

It was a grim and bleak night, the wind howling around the rotting corpses by the side of the road. The disease-ridden rats crawl around bloated bodies as the waters begin to rise from the sewers, flushing out the spiky mutated, twisted, horrible and evil chaos denizens of night to perform unspeakable acts with innocent young virgins as yet still asleep in their beds. Or just having fun with a girl sent on a wyrdstone hunt that was successful... in a way.

“Now, girl, give us this fancy stone you found and you’ll live... for now.”

“Yes! Yes! I’ll give it to you, but don’t hurt me!”

“Well, well, well, who do we have here?” a booming voice sounded, revealing a tentacled mutant, who came closer to the terrified girl

“Mmmm... a fresh meat for our daily offering! And with a piece of wyrdstone! Now that’s a lucky day!”

“But... but you said that you’ll let me live!”

“Oh, baby, you’ll live because dead bodies aren’t too good for sacrificing. Our Dark Lord gets pretty annoyed when it happens, I can tell you. Last time our Magister sacrificed a Zombie he woke up with a brightly patterned skin. Big yellow fluorescent polka dots on black. And with an uncontrollable flatulence too, as if this pattern wasn’t disgusting enough.”

“I cannot die! I’m too young! I’m... I’m still a virgin!”

“Ohhhh, Dark Lord, my one and only master, your humble servant simply doesn’t know what he did to be granted such favors! Why was I chosen to show this finely shaped piece of female flesh the true meaning of our coven’s name - Spiked Tentacles of Forced Intrusion?!”

When the girl heard mutant’s last words, her eyes widened in fear. She bursted into tears and cried in terror, trying to get out of the warband’s two Brethren’s strong grip:

“NOOOOO!!!! PLEEEAAASEEEEE!!!! SOMEBODYYYY HEEELP MEEEE!!!!”

The mutant hastily responded, his voice full of joy:

“Don’t bother, soon-to-be-sacrifice, nobody will hear you. And if somebody will, I bet he’d just turn away and run. You know, this city isn’t good for heroes -“

“You lost that bet, twisted abomination!”

Everybody looked to the place where the voice came from. A tall, slender, cloaked figure appeared, walking towards them. It stopped in the moonlight and shouted:

“Let her go, evildoers, or you’ll taste my steel!”

“Well, I’m a bit hungry. I’d prefer something that is on the end of this steel, though. Get him!”

The girl watched helplessly as the three thugs charged the stranger. But then something odd happened. Their blows had no effect on him, he just parried them and retaliated so quickly with his weapon that it was impossible to see the blows. His strikes had an effect though, and both Brethren slumped to the ground, with their bodies covered in blood.

However, the mutant was a tougher opponent. His tentacles were trying to grapple his opponent and keep him at bay. The cloaked stranger was doing his best to dodge them, but while doing so, he was unable to strike at his foe. This situation was so tense, the mutant roared in anger:

“Aaargh! Why you don’t just lie down and die?!!!”

The stranger’s remark was quick:

“Well, I’d like to lie down with a pretty girl, but you’re not pretty and you’re not a girl... I think. You’ll just have to lie down alone and unmourned.”

With those words, he struck the astonished mutant through his heart, killing him instantly. Then he quickly came up to the girl, touching her face and cleaning the tears.

“Are you all right, Milady? I vanquished your oppressors, you don’t have to worry about them anymore!”

His voice was like sweet music to the girl’s ears. She looked up and saw a beautiful face with a moustache, blue eyes, curly blonde hair and white teeth in a smile. She had the strength only to say:

“Who... who are you? What’s your name?”

“It isn’t true that city isn’t good for heroes. I am the hero that this city needs. My name isn’t important, but you can call me Dashing Swordsman”

Her heart almost stopped when she heard these words. Dashing Swordsman, the saviour of weak! Dashing Swordsman, the bane of evil! Dashing Swordsman, here, in person, in front of her! She felt a great joy, as if she entered the paradise. But then she felt weak and fainted.

When she opened eyes, she found herself in a bed. Next to it was a bouquet of flowers on a table and a short note. Blessing the hindsight of her mother who taught her reading and writing, she read:

Milady,

You were exhausted when I saw you first time. It is perfectly acceptable, given the terrible circumstances you found yourself in. I brought you to the inn and gave you the best room. Please, come to your health quickly, and don't collect the wyrdstone on your own anymore.

Dashing Swordsman

She pressed the note to her heart and started dreaming about Dashing Swordsman. She couldn't forget his golden hair... sparkling blue eyes... inviting ruby lips... sleek, young, tender, creamy skin... lithe and well-muscled body... firm thighs...

After a while, she quickly dressed up and came downstairs. As she entered the main room, a cloaked stranger with blonde hair was just leaving. She yelled:

"Wait! Wait, my hero!"

And then she ran out of the inn and followed him into darkness.

Hire Fee: None. Dashing Swordsman doesn't seek any payment for his service. However, he protects only the weak, and only those who really need his help. He joins your warband only if your rating is lower than your opponent's. Consult the table below and roll a dice to see if he appears:

0 - 49 - Auto-failure
50 - 99 - 6+
100 - 149 - 5+
150 - 151 - 4+
200 - 249 - 3+
250 - 299 - 2+
300 or more - Auto-success

May be hired: As a stereotypical action hero, Dashing Swordsman will join only good-aligned warbands.

Rating: Dashing Swordsman increases warband's rating by 150

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
4	6	3	3	3	3	6	4	9

Equipment: Cloak, exquisite rapier and rope&hook

Skills: *Strike to Injure, Combat Master, Unstoppable Charge, Leap, Lightning Reflexes, Jump Up.*

Expert Swordsman: Due to his exceptional skill with a rapier, Dashing Swordsman can re-roll missed hits when he charges.

Acrobat: As described in the rulebook, but Dashing Swordsman can make a Diving Charge from 12" and makes only one I test when doing so, which can be re-rolled.

Dodge & Step Aside: As described in the rulebook, but both saves are increased to 4+.

Special Rules:

"You want my help, madam?"

Helping and protecting the weak is the main goal of Dashing Swordsman, but he likes nothing more than offering his aid to women.

For each female model in your warband you must add 1 to the dice roll to determine if he comes (he is very attracted to women). Count auto-failure as 7+. And yes, this does mean that Sisters of Sigmar will usually score an auto-success... but see below.

“Wait, my hero!”

After the battle, Dashing Swordsman vanishes into darkness, probably looking for someone to help, or just healing his wounds. But he leaves an irresistible charm in the hearts of your warband's women. A strong desire forces them to follow him into Mordheim, despite the perils of the city, in hope that one of them will find him and become his true love.

To overcome this desire, after determining injuries but before allocating experience each female model in your warband must pass a Ld test on her own Leadership. If they fail, they immediately leave the warband in pursuit of their so-called hero... and count as dead.

If your warband was defeated even with Dashing Swordsman in it, no Ld tests are taken at all. No woman would hang with such a loser, right?

“I challenge you!”

Dashing Swordsman has very strong sense of honour. It compels him to track down villains and deliver them a punishment, and the greater villain he pursues, the better. Also, he thinks it's unhonourable to strike at them when they can't see him. First, it's the way of bad guys, and second, what's the fun if they had died not having known who killed them?

Dashing Swordsman must move towards the closest enemy warrior as far as he can and charge him if possible. He cannot charge if the enemy he wishes to charge cannot see him.

“Touche!”

One of Dashing Swordsman's traits is his sharp wit, and perhaps it's his mightiest weapon. No one expects a warrior who starts telling jokes in the middle of the battle (“What's the deadliest letter in the alphabet? It's ‘S’, because it turns words into s-words!”) or makes puns (“It's bad weather today. A torrent of blows is never good, especially for you!”). It makes warriors confused and vulnerable to attack, assuming that they understand the pun, because if they don't (“Hey, Mr Troll, why you're so regen-irate?” “D-oh?”), it's grave news for Dashing Swordsman...

Dashing Swordsman can select one of enemy models in base contact in combat phase, and then he makes a Ld test. If he passed, the chosen model is confused and Dashing Swordsman has +1 to hit and wound him.

If the test is failed, Dashing Swordsman hasn't come up with a suitable pun (“Eat this!” “Man, that's so low!”), isn't concentrated properly and has -1 to hit and wound the chosen model.

This ability cannot be used on Undead (except for Vampires), Daemons, animals, and models that failed a Stupidity test.

Equipment:

Cloak

A mark of his owner's fashion sense, Dashing Swordsman's cloak allows him also to fall down further.

Dashing Swordsman can make a Diving Charge on models that are within D6” of the place where he lands.

Exquisite Rapier

This fine piece of work is superior to any shoddy, second-handed weapon found in Mordheim. Combined with his owner's tremendous skill, it makes a perfect weapon for a hero.

The rules are shown below.

Turn Aside Blow

Dashing Swordsman is like a blur in hand-to-hand combat, turning away blows with seemingly little effort.

When Dashing Swordsman is attacked by an opponent in close combat and his opponent hits him, roll a dice. If the score is lower than Dashing Swordsman's Weapon Skill, the first hit of that opponent has no effect.

Barrage

An exquisite rapier is a light and flexible weapon that allows his owner to make a barrage of light attacks. Dashing Swordsman can inflict a multitude of light wounds in mere seconds, often capable of incapacitate even the hardest of enemies.

If Dashing Swordsman hits his enemy, but doesn't wound him, he can make an additional attack for each hit that didn't wound. He can continue making those attacks as long as he hits, and doesn't wound.

Armour Save

Dashing Swordsman makes piercing attacks with his exquisite rapier, passing through enemy's armour with ease.

Armour saves are made with -1 modifier.

Master-crafted

This exquisite rapier is made from hardest steel and has a finely crafted hilt that enables a strong grip.

Dashing Swordsman cannot be disarmed, and his weapon cannot be destroyed.