

Town Crier



Published on the first Angestag of each Mannslich.

Mordheim 3 Groats

YOU DIRTY RATS!



GIANT METALLIC RAT-BEAST STALKS THE NIGHT IN THE CURSED CITY

A new horror has been seen upon the broken streets of Mordheim. A massive creature was reported stalking the old quayside. It was described as a blasphemous cross between a decaying, bipedal rat and a monstrous metallic beast. Reports stress that this heinous monster even breathes fire! The creature is believed to be in league with the foul, underground-dwelling ratmen called, by some, Skaven.

A Middenheim warband known as 'Ulric's Hammers' has claimed to have lost three warriors battling such a beast when they stumbled upon ratmen scouring the ruins of the old North-eastern Quarter of the city. The Middenheimers were holding their own in the battle and had taken down many of the ratmen until the Ogrish beast joined the fray. Reputedly, the beast is nigh unstoppable and the only sound method of dealing with it appears to be to try to outrun the thing before it can get its rotting claws upon ye!

Here
Within



The Crow Master
- benevolent
priest or dark
sorcerer?

City of the
Damned -
exploration of
the Merchants'
Quarter.

The Empire in
Flames -
malicious gossip
& rumour.

**GAMES
WORKSHOP**

New Hired Swords

Here's the new releases this month - the Human Warlock and Clan Skryre Rat Ogre. Models designed by Juan Diaz and Mark Bedford.
Painted by Mark Latham.

Paint Yer Models...



HUMAN WARLOCK

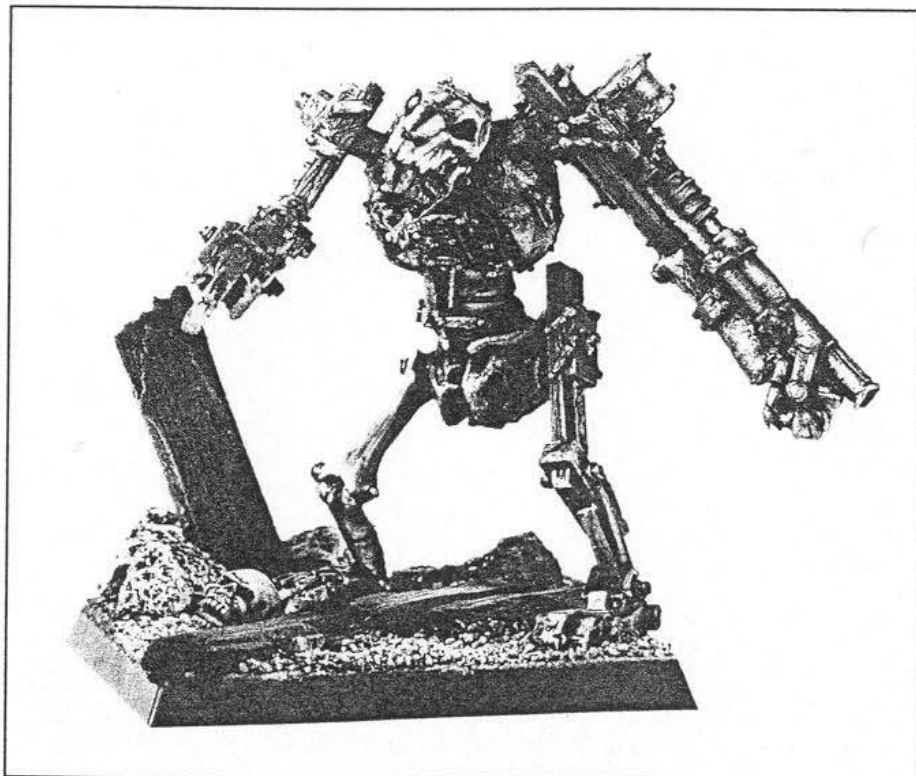
The human Warlock (left) has been painted using the following colours: Chaos Black, Bleached Bone and Dwarf Flesh and has been highlighted with Skull White, Space Wolves Grey and Elf Flesh. The white robes have been given a diluted Brown Ink wash.

The dark metal of the Clan Skryre Rat Ogre was painted Boltgun Metal and Beaten Copper, washed with Brown/Black ink mix and drybrushed with a Chainmail/Copper mix. The rest of the metal was picked out in Chainmail, and washed with a Black/Brown ink mix.

The bone areas had a basecoat of Scorched Brown/Codex Grey mix; highlighted by adding increasing quantities of Fortress Grey and then Skull White. It was finished with a glaze of Black/Brown ink mix.

The wood was painted Scorched Brown, drybrushed with Bestial Brown, then drybrushed again with a mix of Bestial Brown and Fortress Grey.

The eye was painted Dark Angels Green, highlighted with Snot Green, then highlighted again with a Snot Green/Sunburst mix.



CLAN SKRYRE RAT OGRE

Ye Editor Speaks

'Tis now the fourth year since the dreaded comet struck our once fair City of Mordheim and still the wyrdstone fires burn brightly. To this beacon of damnation a new human warlock hath come, driven by sinister ambition. Also, there has been dark rumour of further ratmen activity in the Cursed City and sightings of a large, fell beast have become common.

It is with great enthusiasm that we bring you the third installment of ye Empire in Flames wilderness setting. Our fearless scribes bring you more fiendish taylor of that which lies beyond our doors on the dark and lonely nights in the wilds of our Empire. Always keep your sword handy, traveller, and remember – trust no-one...

And finally, after fearing the worst, we have re-established contact with our correspondent Space McQuirk, who is still exploring the ruins of the City of the Damned. In this issue our intrepid scribe brings word of the former Merchants' district – the north-eastern quarter of the city.

Until next time, my virulent associates...

Steve

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New in Town...

There's only two releases this month but we're sure that you'll agree they're quite a spectacular pair!

First up we have a new Human Warlock designed by studio sculptor Juan Diaz. This miniature differs from the existing Warlock miniature in that it has a far more sinister look about it. This new Warlock can quite easily be used as an alternate model for the Necromancer from the Undead warband. There are some nice touches on the model, such as the string of severed ears hanging from the belt and the smattering of pouches and scrolls adorning its torso.

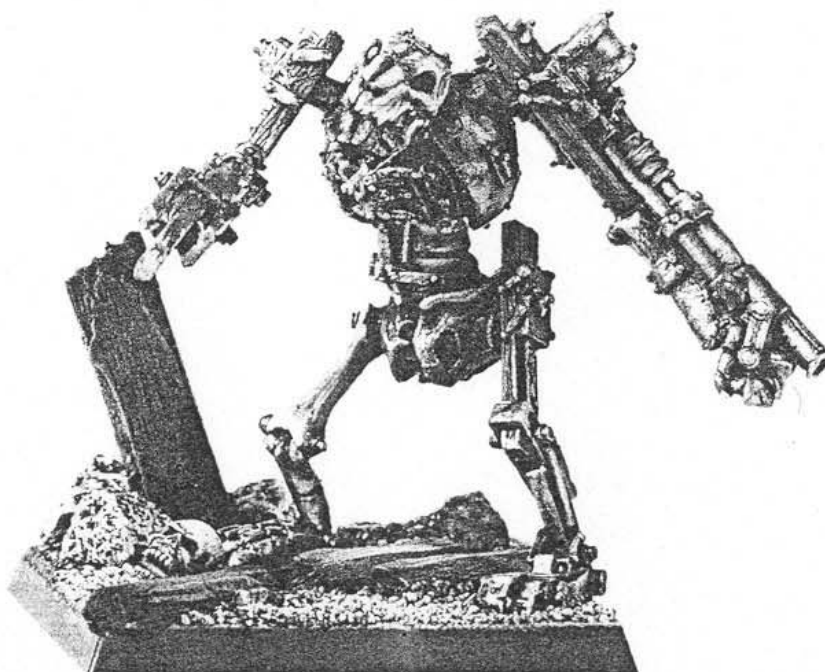
Because we liked this model so much we've even had a house rules Dramatis Persona written up for player's to use (see page 4).

Next we have quite an astonishing figure! Yes, here we have the Clan Skryre Rat Ogre model designed by Fanatic miniatures designer Mark Bedford. This Hired Sword character, exclusive to the insidious Skaven, is a bizarre mix of flesh & bone, arcane machinery and dark sorcery. Equipped with a warfire thrower this model can add some serious muscle to any Skaven warband. But, Skaven players had better beware for the constructs of Clan Skryre are far from reliable! The rules for this new model can be found on page 24.

These models are available as individual blister packs and can be purchased from your local direct sales centre (see the How to Order section on the Contacts page of this mag (page 2).



Human Warlock



Clan Skryre Rat Ogre

COMING SOON...

Mordheim Stagecoach, Highwayman
 Necromunda New Rulebook, Orlocks
 Battlefleet Gothic Space Marine Escorts
 Warmaster Skaven Screaming Bell
 Blood Bowl Werewolf, Flesh Golem

EVENTS CALENDAR

Salute 26th April 2003
 French Games Day 27th April 2003
 Conflict Manchester 11 May 2003
 Games Day Los Angeles 30-31 May 2003



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Contact Us We welcome feedback on the magazines and experimental rules we publish. We also have letters pages that need filling so don't hesitate to get in touch! We can be contacted via email: fanatic@games-workshop.co.uk or by post at: Fanatic, Games Workshop, Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS. (Note, if you have a sales or purchasing issue then you should contact your local Mail Order, see the 'How To Order' section as they will be able to help you much better than us).

Write for Us We welcome submissions for our magazines – the majority of the articles are written by dedicated hobbyists like yourselves. Before you send us anything we recommend you read the submission guidelines. These can be found at our website www.specialist-games.com in the Fanatic Studio section.



The Crow Master

The Saga of Simius Gantt

Prominent surgeon and devoted scientist of the Empire, Simius Gantt thrust mind, body and soul into the furthering of his knowledge of the universe and the physical betterment of others. When hearing of the blight that had struck the city of Mordheim his was the first voice that spoke of a 'duty to tend to the ailing'. He undertook a great journey from the lofty towers of Altdorf and set up a modest but well-equipped surgery on the outskirts of the City of the Damned.

All and sundry came to him, desperate for aid and he would turn none from his door save the daemonic creations that had made their home in the bowels of that cursed place. But Mordheim is dangerous, worse many times over than the most violent battlefield, for it harbours enemies unseen, those that corrupt from within yet without the host's knowledge. As more and more died upon his table, Simius questioned his ability and his calling, developing a morbid fascination with the dead. Unbeknownst to Simius a darker power was at work within him, the shards of the meteorite that blasted Mordheim, the wyrdstone he had been inextricably exposed to was at work within him, changing him...



There are two paths in this life, one, which is followed by the righteous, leads to light and Sigmar's glory; the other is steeped in damnation and leads only to ruin. But the way is not fixed, and many who begin their journey bathed in His purity slip and fall into darkness...

Sermon of Brother Clautus Grappa
of the Order of Sigmar.

Rules for a new Dramatis Persona by Nickodemus Kyme

A day of reckoning came at last, a wandering warlock, grievously wounded, happened upon the surgery. Despite his best efforts Simius could not save him such were his injuries. As the warlock grew cold upon the slab a subconscious urge drove Simius's hand to rummage through the man's belongings for a fee. He was bereft of possessions save for a leather bound book, etched in dried blood.

The tome contained many scriptures and instruction pertaining to the dead, even detailing arcane rites of resurrection. The warlock was infact a necromancer and Simius continued his work, devoting each night to the studying of the creature's tome. As time wore on, Simius changed, as did his practice. The lone and badly wounded were fair game to him now and he used his scalpel to snip their life's thread. He would then practice his new found 'art' on the corpses, reciting the ancient resurrection passages in earnest. Simius's skills developed and his transformation from genius to madman was soon complete. Shedding the clothes from the decaying Necromancer and donning them himself he wandered from the surgery and his old life and descended into Mordheim and utter damnation.

All that remains of the surgery now is a scorched patch of earth, Simius having razed it to ash. Voices whisper his name now, in the shadows and darkness. They call him Crow Master, such is the palpable aura of death that exudes from his very skin, a vicious murder of fell birds accompanying him wherever he goes, harbingers of pain and torture. His services can still be garnered at a price, yet the price is only known at Simius's whim, and is oft not gold nor wyrdstone...

*– Glory to Damnation, Legacies of Misfortune – a treatise by famed author of the Empire
Nickodemus Kyme Master Scribe of Altdorf.*



The Crow Master in Nordheim

Simius Gantt, the Crow Master is a Dramatis Persona and as such follows all the usual rules for these characters as given in the Mordheim rulebook.

Hire Fee: 65 gold crowns, 15 gold crowns upkeep.

May be hired: Any warband except Dwarfs, Elves, Sisters of Sigmar and Witch Hunters may hire Simius.

Rating: Simius increases the warband's rating by +85 points.

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

Weapons/Armour: Simius wears the Mantle of Crows, carries a staff and has a Needle and Thread.

Skills: Simius has the following skills: Sorcery and Dodge.



Spells: Simius knows all of the Necromancy spells and also knows an additional spell, specific to him, Decay of Ages.

Special Rules

Mantle of Crows: The mantle in appearance is a simple shabby cloak but has a hidden malign power. It attracts a murder of crows that circle around Simius distracting his adversaries. Any enemy model in base-to-base contact with Simius at the start of the Hand-to-hand Combat phase suffers a single automatic Strength 2 hit before any blows are struck.

Needle and Thread: A throwback to his surgeon's days, Simius carries a needle and thread. If Simius stuns an opponent in hand-to-hand combat and he has no other enemies standing in base-to-base contact, he sews up the mouth of his enemy. Leaders cannot then use their 'leader' ability and spell casters are unable to cast spells for the remainder of the battle.

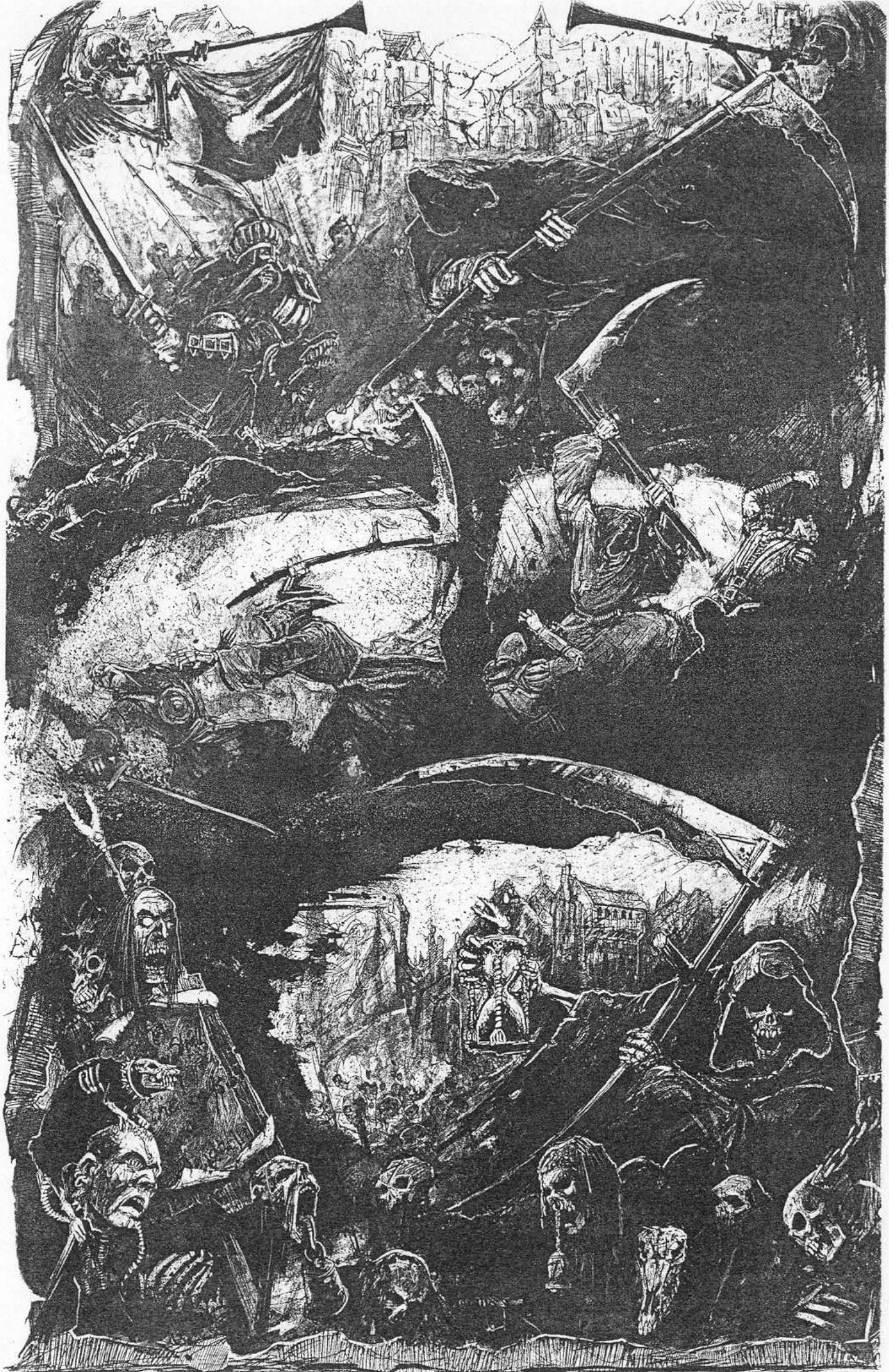
Payment in blood: Simius is a zealous scientist and his propensity to experiment is seldom slaked. If the warband who hires him loses the battle he may decide to 'abduct' a hapless warrior to experiment on. Roll a D6. If you roll a 1, Simius abducts the Hero or Henchman with the lowest experience (not hired swords) and that warrior must be struck off the warband roster and for all intents and purposes is slain. Simius disappears without trace after he has collected his fee of course...

Decay of Ages

Difficulty: 9

Gesturing to his hapless victim with a bony outstretched finger Simius invokes the Decay of ages. Skin withers and cracks, muscles atrophy, bones become brittle as the victim ages horrifically in seconds.

This spell affects a single warrior within 6" of Simius Gantt. The warrior must pass an immediate Toughness test on a D6 or they will lose -1 from all of their characteristics with the exception of Attacks and Wounds. In each subsequent Recovery phase they must pass a Toughness test or will lose a further -1. As soon as they pass the test all characteristics are returned to normal. If any characteristic reaches 0 the model is taken out of action. Simius cannot cast this spell on more than one model at a time. If he decides to cast it again the effects on the previous victim are undone.





Mordheim Empire in Flames

New wilderness setting for Mordheim

By scribes Nicodemus Kyme, Marcus De Havener & Stephanus Harburgh

In this, the third instalment of Empire in Flames, we have some new scenarios exclusive to the Empire wilderness setting. Some of these scenarios specify the use of both mounted models and new models specific to the Empire in Flames setting.

Scenarios

Use these scenario tables instead of the one on page 126 of the Rulebook. There is a separate table for multi-player scenarios. As usual, the winner of a scenario gets to roll one more Exploration dice than normal. Roll 2D6 to determine which scenario to play. Obviously, terrain should be set up that should reflect the wilderness nature of Empire in Flames (see the new Empire in Flames scenarios for an idea of what sort of terrain to set up).

TWO-PLAYER SCENARIOS

2D6 Result

- | | |
|----|---|
| 2 | The warband with the lower rating chooses the scenario. |
| 3 | Breakthrough |
| 4 | The Thing in the Woods |
| 5 | Wyrdstone Hunt |
| 6 | Skirmish |
| 7 | Stagecoach Ambush |
| 8 | Bounty Hunting |
| 9 | Lost in the Bogs |
| 10 | Surprise Attack |
| 11 | Chance Encounter |
| 12 | The warband with the lower rating chooses the scenario. |

MULTI-PLAYER SCENARIOS

2D6 Result

- | | |
|----|---|
| 2 | The warband with the lower rating chooses the scenario. |
| 3 | The Lost Prince
(Mordheim 2002 Annual, p30) |
| 4 | Monster Hunt
(Mordheim 2002 Annual, p33) |
| 5 | Treasure Hunt
(Mordheim 2002 Annual, p29) |
| 6 | Street Brawl
(Mordheim 2002 Annual, p29) |
| 7 | Stagecoach Ambush |
| 8 | Bounty Hunting |
| 9 | Lost in the Bogs |
| 10 | The Thing in the Woods |
| 11 | Ambush! (Mordheim 2002 Annual, p32) |
| 12 | The warband with the lower rating chooses the scenario |





Bounty Hunting



Your warband has tracked a notorious band of outlaws to their lair, hoping to turn them in to the authorities and collect the reward on their heads. Unfortunately, it appears that another band of would-be bounty hunters is hot on their trail as well...

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a building, set of hedges or walls, hill, section of forest, section of swamp, river or stream, or similar item or terrain appropriate for Empire in Flames. There should be a large building in the centre of the table to represent the bandits' hideout.

Special Rule

The bandits are inside their lair, and they aren't real anxious to be caught! At the end of each game turn, D6 crossbow bolts shoot out of the doors and windows of the hideout at the nearest warband members (they're not particular about which warbands they shoot at!). Each bolt will be directed at a different target if possible. Crossbow bolts are fired with a BS of 3, modified by range and cover as normal (and of course the guys inside must be able to trace a line of sight from a door or window to the warband member). Warband members may not enter the building until the scenario is over.

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 multiplayer games in the Mordheim 2002 Annual, page 26).

Starting the Game

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

Ending the Game

The game ends when all warbands but one have failed their Rout test. Warbands which Rout automatically lose. If one 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.

As soon as there is a clear winner, the bandits give up. They may be turned in to the authorities for 5+1D6 gc per head (roll separately for each bandit), and there are 6+1 bandits per warband involved in the game holed up in the hideout (so if four warbands took part in the game, there are 10 bandits in the hideout). The winning warband also captures the bandits' equipment (6 crossbows, D3 swords, 2D6 daggers, and a bunch of wormy rations that are worth nothing).

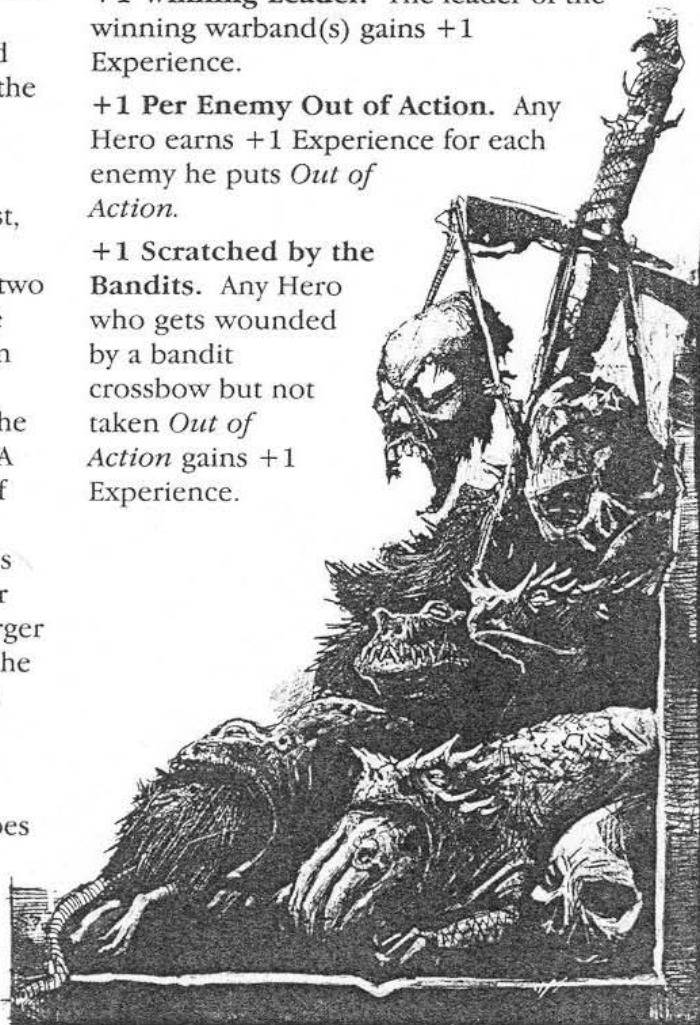
Experience

+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 Scratched by the Bandits. Any Hero who gets wounded by a bandit crossbow but not taken *Out of Action* gains +1 Experience.



Stagecoach Ambush

The roads of the Empire are very dangerous and teeming with all manner of bandits, Beastmen and mutants. A warband has been paid to protect the local stage on a dangerous road to the next coaching inn. A rival warband is laying in wait to ambush the stage on a particularly secluded part of the route. When the stage and its outriders turn a corner in the road the ambush is sprung and the chase is on!

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a stand of trees, a length of hedgerow or a small rocky outcrop. There must be a distinct road marked on the battlefield for the coach to follow. Both players should roll a D6. The highest scoring player may place the piece of terrain anywhere along the leading table edge, creating a continuous stretch of the road.

Set-up

The defenders may use as much of their warband as they have mounts for. Only defending warriors on the stage and warriors riding on mounts may take part in the scenario. The defending warband is deployed facing the opposite short table edge and no closer than 40" of that edge, (this edge represents the escape route). The stagecoach must be placed with the warband, and must also be facing this direction. Up to 50% of the attacking warband may be set-up in Hiding anywhere on the battlefield but no closer than

18" to any of the defending warband. The rest of the attacking warband is set up 24" behind the defenders facing in the same direction – this part of the attacking warband must all be mounted.

Special rules

The stage comes with its own driver (use the Muleskinner from 'Blazing Saddles' in the Mordheim 2002 Annual and replace his skills with *Ride* and *Drive Cart* and his whip with a blunderbuss). For this scenario alone, the driver counts as an additional member of the warband.

In addition, the defending warband is loaned some horses (or other applicable steeds) for the warband members by the Imperial Stage (the defending player may spend up to 250gcs on riding beasts that must be returned at the end of the game).

A Roadwarden Hired Sword may be hired as a one off for the defenders in this scenario at half the usual cost.

The attackers are loaned enough horses (or applicable alternative mounts for races that do not use horses – eg, War Boars for Orcs) for their warband (the attacking player may spend up to 400gcs on riding beasts only to be used in this scenario).

Only warbands of a good alignment may protect the stage (ie, Human Mercenaries, Elves, Dwarfs, etc) you cannot have a



The flickering fire cast lashing shadows upon the grizzled veteran's face as he began his tale. A throng had assembled about him in the crowded and sombre inn, villagers all: herdsmen, wardens, farmers, a young stable hand, all with faces as worn steel and a gritty yet latent fear in their eyes that no blade could quash.

"I have travelled the length and breadth of these wilds," the old man began, his voice like jarring gravel, "and I have seen the dark things that lurk within the very borders of our Empire."

"On a night such as this," he continued, "fell things are abroad. They are like you or I," he said, pointing at the stable hand and drawing an involuntary shudder from the boy. "They cling to shadow and slip like veils into our homes and the hearts of men, whispering dark promises and taking livestock. One such creature is the balewolf. Sleek and black, fur thick as iron, strong enough to turn a blade or arrow I'll warrant, it's very flesh knitted by the will of chaos," he said, hissing. A number of the patrons whispered prayers at that remark and made the sign of the hammer over their chests as if to ward off an unseen evil.

Possessed warband protecting the Imperial Stage! You can however, adapt this scenario if only evil warbands are taking part and have an evil warband protecting the Carnival of Chaos Plague Cart from attack (you will have to wait for a later issue as this is a warband exclusive to Empire in Flames!)

A Highwayman Hired Sword may be hired as a one off for the attackers in this scenario at half the usual cost.

The Chase – This is a special rule that only applies to riding mounts and for this scenario only. Mounted warriors may always leave close combat in their Movement phase if they desire and because they are mounted are not automatically hit by their enemies (this allows the scenario to move along at pace and not to get too bogged down in fighting).

Dwarf Ingenuity – If the attacking warband is Dwarf Treasure Hunters then they are allowed to place a barricade across the road no closer than 18" to the stagecoach. This makes up for the fact that the short guys cannot ride mounts. If the defending warband is Dwarf Treasure Hunters then they are allowed to take a wagon in addition to the stagecoach for their warriors to ride upon.

Applying the Spurs! – This is a special rule that only applies to riding mounts and for this scenario only. A rider may *Apply the Spurs!* to his mount to make it move faster in a similar way that *Applying the Lash!* works with the stagecoach. A rider may not charge and apply the spurs in the same turn. Roll a D6 and add this amount to the rider's move. If a 1 is rolled roll on the table opposite:



D6 Result

- 1-2 **Steed Tiring** – The steed is growing tired – if the rider *Applies the Spurs!* next turn you must halve the score rounding fractions up.
- 3-4 **Rider Shaken** – Due to the mount's speed the rider is thrown all over the place and may not apply the spurs next turn as he recovers his composure.
- 5-6 **Out of control** – Make a roll on the Whoa Boy! table from 'Blazing Saddles' in the Mordheim 2002 annual.

Ending the Game

The battle ends when one warband fails a Rout test or the stagecoach leaves the table by the opposite edge it was facing when the game started. Any warband which Routs, loses automatically.

Experience

- +1 **Survives**. If any Hero or Henchman group survives the battle then they gain +1 Experience.
- +1 **Winning Leader**. The leader of the winning warband gains +1 Experience.
- +1 **Per enemy out of action**. Any Hero earns +1 Experience for each enemy he puts *out of action*.
- +1 **Destroying the Stagecoach**. If a Hero in the attacking warband destroys the stagecoach he earns +1 experience.
- +2 **Capturing the Stagecoach**. If a Hero in the attacking warband captures the stagecoach intact he earns +2 experience.
- +2 **Stagecoach escapes**. If the stagecoach manages to survive and leaves the battlefield in the hands of the defending warband the leader gains +2 experience.



Lost In The Bogs!



One of the warbands has become lost in the bogs and separated (obviously a change in leadership is required!). As they call to each other to try to link back up, other warriors hear them and decide to take advantage of their plight...

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a building, set of hedges or walls, hill, section of forest, section of swamp, river or stream, or similar item or terrain appropriate for Empire in Flames. At least half of the terrain placed should be sections of swamp or marshy ground.

Special Rules

The warband with the highest rating is the one that got lost. That player places each of his warband members on the board, not within 10" of a table edge, and not within 6" of each other. After that warband is placed, any other warbands set up their warbands as noted under 'SET-UP', below.

Set-up

After the lost warband has been placed, any remaining 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 who are not lost, then the next player sets up on the opposite board edge. If there are more than two players who are not lost, 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. Keep in mind that more than four players setting up on table edges should be accommodated with a larger battlefield than normal (see the "Chaos in the Streets" article on multiplayer games in the Mordheim 2002 Annual, page 26).

Starting the Game

Each player rolls a D6 to determine who goes first. Play proceeds clockwise around the table (based on where players placed their warbands) from there. The lost warband automatically goes last.

Ending the Game

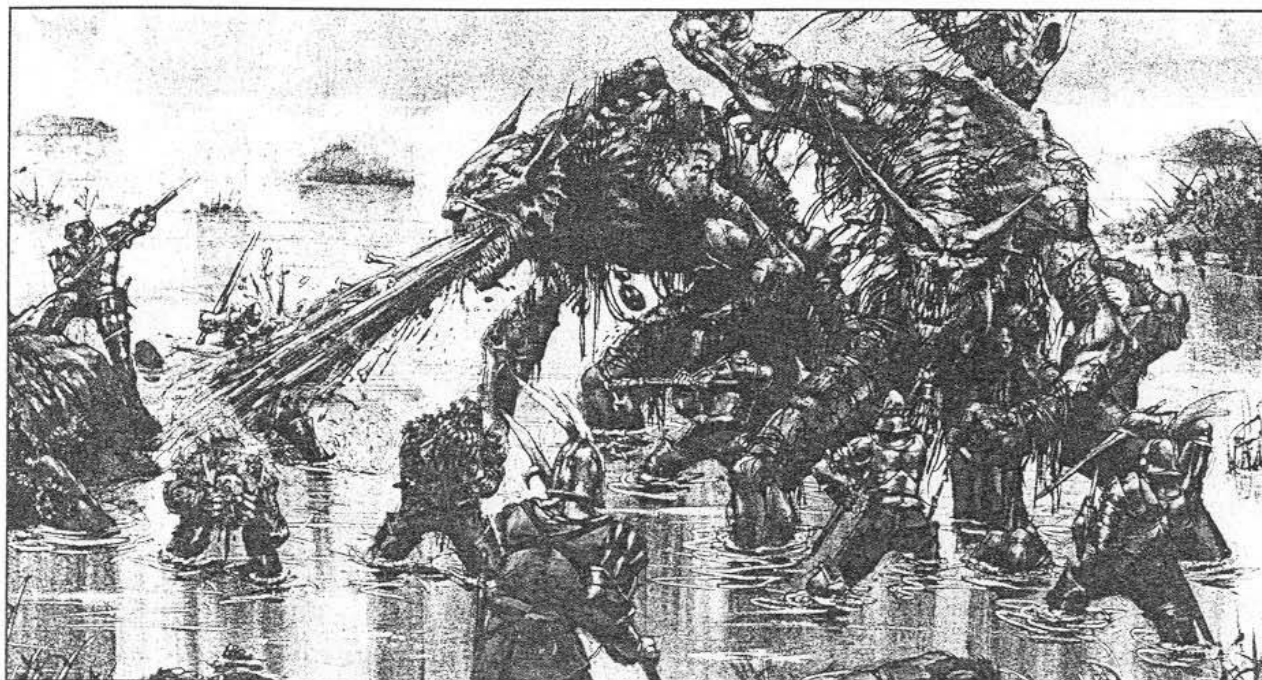
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Experience

+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*.



It was an evil that Shalken placed no truck in. He sat away from the crowd, alone at his table. There was a full tankard sat idle in his gloved grasp, his crossbow was in plain sight, sword loosened at his belt. He could hear the elder well enough, but was unmoved by his rhetoric. His enemies were much more tangible: the bite of winter, failing crops, a flesh and blood wolf that threatened his farm. He held himself in higher regard than the superstitious puppets dancing on the old man's strings.

Looking about the room, Shalken noticed that all but a few of the inn's patrons were intent upon the old veteran. It was small wonder he held them all so enraptured. Smoke from wood pipes clung to the air like a hazy grey veil, the stuffed heads of trophy animals, deer, fox and wolf protruded above the bar in fixed savage countenance like rural gargoyles. Numerous other trappings were nailed to the walls; bear traps, spears, thick pelts and the ubiquitous sigils of Sigmar that Krebb the scar-faced barkeep had insisted be part of the inn's décor. They were symbols of men exerting the tangible evidence of their power, they were tools of a suspicious community that thrived on tales of fell creatures and dire warnings and could be dangerous if improperly tempered. Shalken could see the dark, underlying suspicious fear that glinted with the wan fire light in their eyes. It was present in the weapons that hung in open view on their belts and the way they held their tankards close to their hearts like a protective ward.

Only one man seemed unperturbed by the veteran's tale. He sat in silence, alone like Shalken, just beyond the corona of sickly orange light cast by the fire. He absently patted a sinewy-looking dog that nestled quietly at its master's feet, long of limb and snout with thick wiry grey hair. He supped at a wood pipe and blew rings of smoke into the air. Shalken made him for a roadwarden and felt a strange kinship with the fellow outsider. His attention flitted back to the tale.

"'Tis said that the balewolf's eyes burn with all the malevolent fires of chaos,"

There was more sigil making.

"and that it was once a man, turned by a bite from a daemon whose blood entered his veins with all the intensity of molten steel and altered him."

There were gasps and muffled curses at this, the old veteran clearly relishing the attention.

"Can it be killed?" the stable hand piped up, his youthful face awash with fearful concern. There were some half-hearted chuckles at the boy's remark from men whose courage was unconvincing but who craved the answer as much as the boy, their fear palpable in their feigned scepticism.

"Only a weapon that is blessed by the power of Sigmar can destroy it, all others are turned aside by the darkness of its soul," the old man told him, drawing close. "Here, in the heart," he said, poking the boy firmly in the chest, "or here," he repeated, touching the boy's forehead between the eyes, "is where you must strike."

"When I encountered the daemon beast, it nearly unmanned me, with the will of Sigmar I fired a bolt blessed by a wandering priest and with that shot I ended it's menace," he boasted.

The eager listeners relaxed.

"So we are not in danger, then?" the stable hand asked hopefully.

"Alas, 'tis said that with the death strike the spirit of the balewolf rises from its corpse like a fell shade," the old veteran spoke ruefully, shaking his head, acutely aware of the boy's eyes widening and the shuffling of other supposedly braver men as they checked their blades.

Rain started suddenly outside, battering the old inn like the hand of an angry god.

"And when the storm winds rise," he continued, improvising, "the soul of the balewolf seeps into that of a common wolf and with its bite comes the taint of chaos..."

Lightning cracked, the flash penetrating the inn and casting a long shadow as the door was thrust open with force. A silhouette stood there and the raging wind rattled tankards off the tables and the fire ebbed and died. The roadwarden's dog snarled with furious anger and fear at the figure in the doorway. In the darkness all that could be made out was a vaguely human shape in a bundle of sodden rags.

"The balewolf!" one man cried, drawing his stout dagger.

The Thing in The Woods

Your warband is travelling to the next town when suddenly you notice that the woods you have been walking through have taken on a distinctly more ominous feeling. The shadows are much deeper here, and strange sounds may be heard. Some of your warriors report seeing something moving just out of sight as well. You had heard rumours about the woods in this area of the Empire being haunted by malevolent spirits and creatures of the night, but you dismissed them as old wives' tales, until now. Then a piercing howl breaks the silence...

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a building, set of hedges or walls, hill, section of forest, section of swamp, river or stream, or similar item or terrain appropriate for Empire in Flames. At least half of the terrain pieces placed should be sections of woods.

Special Rules

Fear of the Dark – These woods are seriously rattling the warbands. Any warband member in a Wood section must take an *All Alone* test every turn (even if there are other friendly warband members nearby). Failure means that the warband member flees 2D6" toward the nearest table edge (warband members who flee off the board are out of the game, though they will not have to roll for Serious Injury after the battle).

Thing in the Woods – There is one Thing in the Woods for every warband involved in the game (so a two-player game would have two Things, a four-player game would have four, etc). The Things are placed within randomly selected forest sections and start the game Hidden. At the end of every game turn (after all players have taken their turns), there is a special 'Thing turn'.

A Thing will automatically charge any warband member that strays into its charge range. Otherwise, they move 2D6" in a random direction unless there is another forest section within range in which case they will always move into that. Just like any other player, the Things have their own Hand-to-hand Combat phase, and a warrior who is engaged in close combat with a Thing will fight during his turn and the Thing's turn, just as if it were engaged with a warrior from another warband.

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



The dog got free of its master's grasp and racing through the throng dived at the stranger. Its jaws latched around a failing hand. The figure cried out in pain, distinctly human.

"Get that beast off him!" Shalken cried. He recognised the voice and piled through the paralysed crowd. The roadwarden had followed his animal and grabbed it roughly by the scruff of its neck to yank the feverish creature from the wailing human being.

"Are you alright?" Shalken asked the man sprawled on the floor clutching his hand. The bite was vicious; blood seeped eagerly from the wound.

"I don't understand it," the Roadwarden gasped, struggling to restrain his snarling dog. "He's never attacked someone like that before."

The encircling throng took a collective step back. The stranger threw back his hood. He was human after all, pain etched upon his face.

"The farm has been attacked," he gasped to Shalken, wincing.

"Wolves again," Shalken asked, inspecting the wound. The bite had sheared straight through his glove.

"Yes," he breathed.

Fearful muttering began around the room as all eyes were fixed upon the great unknown of the outside.

"Who is it?" the Roadwarden asked, finally bringing his beast under reluctant control.

"He is my brother," Shalken said.

than four players should be accommodated with a larger battlefield than normal (see the "Chaos in the Streets" article on multiplayer games in the Mordheim 2002 Annual, page 26).

Starting the Game

The 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.

Ending the Game

The game ends when all warbands but one have failed their Rout test. Warbands which Rout automatically lose. If one 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.

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 Takes a Thing in the Woods Out of Action. Any Hero who takes a Thing *Out of Action* gets +1 Experience (yes, this is cumulative for the +1 for taking an enemy *out of action!*).

(Note: The rules for the Thing in the Woods will be featured in issue 28 of Town Crier. In the meantime, players are advised to simply substitute the Thing for a Troll from page 11 of the Mordheim 2002 Annual.)

When you are facing an enemy that is really scary like the living dead or creatures of Chaos, always shoot at them. Never attack them in close combat if you have the option.

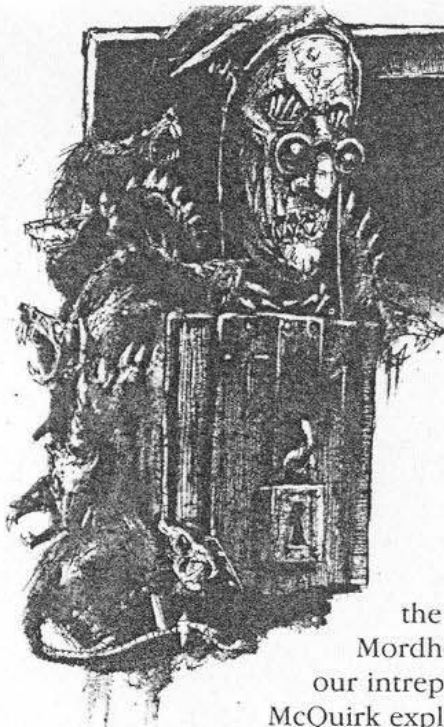
I've seen many powerful warriors losing precious seconds trying to overcome their fear and charge these monsters.

And when they did it, it was often too late...



City of the Damned

Cartography & new art by Nuala Kennedy
Scribed by Space McQuirk & Nick Jakos



This is the fourth 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 quarter renowned for trade and learning: the North-east Quarter.

Once, when Mordheim was a living city, the crowded labyrinth of streets and market plazas to the north-east was the Merchants – Quarter, more commonly known as the District of the Flying Horse. A bustling and vibrant location, thousands of people from all across the province would fill the streets day and night. It was said that this part of the city never slept, and many of the market stalls would remain open long into the early hours. The lively district laid claim to having more taverns within an area encompassing a few square miles than any other city in the Old World, and for the most part even the seediest of these dens of iniquity were rarely empty. The streets in this quarter were often bright with colour and festivity and the locals were renowned for their vivacious hospitality.

Many scholars now believe that the true heart of power in Mordheim lay with the wealthy Merchant families. Although officially, the

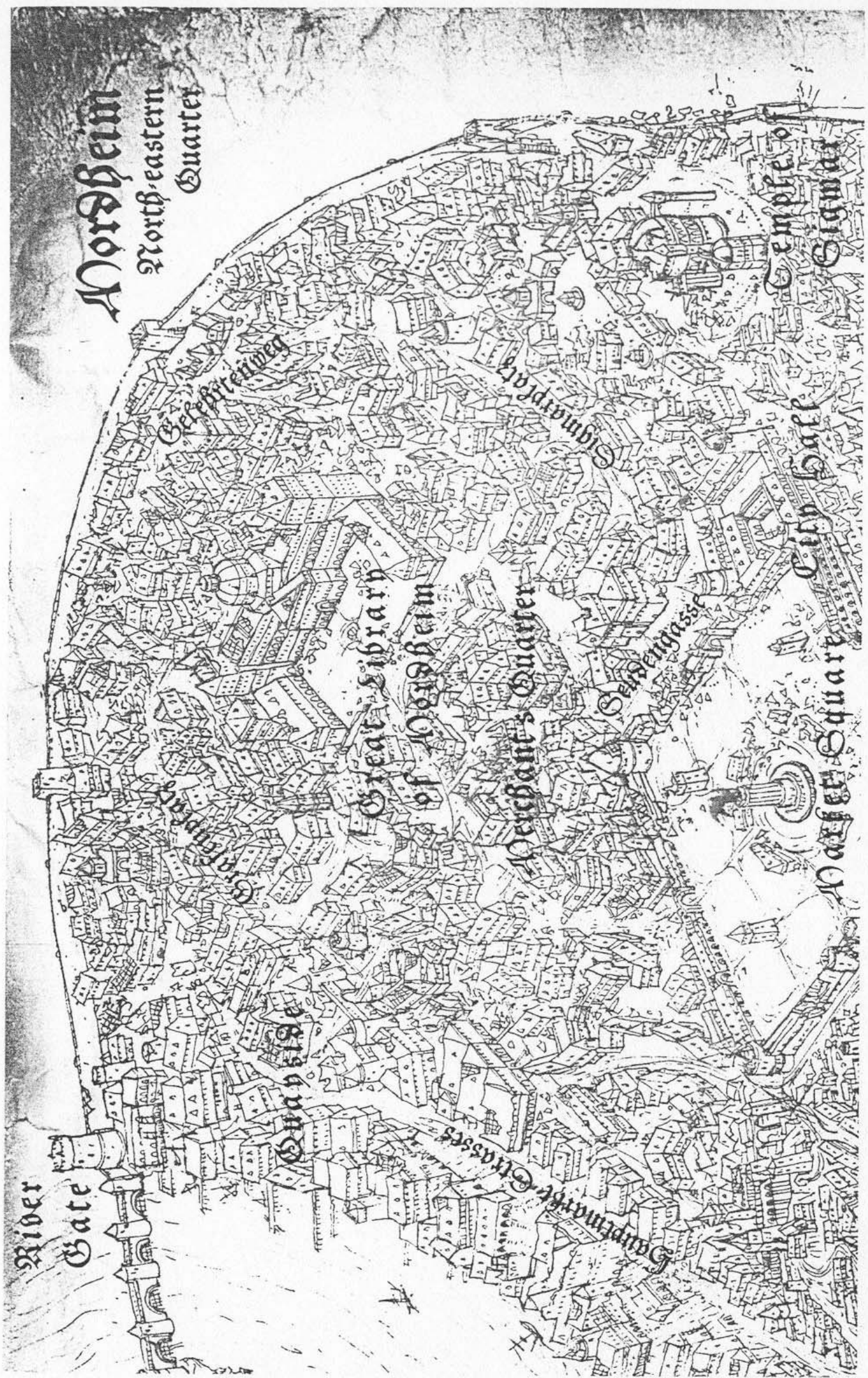
Count ruled the city and the surrounding province, neither he nor his official representatives took much interest in government. Mordheim's aristocracy were far too insular and hedonistic and left the day-to-day running of the city's commerce to the dozens of guilds that operated within the District of the Flying Horse and the High Justices that they elected. These guilds held an iron tight grip of power and made it their business to know the everyday affairs – the affairs of the people that inhabited the city. So long as the Count received his lucrative tithes on all business transactions he allowed the guilds to pursue trade and indeed run the city as they saw fit.

Mordheim's position on the River Stir made it an ideal location for trading. It was through trade that the town began to flourish and grow. Huge barges, laden with goods from Altdorf, Marienburg and across the wide oceans would make their way down the river to unload their wares in the opulent city. The quayside soon became a thriving community. The city's ideal central location in the east made it easy for traders from distant lands to flock to the city to exchange and barter in the name of profit.

Mordheim became known as the finest market city in the Empire, rivalling even the busiest ports such as Marienburg. There were many traders who would claim that for the right price they could locate any object you so



"You've survived your excursions into the Temple Quarter and the Rich Quarter have you boy? Are you sure that you're quite prepared for the horrors of the old Merchants' Quarter? Once the cosmopolitan centre of old Mordheim, a place of bustling markets and busy quaysides. It was said that there was nothing you couldn't buy in Mordheim for the right price. Now it seems that the price of exploring the ruins of the North-eastern Quarter is death or worse at the claws of fouler things than the tax collectors of old..."



Nordheim
North-eastern
Quarter

River
Gate

Quay side

Great Library
of Nordheim

Merchants' Quarter

Supplmarte
Crosses

Market Square

City Hall

Temple of
Sigmur

desired within a single day. The market place was truly an experience beyond the dreams of most mortals. All manner of strange and exotic goods from the far-flung corners of the world were displayed for sale. From the rare eastern silks and spices, to exquisite metals and gems mined in the Worlds Edge Mountains; every stall was a wonder to behold. Wealthy landowners and merchants from far a field came to stare in wonderment at the fantastic items laid on the stalls. The market sellers soon found that exotic beasts were a particular favourite amongst the wealthy clients, and hunters and trappers from across the Old World would bring strange creatures to sell to the wealthy at exorbitant prices. It is because of this that the Merchants Quarter got its name – the District of the Flying Horse. A wealthy Bretonnian trader came to Mordheim late in the year 1818 bringing with him a herd of grey Pegasi and the Guildmasters were so impressed with the beasts that they named the Merchants Quarter after them.

A seedy underhive of society is often known to rear its ugly head when there is a profit to be found, and the avarice and corruption within Mordheim was particularly rife. In

return for small donations, the leaders of the street gangs made deals granting individual market traders personal protection and exclusive rights to sell their wares. Those who refused to pay would find their stalls besotted by thieves and pick pockets, and if this was not enough to persuade them, as they finished trading they would be set upon and robbed or, even worse, murdered.

The racketeers realised the money making potential and soon united to work together.

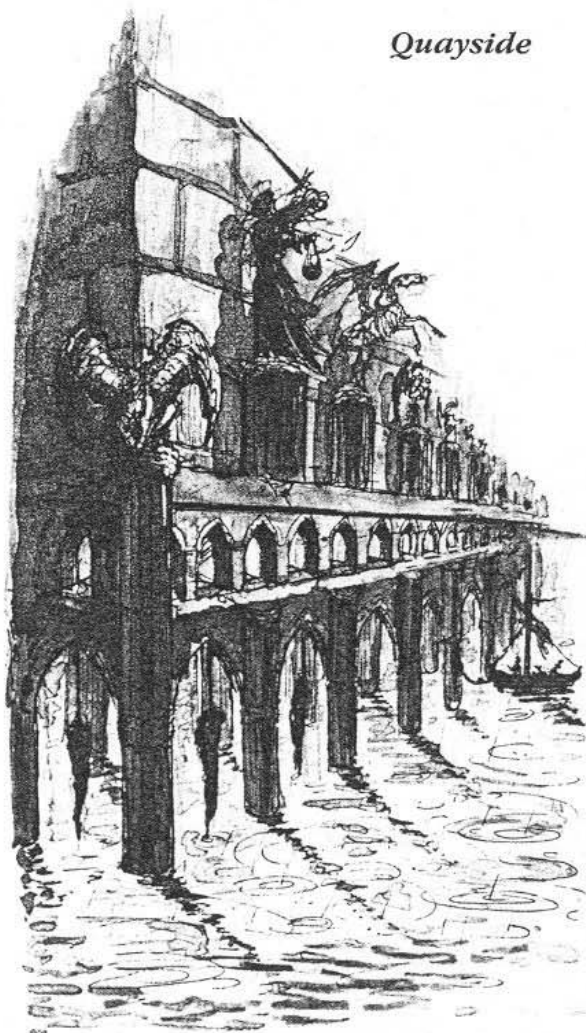


One night, in a dark cellar the heads of the gangs met together and agreed that if they were to cease their petty squabbles and join forces, the profit potential would be astounding. This in turn led to the formation of the Trade Guilds. The gang leaders agreed to share power. In a bold move, the gangs united and set out to regulate and protect the supply of goods in and out of the city. Facing such a large and unruly force the poorly paid, unmotivated city guard were easily bribed into working for them. They soon cajoled, murdered or bought their way into all of the existing Merchants guilds. Within weeks, the new heads of these guilds found themselves in positions of great power and wealth.

Individual guilds such as the House of Merchants, the Thieves Guild and the Smiths Guild became very powerful and had much influence on the day-to-day affairs in Mordheim. Numerous other guilds sprang into power and soon it seemed that every tradesman or artisan in the city had to belong to a guild in order to make a living. Those who refused to join a guild, soon found themselves unable to find any work and more often than not would be thrown out from the city or incarcerated for petty offenses. Even worse, these offenders would mysteriously vanish, never to be heard from again.

By the time of the great disaster, the Guildmasters ruled the entire region, in the name of Count Steinhardt, of course... Through networks of spies and employees, the guilds had absolute knowledge of all that took place in Mordheim. It is no coincidence that the City Hall was located next to the Market Place. It was in this magnificent structure that the heads of the guilds and the Chief Justices gathered. Such was the extent of their power that petty criminals would have to apply for a license before they even attempt to pick a pocket.

The guild placed heavy taxes on all goods that came into Mordheim and took percentages of



Quayside

the profits of any sale. To do this they needed to keep a careful watch on what provisions entered the city. It was through the design of the guilds that the city wall was constructed. Not to keep out intruders, but instead to regulate the supply of trade.

Each of the four gates was manned by soldiers, who were under strict orders from the corrupt officials to closely inspect all wares coming into and out from the city. At the mouth of the River Stir, a great gateway was built to prevent the ships and barges from entering or leaving the city without prior inspection. Any who sought to fight against their corruption and power would find themselves placed in positions of great danger. The Assassins guild was particularly favoured when it came to dealing with such individuals.

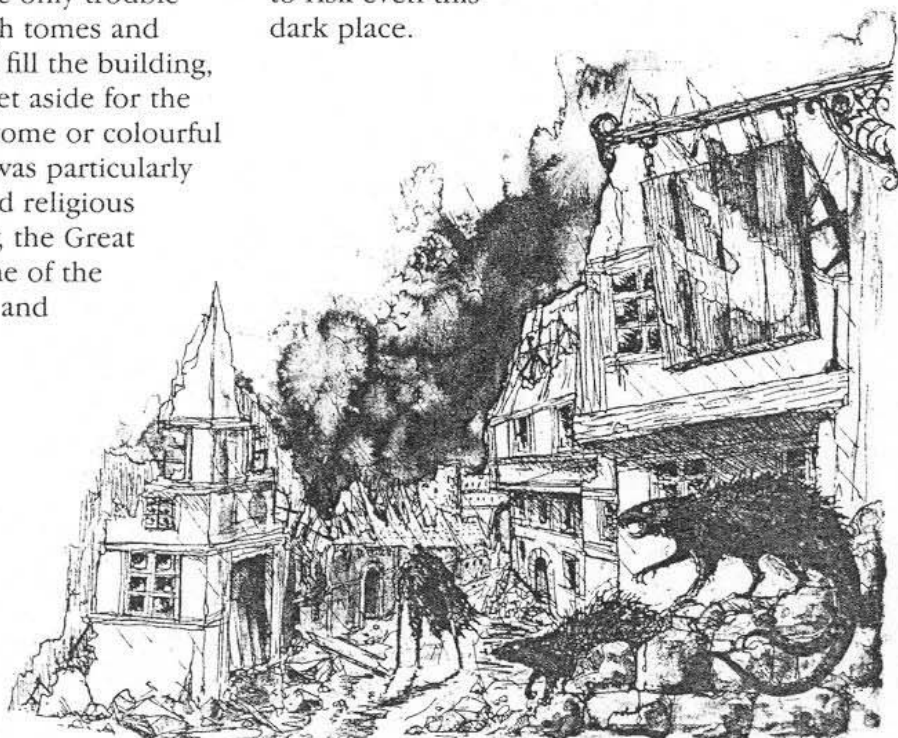
Another notable aspect of the North-eastern Quarter was the Great Library. When the first Count of Mordheim had established the town he had declared that he wanted the people to be 'learn'ed and wise'. He had ordered the construction of a library and vowed that it would be the largest of its kind. In time, a competition began to develop with that of the Great Library of Altdorf. Successive rulers of the town would add wings or even whole floors to the library only to find that the Emperor would design an even grander structure to add to the library in the capital city of Altdorf.

During the rule of the extravagant Count Ignatius Steinhardt, the library grew extensively to become the largest building in the entire city. The only trouble was that there weren't enough tomes and manuscripts in the Empire to fill the building, so often an entire wing was set aside for the single task of housing a rare tome or colourful book that took his fancy. He was particularly fond of collecting mystical and religious tomes. Of course, unwittingly, the Great Library managed to collect one of the largest deposits of Daemonic and Necromantic lore in the Empire.

The great disaster struck very close to the North-eastern Quarter and as a result the entire area was devastated. In one instant, centuries of sweat and hard toil spent constructing the Great Library, were wiped out as

the cataclysm hit. A great inferno engulfed the ruins of the building and the hundreds of thousands of priceless tomes went up in flames. Soon the fire raged out of control across the entire quarter. Dazed, confused and terrified by the impact of the comet, the disoriented survivors found themselves trapped in a fiery maelstrom. Akin to a verse from the Cantos of Macadamnus, the death and destruction caused in the wake of the comet released the daemons and malevolent spirits bound within the dark tomes that burned in the fiery, Wyrdstone flames. There were few that survived the flames and cavorting daemons of the North-eastern Quarter. Only at the point of the comet's impact, where now lies the Pit, was the destruction more complete.

Now the quarter is a diabolical mockery of all that it once was. The empty, shattered streets are filled with the burnt husks of once splendid buildings. The supernatural fires that engulfed the area still burn in many places, and at night the whole area glows with a macabre orange hue. The ruins of the Great Library dominate the charred landscape like the blackened skeleton of some gargantuan beast. As the fire gutted the centre of learning, many arcane forces were released around the building and now all manner of foul daemons dwell within the ruined walls. Only the bravest ever consider going anywhere near the ruins but the lure of ancient tomes is enough to persuade mages from across the Empire to hire warbands to retrieve any books that they can find. For enough gold, fools can find enough bravery to risk even this dark place.



It is perhaps a testament to the strength of the guilds or the avarice of Man that they still retain a certain degree of control over the city and the surrounding settlements. Few know from where the guilds operate, but still they still maintain a stranglehold on power in the region. Now the guilds have a much more powerful resource to control – Wyrdstone. Many believe, and without much evidence to the contrary, that the remains of the guilds are infested by or controlled by the Cult of the Possessed.

As each of the guilds fought for power, another more sinister threat crept unseen into the city. The city had once supported a number of rat catchers and tunnel fighters to keep the threat of vermin at bay. With this now gone, the mutated rat-men called Skaven emerged. For many years these creatures had scratched a living, feeding off the decay and squalor of the opulent city, too afraid to show them lest they invite swift death. Now they have poured from their lairs to seize power. The first massive wave of rat-men was reported to have swarmed out from the sewers around the quayside region. The infestation quickly spread across the quarter into the surrounding streets.

For many days the Skaven fought against and enslaved the pitiless remnants of Mordheim's population. As the weeks wore on however, the survivors were irreversibly changed through their contact with the Wyrdstone that infested the city. Soon enough the easy prey that were being harvested by the Skaven had become fearsome beasts, horribly mutated. Eventually, the teeming hordes of plague ridden Skaven were pushed back to the quayside by a multitude of ravenous mutants, but here their numbers were far too great for them to be completely driven out of Mordheim.

Now the quarter remains in an uneasy stalemate. The Skaven have consolidated their control of the quayside. It is here that they are most powerful and only the foolish would ever seek to venture near this region. Although occasionally the odd river pirate ship seeks quiet refuge at Mordheim's deserted quayside, for many an illicit transaction can occur at a port with no officials – none can say who controls the teeming hordes of vermin. Whatever the case may be, the rat-men are growing in number and there are many who fear it is but a matter

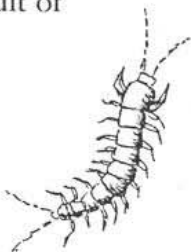
of time before they burst forth in such numbers that they will over run the entire ruins. Even now they have the ability to hide within the encampments and taverns, their twisted features hidden beneath cowls and robes. There is little that their spies do not uncover and report back to their masters and these vile creatures are without doubt the greatest threat to humanity that the city has ever faced.

Even in the face of this menace that skulks in the shadows, the guilds still continue to fight each other. Such is the nature of their greed and avarice that they still seek to gain control and seize ultimate power. Possibly it is the warping effects of the Wyrdstone that play on their weak minds but the guild leaders will more than happily break temporary alliances if they have anything to gain in doing so.

The once thriving Market Square has become a deserted plaza. Only the exceptionally brave or downright foolhardy dare cross the open cobbles, where once thousands of merchants sold their wares. To venture into Market Square is to expose oneself to all those who keep a close watch from the surrounding shadows. Many eyes peer from the dark alleys and ruined buildings, in search of a fresh opportunity to make a quick killing. There is still a vast quantity of precious and exotic goods lying in the broken cellars of merchant's houses for the taking.

It is said that a few of the Pegasi escaped the destruction and their cages and have made their lairs around this area. Some have mutated horribly and are twisted diabolic parodies of their former selves. The most infamous of these creatures is said to be a huge black Pegasus with several additional horribly mutated heads, that of a serpent and a ram. Hunger gnaws at the stomachs of these beasts and they will face many times their number if they catch the scent of prey.

In a terrible twist of fate, the Merchants Quarter still remains the most opulent region of the accursed city. Should any adventurous soul wish to visit the ruined library or take a chance and stroll through the market place, it is highly likely that they may discover some rare goods that have survived the fall. Leaving the quarter with your life is a different matter though, for the District of the Flying Horse is also rich pickings for those who seek to spill blood.



Scenario: Down at the Docks

Information is an expensive commodity in the lawless settlements that surround the City of the Damned. Through a combination of good fortune and spying, several warbands have overheard of the impending arrival of a river pirate's/smuggler's ship to the now deserted, crumbling quays of Mordheim. Even the toughest river pirates are loath to use the docks of the Cursed City and so they must be carrying some very rare contraband indeed. Obviously, any warband worth their salt is interested in taking the cargo for themselves. The timing of the shipment has been learnt, and as the warbands close they can see the exact location as the ship docks and weighs anchor.

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a ruined building, tower, or other similar item. We suggest that the terrain is set up within an area roughly 4' x 4'. On one long table edge, place a long strip of blue cloth or something similar to represent the River Stir and the Mordheim quayside. In the centre of the strip of river, place a suitable model to represent the river boat (a piece of card 3" x 8" will suffice). The riverboat should be touching the landward edge of the river to show that it is docked.

Set-up

Multi-player. In a multi-player game, the warband with the highest rating starts on the dock, waiting for their contacts to arrive (the ship has just docked). This warband is deployed up to 12" from the ship and cannot be forced to rout. In addition to its normal warband, they get reinforcements as outlined below, who never leave the ship. These models are the ship's crew and will not leave the vessel, but will fight all comers (apart from their contacts). The other warbands start at the edges of the board furthest from the ship.

Two-Player. During a two-player game both players start in the far corners and must make their way to the smuggler's ship to steal the cargo.

No warband may make use of catacombs or other skills as the information provided only gave the vague area as being the docks. It was not until they got so close they actually saw the ship slowly move up to the wharf it is now docked at.

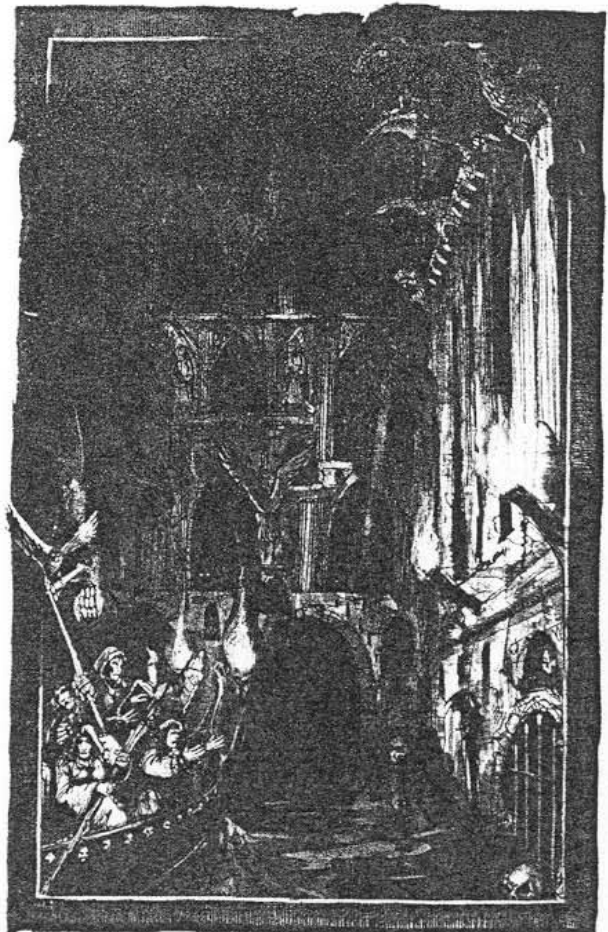
Special Rules

MESSIN' ABOUT ON THE RIVER...

The rules for boats in Mordheim can be found in *Empire in Flames* in issue 24 of *Town Cryer*.

Voluntary Rout of the Ship. In the multi-player and two-player games, the vessel may not start to leave the dock until the forces guarding it have suffered 25% casualties. If this should occur then the ship takes four rounds to get under way, leaving from the nearest water table edge and moving at 6" per turn.

Cargo. The goods being smuggled are in crates, half of them, already unloaded onto the docks are the other half waiting on the top deck to be unloaded. Each crate can be carried by a single model at normal move rate (no running allowed). Two models may carry a crate, in which case they may run. While carrying a crate, the model may not fire any missile weapons or use any spells. If attacked, the crate will be dropped, ready to be carried by anyone coming into contact with it. Once a model escapes off the board with a crate, it may not return. Each crate in the possession of a warband at the end of the game earns them a roll on the Cargo table overleaf.



City of the Damned

Should a warband rout while any of its members have crates, the goods are lost if the model is within charge range of any non-engaged opponents.

The boat has ten crates for multiplayer games and seven for two-player games.



SHIP'S CREW

The ship has a crew made up of a Captain and six Smugglers. In a multi-player game the crew are controlled by the Defending warband although they may never stray more than 6" from their ship. In a two-player game the crew have their own turn which takes place after the players. They will fire upon and or charge any warriors that come into range (of either side) but otherwise will not move.

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

Equipment: The captain is armed with a sword, a brace of pistols and wears light armour.

Skills: The Captain has the following skills: *Expert Swordsman, Pistolier* and *Acrobat*.

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

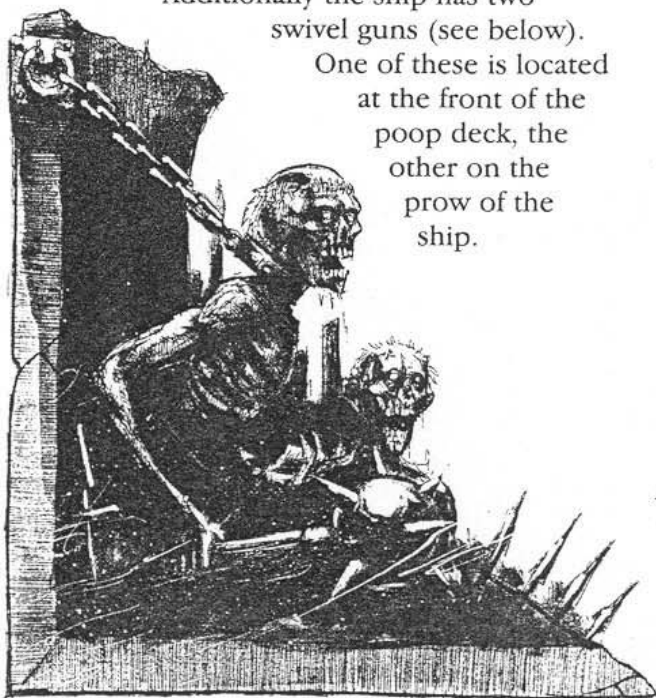
Equipment: The smugglers are armed with swords, pistols and wear light armour.

The Pirate crew increases the defending warband rating by 45, but they will surrender when they fail a Rout test (taken separately from the Defending warband).

SWIVEL GUNS

Additionally the ship has two swivel guns (see below).

One of these is located at the front of the poop deck, the other on the prow of the ship.



Swivel guns follow most of the rules for Blackpowder weapons: Move or Fire, Prepare Shot, but have some exceptions as noted below.

Cumbersome: The user is at -1 Initiative and -1 Movement throughout the battle.

Also, Swivel guns may never be fired twice per turn, or fired if the user moved, no matter what Skills the user may have.

Blackpowder Rules: The normally optional rules for Blackpowder weapons on page 164 are always in effect for Swivel guns, due to the unpredictable nature of the local materials used in their construction.

Special Ammunition

Swivel Guns use non-standard ammunition types, which must be bought for each game. Each type only lasts one game, so if it is used in a game it cannot be used again until another supply is bought. Before firing, the Gunner must declare which type is being used, if he has more than one type available in the game.

Ball Shot

Range: 36" **Strength:** 5 **Armour Save:** -2

A Swivel Gun firing these heavy lead balls can stop even a charging Ogre dead in his tracks!

Concussion: The impact of the heavy lead projectile is enough to rattle even the hardiest warrior. Treat any resulting Injury rolls of 2-4 as a *Stunned* result.

Chain Shot

Range: 24" **Strength:** 4 **Armour Save:** -1

These lengths of chain and linked metal don't cause as much damage, but can entangle an enemy model and bring him to his knees.

All Wrapped Up! Enemy hit by Chain Shot which are not wounded are Knocked Down on a roll of 4+, even if they normally can never be Knocked Down.

Grape Shot

Range: 24" **Strength:** 3 **Armour Save:**

Very small pellets, rocks, metal scrap, even rock salt are poured into the barrel from prepared canisters, producing a cloud of shrapnel when fired.

It's Everywhere! If a hit is scored, D6 other enemy models within 4" of the target and also in Line of Sight will automatically take a single hit. If the original target was in the

open, no hits can be applied to models in cover though (only if the original target was in cover can hits go to models in cover as well). The closest enemy model to the target must take the first hit, then the next closest, and so on. Models in Hiding will also count towards being close to the target, and can be hit as well. There is no Armour save modifier from Grape Shot hits. Pirates know to duck out of the way when they hear a Swivel gun going off, and thus are never hit by friendly grape shot!



Ending the Game

The game ends when all of the warbands have routed except for one, when all of the crates have been removed from the table or if the ship leaves the table.

If the defending force routs voluntarily then the ship's crew will attempt to put under way, but the game continues if two or more attackers remain (they can still make off with crates). At the end of the game, the warband with the most crates is the winner (if two warbands have the same number then the last to rout wins). If a warband remains, it is

assumed to pick up all the remaining crates (up to the number of models it has left in play) and make off with them. Those crates dropped by fleeing foes, or by casualties are not collected as they are too far away and in dangerous territory.



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

+1 Per Crate Stolen. If a Hero or Henchman from an attacking warband take a crate from the battlefield he earns +1 Experience.

Cargo

Any crates that are removed from the battlefield may be prised open after the battle for the goods that they contain. Roll 4D6 and consult the following table:

4D6	Result
4	Gems worth 100gc. Fence value 40gc, or worn adds +1 to rarity finds. Also enclosed is a pack of Tarot cards.
5	Blunderbuss and shot.
6	Medicine chest, can be used as D6 doses of Healing Herbs or as a one off to allow a re-roll on the Hero Serious Injury table (unless the result was pit fight, captured, etc)
7	Suit of Heavy armour.
8	Elven Cloak.
9	D3 shields and swords.
10-11	Beer, worth 2D6 gcs per crate, on a D6 roll of a 6 there is one dose of Bugman's Ale.
12-16	Food, worth D6gc per crate, including one clove of Garlic for each member of the warband. May also include on a D6 roll of 6:

D6 Result

1-2	Dark Venom (1 dose)
3-4	Black Lotus (1 dose)
5-6	Crimson Shade (1 dose)
17-18	Clothing, worth 2D6gc per crate including D3 sets of toughened leathers
19	Luxury goods, worth 4D6gc per crate, hidden inside is (1-3) a Wyrdstone pendulum or (4-6) a set of Cathayan Silks.

20 Blackpowder, worth 5D6 per crate, contains one pack of Superior Blackpowder.

21 D3 Crossbows each with Hunting Bolts (same as Hunting Arrows) for one game.

22 D3 Elven bows.

23 Hunting Rifle.

24 Suit of Gromril armour.



The Defending warband's reward is 25gc reward per crate remaining on the battlefield.



Clan Skryre rat Ogre

The warlock engineers of Clan Skryre are renowned for their fiendish inventions which utilise a blend of foul magic and arcane machinery. The Clan Skryre Rat Ogre is the pinnacle of their devilish

engineering, utilising the corpse of a Rat Ogre combined with a mechanical exoskeleton and powered by refined wyrdstone. The Clan hires out the handful that it has made to further test them in combat. In battle it is a terrifying if somewhat unreliable beast.

Hire Fee: 100 gold crowns, 1 piece of Wyrdstone upkeep.

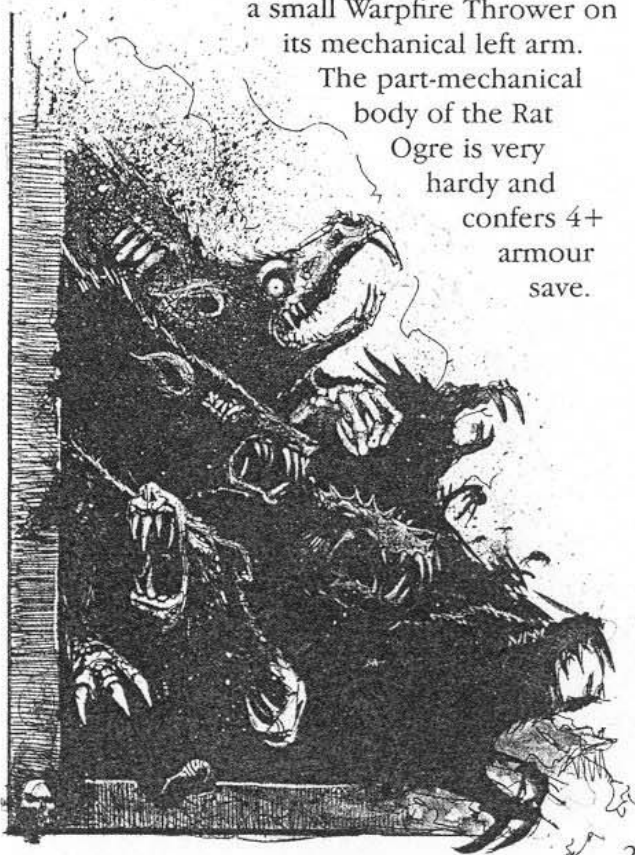
May be hired: Only Skaven warbands may hire the Clan Skryre Rat Ogre.

Rating: The Clan Skryre Rat Ogre increases the warband's rating by +25 points.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rat Ogre	4	3	3	5	5	3	1	3	10

Weapons/Armour: Jaws and claws! In addition the Rat Ogre is armed with a small Warpfire Thrower on its mechanical left arm.

The part-mechanical body of the Rat Ogre is very hardy and confers 4+ armour save.



SPECIAL RULES

Skills: The Clan Skryre Rat Ogre is a nightmarish bio-mechanoid creation that is solely driven by the dark sorcery of the Clan Skryre Warlocks and so gains no experience.

Large: The Clan Skryre Rat Ogre is a huge creature that towers above the heads of its fellow Skaven and men alike. Any warrior may shoot at a Rat Ogre, even if it is not the closest target.

Fear: The Clan Skryre Rat Ogre is a fearsome, monstrous beast that causes *Fear*.

Bio Machinery: The Clan Skryre Rat Ogre is not alive as such, being a monstrous combination of dead flesh, arcane Skaven technology and dark sorcery. The Clan Skryre Rat Ogre is immune to psychology and never leaves combat.



Wyrdstone Powered: The Clan Skryre Rat Ogre is a mindless automaton and does not require any pay – it does – however, require Wyrdstone shards to power it. It requires a single piece of Wyrdstone before each game to be 'powered-up'.

May not run: The Clan Skryre Rat Ogre is a huge lumbering monster-machine that lacks the sheer animal speed of a living Rat Ogre. It may not run.

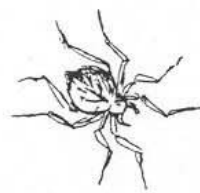
Immune to Poison: The Clan Skryre Rat Ogre is not affected by any poisons.

Warpfire Thrower

The Clan Skryre Rat Ogre has a smaller version of the dreaded warpfire thrower built into one of its arms.

Range 6" Strength 4 Save Modifier -1

SPECIAL RULES



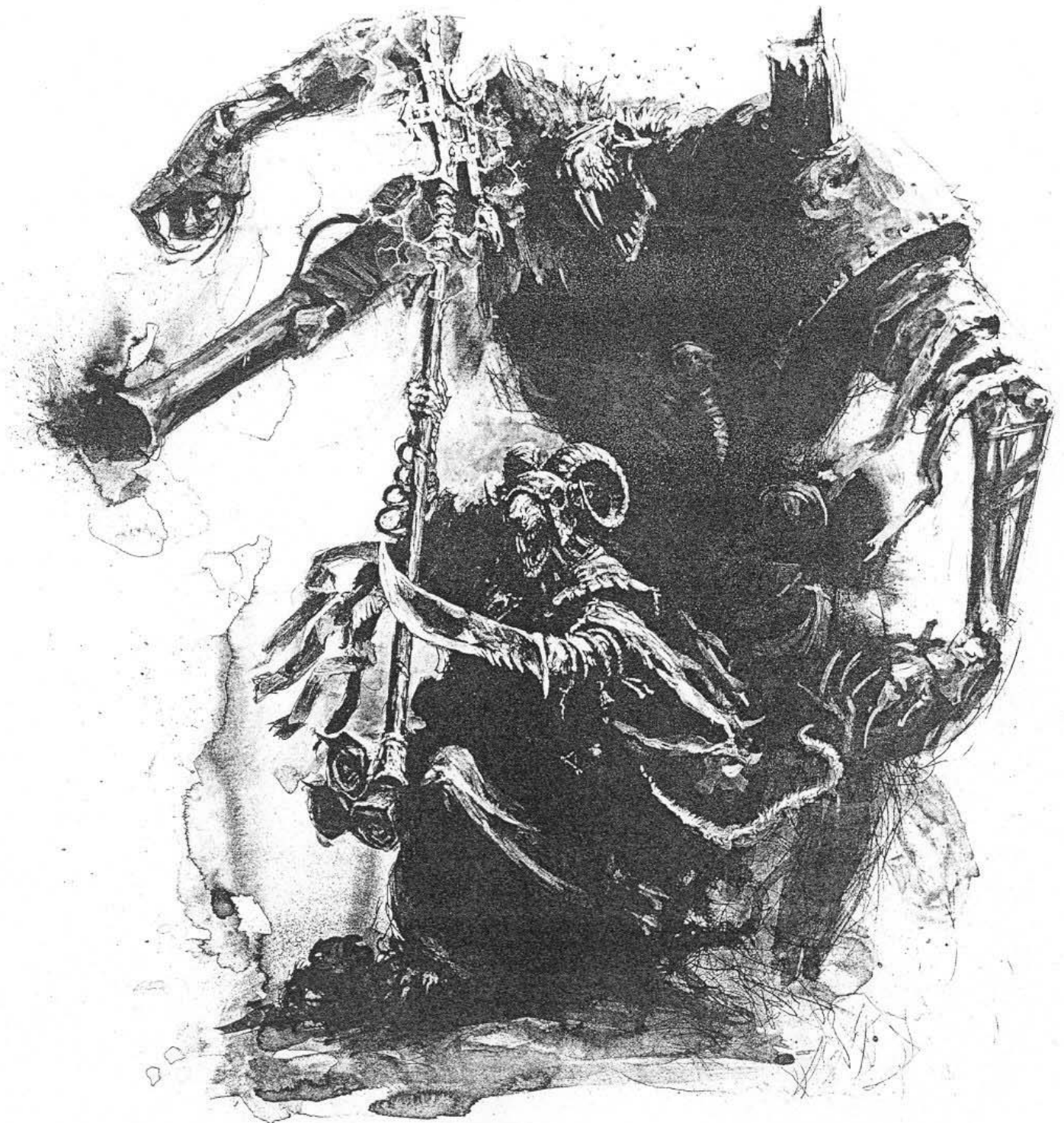
Jet of Flame: Draw a line 6" long and 2" wide. All models in its path are hit on a 4+ with no modifiers. In addition, the warpfire thrower causes fire damage

(see the rules for the Brazier Iron from page 85 of the Mordheim 2002 annual).

A new Hired Sword of the insidious Skaven
By Stephanus Harburgh

Unreliable: The technology of biomechanics is still pretty much in its infancy and as with most Clan Skryre experiments is neither safe nor entirely reliable! At the beginning of each turn, the Skaven player should roll a D6 to

activate and work the Rat Ogre. On a roll of 2-6 everything is fine and the Rat Ogre may be moved normally. On the roll of a 1, something has gone drastically wrong – roll again on the Malfunction table overleaf:

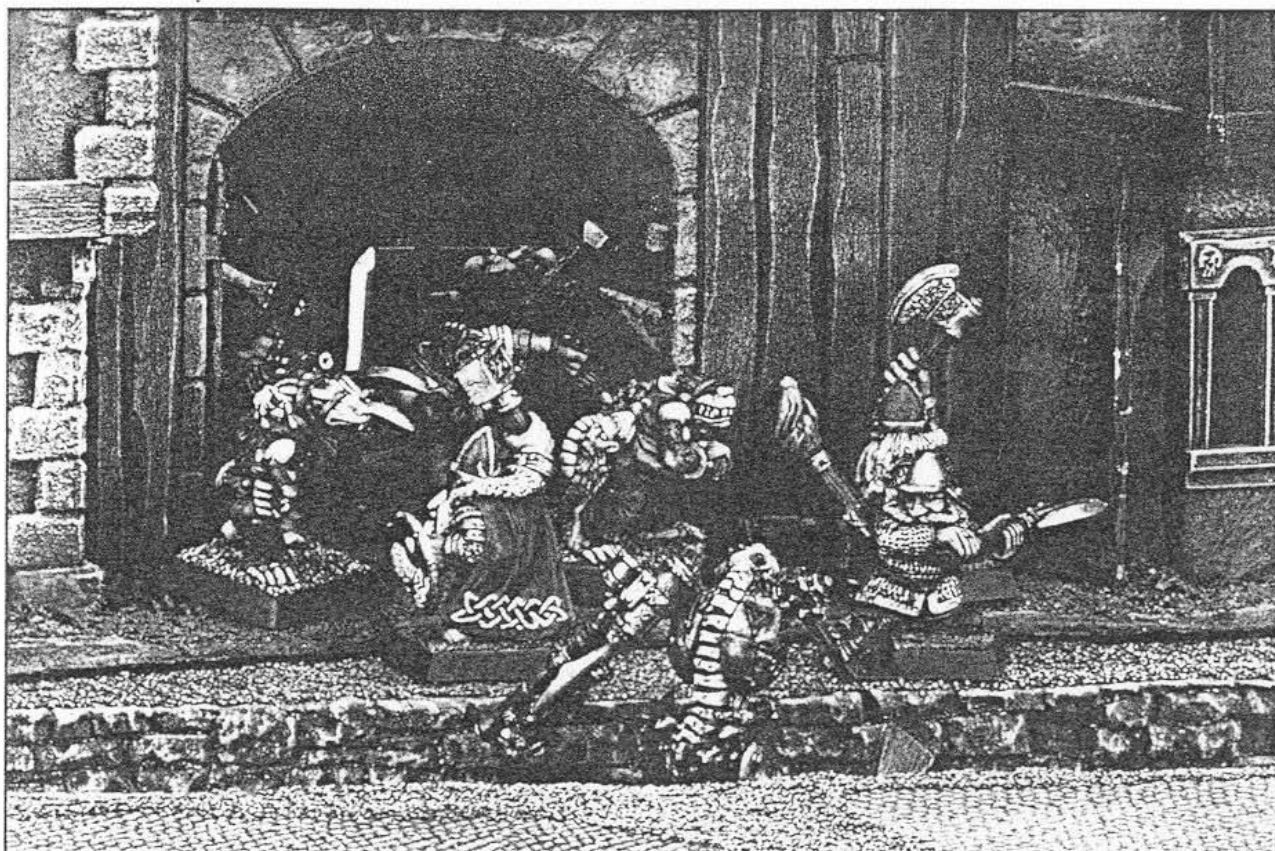
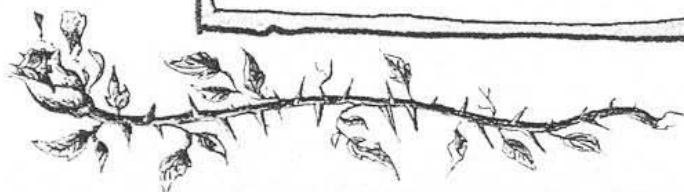




Malfunction Table

D6 Result

- 1 **Explodes** – Something has gone horribly wrong with the Rat Ogre's warpstone generator and it has overloaded, exploding in a bright green flash! All models within 6" of the Rat Ogre receive a single Strength 5 hit. The Rat Ogre is completely destroyed. Do not roll for injuries after the game.
- 2 **Goes berserk!** – From now until the end of the game, the Rat Ogre is out of control. At the start of each of the Skaven player's turns, the Rat Ogre will move randomly (use the Artillery Scatter dice from Warhammer to determine the distance and direction moved) – if there are any warriors within charge range (of either side) it will charge them, otherwise it will move full pace towards the nearest warrior.
- 3 **Shuts Down** – The warpstone generator fizzles out and the Rat Ogre comes to a halt for the rest of the battle. It is hit automatically if engaged in close combat.
- 4 **Temporary Loss of Control** – The Rat Ogre moves in a random direction and if it comes into contact with any warriors (of either side) it attacks and counts as charging. If it does not move into contact with any warriors but there are warriors within range of its warpfire thrower, it will fire this at them instead.
- 5-6 **Freezes** – The Rat Ogre just freezes on the spot for this turn. It is hit automatically if engaged in close combat.



A Clan Skryre Rat Ogre clambers attacks the Dwarf Treasure Hunters.

The hunched, cloaked figure scurried down the dank passageway to the large cavern deep under the ruins of the former city of Men. The walls of the cavern were encrusted with the filth of ages and the floor was strewn with scraps of fur and damp straw. Water constantly trickled down the roughly hewn walls and collected into a myriad of puddles on the uneven floor. The stench was unbelievable. None of this bothered the cavern's inhabitants however, for this foul burrow was their home.

By the entrance to the cavern stood two black clad, mutated rat-men clutching spears with wickedly barbed heads. In the centre of the dimly lit chamber two more of these creatures stood engaged in what appeared to be conversation, although the speed of their chattering speech made individual sounds near incomprehensible.

"Much-much respect honoured representative of mighty Clan Skryre. It is with affection that we greet Warlock Kraskar..." spoke the black-clad rat-man in its strange tongue carefully observing inter-clan etiquette. The rat-man bowed low, as was the custom of its clan from the east, but it always kept its beady red eyes locked upon its guest and one claw-like hand upon the hilt of a serrated dagger carefully concealed in its cloak.

"Clan Skryre returns most kind regards of good friend-friend Clan Eshin." Replied the taller rat mutant with a nonchalant wave of its paw. Its apparent apathy unsettled the other rat-man so that it tightened its grip upon its poisoned blade. Only the taller rat-man's mangy brown-furred muzzle showed beneath the insane mix of heavy robes and pipes, valves, knobs and other metallic parts that fizzled with barely contained energy. The Warlock's face was obscured by a strange metal hood covered in eldritch runes and its eyes were hidden behind heavy goggles.

"Price of two hundred warp tokens for new Clan Skryre weapon agreeable to Clan Eshin, yes-yes?" the Warlock squeaked. The other rat-man audibly swallowed, its nervousness apparent, as it fought against the desire to squirt the musk of fear.

"M... Mighty Lord Nisquit has instructed payment of one hundred and fifty warp tokens for new-new weap..." the Clan Eshin agent was cut off mid-sentence as the Warlock barked at it aggressively, "Two hundred no less, less!"

The black-robed rat-man snarled, baring its cracked yellow incisors, "New weapon too-too slow, too-too noisy... not, not useful to Clan Eshin." The Clan Eshin agent spat back. Surprisingly the Warlock let out a soft cackle and appeared at ease. "Seen-seen in battle?" the Warlock said in an accusing tone running its slaver tongue over its yellowing teeth. The silence answered the Warlock's question. "Bring-bring most expendable warriors... feast-feast on fine display!" the Warlock shouted maniacally, clearly excited at the prospect of the live test.

The Clan Eshin agent issued some quick orders to the rat-man that had just entered. It quickly scurried off. After a short while, the rat-man returned with a dozen or so emaciated looking rat-slaves armed with an assortment of weapons. The Warlock fiddled with a valve and a few knobs on the rear of the vast Clan Skryre war-machine. A resonating hum filled the dank cavern as the warmachine came to life, its rotten skull moving from side to side as it purveyed the inhabitants of the cavern.

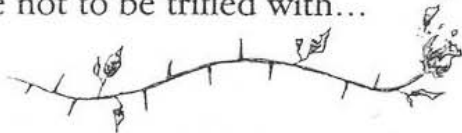
The Clan Eshin agent hissed at the rat-slaves and they warily advanced upon the warmachine, casting cursory glances into the gloomy depths of the cavern where several sets of red eyes glinted. The Warlock pointed at the rat-slaves and the giant ogre-sized warmachine lurched forward in a jerky motion swinging rotten biomechanical limbs at its prey. Rusty swords and spears clashed against the body of the metal monstrosity, leaving little more than scratches against its hide. The beast pounded with its mighty arms leaving red ruin wherever a rat-slave stood. The rat-slaves panicked and tried to flee, throwing down their inadequate weapons and squirting the musk of fear as they squealed in terror. The Clan Skryre mechanoid, utterly emotionless, raised its heavy tube-like left arm and spurted a huge gout of green flame over its fleeing adversaries. The stench of burnt meat and fur filled the cavern and all of the rat-slaves lay dead and dying.

"Two hundred warp tokens?" the Warlock reiterated as it turned towards the shocked form of the Clan Eshin agent.

"T-two hundred, most-most acceptable..."

Scenarios Dramatis

These scenarios are for those players who want more opportunities to use Dramatis Personae in their games. Beware though, for these rascals are not to be trifled with...



The slightly built girl slipped through the night, a bright beacon in the dark streets. She moved quickly – too quickly for a normal girl, though she frequently stopped for several seconds as she moved around corners, apparently checking if she were being pursued. An observant watcher might have noticed that even though the girl had obviously been running for a while now, she never seemed out of breath... but of course there were no witnesses to her movements. Not in this part of the city, not at this time of night.

Finally, the girl noticed the lights of an outlying settlement less than five hundred yards from the crumbling city walls of the city. As she entered its makeshift streets between rows of shacks and tents she passed other night time inhabitants, all going about their own suspicious business equally as furtively, if not quite as quickly. She ignored them, and headed for the relative safety of the Stalking Fish – the local flophouse.

As she entered the establishment, shrugging off the normal lecherous stares that came with her apparently youthful form, Marianna Chevaux felt something that she vaguely remembered as if a distant dream... fear. She had not felt the sensation in so long she could not be sure, but it brought back a surge of nostalgia for the days when she actually felt normal human emotions – back when she was still mortal. Now she was an unliving Vampire and an assassin, a vicious killer who normally caused fear in others rather than felt it herself. But this was different. One of the more powerful Vampires that she hunted had hired a rival assassin to do away with Marianna. The name of this assassin was spoken only in whispers, much as her own was. The Knife. Johann the Knife. Though merely human, he was reportedly as skilled as they come, and as cold and calculating as Marianna herself.

"Something I can get fer ye missy?" Came a gruff voice from the bar, "We don't run a boarding' house here, nor brothel, so order or move along." The bartender was old and scarred, and Marianna had almost decided that she could choke back his old blood for that brothel comment, but then a thought struck her, and she smiled for the first time in days.

"A pint of your finest ale good sir," she called as she strutted toward the bar, eyes moving across the faces in the room, "and the attention of anyone here who can give me the name of a stalwart band of treasure hunters..."





Blood Hunt



Each warband assumes they have been fortunate enough to hire the services of one of Mordheim's most notorious hired swords. What they aren't aware of is that each of these new 'hirelings' is involved in a deadly game of cat and mouse, and the warbands are merely pawns in this struggle...

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either small building, set of hedges or walls, set of trees, small clump of bushes, or similar item of terrain appropriate for Mordheim.

Special Rules

Each warband gets the services of one Dramatis Persona for free for the duration of this scenario. The scenario is set up to be played with two assassins fighting it out against each other – Johann the Knife and Marianna Chevaux. However, if there are more than two players (or if the players really don't like Johann or Marianna for some reason?), other Dramatis Personae can certainly be thrown into the mix. After all, the better-known inhabitants of Mordheim would certainly have butted heads with others of similar ability before, and these types of prima donnas often carry long grudges...

Note that players must still follow the normal rules for Dramatis Personae, including which warbands they will work for. If two or more players wish to use the same Dramatis Personae, the warband with the lowest warband rating gets to choose his Dramatic Personae first. Any Dramatis Personae that are normally hired as a 'set' (example: Ulli and Marquand) may be counted as the warband's free Dramatis Personae for this scenario. Also note that if a Dramatis Personae has a special rule that could cause him to 'switch sides' (example, Ulli and Marquand again), that special rule is ignored for this scenario (Ulli and Marquand figure out that any attempt at bribery is really just a trap!).

If a warband's Dramatis Personae is taken Out of Action, that warband automatically Routs at the start of that player's next turn (either the warriors have been hired to protect her and failed, or they have decided that they are not

about to take on a warband that just took out the best fighter in their warband!).

Setup

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 multiplayer games in the Mordheim 2002 Annual, page 26).

Starting the Game

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

Ending the Game

The game ends when all warbands but one have failed their Rout test. Warbands that 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*.
- +2 **Enemy Assassin taken Out of Action.** Any Hero who takes an enemy Dramatic Personae *Out of Action* gets an additional +2 Experience (in addition to the normal +1 for taking out an enemy warrior!).

The Item Lost

The wizard Nicodemus has hired a warband to help him find a magic wand that has been reported lost in the city. Following up on the latest reports has led him and the warband to this section of the city. Unfortunately, others have also heard of the wand, and wish to keep it for themselves.

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a small building, set of hedges or walls, or similar item of terrain appropriate for Mordheim. We suggest the terrain be set up in an area roughly 4'x4' for two-player games, or 4'x6' for multiplayer games.

Special Rules

One warband gets the services of Nicodemus for free for the duration of this scenario. The other warbands have to make do with their normal rosters.

Place a marker in the center of the table. This is the current resting place of the wand. Any non-animal warband member can pick up the wand by stopping when they contact the marker (it's a small piece of wood and not easily seen if you don't stop to look!). If the current holder of the wand is taken Out of Action, place a marker where that warrior fell... the wand may then be picked up by another warrior stooping in contact with the marker.

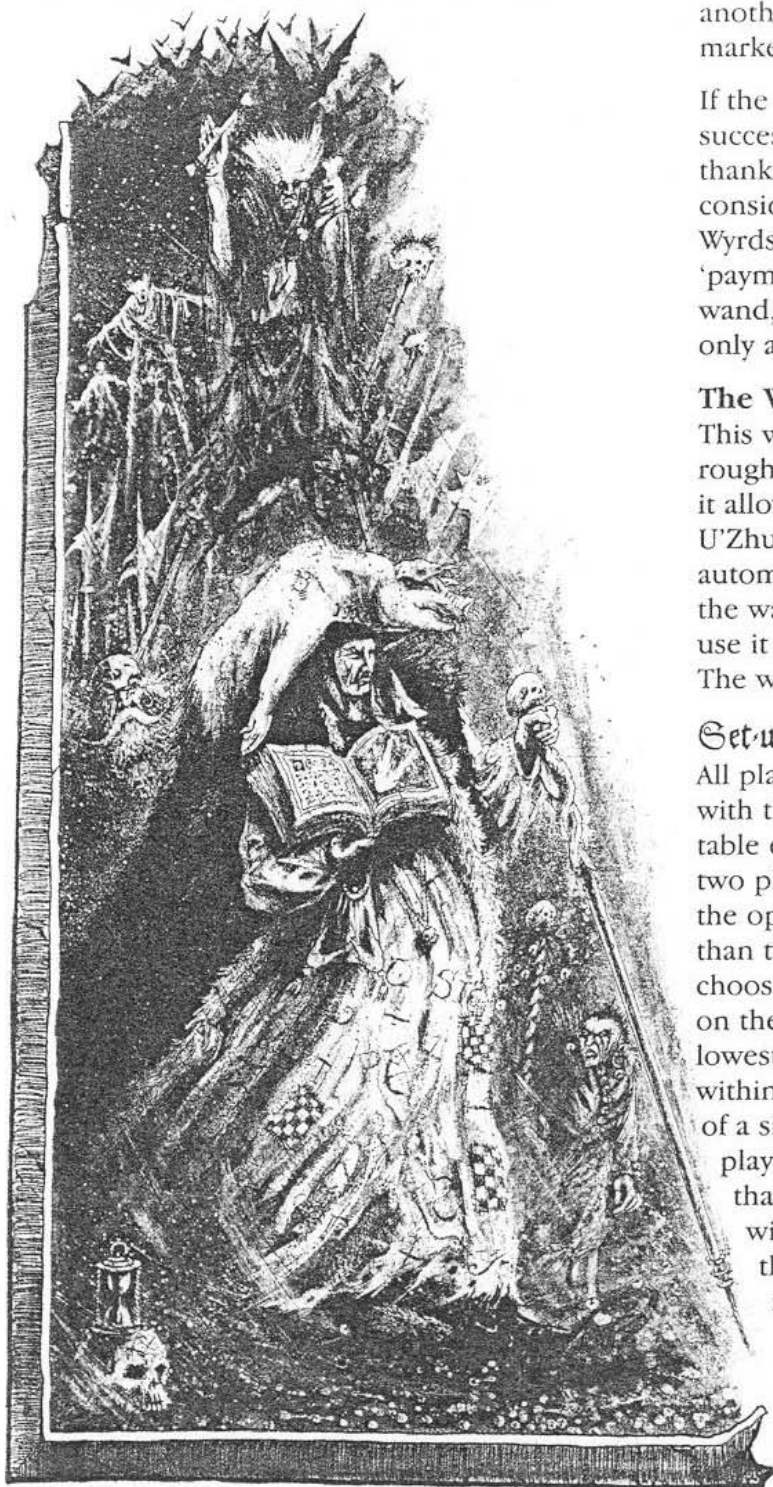
If the warband that Nicodemus has hired successfully retrieves the wand, Nicodemus thanks them for their services (they are considered to have found an additional two Wyrdsone shards to represent their 'payment'). If another warband retrieves the wand, they may of course keep it, though only a Hero can use it.

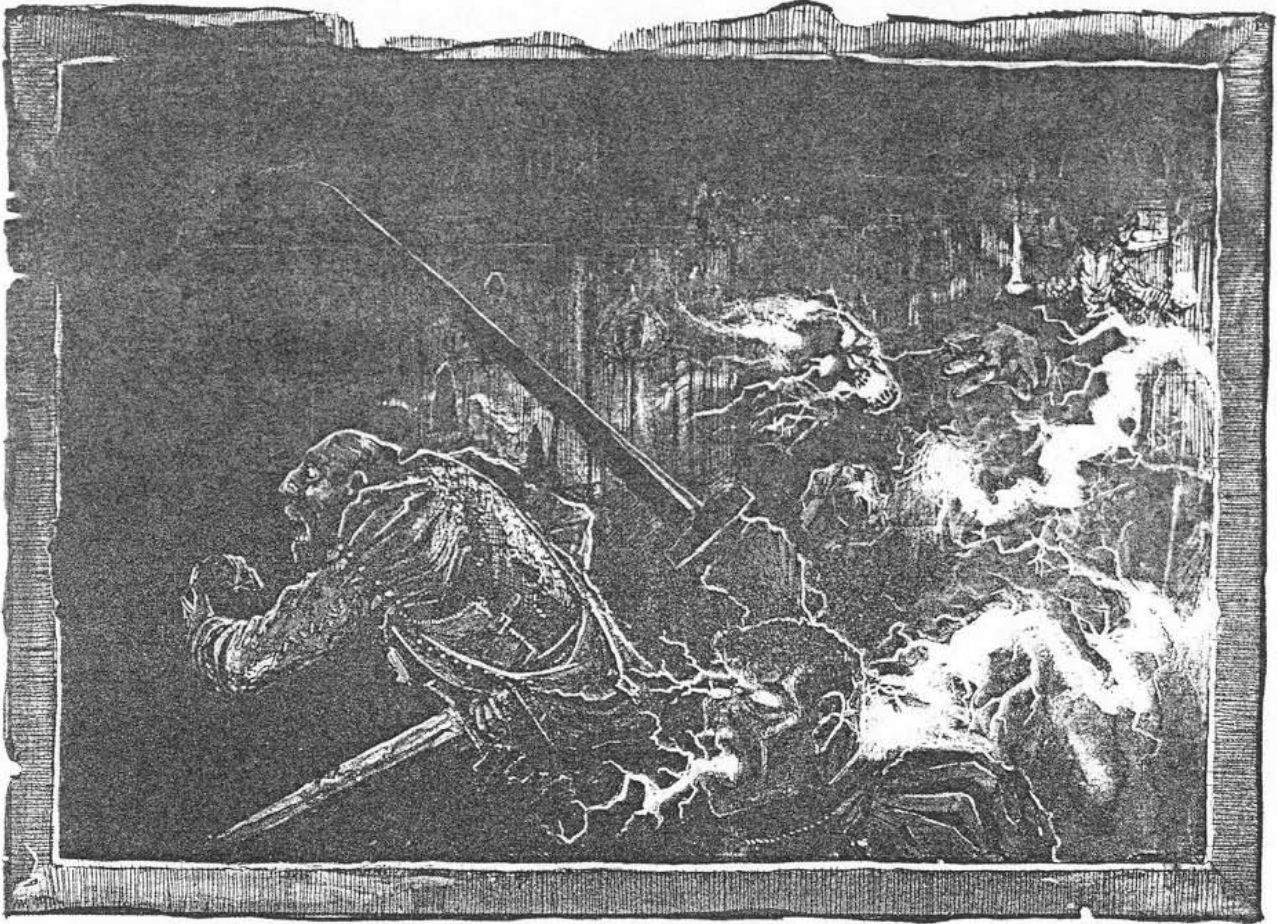
The Wand of Phyrros

This wand is a slender stick of dark wood, roughly 10" long. It seems rather ordinary, but it allows the wielder to use the spell Fires of U'Zhul once per game. The spell is automatically successful, and the wielder of the wand does not have to be a spell caster to use it (though he does have to be a Hero). The wand may be sold for 100 gc.

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 4 players should be accommodated with a larger battlefield than normal (see the "Chaos in the Streets" article on multiplayer games in the Mordheim 2002 Annual, page 26).





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.

Ending the Game

The game immediately ends if one warband succeeds in getting the wand off the table. Failing this, the game ends when all warbands but one have failed their Rout test. Warbands that 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

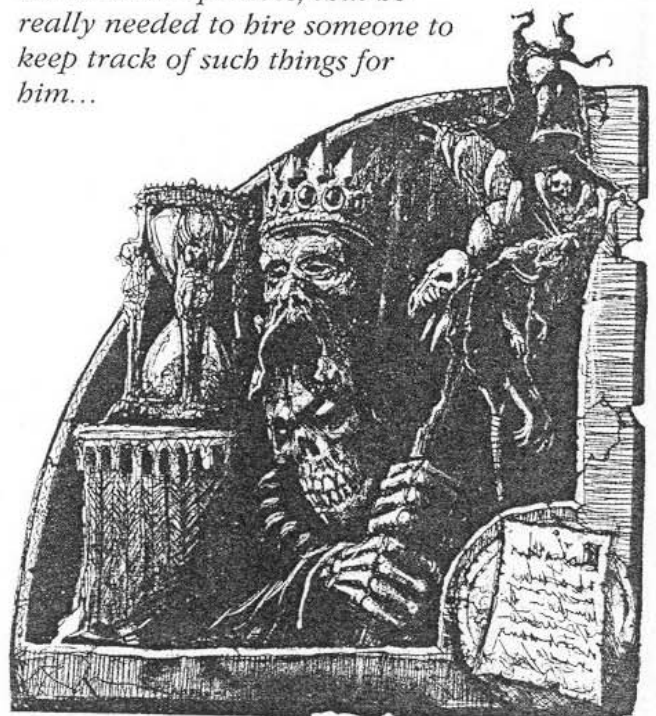
+1 Survives. If a Hero or Henchman group survives the battle they gain +1 Experience.

+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 Retrieves the Wand. The Hero or Henchman group who takes the wand off the edge of the board gains +1 Experience.

"I know I left that thing around here somewhere," the old man muttered to himself as he moved swiftly through the ruined home, overturning broken stools and peering under floor-cobbles. "When will you ever learn you old fool, don't just lay important things down when you're done with them..." He continued in this fashion for the rest of the day, moving from house to house down the deserted street. As he turned the corner he could be heard to say, after a string of incoherent expletives, that he really needed to hire someone to keep track of such things for him...



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, Vampire Assassin
The Town Cryer

Dwarf Treasure Hunters

Noble (1 figures + weapon sprue)
Champion (Engineer or Troll Slayer)
(1 figures + weapon sprue)
Warriors (3 figures + weapon sprue)
Beardlings (2 figures + weapon sprue)

Hired Swords

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

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

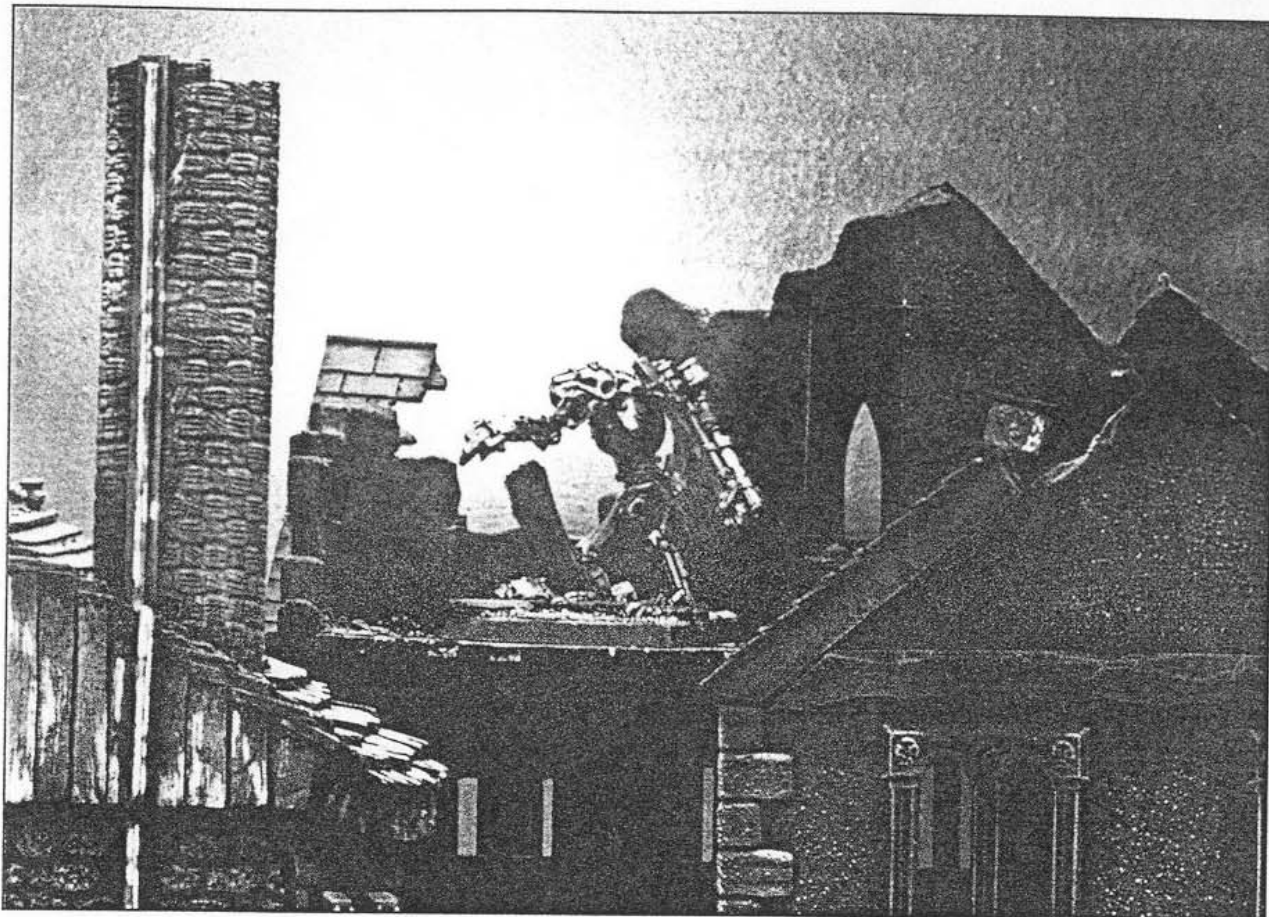
Assassin Master
Black Skaven
Night Runners (2 figures)
Clan Eshin Sorcerer
Rat Ogre

Undead

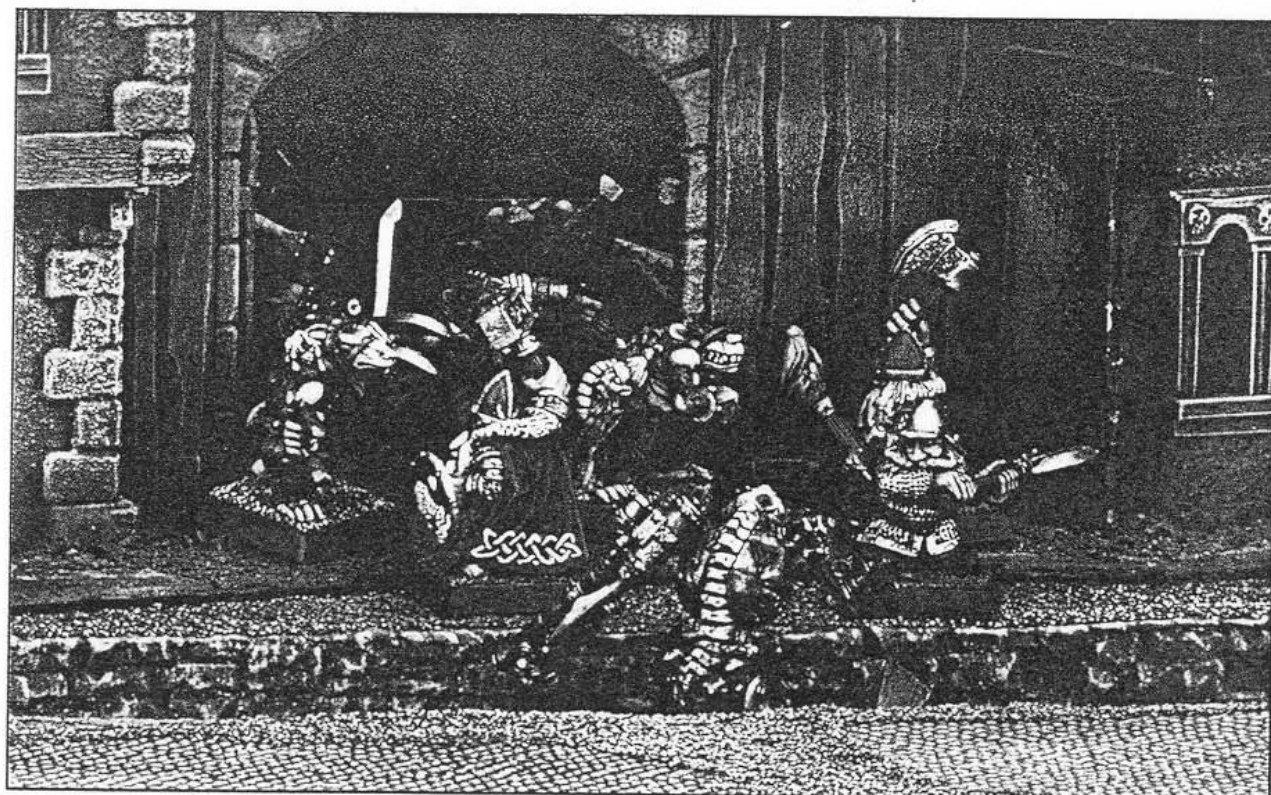
Vampire
Necromancer
Human Dregs (2 figures)

Witch Hunters

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



A Clan Skryre Rat Ogre stalks the ruined Mordheim skyline.



Skaven, supported by a Clan Skryre Rat Ogre, ambush a band of Dwarf Treasure Hunters.

OBITUARIES

Captain Gluckos – fell to his death demonstrating the safety of Ye Olde Rickety Bridge.

'Sneaky' Stefan – slain allegedly by giant metallic bipedal ratman.

Daniel Von Drane – He didn't need his legs.

Leopold Sheyster – apparently died of old age despite being of three and thirty years.



MISSING

The Mystical Eight Pages

If found please return to scribe 'Arf-a-job' Roach at the Braun Dwarf Taverna

Handsome reward offered for information leading to recovery of the outraged editor's missing pages.

Wedding Bells!

The Freak Bon-cc hath joined in marital bliss with his comely bride, the Lady Rolinda

All at the Town Cryer would like to congratulate the lucky couple and wish them all the best for the future – may they hear the tiny patter of flippered feet!

Simius Gant WARLOCK FOR HIRE

If you are in need of the support of the forbidden arts, accept no substitute.

Seek Gant 'The Magnificent' at the Old Cemetery, the southside of Mordheim.

Witch Hunters, Sigmarites and do-gooders need not apply...

Andreas Halle Kitten Slayer

Do you have trouble with pesky cats?

Need a fearless warrior to deal with all of your feline problems? Then you need Andreas Halle, Kitten Slayer Extraordinaire, only the very best will do!

Seek at the Door Ajar tavern, Sororitas corner, Sigmarhaven.

For Sayle

One book without spine
A golden earring
Three old teeth

Seek Chirac at the Bretonnian encampment

SCRIBE'S HONOURABLE MENTION

Donato Ranzato, Oliver Martinus & Stephanus Harburgh



ESCAPED!

The further adventures of 'Small Hans' Dave

Aka: Kip & Beidle-boy

The notorious Hallfling thief was taken into custody by the Sigmarhaven Watch last Bezahntag after having his collar felt by Sergeant Frieda Gottkopf, being caught red-handed attempting to thieve Mrs Olga Tanta's volumous pantaloons.

Unfortunately the villain managed to escape the long arm of the law by slipping his unusually small appendages from his manacles and bashing the arresting officer senseless.

Citizens are advised to avoid this miscreant as he is considered small-armed and dangerous...



Are You Brave?

Only the most courageous warriors are invited by Captain Beauregard Swash and his 'Gaye Bucklers' to hunt down the legendary 'Bunyip', scourge of The Pit and surrounding areas.

Seek out the Gaye Bucklers warband at Cuttbroat's Den, fourth slobberhouse on the left.



Fanatic Games,
Games Workshop Ltd,
Willow Road,
Nottingham,
NG7 2WS, UK
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