

MORDHEIM

Raining Fishe

Transcribed by the loyal brother of the Temple of Sigmar, Brother Martin

A Treatise on the Mysterious Phenomena of Raining Fishe and Other Fantastical Meteorological Effects on the Cursed City of Mordheim, by the Esteemed Jacob von Nuvens of the University of Altdorf.

A Delicate Balance Upset

A year hath passed since our great Lord Sigmar brought forth his just and fiery judgement on that vile and accursed city of Mordheim. In this short time, dear reader, there hath amassed many a fantastical tale of the diseased and warped from within the blighted ruins. Tales of creatures most foul and putrid, never heretofore documented; noble men who can only slither on their mutated bellies where once they strode haughtily; and palatial gardens that are now the abode of carnivorous trees and other sentient plant-life. These are just some of the hearsay that is carried out from the blasted gates of Mordheim. That the sources of these accounts be mercenaries and zealots is of no consequence, for as the old prophecy dictate: only fools travel where angels fear to tread and it is a fools' testament which must be recorded in the absence of more trustworthy witnesses.

There are others at the University who hath taken to study the warping influence of the Wyrystone on the bodies and minds of sinful men. This paper will not seek to dispute their conjecture or findings. Instead, I offer, dear reader, irrefutable evidence that Wyrystone has affected the very winds of the city, and if, as some believe, disease enter the frame of man through the air that he breathe, then every soul that hath ventured into the League of Ostermark is doomed to a slow and painful death (such is his fate if he hath not already been felled by the sword of some brigand). For those few that hath already ventured forth and returned, I offer you little hope. I can only refer you to the capable hands of Van Hoffman and his innovative study of Lancing and Leeches to bleed the putrid corp clean.

Accounting The Natural Seasonal Progression

In order to illustrate the strange effects that Sigmar's Fury hath had on the meteorological

constitution of Mordheim, it is first necessary to define the characteristics that make up the varying seasons in the Counties, States and Principalities of our fractured Empire. Only when the mirror of normality is held up, can the madness that hath enveloped the city be understood.

I have accounted below, dear reader, for the months and feast days of the Imperial Calendar, choosing to divide these into two distinct weather tables. Referring to these tables will help illustrate the general character of the seasons throughout the Empire.

(NOTE: These tables should be used for Empire in Flames Settings. I have split the weather table into two separate seasons to add more detail and realism for players taking part in a campaign. For one off games, simply choose one of the tables.)

<p>The last snows of Ulric's chill fade in Rhya's embrace during the Mannslieb of <i>Jahrdrung</i>, so that on the feast of <i>Mitterfruhl</i> do we celebrate the birth of Spring. For the next thirty-three days do the farmers begin their annual toil, to till the fields and sow the seed, during the month we call <i>Pflugzeit</i>.</p> <p>With the passing of Ploughtide does man down the instruments of his labour and celebrate the thirty three days of <i>Sigmarzeit</i>, toasting the birth of the Empire on the 25th day. Customary it is to slaughter a fowl bird for his table this day.</p> <p>The next thirty-three days are <i>Sommerzeit</i>, as the heat of the sun warms the land and encourages the crop to grow. <i>Sonnstill</i> comes next, the hottest and longest day of the year. Summer continues to reign during the Mannslieb of Vorgeheimt when many a festival is observed throughout the Old World.</p> <p>Upon the feast of Geheimnstag, only fools and madmen walk the streets, for the night is lit by the fell glow of the moons of Morrslieb and Mannslieb together. It is on this night that summer begins to wane and man steels himself for the collection of the crop that must take place during Nachegeheim and Erntezeit before the ice jaws of the winter-tide snap shut.</p>	
2D6	
2	Oppressive Heat: Farmer's bemoan the state of the of their crops and fears of the great drought of '76 are on the lips of every villager. Roll 1D6 for every model at the start of the game (inc. Out of Action). On a roll of 1 the model must miss this game due to severe heat exhaustion. (Does not count towards the 25% needed for a rout test). Models cannot wear heavy armour in this heat and can run only after passing an initiative test. All models Weapon Skill is reduced by 1
3-4	Hot: The heat has made everybody sluggish. WS is reduced by 1, Warriors wearing heavy armour have their weapon skill reduced by 2
5-9	A Pleasant Day: Except for the prospect of death at the hands of an enemy that is!
10	Heavy Wind: The winds are blowing strongly today, making a virtual mockery of any attempt to shoot missile weapons. All missile fire is at -1 to hit (Not Blackpowder weapons).
11-12	Heavy Rain: Blackpowder weapons are utterly useless. The rain has also made exposed raised areas extremely slippy and models are at -1 initiative (to a minimum of 1) when testing to climb or fall.

<p>Autumn's birth is announced on the feast of <i>Mittherbst</i>, and beyond that for thirty-three days is <i>Brauzeit</i>, a month of beer to warm the belly as winter's chill approaches. Oft does one see many a whisker of a Dwarven beard during this profitable month.</p> <p><i>Kaldezeit</i> is winter's herald, and for thirty-three days it lingers before <i>Ulriczeit</i> for thirty-three more when the White Wolf's chill is come.</p> <p><i>Mondstille</i> is the darkest day and coldest too, before the thirty-three days of <i>Vorhexen</i> pass. Upon its final hour the year passes into history and the next year begins anew upon the day of <i>Hexenstag</i>. In years gone by the Emperor did proclaim his authority upon this day, in defiance of the fullness of the moons Mannslieb and Morrslieb which cast their eerie glow about the land all through the dark <i>Hexensnacht</i>. In these turbulent times such a task is left to our magnificent Grand Prince Siegfried of Reikland, true emperor in all but name.</p> <p>With the passing of the two and thirty days of <i>Nachexen</i> the winter's chill is done, daylight begins to win the battle against the long dark nights and <i>Jahrdrung</i> is about us once again.</p>	
2D6	
2	Blizzard: Through howling wind and blinding snow your band of brothers must stand and fight. Shooting and running is impossible. Charges must still be declared but models do not double their movement rate when charging into combat. Away from the safety of their encampment fires every model put out of action must also miss one extra game due to exposure.
3-4	Driving Rain: It is impossible to light any lanterns in this sodden weather and all blackpowder weapons are utterly useless. The rain has also made exposed raised areas extremely slippy and models are at -1 initiative (to a minimum of 1) when testing to climb or fall.
5	Fog: The land is enveloped in a swirling fog that cloaks the enemy from view. Visibility is reduced to 4D6 at the start of each turn. (Roll seperately for each player.) Players are automatically hidden outside of this range and cannot be shot at or charged at.
6-9	It's cold, there may even be a touch of snow but stop your whining you cowardly dog and get out there and fight.
10-11	Howling Gale: The winds are blowing strongly today, making a virtual mockery of any attempt to shoot missile weapons. All missile fire is at -1 to hit (Not Blackpowder weapons). Initiative is reduced by -1 for all leaping and climbing attempts.
12	Icy Underfoot: Temperatures have plummeted through the previous night and the ground is treacherously icy underfoot. All models must roll a D6 before charging or running, on a roll of 1 the model has slipped and must become <i>knocked down</i> . A model on an exposed, elevated position (e.g. gangway, first floor in ruined building, incline) must also perform this test before normal movement as well.

Such is the nature of the seasons in the Empire: a temperate climate that offers rains and sun to feed our crops in the summer; wind and chill to make the ale taste better through the long wintry nights.

The astute scholar amongst you will no doubt notice that my summaries offer little account of the vagaries of climate within each County and Principality. It is universally acknowledged that the followers of Ulric for instance, in the counties north and east of Middenland suffer snow more than most. Whilst the lush fields of Averland receive their tithes of rain through and through. I ask you, my learned colleagues, to suspend your judgement on the generality of my summaries and to excuse the omission to note these slight variations within my tables. For these tables adequately serve the purpose for which this paper was intended...to illustrate to you dear reader, just how the weight of Wyrdstone hath affected the Barometer readings in Mordheim, much like a magnet affects a compass.

The Hammer of Sigmar Rides on The Winds of Change. The cloud of dust that pervades the upper heavens above the damned city of Mordheim was thrown up when Sigmar's Hammer struck and has lingered there hence. Suspended as if caught in a giant cosmic net, no wind hath shifted it but one inch. Through this barrier does the sun's rays penetrate, barely and with an unearthly tint so that little warmth reaches the blasted streets and only hours of weakened daylight are offered to the misguided fools that venture there.

Though this cloud of dust must have its part to play in the malady that hath engrossed Mordheim's weather, one cannot discount the green Wyrdstone that sits ominously on city streets, veils itself in choleric tributaries of the Stir and burrows itself into the foundations of the earth. Silently do those stones work their warping influence until all they touch is but a parody of a former existence.

Thus hath the Air and the Ether been corrupted, bringing winds of change that blow over the city, blasting all mortal comprehension of weather into nothingness.

I have recorded, dear reader, a progression of ten and eight days that hath been observed in the City of the Damned. Had I not seen such phenomena with mine own eyes from the relative safety of Sigmarhaven, I would not have believed. I must express at this juncture, my thanks to Captain Von Sturmdrang and his honourable band of Reiksguards for the safe passage I endured during these all too long nights.

(NOTE: The following table should be used for Mordheim City Settings. This table is intended to incorporate suitably weird and sudden weather changes, in keeping with the unpredictability of the damned city.

3D6	
3	It's Raining Fische. <i>Day three and I have already witnessed a chaotic shower of fische that fell from the sky still shiny and alive. Captain Von Sturmdrang set about collecting this falling fauna, at first I thought for analysis but later I observed, for cooking and feeding his mercenaries.</i> Each warband may work out the result of income earned from the end of this battle as if they had sold one extra shard of Wyrdrstone to represent lower upkeep costs of not having to buy food. i.e. use the next row down on the income table (page 101 main rulebook)
4	Blizzard: <i>Curse this damned cold, today was supposed to be Sonnstill and yet we are trapped inside our encampment by the brutal fall of snow and chill that has come from nowhere.</i> Shooting and running is impossible. Charges must still be declared but models do not double their movement rate when charging into combat. Away from the safety of their encampment fires every model put out of action must also miss one extra game due to exposure.
5	Icy Underfoot: Temperatures have plummeted through the previous night and the ground is treacherously icy underfoot. All models must roll a D6 before charging or running, on a roll of 1 the model has slipped and must become knocked down . A model on an exposed elevated position (e.g. gangway, first floor of ruined building, incline) must also perform this test before normal movement as well.
6	Ephemeral Fog. <i>Fog hath crept upon us through the night and we awoke in almost complete blindness. It wasn't until the fog cleared that I realised that I was no longer within the safe confines of our encampment, but that I had been moved in the night..</i> After setting up each player must roll a 1D6. The result is the number of models that your opponent can re-position anywhere on the board, but not within 8" of another model. Visibility is also reduced to 5D6 for the whole game.
7	Driving Rain: <i>What madness in the weather is this, no day can be trusted from one to the next. It is all my effort to keep this parchment dry and safe from ruin.</i> It is impossible to light any lanterns in this sodden weather and all blackpowder weapons are utterly useless. The rain has also made exposed raised areas extremely slippery and models are at -1 initiative (to a minimum of 1) when testing to climb and fall.
8-12	Clear Day: <i>I cannot believe the madness that hath been thrust upon me and my companions this last fortnight. I am glad for some days of relative normality, although even these days seem perpetually stained with a grey haze that deepens the mood of all men.</i>
13	Strong Wind: <i>Morrslieb looks down upon us this night, whipping the wind into a violent frenzy. I have already lost many valuable papers that have blown through the gates of the city. Although I can still see some of them dance on the streets to the music of the gale I dare not venture inside to retrieve them.</i> The winds are blowing strongly today, making a virtual mockery of any attempt to shoot missile weapons. All missile fire is at -1 to hit (Not Blackpowder weapons).
14	Hot: <i>Yesterday's gales have ushered in the heat of summer. Perhaps I was mistaken and today is Sonnstill. I no longer have faith in my own mind any more.</i> The heat has made everybody sluggish. WS is reduced by 1, Warriors wearing heavy armour have their weapon skill reduced by 2.
15	Dead Air: <i>If such a thing were possible, I would describe the air as dead. There is no movement of wind and every breath we take is an effort. I can hear no ambient sound, not even the incessant beating of a cricket's leg, that has kept me awake many a night.</i> No Magic, Spells or Prayers may be utilised during this game, nor any weapon or item magical or holy by nature will function. This includes Lucky Charms. Garlic will have the same effect on Vampires as this is a physical trait, however Holy Water will not.
16	Black Hail: <i>Today I witnessed a man's skull smashed, not by the mace or club of some brigand, but by the very sky itself. Black balls of ice, some as big as a wizard's orb, came crashing down amongst us. At the start of each player's turn roll a D6. If a 1 is rolled every player in the open must take a Strength 2 hit.</i>
17	Hallucinatory Heat: <i>Today my head swims, I think I have fever for I have seen my children entering the gates of the city. Their eyes like glass they could not heed my call to stop. I know this cannot be true, but the image preys on my mind. Today it is hot.</i> Each model not engaged in combat must make a leadership test at the start of their turn. If it is failed they may do nothing else that turn whilst they remain distracted by the images that are playing out in front of them.
18	Foetid Rain: <i>And so this cursed city leaves its most deadly surprise to the last. I fear I have been infected by the putrid precipitation that doused our camp this morning. Two lay at death's door already and the signs of disease not unlike Nurgle's Rot has set in.</i> Apply the rules for Driving Rain , plus at the end of the game each model must make a strength test. If any model fails the test, then it must miss the next game and reduce its Toughness by -1 permanently.

After the eighteenth day I beat a retreat from that awful place and have vowed never to return, not even in the pursuit of academic gain. For I am lucky to have escaped with my life; twelve of our company did not. Many a horror lurks within that foul city which would slay a man were his back turned but for a moment, but never did we imagine that Mother Nature would reap her harvest of so many souls. I offer you this paper in the memory of those brave and loyal men that hath paid the price for your enlightenment.

I remain at all times, an ever serving disciple of Sigmar.

Jacob Von Nuvens