

MORDHAM™

Hired Sword Compendium

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Hired Swords

recruiting hired swords

This section introduces Hired Swords – professional mercenaries – to Mordheim campaign games. Taverns in the settlements and shanty towns around Mordheim are good recruitment centres for warriors who do not belong to any particular warband or retinue, but instead hire out their services to the highest bidder.

A player can recruit Hired Swords when he creates his warband, or during the campaign phase after a game.

Hired Swords don't belong to the warband they fight with and usually don't help the warband except by fighting. This means that they do not count towards the maximum number of warriors or Heroes in the warband and don't affect your income from selling wyrdstone. A player cannot buy extra weapons or equipment for a Hired Sword, and he cannot sell the Hired Sword's weapons or equipment. To reflect their rarity, you can only have one of each type of Hired Sword in your warband. You may not use the Leadership of any of the Hired Swords for Rout tests.

hire fee

When a warband recruits a Hired Sword, you must pay his *hire fee*. Subsequently, after each battle he fights, including the first, you must pay his *upkeep fee* if you want him to remain with the warband. If the Hired Sword is killed, or you no longer require his services, you don't have to pay any upkeep! These costs are indicated in the entries for each Hired Sword.

The money paid to Hired Swords comes from the warband's treasury in the same way as buying new weapons or recruiting new warriors. If you don't have enough gold to pay for the Hired Sword, or want to spend it on other things, he leaves the warband. Any experience he has gained will be lost, even if you hire a new Henchman of the same type.

injuries

If a Hired Sword goes *out of action* during the game, roll for his injuries as you would roll for a Henchman after a battle (i.e. 1-2 = Lost; 3-6 = Survives).

hired swords and experience

Hired Swords gain experience in exactly the same way as Henchmen. Refer to the scenarios to find out how much experience Hired Swords gain after each game.

Write the name and profile of a Hired Sword on your roster sheet in one of the Henchman group slots.

Once the Hired Sword gains enough experience for an advance, roll on the Heroes Advancement table (as opposed to Henchmen) to determine which advance he gains. Skills available to the Hired Swords are listed under their entries.



— Pit fighter —

30 gold crowns to hire +15 gold crowns upkeep

Pit Fighters are dangerous men who make their living in the illegal fighting pits of the Empire. Many of them are slaves and prisoners but some are free men who earn their living from savage pit fights in settlements like Cuttbroat's Haven or Black Pit. Even though pit fights are banned in many provinces, they are very popular and a great deal of money is wagered on the outcome. Thus many authorities turn a blind eye to these bloodsports.

When not in the pits, Pit Fighters offer their services to the highest bidders, and they readily find employment in warbands intent on exploring the ruins of Mordheim. Pit Fighters are powerful and dangerous fighters, and their unique weaponry gives them an advantage against almost any opponent.

May be Hired: Any warband apart from Undead and Skaven may hire a Pit Fighter.

Rating: A Pit Fighter increases the warband's rating by +22 points, plus 1 point for each Experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pit Fighter	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	2	7

Equipment: Morning star, spiked gauntlet and helmet. The spiked gauntlet counts as an additional hand weapon and a buckler. And no, your Heroes cannot learn to use it!

Skills: A Pit Fighter may choose from Combat, Speed and Strength skills when he gains a new skill.

— Ogre bodyguard —

80 gold crowns to hire +30 gold crowns upkeep

Ogres are large, brutish creatures, standing some ten feet tall, and all of it bone and muscle. For this reason they are much in demand as bodyguards and mercenaries, despite their lack of brains. A warband backed up by an Ogre makes a fearsome enemy, since Ogres are extremely dangerous fighters and a terrifying sight to behold when enraged. They happily accept any employer, as they are notoriously unbothered about who they fight for.

May be Hired: Any warband except Skaven may hire an Ogre Bodyguard.

Rating: An Ogre Bodyguard increases the warband's rating by +25 points, plus 1 point for each Experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	3	2	7

Weapons/Armour: Either two swords, axes or clubs (or any mix of them), or a double-handed weapon (you may choose which). Ogres wear light armour.

SPECIAL RULES

Fear: Ogres are large, threatening creatures that cause *fear*. See the Psychology section for details.

Large: Ogres are huge, lumbering creatures and therefore make tempting targets for archers. Any model may shoot at an Ogre, even if it is not the closest target.

Skills: An Ogre may choose from Combat and Strength skills when he gains new skills.



Halfling scout

15 gold crowns to hire +5 gold crowns upkeep

Halflings are diminutive creatures, generally more concerned with the timing of their next meal (or two) than with military pursuits. They range from three to four feet tall, and are neither very strong nor tough, but are naturally good shots and steadfast in the face of danger. Some Halflings are more adventurous than others, however, and these bold spirits are much sought after by mercenary bands, for they are splendid archers, and excellent cooks to boot.

May be Hired: Any warband except Skaven, Undead and the Possessed may hire a Halfling Scout.

Rating: A Halfling Scout increases the warband's rating by +5 points plus 1 point for each Experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Halfling	4	2	4	2	2	1	4	1	8

Equipment: Bow, dagger and a cooking pot (counts as a helmet).

SPECIAL RULES:

Cook: Halflings are renowned for their cooking skills. A warband with a Halfling Scout may increase its maximum size by +1, as warriors from all around are attracted by the smell of great food! Note that this does not increase the maximum number of Heroes you may have.

Skills: A Halfling may choose from Speed and Shooting skills when he gains a new skill.



Warlock

30 gold crowns to hire +15 gold crowns upkeep

Wizards, shamans, mystics, all these and more are associated with men who can wield the power of magic. All magic is potentially dangerous and originates from Chaos, so those blessed (or cursed) with the power of sorcery are hated and feared.

Still, it is not difficult to find employment if you are a wizard, for many are willing to take the risk of persecution. But hiring a Warlock does not only mean that you lose your gold – if the teachings of the Cult of Sigmar are to be believed, your soul is at risk as well...

May be Hired: Any warband except Witch Hunters and Sisters of Sigmar may hire a Warlock.

Rating: A Warlock increases the warband's rating by +16 points plus 1 point for each Experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warlock	4	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	8

Equipment: A Warlock carries a staff.

SPECIAL RULES:

Wizard: Warlocks are magicians and have two spells generated at random from the Lesser Magic list. See the Magic section for details.

Skills: Warlocks may choose skills from the Academic skills list, or they may randomly determine a new spell from the Lesser Magic spell list.



Freelancer

50 gold crowns to hire +20 gold crowns upkeep

Just as warriors of the lower social orders can become mercenaries, squires or nobles may offer their skills for hire by becoming a Freelancer or 'robber knight'. Freelancers are often the younger sons of nobles, who have inherited little but their weapons, horse and armour. Having become disillusioned with their lot in life they have taken the only road available to them: that of a Hired Sword.

Financial considerations take precedence over the dictates of honour and chivalry. Many Freelancers have drifted to the shanty towns surrounding Mordheim, and offer their considerable strength to the highest bidders.

May be Hired: Mercenaries and Witch Hunters may hire Freelancers.

Rating: A Freelancer increases the warband's rating by +21 points plus 1 point for each Experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Freelancer	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Equipment: Heavy armour, shield, lance and sword. If you are using the optional rules for mounted models, a Freelancer rides a warhorse. When mounted, the Freelancer has an armour saving throw of 3+. On foot his save is 4+.

Skills: A Freelancer may choose from Combat and Strength skills when he gains a new skill.



Elf ranger

40 gold crowns to hire +20 gold crowns upkeep

Elves are a wondrous race: lithe, tall, beautiful, long-lived and magical. For the most part they are feared and distrusted by humans, though some live in the cities amongst men and offer their services as minstrels and archers in return for a high fee.

Though Elves become rarer in the Old World each year, there are still some roaming on the trackless paths of the Drakwald Forest and the Forest of Shadows.

Elves sensibly tend to avoid the ruins of Mordheim, for in the City of the Damned there is little to attract that fey and strange race, but sometimes they are hired by treasure hunters, for few can match their skill with a bow, or their inhuman quickness and agility. The senses of an Elf are much keener than any human's, and they make excellent scouts.

May be Hired: Mercenaries and Witch Hunters may hire Elf Rangers. Warbands which include Dwarfs may hire Elf Rangers, but must pay 40 gold crowns after each battle instead of 20.

Rating: An Elf Ranger increases the warband's rating by 12 points plus 1 point for each Experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Elf Ranger	5	4	5	3	3	1	6	1	8

Equipment: Elf bow, sword and Elven cloak.

Skills: An Elf Ranger may choose from Shooting and Speed skills when he gains a new skill. In addition, there are several skills unique to Elf Rangers as detailed below, which he can choose instead of normal skills. Note that these special skills can only be acquired through experience. They are not possessed by a new recruit.

SPECIAL RULES

Seeker. When rolling on the Exploration chart, the Elf Ranger allows you to modify one dice roll by -1/+1.

Excellent Sight. Elves have eyesight unmatched by mere humans. The Elf Ranger spots Hidden enemies from two times as far away as other warriors (ie, twice his Initiative value in inches).

EIVEN SKILLS

Fey. Hostile magic spells will not affect the Elf on a D6 roll of 4+.

Luck. The Elf Ranger is blessed by Lileath, the Elven goddess of luck. Once per game he may re-roll any dice roll he makes (but not one made by other members of the warband).



Dwarf troll slayer



25 gold crowns to hire +10 gold crowns upkeep

Troll Slayers are members of the morbid Dwarf cult whose followers are obsessed with seeking an honourable death in combat. Having committed some unforgivable crime or been dishonoured in an irredeemable way, a Dwarf will forsake his home and wander off to die fighting the enemies of Dwarfkind.

Troll Slayers are insanely dangerous individuals, psychopathic and violent. However, there are few better fighters, so they are much sought after when warriors are needed.

Known as 'Hired Axes', Troll Slayers who come to Mordheim find plenty of opportunity to indulge their deathwish.

May be Hired: Mercenaries and Witch Hunters may hire a Dwarf Troll Slayer. Warbands that include Elves may hire Slayers, but must pay 20 gold crowns after each battle instead of 10 gold crowns. Dwarfs won't put up with weak pointy-eared folk unless they have to, or are adequately compensated for their sufrage.

Rating: A Dwarf Troll Slayer increases the warband's rating by 12 points plus 1 point for each Experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Troll Slayer	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

Weapons/Armour: Two axes or a double-handed axe (the hiring player may choose).

Skills: A Troll Slayer may choose from Combat and Strength skills when he gains a new skill. In addition, there are several skills unique to Dwarf Troll Slayers which he can have instead of normal skills when he gains a new skill.

SPECIAL RULES

Deathwish. Troll Slayers seek an honourable death in combat. They are completely immune to all psychology and will never need to test if they are fighting alone.

Hard to Kill. Troll Slayers are tough, resilient individuals who can only be taken out of action on a D6 roll of 6 instead of 5-6 when rolling on the Injury chart. Treat a roll of 5 as *stunned*.

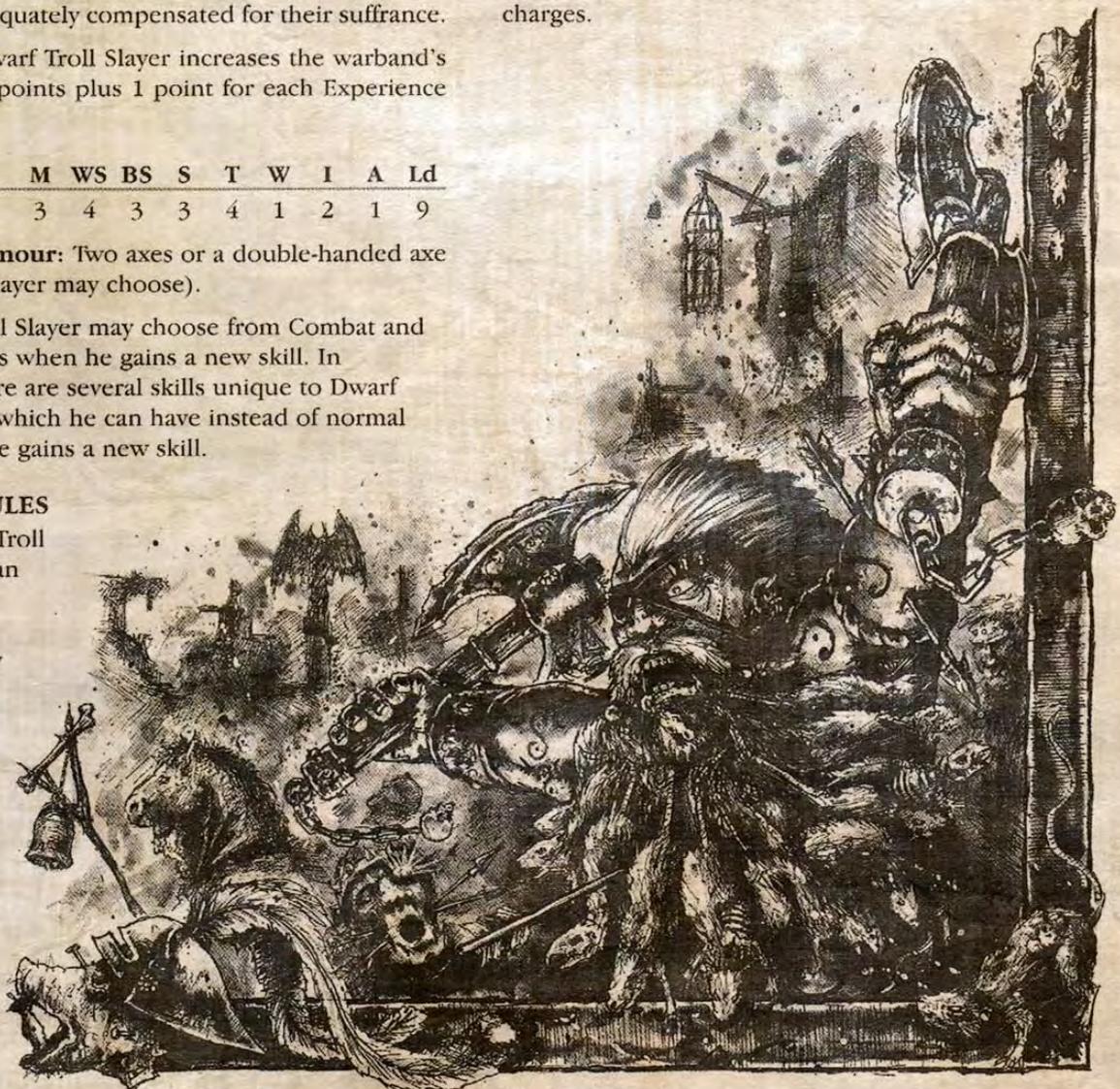
Hard Head. Troll Slayers ignore the special rules for maces, clubs etc. They are not very easy individuals to knock out!

TROLL SLAYER SKILLS

Ferocious Charge. The Dwarf may double his attacks on the turn in which he charges. He will suffer a -1 to hit penalty on that turn.

Monster Slayer. The Troll Slayer always wounds any opponent on a D6 roll of 4+, regardless of Toughness, unless his own Strength (with weapon modifiers) would mean that a lower result than this is needed.

Berserker. The Dwarf may add +1 to his to hit rolls during the turn in which he charges.





Bard

20 gold crowns to hire + 10 gold crowns upkeep

In the dark and depressing streets of Mordheim a rousing tune foretelling the warband's victory can lift even the lowliest of spirits. A Bard may seem out of place in the City of the Damned but there are those who are willing to sing out their battle chorus for the highest bidder. These men are often warriors too, for only the bravest of songsters would consider looking for an audience in Mordheim.

May be Hired: Mercenaries, Sisters of Sigmar and Witch Hunters may hire Bards.

Rating: A Bard increases a warband's rating by 8 points plus 1 point for each Experience point he has.

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

Weapons/Armour: Sword, dagger and light armour.

SPECIAL RULES

Songster: A Bard's rousing war songs steel the hearts of all those around him. Any friendly model within 6" of a Bard may re-roll any failed Leadership test with a +1 to Leadership. This includes rout tests.

Skills: A Bard may choose from Academic and Speed skills when he gains a new skill.



Bounty Hunter

Bounty Hunter



40 gold crowns + 15 gold crowns upkeep

Villains and outlaws are rife in the Old World. In Mordheim they are as ubiquitous as the ruins that litter the streets. It is the false perception of some outlaws that the depravity and chaos within the city's walls can offer some anonymity from those men who would seek to bring them to justice and claim the price on their heads. Not so, for Bounty Hunters are determined and resourceful men who will often hire themselves out as mercenaries to roaming warbands in the hope of getting closer to their mark. Their mission is to capture at all costs and a little thing like a cursed city isn't even going to slow their stride...

May be Hired: Any warband except Possessed, Undead, Skaven and Orcs may hire the Bounty Hunter.

Rating: A Bounty Hunter increases the warband's rating by +20 points, plus 1 point for each experience point he has.

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

Weapons/Armour: Sword, dagger, pistol, crossbow, heavy armour, helmet, rope hook and lantern.

SPECIAL RULES

Capture: The Bounty Hunter will always be on the lookout for the outlaw he is pursuing. Such contracts are numerous, especially in Mordheim so at the start of each battle nominate one of your opponent's heroes as the Bounty Hunter's mark. The Bounty Hunter gets a +1 to hit this model and must always move towards them (if he can see them), unless he can shoot (in which case choose). If the Bounty Hunter successfully takes the hero 'out of action' he gains the hero's gold value as payment (of which he gives the warband half) +D3 experience if he survives the game and the Bounty Hunter's side wins. After the battle do not roll on the serious injury table for the hero, he simply counts as captured.

Skills: A Bounty Hunter may choose from Combat, Shooting, Strength and Speed skills when he gains a new skill.



Beast Hunter

The Beast Hunter is a dark wanderer, full of mystery and self-loathing. His is a woeful tale. Kith and kin slaughtered by the foul Beastmen of the wild. He is one of many such men who have been driven to the very edge by their experiences, yearning only now for unquenchable revenge against those that destroyed their once normal lives. They bedeck themselves in the skins of their foes and take on a truly frightening aspect. It is a stout captain indeed who hires such 'wild men' of the forest but their hunter's skills are without equal and their raw strength in combat is too awesome to ignore. Dangerous and ferocious, ideal qualities for survival in the dark, unbridled wilds...

Hire Fee: 35 Gold Crowns to hire + 15 Gold Crowns upkeep.

May be Hired: Any warband other than Skaven, Beastmen, Undead, Orcs & Goblins, Possessed and Carnival of Chaos may hire a Beast Hunter.

Rating: A Beast Hunter increases the warband's rating by +18 points, plus 1 point for each Experience Point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Beast Hunter	4	3	4	3	3	1	4	2	7

Equipment: Two axes, throwing axe (counts as a throwing knife with +1 Strength), light armour.

SPECIAL RULES

Beastmen Vengeance: The Beast Hunter hates all Beastmen (this includes Gors, Ungors, Centigors and Minotaurs) and will fight for no upkeep cost in battles against Beastmen.

Skull Rack: The Beast Hunter wears a grisly skull rack bedecked with bestial skulls. He causes *fear* in all Beastmen.

Predator: The Beast Hunter is a predator of all fell creatures but most especially Beastmen. In any battle that is set in the wilderness (ie. not within Mordheim) that involves Beastmen, the Beast Hunter may be set up after both warbands have deployed. He may be set up anywhere on the board that is hidden and outside of the enemy deployment zone.

Skills: A Beast Hunter may choose from Combat and Strength skills when he gains a new skill.



Roadwarden

Patrolling the fraught and dangerous highways of the Empire, Roadwardens are dour men of the sternest courage. Solitary figures, they range far and wide, often with little food and in all weathers. They are hardened and brutal fighters, uncompromising and without any martial code, they give no quarter as they expect none to be given in return. Their skill lies with the crossbow, with which they are excellent hunters and deadly marksmen. Highwaymen, deviants and bandits are their common quarry, safety of the roadways their charge and they execute both with deliberate and unswerving severity.

Hire Fee: 40 Gold Crowns to hire + 20 Gold Crowns upkeep.

May be Hired: Any good-aligned warband may hire a Roadwarden such as Witch Hunters, Sisters of Sigmar, Dwarfs and Human Mercenaries. A Roadwarden will never join a warband that also contains a Highwayman.

Rating: A Roadwarden increases the warband's rating by +22 points, plus 1 point for each experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Roadwarden	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	8
Horse	8	0	0	3	3	1	3	0	5

Weapons/Armour: Crossbow, horseman's hammer (p.14 Town Cryer 24), dagger, heavy armour and three torches (p.14 Town Cryer 24). If you are using the optional rules for mounted models then the Roadwarden also rides a horse. The Roadwarden's save is 4+ whilst mounted and 5+ whilst on foot.

Skills: A Roadwarden may choose from Combat, Strength and Shooting skills when he gains a new skill.

SPECIAL RULES

Lethal Marksman: A master with the crossbow, a Roadwarden combines the skills of Trick Shooter and Eagle Eyes.

Stern: Working alone and in the dark for the majority of his

profession the Roadwarden is made of strong stuff indeed. He may re-roll any failed Leadership test for panic, fear, and is immune to the rules for being All Alone.

Expert Rider: A highly skilled horseman, a Roadwarden counts as having the Nimble skill whilst on horseback and suffers no modifiers for moving and shooting.

STAGECOACHES

Both Highwaymen and Roadwardens are particularly suited to battles involving stagecoaches, wagons, etc. To represent this, in any scenario in which one or both sides have a stagecoach or a wagon, any Highwayman or Roadwarden in either warband may re-roll a single dice roll once per turn. This special bonus lasts until the re-rolled dice comes up as a 1 as it is designed to represent their ability to predict and perform at their peak in familiar and well-practiced territory.



Highwayman

Roaming the woods and secluded byways of the Empire, highwaymen prey on the many coaches and wagons foolish or desperate enough to travel there. These are dark and dangerous men, often employed for their knowledge of cargo charters and skill at ambush. Oft they appear to the naked eye, bereft of their blackened garb, as foppish, charming characters, but that ruse is a genteel masquerade as their cruelty and viciousness will testify. Deadly pistoliers and expert riders, they are an asset to any warband but watch your back, for they are untrustworthy, self-serving men.

Hire Fee: 35 Gold Crowns to hire + 20 Gold Crowns upkeep.

May be Hired: Any warband, except Sisters of Sigmar, Witch Hunters and any good-aligned Elves may hire a Highwayman. A Highwayman will never join a warband that also contains a Roadwarden.

Rating: A Highwayman increases the warband's rating by +20 points, plus 1 point for each Experience Point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Highwayman	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7
Horse	8	0	0	3	3	1	3	0	5

Weapons/Armour: Brace of pistols, rapier (p.84 Mordheim Annual), cloak (acts as a buckler in close combat) and dagger.

If you are using the optional rules for mounted models then the Highwayman also rides a horse. When the Highwayman is mounted, he has a save of 6+, on foot he has no Armour save.

Skills: A Highwayman may choose from Combat, Shooting and Speed skills when he gains a new skill.

SPECIAL RULES

Expert Pistolier: A Highwayman's skill with a brace of pistols is unrivalled and as such he combines the effects of the skills Pistolier and Trick Shooter.

Unscrupulous: A Highwayman, despite all his skill and bravado, is not to be trusted. At the end of each battle roll a D6, on a roll of a 1 the warband receives 1 less piece of Treasure than they would normally as the Highwayman has stolen it for himself (this Treasure is not spent on the Highwayman, it is lost!). Obviously, if this keeps happening it will be up to warband leader to keep the Highwayman in his employ or not...

Expert Rider: A Highwayman is a superb rider and as such while he is mounted he counts as being stationary for the purposes of shooting (ie. no -1 modifier to hit) and he also benefits from the skill as he can reload quickly whilst on horseback.



Show me the Money

The taverns in the settlements around Mordheim make good recruitment centres for warriors to sell their services to the highest bidder. Here, Mark Havener describes two more Hired Swords that can be recruited by your warband.

Imperial Assassin

40 gold crowns to hire + 20 gold crowns upkeep

Politics is a dangerous game and not all dangers are found on the battlefield. The Assassin specializes in removing 'obstacles' with discretion. He will hire himself out to the highest bidder and satisfaction is guaranteed. The Assassin calmly dispatches his rather distasteful duties with fastidiousness and finesse. In between jobs, such a man will often join a wandering warband in order to hone his skills; assassination is not a profession for the slow or dull-witted!

May Be Hired: Any warband except Witch Hunters, Sisters of Sigmar, Orcs & Goblins or Skaven may hire the Assassin.

Rating: An Imperial Assassin increases the warband's rating by +22 points, plus 1 point for each Experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Assassin	4	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8

Weapons/Armour: Sword, dagger, throwing daggers and a crossbow pistol.

SPECIAL RULES

Weapons Master: The Assassin is a master of weapons and may use any weapon he finds. You may purchase weapons for the Assassin just as you would for any other member of your warband. However, unlike other members of your warband, any weapon you give an Assassin is his to keep - he will not give it to another warband member later. In addition, although he knows how to use them, an Assassin will never

use a blackpowder weapon as such devices are far too conspicuous in their use for someone in his profession.

Poisoner: Assassins specialize in the use of poisons. The Assassin starts each game with his weapons poisoned with either Black Lotus or Dark Venom. The controlling player decides which poison the Assassin is armed with before the game starts, and this poison does not need to be traded for. And no, the Assassin cannot poison other warband members' weapons, nor will he loan his out!

Skills: An Assassin may choose from Combat, Speed, Shooting skills or Unstoppable Charge from the Strength skills list when he gains a new skill. He may also choose from the special Assassin skills below.

ASSASSIN SKILLS

Backstabber: The Assassin specializes in attacking his targets when their back is turned. The Assassin may charge an opponent he cannot see (he knows you're there!) as long as the target model is within his charge reach. If he does this, he surprises his opponent and receives a +1 to hit him with all attacks and any rolls on the Serious Injuries chart are at +1. This bonus lasts for the first round of combat only, as his opponent will swiftly recover his wits if he survives the initial assault.

Hide in Shadows: The Assassin can blend into the shadows so that his opponents will not see him. As long as he is within 1" of a wall or other linear obstacle (hedge, fence, well, etc), opposing models must pass an Initiative test in order to charge or shoot at him.

An Imperial Assassin bides in the shadows ready to attack his next victim. We've used one of the Duellists from Vespero's Vendetta to represent the Assassin, but you can choose whichever model you like best!



Tilean Marksman

50 gold crowns to hire + 15 gold crowns upkeep

The Empire is not the only place that breeds mercenaries. The constant warring among the city-states of Tilea provides many opportunities for a man who knows how to use a weapon. Still, sometimes the fighting dies down in Tilea and many of these mercenaries are forced to seek employment in other lands. Many of these temporarily unemployed mercenaries have heard of the trouble brewing in Mordheim and have come seeking a new patron.

May Be Hired: Any warband except Skaven, Orcs or Undead may hire the Tilean Marksman.

Rating: A Tilean Marksman increases the warband's rating by +16 points, plus 1 point for each Experience point he has.

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

Weapons/Armour: Light armour, sword, dagger and crossbow.

SPECIAL RULES

Steady Hands: The Tilean Marksman's aim never wavers. He ignores 'to hit' modifiers for long range when shooting his crossbow.

Dead Eye Shot: The Marksman has the eyes of an eagle and can hit the smallest target. He ignores 'to hit' modifiers for cover when shooting his crossbow.

Skills: A Tilean Marksman may choose from Shooting skills when he gains a new skill.



A Tilean Marksman leads the Marienburger Archers in an ambush on a Skaven warband. We refused Maximilian Damarck from the Marksmen of Miragliano to represent the Marksman.



"And I say we were here first; you'd better leave!"

The argument had been going for a solid fifteen minutes, with neither party budging from their position. Reinhold stooped to press his face close to his scarlet-faced adversary, the leader of the Dwarf warband. Dwarfs were infamous for their stubbornness, and this individual seemed to be out to prove that his reputation was well founded. Both warband leaders had warriors scattered throughout the ruins of the big hall. Crossbows were nocked and aimed on both sides, and the stress was showing on several of the human faces. The Dwarfs seemed strangely calm.

Suddenly the door burst open, slamming one of the members of Reinhold's band into the wall. Through the doorway, barely able to enter the room because of his incredible bulk, strode an Ogre mercenary. The creature stopped as soon as it was fully in the room. It was indeed a frightening sight, and the man to the Ogre's left scarcely reacted when the monster grabbed the crossbow from his hands and crushed it in a huge fist.

"Ah, there you are Ronch!" cried the Dwarf warband leader, a smile springing into his normally dour features. "I was wondering when you'd get here. These

gentlemen want to force us to leave. Convince them that we should stay."

"RONCH SMASH!" bellowed the Ogre. He threw the remnants of the crossbow across the room and brought up his enormous sword preparing to cut the ex-crossbowman in two. His poor victim was frozen in shock, and could do nothing to stop his fate.

Fortunately for him, he didn't need to, for in the next instant the Ogre froze, a look of shock and horror fixed to his face. The creature's mouth moved slowly, but no sound escaped. Then the hulking brute toppled forward and fell face down into the dust that covered the floor. Out of his back protruded a dagger.

Standing in the doorway was a man, somewhat smaller than average in height, with nondescript looks and the barest hint of a smile on his face. He would have looked like any nobleman's foppish son, if it were not for the utilitarian look to his night-black clothing and the utter lack of emotion in his eyes.

"Miss me?" asked Dirk, the assassin that Reinhold had hired. The warband leader just smiled. It looked like they would get to stay after all...

Fortune Hunters

By Nick Kyme

'Wherever there is gold to be won you will find them. Whenever there is a fight in the offing they will be lurking around the next corner. These are dangerous men, all too willing to lend the weight of their blade to whoever will offer the heaviest purse. They roam the taverns and live in the shadows around the outskirts of this dark city. They have many forms and their loyalty is only bought by coin. Professional? Usually. Lucky? Probably. Deranged? Definitely... but then who wouldn't be in this cursed place?'

- One-eyed Brakk the trader on the subject of Hired Swords

Hired Swords are a useful addition to any warband. They can often bring many strengths that a warband would otherwise lack. Haughty Elven Rangers and plucky Halfling Scouts can provide welcome missile expertise whereas hulking Pit Fighters and desperate Trollslayers boast hefty muscle. Whatever situation there is usually a Hired Sword to remedy it. These mercenaries are numerous around Mordheim and there are rumours that some new sell swords have moved into the City of the Damned to ply their trade...



Duelist

35 gold crowns to hire + 15 gold crowns upkeep

Duelists are men of the shadows, their reputations dark and bloodthirsty. They are men of iron nerve who stare unflinchingly into the face of death every time they draw their pistols. As well as expert pistoliers, duelists are master swordsmen, their close quarter fighting deadly and brief for their opponents. Those who seek the services of a duelist must frequent dark avenues and taverns to locate them, for they are enigmatic and elusive figures. However any warband who secures their skills will reap great benefit.

May be Hired: Any warband except Skaven and Undead may hire a Duelist.

Rating: A Duelist increases the warband's rating by +18 points, plus 1 point for each experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Duelist	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7

Weapons/Armour: Duelling pistol, sword, dagger and cloak. The cloak counts as a buckler.

SPECIAL RULES

Darting Steel: A Duelist is like a blur in hand-to-hand combat, turning blades aside with seemingly little effort or concern. The Duelist may parry using his sword and buckler if he can roll under his weapon skill and not more than his opponent's highest hit roll as per the normal rules.

Skills: A Duelist may choose from Combat and Shooting skills when he gains a new skill.





"Many Bargains, Much Cheapness!"

"Fifty crowns you say?" Malik looked up from his inspection dubiously. In the thick shadows of the room, his 'business partners' were half-lit silhouettes.

"You know my price merchant," came a sibilant response.

The shadow figure lurched forward in his chair. He was sat some distance from the table upon which a number of swords, axes and other weapons rested.

"Estalian steel," he pressed. "Fine quality." The last part was a hiss, the wan light of the lantern catching the shining saliva on a forked tongue, etching a black outline of a grotesque face, misshapen and bulbous.

Malik assumed Khalzak the Mutant always dealt in the shadows, his deformities doubtlessly attracting unwanted attention from the Cabal.

"I am unsure of the quality," Malik dared, acutely aware of the shifting forms of figures in the oily background.

"I thought this was to be a one-on-one meeting," he stated calmly.

Khalzak lurched directly into the light. He was disgusting. Two small horns protruded from his left cheek, his forked tongue writhing in the cavity of his mouth like a tentacle. He was hunchbacked, stooping protectively over the blades and his right arm was impossibly small, wasted and withered like a pox-ridden child's.

Malik shifted back slightly from the horror, careful to mask his intent.

Grim-faced thugs emerged into the corona cast by the lantern, faces daubed with the sigils of the ruinous powers.

"I lied," Khalzak admitted, his tone



Merchant Hired Swords in Mordheim
By Nicodemus Kyme

edged with malicious finality.

Khalzak was scant inches from Malik; his breath held the stink of rotten meat.

Malik now leaned forward, a glint in his eye.

"So did I," he whispered.

There was the sound of leather on metal and a flash of silver. Scants seconds later the room exploded into violence.

Malik, crouched beneath the table, listening to the sound of crashing steel above him. He had contrived the hiding place as soon as the battle began. He was a businessman not a warrior and had no wish to be spitted on Khalzak's blade.

The mutant had other ideas.

Panic filled his stomach as Malik's wooden barrier was torn away, splinters falling like rain as Khalzak smashed it aside, the payload crashing on stone with metallic resonance.

"You'll pay for this!" he swore, bringing his blade down in a death arc.

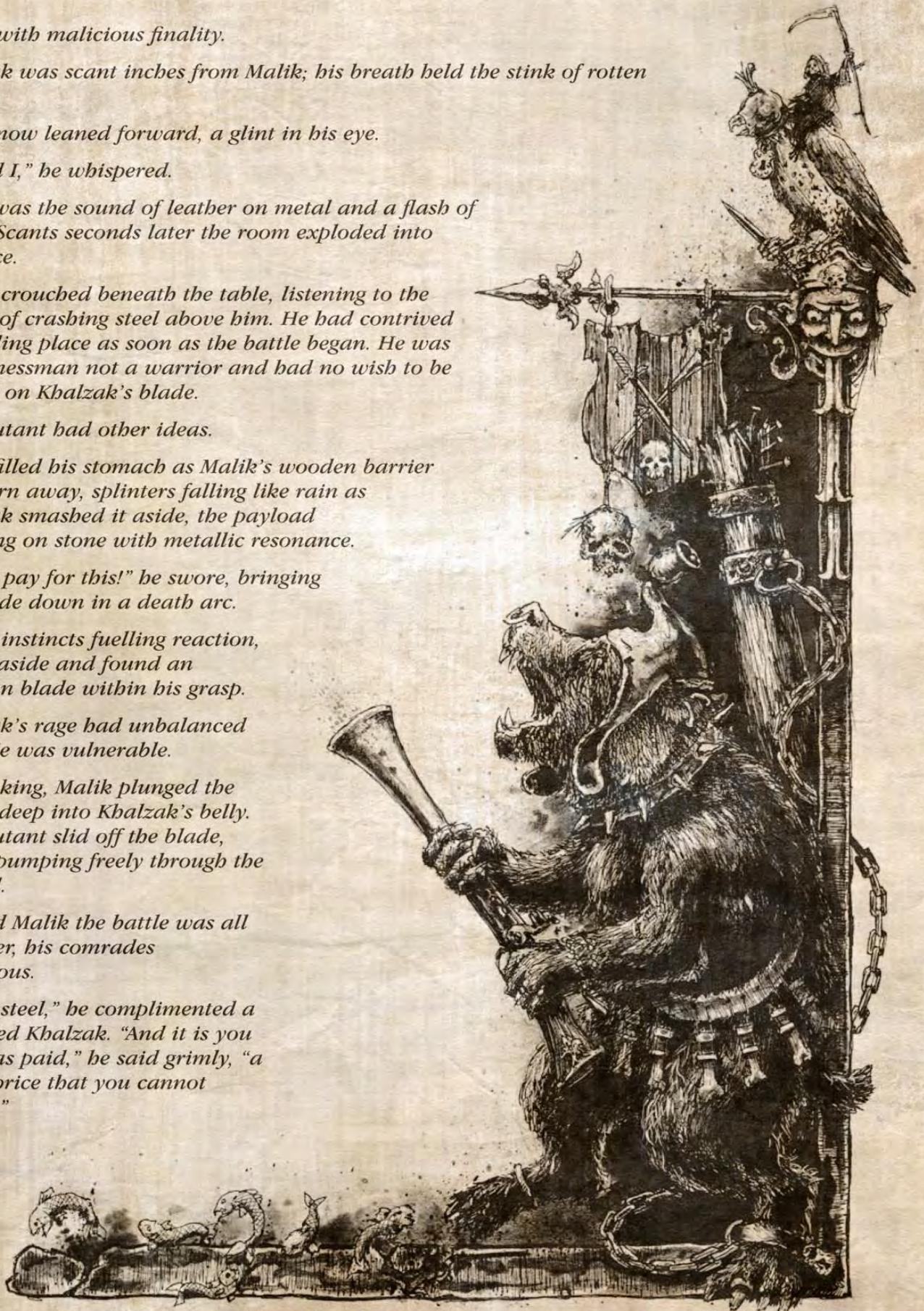
Malik, instincts fuelling reaction, rolled aside and found an Estalian blade within his grasp.

Khalzak's rage had unbalanced him. He was vulnerable.

Unthinking, Malik plunged the sword deep into Khalzak's belly. The mutant slid off the blade, blood pumping freely through the wound.

Around Malik the battle was all but over, his comrades victorious.

"Good steel," he complimented a stupefied Khalzak. "And it is you who has paid," he said grimly, "a bitter price that you cannot afford!"



Arabian Merchant

**20 gold crowns to hire
+ 10 gold crowns upkeep**

From the lands of eternal desert they come, crossing the sea to reach the Empire, in search of the city spoken of in frightened whispers and imagined in childhood nightmares; Mordheim – City of the Damned.

Not all hirelings are warriors and the merchants of Araby are not known for their martial prowess. Rather they are advisers, treasure seekers and collectors of the arcane. Found within the shady bazaars of seldom trodden streets and darkened taverns, they have an uncanny knack of finding the best equipment for the best price, tapping into the vein-like underworld network of black markets and foreign traders providing for any would-be adventurers.

Experts in treasure and antiques, they seek their own fortune in the forgotten artefacts buried deep beneath the city but require a warband's protection. Reciprocal then is this relationship. Although keen to avoid conflict, their employers' keep them close at hand, as a smooth talking merchant is not to be trusted when treasure and glory is at stake...

May be Hired: Any good aligned warbands may hire an Arabian Merchant (ie, Mercenaries, Dwarfs, Witch Hunters, Tomb Raiders, etc)

Rating: An Arabian Merchant increases the warband's rating by +10 points, plus 1 point for each Experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Merchant	4	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	7

Equipment: Scimitar (counts as a sword).

Skills: A Merchant may choose from Academic skills when he gains a new skill (he also has his own special skills that he can choose – see below).



SPECIAL RULES

Haggle: As in the Academic skill in the rulebook.

Pawnbroker: The Merchant is skilled in finding the best price for sold items and as such gains an extra 2D6 gold per item that the warband sells (up to its full value) if he was not taken out of action in the battle.

Marketeer: The Merchant has many useful contacts in the black market underworld and foreign traders to locate many special items. After each battle (if he wasn't taken out of action) the Merchant can visit one of three markets: the Black Market, Foreign Wares and the Fencer, in search of items for the warband. Roll a D6 on the relevant table to see what items are on offer.

Black Market

A den of thieves and underworld brigands the black markets of Mordheim sell and procure all manner of illicit substances and are regularly frequented by the infamous members of the Assassins guild...

D6 Items

- 1 Nothing available.
- 2 Dark Venom or Black Lotus (D3 doses)
- 3 Crimson Shade (D3 doses)
- 4 Mandrake Root or Madcap Mushrooms (D3 doses)
- 5 Stiletto Blade (need 'Weapons Training' to use) +1 attack per turn at -1 strength.
- 6 Blow Pipe (need 'Weapons Training' to use)



Foreign Wares

Traders from across the seas can be found in the shady taverns and street corners on the outskirts of Mordheim. They have many exotic and wondrous items for sale, but at a hefty price...

D6 Items

- 1 Nothing available.
- 2 Venom Ring (see TC 18)
- 3 Lamp of the Djinn or Monkey's Paw (see TC 17)
- 4 Magic Carpet or Tufenk (see TC 17)
- 5 Elven Cloak
- 6 Cathayan Silks

Fencer

Fencers have an eclectic range of items 'procured' from sources best left unspoken. Offered at incredible prices, traders should be wary for their word is not their bond and such items are often 'flawed'...

D6 Items

- 1 Halfling Cook Book
- 2 Ithilmar Weapon
- 3 Gromril Weapon
- 4 Tome of Magic
- 5 Hunting Rifle or Elven Bow
- 6 Brace of Duelling Pistols

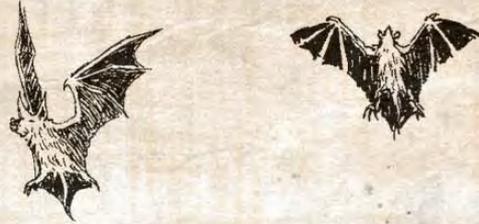
All the items purchased through the Merchant's market contacts are at their base price (ie, do not add the random gold modifier for items). All items bought from the Fencer are also at half price but after the item is used once roll a D6. On a roll of 1, the item breaks and is useless – an elaborate fake!

Merchant Skills

Stone Cutter: The Merchant has the skill to refine wyrdstone shards to increase their value. Whenever a warband sells its wyrdstone the Merchant may try to refine the source. Roll a D6 to discover how much additional gold the wyrdstone is worth.

D6 Gold

- 1-2 Lose 2D6 gold crowns.
- 3-5 Gain 2D6 gold crowns.
- 6 Gain 3D6 gold crowns.



"Many Bargains, Much Cheapness!"

Guardian: The Merchant has 'acquired' a bodyguard to protecting from harm in the coming battles. The bodyguard will only protect the Merchant and cannot fulfil warband objectives or search, loot or any function other than protecting the Merchant and as such will remain within 1" of the Merchant at all times. The bodyguard doesn't gain experience and isn't paid (it is assumed he has been 'gifted' to the Merchant as a favour from one of his contacts).

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bodyguard	4	4	2	4	3	1	3	1	8

Equipment: Sword, light armour, shield and helmet.

SPECIAL RULE

Intercept: the bodyguard will intercept any model shooting at or charging the Merchant. Any attacks will be directed at him and if



charged place the bodyguard in front of the Merchant to protect him. The bodyguard will not charge unless the Merchant also charges and cannot intercept an attack if already engaged in combat.



Merchant



This model is part of the main range to be bought in a blister pack from our stores, but you can also order this model from Mail Order.

For order details and prices contact Mail Order below.

SHADOW WARRIOR

35 gold crowns to hire +15 gold crowns upkeep

Shadow Warriors are High Elves from the desolate war-ravaged land of Nagarythe, where the Witch King once held court. This leads their kin to mistrust and ostracise them. These angry lost souls are often used as scouts and skirmishers for High Elf forces, as well as wandering sell-swords looking to quench their bitter hatred of the Dark Elves. Though not as skilled a scout as the Ranger, the Shadow Warrior is as deadly with his bow and sword as any Elf.

May be Hired: The Shadow Warrior may be hired by High Elf and all Human warbands, but may not be hired by a warband that is evil (eg Possessed) or one that includes an evil Hired Sword (eg Dark Elf Assassin).

Rating: A Shadow Warrior increases the warband's rating by +12 points plus 1 point per Experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8

Equipment: A Shadow Warrior carries a sword, longbow, dagger, shield and wears Light Armour.

Skills: A Shadow Warrior may choose from Combat or Shooting skills when he gains a new skill, In addition he may choose his skill from the Shadow Warriors Special Skill list in Town Cryer 10.

SPECIAL RULES

Hates Dark Elves: Shadow Warriors seethe with bitterness when facing Dark Elves and follow the rules for *Hatred* in the Mordheim rulebook.

Excellent Sight: Elves have eyesight unmatched by mere humans. The Shadow Warrior spots *Hidden* enemies from twice his Initiative value in inches away.

Bitter Enemies: If the last fight was against Dark Elves or a warband containing a Dark Elf Hired Sword, the upkeep cost is waived for that game.

Infiltration: A Shadow Warrior can infiltrate. See the Skaven skill of the same name.

BIG GAME HUNTER

40 gold crowns to hire +18 gold crowns upkeep

There are many reasons why adventurers risk life and limb exploring the mysterious continent of Lustria. The lure of riches and arcane knowledge brings a steady flow of greedy individuals but some are drawn in search of legendary creatures rumoured to inhabit the lush jungle. Expert game hunters are paid vast sums of money by flamboyant Old World nobles in order to bring back these exotic creatures. These rare beasts are displayed in the private zoos and gardens of nobles or can be found hanging from the walls of their palaces. Game hunters are skilled trackers and hunters having spent most of their lives hunting game in the forests of the Old World. They are well equipped and not inexpensive to hire.

May be Hired: The Big Game Hunter can be hired by any human Warband.

Rating: A Big Game Hunter increases the warband's rating by +16 points plus 1 point per Experience point he has.

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

Equipment: Sword, Dagger, Net, Light Armour, Hunting Rifle (same as a Hochland Long Rifle).

Skills: The Big Game Hunter can choose from Shooting or Academic skills when he gains a new skill.

SPECIAL RULES

Set Traps: The Hunter may place up to six counters to represent these traps on the board immediately after the Hunter model is placed. They must be placed at ground level with at least 6" between them. Any model (except the Hunter) that moves within 3" of a trap counter must roll a D6. On a 1-3, nothing happens. On a 4-6, the model takes a single hit automatically at the strength shown on the dice. The trap counter is then removed. A single model can only set off one trap at a time. If an animal of any sort is put Out of Action by a trap, it is automatically captured after the game to be sent to the Old World.



Halfling Thief



25gc to hire/Special Upkeep (see below)

Halflings are well known for their nimble feet and even nimbler fingers. While many follow their fathers and turn their dextrous skills to works of craft such as basket making, cobbling and cookery (in fact a lot of cookery) many also find themselves drawn towards the danger and excitement of stealing. Of course, Halflings never take anything too valuable (except by accident) as that would not be nice to the person who previously owned the item. Nonetheless, it is surprising the number of things that go 'missing' when a Halfling is about. The poor little chaps don't know they're doing it half the time, they just seem to acquire rings, boxes of matches and small pets as they go about their normal business.

In fact, Halflings have a very relaxed attitude towards property in general, and casually swap items with one another all of the time (mostly without realising they're actually swapping). Halfling birthdays are a celebration of this attitude and many gifts are freely given away by the Halfling whose birthday it is (usually, as a consequence of inviting another twelve Halflings to your house and then falling asleep after dinner).

Many Halflings find that the skills which were taught to them as part of their natural childhood and adolescence are frowned upon by people outside of the Moot. They also find themselves very popular with certain organisations, such as the Thieves Guild and the local Watch patrol.



As can be expected, the speed and agility of Halfling Thieves has been noted by many of those who seek their fortune delving into the ruins of Mordheim, Halflings make excellent bait for monster traps and are usually quick and lucky enough to escape once the monster has fallen for the trap. Their diminutive size allows them to be pushed through sewers, under badly fitting gates and into rat-infested nooks and crannies. As you might tell, a Halfling is considered by some to be the most essential piece of adventuring equipment you could get.

Despite this rough treatment, most Halfling "Treasure and Property Removal Experts" don't mind the odd trek into the ruins. With a few of big, burly trained bullies and perhaps a sneaky looking wizard to back you up, your enemies don't come calling at your door so often! Besides, where else can you find so many gifts, pretty gems, silver plates, swords of Mystical and Magical Significance. Not only all that, someone actually listens to what you're saying, even if they do decide to ignore you completely when you finished giving your advice.

Famous Halfling Thieves from the history books include: Nikkit Kwik (also known as the Burglar of Brionne), Bumblebean Lightfoot, Niftlet 'Statue Stealer' Stumbly, and the Halfling who once managed to steal the Great bell out of the Temple of Sigmar in Nuln, 'Two-feet-tall' Telworth Buttercup. The 'King of Thieves' is the renowned Ned Neddley, responsible for stealing almost anything that wasn't nailed down (and if he had a claw hammer with him, he'd steal the nails too).

Halflings excel at making themselves inconspicuous. This probably has something to do with their small stature, unassuming manner and predilection for walking around barefooted. Whatever the reason, there are still differences in individual Halfling abilities in this area. The Halfling Thief is a master at sneakiness, sticky-fingers, and feigned innocence. Adding one to your warband is always a dicey situation at best, as you're always certain that the other warriors are going to come up a few crowns light by the end of the adventure.

May be Hired: The Halfling Thief may be hired by the following warbands: Human Mercenaries, Kislevites, and any Wood Elf, or Dwarf warband.

Rating: A Halfling Thief increases the warband's rating by +14 points, plus 1 point for each Experience Point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Halfling	4	2	4	2	2	1	4	1	7

Equipment: A Halfling Thief is equipped with a sword, dagger, and throwing daggers. He carries a rope and grapple as well.

Skills: A Halfling Thief may choose from Speed and Shooting skills. He may also choose from the special Halfling Thief skills below.

New Skills

If the Halfling Thief rolls a skill as an advance, he may choose to take one of the following skills instead of his normal skill selections:

Wily Thief (Halfling Thief Only): The Thief is an expert at quickly finding the valuables on a victim before moving on. To reflect this, if the Thief takes out any members of the enemy warband during a game (and he was not taken Out of Action himself), the Halfling Thief's warband receives one additional Treasure (this does not affect the opposing warband's number of Treasures... just assume this is one they WOULD have found and leave it at that). This is, of course, in addition to the normal +1 Treasure he already adds through his 'Cutpurse' special rule.

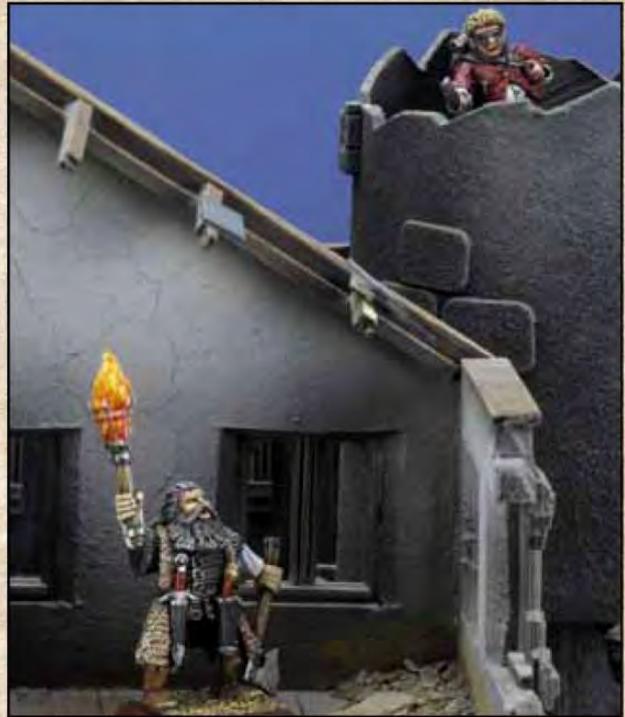
Stealthy (Halfling Thief Only): The Halfling Thief can hide even after running, and can run while within 8" of enemy models if he starts and ends his move hidden.

Special Rules

Infiltrator: The Thief is an expert at sneaking close to the enemy without being detected. He may always be placed on the battlefield after the opposing warband(s), and can be placed anywhere on the table as long as it is out of sight of the opposing warband and more than 12" away from any enemy model. If both players have models which infiltrate in this way, roll off to see which player places his infiltrators first.

Pick Locks: A Thief knows how to open doors that others find impossible, using special tools of the trade and heavily guarded techniques, a good Thief can pretty much go anywhere he pleases. When testing to open a locked door, the Thief just needs to make an Initiative test in order to be successful.

Cutpurse: A Thief makes his profession by 'finding' things



Using the rooftops, the sneaky little thief finds his way past the guard and into another house.

others have 'lost'. To represent this, at the end of the game when the warband rolls to find Treasures, they receive one additional Treasure as long as the Thief took part in the game (ie, he was actually in the battle), and wasn't taken Out of Action.

Uneasy Ally: At the end of each game (whether or not the Halfling Thief actually took part), roll a D6 and consult the chart following:

Roll Result

- | | |
|-----|--|
| 1 | Stop Thief! – Obviously unimpressed with his employment, the Halfling Thief has absconded with all the warband's valuables! Remove the Halfling Thief from your roster, along with all Treasures and valuables remaining in your stash from previous games. Do not add any additional Treasures for having the Thief in your warband this game. |
| 2-5 | Tax Time – The Halfling Thief seems satisfied with his time with the warband thus far, and just charges "his normal fee" of a 15gc upkeep. |
| 6 | Ignorance is Bliss – The Halfling Thief seems very satisfied with the take so far (in fact maybe TOO satisfied, as he keeps rubbing his hands together and muttering to himself...), and forgoes any upkeep charges on your warband this time. On the bright side, whatever it is he's filched you never knew you had... |

Ninja Gnoblar

35 gold crowns to hire + 10 gold crowns upkeep

Gnoblars or Hill Goblins are the goblinoid smaller "cousins" of normal goblins and orcs. Their range in size is about halfway between goblins and Snotlings. Their coloration is slightly darker skin than other goblinoids. They do not, however, live in the orc-goblin-snotling societies, but instead they spend their lives as pets of ogres of the Ogre Kingdoms.

Though for the most part glad to be the slaves of Ogres, some Gnoblars eventually find their lives too hard in the east and mass together in massive armies that travel into the known world. Gnoblars have many sub-species, commonly known by their attributes, such as Wyrystone Gnoblar, Lookout Gnoblar, Luck Gnoblar, Gnoblar-Blood-Gnoblars, Boglars, Toad-Gnoblars among others.

Most people simply ignore gnoblars because they have bigger problems in their hands (the least not being the Ogres!), but this little git is not to be sneered at. Having spend some time spying the Celestial Dragon Monks of far east, this Gnoblar has some muscle to add in a fight!

May be Hired: Except the ogres, any warband that doesn't include any fear causing creatures may hire the Ninja Gnoblar. If the warband gains a model that causes fear, the Ninja Gnoblar will leave immediately - he may be skilled but he is still scared.

Rating: A Ninja Gnoblar increases the warband's rating by 8 points plus 1 point for each Experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ninja Gnoblar	4	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	6

Weapons/Armour: Ninja Robe (counts as Hardened Leathers), Shurikens (Throwing stars with Stealthy special rule) and Bo (gives an additional attack, may parry and requires both hands).

Skills: A Ninja Gnoblar may choose from shooting and speed skills when he gains a new skill. In addition he can be given a unique special skill only available to him, noted below.

Special Rules:

- **Stealthy:** The Ninja Gnoblar can throw his shurikens while hidden without revealing his position to the enemy. The target model can take an Initiative test in order to try to spot the throwing Ninja. If the test is successful, the Gnoblar no longer counts as hidden.
- **Rooftop to Rooftop:** The Ninja Gnoblar is skilled in jumping over streets and gaps. He doesn't deduct the distance jumped from his movement. This means he can run 8" and still jump the 3".
- **Expert Rooftop Jumper:** The Ninja is even more skilled in jumping on the roofs. He may jump up to 4" and may re-roll a failed initiative test when jumping or making a diving charge.

Dwarf Treasure Hunter

By Jake Thornton



55 gold Crowns to hire
+ 30 gold crowns upkeep

Dwarfs are famed for their love of gold, ale and adventure, not necessarily in that order. Since the disaster at Mordheim they have come to the ruins in ever-increasing numbers, some seeking riches, but many just after a good fight. They're well known as tough warriors and are very much sought after as hired muscle by other warbands, but the Treasure Hunters have other benefits too. Dwarf Treasure Hunters are specialists in finding riches that other people have tried to hide and, as such, can add considerably to a warband's purse.

May be Hired: Mercenaries and Witch Hunters may hire a Dwarf Treasure Hunter. Warbands of Dwarf Treasure Hunters are considered rivals to these individual prospectors and so may not hire them. Warbands that include Elves may hire Dwarf Treasure Hunters, but must pay double the normal upkeep after each battle. Dwarfs won't put up with pointy-eared folk unless they have to, or are adequately compensated for their sufferance.

Rating: A Dwarf Treasure Hunter increases the warband's rating by +24 points plus one point for each Experience Point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	3	5	4	3	4	1	2	1	9

Equipment: Gromril armour, helmet, mining pick, dagger, hammer, treasure maps and lantern rig (see below).

Skills: A Dwarf Treasure Hunter may choose from Combat or Strength skills when he gains a new skill.

SPECIAL RULES

Hard to Kill: Dwarfs are tough, resilient individuals who are only taken out of action on a roll of 6 instead of 5-6 when rolling on the Injury chart. Treat a roll of 1-2 as knocked down, 3-5 as stunned, and 6 as Out Of Action.

Hard Head: Dwarfs ignore the special rules for maces, clubs, etc. They are not easy to knock out.

Hates Orcs & Goblins: See the Psychology section of the rules for details on the effects of hatred.

Mining Pick: This is a two-handed weapon and uses the same rules as a double-handed axe, hammer, etc.

Lantern Rig: The lantern rig allows the Treasure Hunter to use the lantern and still keep both hands free for weapons. Otherwise it follows the normal rules for lanterns.

Treasure Maps: Over his time in the ruins, the Treasure Hunter has acquired a number of treasure maps. Call it greed if you must, professional interest if you're more polite. Some of these are obvious fakes, but there are many that seem promising. At least, on first glance. Each battle the Dwarf Treasure Hunter will choose one map and see where it leads. Roll a D6 at the end of each battle which the Dwarf Treasure Hunter survives without going Out Of Action.

1 Ambush!: The Dwarf Treasure Hunter is ambushed by D3 brigands who planted the fake map to lure the unwary to their doom. Immediately fight a close combat between the brigands and the Treasure Hunter with the brigands going first and counting as charging. The Brigands have the stats of a Human Mercenary Warrior (page 71 of the rulebook) and are armed with a club and dagger.

2 Poor Fake: It quickly becomes obvious that this is a feeble forgery and is utterly worthless. The Treasure Hunter uses it to light his pipe.

3 Looted Hoard: It was a good map, but someone beat you to it! Mind you, there's enough left to add +1 to the number of shards collected by your warband this game.

4 Cellar: When Dwarfs say "treasure", they don't always mean gold. This map leads to a forgotten cellar of a ruined pub and contains a small barrel of Bugman's finest ale – treasure indeed! This works like the one in the rules, but there's only enough to give to D6 warriors. Decide when you want them to drink it and roll to see how many it'll go round. The first warrior to drink from the barrel must be the Dwarf Treasure Hunter himself. The barrel cannot be sold, and if the Treasure Hunter is not retained he'll manage to take this with him when he goes.

5 Real Treasure Map: Roll one extra Exploration dice.

6 Jackpot!: You get one extra Exploration dice. However, do not roll this along with the rest of them. Instead, roll the Exploration dice you'd normally be entitled to first. Then choose the result of the extra dice instead of rolling it (potentially making doubles into triples, etc). Once you've done this, resolve the results of the exploration as normal.

Note that these results are not cumulative. The Treasure Hunter consults a different map each battle, and so the results only apply to that battle (or, more accurately, to the actions between that battle and the next).

From Across the Steppes...

Background and rules for Kislev Ranger Hired Swords by Nick Kyme

The body was still warm as Kessandria crouched within the dense foliage, her fingers searching the victim's neck for a pulse.

He was dead. All the while she kept her eyes on the forest, scrutinizing the arboreal gloom stretching before her and listening intently to the silence.

The bear had killed six people so far that she knew of. The memory of the slaughtered family still lingered, the walls of their tiny hovel sprayed red, five bodies torn and rent beyond recognition. This trapper made six. Never in her experience as a ranger had she heard of bears attacking a settlement; oft their prey were lone travellers or ambitious hunters. But she was far from the grassy steppes of Kislev now, deep in the grim heart of the Empire, a land besieged from within in dark and uncertain times.

"Anything?" a voice said behind her.

Kessandria raised her hand open palmed, gesturing for silence.

Booted feet crunched upon dried bracken to her left and ahead.

She muttered a curse and, rising, turned to fix three men behind her with an icy stare as cold as that from the Tzarina herself.

"Keep quiet," she hissed, "you want this beast to be upon us?" she added, her accent thick.

The mercenaries, unkempt even in their finely tailored attire regarded her with mild contempt and tramped

forward through the forest with all the grace and subterfuge of rampaging cattle.

"Sigmar's holy oath!" Reingaer, the captain, swore regarding, the corpse at Kessandria's feet. "It did that?"

He swallowed abruptly, a sword point at his neck.

Kessandria stared at him down the steel edge as she might some filth on her boot.

There was a flash of silver and two blades were quickly at her throat, Reingaer's comrades, a surly, one-eyed swordsman, and an unshaven bruiser, looking at her with malicious intent.

"He is close," she breathed, chest rising and falling rapidly as the cold steel bit at her skin. She lowered her sword.

There was a disturbance ahead as Reingaer's men continue to plough, heedless of Kessandria's warnings.

"Listen to me," he told her with day old alcohol breath, "you were hired to track that thing for us. If we're close then you've done your job and you'll be paid." He leaned in closer, making no disguise as he breathed in her scent, "The bounty for that creature is mine, understand?"

Slowly Kessandria nodded, all the time aware of Reingaer's men ruining her stealth.

His men lowered their blades as she sheathed hers.

"Know this," she told him, "I have never seen von like zis. Bears, zey kill for food, or if cornered, not in malice, or for pleasure."



For a moment, she thought she'd got through. A cry interrupted the tension.

"Here, this way, there are tracks!"

Kessandria turned to see a gleeful warrior bail his comrades. He was ahead of her and as she turned, there was a look of bloodlust in his eyes. That look turned to horror as a massive black shape seemed to appear out of the shadows before him.

He grasped the hilt of his sword, but did not unsheathe it, claws like knives cutting his flesh like paper, his face, neck and torso a red ruin.

Another man close by, cried out and fled in terror. The bellish bear pounded after him, crushing branch and foliage in its path and brought him down in a moment, tearing at his back as it wrenched off a limb.

A third warrior mustered his courage and ran forward. There was a loud clang of metal and he screamed, pinned in place by a rusty bear trap, left long ago to ensnare the fiend. As he struggled at the iron manacle slowing severing his ankle, the bear lumbered over to him and with a mighty swipe of a paw the size of a warhammer, took off his head. Arterial spray fountained up into the forest canopy and two men nearby abandoned their weapons and fled.

Reingaer was paralysed with fear as the monstrous apparition came towards them.

Kessandria went down to one knee; nocked an arrow into her bow and let fly. It was a good shot, the arrowhead lodged in the bear's thigh. It roared in pain and redoubled its efforts to reach them.

The roar jolted Reingaer to his senses, and raising his sword, cried, "Charge!"

Two mercenaries with long spears ran in, thrusting at the beast as it clawed the air around them. It lodged its massive jaw around a spear haft and dragged its bearer



close, heaving madly as he tried to pull back. The bear smashed him to pulp with its fists. The second spearman pierced its side and the bear whirled around, charging him into a tree, breaking his neck and spine.

There was only Reingaer and his two cronies left.

They ran in, even as Kessandria let fly another arrow which thudded into the bear.

She watched as the one-eyed mercenary rammed his blade, two-handed, into the beast's chest. Something glowed there, dully, then flared as the creature roared again, tearing three bloody gashes down the warrior's chest and face. He fell to the ground and lay still. Even Kruger, a hefty giant of a man, was dwarfed by the bear. He backed down at it with his sword desperately. It now bled from a dozen wounds, but did not fall. Instead it rammed a heavy paw onto Kruger's chest, pushing him down hard into the ground, his breaking ribs an audible 'crack' above the screaming.

Reingaer was the last and, at the final moment, his nerve abandoned him and he cowered before the monster as it loomed above him, all but eclipsed by its shadow. He whimpered like a babe, sword hanging limply at his side. The bear took hold of him and crushed him to its body. The strangled cries lasted only a moment.

It threw Reingaer's tangled corpse down and looked at Kessandria.

She saw rage in its eyes and hate.

Kessandria nocked another arrow and aimed carefully. She would only get one chance.

The beast roared its fury at her and charged.

It was only a few feet away when Kessandria released the arrow and dove headlong to the side, the bear's mighty bulk taking it past her and into a hefty tree trunk which smashed apart on impact.

Calm descended and silence returned.

Only Kessandria's pounding heart seemed to make any sound.

Dazed and cut, she rose cautiously from the leaf clutter.

The bear lay still.

She moved over to it. It had twisted in the impact and was on its back. It was dead. She searched the fur of its chest with her sword.

There. She thrust deep and yanked out a glowing shard that had been embedded in the creature's skin.

Tentatively she bent down, picking it up and held it before her.

"Wyrystone," she gasped.

"My thanks to you captain Reingaer," she told the corpse, "I couldn't have done it, without you."

She had one last look at the shard and placed it carefully in a pouch and headed north, towards the settlement where grateful villagers awaited, and smiled.

"It seems I shall collect more than just the bounty."

Kislev Rangers In Nordheim

Kislev is a wild and untamed land; a place of endless horizons, rocky steppes and icy tundra, its plains stretch as far as the eye can see. It is here that the rangers are in their element. Capable of great endurance, travelling on foot for days at a time, they negotiate this hostile land, patrolling its borders, ever watchful for dark forces.

Kislev lies deep in the heart of the icy north and many of its towns and cities are not far from the dreaded Chaos Wastes. Many times have rangers been the first to encounter such abominations as they wander mindlessly across the lands, savagely attacking any they find.

Kislev Rangers have much experience fighting such creatures and are adept at felling large monsters from distance with their preferred weapon – the bow. With hawk-like vision and blade keen instincts, many foul beasts have been slain by a ranger's arrow, the sleeping civilians unaware of the danger at their very doorstep. They are also good swordsmen, like most Kislevites, taught to fight and ride at a young age. It is the way of the ranger to travel light, and they seldom wear much armour or carry weighty packs or provisions. They must be at one with their environment and live off what the land provides. A bow, sword and a cloak to ward off the worst of the weather is oft all a ranger carries on their travels.

Although they are capable warriors, the true strength of a ranger lies in the ability to track. Having travelled the

length and breadth of Kislev and beyond, these rangers are excellent scouts and guides, and many warbands and generals hire them for just this purpose. Many times, has it been, when a ranger's warning has averted an ambush or found a clear route through perilous conditions.

Such skill is in great demand, and many rangers have travelled further afield than their native lands, some journeying down into the Empire in search of fortune and glory there. In these dark times of three Emperors, there is much civil unrest within the Empire as brother turns against brother. Deadly plots and ambushes are rife. With a ranger to guide you, ambushes can be avoided, and safe paths forged. Such a guide can ask a high price indeed. Some rangers have also been known to tout their skills to Lords and Barons for hunting down the wolves and Beastmen that plague the many forests, succeeding alone, where scores of armed men failed.

As Mordheim, the City of the Damned draws sell-swords and fortune-hunters from across the Old World it is no surprise to find Kislevite Rangers there too. Adept at exploring through the ruins, finding forgotten loot or lending their deadly aim to a captain's ambition, warbands frequently hire these wild warriors.

Perhaps most peculiar of all, is that many of the rangers are women. Most of the men folk of the northern lands are committed to its protection from the ravaging armies of the Kurgan marauder hordes and the other servants of





"Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide babe..."

Chaos. It is the women then, often those shunned by their families or banished for some misdeed, that range out from their homes, perhaps hoping to redeem themselves or even make their own fortunes in the perilous lands beyond.

Whether man or woman though, all rangers are possessed of the same demeanour. Living alone for such long periods, with self-sufficiency as their creed, rangers are reclusive and saturnine. At heart they are loners, particularly so with Kislevites, whose strong culture makes them feel alien despite their wanderlust.

Kislev Ranger

30 gold crowns to hire + 15 gold crowns upkeep

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

May be Hired: Mercenaries, Witch Hunters and Dwarfs may hire Kislev Rangers.

Rating: A Kislev Ranger increases the warband's rating by +15 points plus 1 point for each Experience Point she has.

Equipment: Bow, sword and Hunter's cloak.

Skills: A Kislev Ranger may choose from the Shooting and Speed skills whenever she gains a new skill. In addition there are several skills unique to Kislev Rangers as detailed below, which she can choose instead of normal skills. Note that these skills can only be acquired through experience. They are not possessed by a new recruit.

SPECIAL RULES

Heart strike. Kislev Rangers often battle against large monsters that roam their native borders. They have grown particular adept at felling such beasts with a single, deadly arrow strike. When shooting at a large monster (this includes large animals such as bears too), if the Kislev Ranger rolls a 6 to hit, followed by a wound roll of 5+ the beast is shot in some vital spot and killed instantly, regardless of wounds, with no save whatsoever.

Hunter's cloak. This cloak is fashioned by Kislevites and is only worn by their rangers. A hidden ranger will not reveal her position by shooting. The target model can take an Initiative test in order to try and spot the firing ranger. If the test is successful, the ranger is no longer hidden.

Seeker. When rolling on the Exploration chart, the Kislev Ranger allows you to modify one dice by +1/-1.

Loner. As they are notoriously reclusive, Kislev Rangers never have to take All Alone tests.

KISLEV SKILLS

Animal Call: If hidden, the Kislev Ranger may use animal calls to confuse and confound his enemies. Any model within 18" can be affected and, if not able to charge that turn, must take a Leadership test before moving. If they fail the Kislev Ranger may move the model in any direction she wishes.

Herb Lore: Out in the wilds, the ranger has learned basic herb lore to cure simple injuries. Any model in base-to-base contact with the ranger may be healed at the start of the Recovery phase. On a roll of 4+ the model has 1 wound restored. The ranger may not move in the same turn as she uses this skill, but may use it to heal herself.

Encampments

Hired Sword – Warrior Priest of Sigmar

In the centre of Sigmarhaven is a wooden Temple of Sigmar and this attracts many fledgling warrior priests. To test their mettle against the horrors of the Cursed City, the priesthood hire out their acolytes and make careful observance of their faith, resilience and fervour.

Hire Fee: 40 gc to hire, 20 ges upkeep.

May be Hired: Any warband may hire a Warrior Priest of Sigmar except Witch Hunters (they already have the warband choice!), Middenheim mercenaries, Possessed, Orcs & Goblins, Skaven and any other suitably 'evil' warbands.

Rating: A Warrior Priest of Sigmar increases the warband rating by +16 points plus 1 point for each Experience point he has.

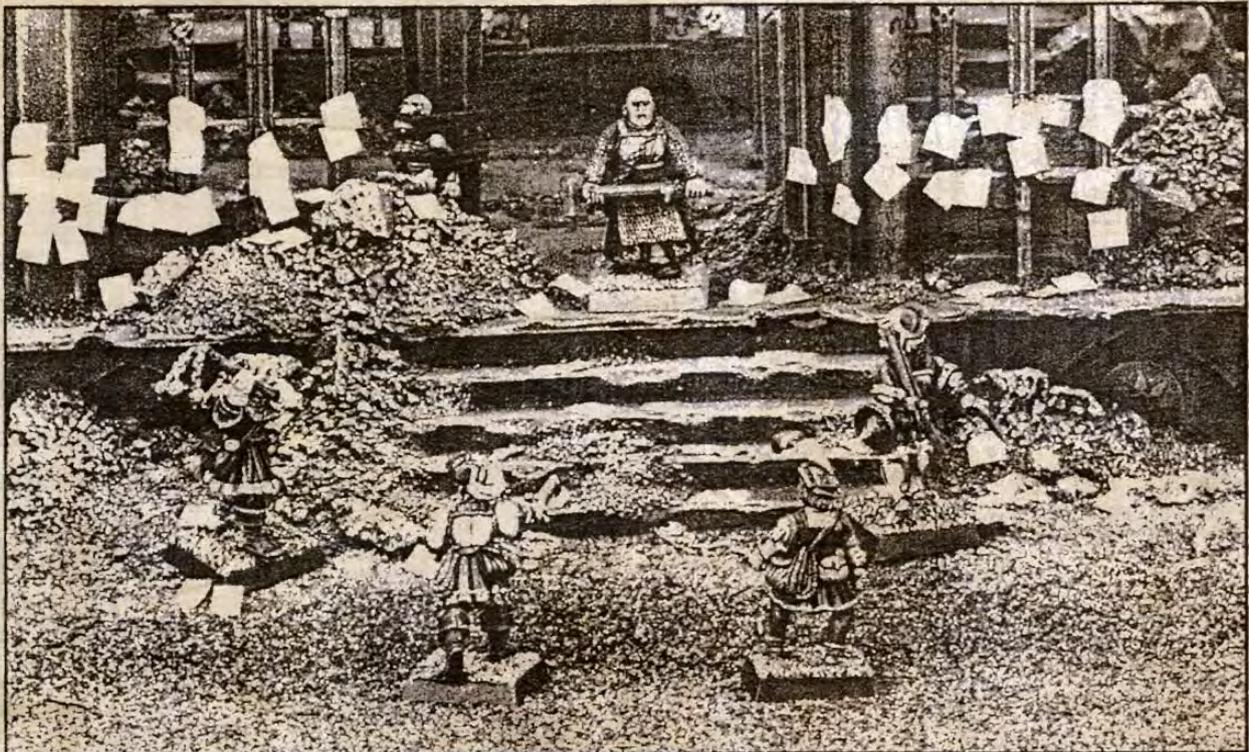
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Priest	4	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	8

Equipment: Hammer of Sigmar, light armour and shield.

SPECIAL RULES

Prayers: A Warrior-Priest is a servant of Sigmar and may use the Prayers of Sigmar as detailed in the Magic section.

Skills: Warrior-Priests may choose skills from the Academic skills list, or they may randomly determine a new Prayer from the Prayers of Sigmar list.



A Warrior Priest prepares to face off against a Marienburger warband.

State of the Empire's Soul

Being a treatise upon the diverse afflictions tormenting the spirit of the common folk of the Empire in these dark times of tumult and dismay.

Eminence,

Since the dire catastrophe that befell Mordheim, there has been a great rise in piety amongst the population of the Empire, in all walks of life from the most humble to the most high. Alarmingly, there has also been a manifold rise in the heresy of witchery, in all its black forms. As instructed, I have sent my emissaries far and wide across the land so that you might know the true and accurate detail of these assertions. These humble words are the result of their questionings of many hundreds of witnesses. Some of these morsels of information were given freely, others under close interrogation by experienced witch hunters. All has been checked as much as possible. However, you will appreciate that the lost souls who traffic with daemons are not the most reliable of witnesses. I have done my utmost to sift their lies from the truth.

The great comet which struck the cursed city of Mordheim is oftentimes seen as a punishment for some misdeed of the peoples of that city, and a sobering punishment it has been. Some have suggested that those who perished in that fireball were perhaps the lucky ones as their

suffering was momentary, though this observer would doubt that. Surely they will writhe in torment everlasting if it was indeed their faithlessness which precipitated the calamity.

It is instead my assertion that the comet was a sign for the peoples of the Empire as a whole to leave off their faithless and worldly behaviours and return to the One True Way of our Lord and Master Sigmar. It is a test of our faith and I regret to say that though many of our fellows show the utmost conviction and strength of spirit, there are many others who have taken the easy path of heresy.

Those that have turned from the faith are scattered all over the Empire from the wildest forest to the heart of our cities. Some are humble and uneducated labourers, but it is a taint which has also stained those who should know better. Indeed, some of the most eloquent and well argued of the heretics come from the universities or the clergy, much as it pains me to admit it.

Pieter of Nuln is an example of this type of learned heretic. When he first appeared he was thought to be another of the near-fanatic zealots who roam the roads, preaching of impending doom and the end of all things. Indeed, he did preach thus, but instead of explaining the true remedy of prayer, pilgrimage and support of the holy church as intercessionary with Lord Sigmar, may his name be praised, he preached increasing blasphemy.



Pieter was an educated man, of lower nobility. He attended the seminary and was an excellent theological scholar. His tutors speak highly of his conviction and his piety. It seems that he was almost at Mordheim when the comet struck, on his way to visit relations in that city. They were all slain. This appears to have turned his mind.

His first preachings were supported by the local churchmen as they seemed to encourage piety, and that cannot be a bad thing. However, as time went on it grew increasingly clear that he was peddling a false and unholy brand of heresy. Of late he has even proclaimed that the church itself is a corrupting influence on the faith rather than the central bastion of its defence and encouragement. Instead he claims that the only faith is to be found by a cleansing of the self inside and out. This would be no more than a repetition of the Grathbar heresy were it not for the fact that he encouraged all who would listen to help others cleanse themselves whether they wanted to or not. His followers set about burning churches, breaking up the shops of rich merchants and craftspeople, and denouncing any who stood in their way as irreligious blasphemers. A ragged following grew around him, as it was naturally the poorest that found most to attract them in this faith of denial. Spite and revenge drove them to attack their betters under the banner of their new, twisted faith, and all the while proclaiming themselves the most holy of Sigmar's children.

This following soon grew to the size of a small army, and with size it became bolder, marching across the Howling Hills from the Midden Moors where it had been assembling. Pieter led his deluded followers up the Talabec towards Talabheim in a mass, chanting and singing. By all accounts it was a striking sight.

The first of the armies that was sent against them was small, and after an impassioned speech from Pieter himself it was swallowed up by the mass, joining the heretics it had been sent to destroy. In time of peace Talabheim would have been doomed as there would not have been the men to hire, but in these times of strife there are mercenaries on every street corner, and those with deep purses can hire an army in short time. This is exactly what the frightened burghers of that city did, opening their coffers to buy a large army of veteran mercenaries led by the most irreligious and wordly of generals they could find: Otto Halfband. I will not delve into the history of this unsavoury character here, save to offer the view that he is not a man that one would normally have dealings with, but desperate times call for desperate measures. Having lost one force to the silver tongued charlatan they were loathe to lose another. If anyone could resist the call to his better nature or his immortal soul it was said to be Otto.

True to his nature, Otto led his army to a small ridge that blocked the path of the advancing heretics, and waited. As before, they offered parley, but this time the heretic emissaries were sent back in several sacks. Believing they might have some daemonic ability to turn men's minds with their words, Otto wasn't taking any chances.



Pieter hesitated, but it was too late for him to back out. The battle was a bloody one when it came, all but a handful of the heretics being slaughtered by the mercenaries. The few that were captured were questioned repeatedly and then put to the pyre. It was too dangerous for them to be suffered to live. Pieter himself was slain on the field of battle.

What this episode teaches us is that even those that are merely unbalanced and misled, as I believe Pieter was, can almost sack a city. Those that are truly evil may be even more dangerous.

Pieter is dead now, but he was far from the only itinerant preacher. The roads of the Empire are choked with mercenaries, homeless refugees from the fighting and in amongst these are many so-called holy men. This moving congregation is a fertile ground for recruits and there have been many cases of local disturbances on much smaller scale than the Pieterites. Local watchmen and roadwardens from all corners of the Empire have testified to my investigators to the growing unrest stirred up by these rabble-rousers. At present they are contained, for the most part. How long that will continue to be the case is uncertain.

True witchcraft is also to be found in many parts of the Empire, though it is more insidious and difficult to trace, for obvious reasons. For many years the holy church has largely tolerated the home remedies and curative simples of the local wise woman as they are, in the main, merely harmless traditions. At least, this is the argument of their apologists, a line of debate your Eminence knows I have never followed. However, of late these 'wise women' have

been used to disguise and excuse an increasing amount of undoubted witchery, and we can no longer tolerate any such traffic with heresy, real or imagined, large or small. Heresy is heresy, however seemingly innocent, and needs to be stamped out. As this practise is so widespread, I urge your Eminence to consider instructing our clergy to use extra diligence in rooting out this taint at the lowest level, and thus by removing all excuse we can leave the heretic without a place to hide. Once in the open the searing light of pure faith will burn away the corruption.

Of course, there are other witches who are more powerful than this and who practise their black arts openly. These are dangerous foes, and I have lost more than a few of my loyal inquisitors at their hands. Indeed, none who were sent to Sylvania returned, and I fear that this bodes very ill for that province. One can only hope for an innocent explanation or some commonplace mishap, though I am unable to find such solace in my heart.

Nor is this the only haven for such black arts. Reports come to me from all corners of our land. The Unbroken Circle from Altdorf, Black University of Marienburg (ever a haven for dubious foreigners) and the Unseen Hand from Bechafen are but a few of the various and sundry nameless groups of witches, blasphemers and heretics that harbour no love for our Lord Sigmar. The so-called City of the White Wolf has been a nest of heresy for centuries, and their well-practised witcheries are no doubt even more pronounced now. My men have not been able to find reliable sources from those unholy parts, but we can hope that their travails will bring them to their senses and a devout and penitent joining of the True Faith of Sigmar.

The centre of this renewed outbreak of sorcery is, of course, the ruined mass of Mordheim itself. By all reports, the city has been not only largely ruined, but also tainted with poisonous wyrdstone. Quite how this came to happen is uncertain, but it is clear that it is part of the comet's bane. This wyrdstone poisons the water and

twists the plants so that crops will not grow true. Living creatures are also twisted and rumours of mutants abound. For those that are already born, it corrupts the mind, and this is the realm of the witch. Those that survived the comet's strike have been corrupted by its leavings; those that were safely removed from its ire have been drawn by the lure of wealth (as the wyrdstone is much prized by many heretics), and so this black canker draws in more souls with each passing day.

Were it possible to contain the city I would suggest it, but the blighted area is too great, and the times we live in too uncertain to tie so many loyal troops down to such a task. Indeed, it is unknown how long even the most devout of fellows can sustain his purity in the face of such a corruption, and so I fear that any army we send may turn against us if it were left there too long.

I believe our salvation lies elsewhere. Just as there has been a rise in heresy, so has there been a rise in the zealot. My first council is to support these men, aiding them in rooting out the evils that lurk in the darkness.

These are driven men with a burning loyalty that heresy and taint cannot extinguish. They are fearless and untiring followers of our Lord Sigmar, and will brook no blasphemy. Moreover, they are, in general, not members of the clergy so we will neither be blamed for their excessive zeal nor required to foot the bill.

Hans-Jurgen Schwartzheim, self-styled Witch Finder General, is one such man, though there are many others. He scours the forests of Hochland and Ostland, south of the Middle Mountains. Mutants have roamed here for centuries, though they are now more prevalent than ever. Here too are dens and covens of witches, and these are the prey of the Witch Finder. Where he comes from is unknown, but he has gathered a small force of similarly ruthless and dedicated men to him, and he patrols the land, burning any with the taint of either mutation or heretical magic with a passion. I have heard that his family was murdered by half-man, half-beasts from the forest. Some say that his wife was abducted by a warlock for some dire sacrifice. Yet others suggest that he is beset by visions and is guided by the hand of Sigmar Himself. Whatever the reason, he is a most efficient and ruthless foe of the heretic and one we could do well to aid.

My last, but most important, council is prayer. Whatever we are doing now it is not enough. Corruption stalks the streets of the Empire and taints the minds of the impious. It is a snowballing blight that gathers more to itself with each passing day. Let Sigmar be our shield and our hammer to smash this blight. Let us show him that no sacrifice is too great in His Name. Let us empty the coffers to buy scented oils and incense to offer up. Let us hold ceremonies night and day, and scourge our unclean bodies that He may enter our souls.

In Sigmar's name

Ruprecht Spiessbingel





Priest of Morr

If you are having trouble with unwanted ghouls and ghosts then your warband needs the services of a priest of Morr.
A new freelancer by TODD ESTABROOK.

"Although we offer blessings upon a departing soul, that Morr may allow it passage through the realm of death, the soul is not our concern. The soul belongs to Morr. Our concern is the body. Our rituals insure that the body remains just as it is; that it is properly sealed and sanctified, lest something enter into the cadaver's shell and corrupt it... or worse."



There are many religions in the Old World and many gods worshiped. Morr, the god of Death, is no exception. Most people within the Empire fear a priest of Morr - for most people fear the unknown. Death, no matter how religious the individual, is an unknown fate that none can escape and the priests of Morr remind everyone of their own mortality. A reminder that most would sooner not have. However, despite this prejudice, the priests of Morr are indispensable in the services they render.

Loved ones must be cared for properly when they die and even those who are unloved are still properly taken care of. Everyone acknowledges the importance of funeral rituals. For, more times than anyone cares to remember the dead, the uncared for dead, risen have up to terrorise the living. And, though sword and hammer will curtail them, Undead only a priest of Morr can put them to rest for good.

So, it is no wonder that the Temple of Morr has sent missionaries to the City of the Damned. Accompanied with both mercenary parties or armed guards and nobles, the priests of Morr come. The Judgement of Sigmar has taken many, many lives and, so the stories go, many more are being lost each day. For the priest of Morr this means their presence is urgently needed.

MERCENARY HERO

The priest of Morr is a new Hero that can be used by mercenary warbands and in doing so he replaces one of that warband's heroes. It is unlikely that Witch Hunters and Sisters of Sigmar will have a priest of Morr accompanying them, so neither of these two warbands may take one.

SKILLS AND EXPERIENCE

Priests of Morr start with 8 Experience.

Priests of Morr use Academic and Speed skills.

HERO

0-1 Priest of Morr 35 gold crowns to hire

Dressed in the plain black robes of their faith, the priests of Morr have come to Mordheim to insure the souls of those who have died safe passage and, more importantly, that the dead remain as such.

Priest of Morr

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Priest	4	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	9

Weapons and Armour: As priests of Morr seldom engage in martial activities, they may only be armed with a Dagger and a Scythe as a weapon. Priests of Morr may never wear armour.

SPECIAL RULES

Loner: Few people care to spend any length of time in the company of a priest of Morr - even when it is their duty to do so. As such, a priest of Morr is used to being alone and probably prefers it that way. Priests of Morr do not suffer from the All Alone rules.

Funerary Rites: Priests of Morr are not wizards by any means, however, they do have numerous Funerary Rites, which they may

perform. As such, priests of Morr may choose a Funerary Rite listed below, using the rules for Magic on page 56 of the Mordheim book.

FUNERARY RITES

Priests of Morr use Funerary rites to insure that the dead remain dead, that their body is sanctified and sealed and their soul safely passed into Morr's keeping.

1D6 - Result

1 - Morr's Protection Difficulty: 6

The Priest of Morr calls out to his god when confronted by an abomination and asks that he be shielded from the corrupted magic of the tainted. Any Magical attacks made by a Necromancer, a Magister or Daemons, which would be considered a direct attack on the priest, will be negated if this rite is successful.

2 - Death Holds No Fear Difficulty: Auto

Priests of Morr must be steadfast in their resolution and as such must, above all else, have no fear of death. The priest of Morr is now Fearless for the remainder of the game.

3 - Sanctity of the Fallen Difficulty: 7

'Those who fall shall be sanctified and their soul freed, in the name of Morr, god of death.' The priest of Morr may attempt to perform the Rite of Sanctity on a model (friend or foe) who has been taken Out of Action. The priest of Morr must be within 6" of the model in question. If successful, the model may not be raised up by a Necromancer.

4 - Hand of Morr Difficulty: 9

'By his the hand of Morr, the Undead shall become as dust and ashes.' The priest of Morr must be in base-to-base contact with an Undead model. Before Hand-to-Hand combat occurs, the priest of Morr may attempt to use the Hand of Morr rite. If successful the foe immediately goes out of action (this affects Zombies, Dire Wolves and Vampires). Ghouls and Possessed affected by this rite will immediately flee their full Move away from the priest of Morr.

5 - Do you know who I am? Difficulty: 7

'Gaze upon me, abomination, for I am a priest of Morr.' This rite has a range of 6" and must be directed at the closest Undead model first, or if no Undead are within range, at the next closest human servant of the Undead (Dregs, Ghouls, Necromancers), or finally at any model. If successful, that model is immediately Stunned. If the model cannot be Stunned, then it is Knocked Down instead.

6 - I am death!

Difficulty: 8

'I am a priest of Morr, god of death!' It is a well-known fact that the priests of Morr are not martially inclined. Their divine duties involved the dead, not the taking of life. However, there are times when a priest of Morr will be called to engage in combat and who would be more feared than a representative of the god of Death? This spell gives the priest of Morr a 6+ armour save and increases their WS by either +1 or makes it 4, whichever is greater.

NEW WEAPON

Scythe

Range: Close Combat Strength: As user +1

Special Rules: Difficult to use, Two Handed

Scythes are normally implements used in the fields by farmers. It is rare to see them wielded as weapons of warfare. However, the scythe also carries with it an image of death. It is the symbol of the Grim Reaper, the representation of famine and starvation and disease through the lack of harvested food. Priests of Morr, when they need to, may carry a Scythe as a weapon. This is of heavier manufacture, and designed to reap warriors rather than wheat. Because the Scythe is unwieldy, it must be used with two-hands and cannot be used with another weapon, shield or buckler.



Wolf Priest of Ulric



The Wolf
Priests of

Ulric hail from Middenheim, the city of the White Wolf, built on a plateau that according to legend was created by a mighty blow from Ulric's fist. Ulric, the

White Wolf, is the god of winter and a violent god, and his priests see the hammer-like blow of the comet on Mordheim as Ulric's judgment on the decadent Sigmarites.

Wolf Priests may only join a Middenheim Mercenary warband and will replace one of the Champions. They see Witch Hunters and Sisters of Sigmar as heretics and worse due to the intense rivalry between the cults of Ulric and Sigmar.

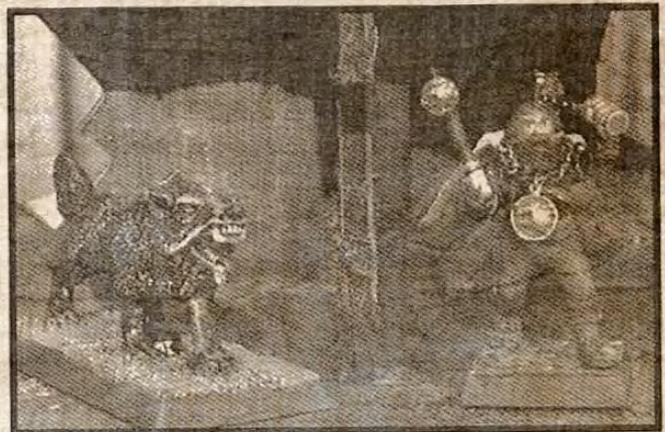
WOLF PRIEST

Hero 60 GC to hire

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf Priest	4	3	2	3	3	1	3	1	8

Weapons and Armour

Wolf Priests may not use any armour, trusting only in Ulric's protection. The only exception



is that every Wolf Priest is garbed in a cloak made from the pelt of a white wolf: 6+ save. The cost of the cloak is included in the cost of the priest.



Wolf Priests prefer the use of blunt weapons to those with edges, and thus may only use hammers, maces, clubs, flails, morning stars, and the two-handed version of any of these. The exception to this is the ubiquitous dagger that most models carry.

Skills

Wolf Priests may chose from the Combat, Academic, Strength and Speed lists.

Special Rules

Hatred: Wolf Priests see Witch Hunters (Templars of Sigmar), Warrior-Priests, Sigmarite Matriarchs and Sisters Superior as agents of an opposing cult, and thus they HATE these models. That hatred does not extend to other models in those warbands, as the Wolf Priests see them simply as misguided followers of an errant cult.

Wolf Companion: Wolf Priests may be accompanied by a huge wolf. (See Wolf Companion entry following Wolf Priest rules.)



Being a true and faithful account of a ferocious
new sword for hire by the venerable hand of
Enrique Durand.

Prayers of Ulric

In a similar way to Sigmarite Sisters and Warrior-Priests and their prayers to Sigmar, Wolf Priests call upon their god for assistance in times of battle. Wolf Priests may use a wolf cloak and still chant these prayers. They are prayers, not spells, and thus any special protection against spells does not affect them. Wolf Priests use the rules for magic on page 56 of the rulebook with the following prayers.

D6 result

1 Snow Squall Difficulty 6

Ulric extends his protection to the Wolf Priest in the form of a localised snow squall that engulfs the model. All enemy models in HtH combat with the priest are at -1 to hit due to the swirling snow and winds. The spell lasts for the duration of the HtH combat.

2 Hammerschlag Difficulty 10

The Wolf Priest calls down a hammer blow from Ulric on any model within 6". That model suffers a S4 attack from an enormous ethereal hammer, including the concussion special rule.

3 Bloodlust Difficulty 7

The Wolf Priest is infused with a lust for battle and attacks wildly. All attacks are at S +2, and he scores a critical hit on a 5-6. The Wolf Priest must test, by rolling the prayer's difficulty or greater on 2d6, each turn to see if the prayer remains in effect.

4 Wolf's Hunger Difficulty 7

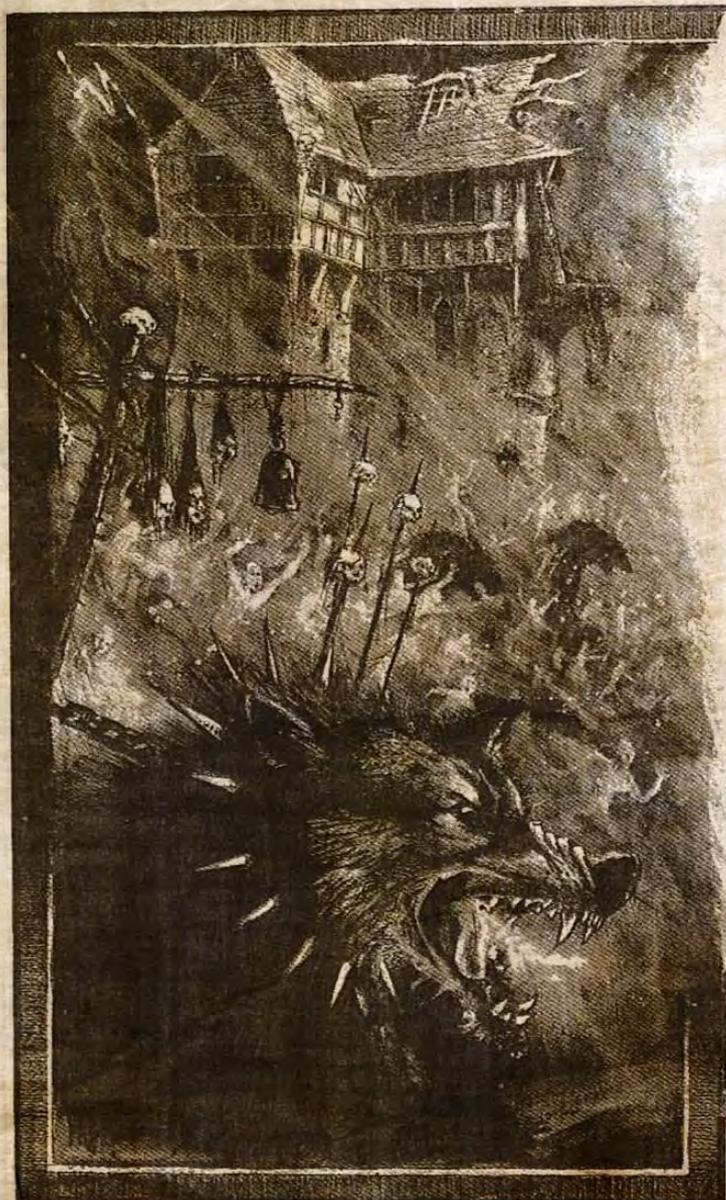
One member of the warband (priest's choice) is thrown into a Frenzy. (See page 39 of the Mordheim rulebook for details.)

5 Ulric's Howl Difficulty 10

The Wolf Priest's prayer is answered as an ear-shattering inhuman howl roars from his throat. For the duration of the battle, all members of the priest's warband are immune to Fear, Terror or All Alone tests as they feel the presence of their god. Additionally, all Rout tests are at +1.



Wolf Priest of Ulric



6 Call of Ulric Difficulty 10

The Wolf Priest lets out a cry of agony as his body re-shapes itself into that of a huge, slaving wolf with the following profile:

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf	6	4	0	4	4	1	5	2	6

During the time that the priest is in the form of a wolf, he may do nothing but attack as a wolf: no spell-casting or weapons use. He still hates Sigmar's minions, however. In each shooting phase, the priest may choose to make a Ld test (using the Wolf's Ld 6) to regain his human form. If he is still in wolf form at the end of the battle, he gets one last chance to return to human form. If he does



not, then he remains a wolf forever! He is still a hero, and thus entitled to XP gains and attribute increases. He may only choose skills from the Speed Table, with the exception of Scale Sheer Surfaces. The max attributes for a wolf are;

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
7	6	0	4	4	3	7	3	7

WOLF COMPANION

Henchman 25 GC to hire

Warbands may only purchase a wolf companion if they have a Wolf Priest of Ulric in their midst. The priest may choose to be accompanied by a huge wild wolf, which often scouts ahead to warn the priest of danger.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	4	0	4	4	1	4	2	5

Weapons/Armour

The wolf uses its fangs to attack its prey and cannot use any other weapon. Their thick coat of fur counts as a wolf cloak for protection: 6+ save.

Special Rules

Animals: Wolf companions are animals and thus do not gain any experience.



Witch

30 gold crowns to hire + 15 gold crowns upkeep

There are those practitioners of magic that dwell permanently within the depraved ruins of Mordheim. They are unable to find a place in society and live as hermits, conjuring their magicks in utter solitude. These creatures are witches and are often seen in the broken down houses and ruined shacks that litter the City of the Damned, stooped over bubbling cauldrons, sheltering from the rain. They are ancient and individual practitioners of magic, using many old spells, and methods that are older still. It is a lucky warband that can find and employ the services of a witch for they are reclusive and solitary individuals but can be swayed when the price or purpose suits them.

May be Hired: Any warband except Witch Hunters and Sisters of Sigmar.

Rating: A Witch increases the warband's rating by +14 points, plus 1 point for each experience point she has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Witch	4	2	2	2	3	1	4	1	7

Weapons/Armour: Staff.

SPECIAL RULES

Wizard: The Witch has the ability to use magic and casts spells like any other wizard. She has two spells generated at random from the Charms ~ Hexes list. See below for details.

Recluse: Witches are very reclusive individuals and therefore difficult to employ. Even when they are found they may be reluctant to aid the warband no matter how much gold they offer. When attempting to hire a Witch the warband leader must roll a D6. If he or she can score a 4+ the Witch can be hired, otherwise the Witch shuns them and they will have to try again after their next battle.



Potions: The Witch is an expert as brewing all manner of curious concoctions. A single hero in the warband who have hired the Witch may partake of such a potion before the battle. Roll a D6 to discover the draught's effect.

- 1** **Debilitating:** The potion is simply too potent for the hero and weakens them. They are at -1 Toughness for whole of the next battle until they roll a 6 on a D6 in the recovery phase to shrug off the ill effects.
- 2-3** **Strength.** The hero is infused with strength as he quaffs the potion. He is at +1 Strength until he rolls a 1 on a D6 in the recovery phase.
- 4-5** **Resilience.** An inner resilience passes through the hero. He is at +1 to Toughness until he rolls a 1 on a D6 in the recovery phase.
- 6** **Fortitude.** The hero's constitution is increased and he feels ready to take anyone on. He gains an extra wound for the whole battle. However, once lost the wound cannot be restored.

Reluctant: Whilst she is happy to use her magic to aid the warband, the Witch is reluctant to enter the fray herself. As such the Witch will never charge (although if charged she will defend herself) and will always try to stay at least 8" away from enemy models and must move away if she finds herself within this distance.

Representing Your Hired Swords

The Hired Swords described in this article are easy enough to represent with little conversion using existing Citadel Miniatures. Below I present a summary of the models I use to represent my Hired Swords and where appropriate some suggestions for others.

Duelist. For my Duelist I used the old Militia with pistol model, adding a sword from the Mordheim accessory sprue. Any model with a pistol will do really, as long as they look mysterious and menacing enough!

Bard. For the Bard I used the Tristran the Troubadour model (Bretonnian special character). Simply cut his body at the waist, add some Mordheim human mercenary legs and replace his lance with the lute. Any rough areas can be tidied up with green stuff, easy!

Bounty Hunter. Bounty Hunters can be represented using the human mercenary sprue. In fact Journal 35 has some excellent examples of what you could do. I personally use the Braganza model from Braganza's Besiegers, with his plume filed off and the addition of some rope and a sword from the Mordheim accessory sprue.

Witch. Witch models can be represented using the female Middenheimer Youngblood model. Swap one of her hammers and replace it with a staff end there you have it, a Witch! If you really want to make her stand out, why not use Bastet the cat (Neferata's familiar) as a familiar.



Charms & Hexes

Charms and Hexes are the magic of Witches. They involve copious amounts of spell ingredients and painstaking incantations but they can be devastating reducing enemies to pitiful wrecks and infusing comrades with almost incomprehensible luck

D6 Result

1 Scry

Difficulty 6

The Witch uses ancient diving crystals to foretell the future and influence the actions of her comrades.

For the duration of the turn one hero or henchman may re-roll D3 dice rolls and + or -1 to the result.

2 Curse

Difficulty 6

The Witch bestows a powerful curse on one of her enemies that saps their confidence and resolve.

One enemy model within 12" of the Witch must re-roll all successful dice rolls for the duration of this and their next turn.

3 Dust of the Blind

Difficulty 9

Casting a handful of dust into the air, the Witch blows it around her, blinding her enemies.

One enemy model within 16" of the Witch is struck instantly blind. They may not shoot, charge or run, are at half Weapon Skill and will move in a random direction at the start of their turn. The Blindness lasts until the Witch casts another spell or moves.

4 Age of Stone

Difficulty 8

Whispering words of ancient power the Witch causes an enemy to age rapidly before their very eyes, making them weak and feeble!

One enemy model within 12" of the Witch will be severely debilitated and all of their characteristics are reduced by -1 for the duration of this and their next turn.

5 Warrior's Bane

Difficulty 7

Muttering a dark and malicious incantation the Witch causes a warrior's grip to loosen, making it almost impossible for them to attack.

One enemy model within 18" of the Witch will be unable to use any of their weapons as they perpetually slip from their grasp. They will be unable to shoot and count as fighting with fists in hand-to-hand combat. The enchantment lasts for the duration of this and their next turn.

6 Cure

Difficulty 6

A faint aura extends from the Witch's body. All who are touched by it feel warmth and vitality flowing through their veins.

All friendly models within 6" of the Witch have a single wound healed. In addition any stunned or knocked down models may immediately stand up.

It's a Kind Of Magic

By Jake Thornton

There are many wizards, witches and mages that roam the Old World, many in search of the powerful wyrdstone that lies scattered across the ruins of Mordheim. However, not all are seeking wealth and power alone.

Elf Mage

45 gold crowns to hire

Unlike the staid and traditionally insular archmages of the Tower of Saphery, devotees of the smaller Djed'hi temple are wanderers. After a brief few decades study at the temple on Ulthuan, they leave to seek enlightenment in the true ways of magic by studying the ways of the world. There is no single path to this enlightenment, indeed there are said to be more paths than there are those that tread them.

The Djed'hi are not merely students of the academic arts. Their wanderings are perilous and inevitably lead them into dangerous lands where they must defend themselves. Thus, most of their magics are means to enable them to survive to explore the world another day.

Few of the Djed'hi own much in the way of possessions, and this saves them from some of the less savoury folk they encounter. However, although robbing them is generally not worth the effort, the mere fact that they are Elves is enough to attract bigots and small-minded fools to attack them. All this just underlines the natural feelings of superiority of the wanderers, which in turn makes their enlightenment all the more distant.

May be Hired: Human Mercenaries may hire Elf Mages.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Elf Mage	5	4	3	3	3	2	6	1	8

Rating: An Elf Mage increases the warband's rating by +23 Points.

Equipment: Staff, Elven cloak.

Skills: An Elf Mage is a wanderer and will not stay long enough with a warband to learn new skills.

SPECIAL RULES

Wizard: Elf Mages are magicians and have three spells generated at random from the list on the opposite page. See the magic section of the rulebook for more details.

Sorcery: See page 123 of the rulebook.

Fey: Hostile magic spells will not affect the Elf on a D6 roll of a 4+.

Wanderer: An Elf Mage is a wanderer, and will only

stay with a warband for the duration of a single battle. A warband who used an Elf Mage in their last battle may not seek out another until they have fought at least one battle without one.



Spells Of The Djed'hi

- 1 Divination of Shirath** **Difficulty 6**
Looking into the mists of the future, the Mage divines his best move.
The Mage may re-roll all his failed dice rolls, though the second result stands. The effect lasts until the beginning of the Mage's next turn.
- 2 Shimmering Shield** **Difficulty 7**
The Mage is surrounded by a pale glow.
This spell acts as a shield to protect the Mage. It gives him an additional unmodified 5+ save against all attacks. The effect lasts until the beginning of the Mage's next turn.
- 3 Statue of Light** **Difficulty 7**
A pillar of light transfixes the Mage as another stabs down from the heavens to pin his target.
The Mage chooses a single enemy model he can see. That model may not move as long as the Mage remains both static and alive. The Mage and the target may cast spells normally, but fight in close combat at -2 WS (minimum of 1).
- 4 Fleeting Shadows** **Difficulty 8**
The Mage slips between worlds, shimmering in and out of existence and becoming hard to pinpoint exactly.
The first time the Mage is hit in close combat or shooting, the spell protects him and the hit is ignored. Move the Mage 2" from his current position in a random direction (but not off a cliff, etc). This is where he really was all along. The spell remains in play until it saves the Mage from a hit, whereupon it is dispelled. It may not be cast again whilst it is in play.
- 5 Hunter's Fury** **Difficulty 9**
The Mage gestures at the target, and glowing arrows shoot from his fingertips to fly at the foe.
The spell summons D3+1 arrows which the Mage can use to shoot against one enemy model following the rules for normal shooting. The arrows have a range of 36". Use the Mage's own Ballistic Skill to determine whether he hits or not, but ignore movement, range and cover penalties. Each arrow causes one S3 hit.
- 6 Silent Guardian** **Difficulty 9**
Glowing swords appear by the Mage, leaping to his defence if he is attacked in close combat.
This spell acts as an invisible guardian that will defend the Mage. If the Mage is attacked in close combat then the guardian will fight first with WS5, S3. The guardian will make 1 attack per turn against each enemy that attacks the Mage. The guardian will not leave the Mage's side, and will only fight if the Mage himself is being attacked. The Guardian cannot be attacked in return and will only be dispelled if the Mage casts another spell or dies.



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.

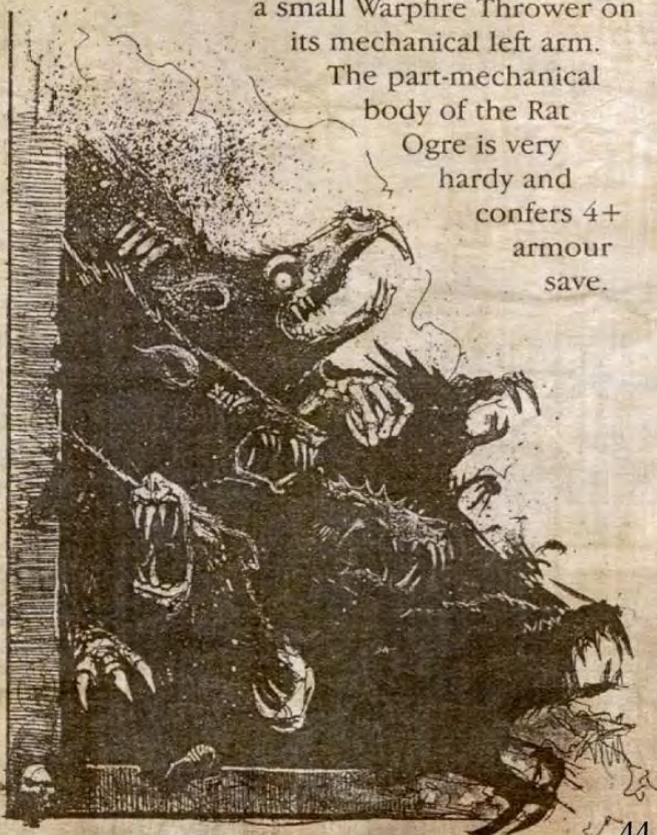
May be hired: Only Skaven warbands may hire the Clan Skryre Rat Ogre.

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 closet 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.

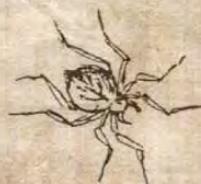
Immune to Poison: The Clan Skryre Rat Ogre is not affected by any poisons.

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.

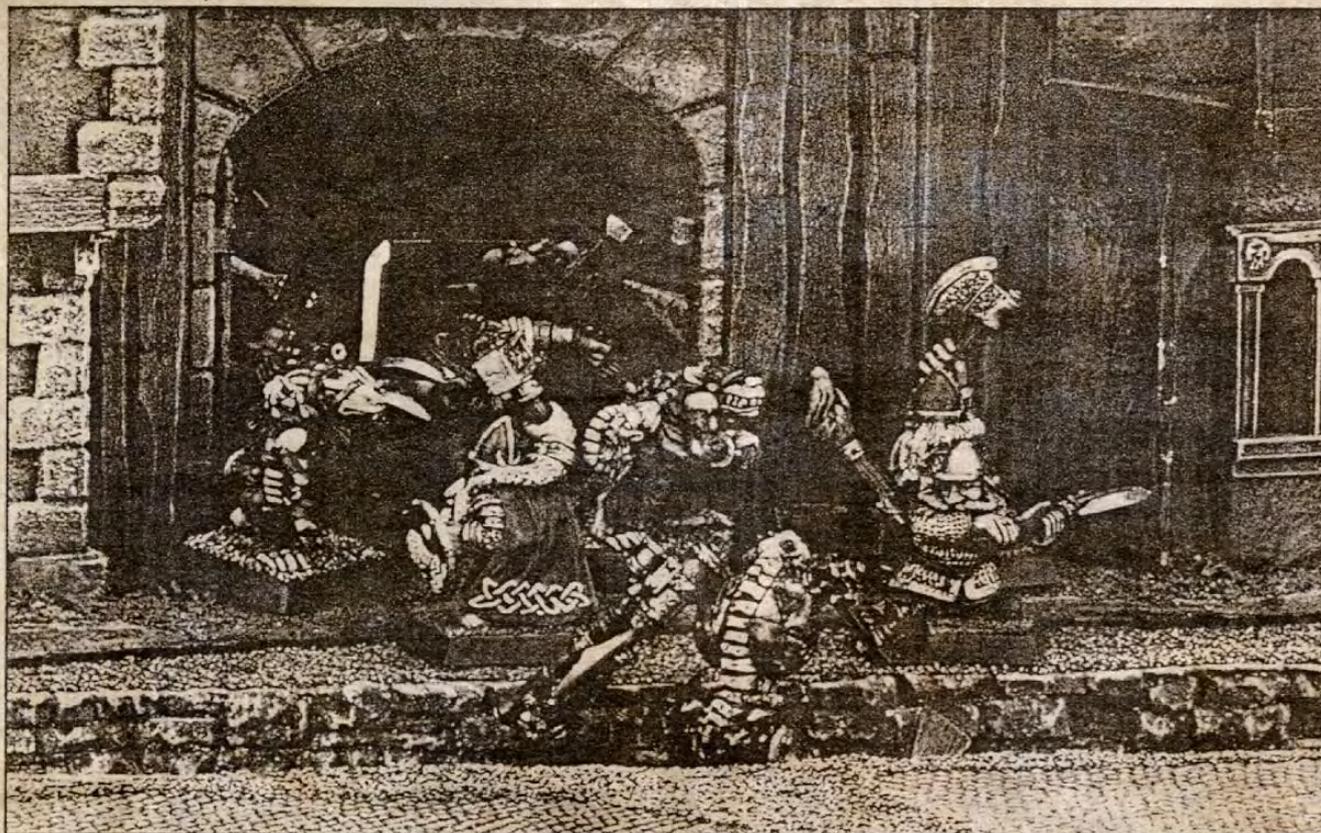




Malfunction Table

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 slavering 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..."



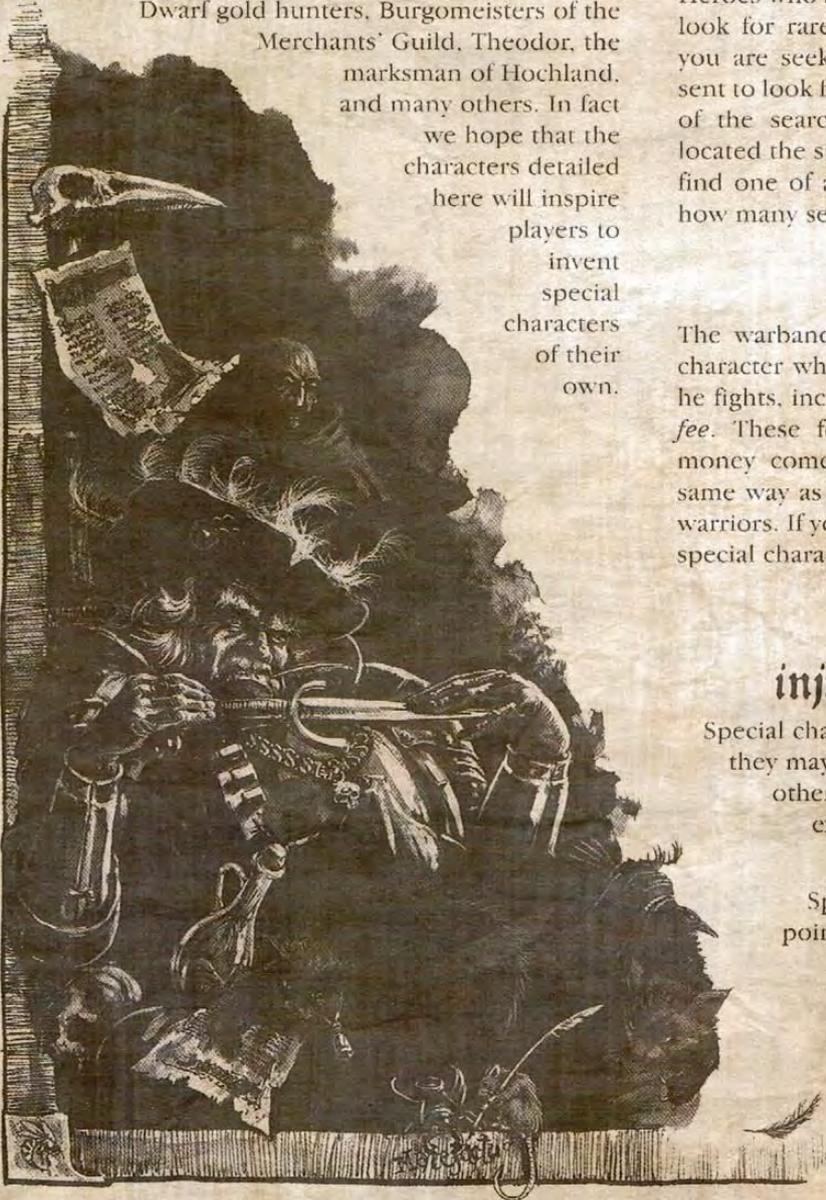
Dramatis personae

This section details some of the strangest and most famous (or infamous) characters to be found in Mordheim and the outlying settlements. Occasionally, these warriors join forces with a warband (usually demanding wyrdstone or a bag of gold in payment).

The following characters (known as 'special characters') are hard to find and expensive to hire – you must be lucky and wealthy to attract their attention.

This list does not, by any means, include all the famous warriors and cold-hearted killers you could encounter in Mordheim. There are famous Dwarf gold hunters, Burgomeisters of the Merchants' Guild, Theodor, the marksman of Hochland, and many others. In fact

we hope that the characters detailed here will inspire players to invent special characters of their own.



You can only ever have one of a particular special character in your warband. A warband may employ as many special characters as it likes – if it can afford them!

Looking for special characters

After a battle, you can send any number of your Heroes to look for a special character. Only Heroes can look (Henchmen are rarely trustworthy enough). Heroes who went *out of action* in the last battle are unable to join the search because they are recovering from their wounds.

Heroes who are looking for a special character cannot look for rare items. Decide which special character you are seeking, and how many Heroes have been sent to look for him. Roll a D6 for each searcher. If any of the searchers rolls under his Initiative he has located the special character. You can, of course, only find one of a particular special character, no matter how many searchers roll under their Initiative.

Hire fee

The warband must pay the *hire fee* for the special character when he is recruited, and after each battle he fights, including the first, you must pay an *upkeep fee*. These fees are indicated in the entries. This money comes from the warband's treasury in the same way as buying new weapons or recruiting new warriors. If you don't have enough gold to pay for the special character he leaves the warband.

experience, injuries and equipment

Special characters have their own equipment. Only they may use this equipment; it can't be given to other warriors. Furthermore, you cannot buy extra weapons or equipment for a special character.

Special characters do not earn Experience points, although they suffer serious injuries, just like Heroes, if they are taken *out of action*.

Each special character's description tells you how much to add to your warband's rating for including them (taking into account their experience and abilities).

Johann the knife

"Get your hands off me, brute! Let go of me, and I'll tell you what I know. So, you seek Johann the Knife! Take my advice, friend, do not speak his name out loud. He does not like people talking about him in the street. What do you seek him for anyway? So, you've got a job for him! Well, why didn't you say so before? I cannot say where you might find him, because I do not know myself. Who does? Anyway, no matter. When he hears word, he will find you soon enough! Ha! ha! It will cost you though, for he likes gold, does Johann. He knows this city – what's left of it – like the back of his hand. If he can't find someone, no-one can. He is like a shadow, he can go in and out of anywhere, unseen. He can also fight his way out of anywhere. No-one can catch him.

As quick as lightning with a knife, he is! No traces, all very neat and tidy. All I need from you is the gold, and the name. Johann will do the rest."

Conversation overheard in Mordheim



Of the many cutthroats and assassins for hire that infest the settlements around Mordheim, Johann the Knife is the most famous. He exhibits his vocation as hired knife-fighter and assassin extraordinaire by the various lethal-looking daggers hanging from his belt, and the mean glint of his eyes. Johann wears dark leather gear, slightly out of fashion, which has never been washed (or so the barmaids say). His long face bears the scars of many a fight, and his unkempt hair is lank and greasy.

Johann's purse is always heavy with gold, and he takes no trouble to hide it, since only a fool would try to steal it from him. Many have tried, and all have died... very quickly. The craftsmanship and quality of Johann's daggers is beyond compare, as he has taken them from the bodies of the many wealthy, but unskilful, opponents he has despatched in vicious duels.

Hire Fee: 70 gold crowns to hire; +30 gold crowns upkeep cost. Johann is addicted to Crimson Shade, so you may hire him for one portion of Crimson Shade if you wish.

May be Hired: Any warband except Skaven, Undead and the Possessed may hire Johann.

Rating: Johann the Knife increases a warband's rating by +60 points.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Id
Johann	4	3	6	4	3	2	6	1	7

Weapons/Armour: Johann is armed with countless throwing knives and several long daggers (he always counts as having two swords in close combat). His weapons are always coated with Black Lotus and he may take Crimson Shade before a battle if you want him to.

SKILLS

Johann has the following skills: *Dodge*, *Scale Sheer Surfaces*, *Quick Shot*, *Eagle Eyes* and *Knife Fighter*.

SPECIAL RULES

Knife Fighter Extraordinaire: Johann has a deserved reputation for being the greatest knife-fighter in whole of the Empire. Unlike normal warriors, he can combine the *Knife Fighter* and *Quick Shot* skills (yes, he can throw six throwing knives in one turn if he does not move!).

Aenur, the sword of twilight

Many famous swordsmen have come to Mordheim to make their fortune, but few can match the terrifying reputation of the Elf swordsman Aenur. This mighty warrior was responsible for slaying the entire Possessed warband of Karl Zimmeran, and single-handedly cleansed the Rat Hole, a settlement that had been overrun by Beastmen.

Rumours about Aenur's origin abound. Elves usually avoid human settlements, and Mordheim in particular, but for some reason the tall, pale swordsman has stayed in the proximity of the ruined city for months.

Some say Aenur comes from beyond the Great Ocean, from the fabled Elven kingdoms, and that he is the captain of the legendary Order of Swordmasters. Others claim that he is a Wood Elf prince in exile. Aenur himself says little about his past and those who are wise do not question him.

Whenever a warband prepares an expedition to explore the inner city, there is a chance they may hear a sharp rap at the gate of their encampment – their unexpected visitor will be Aenur, offering his services to their leader.

If, indeed, Aenur seeks something in the grim ruins of Mordheim, no-one knows what this might be. Some say that he wishes to explore the Pit itself, and slay the enigmatic Shadow Lord, though such a task must surely be above even this mighty warrior.

Aenur is tall even for an Elf, and beneath his finely woven Elven cloak he wears armour of gleaming ithilmar. He carries a sword of immense size which is rumoured to have arcane properties. Certainly no-one who has been struck by it has ever lived to tell the tale.

Hire Fee: 150 gold crowns to hire.

May be Hired: Any warband except Skaven, Undead and the Possessed may hire Aenur.

Rating: Aenur increases the warband's rating by +100 points.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Aenur	5	8	4	4	3	2	7	3	8

Weapons/Armour: Aenur wears ithilmar armour, an Elven cloak and carries an enormous sword known as *Ienh-Khain*.

Skills: Aenur has the following skills: *Strike to Injure*, *Expert Swordsman*, *Step Aside*, *Sprint*, *Lightning Reflexes*, *Dodge* and *Mighty Blow*.

SPECIAL RULES

Invincible Swordsman. Aenur always hits his opponents on a roll of 2+ in hand-to-hand combat.

Wanderer. Aenur only ever stays with a warband for the duration of the battle. A warband who used Aenur in their last battle may not seek him out until they have fought at least one battle without him.

Ienh-Khain (the Hand of Khaine). Ienh-Khain is an incredibly long single-edged sword, which Aenur uses with consummate skill. This sword allows Aenur to parry, adds +1 to his Strength and causes a critical hit on a roll of 5-6 when rolling to wound.



— Veskit, High executioner of clan eshin —

"It killed us all! We couldn't stop it, our weapons broke against its body... It was black, like a shadow, and it was moving so fast, cutting men to shreds left and right. We fought, yes we fought hard, and old Marcus even tried his trick with the oil flask. It was engulfed by flames and for a moment we thought we'd stopped it. No way, it came out of the fire, still ablaze. It was as if it didn't care! That was too much and those left of us ran for it. Still it followed us, on and on, relentless and merciless. There was no escaping, no hiding, its red eye could always spot you. Oh that eye... that eye..."

Last words of Fritz Huber at the Inn of the Red Moon.

Veskit was already a talented clan Eshin Assassin when he was entrusted with his most difficult mission. He was hired by Clan Skyre to free one of their oldest and most experienced Warlocks who was being held hostage by a rival clan.

Veskit managed to take the prisoner back, fighting his way through the guards, but at a very high cost. He suffered terrible wounds and would have certainly died, but the Nightmaster of Clan Eshin made a pact with the Warlock Engineers. The Skaven scientist-sorcerers replaced various parts of Veskit's body with their part technological, part magical implants and made him into a walking arsenal of deadly weapons. Veskit is now more a machine than a living thing, and his thirst for killing has become almost uncontrollable.

When news of the wyrdstone came to the hidden fortress of Clan Eshin, the Nightmaster sent Veskit to Mordheim to deter the man-things from exploring the city, which rightfully belonged to the Skaven. From that day on, many adventurers have met their end in the dark allies of Mordheim. Veskit's unblinking eye misses nothing, and those he hunts on the streets of Mordheim never return to the Gargoyle Gate.

Hire Fee: 80 gold crowns to hire; +35 gold crowns upkeep cost.

May be Hired: Veskit may only be hired by Skaven warbands.

Rating: Veskit increases the warband's rating by +70 points.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Id
Veskit	5	5	4	4	4	2	5	4	8

Weapons/Armour: Eshin Fighting Claws (the extra attack is included in his profile). Each Fighting Claw incorporates an in-built warlock pistol, so Veskit can shoot in every turn, and he fights in close combat with Strength 5 and a save modifier of -3 (note that he can still parry twice with his claws!).

SPECIAL RULES

Unfeeling. Veskit is a cold, calculating killing machine, and feels few of the emotions that living things do. He is therefore immune to all psychology.

No Pain. Veskit ignores *knocked down* and *stunned* results on the Injury chart. He must lose his last wound and be taken *out of action* before he is removed from battle.

Unblinking Eye. Thanks to the sorcerous devices built by the Warlock Engineers of Clan Skyre, Veskit can spot hidden enemies within twice his Initiative value in inches.

Metallic Body. These give Veskit his high Toughness and a 3+ armour save.



✠ Bertha Bestraufung, High matriarch of the sisterhood ✠

Years ago, Bertha sought refuge in the strict discipline and devotions of the Sisters of Sigmar. Only the warrior god of the Empire was worthy of her esteem. Only He was constant and faithful. And had not holy Sigmar, in truth, chosen her to be one of his handmaidens?

The pure blood of the Unberogens runs in Bertha's veins, as evinced by her long golden plaits and fierce blue eyes, which can freeze a Goblin at twenty paces with an icy glare. Even her voice commands authority, turning strong, hairy-thewed men into trembling wretches.

The Sisters look up to Bertha as an example of holy womanhood. She rose rapidly through the ranks of the Sisterhood, and on her deathbed the revered Matriarch Cassandra named Bertha her successor, new High Matriarch, and Abedissa of Sigmar's Rock.

Sometimes, as Bertha straps on her Gromril armour in the light of dawn, she reflects on the lost innocence of her youth. Then, angrily, she tightens the studded leather straps tightly over her iron-hard limbs and strides outside to spend hours practising with her great warhammers, preparing herself, as a bride of Sigmar should, for the day of battle.

Extract from the Tome of Heroes

Hire Fee: None. Bertha will come to the aid of any Sisters of Sigmar warband if they send one or more of their Heroines to look for her in the normal manner, rolling under their Initiative (representing their efforts to gain audience with the High Matriarch). If she does grant an audience, she might decide that her personal help is needed in the forthcoming battle. She will only come to the aid of a Sisters of Sigmar warband if their enemy has a higher warband rating. Consult the table below, and roll a D6 to see whether Bertha will aid the warband.

Difference in Warband Rating	Dice roll required	
0-49	Nil	
50-99	6+	
100-149	5+	
150-199	4+	
200+	3+	

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bertha	4	5	3	4	4	2	4	3	10

May be Hired: Bertha Bestraufung will only join Sisters of Sigmar warbands.

Rating: Bertha increases a warband's rating by +105 points.

Weapons/Armour: Bertha is armed with two Sigmarite warhammers, wears gromril armour, and carries a vial of blessed water and a holy relic.

SKILLS

Bertha has the following skills: *Mighty Blow*, *Unstoppable Charge* and *Righteous Fury*.

PRAYERS OF SIGMAR

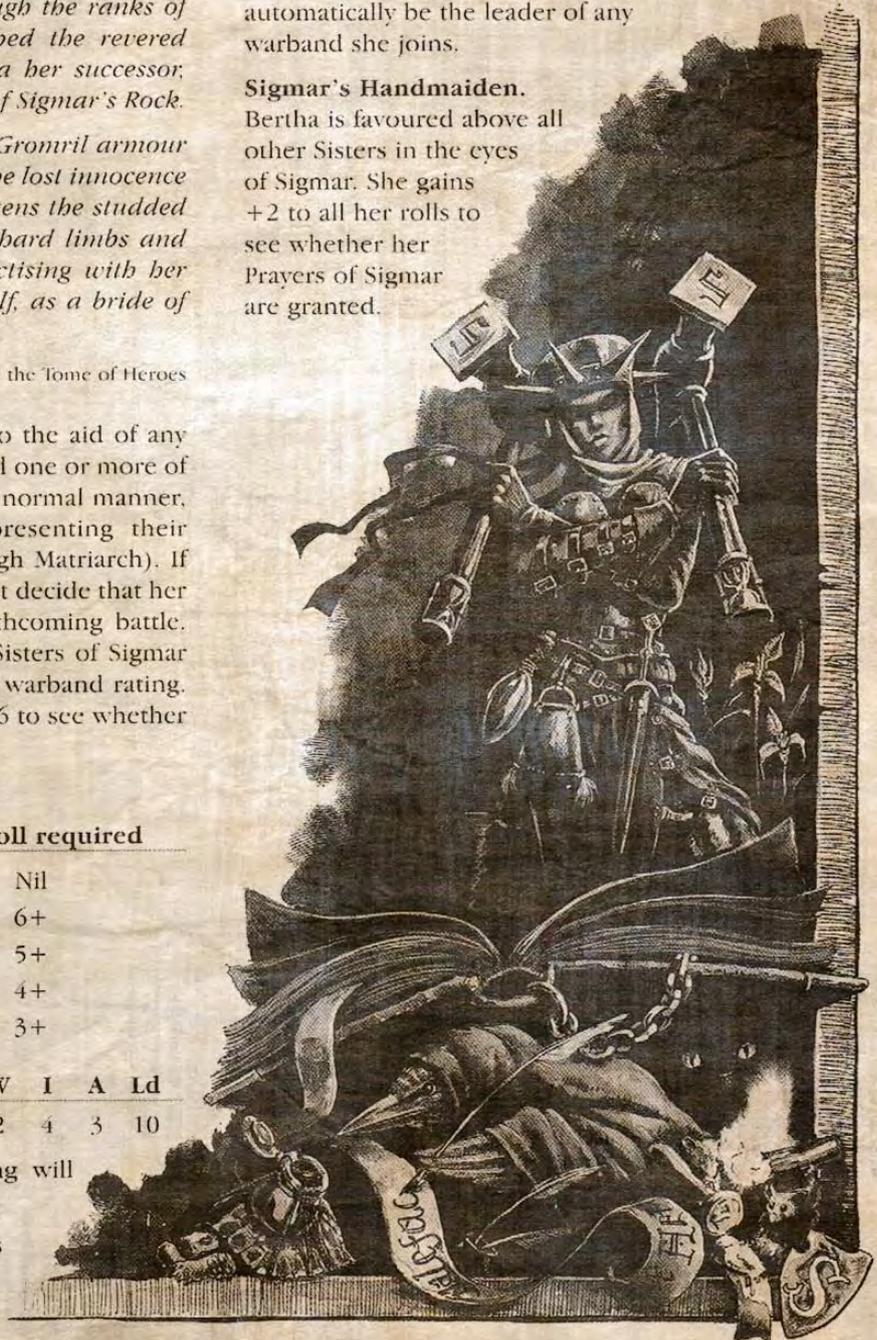
Bertha knows all six Prayers of Sigmar.

SPECIAL RULES

High Matriarch. As the High Matriarch of the Sisters of Sigmar's Mercy, Bertha will automatically be the leader of any warband she joins.

Sigmar's Handmaiden.

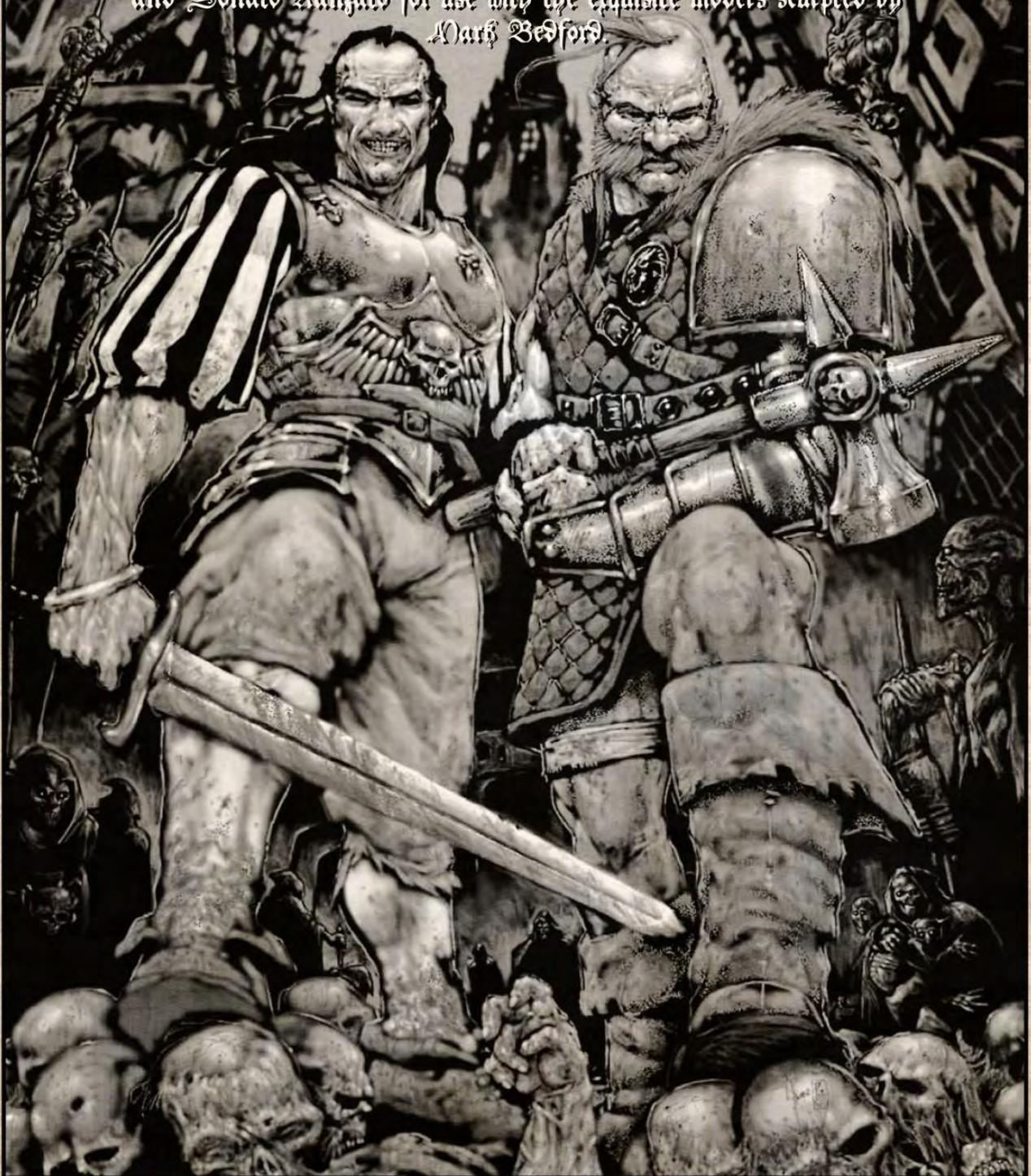
Bertha is favoured above all other Sisters in the eyes of Sigmar. She gains +2 to all her rolls to see whether her Prayers of Sigmar are granted.



Ulli & Marquand

New Dramatis Personae based on Gordon Rennie's popular characters from the comic *Warhammer Monthly* beautifully brought to life by the art of Karl Kopinski and Paul Seacock.

Written here by the scribes of great Renown Space McQuirk and Donato Ranzato for use with the exquisite models sculpted by Mark Bedford.



Dramatis Personae

Listen well my brothers
to this, the true story.

Yes, behind those
two villainous rogues.

Ulli and Marquand,
the bane of many.

For the wise would do
well to avoid them.

But who amongst those of
the Cursed City can be
counted among the wise?

A Pair of Rogues

Never in the history of the Empire have there been such a villainous pair of rogues as Marquand Volker and Ulli Leitpold. Once brigands in a mercenary regiment responsible for a long list of crimes, they were caught by bounty hunters and enlisted into the slave army of the Count of Stirland. The pair escaped their captors on the outskirts of Mordheim, City of the Damned, a ruinous place where death and glory could be found in equal measure. The infamous bandits instantly recognised it as home.

Ulli and Marquand quickly developed a strong rapport with the scum of Mordheim, a place inhabited by the corrupt and immoral outcasts of society. Their martial prowess and ruthless guile soon earned the nefarious partners in crime a high degree of notoriety. As a result, the less noble traders and prospectors of the accursed city eagerly sought out the services of these talented scoundrels.

But their assistance did not come without a high price. Whilst the pair would consider any task thrown their way for a mere handful of gold coin, their loyalty was as fickle as the winds of Chaos. They built up a reputation of betraying employers and stabbing them in the back for the sake of a single crown. They were certainly not beyond using foul and despicable tricks to save their own worthless hides or line their own pockets.

What became of the despicable pair, none can say but legends of their deeds can to this day be heard in taverns throughout the Old World. Each story is more outlandish than the next but few ever doubt the truth behind these fantastic tales.



Dramatis Personae

Both Ulli and Marquand are new Dramatis Personae as described on page 152 of the Mordheim rulebook and follow all of the standard rules therein. Unlike the other Dramatis Personae Ulli, and Marquand are mercenaries hired as a pair for one battle only, you cannot hire only one of them.

May be Hired: any warband except Sisters of Sigmar and Witch Hunters may hire these rogues.

Hire Fee: 30 Gold Crowns to hire as a pair.

Rating: Ulli and Marquand increase the warband rating by +60 points.



Marquand Vokker

Reputedly the son of wealthy Marienburg merchants, what made Marquand embark on a career as a gambler and then a mercenary and assassin is unknown. What is known about this apparent ‘fop’ is that his appearance belies his true nature for he is quite deadly and entirely devoid of any morals. Marquand personifies Mordheim ‘The City of the Damned’ for he is corrupt and rotten to the core – just like that place he calls his ‘home’. An expert swordsman and master of the throwing knife, there are few who have crossed him and lived. In the darkened corners of taverns, tales are told in nervous whispers about this cold-hearted killer’s reputation: that he killed his first victim before he was ten; that he cut the heart out of the Duke of Suddenland while the Duke’s wife slept on beside him. His deadliest foe is the Witch Hunter captain Gottlieb, ‘The Flayer’, whose face Marquand horribly disfigured whilst the erstwhile servant of Sigmar was attempting to redeem Marquand of his sins.

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

Weapons/Armour: Sword, Light armour, throwing knives.

Skills: *Step aside, Knife Fighter, Lightning Reflexes.*



Ulli Leitpold

Marquand’s sidekick and partner in crime. Little is known about this huge framed Middenheimer, apart from it is unwise to be caught anywhere near the business end of his massive warhammer! The tales tell that Ulli Leitpold started out as a mercenary soldier, often in the service of the armies of the Count of Stirland, and that he was present at the slaughter that ensued at the third siege of Nuln. Life as a mercenary is presumably where he derives his unthinking greed and cold nature, no doubt. Ulli spent some time as a bandit and thief and teamed up with Marquand when they were captured by bounty hunters and sentenced to live out their days in the penal battalions of the Count of Stirland. Neither as subtle or as flash as his Marienburg colleague, Ulli prefers to use a combination of brute force and low cunning to achieve his goals.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ulli	4	4	4	4	3	2	4	2	7

Weapons/Armour: Two-handed warhammer, Light armour.

Skills: *Strongman, Unstoppable charge, Combat master.*

SPECIAL RULES

These special rules apply to both Ulli and Marquand.

Wanderers. See Aenur, the Sword of Twilight Mordheim rulebook page 153.

A Fistful of Crowns: These guys will do literally anything for money/wyrdstone and have been known to change sides and stab their former employers in the back for just a





few crowns. To represent this, opposing player(s) may attempt to bribe the pair into betraying their employers and changing sides. At the start of the game, any player(s) wishing to do this must secretly write down how much he is willing to bribe them by (this must of course be more than the pair's starting hire fee!). The controlling/employing player is advised to secretly write down a counter bid at the start of the game also. The bribing player may then choose at the start of any of his turns to attempt to bribe them (even if they are in close combat!). If he does so he must reveal the amount he has written down and if this is more than the hire fee plus the amount the controlling player has for his counter-bid, then he gains control of the pair until the end of the game. Only the player who has control of the pair is forced to pay the additional amount so that if the original controlling player loses control of them through a bribe he doesn't have to pay the counter-bid.

Eg. Captain Steiner of the Averland Avengers Warband has managed to find the duplicitous



pair when scouting the ruins. He pays them their hire fee of 30 gold crowns and they agree to join his warband for the next day's Wyrdstone hunting. Because Steiner is well aware of his new 'partners' treacherous reputation he keeps another 30 gold crowns set aside in a pouch just in case.

Later that day, Steiner comes across the warband of his arch rival, the Reiklander Captain Albrecht 'One Eye'. A fight ensues and when Albrecht recognises Ulli and Marquand (cutting a swathe through his men, no doubt!) he yells out to them that he will pay them fifty gold crowns if they change sides. Ulli and Marquand ponder this for a moment and then turn their weapons against the Averlanders. At this point Steiner throws his pouch of 30 crowns at their feet (making a total of 60 crowns and beating Albrecht's offer of 50) and, after counting the gold, our lovable rogues again turn their weapons towards the hapless Albrecht, much to Steiner's relief. Of course things could have been a lot different! For if Albrecht had bribed only 11 more crowns, because with 61 he would have beaten Steiner's counter-bid and Ulli and Marquand would have stabbed him in the back (literally!) and changed sides.

This bribing business can of course get quite interesting in multi-player games with different players attempting to bribe at different times.

Whichever player succeeds in bribing, or if the controlling player maintains control, they must pay this extra amount.

Where's the Money? These guys are not likely to accept any poor excuses if a warband cannot afford their extra pay. In the event that a player cannot pay the extra either in crowns or Wyrdstone (The warband should sell any Wyrdstone necessary in order to pay the hire or bribe) the pair will deprive the warband of an equal amount in equipment (based on market price). Failing this, they will take out their anger on the warband leader – immediately play a close combat with the pair versus the warband leader on his own and to the death!

Inseparable: These guys are like brothers (very nasty, unpleasant brothers!) and are totally inseparable. They must be hired as a pair and must remain within 8" of each other. In the event that one is taken *Out of Action*, the other will attempt to drag him off of the battlefield and to safety.

In a campaign, if one member of the partnership retires then the other will retire.



The bolt whistled mere inches past Ulli's ear. Ducking back behind a pile of rubble he looked across to the other side of the street.

"Marquand, those shots are getting too close for my liking. What did the wizard want that this madman thinks is so worthwhile defending, and why did I have to hide in the privy whilst you arranged the deal?"

From the broken frame of a window, the flamboyantly dressed Marquand called back to his friend.

"It's a book Ulli, now do me a favour and tell me when you see the crossbowman again."

Ulli raised his head cautiously above the cover of a large chunk of stone.

"It had better be a damn good story, that's all I can say," the broad chested Middenheimer shouted back to his comrade, as another bolt flew through the air, slicing through Ulli's topknot harmlessly.

"If you think I'm risking my neck like that again Marquand you're sadly mistaken." Ulli growled at his friend.

"No need Ulli, it's safe, you can stop cowering behind that stone now."

Standing up Ulli spied the marksman's body draped from a window on the second floor of a ruined townhouse. Blood trickled down the wall from a wound in the man's side from where a small dagger protruded.

"I just needed a small distraction my friend, thank you for obliging. You know I never miss my mark!" Marquand drew his fine blade from its scabbard. "Now if you'd be so kind as to make good use of that hammer of yours to break down the door, we'll see off the remaining guards and take that book to the market."

A puzzled look crossed Ulli's face. "I thought we were to give it to the wizard!" he shouted, charging easily through the thick, but rotten door, and bringing his hammer into the midriff of a surprised Averlander mercenary.

Marquand quickly followed his companion, thrusting with lightning speed at two opponents with his sword. "We were, but think how much this thing will fetch on the open market. Besides, I'll let the old man know of the sale of his precious tome and he is welcome to try and bid for it. But I have a sneaky suspicion that there will be some competition in the auction. I foresee a mystery trader raising the bid a little before letting the wizard buy his precious book." A whirl of steel was the last sight Marquand's unfortunate opponent witnessed before falling to the floor, bleeding from multiple wounds.

Ulli smiled as he finished off the winded Averlander, crushing his skull with a mighty blow of his warhammer.

"You know, my father always told me that books, not fighting, was the best way to make my fortune. Perhaps he was right after all."



For Whom the Bell Tolls...

"Didn't scare yer did I?" mocked Klauten, a thick and toothless grin creasing his worn face.

The youthful Rauter shuddered, his feigned indifference at Klauten's goading unconvincing.

"N...no," he stammered, adjusting the uncomfortable weapons belt about his waist.

The night was black, the blackest Rauter had ever seen, and possessed with a cold the like of which chilled to the very core. The skeletal ruins stood as a stark silhouette

against the silver moonlight and the shadows took on form in Rauter's mind as they advanced, scouring the ruins for forgotten loot. It was best to search at night, the darkness offered secrecy from prying eyes, yet not all that lurks in shadows needs eyes to see...

A deafening silence pervaded, the like of which turned Rauter's nerves to ash as he rubbed the Sigmarite talisman about his neck. "Don't be afraid boy," soothed Klauten, "I'll see no harm comes to you and the others aren't far should trouble find us."

"I'm not afraid," Rauter lied.

"Of course not boy, another tale then?"

"Y...yes," Rauter agreed with reluctance, eager to show his mettle, that he wouldn't be deterred by childhood nightmares. Klauten had been telling them all night in hushed whispers to pass the time and secretly to have some sport with his young charge.

"There are rumours..." Klauten began.

Rauter's eyes were fixed upon the deepening shadows cast by the



Ye dreaded Towne Cryer, a taylor of nightmarish proportions
By Nicodemus Kyme

moon's aura. Within he could imagine all many of foul hell spawn eager to drink his blood and steal his soul but spoke nothing of his fear to Klauten.

"...of a town cryer who walks the streets of our 'fair' city in the dead of night."

"A ghost?" Rauter bitted, turning to look at his comrade who was stony faced and full of serious melodrama.

"An apparition, but once a man whose life ended in tragedy. Yer see, he was possessed with a second sight, the ability to foretell what is yet to be and he saw the wrath of Sigmar about to be visited on this place. Oh, he tried to warn the city's patrons but they paid no heed and his efforts were in vain. Only mockery greeted him and he damned them all, for when the comet crashed down he stood at the heart of its fury vowing to return as a shade, to stalk the hollow streets for eternity bringing doom and woe to all that dwell here."

Rauter gazed around frantically, checking his blade; half expecting the apparition to appear at any moment.

"The tolling of his bell heralds his appearance and those that bear it are doomed to die or be driven mad, so the story goes..."

Rauter had grown pale and a cold sweat dappled his brow.

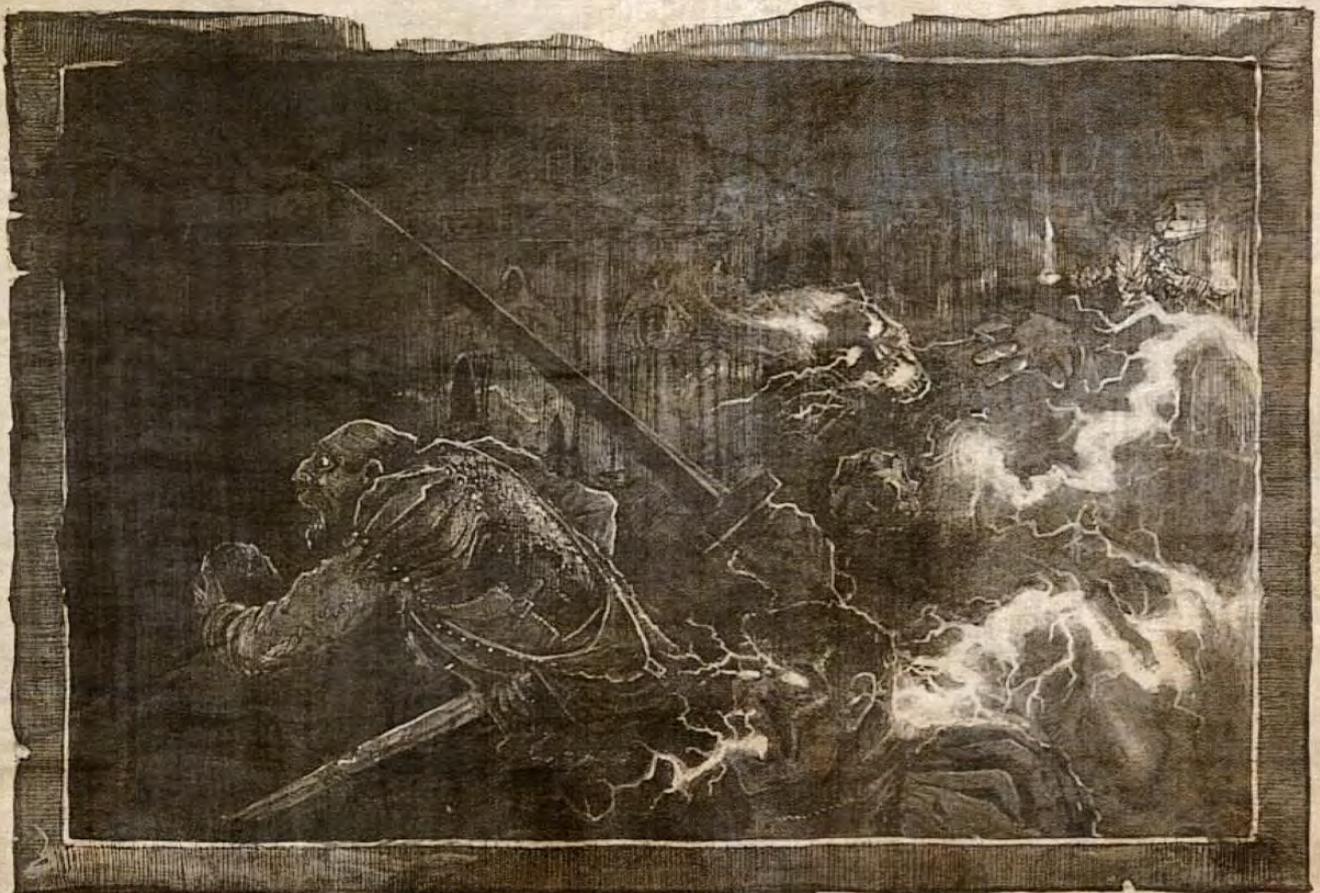
"Tis only a story boy," Klauten told him. The boy's fear seemed unnatural and it was unnerving.

Still Rauter did not move and merely stood listening intently. Klauten saw the boy's hand shaking against the hilt of his sword, his Reikland silver rings rattling on the pommel.

"What in the name of Sigmar is wrong?" Klauten asked, his agitation rising.

"Can't you hear it," Rauter muttered, his voice barely a whisper.

"Hear wha..." Klauten stopped as if death held him. He was older than Rauter and his ears were not as sharp but now he could make out the deep and ominous tolling of a bell, growing louder with every passing moment.



For Whom the Bell Tolls...

"Tell me this is a joke," Rauter pleaded, looking in all directions.

"Tis no joke, look!" Klauten hissed pointing to a craggy ridge up ahead. The remains of a school stood there, timbers laid bare like a rib cage and within a glowing figure advance inexorably towards them. His face was ghostly pale, decomposing and undead in appearance, his clothes were rags and in his left hand he held a rusty bell that he rang with otherworldly vigour.

"Tis the Town Cryer, he has found us!" Rauter wailed and fled into the night.

"By Sigmar, I thought it only a tale," Klauten breathed in disbelief. "Sigmar preserve us!" he cried and fled off after Rauter.

Rauter ran as if bell was at his heels, wheeling this way and that in a maddening course through the ruins. He looked back and realised to his horror that he was alone.

"Klauten!" he cried, tears streaming down his face, his heart large and loud in his mouth. "Where are you Klauten?" his voiced echoed in the night and this was his only response. Still the bell tolled and rang like the voice of his doom.

Through cluttered streets and crumbling buildings he ran, stumbling constantly, his face and hands cut and chafed. Ducking down an alleyway Rauter saw a figure up ahead. His heart leapt, it was Klauten.

"Thank Sigmar, Klauten," he gasped in relief, reaching his comrade, "I thought you were..."

Klauten wasn't moving and as Rauter grasped his arm he realised the man was cold and rigid like ice. Klauten's face was twisted into a horrific manifestation of utter terror, his heart stopped from beating by sheer fright.

Rauter's stomach twisted inside him when he realised someone was behind him. Gritting his teeth and offering up vainly, a prayer to his god he turned.

The face of death greeted him, glowing with a pale and unearthly aura, skeletal, with lank grey hair hanging from beneath a town cryer's cap.

"Oh yeah, oh yeah," it boomed with a voice full of quaking resonance. "Tis twelve of the clock and all are doomed!"



The Town Cryer in Nordheim

The Town Cryer is a ghostly apparition that stalks the streets of Mordheim in the dead of night. He is a special encounter/character that can be used in any scenario if agreed by all players participating in the game.

APPEARS AT WILL...

The apparition appears at will to taunt adventurers with its ghostly presence and prophecies. Roll 2D6 at the start of each player's turn. If one or both of the dice matches the turn number, the Town Cryer manifests in all its anti-glory! He appears within 2D6" of a random Hero of the player's warband whose turn it is and will only disappear when banished (see below), moves off the table or after D6 turns.

THE FLOATING PROPHET...

The Town Cryer always moves immediately prior to the player whose turn in which it

appeared. It moves 2D6" in a random direction (determined by a Scatter dice) unless a living creature is within 6" then it will move towards them. The Town Cryer always moves the full amount and passes through all obstacles. If it moves off the board it disappears. If the Town Cryer passes through a living creature, it 'chills' them. The affected warrior(s) must pass a Leadership test or suffer -1 to their Strength and Leadership until the Town Cryer disappears or is banished.

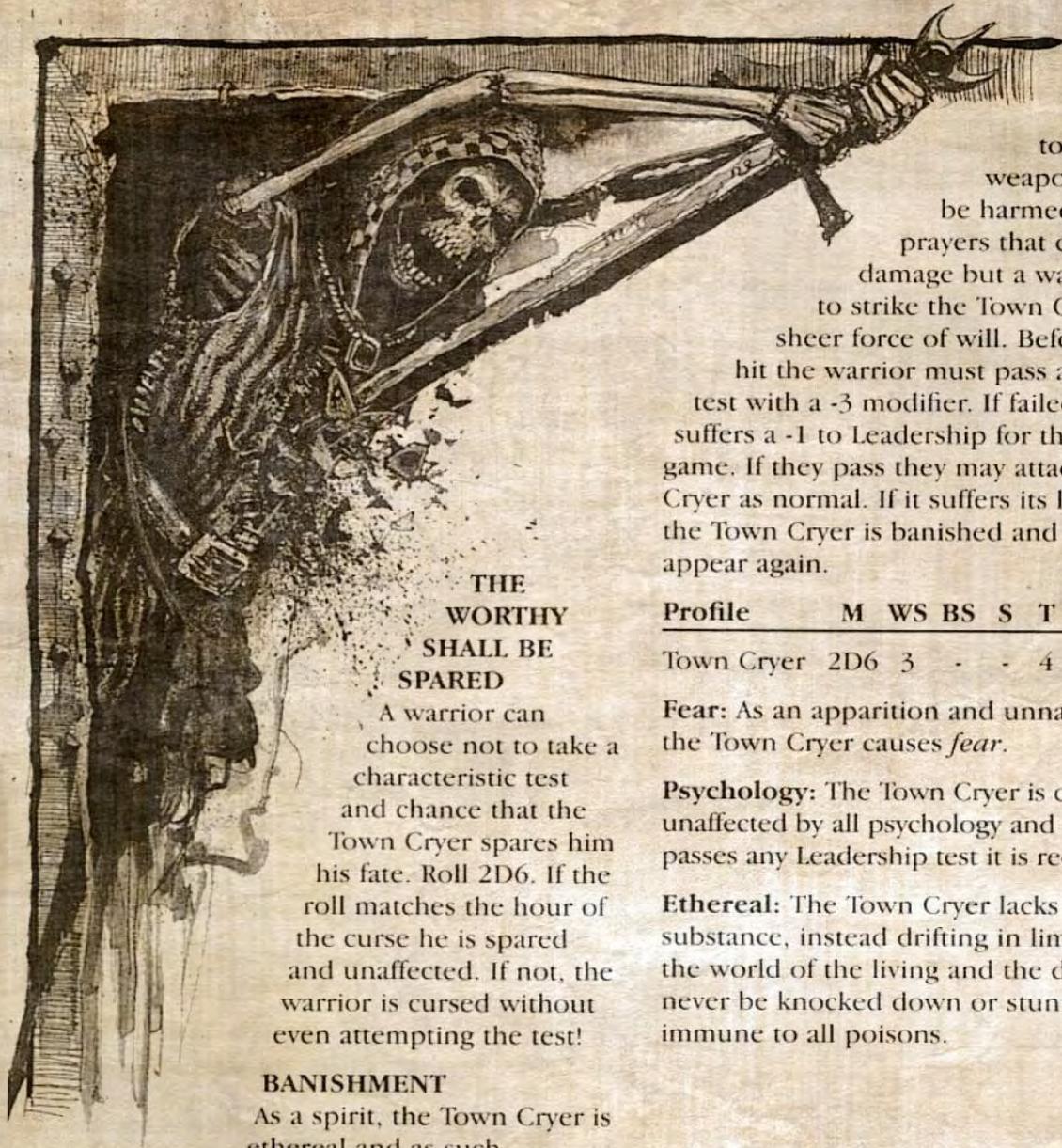
A CURSE UPON ALL YOUR HEADS!

If a warrior is within 6" of the Town Cryer after it finishes moving, it issues a portentous warning that could spell their doom! It always challenges the closest warrior. Roll 2D6 on the table below to discover the nature of the Town Cryer's warning.

2D6 Curse of the Cryer

- 2-3 **Doomed** – *"The weak of heart are doomed to die at the hour of two and death is nigh!"* The warrior must pass a Leadership test or will suffer double Wounds until he proves his courage by passing a fear test.
- 4 **Blinding** – *"Oh yeab, oh yeab, at the hour of three a blade is worth nowt when ye cannot see!"* The warrior must pass a Toughness test or be struck blind! A blinded warrior moves D6" in a random direction, their WS is reduced to one, they cannot shoot or parry but as soon as they are hit their blindness ends.
- 5 **Portent** – *"At the hour of one comrades in mourning, take heed my words, this fateful warning."* If the warrior passes an Initiative test they may reroll their next failed dice roll. If they fail, they must re-roll their next successful dice roll instead.
- 6 **Vertigo** – *"A steady nerve to hold your grip, lest the hour of four brings a fatal slip!"* The warrior is transported to the highest building on the board. They must pass an immediate Initiative test or will fall.
- 7 **Bladebane** – *"A blade will break at the hour of five, the only defence to remain alive!"* The warrior must pass a Strength test. If they fail the next time they roll a 1 to hit their weapon breaks and is useless.
- 8 **The Curse of One** – *"At the hour of six all shall bark, comrades flee, left alone in the dark!"* The warrior must pass a Leadership test with a -1 modifier or in the next turn all the warrior's comrades disappear! The warrior must make an All Alone test each turn.
- 9 **Rust** – *"In armour's defence the brave will trust, at the hour of seven let metal rust!"* The warrior must pass a Toughness test or their armour will be rendered useless for the rest of the game.
- 10 **Terror!** – *"Hearts quicken at the hour of eight confront your fears or face your fate!"* The warrior must pass a Leadership test or flees immediately and suffers a -2 to their Leadership until the test is passed.
- 11-12 **Hex of Aging** – *"The grip of decay at the hour of ten, no escape and you're old again!"* The warrior must pass a Toughness test. If they fail they suffer a -1 on all characteristics except Wounds and Attacks. They must take a Toughness test each turn thereafter. If they pass, they return to normal. If they fail they suffer a further -1. If any characteristic reaches 0 they are taken out of action.





**THE
WORTHY
SHALL BE
SPARED**

A warrior can choose not to take a characteristic test and chance that the Town Cryer spares him his fate. Roll 2D6. If the roll matches the hour of the curse he is spared and unaffected. If not, the warrior is cursed without even attempting the test!

BANISHMENT

As a spirit, the Town Cryer is ethereal and as such

invulnerable to all mortal weapons. It can only be harmed by magic or prayers that cause physical damage but a warrior can try to strike the Town Cryer through sheer force of will. Before rolling to hit the warrior must pass a Leadership test with a -3 modifier. If failed, the warrior suffers a -1 to Leadership for the rest of the game. If they pass they may attack the Town Cryer as normal. If it suffers its last wound, the Town Cryer is banished and does not appear again.

Profile **M** **WS** **BS** **S** **T** **W** **I** **A** **Ld**

Town Cryer 2D6 3 - - 4 3 - - -

Fear: As an apparition and unnatural creature the Town Cryer causes *fear*.

Psychology: The Town Cryer is completely unaffected by all psychology and automatically passes any Leadership test it is required to take.

Ethereal: The Town Cryer lacks any real substance, instead drifting in limbo between the world of the living and the dead. It can never be knocked down or stunned, and is immune to all poisons.

Town Cryer



This model is part of the main range, available as a blister pack from our stores, but you can also order this model from Mail Order.

For order details and prices contact Mail Order below.



For Hire
NICODEMUS

GREATEST WIZARD
in ye
KNOWN WORLD

Expert practitioner in the art of
hedge magic. Defeater of the warband
'The White Wolves' (deceased).

Payment in Wyrdstone

— To find me follow ye riddle —

A Gorgon by the river, a hole in the ground, where
the old man of Mordheim goes around and around.



Nicodemus, the cursed pilgrim

by Alessio Cavatore

Nicodemus was a promising apprentice to the mighty wizard Gantbrandir. During one of his master's many absences, Nicodemus felt an irresistible call from one of the ancient artifacts stored in the wizard's laboratory: an exotic magic lantern. Created when the world was but young, this mighty artifact imprisoned the essence of a powerful Daemon. Many times Nicodemus' master had warned him not to touch the dangerous lantern, but the voice in the young wizard's mind was more convincing than even his mentor's: "Free me" it was saying "and I will grant you your heart's desire – anything you want will be yours! Mine is the power to make it so! Free me..." Nicodemus knew something of dealing with these denizens from the Realm of Chaos and immediately asked: "Do you swear to on the name of the Power you serve?" After a moment of silence, the voice answered: "I swear it in the name of my Master!" So the ambitious but naive young wizard was hooked and proceeded to break the runic seals of the lantern.

"Free at last!" boomed the voice of the Daemon as it emerged from its prison in a billowing, many-hued cloud. The smoke then seemed to coalesce into the vague shape of a huge humanoid creature, with a bird-like head atop a long thin neck and vast wings seemingly made of iridescent light. The Daemon looked down on the human, and Nicodemus,



controlling his fear, shouted: "The wish! You must grant me the wish as you swore it!" The mighty Chaos being smiled enigmatically and asked: "What is your wish then, manling?"

Fighting hard against all the instincts telling him to flee as far as he could from this unearthly abomination, Nicodemus revealed his wish: "I want to become the greatest wizard known to Mankind!"

A few long heartbeats later the fiery gaze of the Daemon left the wizard: "Granted!" whispered the Daemon and with one last evil chuckle disappeared back to the netherworld from whence it came.

Nicodemus did not perceive any immediate change and wondered how long it would take for the wish to come true. Only one thing was clear, he could not stay there anymore, because his master would certainly not

be pleased by his actions. So Nicodemus picked up his things and fled, beginning his wanderings across the Old World.

Only a few weeks after that fateful day did Nicodemus realise the Daemon's trickery. His body was growing abnormally quickly – he was now an inch taller than the previous week and his body was getting proportionally bigger. The greatest wizard! The cunning Daemon had taken his wish too literally! Nicodemus had been taught to be extremely careful with the wording of anything related to wish-magic, but the sheer terror generated by the Daemon had overcome his training... Now he was doomed to live with his mistake.

From that day on, the life of Nicodemus has been an uninterrupted quest, a desperate search for a way to negate the curse of unstoppable growth. The

only remedy he has stumbled upon is a powerful potion concocted by a wise hermit he met in the World's Edge Mountains. The potion's ability to delay the effects of the Daemon's powers has become a lifeline for the sizeable wizard. Unfortunately for Nicodemus he requires regular infusions of wyrdstone for the potion to take effect. Thus Nicodemus has been drawn to the greatest concentration of this wondrous mineral – Mordheim, City of the Damned.

Nicodemus's skills have greatly developed during his time in the dark streets of Mordheim and he is now something of a legend among the many warbands vying for supremacy in the city. Who knows where he will appear next and who will be join in his never ending search for the precious magic stones...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Nicodemus	4	3	3	4	4	2	3	1	8

Hire Fee: See Special Rules.

May be Hired: Any warband except Skaven, Undead and the Possessed may hire Nicodemus. Remember that he must be looked for, like all other special characters.

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

Weapons/Armour: Nicodemus carries an

enormous Wizard's Staff (see Special Rules).

Skills

Nicodemus has the following skills: *Sorcery* and *Fearsome*.

Spells

Nicodemus knows all six Lesser Magic spells.

Special Rules

Cursed. Nicodemus is not interested in money, he

desperately needs fragments of wyrdstone to delay his abnormal growth. When he joins the warband and after each battle he fights, including the first, you must pay him with a wyrdstone shard. If you don't have a shard or if you don't want to give it to Nicodemus and prefer to sell it, the cursed pilgrim will leave the warband, never to return.

Wizard's Staff. Nicodemus can use his staff in close combat in two different ways: he can use the staff

with both hands, in which case the staff counts as a club, but also allows Nicodemus to parry as if he was armed with a buckler; alternatively Nicodemus can use the staff in his left hand as a normal club while he's wielding the *Sword of Rezhebel* (see Lesser Magic spells) in his right hand.

Note: the *Sword of Rezhebel* is a spell and not a normal sword, therefore it **cannot** be used to parry.



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 Aldorf.*



The Crow Master

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.



Revenge is Eternal...

Vampire Dramatis Personae

"The Lords of the Night will not be held to ransom by this whelp!" Count Vusitch declared emphatically, ramming his pale fist down upon the opulent table with a resounding thump. A finely cut wine glass that had been perched upon the table plunged to the rough cobblestone floor and shattered. Remembering his courtly composure, the vampire smoothed his finery and gestured for his ghoulish servants to replace his broken glass with another. They moved forward in a shambolic parody of servitude dressed in a ragged and decrepit interpretation of a manservant's garb.

Quaffing deeply from the blood wine, Vusitch's gaze fell upon Keloch, the hooded vampire who sat passively across from him.

"What say you Friedrich?" Keloch inquired, unmoved by Vusitch's outburst, without looking at the fellow night creature to his right, his voice low and resonating.

Friedrich was a fell and dishevelled creature, a lowborn night-stalker bedecked in filthy rags, stained in the brownish grime of dried blood. He held an animalistic glint in his eyes and looked upon Vusitch with obvious contempt.

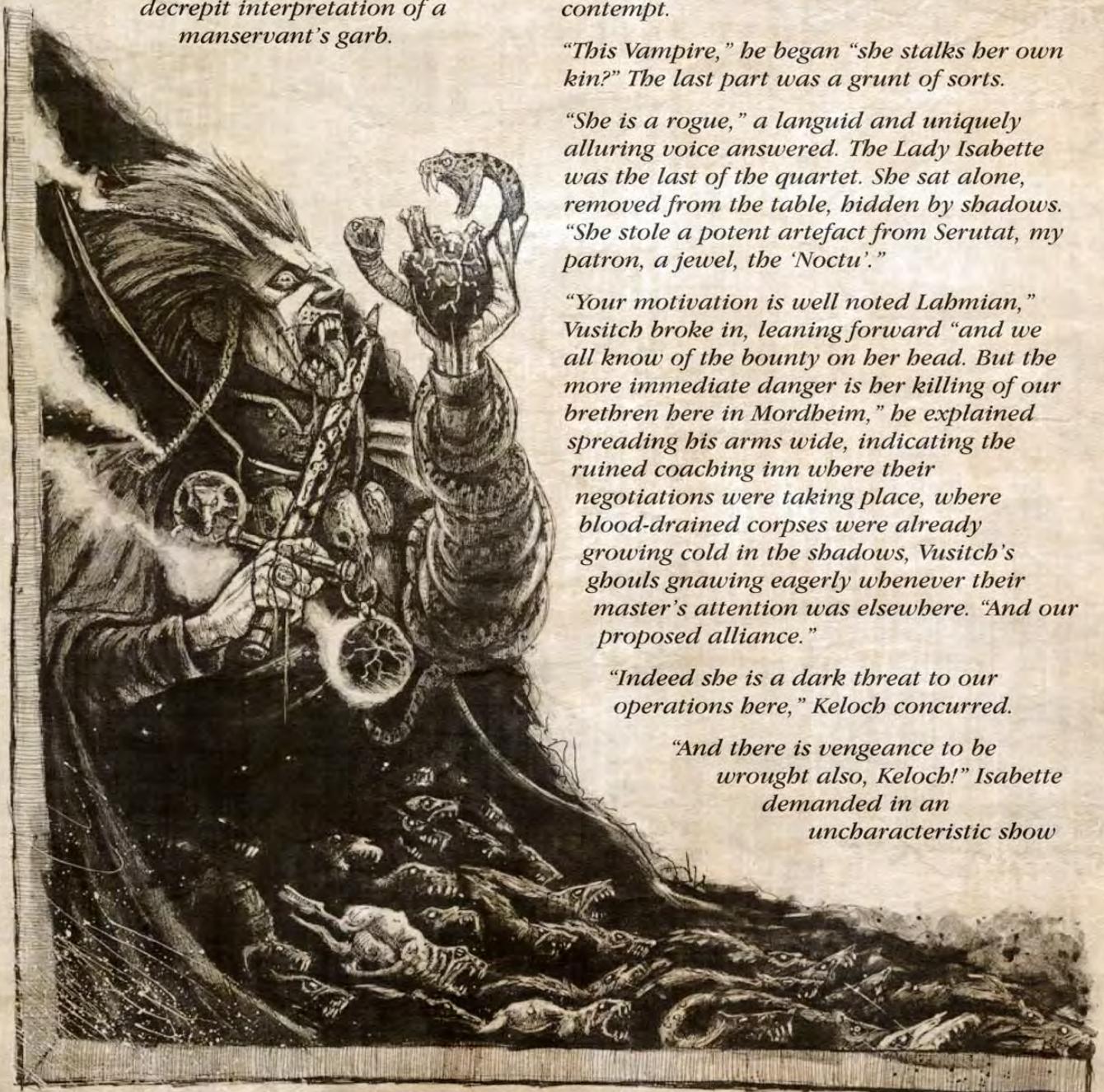
"This Vampire," he began "she stalks her own kin?" The last part was a grunt of sorts.

"She is a rogue," a languid and uniquely alluring voice answered. The Lady Isabette was the last of the quartet. She sat alone, removed from the table, hidden by shadows. "She stole a potent artefact from Serutat, my patron, a jewel, the 'Noctu'."

"Your motivation is well noted Lahmian," Vusitch broke in, leaning forward "and we all know of the bounty on her head. But the more immediate danger is her killing of our brethren here in Mordheim," he explained spreading his arms wide, indicating the ruined coaching inn where their negotiations were taking place, where blood-drained corpses were already growing cold in the shadows, Vusitch's ghouls gnawing eagerly whenever their master's attention was elsewhere. "And our proposed alliance."

"Indeed she is a dark threat to our operations here," Keloch concurred.

"And there is vengeance to be wrought also, Keloch!" Isabette demanded in an uncharacteristic show



The many lives and histories of Countess Marianna Chevaux;
Vampire, Assassin and Adventurer
By scribe Nicodemus Kyme

of emotion. "My mistress has sent emissaries to the city. As we speak, they are readying by the south-east quarter, where she was last sighted and Serutat herself will arrive on these shores in mere days, lest she must exact her vengeance in person!"

"How interesting," Friedrich muttered beneath his breath.

"An alliance then," Vusitch proposed, his ghoulish servants scurried about the table at their master's subliminal command, one laying out a wine glass for each vampire while the other filled it with the blood wine.

"Agreed," said Keloch, reaching for his glass.

Isabette nodded her compliance. They would root out this Vampire turned Vampire hunter, exact revenge, and she personally would remove the Noctu from her decaying band.

"Death to the Vampire-bitch!" Friedrich hissed, his slavering tongue playing about his lips as the ghoulish manservant poured out his draught.

"Death!" Vusitch agreed and swilled back his blood wine.

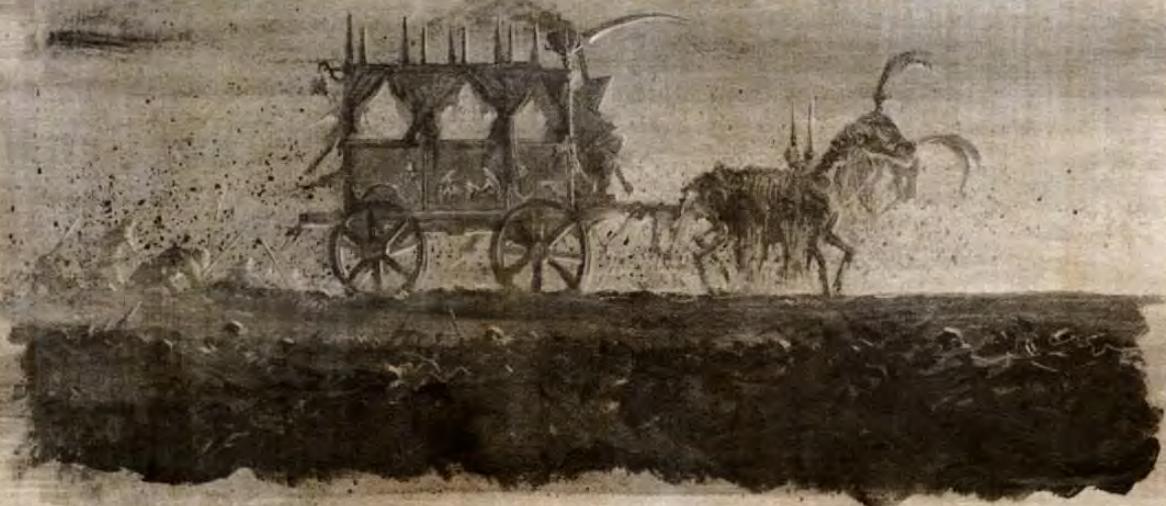
Keloch and Isabette were about to join him when Vusitch clutched his throat; the glass sent clattering to the stony ground, shattering like its untainted counterpart. One hand fell

to the table, grasping it so hard that a chunk of wood broke away. A misty pall of smoke exuded from Vusitch's neck as he staggered back, battering one of his fawning ghoulish servants away with a back swipe of his hand.

"Garlic," he spluttered through the bloody froth bubbling from his mouth.

Keloch stood, casting away his glass, "Treach...", he began but was stopped short when he noticed the wooden stake protruding from his chest. Keloch was burning ash in seconds, disintegrating as he turned to look at his attacker, the Vampire Friedrich.

"There will be no alliance," Friedrich declared, his voice distinctly feminine, reaching with the folds of his rags to produce a finely wrought dart pistol which he used to despatch the two advancing ghouls. Each was pitched back by the force of the blow as they scrambled over the table to attack their master's assailant. Friedrich vaulted over the table athletically, replacing the dart pistol and drawing a long dagger in the same movement with the opposite hand. He beheaded the ghouls with two precise slashes of the dagger, then pivoted on his heel and back flipped as a blade swept past where he had seconds before been standing.



Revenge is Eternal

"It is you!" Isabette raged accusingly: sword drawn, bloodlust in her eyes.

Friedrich smiled an acknowledgement, sheathing the dagger then pulling away the ragged disguise and mask with a flourish.

"The confession of your mistress' movements was very useful," Marianna, Vampire assassin informed her. Bereft of her disguise Marianna was revealed in her true aspect. She wore black leather breeches and a tight-fitting jerkin displaying her more than ample charms. About her waist was a plethora of weapons, one of which she drew now, a long curved rapier. She adopted a duelling stance and grinned at her adversary revealing her vampiric canines.

"Your move, Milady," she goaded.

Roaring in furious anger Isabette charged forward with inhuman speed and rained a barrage of blows upon Marianna's defenses. At first she was hard-pressed to repel the onslaught such was Isabette's fury. But with the initial impetus of the Vampire's rage in check Marianna was able to dodge her attacks and open up a series of small wounds that hissed with the garlic essence upon Marianna's blade.

"You turn upon your own using the weapon of the Sigmar worshippers," Isabette accused her, stepping back, the excruciating pain of her small wounds blinding. It was all the respite Marianna needed. Blocking a clumsy overhand swing with her rapier she pulled her long dagger from her belt and beheaded Isabette in one swift and brutal motion. The still astonished corpse fell and was dust as it



hit the ground, showering the stones with cursed ash.

"Whatever works," Marianna quipped, and noticed the struggling form of Count Vusitch in the corner of her eye.

He crawled along the floor, clutching his throat ineffectually, gaining some leverage on a wooden support beam as he desperately tried to reach the door of the coaching inn.

Marianna turned on her heel and threw the long dagger straight into the creature's back, impaling it upon the wooden beam. Vusitch convulsed in pain and exploded into dust, the long dagger left, still twitching, in the beam.

"There will be no alliance," Marianna repeated to herself. Without pausing further, she gathered her trappings and vaulted to the upper staircase of the coaching inn. In the shadows she watched as a dreg, doubtless one of Keloch's minions, entered the room and gaped at the four dust piles that had previously been vampires. Peering in the dust he found a single Black Orchid.

Satisfied her 'message' would deter other such pacts, Marianna headed off silently into the night, with little time to dally, some Marienburgers wanted a Reikland Captain dead by sunrise and everyone knew that Marienburgers always paid well...

Countess Marianna Chevaux, Vampire Assassin

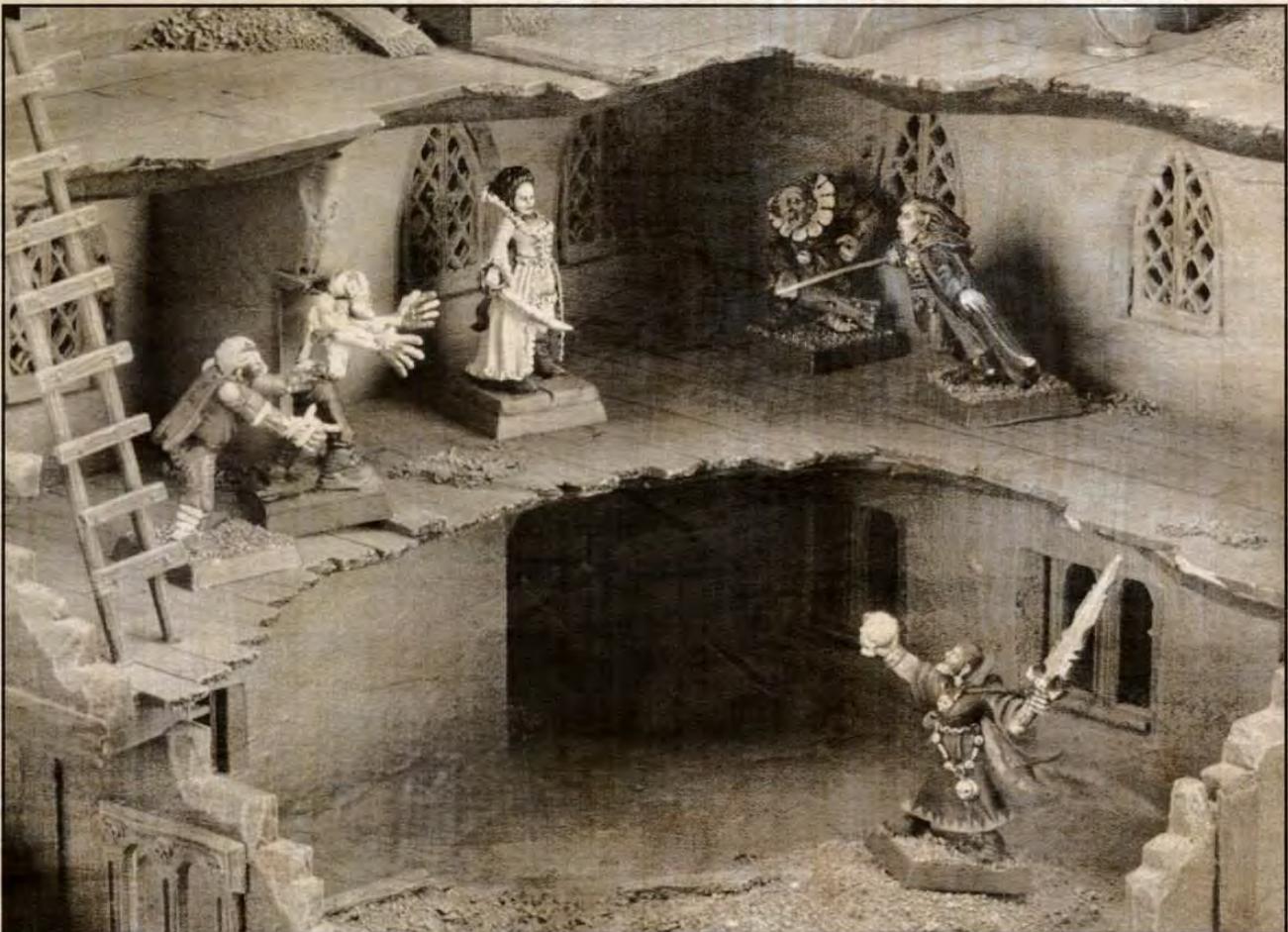
A Saga of Revenge

Once an assassin-thief, Marianna's ambitions outreached her. In a daring expedition to Araby, she came into contact with the ancient Vampiress Serutat. Marianna succeeded in her mission, stealing the gem, the Noctu, from Serutat's crypt but the Vampiress caught up with her, tainting her with the curse of Vampirism before the resourceful assassin could escape.

In a moment Marianna had become a thing of the night and yet she was not completely damned, a half-vampire. Sating her bloodlust on the numerous courtesans, captains and suitors that came her way, Marianna fled the bitter vengeance of the Lahmian Vampire, Serutat, to Mordheim. With the City of the Damned her relative anonymity would be assured.

Marianna is a pragmatist, neutral in her persona, serving only her own means, hiring her skills out as an assassin, taking care to conceal her secret. Wary of witch hunters and the other devout servants of Sigmar, Marianna is a creature of the shadows, her vampiric

powers enhancing her abilities immeasurably. And yet the flight to Mordheim serves an ulterior motive. Vampire turned Vampire Hunter and as such an exile in the dark Undead underworld, Marianna tracks the night-stalkers of Mordheim, torturing them for information; the whereabouts of Serutat and the true nature of the Noctu, the black jewel stolen from her crypt. Marianna's efforts have borne dark fruit, a word of power and the stone will create a veil of shadow to cloak the bearer, drifting like a black ether. Marianna means to seek out Serutat in her lair when she is vulnerable, exacting her own vengeance for damning her to darkness, her 'interrogations' warning her that the Vampire has travelled to the Empire to settle the score and retrieve the Noctu. A plethora of aliases have kept Marianna hidden so far but occasionally, during a battle in the deepest recesses of the city, minions of Serutat will appear out of the night to exact their mistress's vengeance, much to the surprise of the vying warbands. Marianna walks a dagger-thin line but thus far she has yet to slip...



Marianna comes up against her most hated foe – another Vampire...

Marianna in Nordheim

Marianna Chevaux is a Dramatis Persona and as such follows all the usual rules given for these characters in the Mordheim rulebook.

Hire Fee: 150 gold crowns to hire; 75 gold crowns upkeep (varies see below).

May Be Hired: Any warband except Witch Hunters, Sisters of Sigmar, Undead, Elves and any other Sigmar devoted warband may hire Marianna (note, mercenaries are men of lax faith and do not count here).

Rating: Marianna increases the warband's rating by +90 points.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Vampire	6	6	6	4	4	2	9	3	9

Weapons/Armour: Marianna carries a rapier (see Town Cryer 7), dagger and has a set of throwing knives and a crossbow pistol concealed about her person. Her crossbow bolts and rapier are coated in essence of garlic, which acts as



Black Lotus when used against Vampires. She also has quite an extensive wardrobe of very expensive Bretonnian silk dresses!

Skills: Marianna has the following skills: *Combat Master, Step Aside, Leap, Acrobat, Lightning Reflexes, Dodge, Jump Up* and *Scale Sheer Surface*.



SPECIAL RULES

Immune to Psychology: As a Vampire, Marianna is completely immune to the effects of psychology and will never leave combat.

Immune to Poison: As a Vampire, Marianna is completely immune to the effects of poison.

No Pain: Marianna treats a *stunned* result on the Injury chart as *knocked down* instead (note that with her *Jump Up* ability Marianna cannot be *knocked down* either so the only way to stop her is to take her *out of action!*).

Cause Fear: Marianna is a terrifying creature, although more through reputation than her being a Vampire as she is contriving to keep her identity a secret.



A new terror awaits the unwary in the dark streets of Mordheim

'You can never escape your past...': On the last turn of the game in which Marianna is still standing or as soon as a warband routs, ending the game, roll a D6:

- 1-3 Marianna has discovered that Serutat is getting close and will leave the warband's service after the game.
- 4-5 Marianna has discovered a useful lead that she must pursue in this area and will stay for another game if the warband can afford her upkeep.
- 6 A group of Serutat's minions have caught up with her! Fight D3 more turns as if the losing warband hadn't routed (in the confusion the balance is reset). A randomly determined group of minions 'appear' within 2D6" of Marianna, the opposing player chooses where. Marianna takes the first turn and then the minions, after which the turn sequence returns to normal with the minions counted as an extra player. The minions only attack Marianna and must move towards her as fast as possible but will attack anyone else in their way. If her warband fight to help her (by taking at least one minion *out of action*) and she survives, Marianna will fight the next battle for free, otherwise she will leave.

Roll D6 Minions

- 1-2 D3+1 Zombies
- 3-4 D3+1 Ghouls
- 6 Vampire (Sword & light armour) +2 Ghouls

Fighting Undead: Due to her vocation as a Vampire Assassin turned Vampire Hunter, all Vampires *Hate* Marianna.

The Noctu: The gemstone stolen from Serutat's lair has powerful cloaking properties. The veil of shadow it creates reduces all shooting to hit rolls against Marianna by -1.



☠ **Vampire Dramatis Personae** ☠



This model is part of the main range to be bought in a blister pack from our stores, but you can also order this model from Mail Order.

For order details and prices contact Mail Order below.

