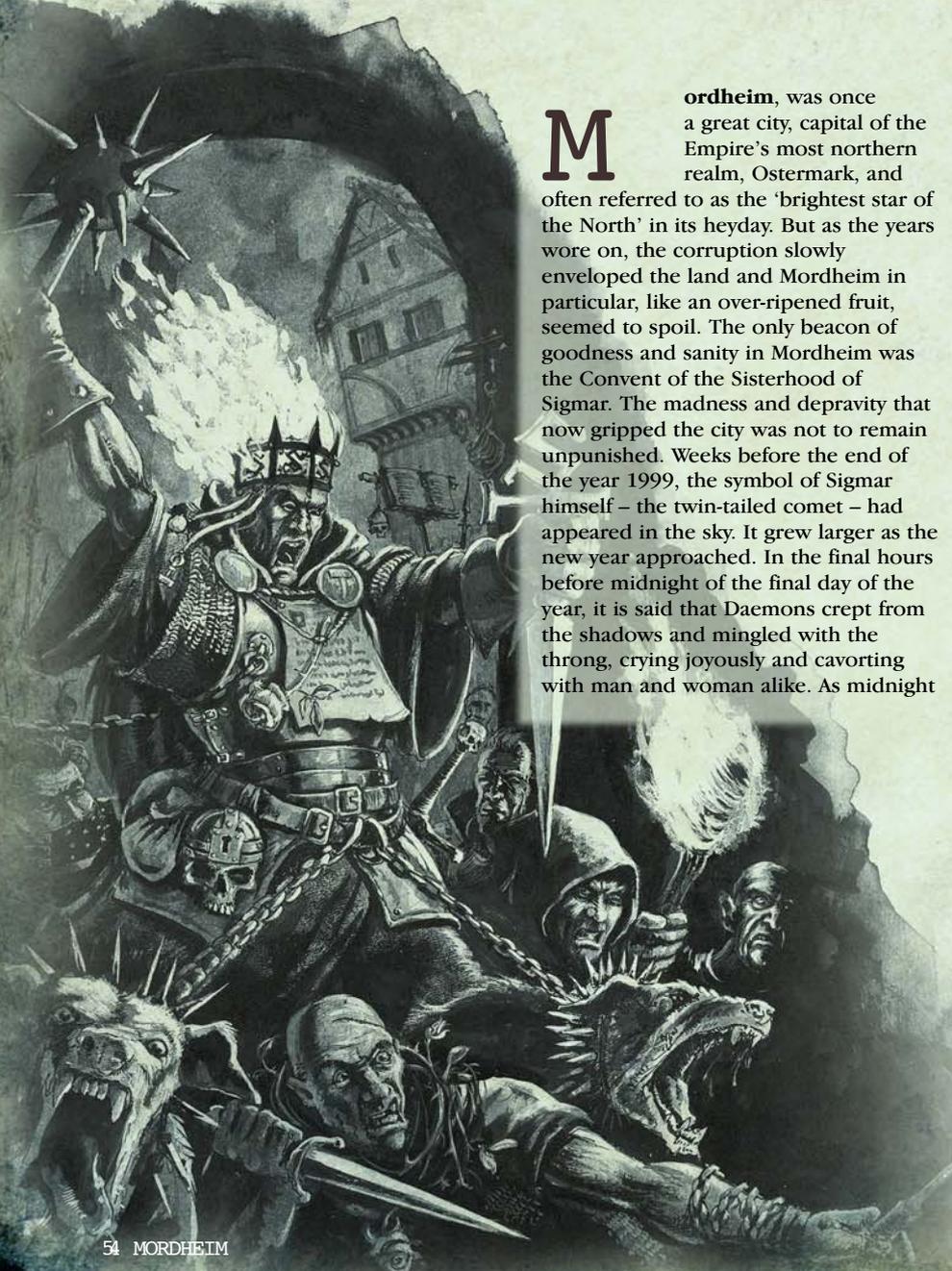


MORDHEIM

Five hundred years ago the Empire was divided and the forces of Chaos were preparing to invade. It was a dark era known as The Time of the Three Emperors. In the 2,000 years since Sigmar Heldenhammer had purged the lands that would become the Empire, the race of Man had become arrogant and largely corrupt. There were, of course, those that remained pure of heart and soul – men such as Magnus the Pious who would eventually rise up and reunite the Empire, but that was still three years away.



Mordheim, was once a great city, capital of the Empire's most northern realm, Ostermark, and often referred to as the 'brightest star of the North' in its heyday. But as the years wore on, the corruption slowly enveloped the land and Mordheim in particular, like an over-ripened fruit, seemed to spoil. The only beacon of goodness and sanity in Mordheim was the Convent of the Sisterhood of Sigmar. The madness and depravity that now gripped the city was not to remain unpunished. Weeks before the end of the year 1999, the symbol of Sigmar himself – the twin-tailed comet – had appeared in the sky. It grew larger as the new year approached. In the final hours before midnight of the final day of the year, it is said that Daemons crept from the shadows and mingled with the throng, crying joyously and cavorting with man and woman alike. As midnight

arrived and the delirious crowd was at its zenith, the comet impacted upon the city. Sigmar had judged Mordheim lacking and all over the Empire the land shook! Only the Temple of Sigmar's Rock, home to the Sisterhood of Sigmar, who had locked themselves away weeks before the comet's arrival, remained unblemished.

The city burned for weeks, those not instantly vaporised by the comet were slowly mutated and died in withering agony. Mordheim had become a crater of death. The comet had left one final gift; the ruins of Mordheim were now covered in shards of solidified Chaos, soon to become known as wyrdstone. When Mordheim finally stopped burning, many mercenary warbands from all over the Empire and beyond came in search of the stuff, for it was said that wyrdstone could do anything; change your luck and fortune and turn lead into gold. Of course, Man was not the only race interested in wyrdstone, and many other creatures also started to prowl the City of the Damned. It is also said that something stirred in the area known as The Pit, a place where the comet struck deepest.

Campaigns in Mordheim

It is in this setting that players create and model rival warbands to fight over the spoils hidden within Mordheim. This is known as a campaign. As your warband progresses it will become more experienced and affluent, allowing you to buy better armour and weapons, gain skills and characteristic increases, and even recruit more mercenaries to your banner to replace fallen comrades.



Those that flock to Mordheim...

At the time of Mordheim the Empire is fractured and as a player you can take a mercenary warband from one of the major warring provinces.



The Reiklanders are good all-rounders, the berserkers of Middenheim excel in close-quarter fighting and the affluent Marienburgers have the best armour and weapons. The Witch Hunters too, flock to Mordheim in force.



The Sisters of Sigmar have strayed from their island-temple to reclaim the city, the Skaven covet the wyrdstone as do the Undead of Sylvania, and the Possessed seem to follow their own agenda as dictated by the Shadowlord – he who now dwells at the bottom of The Pit.

Mustering a Warband

The Mordheim range is comprehensive and covers all the major warbands. Players can also use the massive Warhammer range of Citadel miniatures to further personalise their warbands.

The Mordheim boxed game contains the rules, innovative plastic and card buildings, and two plastic gangs to get started. The *Empire in Flames* supplement expands the background of The Time of the Three Emperors into the wilderness and includes new warbands such as Beastmen and the Carnival of Chaos.



Thy Soul to Keep

A Mordheim campaign, by Nick Kyme and Andy Hall

Soloman Vantor believed in the sanctity of death; that is the right of the decedent to rest in peace once they had passed beyond the troubles of the mortal world. Of all of Morr's servants in the city of Mordheim, he was the most devout. For Soloman was the High Priest of the temple of Morr in Mordheim's south-west quarter and his days were filled with ministering to the dead.

Before the comet, the Hammer of Sigmar, struck, forever changing the city, Soloman was visited by an image of his godly master. Morr himself, an aged figure in simple black robes, came to Soloman in a dream, or so the priest purports, telling him of the tragedy to come and the great need that the dead would soon have of him.

Both physically and mentally prepared for the trials ahead, on the fateful day when Mordheim's judgement arrived, Soloman watched the comet with resignation. Miraculously, Soloman was spared, despite the ensuing destruction wreaked upon the temple itself. The High Priest was wise, thanks in part to his vision, and had taken precautions, sending away the other priests, believing it to be his divine vocation to minister to the damned.

In the dark days that followed, the death toll was slowly revealed and it was vast. Soloman retained a small staff of acolytes to venture forth from the temple and gather those in need of the rites of binding, that which guides the soul to its eventual resting place without fear of dark powers interfering.

For weeks it continued like this. Soloman was forced to work night and day, gathering souls and binding them. The High Priest was truly blessed with fortitude to endure such a task, with perhaps the prescience of Morr himself, but even he could not have predicted the changes occurring within him.

Soon, Soloman and his acolytes no longer ventured out of the temple walls in the day. Reports from adventurers, brave or mad enough to explore the city, told of robed figures breaking into locked crypts and cemeteries, to steal the peaceful dead. When the moon waned in the dead of night, it was said that an evil light could be seen exuding from the uppermost echelons of the temple. Rumours about that Soloman Vantor, Soloman the Devout, had been tainted by the strange shards that littered the streets and

'Return to the city, there is a mission yet to be fulfilled.'

ruins of the city, and that he was no longer guarding the souls of the dead, he was collecting them...

Morr sends out his missives

Of the many priests Soloman sent away from Mordheim when he dreamed of the city's destruction, six were woken sixty six nights after the Hammer of Sigmar blighted it. Much like Soloman, Morr came to the six priests in a dream, his illusory form manifesting as it had before. Grave tidings, he brought them of dark forces surrounding Soloman, of his need for their aid, their intervention.

Morr bade them all, "Return to the city, there is a mission yet to be fulfilled."

Here is where the similarity of the dreams ended. Each was given a different task, each was told to be wary of the others that they were false prophets.

So it was that the Priests of Morr travelled back to Mordheim, with followers in toe. As Morr had instructed they gathered companions about them, some lured by the promise of coin, others by the trappings of power, some convinced by the noble nature of their cause. All of them, however, had been duped...

The Death's Head District

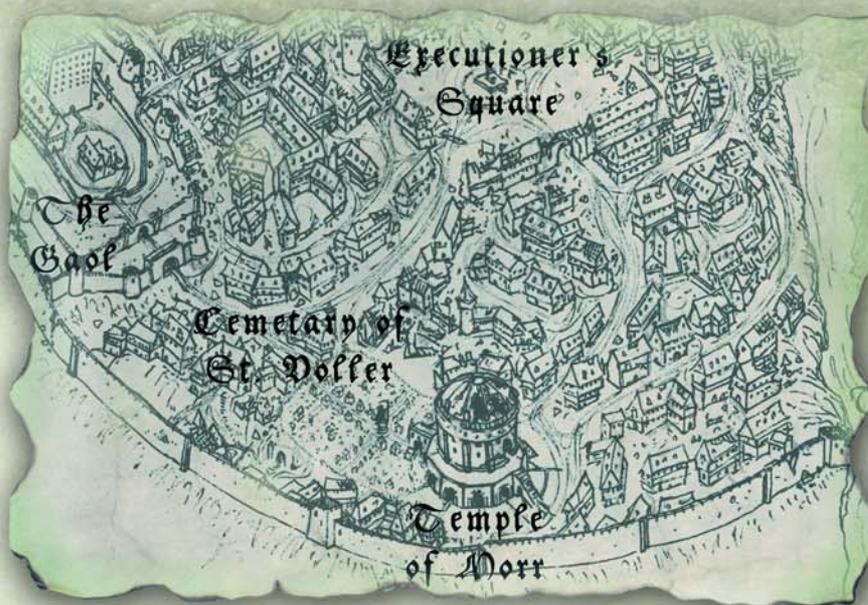
Our campaign is centred on a certain area of Mordheim, known locally, as the Death's Head district, before the comet. This area is the hunting ground of Soloman Vantor's minions and where the agents of Morr have been directed to through their dream-visions.

The district itself runs from the ruined south-west wall encompassing the gaol, along the south side of the Old Palace Road that leads to the banks of the River Stir, down the west side of the river bank and once more to the city wall. The Death's Head district sits within the shadow of now-ruined palace of Count Steinhart. The Temple of Sigmar's Rock is within a bow shot's range from the banks of the district, however the solitary bridge that connects the island temple to the city crosses on the far bank, meaning the Sisters have a long journey through the rubble and across the middle bridge should they wish to reach the district.

Even when Mordheim was at its most prosperous the Death's Head was viewed as a place to be on your guard, for while the buildings and shops that edged the Old Palace road were seen as reasonably opulent, the quality of the housing and its inhabitants rapidly declined once you moved past Executioner's Square. The exception to this was the business premises that sat on Death's Head Road, the street which the district was named after, that lead from the southern exit of Executioner's Square to the Temple of Morr. At times of the executions, the convicted was bought from the nearby gaol to the square. Once the axe had fallen a ceremonial possession led by the 'head bearer', who held aloft the freshly decapitated head and was followed by 'corpse carriers', moved from the square down the Death's Head Road to the gates of the Temple of Morr, where Acolytes would be ready to receive the body. Bystanders would congregate along the road to mock and jeer the criminal's dead body as the possession walked by.

It was rumoured that before the comet the Thieves Guild, known as the Guild of Shadows, had numerous safe houses in the back alleys and narrow streets of the area, although their presence was not as strong as in the Poor Quarter. It was also said that the House of Coils – the most powerful Death Guild outside of Altdorf, held court within the district.

The vast majority of buildings within the district, like most of Mordheim, now lay



in ruins. Ever since the comet plunged into the city and the warbands started to hunt for wyrdstone, the Death's Head district has been given a wide birth. It is said that Executioner's Square now contains the incorporeal spirits of damned criminals. Rumours persist that the gaol, which was crammed full on the fateful night of Mordheim's damnation, is still inhabited even though a great crack rent the building in two, allowing any surviving criminals a means of escape. Most chillingly of all, the district was home to the crowded cemetery of St Voller, and everyone knows that the dead do not rest easily in Mordheim anymore.

Campaign Rules

Our campaign uses the normal Mordheim campaign rules but with a few twists. Based exclusively within the Death's Head district in the south-western part of the city, players must roll on the Death's Head scenario table to decide which scenario they'll play for their games. The scenario table contains

three new scenarios, written exclusively for this campaign and feature locations only found in this district, such as Executioner's Square. Details of the new scenarios will be in next issue.

Each warband will include one Emissary of Morr who has been summoned back to Mordheim and to the Death's Head district in particular. The Priests of Morr are randomly allotted to the six participants before the campaign begins.

The campaign will proceed as a regular Mordheim campaign using the above scenario table instead of the regular one and with the additional special characters of which each warband has one. The warbands must fight each other at least once during the campaign. The campaign organiser, or narrator, will keep everyone informed of events and plot points that further the campaign story. Finally, when the narrator feels the time is right, the final climatic scenario will be revealed and all the warbands will be present to fight!

2d6 Result

- 2 Player with lower Warband rating may choose which scenario is played.
- 3.....Street Fight (page 129 of the Mordheim Rulebook).
- 4 Chance Encounter (page 130 of the Mordheim Rulebook).
- 5 Skirmish (page 127 of the Mordheim Rulebook).
- 6 The Gaol (next issue – WD315).
- 7 Executioner's Square (next issue – WD315).
- 8 The Cemetery of St. Voller (next issue – WD315).
- 9 Skirmish (page 127 of the Mordheim Rulebook).
- 10 Breakthrough (see page 129 of the Mordheim Rulebook).
- 11 Defend the Find (see page 127 of the Mordheim Rulebook).
- 12 Player with higher warband rating may choose which scenario is played.

The Priests of Morr

Through their troubled dreams the six Priests of Morr, who were originally sent away by Soloman Vantor, have been summoned back to the City of the Damned. Each believes they have received a vision from the Death God himself. The visions have varied from each Priest and so they remain wary and distrustful of their fellow clergymen. Before entering the city, the priests have gone about recruiting a warband or following be it for protection, labour or some other undisclosed agenda.

In the campaign each of the participating warbands is randomly allotted one of the following Priests. The relationship between the Priest and the warband are for the individual players to work out.

Each Priest has the below profile:

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

All priests are armed with a ceremonial dagger in addition to any extra equipment detailed below. The Priests are regarded as Dramatis Persona in every respect in that they cannot gain experience or skills, nor can you buy extra equipment for them. You do not have to search for them, however, as in most cases the Priests have sought out the warbands!

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Please note that the Priests are not Special Characters in their own right – they are only meant to be used in the context of this campaign. Also, instead of randomly allocating your Priests you may feel it appropriate to allocate them according to the Warband that best fits their personality. For example, Krieger Valiant would never fight for the Undead or Possessed but would be well suited to joining a band of Witch Hunters or Sisters of Sigmar. By the same token, Vorgan Corspeband is an ideal Priest, given his darker side, to join an Undead warband.

Special Rules

Protected by Morr: Morr has a special purpose in mind for our Priests, or so it seems. He, or some other mysterious benefactor, is protecting them from serious harm until they can confront Soloman Vantor. As such, when rolling for serious injuries, ignore rolls of 'Dead' and 'Sold to the Pits'. Simply apply the next injury after the relevant entry (ie, for 'Dead' use 'Multiple Injuries' and for 'Sold to the Pits' use 'Survives Against the Odds').

AUTHOR'S NOTE: It is entirely possible that players will want to use warbands that would never ally alongside the servants of Morr. In this case, still use the same rules for the warbands and the Priests but invent some kind of convincing back-story to allow them to come together. Perhaps the warband is in disguise or the Priest has gone bad or the original priest has been slain by a servant of a Dark God and they have taken his place.



Borin Fatalismus, painted by Rik Turner.

Borin Fatalismus

Since leaving Mordheim, Borrin has travelled the northern Empire. He has never settled as he believes that in this troubled time – where starvation, plague and violence are rife – he has too much to do. So he has travelled from one village to the next, his gift allowing those who tenuously cling to life safe and peaceful passage into Morr's realm. Normally, a traveller who purported such a gift would be feared, but in these times he is often welcomed by the pitiful rural citizens of the north who live in misery.

Special Rule: At the end of the hand-to-hand phase any (friend or foe) *knocked down* or *stunned* models within 12" of the Priest must re-roll on the injury chart adding +1.

Equipment: Fatalismus is also armed with a ceremonial staff that counts as a normal staff.



Wyat Lagus, painted by James Griffiths.

Wyat Lagus

Priest Lagus has served his master for a long time; he was the eldest of all the Priests and was in Talabheim preparing to greet his master in person when he received his dream-vision. Lagus reluctantly left for Mordheim soon after. Like many of the older clergy, Lagus believes that whilst others may worship other gods, all – from the mightiest hero to the lowliest slave – will stand before Morr in time. Death is inevitable and Morr is patient, as he will meet all mortals in the end.

Special Rule: Once per hand-to-hand phase Lagus may force his opponent to re-roll a successful wound roll on any combat that happened within 12" of the Priest.

Equipment: Lagus is also armed with a ceremonial staff that counts as a normal staff.

Krieger Valiant

Believing Soloman foolhardy for remaining in the city, Krieger was already making plans to return with a bodyguard of warriors, when he was sent the dream-vision by his patron. Krieger is a young and impetuous priest, but gifted. He has aspirations to fight against the predators of the dead first hand, much to the older and wiser Priests' chagrin. It is his belief that to protect the sanctity of the dead, they must take up arms against those that defy the laws of the natural world.

Special Rule: Krieger, much like his mentor Reinhardt, is a fearless fighter. He is immune to *fear* and furthermore *bates* all Undead, Possessed and Beastmen.

Equipment: Krieger is also armed with a ceremonial staff that counts as a normal staff and an axe.



Krieger Valiant, painted by Nick Kyme.

Reinhardt Mortarian

Reinhardt, also known as Reinhardt the Wise, is more learned than all the other priests in the Mordheim priesthood. His knowledge, accrued through years of diligent and humble service, extends even beyond that of Vantor. Yet, Reinhardt has always hidden it, unwilling to suffer the burden of high priesthood. There is little that Reinhardt has not experienced and the world of the dead holds no dread for him. Reinhardt received the dream-vision after having fallen asleep over one of the many tomes he rescued from the temple, and gathering scrolls and books to his breast, ventured to Mordheim.

Special Rule: Reinhardt is immune to *fear* and *terror*, furthermore all models within 3" of him gain +1 to their Leadership due to his calming presence.

Equipment: Reinhardt is also armed with a ceremonial staff that counts as a normal staff. Amongst his many trappings, Reinhardt also carries a holy relic and 3 vials of blessed water.



Reinhardt Mortarian, painted by Andy Hall.

Vorgan Corpsehand

A severe and reclusive Priest, Vorgan Corpsehand is treated with reverence and caution by the rest of the order. Vorgan has a wasted appearance, gaunt, more akin to the corpses he interns than his fellow Priests. It is rumoured that once Vorgan performed a rite of binding and encountered difficulties. The soul of the interned, a malicious Necromancer, struggled to be bound and Vorgan was very nearly consumed by his lingering power. Though Vorgan triumphed and bound the angry spirit, he was left... changed. Rumours abound that some of the Necromancer's power still remains within the Priest, though numerous investigations and exorcism rites have discovered no evidence of it.

Special Rule: Perhaps fittingly, Vorgan can drain the very life essence out of a living being, having indeed been afflicted by the departed Necromancer. This 'Touch of Death' can be used in hand-to-hand combat instead of using another weapon. Krieger may only attack once but if he hits and can roll 8+ on 2D6 (much like using a prayer or spell) the victim of the attack must roll on the Injury table immediately, regardless of Wounds or Toughness. If Vorgan fails to use the Touch of Death he counts as attacking with a fist.

Equipment: Vorgan is also armed with a ceremonial staff that counts as a normal staff.



Vorgan Corpsehand, painted by Owen Rees.

Narris Mortus

All priests of Morr are feared; it is a natural reaction to those who serve the God of Death. Most servants of Morr remind those who fear them that they should not, as death is not an evil entity but a natural occurrence that defines us all as mortal. However, Narris Mortus is one of the few of his order that uses fear as an overt tool. He, and a few like him, believe that fear is death's natural ally and that as everyone fears death then it follows that they should fear death's minions.

Narris now returns to the City of the Damned to discover if those foolish enough to enter the city still fear death. His appearance is hidden under a black cloak with a deep shrouded hood. At his side he carries a great scythe to reinforce his status as a dread servant of Morr.

Special Rule: Narris Mortus causes *fear*.

Equipment: Scythe (*Close Combat; Strength: As user +1; Special Rules: Difficult to use, Two-Handed*).



Narris Mortus, painted by Christian Bynre.

The mad, the bad and the hairy

An introduction to the brave captains who venture into the city of the damned.



Andy Hall

Andy Hall

Kliver and his men sat at the large tavern table. All were in a joyous mood – some quaffing ale whilst others sang loudly, oblivious to other patrons. A successful raid into the cursed city had not only bought them a rich bounty but had allowed them to despatch a rival Marienburger band, so Kliver's boys had boasted.

The singing suddenly halted as an elderly figure dressed in dark robes approached the table. The sudden silence was understandable as the garb of the mysterious figure was unmistakably that of a Priest of Morr, feared by most in the Empire, even in these dark times.

He approached Kliver and they talked in hushed tones. At first Kliver was clearly seen shaking his head, but then the priest's hand ducked into his robes and produced a large leather pouch, clearly bursting with crowns. Kliver motioned to his men and they all got up and, eyeing the full pouch that



Christian Byrne

Christian Byrne

Carnak and his band smelled the human's scent whilst returning from a raid. He carried the stink of death, laced with panic. The Gors became excited by the prospect of the hunt, but quickly fell into to line as Carnak growled a command, ordering them to spread out behind him.

The band spotted the robed traveller and within minutes had caught him. The pathetic human tried to fend the Beastmen off, but it was hopeless, he was surrounded. One of the Gors brought him down with savage blow from his rusty iron scimitar. Blood sprayed into the air and the will of the beasts gave way to murderous frenzy. Soon, all that remained was a ruin of flesh and bones.

Carnak's Shaman, watching from the side of the road, sensed there was more to the human than first thought. Moving past his larger brothers, he reached into the remains and wrenched out the human's heart. He bit into it and was suddenly overcome with visions of a large human settlement surging with power. Wave after wave memories poured into him, each offering more information about the human's life and purpose.

The Shaman snarled what he had seen to Carnak, promising him untold power if they were to go the city. And so it came to pass that the herd ventured to Mordheim in search of riches and power.

I have never played Mordheim, so when it came to choosing a force for this campaign I went with what I know – Chaos! However, I did take the opportunity to wind Nick up before I settled on Beastmen, by continually answering his questions of, "What warband do you want?" with the same response, "I want Ogres!" Nick said no a lot and I got some strange looks from Owen and Rik. I just really like big monsters.

Two things attracted me to the Beastmen warband, the first is slightly cheeky, I had some Beastmen painted for Warhammer that I could use (I have been quite busy recently, you see) and the second reason was... I could have a Minotaur! I have a soft spot for these giant blood gorging, Chaos cows and I have wanted to paint some more for a while. Now I get the chance. To have Minotaur is expensive in Mordheim, so my warband will start out quite small.



rested in the mercenary captain's hand, left with the priest. They were never seen again.

For the campaign, I decided to keep it simple and went for a straightforward mercenary warband. I've always liked to use lots of ranged weapons in Mordheim, so I went for the Reiklanders who best catered for that style of play. After my Captain, I purchased four Marksmen to take full advantage of the Reiklander Marksmen's BS of 4. I also hired 2 Champions for any footslogging that was needed and two Warriors to protect my Marksmen. Hopefully, my Captain and the accompanying Priest would be able to take any big hitters that I might encounter.



Nick Kyme

Nick Kyme

"He's is out of his depth," breathed Heinrich.

"Indeed," Dietrich replied. The Witchfynder regarded the young Priest of Morr as he battled for his life. Zombies surrounded him. He bore a flaming brand from a nearby campfire like a mace, holding the creatures at bay. It would only save him so long. Even as he fought them zealously, the zombies closed in...

Dieter and his band of Witch Hunters were crouched in the ruins of fire-ravaged hovel, a mere five miles from Mordheim, where they watched the struggle. The embers in the torch were fading, almost out. Heinrich saw it too.

"We must act!" he hissed urgently.

Dieter nodded, got to his feet. "Mordant Men," he cried to his followers, getting the zombies' attention. "With me!"

Dieter and his band sprang from the ruins and descended on the zombies with zealous fury. Steel flashed, fire blazed and in a matter of seconds the undead horde was utterly destroyed.

In the aftermath, Dieter approached the bloodstained Priest of Morr, who stood pensively by the flickering fire.

"What is your name, son?" Dieter asked.

Out of breath, the priest replied, "Valiant."

"Indeed you are to tackle such a horde," Dieter returned.

"It is my duty to destroy such abominable filth," Valiant spat hatefully.

Dieter was impressed by his fervor. "What are you doing here, out alone at the outskirts of the damned city?"

Valiant looked the Witchfynder in the eye, and his eyes seemed to blaze in the firelight. "I have a mission..."

It had to be Witch Hunters really. The dark imagery, the zealous uncompromising pursuit of vampires, daemons and other creatures of darkness is very appealing. It's easy to get behind this kind of righteous doctrine and it helps that the models are great too. Choosing my warband was easy – maximum heroes meant I could have lots of Witch Hunters and a Warrior Priest, and the rest made up with hounds for fast attacks and Flagellants for a bit of muscle. Bring on the unholy...





Owen Rees

Owen Rees

Like many of his foul breed, Malachias von Carstein – relation twice removed to Vlad von Carstein – has ventured to Mordheim searching for the wyrdstone that will fuel his cousin's thirst to enact the subjugation of the Empire.

But Malachias has different ideas... Jealous of his cousin's supremacy in the Vampiric aristocracy and his dominance over the Undead, he plans to keep the wyrdstone for himself, sending carts back to Drakenhof with only meagre offerings, to allay Vlad's suspicions. When he has enough wyrdstone, he plans to use it to raise his own Undead host and rule Sylvania and the Old World for himself.

The particulars of Malachias's dark betrayal changed with the appearance of Vorgan Corpsehand, a Priest of Morr. Vorgan surprised the Count with his ability to find his hidden crypt in Mordheim. Malachias believes he has found the very cornerstone to his success, reckoning the priest will lead him to Soloman Vantor – High Priest of Morr in the damned city. Believing Soloman to wield great and terrible power over the Undead and sensing that Vorgan could become a powerful Necromancer in time – if persuaded – Malachias is keen to assist Corpsehand in his mission, at least while it suits him...

This is a first for me. I've never collected an evil force of any kind, for any Games Workshop games – ever. On this occasion, I thought, "What the heck, let's give it a go!" Something like Mordheim, needing only a few miniatures to play, allows you to try your hand at something completely different and here was my opportunity to do just that.

Inspiration, even on a small scale, is still important when choosing a force. I like to have something that hooks me, some theme which gets my imagination going. Vampires strike the right cord; I've always liked films and books devoted to the night stalkers (*Dracula*, *Interview with a Vampire*). I also plan for my humble warband to one day become the cornerstone of a new Vampire Counts army, hence the background.



James Griffiths

James Griffiths

Six days after the Hammer of Sigmar smashed into Mordheim, the Magister woke in the depths of the city jail. He had been incarcerated there for four years after murdering many people, but he remembered none of this.

The shards of wyrdstone scattered amongst the rubble had twisted his already disturbed mind to new levels of psychosis – leaving no memory, no mercy, only an insatiable hunger for carnage. He emerged from the jail, took in the sight of a city in chaos and knew he had been reborn for a higher purpose.

The wyrdstone had gifted him strange and deadly new abilities, and the warped souls of the city flocked to him. They called him the Chosen One, and with no memory of his real name he accepted it as his title, despite having no idea what he had been chosen for.

Whilst carving a corpse-strewn swathe through the city he encountered a Priest of Morr pointing at the silhouette of his order's temple across the city. Before the Magister could run him through, he sensed pure darkness



Rik Turner

Rik Turner

"Right lads!" cried Thorgrek, the old Dwarf noble. "Here we are."

The young Beardlings looked about at the towering buildings and were greeted by a sign hanging from a cast iron railing: 'The Grumpy Dwarf.'

Before the first could set foot inside the tavern however, the door flew open as the unconscious body of a drunken human was hurled from the establishment. Staring over the drunk's prone form, the Dwarfs looked back through the portal and spotted the welcoming faces of Gaine and Thandul. Quickly dismissing the heap of a man, the Dwarfs quickly entered the tavern.

"Barman! Eight flagons of Bugman's finest!" Thorgrek bellowed, turning to face the two Slayers. "Now," he began with a glint in his eye. "What's this about a horde of untold wealth?"

The Slayers turned as one and pointed to a dark-robed individual with a beard sat in the corner, nursing his drink. "He says his name is Borin Fatalismus," said Gaine. "And he was just about to tell us," Thandul finished.

In the corner, Borin smiled inwardly to himself. Dwarfs were so easy to bend to his will. The promise of gold was all too much for them. Standing up, he smiled as the group of Dwarfs approached. Soon, he would be on his way...

Having never before played Mordheim, I leapt at the opportunity to put together a warband and enter the dark and dank world of the once proud city.

Being a keen Dwarf player in Warhammer, I quickly settled on the idea of a group of treasure hunting Dwarfs seeking fame and fortune. Coupled with the release of the new Dwarf plastic boxed sets of Warriors and Thunderers, the decision was further cemented.

Looking for inspiration and some form of guidance, I turned to the pages of Fanatic magazine where, in issue ten, I found a Dwarfs tactica as well as a few ideas for modelling and converting my warband of fortune-seekers.



in the priest and in a heartbeat he suddenly realised his destiny. He must go to the Temple of Morr and collect the head of every man he encountered on his journey.

I'll be using a terrifying trinity of factors to try and seize the advantage in this campaign: survivability, teamwork and fear.

Survivability comes in the form of two Possessed with Great Claws (the Chaos mutation that just keeps on giving) and two Beastmen with maces, giving me four tough, two-wound models.

The addition of Bretheren with extra daggers (more for the look than effectiveness) who will each accompany a Possessed and a Beastmen, stabbing any opponents who are knocked prone, gives me teamwork.

Finally, there is the fear factor and the Possessed nicely fill this role, as will the Magister if he gets the right ritual.



NEXT MONTH: new scenarios and the campaign commences.