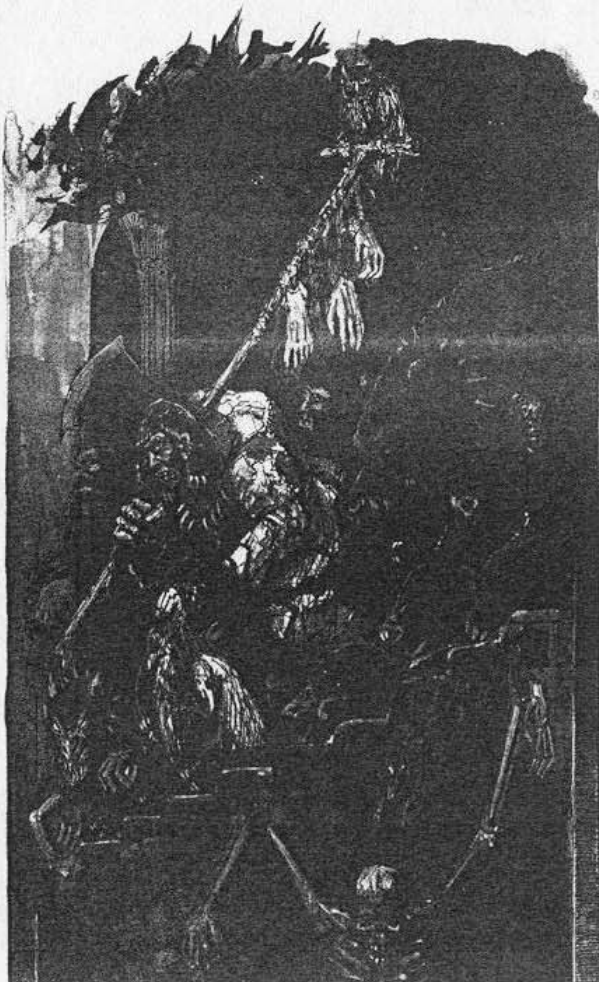
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8

Weapons/Armour: The Priestess may be equipped with weapons chosen from the Heroine's equipment lists.

SPECIAL RULES

Leader: Any models in the warband within 6" of the Priestess may use her Leadership instead of their own.

Wizard: The Priestess is a Wizard and may use Amazon Rituals. She starts with one ritual chosen at random from the list.



0:2 Champions

35 Gold Crowns to hire

Champions are veterans that have participated in dozens of war parties over the years. They are the right-hand girls to the Priestesses and also act as their bodyguards. They are skilled in fighting with a variety of different weapons including the legendary claws of the Old Ones.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

Weapons/Armour: Champions may be equipped with weapons chosen from the Heroines and special equipment lists.

0:2 Totem Warriors

30 Gold Crowns to hire

There is a peculiar sect within Amazon society that attracts the most bloodthirsty, unhinged members of the population. These sisters are feared and revered in equal amounts. They are the Totem Warriors – Amazons that follow animal totems like the Eagle, Pirahna, Jaguar, etc, and adorn themselves in the skins and feathers of their patron gods. Totem warriors are addicted to dangerous narcotic substances that are made from the various rare herbs that grow wild in the jungles of Lustria. Before they go into battle they imbibe quantities of psychedelic herbs and enter a kill-frenzy – making them very ferocious opponents indeed.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	4	2	3	3	1	3	1	7

Weapons/Armour: Totem Warriors may be equipped with weapons chosen from the Heroines and special equipment lists.

SPECIAL RULES

Frenzy: Totem Warriors are utterly fanatical, blood crazed individuals. They are also totally out of their heads on dangerous, psychedelic, herbal concoctions prepared by their sisters. Totem Warriors are mad berserkers who care little about danger or the prospect of death. They are subject to the rules for *Frenzy*.



Henchwomen (must be bought in groups of 1-5 models)

Amazon Warriors

25 Gold Crowns to hire

Every Amazon woman is trained in the ways of warfare from birth and is hardened by a life in the unforgiving nature of their jungle environment. On the shattered streets of Mordheim, things are hardly that different as they have just traded the dense jungle undergrowth for broken buildings and rubble.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

Weapons/Armour:

Amazon Warriors may be equipped with weapons chosen from the henchmens equipment list.



03 Scouts

30 Gold Crowns to hire

Scouts are known for their exceptional speed and agility. They are just at home stealthily picking their way through the rubble strewn streets of the City of the Damned and hiding in the ruins setting up ambushes.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

Weapons/Armour: Scouts can be armed with weapons and armour chosen from the Scout Equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES

Stealthy: A Scout may deploy twice the distance onto the battlefield than other warriors and may start the battle *Hiding*.



Amazon Rituals

Little is known about Amazon magic beyond their island home. It is said that the immortal Amazons learn their magic from the very gods themselves.

D6 Result

1 Singing Wind **Difficulty 8**
The priestess calls upon the power of Shaekal the Wind Goddess to enter the battlefield.

The goddess appears in the form of singing notes and dancing lights that will entrance and 'hold' any model within 10" until the start of the Amazon player's next turn. The model cannot move, shoot, or cast spells, but may defend itself in hand-to-hand combat. Models affected by this ritual automatically go last in combat.

2 Serpent's Strength **Difficulty 9**
The priestess begins the ritual by dancing wildly and screaming in an ancient tongue.

All friendly models close to the Priestess will be charged with a frantic energy until the end of their next turn. During this time any model within 8" of the Priestess (including herself) will add +1 to their Strength. The ritual cannot be cast if the Priestess is in close combat during her Shooting phase. The effects will continue after the ritual is cast if the Priestess enters combat.

3 Wendala's Maelstrom **Difficulty 7**
The priestess summons harsh tropical winds to protect the Amazons from enemy ranged attacks.

The storm extends out from the Priestess 18". All attempts to shoot missile weapons by the enemy will be at -1 to hit. The ritual lasts up until the start of the Amazon player's next turn.

4 Shield of Thorns **Difficulty 7**
Moving her arms about in a weaving motion, the priestess calls upon the plants to protect her.

The ritual produces a cocoon of thorns all about the Priestess, making her immune to ranged or magical attacks. Any models wishing to charge the Priestess can do so but the thorns negate any strikes by the Priestess and her enemies in the first round of combat. The Priestess cannot cast this ritual while in hand-to-hand combat.

5 The Living Jungle **Difficulty 6**
Drawing upon her will, the Priestess reaches out to the denizens of the jungle, seeking their aid.

Pick one model within 12". The model is suddenly swarmed by a savage mix of snakes, spiders and insects, most of them poisonous. The afflicted model takes 1D6 Strength 2 hits with no armour saves allowed apart from Ward saves. You cannot use a dodge save against a swarm.

6 Siren's Dreams **Difficulty 7**
The priestess starts to sing with a wondrous voice and all the Amazons join in with her.

The song is so beautiful and mesmerising that it momentarily distracts the Amazon's enemies within 12" such that all LD tests for the opposing warband are made at -1 until the end of the opposing player's next turn. Lizardmen and Undead are immune to the effects of this ritual.

Abdul Meershariff stroked his oily black moustache and wiped copious amounts of drool from the side of his mouth, drying his hand with his sleeve.

"This one's new in today, all her own teeth..." with that the rotund, flamboyantly dressed Arabian grabbed the cowering, manacled girl by the arm and dragged her to her feet. With a filth-encrusted, stubby finger he forced her lips apart showing his potential customers a set of polished, ivory white teeth. The merchant smiled, showing his own teeth - they failed to compare...

"Fifty of your Imperial crowns." There was a long pause, "She can cook, clean, dress wounds and by his magnificence above can she fight!" bellowed the excited Arab, his foetid breath forcing his customers to gag. Despite the manacles and being paraded like a prize bull the girl stared back defiantly, her ice-blue eyes displaying obvious contempt for both her would-be new owners and the obese slave merchant.

Delicately placing a dainty, white silk handkerchief over his mouth the powdered fop observed his prospective purchase, slowly walking around her marvelling at the lithe, toned form before him.

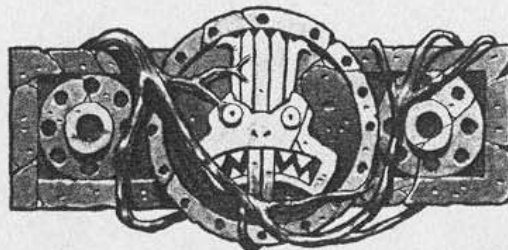
"She's certainly a feisty little thing isn't she?" he said, a tinge of Marienburger creeping into his accent. The Marienburger captain's comrades laughed haughtily as he reached for the bulging pouch at his belt and began to count out the money. The Arab's eyes widened at the sight of the gold and he began to perspire heavily with anticipation. Then four cloaked and hooded figures entered the merchant's tent.

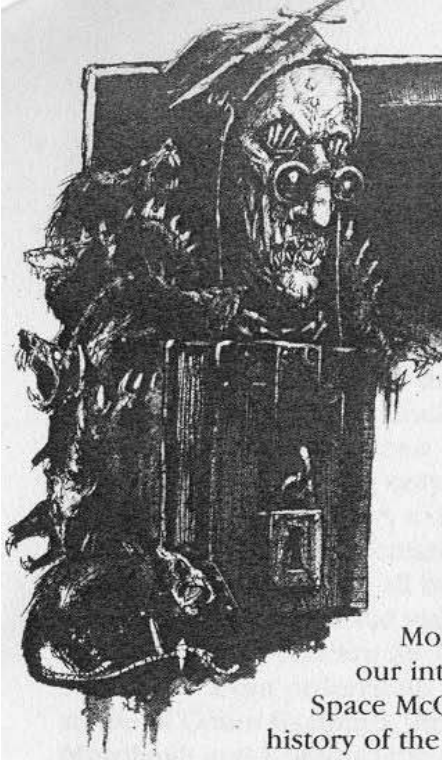
"Whaddya want?" snarled the Arab, quickly pocketing the gold. The tall figure at the front pointed towards the manacled girl with a slender arm. The Marienburgers' hands were already at the hilts of their swords.

"You're too late, she's been sold." sneered the Arab as he positioned himself behind the Marienburgers. In a blur of movement the interlopers cast aside their cloaks revealing themselves to be lithe, tanned women dressed in animal skins with bright feathers adorning their hair and strange weapons gripped in their fists. With a ringing of metal the Marienburgers unsheathed their swords and charged the warrior women. One of the women raised what looked like a cross between an ornate duelling pistol and a golden gauntlet. With a blinding flash it discharged. The lead Marienburger looked down at the smoking, fist-sized hole burned straight through his shield and likewise in his steel breastplate and then slumped to the floor. With the clash of weapons going on all around them the Marienburger captain and the tall leader of the women squared up against each other each gripping their weapons tightly.

"Another wench in need of learning her place." spat the Marienburger as he expertly lunged with his sword. The tall warrior woman's sword glowed white hot as she parried the captain's attack, shearing his sword in half. The captain looked in horror at the remains of his expensive weapon as the tall woman's glowing sword swept downwards in a diagonal arc from his right shoulder to his groin. The fop stood motionless for a second staring blankly ahead and then fell to the ground in two perfectly cauterised halves. With the rest of the Marienburgers now dead or dying, the women freed their sister from her manacles as the tall leader dragged the shrieking Arab from the puddle he was now inhabiting at the back of the tent by his beard.

The women slapped the manacles upon the merchant and now the slaver had become the slave. They then slipped out into the night with their captive. The squealing Arabian knew that it had been the Marienburgers who were the lucky ones for he had heard tales of what the dreaded Amazons did with their captives...





City of the Damned

Cartography & new art by Nuala Kennedy
Scribed by Space McQuirk & Mark Havener

This is the third installment of the City of the Damned series of articles exploring the cursed city of Mordheim. This issue our intrepid scribe, Space McQuirk explores the history of the opulent palaces and exotic gardens of the once noble north-west quarter.

In the decades before the infamous comet struck Mordheim, the city had prospered to the extent that of all the cities in the Empire it was second in wealth and influence only to the capital of Altdorf. The nobles had grown rich on the toils of the farmers and workers, and the Rich Quarter of Mordheim was renowned for being the most extravagant region in the entire realm. Such was the extent of the city's wealth that the palace courtyard of its ruler, the extravagant Count Steinhardt, was quite literally paved with gold. In 1799, the Empire was deeply embroiled in a bitter civil war. The Grand Theogonist refused to acknowledge Lady Magritta's claim to the throne and the land rapidly descended into anarchy and war. During this turmoil, Count Steinhardt refused to commit his forces to any of the three warring factions. He realised that by remaining neutral he would be able to make a veritable fortune in bribes and gifts, but

more importantly he didn't want to see the bright clean livery of the soldiers of Mordheim sullied with the mud and bloody stains of battle. As the Empire went to war, expending valuable resources on arms and soldiers Mordheim grew rich selling arms and supplies at extortionate prices to any side.

The Count used the wealth that was generated from the lands to sell valuable resources such as food, ores and wood to whatever faction bid the highest. In his treasury, the coffers overflowed with the gold of the warring Elector Counts and soon the Count had acquired more wealth than any single individual in the entire land. The Count was an extremely vain man and relished being the centre of attention. With more money than he could ever possibly spend Count Steinhardt used his newly found wealth to fund extraordinary lavish parties. He would buy extravagant gifts and bestow them upon his guests. Once he gifted one of his many mistresses with a beautiful diamond ring. Upon seeing the ring she complained that she had nothing to wear with it, so the Count had a dress made from rare Cathayan silk and heavily embroidered with gold twine that would bankrupt most Elector Counts.

Hundreds would attend the masquerade balls and fill themselves on the sumptuous banquets where the



"Back for more, eh? Cemeteries and walking corpses not scary enough for you boy? Well, you've explored the Temple Quarter are you prepared for the Rich Quarter? There's more than just a few Zombies here, I can tell you. Once this place shone like a gemstone, rich and opulent. Once it was the seat of Mordheim's power of old for here was where the Count held court. Some say that Count Steinhardt, or whatever has become of him, still holds court in this black place. So, be careful boy, or be dead."



Nordheim
Northwestern Quarter

To
Cutthroat's
Den

West
Gateway

Bridge

St. Barbara's
Church

St. Peter's
Church

St. John's
Church

St. Paul's
Church

St. Andrew's
Church

St. James's
Church

St. George's
Church

St. Mark's
Church

St. Luke's
Church

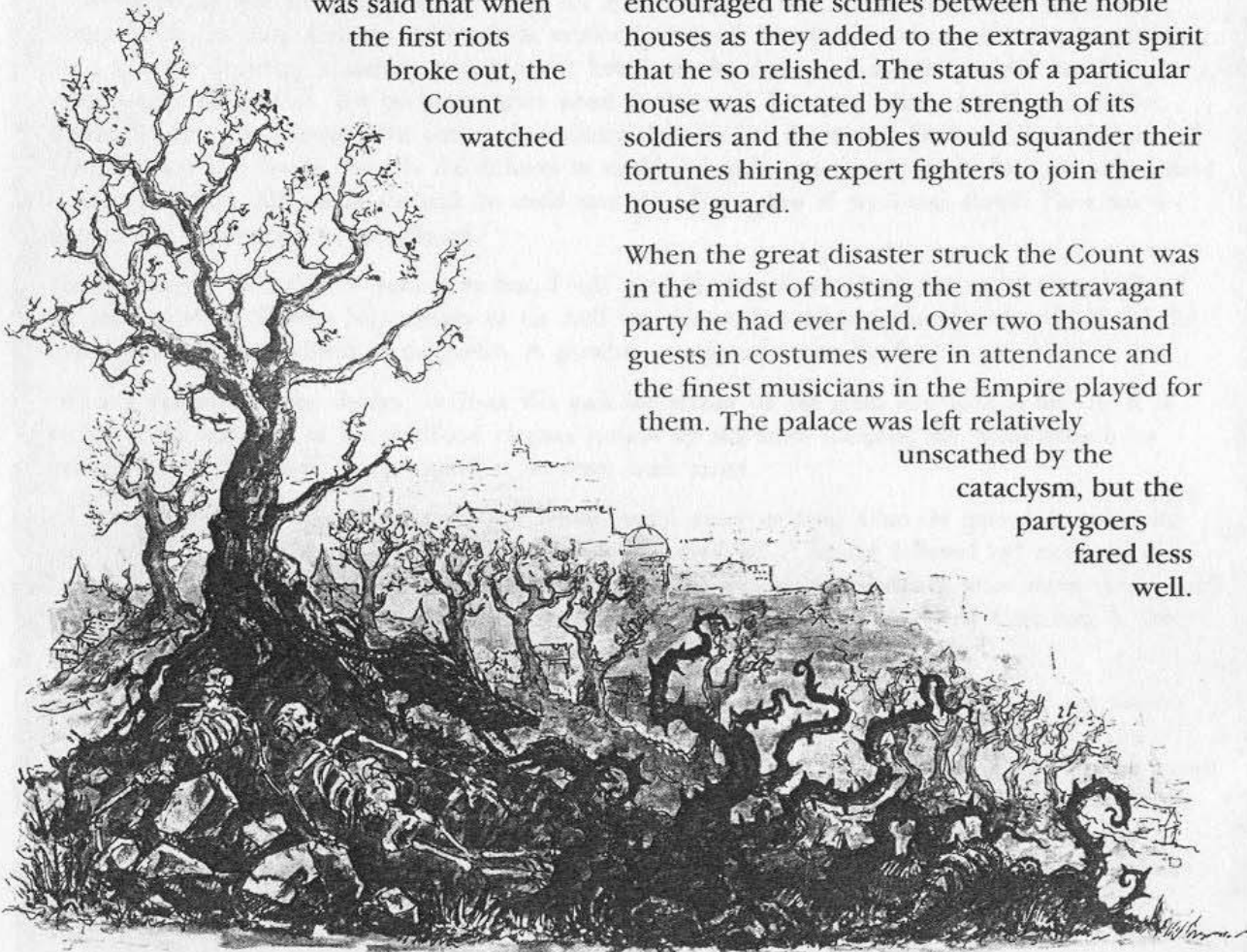
St. Matthew's
Church

Count would serve such delicacies as roast eagles and rump of griffon. It is even rumoured that the Count was responsible for the extinction of the lesser fire Drake after he acquired a taste for their spicy eggs.



During this time the poor suffered miserably. The Count and his nobles would sell their best produce to the warring factions, leaving only the rotten scraps for his commoners to fight over. The town's guard became increasingly corrupt and law and order was soon all but forgotten. The Count, locked behind the walls of his elegant palace had little concern for the affairs of state. The Count ordered his men remove the statue of Count Gotthard, the founder of Mordheim and a hero to the people, and have it replaced with an image of himself. This self-indulgent vanity was finally too much for the downtrodden citizens, who took arms and finally rebelled. They attacked the guards of the Raven Barracks and the West Gatehouse where the city guards sat drunk, playing dice. The guards were so complacent that they had not even set up a watch. Quickly over coming the surprised defenders of the North-west Quarter, the angry mob rampaged through the streets of Mordheim. It

was said that when the first riots broke out, the Count watched



Memorial Gardens

from his balcony and thought it was splendid entertainment. Over a short period of time anarchy descended upon Mordheim, but the rich merchants and nobles of the North-west Quarter had hired many mercenaries, paying for the upkeep of elite household guards. The ruthless approach used by the soldiers in dealing with the rioters quickly calmed the situation and order was restored. These small bands of heavily armed warriors were no better than vigilantes and hired thugs, who patrolled the streets ensuring that the fine alleys and streets of the North-west Quarter remained free from the filth and squalor that infested the rest of the city. Now the area was ruled with a tight fist. Anyone deemed to be a vagrant was humiliated in the stocks before being put onto a barge and removed from the city.

With the riots quashed there was little real work to keep the household guards occupied and they quickly grew bored.



Often these soldiers would seek entertainment by fighting the guards of other another noble's house in pre-arranged duels. The Count officially banned such activity, but in reality encouraged the scuffles between the noble houses as they added to the extravagant spirit that he so relished. The status of a particular house was dictated by the strength of its soldiers and the nobles would squander their fortunes hiring expert fighters to join their house guard.

When the great disaster struck the Count was in the midst of hosting the most extravagant party he had ever held. Over two thousand guests in costumes were in attendance and the finest musicians in the Empire played for them. The palace was left relatively

unscathed by the cataclysm, but the partygoers fared less well.

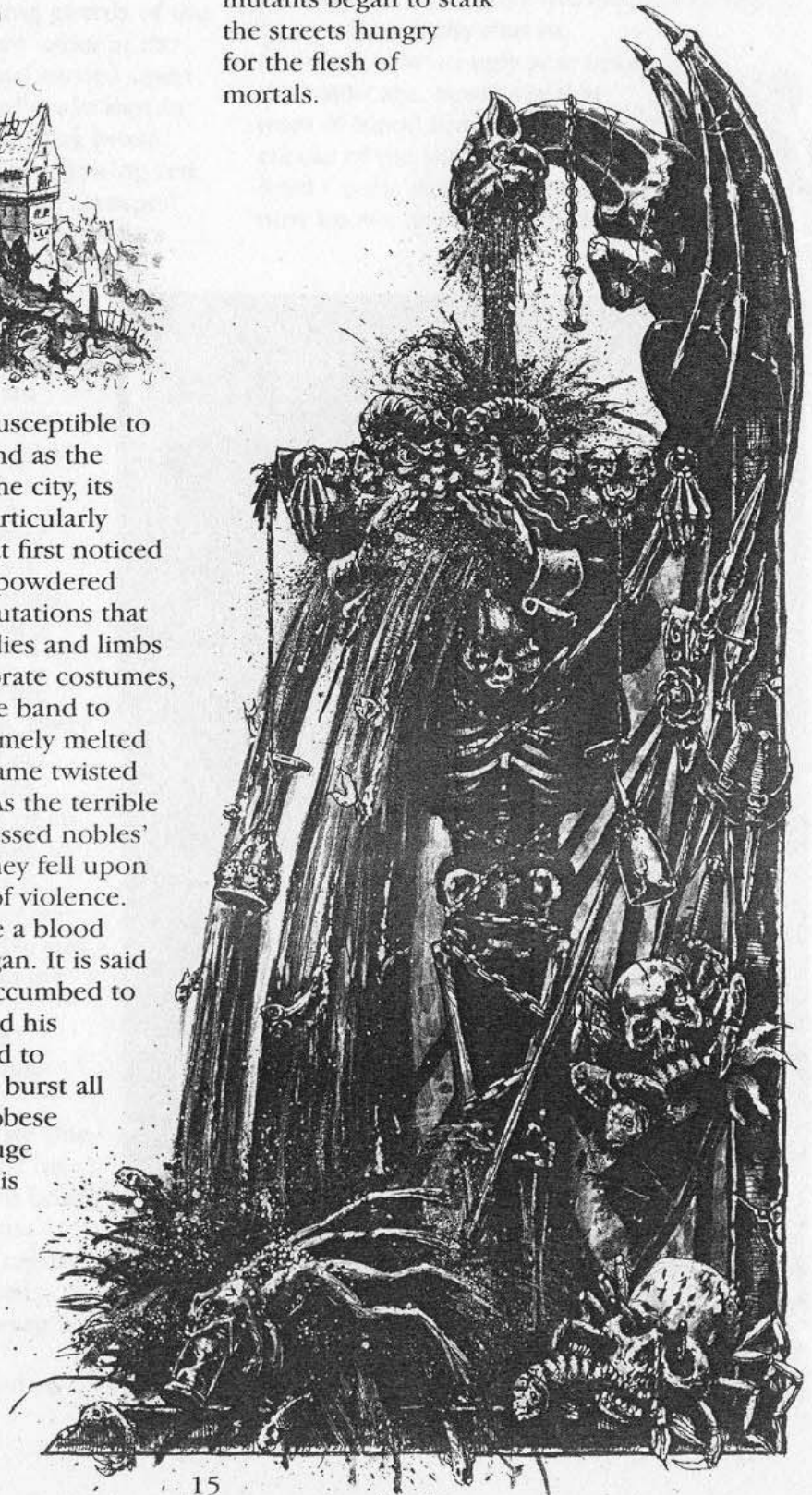
*Statue of
Count
Gottbard*



Their minds were particularly susceptible to the mutating effects of Chaos and as the wyrdstone rained down upon the city, its nobility was picked out for a particularly chilling fate. It is said that few at first noticed the changes that overcame the powdered fops. Most thought the gross mutations that sprouted from each other's bodies and limbs were simply parts of their elaborate costumes, and even the Count ordered the band to continue playing. Masks gruesomely melted into the wearer's faces and became twisted images of hatred and menace. As the terrible power of Chaos filled the possessed nobles' minds with horrifying visions they fell upon those around them in an orgy of violence. The luxurious ballroom became a blood bath as wholesale slaughter began. It is said that the Count himself soon succumbed to the warping effects of Chaos and his already sumptuous belly swelled to enormous size. Poxes and boils burst all over him, and he was soon so obese that he was unable to move. Huge tendrils sprouted where once his arms had been and these writhing limbs reached out, grasping at the screaming guests. He then dragged them towards him and consumed them whole.



As the small bright green, glowing shards continued to rain down from the dust and debris filled skies all over the North-west Quarter, the wyrdstone began to have other strange and deadly mutating effects. A great many of the greedy inhabitants thought these stones were precious gems and began to hoard wyrdstone in vast quantities. And so the great design of the dreaded Shadowlord came to fruition. The taint of Chaos issued from the wyrdstone was at its purest and those who hoarded the shards soon went the way of the Count's guests. Horrible mutants began to stalk the streets hungry for the flesh of mortals.



Even stranger were the effects that the Wyrdstone had on the Count's famous Memorial Gardens. In an extravagant display of how to squander a fortune, the Count imported all manner of strange plants from far away lands such as mythical Lustria and had the most fabulous gardens seen anywhere in the Empire. Many lovers would gather in the central park of the exotic gardens to welcome in the New Year amongst its beautiful surroundings. As shards of wyrdstone fell like hailstones from the sky, the plants soon developed a malevolent life of their own and roots and vines grasped at the poor couples ensnaring them tightly before dragging them

deep down into the soil where the roots drank deeply from their blood. Other plants spat out poisonous barbs at any unfortunates who strayed too near. The water in the fountain at the centre of the gardens glowed bright green and tales tell of the cherubs howling terrible curses of doom and despair. The Great Oak that once stood near the ornate gates of the garden uprooted itself and began a rampage of death and destruction. A huge one hundred foot tall monster, it smashed through the perimeter wall of the gardens and began to make its way to the West Gatehouse where crowds had gathered in a desperate attempt to flee the disaster.

Jacob peered through the arched gateway that was the entrance to the Memorial Gardens. The black iron railings that surrounded the park were bent and twisted, and mounted on the spikes that ran around the top were the severed heads and skulls of unfortunate victims. He shuddered for a moment at the thought of what horrors lay in wait and whether or not his own head would soon be on gruesome display.

The ornate gate creaked as a gust of wind blew it open, swinging back it clanged loudly in the silence. Jacob took a deep breath; he had heard many tales of what lay in wait within the gardens and none of them talked of the beautiful serenity that he associated with city parks.

"Afraid of plants are you, Jacob?" a deep husky voice called out from behind him. Jacob recognised it as Herman Deidrichbaun's. He was a particularly uncouth individual whose only merit was the fact he was a strong and capable fighter.

"If you're in such a hurry, then please don't wait for me." Jacob called out. Herman was quiet, the man might be strong but he was no fool. Jacob had drawn the short straw and now he had to summon up enough courage to do his duty. Cursing to himself he cautiously stepped through the gateway. He waited anxiously for a moment, expecting something to leap out at him from the shadows. His heart pounded heavily as he stared around the gardens. The overgrown grass waved in the wind, but apart from a few thorny, macabre looking bushes, there seemed little out of the ordinary that was life threatening. Jacob narrowed his eyes and peered towards the distant space. In the darkness he could just make out the old ornate fountain, now covered in moss and vines. All around the park he could spot the telltale glow of wyrdstone shards. There was a fortune here just waiting to be collected.

Herman laughed "See, there is nothing to fear, I told you." He barged past Jacob and ran to a large pile of the precious stone. Shoving large chunks of the stuff into his pockets Herman turned to face Jacob and the others who had now gathered in the garden. A gormless grin spread across his face.

"When I was youth I was thrown out from this park for playing on the grass, now look at me." As if in protest at the ignominy of his childhood Herman jumped up and down trampling the weeds beneath his hulking weight. The small group laughed at the huge man's antics.

Jacob suddenly froze, horrified as he watched a long tendril shoot suddenly from the ground. It snaked its way quickly up from the soil and wound itself round Herman's leg. A second followed and more and more tendrils rose up from the ground. Herman was soon enveloped in a mass of writhing green roots; they grasped onto the huge warrior who had turned a bright shade of red as they crushed the breath from him. In less than a minute Herman had been wrestled down into the earth.

Jacob turned to run but the gate had disappeared in a mass of vines. The green shoots reached out towards the small group, a couple of whom tried to hack their way through the foliage in vain. All around the warband, tendrils now reached out to grasp their victims, lifting them from the ground. A dark shadow passed overhead and Jacob looked up to see the branches of a tree reaching down towards him. He was helpless to prevent the incredibly strong creepers curling round his waist as the monstrous plant hoisted him from the ground and dragged him to his doom. Thick sap covered him, burning his skin, pain and dizziness overcame him. The last thing Jacob saw before losing consciousness was Herman's hand clawing at the soil before disappearing beneath the earth.

It wasn't long before the terrified townsfolk, believing the Count and his nobles had brought this curse upon them attacked the Rich Quarter looting and pillaging everything they could find. The palace was attacked and witnessing the terrible beasts that emerged from the hall, the people of Mordheim set fire to the building. The flames quickly spread and soon the entire quarter was ablaze. Records tell of the orange glow of the inferno being visible from as far away as Bechafen. As the fire spread, the people attempted to leave the city en-mass. The few remaining guards of the Raven Barracks tried to restore order at the West Gatehouse, but the crowd turned upon them. Hundreds were crushed underfoot in the panic and soon the terrible Oak beast reached the gates. With evil eyes glowing red, the instrument of the Shadowlord stomped through the crowd sending broken bodies hurtling through the air as its huge branches lashed out at the throng. Few managed to escape the North-western Quarter of the city during the disaster, as the monster had rooted itself at the gateway, slaughtering all that dared to pass...

Nowadays, the whole area is a nightmarish parody of its former elegance. The once magnificent buildings now lie in charred ruins. Most items of value that survived the fire have long since disappeared, plundered over the years by desperate scavengers. Every so often a warband will emerge from this quarter with treasures found deep within the cellars of an old house. This alone is enough to keep a would-be adventurer's interest. The burnt-out shell of the Count's palace is an eerie sight, and tales tell that the Count and many of his guests survived the all-consuming fire. In murmured whispers it is said that he dwells there still, within those once luxurious halls. Unable to move due to his enormous bulk he sends his minions out into the streets to bring him back victims to feast upon. Some say that in the dead of night the musicians can still be heard, violins and horns sounding warped and twisted versions of the compositions they once played so elegantly.

The West Gatehouse remains guarded by the dark treebeast, and to enter the city from this direction, adventurers must first brave passing by this monstrosity. Skeletons hang from its branches and who knows how many skulls are entwined within its blackened roots.

Only the most foolhardy dare enter the old Memorial Gardens in search of wyrdstone and few ever return. Those who do, tell of huge piles of wyrdstone shards watched over by ravenous plants touched by Chaos. Remarkably though, the statue of Count Gottard still looks over the remains of the once splendid city that he founded, now an ugly scar upon the landscape. Some say that tears of blood flow down the cheeks of the statue as if the long dead Count weeps for his proud city, now known as the City of the Damned.





Scenario: A Stroll in the Garden



Your warband has heard the fantastic stories about the old Memorial Gardens in the north-west corner of the city. However, even if your warriors believed the tales about enormous carnivorous plants, the other stories spread about the Gardens — the stories about piles of wyrdstone lying unguarded on the ground, and secret basement vaults filled with treasures beyond measure were enough to draw your band to this place, heedless of the risk. So you find yourselves here, walking slowly through the gate, peering into the tangled depths and wondering just which

stories are true. Then you notice that you are not the only figures brave enough to ignore the warnings...



Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a small building, set of hedges or walls, set of trees, small clump of bushes, or similar item or terrain appropriate to Mordheim. At least half of the pieces of terrain should be some form of plant life. The end result should be an overgrown area broken by small paths, walls, and buildings.

Set-up

All players roll a D6 to see who deploys first, with the player rolling highest choosing a table edge and setting up first. If there are two players, then the next player sets up on the opposite board edge. If there are more than two players, the remaining players choose sides and set up their warbands based on the order of their dice rolls, highest to lowest. A player must set up his warband within 8" of his table edge, but not within 4" of a side edge, and not within 10" of another player's warband. Keep in mind that more than four players should be accommodated with a larger battlefield than normal (see the 'Chaos in the Streets' article on multi-player games in the *Best of Town Cryer*, page 30).



Starting the Game

Players each roll a D6 to determine who goes first. Play proceeds clockwise around the table (based on where players placed their warbands) from there.

Special Rules

It turns out that all the stories told about the Memorial Gardens are true! This is represented in the scenario by the following special rules:

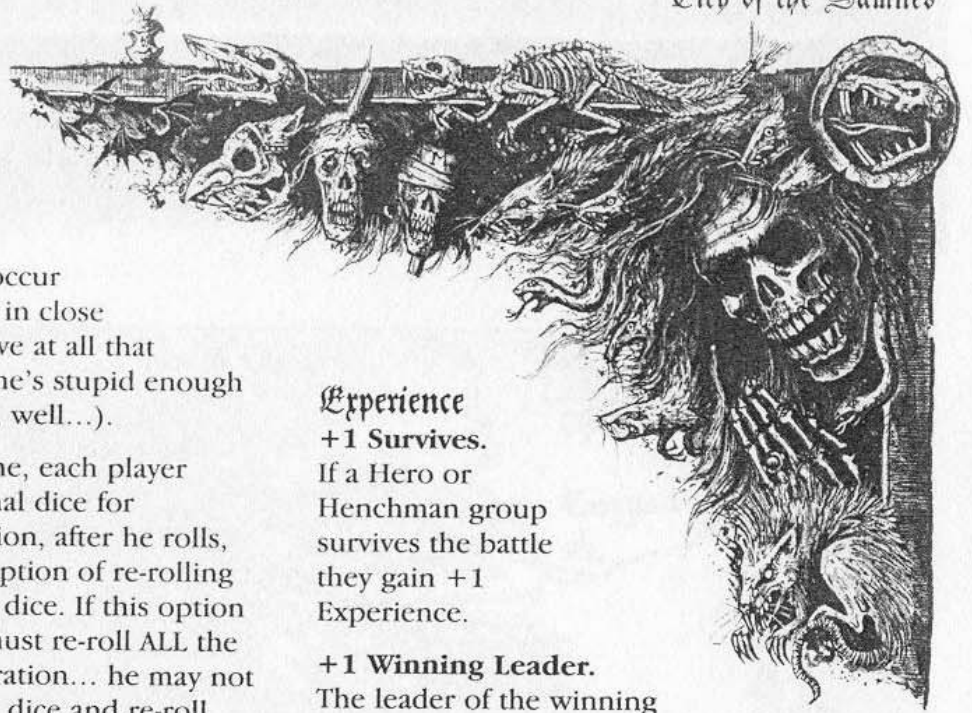
1. The plants in the Garden will attack any warriors who come within range. At the end of each player's Movement phase, check to see if any of his warriors are attacked. Each warrior of that player's warband who ended his move within 2" of a tree receives D3-1 automatic hits at Strength 3; each warrior of that player's warband who ended his move within 2" of a smaller plant (hedge, bush, etc) receives D6-2 automatic hits at Strength 1. A warrior who does not end

his move within 2" of a plant has moved too quickly for the hate-filled creatures to reach him. However, note that the attacks will occur even if the warrior is in close combat or didn't move at all that Movement phase (if he's stupid enough to stay near that tree, well...).

- At the end of the game, each player receives one additional dice for Exploration. In addition, after he rolls, each player has the option of re-rolling all of his Exploration dice. If this option is taken, the player must re-roll ALL the dice rolled for Exploration... he may not choose to keep some dice and re-roll others!

Ending the Game

The game ends when all warbands but one have failed their Rout test. Warbands which rout automatically lose. If two or more warbands have allied when the other warbands have all routed, they may choose to share the victory and end the game, or they may continue the game until one warband is victorious (ie, break the alliance and fight it out!).



Experience

+1 Survives.

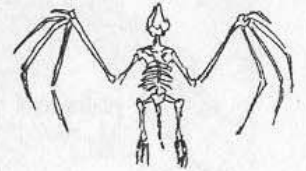
If a Hero or Henchman group survives the battle they gain +1 Experience.

+1 Winning Leader.

The leader of the winning warband(s) gains +1 Experience.

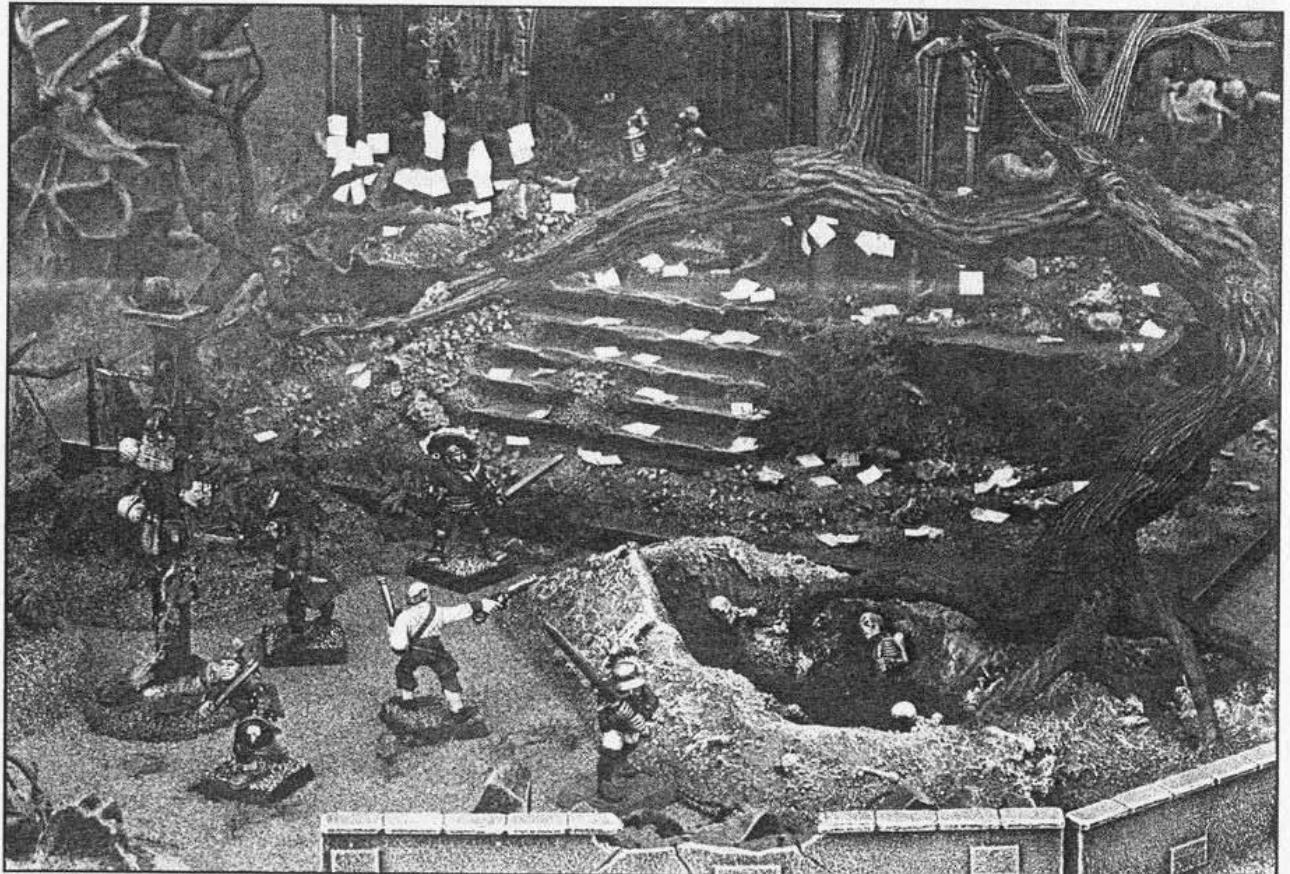
+1 Per Enemy Out of Action.

Any Hero earns +1 Experience for each enemy he puts Out of Action.



+1 Attacked by Plants.

Any Hero who gets hit at least once by an attack from a plant gains +1 Experience.



A warband experiences the horrors of the Memorial Gardens



A Nation Divided...

"Beyond the great walls of our fair and prosperous cities, beyond the fertile fields of the open plains that surround them lie the barren moors, the cold forbidding mountains and the dark, sinister forests of the Empire. What horrors lie within these malignant, desolate places? What foul, twisted creatures lie in wait for unwary travellers, driven on by evil, bestial instincts? These are the dark shadows of the Empire where honest Sigmar fearing folk dare not to tread and only desperate or foolhardy men are lured by the dark secrets that they harbour..."

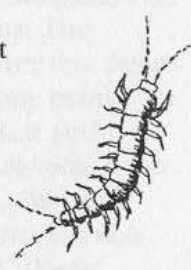
This new setting for Mordheim is intended to take the fighting from the narrow, cramped streets of the ruined city and out into the untamed and dangerous wilderness of the Empire. The Empire is a deadly place outside of the reasonably safe environment of its towns and cities where the law of man prevails. The deep, dark forests harbour bands of Chaos worshipping Beastmen, bandits, mutants and much worse. Over the next seven issues of Town Cryer we will cover new rules for playing games of skirmish in the wilderness of the Empire along with new scenarios, warbands, equipment, Hired

Swords and modelling articles detailing the entirely different terrain needed. In this installment, we will set the scene detailing the geography, history and politics of the Empire.

The Land of Sigmar

The Empire is a vast and ancient land bordered to the north by the harsh Sea of Claws beyond which lies Norsca and the Chaos Wastes. To the east are the lofty peaks of the Worlds Edge Mountains that separate the green, fertile lands of the Empire from the grim Orc-infested Dark Lands. To the south lie the Black Mountains through which is cut the heavily fortified Black Fire Pass that protects the southern approaches to the Empire. The Grey Mountains to the west form the political boundary between the Empire and the kingdom of Bretonnia. The lands of the Empire are heavily forested with only the grassy plains of the south and the fertile farming areas surrounding the towns and cities being free of such dense undergrowth.

Within these natural and political frontiers are numerous smaller, semi-autonomous states. The eight largest of these are known as



"Heed well my words traveller, for these are dark and suspicious times. Our great nation, our Empire of Men is divided.

Three hold the trappings of power. Tis a dark pursuit, their tied ambitions wrought through with politics and intrigue and at no worse a time could such division have come to be. Sooth sayers line the streets; prophets of doom that sing their litanies to our all but forgotten Lord Sigmar and foretell of encroaching doom... There is division within as well as without; the struggling mass of the poor grows daily, as does their rancour towards the perfumed courtiers of the Imperial aristocracy. Tis the sentiment of a secret war, a class war, as it has always been and the lords are winning. There is widespread dissent within the walled settlements of this land coupled with a gnawing dread at those things that lie beyond, that, with such intrigue and corruption within, roam unchecked throughout the mysterious wilds..."



New wilderness setting for Mordheim
By scribes Nicodemus Kyme & Stephanus Harburgh



electoral provinces because their rulers have each traditionally been granted a say in the election of the Emperor. They include the Principality of Reikland, the Duchy of Middenland, the Principality of Ostland, the Duchy of Talabecland, the County of Stirland, the County of Averland, the Barony of Sudenland, the County of Sylvania and the Halfling Mootland.

In 1999, the Empire lay riven with dissent, divided by the sword for there was no Emperor, and civil war raged across the land. Fear and superstition were the peasantry's only allies and the Elector Counts were divided from each other. Nowhere did the poor suffer more than the rural folk; their lands ravaged by war, their crops and livestock burned or stolen, their pockets picked by the merciless tax collectors and their bodies

wracked with famine. Despite the socio-economic breakdown of the once mighty Empire, there still remained horrors worse than any man could devise, for *wyrdstone* is not exclusive to the City of the Damned. Many smaller fragments of the twin-tailed comet fell like black rain upon the lands around Mordheim, reaching for hundreds of leagues in every direction. Within the black hearts of the dark forests, the seeds of Chaos were sown and like moths to a candle were drawn the misshapen creatures of the night. And men too, for in the hearts of all men greed burns like a malevolent flame and men are more than willing to kill for just a few shards of *wyrdstone*.

A Rural Land...

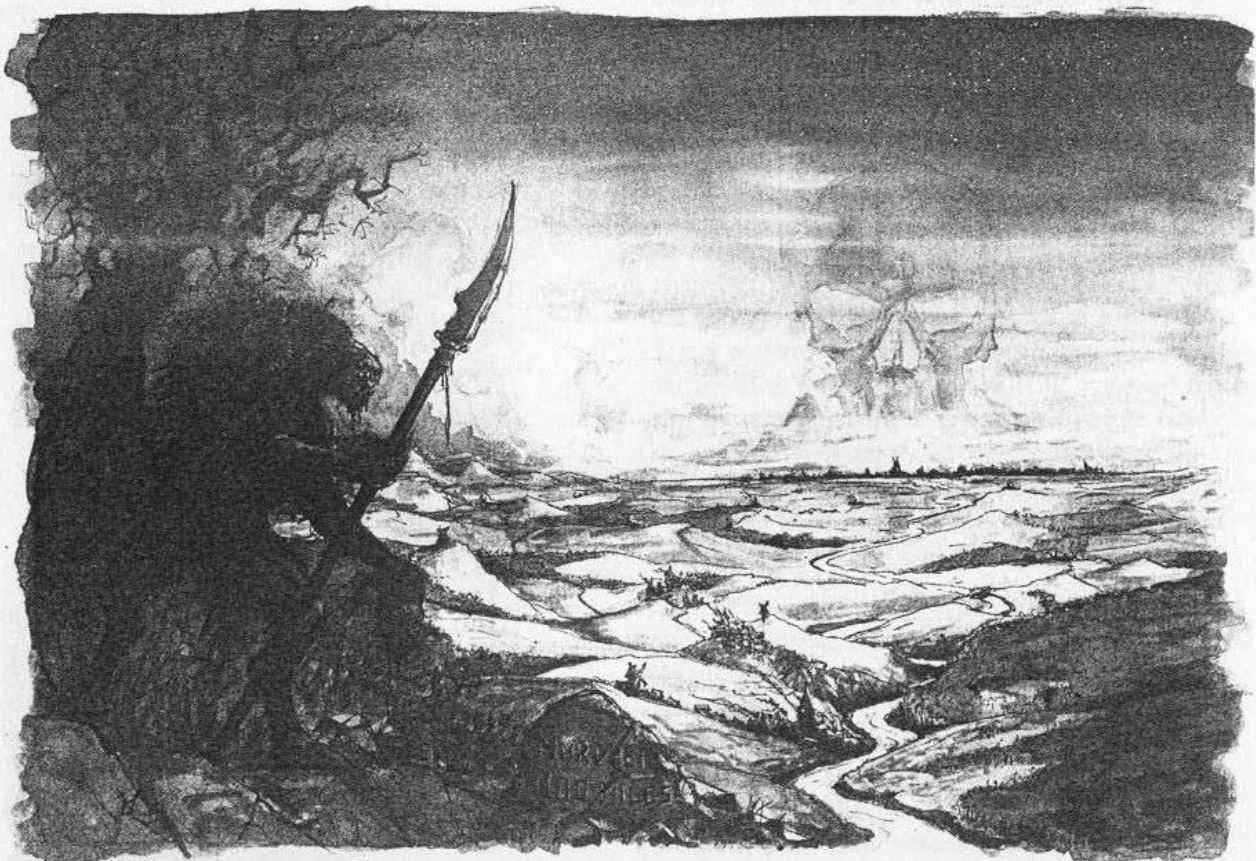
"The Empire is known for its rural expanses. A great community exists beyond civilisation in isolation, its brooding forests and wild plains a stark and foreboding backdrop to the lonely farmsteads that pockmark the countryside. A mercantile community, its industrious wheels are forever turning, come flood, plague or famine. Traders follow the well-trodden paths through the unchecked wilds on their way to the great cities and as ubiquitous vessels from far off lands bring exotic commodities through city drenching fog. To a man, these merchants fear the legends of fell creatures and altered men

spoken of in scared whispers. Abominations that are reputed to take refuge in the dark wilderness where Imperial patrols are scarce. Others are bolder still, roaming about the city outskirts preying on the wayward or the damned."

Of Perilous Mountains

The Empire is partly bounded by three tall mountain ranges: the Grey Mountains to the west, the Black Mountains to the south and the Worlds Edge Mountains to the east. These mountains converge in the high mountainous land to the south called the Vaults. The mountains form a defensive barrier that keeps invaders out, but they also harbour many dangerous foes both on the surface and beneath their tall peaks. There are only a few passes that remain open all year, although many smaller routes can be traversed freely throughout the summer months. These permanent passes are vitally important to the security of the Empire, and it is hardly surprising that fortresses guard these strategic points.

The Grey Mountains divide the Empire from Bretonnia, the other great realm of Men in the Old World. There are Dwarf settlements within the mountains, but these are fewer in number and less wealthy than the mighty Dwarf strongholds of the Worlds Edge Mountains. The few large passes through the



Grey Mountains are guarded by Bretonnian and Imperial fortresses. Most of the passes though are small and dangerous, wide enough for a merchant and his donkeys but unsuitable for carts or horses.



The largest pass lies to the southwest of Aldorf and is known as Axe Bite Pass. The Empire end of this pass is protected by the fortress of Helmgart, a massive tower that rises out of the mountainside and whose battlements overlook the narrow path below. The northern tip of the Grey Mountains gradually declines into a hilly upland region known as the Gisoreux Gap – the principal route between Bretonnia and the Empire.

The Worlds Edge Mountains are extremely tall and almost impossible to cross where they border the Empire. There is a pass in the far north in the land of Kislev called the Peak Pass, and in the far south there is a pass where the Worlds Edge Mountains and Black Mountains divide – Black Fire Pass. In between these two routes there is no way across the surface but there are plenty of underground passages which lead under the mountains.

The Black Mountains lie between the Grey Mountains and the Worlds Edge Mountains and divide the Empire from the wild southern lands of the Border Princes. The Black Mountains are possibly the least hospitable of all the Empire's borders. The weather is unpredictable and the mountains exceptionally high as they climb towards the Vaults. The only reliable pass is Black Fire Pass, a deep cleft in the rock whose sides rise like sheer walls above the track below. The pass widens out in the middle of its length, revealing a massive upland valley. It was here that Sigmar fought his famous battle against the Orcs.



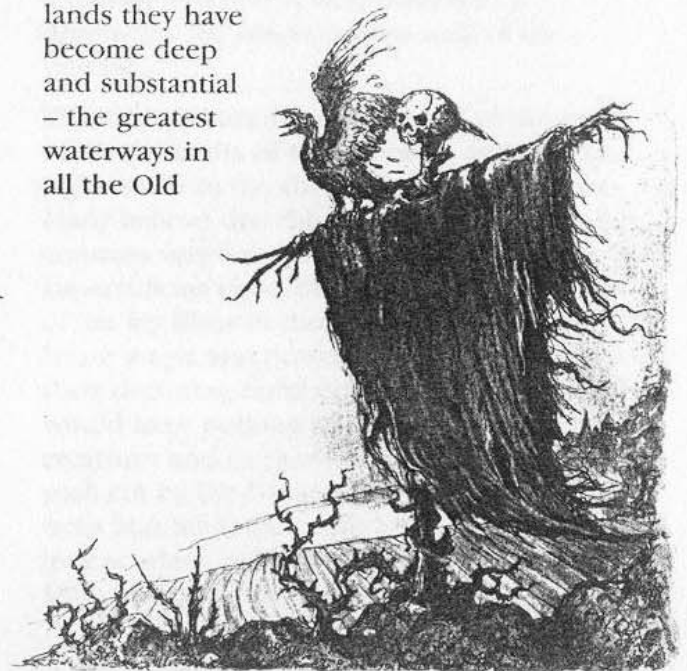
The Black Mountains are riddled with Goblin tunnels. They are crude and narrow compared to the Dwarf mines of the other mountain chains and prone to collapsing unexpectedly. The whole mountain range is infested with Night Goblins, Trolls, Skaven and countless other less numerous but equally deadly creatures.

The other main upland region within the Empire is the Middle Mountains range. This lies in the northern part of the Empire and beyond it is Ostland, the northernmost of the Empire's provinces. This massive range is surrounded by dense forest and is largely shunned by humans, with the possible exception of bandits and other undesirables. There are no Dwarf delvings here, and the rocky uplands are used as a refuge by Chaos warbands, Beastmen, Orcs and marauding Goblins.

Occasionally, the Imperial forces try to clear out the worst of these foes, but the area remains wild and dangerous. The Forest of Shadows to the north is dense and dark, and inhabited by Forest Goblins and ferocious wolf packs. This is an area of the Empire, which has never been truly tamed.

Of Great Rivers

Because it is surrounded by uplands, the Empire acts like a huge basin into which drain countless mountain torrents. Beginning as crashing streams and spectacular waterfalls high up in the mountains, these quickly converge to form raging rivers. By the time they reach the flat lands they have become deep and substantial – the greatest waterways in all the Old



World. These deep and very broad rivers are characteristic of the Empire, where travel by boat is often faster and more practical than travel along the primitive roads.



The people of the Empire tend to refer to the areas adjoining rivers by the names of the rivers themselves, for example Talabecland around the river Talabec, the Reikland by the banks of the Reik, and so on.

The river Sol is the southernmost of the Empire's rivers. It rises in the Vaults and its fast flowing waters are further augmented by the many streams flowing from the eastern edge of the Grey Mountains. During the spring, the Sol becomes a torrent as melt waters vastly increase the volume of water. The waters of the Sol are notoriously cold, and the hardy people that live in that region are used to the mountains and extreme climate.

The Upper Reik begins just south of Black Fire Pass where countless mountain streams converge to form what many people take as the beginnings of the mighty river Reik. Its waters are fast and crystal clear. The Upper Reik is joined by the Sol to the south of Nuln and continues northwards until it converges with the blue waters of the Aver to form the Reik at Nuln itself.



The river Aver begins as a number of fast mountain streams which flow from the western slopes of the ruined Dwarf fortress of Karak Varn just north of Black Fire Pass. Plunging over a series of tall waterfalls, these become two broad and very blue rivers which finally unite in the Moot. These rivers are the Aver Reach to the north and the Blue Reach to the south. The river Aver continues westward past the provincial capital at Averheim and finally flows into the Reik at Nuln.

The Stir may be traced to the streams, which flow from the western slopes of the Dwarf fortress of Karak Kadrin. It quickly develops into a major river flowing within a deep, wooded valley. For nearly all of its length, the Stir flows through the Great Forest and is fed by numerous springs and brooks. The great breadth of the river and few crossing points means that the Stir forms a defensive barrier and a natural border between Stirland to the south and Talabecland to the north. It is this river that passes through the ruins of Mordheim.

The river Talabec originates in the rapid streams of the Worlds Edge Mountains between the Dwarf fortress of Karak Kadrin and the ruins of Karak Ungor. Two main forks flow westward, the Upper and Lower Talabec, converging in dark pine forests that have an evil reputation. Here on the borderlands of the Empire there are many roving bands of Orcs and Goblins, as well as Chaos warbands, Beastmen, and other creatures. South of where it joins the Urskoy, the river is broad and impossible to cross, becoming steadily wider as it flows west towards Talabheim.



At Talabheim there is a major ferry point, the river being far too wide to bridge. Between Talabheim and Altdorf, the river is joined by many streams that flow south from the Middle Mountains, laden with dark soils washed from the mountain slopes. Taken as a single body of water, between its source and where its waters reach the sea at Marienburg as the Reik, this is the longest and most substantial river system in the Old World.

The Reik is actually the longest single river in the Old World, although only because it bears its name from its source in the Upper Reik to where it joins the sea at Marienburg. The Talabec/Lower Reik watercourse is in fact greater in total length. The Reik is undoubtedly the most important river in the Empire, and its surrounding territories, the

Reikland, are the most prosperous. It is a busy waterway, with water traffic between Marienburg and Nuln more than 500 miles inland. This stretch of broad water actually carries more shipping than the rest of the rivers of the Empire put together, and it is the principal route for trade in the Empire. North of Nuln, the Reik is far too wide and deep to bridge. The last bridge at Nuln is one of the marvels of the Old World, and its wooden centre section can be raised and lowered to form a defensive barrier.

At Altdorf, the Reik and Talabec join together. As they do so the Talabec deposits the black soil of the Middle Mountains and a vast area of mud flats is formed. The city of Altdorf is built upon an island formed of these deposits and is surrounded by marshes and islands that divide the Reik into many shifting channels. These reunite into a single large body of water just north of Altdorf, and from here the river takes on a different character. Broad and deep, it runs over a rocky bed that sometimes breaks out of the river to form steep rocky islands midstream. These islands are secure places and are used as sites for villages, small towns and even imposing fortresses. The Reik finally reaches the sea at Marienburg, the largest and wealthiest trading port and most populous city in the Old World.



Of Dark and Treacherous Forests

Most of the Empire is covered by gloomy, tangled, deciduous forests. Towards the north these turn into pine forests and eventually thin out to form the grassy plains of Kislev. The forests are wild and dangerous places, although there are towns and innumerable villages situated within the woodlands. The forests serve to hide many of the Empire's enemies, including the Forest Goblins, Chaos warbands and rampaging Orcs. The deeper forests are virtually hostile territory where few humans venture.

The Forest Of Shadows encompasses most of the principality of Ostland and lies to the north of the Middle Mountains. It is a dark

and brooding pine forest thick with raiders, bandits, and Chaos warbands. The road between Middenheim and the Kislevite city of Erengard runs through this forbidding forest.

The Reikwald Forest lies to the south of Altdorf between the river Reik and the Grey Mountains. This is a favourite haunt of the Empire's outcasts, where refugees from justice or persecution take to a life of banditry. The main road between Bretonnia and the Empire runs through this forest and climbs over Axe Bite Pass.



The Drakwald Forest lies in the area around Middenheim. It is a fairly sparse forest mostly of birch trees on a light, sandy soil. The area is not very fertile, and so has never been cleared for cultivation. In places the trees do grow more thickly and pines occur in some hilly areas. The road between Marienburg and Middenheim runs through this forest.

The Great Forest is an ancient, vast and very varied woodland. It contains many majestic old oaks and hoary willows. It stretches from the Middle Mountains in the north to Nuln in the south and from Altdorf in the west to the borders of Kislev in the east. Together with the other forests of the Empire it forms a continuous block of woodland which dominates the whole central area of the Empire.

The ancient Laurelorn forest lies to the north of the great city of Middenheim and marches right down to the shore of the Sea of Claws. Many believe that this forest is haunted and it contains very few human settlements. The superstitious claim that this is the last refuge of the fey Elves in the Empire and that their faerie magic and powerful illusions protect their declining numbers from harm. Most men would have nothing to do with these strange creatures and so rarely stray from the path cut by the Great North Road from Middenheim to the independent cityport of Marienburg in the wasteland.



Of Marshes and Barren Moorland

The Wasteland is a barren and windswept plain; largely inhospitable to settlement and offering little shelter from the biting winds that blow from the Sea of Claws. This land is low-lying and marshy and extends from the borders of the Reikwald Forest in the east to the foothills of the Pale Sisters in the west. It is rumoured to be home to marauding bands of Orcs and Beastmen. There are not many other large stretches of marshes left in the Empire although the County of Sylvania is renowned for its treacherous quagmires and fog covered moors. These places are full of the same manner of cutthroat rogues and mutants that lurk in the worst of the forests and many other creatures that are far worse.

Suspicion and Mistrust...

The forests hold many dark secrets; their shadows beneath thick shrouding canopies are the haven for all manner of mutant, outlaw and freak of nature. Such secrets burst forth when the hidden moon of Morrslieb waxes full and shines its envy upon the world. Tales of great were beasts, eyes blazing red with chaos fire, the thirst for human blood in their mouths and of other creatures beyond description are rife and not without truth. The howling night is at its darkest beyond the safety of civilisation and the rural farmers know well of its dangers, treating all outsiders with mistrust and suspicion. Whispers are frequent of upturned coaches found abandoned on the road, footprints leading oft to bloody oblivion in some dark and forgotten corner. Possessed of a wilful ignorance, these rural men insist the desperate hammering of a beleaguered traveller was unheard, or rather unwanted, allowing such unfortunates to be swept away by the fell night creatures in the hope that they be left alone. Such is the way of suspicious men, men who seldom turn to the effigies of gods, a ripe harvest and freedom from roaming bandits taking precedence over piety towards the temples of Sigmar, Ulric

and Morr. Such blind faith is far away, distant like a memory to men whose hearts are born of pragmatism rather than penitence. Seldom do they whisper the word 'Chaos' and yet the Ruinous Powers are prevalent here as they are everywhere. Altered creatures, rumoured to be part man, part beast make their foul nests in the darkest forest depths, a rotten wound in an already black heart, venturing forth to sack unprotected caravans and lone travellers. Screams and ululating bestial cries merge as one splitting the night and yet are unheeded; the parchment scrolls of the missing nailed to each and every way station and outpost curl and fade with age and neglect..."



Hardy Rural Folk

The wilderness of the Empire is a largely untamed, dangerous place. Those that live outside of the relative safety of the cities are a very hardy folk used to the perils of the wilds of the Empire. This is reflected in the various settlements dotted around the land. Most settlements are villages and farmsteads entirely dependent upon the land for their subsistence. All settlements require a source of fresh water and so are generally located close to rivers or lakes. These settlements are always partially fortified, with a wall made from wooden posts, or a palisade atop an earthwork. The living accommodation is spartan and simple, with rooms for the senior members of the family, and space in the stables and barns for retainers.

Coaching inns are found all over the Empire along the great roads that dissect the land. These are sturdily built with high stone walls and shuttered doors and windows as protection from roaming bands of Beastmen and bandits. They are incredibly important as they serve as safe refuges for the many coaches and wagons that are the principal forms of transport next to the busy river traffic. Few stagecoaches travel by night, as this is a sure invitation for brutal death.

Coaching inns are also useful bases for the Roadwardens, tireless marshals that patrol the roads of the Empire dealing with bandits and highwaymen and reporting problems as they find them. In times of unrest, coaching inns become the epicentres for the defence of the populace that seek protection behind their stout walls.

Other isolated places of habitation include tollhouses on busy roads,



wayside shrines to the many gods of the Empire and river locks that regulate the busy traffic upon the many great rivers.

The Enemy Within...

"The roads bear the tread of many travellers. Circus folk are rife throughout the wild lands, moving from city to city across seldom trodden paths lest they be questioned by inquisitive patrols or over zealous witch hunters where, in the open, they are without protection from a wealthy patron. These 'entertainers' ply their unusual trade to the city dwelling communities that are in much need of escape and humour.

Yet, there is a warning here as much goes on beneath hoods and masks and unnoticed agents devoted to the Ruinous Powers can slip through the nets of established order, infiltrating the cities. The cults of Chaos lie close to the heart of the Empire, its cities are teeming with the players of sedition and anarchy, a subtle veil over more malicious intent. Covens of dark worshippers exist in the most dishevelled quarters and also wear the pomposity and painted smiles of the aristocracy. Evil takes many forms and for each noble exposed as a deviant Chaos worshipper there are others who remain puppets in the service of dark lords, their masters at large in the roiling lands beyond the cold stark walls of supposed order..."

Warbands of the Wilds

'Tis not just the City of the Damned that lures greedy men, for in the wilds of the Empire there are rich pickings to be had and not just the gold of careless travellers. Wyrdstone can be found in the deep forests of the Empire. For those brave enough to infiltrate a bandit den or the lair of Beastmen the rewards in riches and Wyrdstone are insurmountable. Many of the warbands heading to Mordheim can strike it lucky upon the dark road that leads there, for most warbands are little better than thieves and bandits anyway.

Marienburgers, Reiklanders, Middenheimers, Ostlanders, Averlanders and Witch Hunters are not the only ones to be found wandering the wilds of the Empire either en-route to foul Mordheim or returning with their ill-gotten gains. There are many more sinister types to be found in the dark forests and lonely plains between the great cities. The mutated rat-people of the underworld hold sway over

the land, their subterranean tunnels allowing them to appear almost anywhere at will. Who knows the extent of their infiltration? And then there are the many cults and cabals of corrupt and twisted folk who revere rather than revile the dark gods. Foolish mortals who seek to gain favour in the eyes of the mutators by paying the ultimate price of their souls. Some of these band together under the guise of travelling players and freak shows, spreading their foul infection to the ignorant and unwary as they pass through peasant abodes.

The nefarious Count Von Carstein of Sylvania also coverts the land and his dark claw reaches further than just the City of the Damned. For Necromancers, fell Vampires and their shambling minions can be found almost anywhere where there are burial grounds and charnel houses, defiling the dead amongst other blasphemous acts.

Bands of monstrously mutated creatures and Beastmen lurk within the dark confines of the forests. There is also rumour of creatures that are men during daylight hours but transform into ferocious creatures of fang and claw come the hours of darkness, that prey upon fellow man like cattle.

And so the fight continues, not restricted to the Daemon possessed walls of a once fine city but spilling out into the provinces of the Empire of Men.



The Bodyguards

Upsetting one of the overlords of Cutthroat's Den could be considered unfortunate but upsetting both Bernado the Bastard and the equally violent Adolphus von Morte is sheer stupidity! This is exactly the situation that a certain foolish trader has found himself in. Trawling through the down and outs of the settlement, he has hired himself a well-armed warband to escort him out of the settlement and out of the county. Bernado and Adolphus aren't likely to allow such an insult to go unpunished though and have sent some equally well-armed warbands in hot pursuit.

This scenario requires at least three warbands and is a multi-player game.

Terrain

The defending player (the one with the highest warband rating will have the honour of protecting the trader) gets to choose a building and designate it as the merchant's hideout. This building is then placed in the centre of the battlefield. The remaining buildings are then placed in turn, though none may be closer than 4" from the hideout. The player sequence for placement is randomly determined if not easily agreed upon by the majority of players.



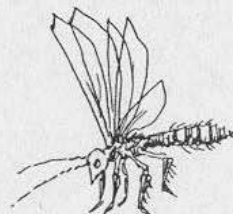
Set-up

1. Deployment zones must be nominated with respect to the amount of attackers entering the battlefield. Members of the same alliance share a deployment zone. Try your best to keep things orderly using the 'Chaos on the Streets' guidelines, which can be found in *The Best of Town Cryer*.

2. Each attacking warband rolls a D6 (attackers in the same alliance roll as a group). Starting from lowest to highest, each attacking player/group chooses their deployment zone and then sets up using the 'Chaos on the Streets' guidelines.

3. The defender sets up within the hideout.

4. All players roll a D6. Starting from highest to lowest, players may now take their turn.



A new and dangerous scenario for ye bravest of warbands By Kurtis Burdau - Kabu24@shaw.ca

4. All players roll a D6. Starting from highest to lowest, players may now take their turn.

Warband Roles

1. The player with the highest warband rating is automatically persuaded into protecting the merchant.

2. The remaining players must randomly divide themselves up into two groups as evenly as possible (one for each overlord). It makes no difference which overlord a warband works for as their instructions are simply to bring the merchant, or his head, back to their overlord but this also puts each group of attackers up against each other.

3. Members of the same group can only work together as long as their warband alignments don't conflict (good and neutral warbands can work together, however the evil doers will only work amongst themselves). Terms of the alliance should be established before that alliance is made (recommended that you observe the employer's reward before doing so). Alliances can be made or broken amidst battle, so make sure that you trust the other player. However, it must be noted that an alliance cannot be betrayed if the merchant is still alive.

Special Rules

1. The merchant is controlled by the defending warband and has neither armour nor weapons. In close combat he's always treated as though he were knocked down (too damned frightened to fight!) and his characteristics are those of a mercenary Young Blood.

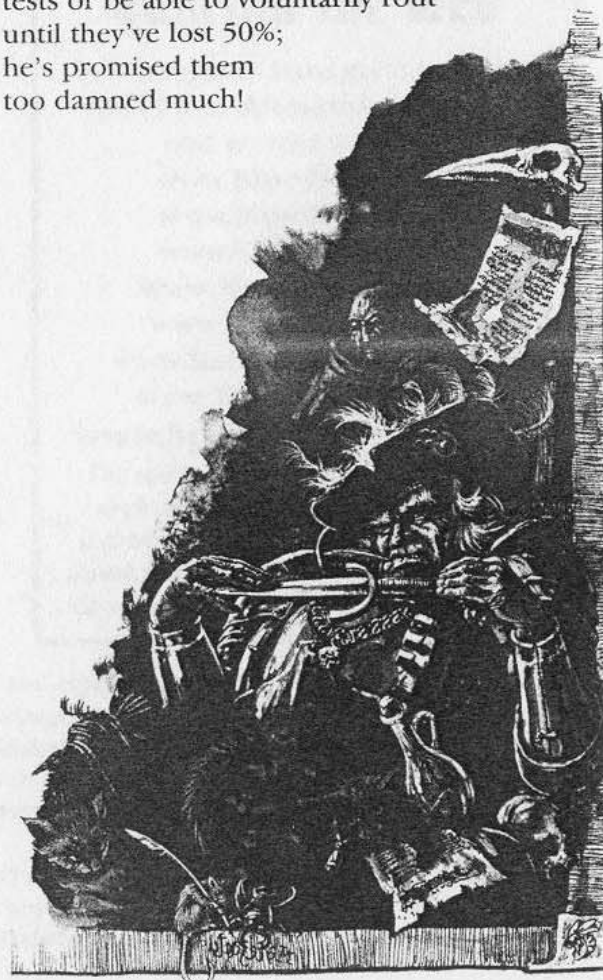
2. An attacking warrior wishing to move the Merchant must carry him as he kicks and screams (don't worry he only weighs about 100 pounds!). This can be done by charging him, except instead up busting him up, the warrior must choose to make a simple tackle. Creatures incapable of earning Experience may not do this. Once the tackle has been made (this is automatic) the warrior may carry the merchant at their regular Movement rate. If the warrior carrying the merchant is charged, wounded, or otherwise incapacitated by a spell or item, he drops the merchant

immediately, and the defending player regains control of him.

3. If the merchant is killed, an attacking warrior may take the carcass's head under the same conditions as finishing off a stunned warrior in close combat. If that warrior then becomes stunned or put Out of Action, he drops the merchant's head. Further warriors wanting do so, may come along and pick it up during their Movement phase without interruption, unless they're running or charging.

4. If an attacking warband routs, then it's also assumed that they've withdrawn from any alliances they were in. This happens regardless of the state or whereabouts of the merchant.

5. So long as the merchant's alive, the defending warband will not have to take Rout tests or be able to voluntarily rout until they've lost 50%; he's promised them too damned much!





**Ending
the Game**
The battle
ends when

either:

1. All of the attackers have routed the field of battle.
2. The merchant (or his head) has been carried off of the battlefield by an attacker. In this event the attacking warband in possession of the merchant or his head are the sole winners (in alliances there are no points for coming in second!).

Rewards

If the merchant survives, he'll give the defender 7D6 + 20 gold pieces, plus roll 2D6 and consult the following table:

2D6	Result
2	Holy or Unholy Relic
3-5	Cathayan Silk Clothes
6-8	Ithilmar Armour
9-10	Elven Cloak
11-12	Gromril Armour

If one of the attacking warbands manages to snatch the merchant or his head and return it to his overlord they receive the following: 4D6 + 15 gold pieces, plus roll 2D6 and consult the table below:

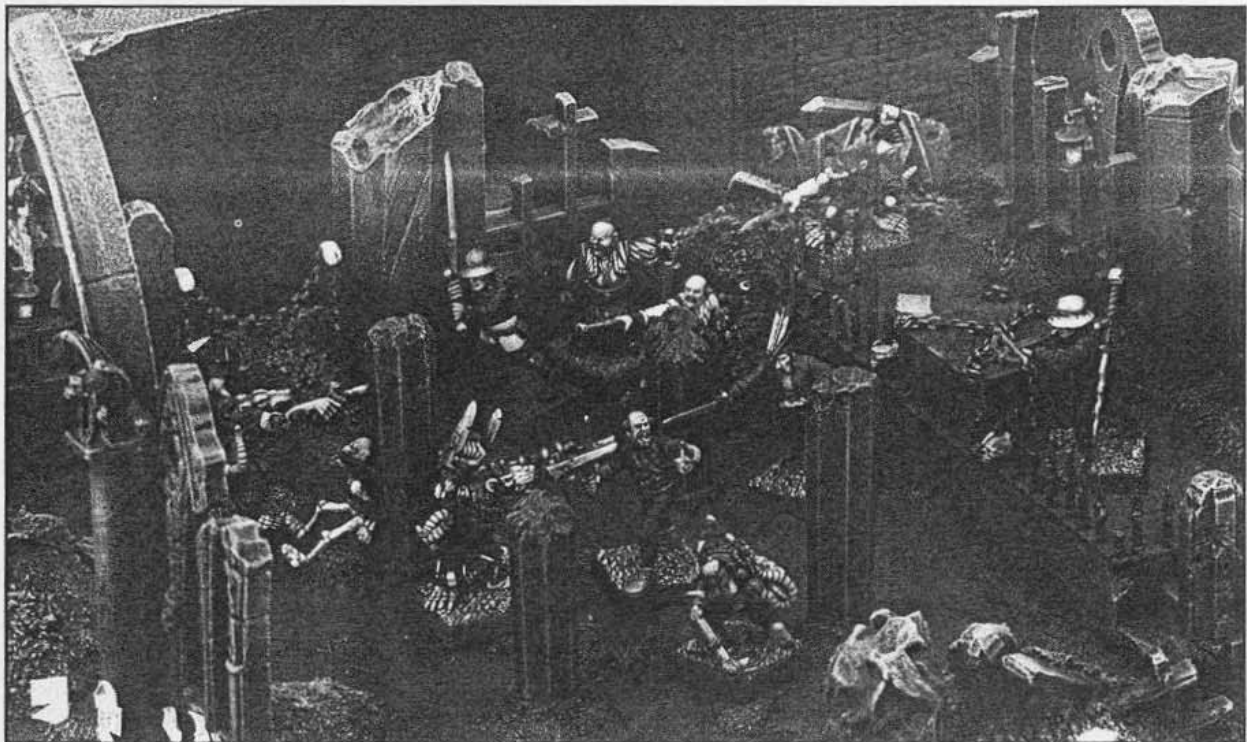
2D6	Result
2	Throwing Knives
3-5	Crossbow Pistol
6-8	Hunting Arrows
9-10	Repeater Crossbow
11-12	Hunting Rifle

Experience

+1 Survives. If a Hero or Henchman group survives the battle they gain +1 Experience.

+1 Winning Leader. The Leader of the winning warband gains +1 Experience.

+1 per enemy put Out of Action. Any Hero earns +1 Experience for each enemy he puts *Out of Action*.



The Reiklanders attempt to extricate the Merchant from his dire position!

COMING SOON...

Mordheim

Dwarf Treasure Hunters, Dwarf Noble

Inquisitor

Daemonhost, Pariah, Daemon Hunter

Battlefleet Gothic

Hammer Class Ork Battleships

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MORDHEIM

Catalogue

These pages comprise a complete listing of all the models and printed material available for Mordheim. Just get in touch with your local GW Mail Order department or visit the GW website:

www.games-workshop.com to find out prices and how to order.

Boxed Sets & Mags

Mordheim boxed game
Mordheim 2002 annual
Town Cryer magazine
Blood on the Streets (building pack)
Human Mercenaries (8 figures)
Skaven Warphunters (10 figures)
Undead Warband (9 figures)
Witch Hunter Warband (8 figures)
Possessed Warband (7 figures)
Sisters of Sigmar Warband (8 figures)

Amazons

Priestess (1 figures + weapon sprue)
Champion (2 figures + weapon sprue)
Totem Warriors (3 figures + weapon sprue)
Warriors (3 figures + weapon sprue)

Averlanders

Human Mercenaries (3 figures)

Dramatis Personae

Aenur, Sword of Twilight
Veskit, High Executioner
Bertha Bestraufung
Nicodemus
Ulli & Marquand (2 figures)
Johann the Knife
Marianna Chevaux, Vampiress Assassin
The Town Cryer

Hired Swords

Warlock
Halfling Cook
Dwarf Trollslayer
Freelance Knight (2 figures)
Ogre bodyguard
Pit Fighter
Elf Ranger
Merchant

Kislevites

Young Bloods (3 figures + weapon blister)
Henchmen (3 figures + weapon blister)
Captain or Champion
(1 figure + weapon blister)
Bear + Handler (2 figures)

Marienburgers

Captain
Champion
Youngbloods (2 figures)

Middenheimers

Captain
Champion
Youngbloods (2 figures)

Ostlanders

Human Mercenaries with double-handed weapons (3 figures)
Human Mercenaries with missile weapons (3 figures)

The Possessed

Beastmen (3 figures)
Possessed
Magister
Dark Soul
Brethren (3 figures)

Reiklanders

Captain
Champion
Youngbloods (2 figures)

Shadow Warriors

Shadow Master
Warriors with bows (3 figures)
Warriors Command (2 figures)
Warriors with swords (2 figures)

Sisters of Sigmar

Sisters (3 figures)
Augur
Matriarch
Sister Superior
Novices (2 figures)

Skaven Warphunters

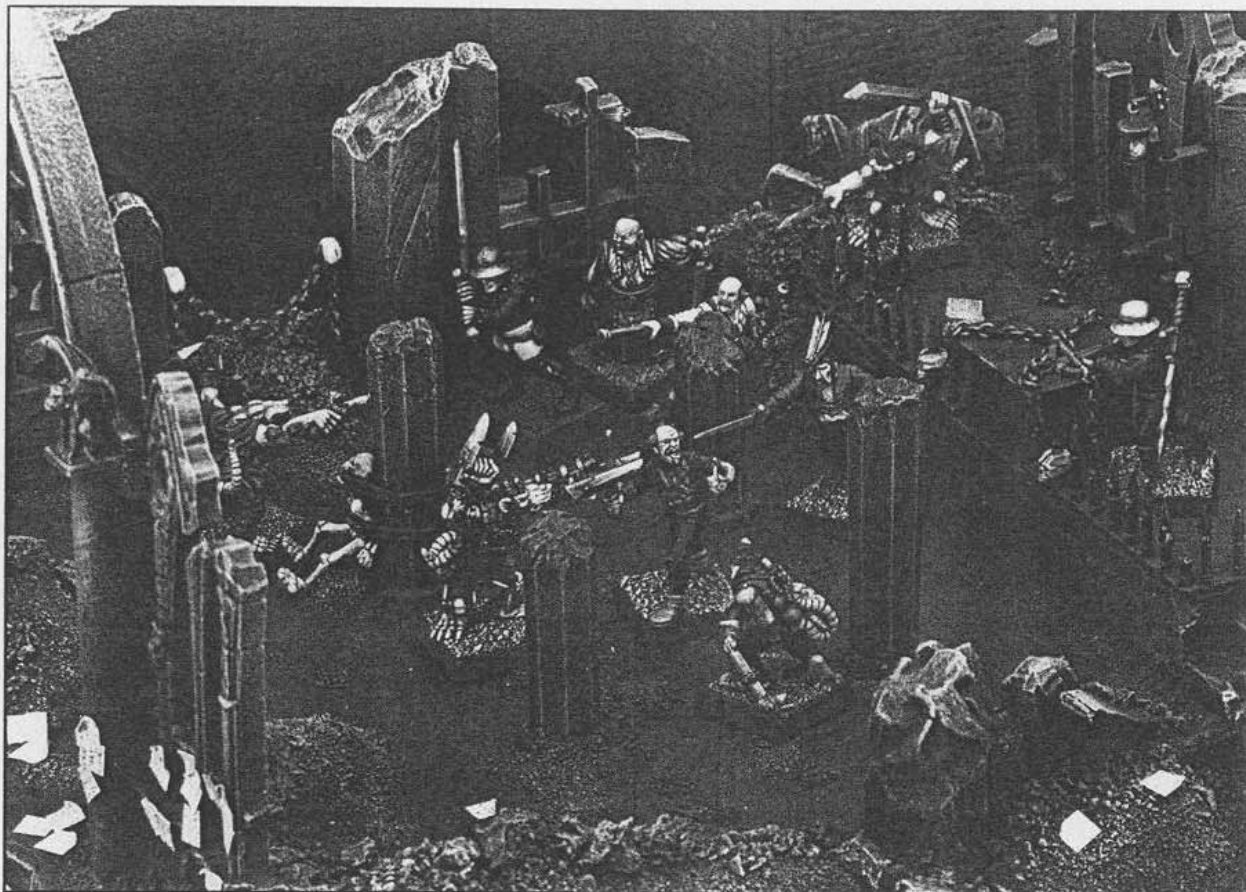
Assassin Master
Black Skaven
Night Runners (2 figures)
Clan Eshin Sorcerer
Rat Ogre

Undead

Vampire
Necromancer
Human Dregs (2 figures)

Witch Hunters

Sigmarite Warrior Priest
Witch Hunter
Captain
Zealots (2 figures)
Flagellants (2 figures)
Warhounds (3 figures)



A mercenary warband attempts to protect a merchant from deadly Skaven adversaries.



A Reikland mercenary warband cautiously make their way through the Mordheim Memorial Gardens

For Sayle

1 (almost) complete body
1 copy of Leibnitz's
'Necromancy for Beginners'
Reason for quick sayle –
lost interest.

Seek 'Illiterate' Ivan at St Voller's
cemetery, south-west Quarter

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS AND PUNISHMENTS

By Order of his excellency, the
Count of Ostermark

'Mean' Spencius 'Ye Bar Beast' for
crymes too various to mention,
henching by ye lid until deade.

'Prize Freak' aka Bon-ee, for thee
crymes of blasphemous gurning,
spreading dissent and malicious
rumour, death by Iron Maiden.

Johann 'Lecherous' Leslee, for
thee crymes of exposing his blue
peter and misappropriation of an
old tart from Madame Tante
Olga's Pie Shoppe, death on the
wheel.

QUALITY WARES

Ye finest exotic wares from ye
far off New World. Also a
special on fit, hard working
Amazon slaves. They make
excellent dancers and
concubines.

Strictly a first come, first served basis.

**MEERSHARIF LUSTRIAN
ENTERPRISES
CUTTHROAT'S DEN**

CONGRATULATIONS



Andreas Halle

Our fellow scribe and miscreant
hath spawned child with spouse
Kirsty on Konistag the 12th of
Mitherbst

*May thee be happy and joyous with
many sleepless nights to come...*

Notice

Sudstrasse, the Blacksmiths
Quarter declared Ulric free zone
by the Righteous Arm of
Almighty Sigmar.

Middenheimers beware! You
are not tolerated here.

Wanted

Busty Swordswomen.
Experience not required.
Must provide own chainmail
bikini.

*Seek 'Lecherous' Ludvig
Dark corner of the Twisted Goat Inn*

SCRIBE'S HONOURABLE MENTION

Donato Ranzato, Oliver Martinus
& Stephanus Harburgh



OBITUARIES

Abdul Meershariff – sacrificed in a
painful manner by Amazons.

Captain Van der Meer – chopped
in half at Cutthroat's Den.

Ludvig's Angels – tragic accident
involving chainmail bikinis that
weren't properly stress-tested.

'Fat' Jann Ancelgrynder –
devoured by the Possessed.

Herr Kreosote – died after eating
four and twenty of Madame Tante
Olga's Forest Blackbird pies



Scribe Required

Since the sad demise of one of
our highly esteemed scribes and
his recent brush with ye
authorities, ye editor of Town
Cryer is in need of a new one.

Must

- Provide own quill and ink.
- Be prepared to take regular
beatings.
- Not smell of fish
- Not look like an otter!



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