

## Raving Straggler

25 gold crowns to hire + 10 gold crowns upkeep

If you encounter the Straggler during exploration (4 4) you may forego the usual reward and have him join your warband without paying the hiring fee.

*The city of Mordheim is a terrible place, full of horrors, nightmares and the ruined hopes of men. No living thing should be able to survive in the shattered ruins, and yet, warbands occasionally encounter stragglers amongst the rubble. Some are survivors, unable to escape the nightmare that the city has become, others lone fortune seekers or the last remnants of perished warbands, long lost to roam the streets in search of perceived riches. It's hard to tell the history of a straggler, since they all have lost their possessions a long time ago and often only wear the dirty, tattered remnants of clothes. The only things they carry with them are the ones that seems valuable to them, like a bird feather or a particularly pretty rock, and what little food they've managed to scrounge or trade in the ruins.*

*The mind of a straggler has clearly been broken, twisted or simply shattered. Fear and paranoia rule in their world, feelings almost as strong as that of hunger and obsession. How anyone has been able to live this long within the city walls is a mystery. Luck must be involved, or perhaps something more sinister. In either case, no sane man would stay in the city longer than absolutely necessary, but then again, none of the stragglers seem to be all that sane.*

*The deranged men who can still be encountered in the streets are hard to trust, but they can provide valuable knowledge to warbands newly arrived at the city. That is, if you can decipher what's true and what's just a figment of the straggler's imagination.*

**May be Hired:** The Raving Straggler is far too delusional to distinguish between a human and even the filthiest of rat men. He may thus be hired by any warband who can feed him, except Witch hunters and the Sisters of Sigmar, who see the man's ramblings as a sign that his mind has been twisted by the Gods of Chaos.

**Rating:** A Raving Straggler increases the warband's rating by +9 points, plus 1 point for each experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Raving straggler	4	3	2	3	3	1	4	1	5

**Equipment:** Club, dagger and a Lucky Charm. Being able to survive in the ruins alone that long surely means he's got one amongst his trinkets.

**Skills:** The straggler may choose from Combat and Speed skills.

### SPECIAL RULES

**Frantic searching:** The straggler has survived in the ruins of Mordheim a long time, searching for food scraps or anything of value to trade with. Although unpredictable and insane, he's got valuable knowledge of the city and where valuables might be stashed away. During exploration, you may reroll one D6 whenever you find loot at a location worth an amount of gold crowns (be that wine from the tavern or even loot from the Graveyard!), provided that the Raving Straggler wasn't taken Out of action.

**Unreliable:** The Raving Straggler seems to listen more to the voices in his head than that of others, and as such may never use your Leader's Leadership value when taking tests. In addition, no member of your warband really trusts the straggler's nervous, unpredictable manner. The straggler doesn't count as a friendly model for the purpose of All alone tests.





**Raving lunatic:** The Raving Straggler is unpredictable, twitching nervously and speaking to himself constantly, occasionally yelling at creatures no one else can see. Roll a D6 in the beginning of each turn and consult the chart below to see what he does.

1. **Confusion:** The man stops dead in his tracks, staring down at his hands and mumbling quietly to himself. The straggler is subject to the rules for *stupidity* for the remainder of the turn.
2. **Hallucinations:** The straggler suddenly looks around in a panic, as if surrounded by nightmarish creatures only visible to him. The straggler must pass a Leadership test this turn if he wishes to charge, just as if every enemy model caused *fear*.
3. **“Eh, that way?”** The straggler nervously points towards a big pile of rubble from a collapsed building, obviously unsure if that’s the right way. The closest friendly model within 6” must take a leadership test. If failed, treat that model as having to traverse difficult terrain this turn.
4. **“I know a shortcut, sir!”** The straggler scurries in front of your warband, revealing an open pathway behind a crack between two buildings. The closest friendly model within 6” gains 1 movement this turn.
5. **Demented screams:** The straggler suddenly bursts out in frenetic screaming and gets an unnerving, crazed look in his eyes, making both friend and foe feel uneasy. The straggler causes *fear* for the remainder of this turn.
6. **Crazed hysteria:** “That one! He has stolen my mother’s beloved necklace!” the man shouts in obvious delirium, furiously pointing at a member of the enemy warband. The straggler is subject to the rules for *frenzy* for the remainder of the turn and must charge the closest enemy model. If he cannot charge, he must move as quickly as possible towards the closest enemy model he can see.

*The small fire provided some welcome warmth to the tired men who sat around it, but at the same time it made the darkness of the ruined building even more eerie. Shadows danced across the walls as Gustaf watched the peculiar man who stood by himself in the opposite corner of the ruined building, nervously twitching while counting some marbles over and over again. Since they’d encountered him, he always seemed to be mumbling something to himself, but now he was too far away to hear anything. Probably for the best.*

*“So, Gustaf, do you reckon our new companion will lead us to more riches tomorrow?” he heard Hans ask, his voice dripping with sarcasm.*

*Gustaf spat on the ground beside him and shook his head slowly before answering, never averting his gaze from the deranged man in the corner.*

*“I don’t trust him in the slightest. If it were up to me... we should have left him to the rats.”*

*He could hear Hans chuckling beside him, but Gustaf knew the others were of the same opinion. The captain was a fool for placing his trust in the mad ramblings of a lunatic like that. Sure, he’d led them to a fine stash of expensive silks in that merchant’s store, after they’d saved him from the filthy rat men who’d tied him up. And he had in fact pointed them in the right direction to some valuable loot near the Great Library. But on the other hand, he nearly got two men trapped in the catacombs, trying to show them one of his so-called shortcuts. And he’d just stood there, in the middle of the street, doing absolutely nothing but staring, when they encountered those crazed cultist and lives were at stake. Why should they care about him?*

*“I am the son of Count Steinhardt himself! I demand you bring me more wine!” the deranged mad man shouted suddenly, interrupting Gustaf’s thoughts. He was staring wildly at the men across the building.*

*The small talk around the fire came to an abrupt halt, and they all watched as the man stood there for a second, breathing heavily like he’d been running several miles. The silence was drawn out, until the moment finally passed when the man smiled and maniacally began clapping his hands as if entertained by an invisible jester. Slowly the group of men around the fire picked up their conversations again, albeit a little quieter. Gustaf shook his head once more, sighed, and finally took his eyes off of the lunatic to face Hans beside him.*

*“Unfortunately for you and me, it’s not up to us.”*

*He spat on the ground again as he nodded towards the captain, who had already returned to study the gemstones they had found earlier that day.*

*Do not trust him*