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Printed in Great Britain.

Script - Gordon Rennie Art - Karl Kopinski Letters - Gordon Robson TWENTY CENTURIES. TWENTY CENTURIES SINCE SIGMAR HELDENHAMMER RULED THIS LAND. NOW THE EMPIRE HE FOUNDED LIES IN RUINS ITS CHILDREN AT WAR WITH EACH OTHER. THREE EMPERORS FIGHTING OVER A VACANT AND WORTHLESS THRONG. THE FAITHFUL LOOKED TO THE HEAVENS FOR GUIDANCE. AND 50 THEY GATHERED IN THE CITY OF MORDHEIM A DIVINE PORTENT BURNED IN THE NORTHERN SKIES, THE SAME HEAVENLY SIGN HAD PRESAGED THE BIRTH OF THE LORD SIGMAR TWO THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE. TO WITNESS A MOST BLESSED EVENT THEY REJOICED, BELIEVING IN THEIR FOOLISHNESS THAT THE MOMENT OF SALVATION WAS AT HAND. AYE, AND SIGN IT WAS, BUT NOT OF SALVATION - A SIGN OF JUDGEMENT. A SIGN OF RETRIBUTION. THE WRATH OF SIGMAR PESCENDED ON MORDHEIM











Mordheim — City of the Danned

Script - Gordon Rennie

Art - Karl Kopinski

Letters - Gordon Robson

RIT FICHT!

MORDHEIM, WHERE CUT-THROAT BANDS OF FORTUME HUNTERS SCOUR THE RUINS FOR DEPOSITS OF MAGICAL WYRDSTONE. PITCHED BATTLES ARE OFTEN FOUGHT OVER DISPUTED TERRITORIES, BUT THE SCAVENGER GANGS HAVE ALSO FOUND OTHER WAYS TO SETTLE THEIR DIFFERENCES--









































Script - Gordon Rennie

Art – Paul Zeacock

Letters - Fiona Stephenson

Payback!

MARQUAND & ULLI'S GUIDE TO VAMPIRE HUNTING--

STEP I: FIND THE VAMPIRE'S LAIR. NOT AS DIFFICULT AS IT SOUNDS, VAMPIRES HAVE HUMAN SERVANTS CALLED DREGS TO CARRY OUT THEIR BIDDING DURING DAYLIGHT HOURS, SO ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CAPTURE ONE OF THESE DREGS AND TORTURE HIM FOR THE INFORMATION.



NOW, DREGS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE THRALL OF THEIR UNDEAD MASTER'S IMPLACABLE WILL, BUT HANG ONE OF THEM OVER A HOT FIRE FOR A FEW MOURS AND IT'S AMAZING WHAT THEY'LL TELL YOU--

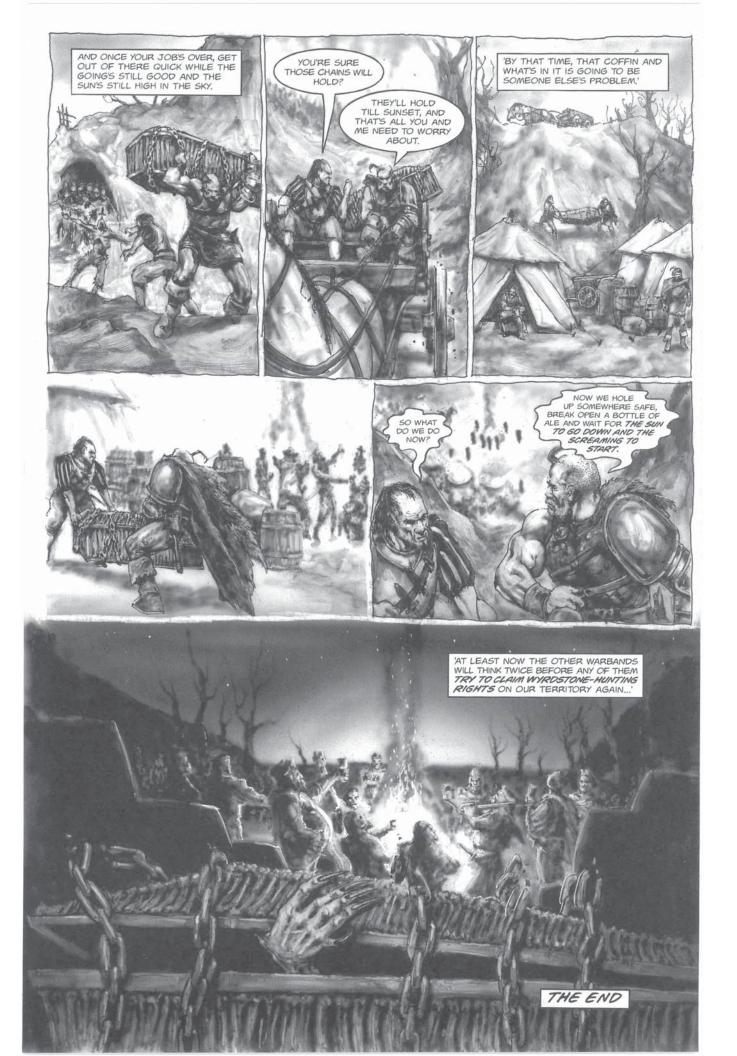


STEP 2: ALWAYS MAKE SURE YOU DO YOUR VAMPIRE HUNTING DURING DAYLIGHT AND WELL BEFORE SUNSET. OBVICUS REALLY, BUT YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MANY IDIOTS - AVERLANDERS, WITCH HUNTERS AND THOSE LUNATIC BRETONNIANS, MOSTLY - GET THIS WRONG.

HINT: TO MAKE THINGS EASIER, KILL THE VAMPIRES PET NECROMANCER AND DESTROY HIS MAGICAL CONTROL OVER ANY ZOMBIES PRESENT.

STEP 3: THE HARD PART.
REMEMBER, THE VAMPIRE
MAY BE CONFINED TO HIS
COFFIN DURING THE HOURS
OF DAYLIGHT, BUT HIS HUMAN
HENCHMEN AND UNDEAD
SERVANTS AREN'T.

































THE END



RAAARRGH!

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THE CHAOS MOON OF MORRSULEB HANGS HIGH IN THE NIGHT SKY, WHEN THE CURRENTS OF DARK MAGIC RISE UP FROM THE PIT, WHEN FIRE RAINS FROM THE SKIES...

AND WHEN DARK THINGS SLOUCH FORTH IN SEARCH OF PREY-

AND WHEN EVEN THE MOST FOOLHARDY INHABITANT OF THE CITY OF THE DAMNED KNOWS BETTER THAN TO GO INTO THE RUINS...

FOR THE LOVE OF SIGMAR, ULLI, RUN FASTER! IT'S STILL AFTER US!

WE NEED TO FIND SHELTER! WHERE'S THE NEAREST WARBAND CAMP, PREFERABLY ONE WITH A HIRED WARLOCK?

WELL,
THERE'S JOHANN
ONE-EAR'S MOB,
BUT HE WON'T BE TOO,
HAPPY TO SEE US,
SEEING AS HE GOT
HIS NICKNAME AFTER
THAT KNIFE FIGHT
WITH YOU.

RIGHT, WELL THAT'S THAT SETTLED...

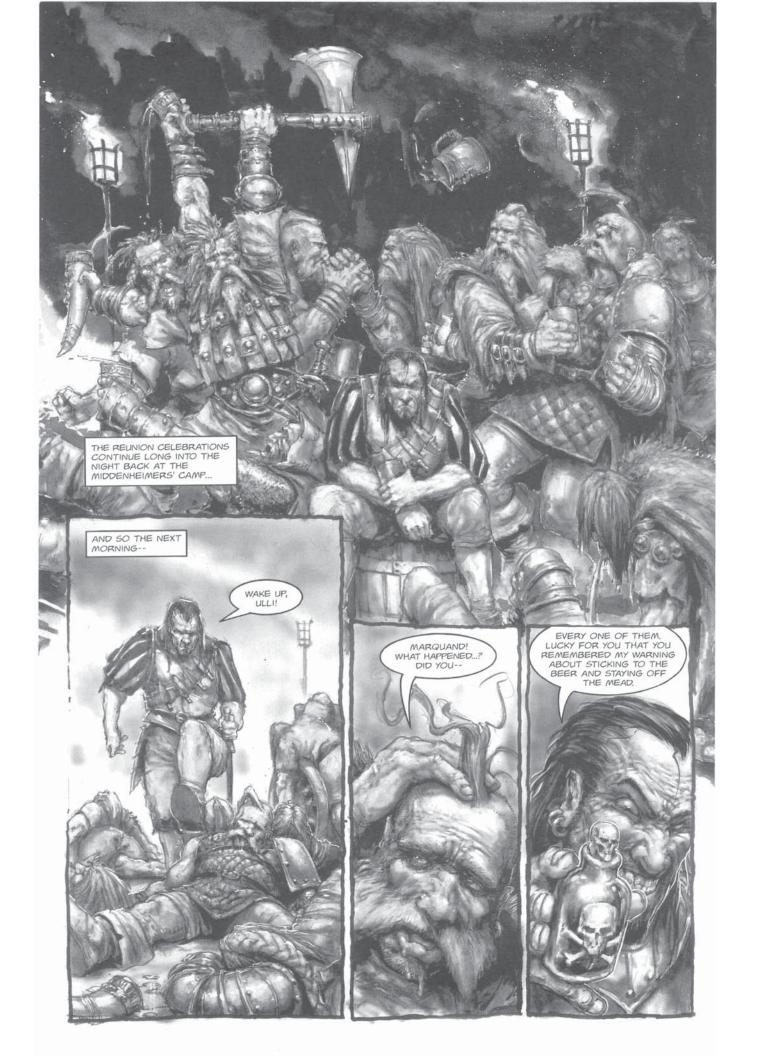




















Oftens Damned Oftens Damned Sisters in Arms Cript - Gordon Rennie - Art - Paul Jeacock Letters - Fiona Stephenson

SISTERS...

SIGMARS ROCK, IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS OF THE SISTERS OF SIGMAR, WHERE ONE OF THE CULTS MOST SACRED RITES IS BEING HELD-

...SIGMAR'S
BLESSINGS ON YOU ALL,
MY SISTERS, SISTER SIEGFRIEDA,
SISTER HELGA, BRING FORTH
THE SACRED
RELICS.



OH NO, MARQUAND. NO. NO. NO. -18 M HAVE FAITH, ULLI... WE'RE BRIDES OF SIGMAR, REMEMBER, AND IS IT NOT WRITTEN THAT SIGMAR ALWAYS WATCHES OVER HIS OWN...? WE MIGHT BE
ONTO SOMETHING HERE,
ULLI, IF WE COULD FIGURE OUT
A WAY TO PASS OURSELVES
OFF AS DWARFS, THEN I
KNOW HOW WE COULD MAKE
OURSELVES A FEW
CROWNS... PLOOSH THE END

Mondinstyn – Char of the Dayman I'M NOT SURE COMING THIS FAR IN WAS A GOOD IDEA, MARQUAND.

Script - Gan Chorpe Art - Paul Beacoch

WHAT'S TO BE SO WORRIED ABOUT?

> WELL, THERE'S THE *CHAOS* RATMEN ..

AND THE CULT OF THE POSSESSED ARE OUT IN FORCE AROUND THESE PARTS.

AND LET'S NOT FORGET FLESH-EATING MUTANTS!

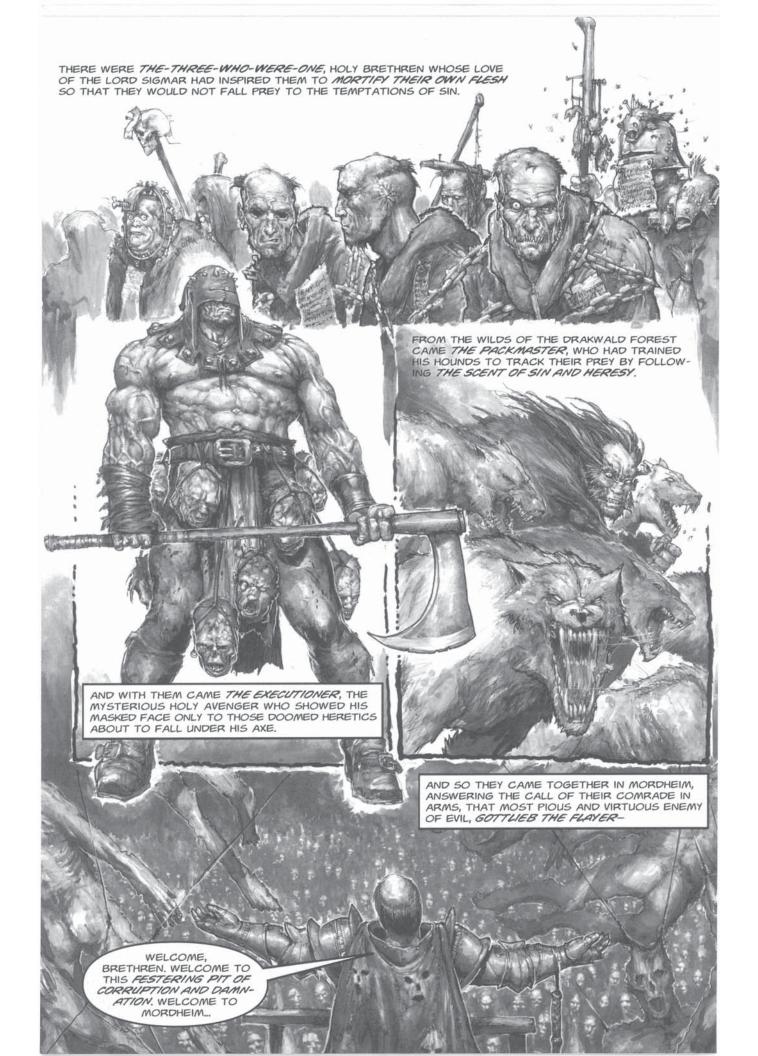










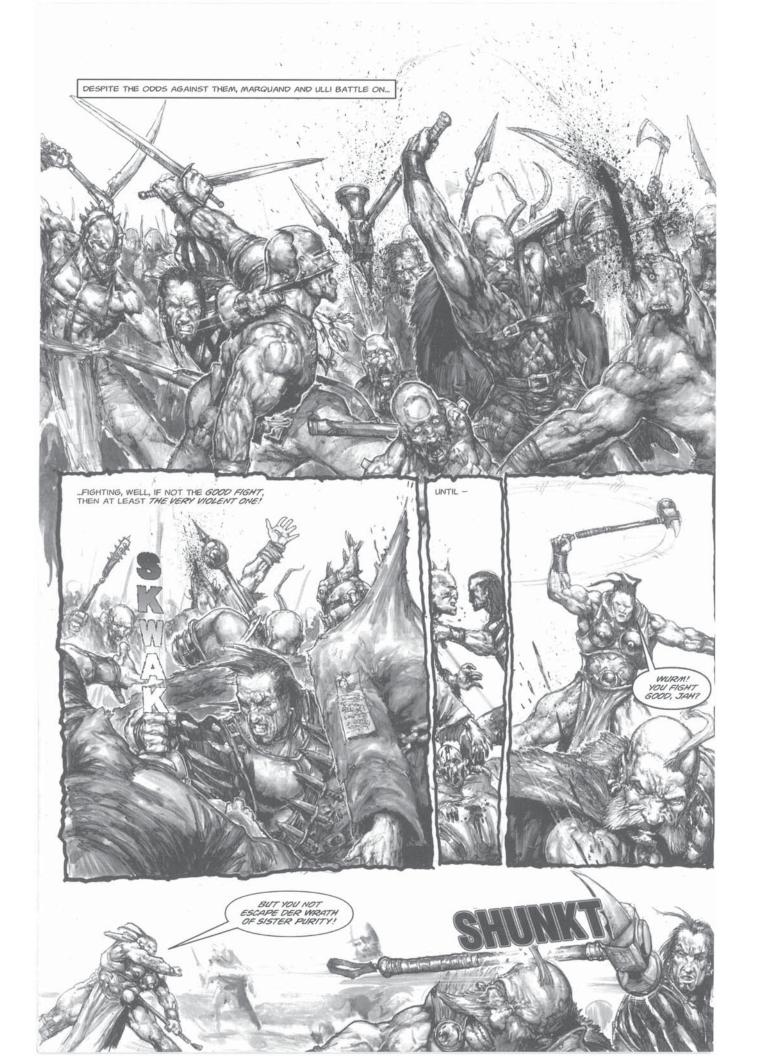
















BROTHER HEAR-NO-SIN, WHO HAD SEARED AWAY HIS OWN EARS, TO SHIELD HIMSELF FROM EVERY SPOKEN HERESY AND BLASPHEMY.

A COMMENDABLE NOTION, TO BE SURE...

















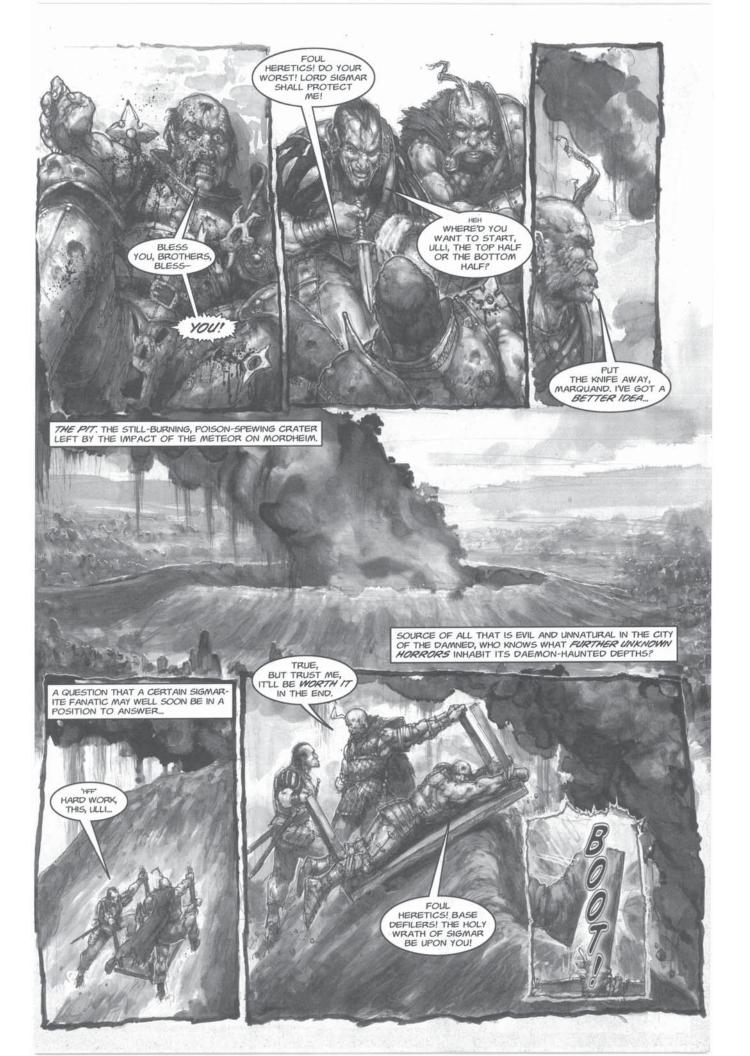
















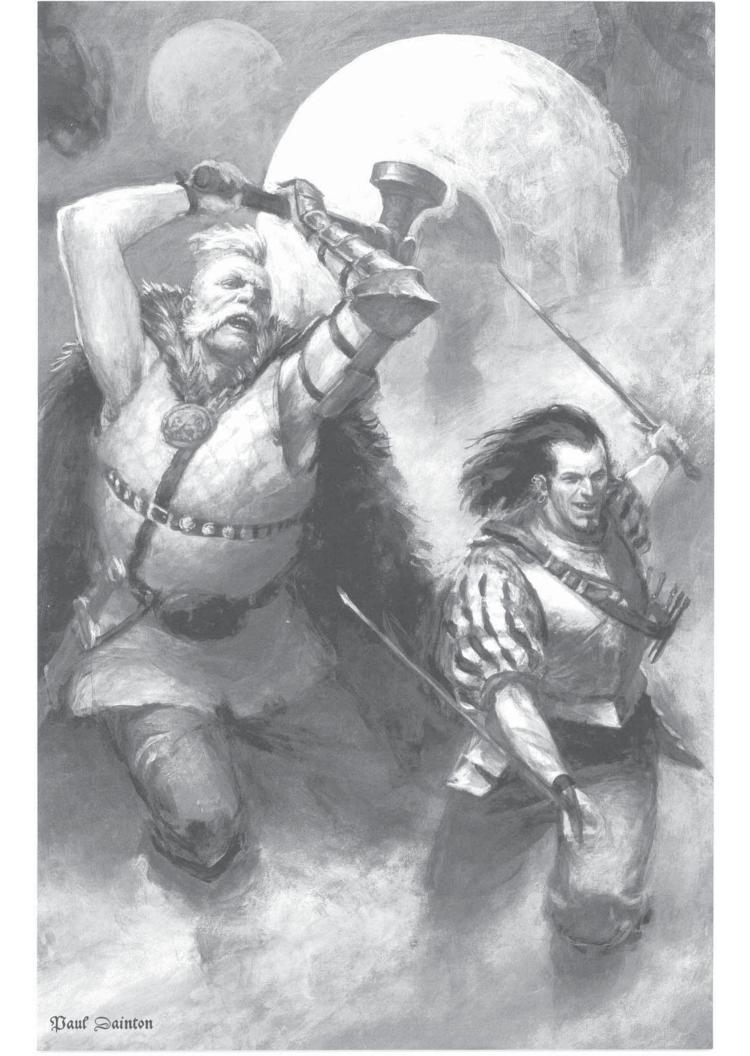


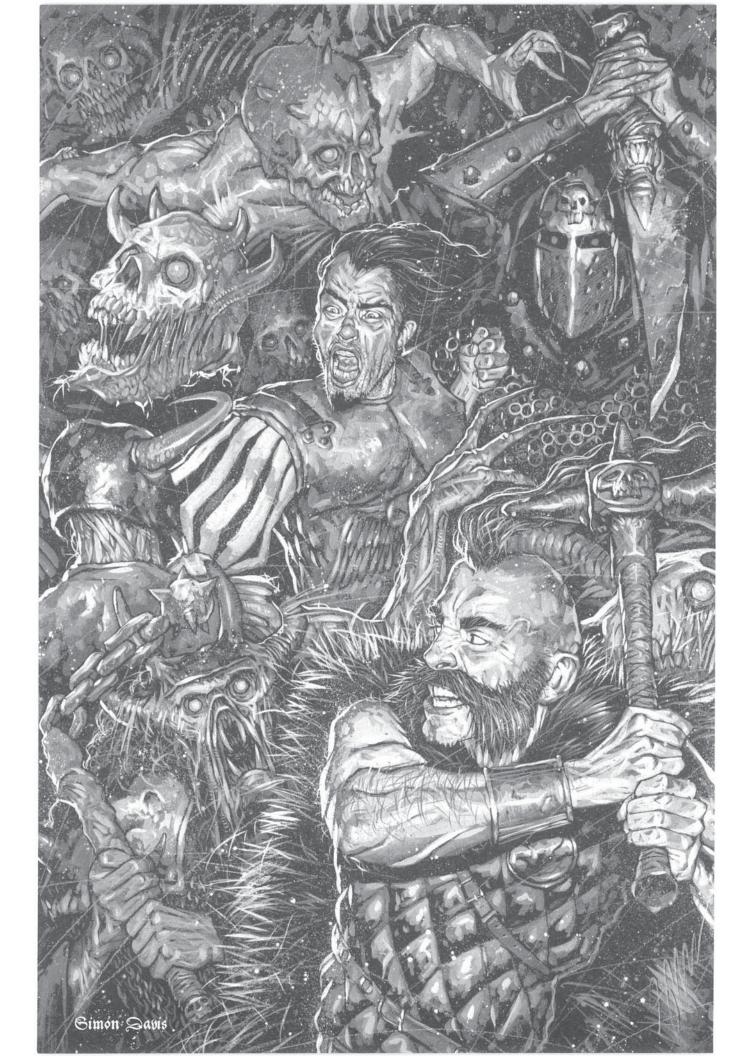
















ANY HUNDREDS of years ago, with the Empire bereft of leadership, a great catastrophe came to be. A huge meteor born of Chaos struck the city of Mordheim, doomed to be known evermore as City of the Damned. Mordheim is now the hunting ground of various, merciless hordes of treasure seekers, all with their own motivation to be in the city, but many covet the wyrdstone – shards of strange rock that are scattered amongst the ruins, whose allegedly magical properties have made it more precious than gold.

What manner of men come to Mordheim? What manner of men do not! To the tattered encampments that lie around Mordheim come men from every state in the Empire...

The Cult of the Possessed

What do men have to lose if they pledge their souls to the dark gods of Chaos? In the aftermath of the destruction of Mordheim all manner of mutants have appeared, along with a new leader, a new Dark Emperor, who claims lordship over the City of the Danned.

The Undead

In the diministration chamber of Drakenhof Castle sits via von Carstein, the ruler of Sylvania. For many long years Vlad has gathered his strength and mustered his Undead legions in secrecy. One day soon he will march from the forests of Sylvania at the head of an army of restless dead. The pieces of magic stone that lie scattered among the ruins of Mordheim can give the Count the power to challenge the nobles of the Empire and enslave the men of the Old World.

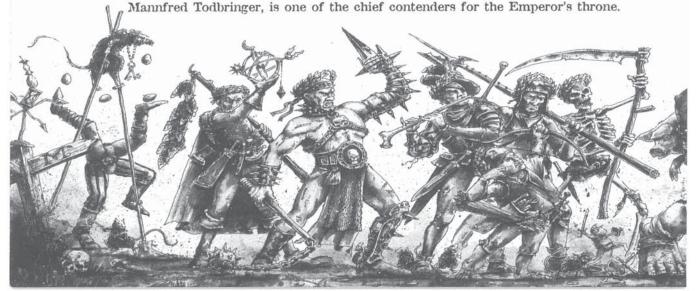


Witch Hunters

THE ORDER OF the Templars of Sigmar, universally known as the Witch Hunters, is an organisation dedicated to the eradication of heretics, be they warlocks, witches, necromancers, worshippers of the dark gods, blasphemers, sinners, or composers of corrupting music.

Midden Beimers

MIDDENHEIM STANDS on a mountain pinnacle in the centre of Middenland. The tradition of rivalry between Middenheim and Reikland goes back hundreds of years, and the Count of Middenheim,





Reiflanders
Reiflanders
at the heart of the
Empire, home of the
Grand Theogonist and seat of
the Temple of Sigmar. Reiklanders are known as men who
embody the discipline and loyalty
of the professional warrior – and
would fight bravely to the death
for the cause of the Grand Prince
of Reikland.

Sisters of Sigmar

THE SISTERS of Sigmar have traditionally travelled the Empire administering to the sick and poor. In the carnage of Mordheim they believe they have a holy mission to gather up the shards of wyrdstone and hide it deep beneath Sigmar's Rock in the vaults of their convent, where it will cause no more harm to Sigmar's people.

Skaven

SINCE ANCIENT times, the Skaven have searched the world for the

stones of power that men in their ignorance call wyrdstone but which Skaven have long since known as warpstone. It was as a result of gnawing upon this magic stone in ages past that commonplace rats spawned the Skaven race.

Marienburgers

MARIENBURG IS the largest and most prosperous trading city in the Old World. Many call it the City of Gold which alone conveys a good idea of the wealth of this sprawling cosmopolitan city.

But wherever they travel from, they all desire the same thing — wordstone. Lusting for its power they come, braving the insanity of Mordheim, only to find the Saemons and Monsters of Chaos waiting for them in the sinister shadows of the





The Sisters of Sigmar

ister Regina advanced toward the abomination, gripping ber sigmarite warbammer tightly as she prepared to strike. The fiend lashed a sinuous tentacle at her as she cautiously approached, but without even looking down, Regina gracefully side-stepped the appendage and regained ber attack posture. Once again, the beast struck out at ber, this time aiming a mocking blow with bis flexible organ at her battlescarred face. Regina reacted swiftly and parried the lethal jab with the shaft of her warhammer,

but, misjudging the force of the blow, lost ber balance and span vigorously - leaving ber unarmoured back exposed to the abomination's next attack. Without pausing for thought, the beast lunged, aiming both tentacles at the sister's vulnerable rear. Regina, sensing the imminent assault, raised ber weapon and closed ber useless, blind eyes. Drawing deep on ber powers of second sight she spun like a dervish, aiming her strike at where she estimated the mutant's bead to be. The satisfying crack of disintegrating

bone rang out around the courtyard signifying to Regina that the abomination would no longer be troubling ber. The augur removed ber warbammer from the fiend's temple with a pop as the air rushed in to fill the cavity that she had rent in its skull. Swiftly searching the mutant's corpse, Regina stowed the meagre offerings of Wyrdstone she found there in her flowing white robes - before venturing once more into the City of the Damned to continue Sigmar's righteous work.



or centuries the nobility of the Empire has sent its wayward or troublesome daughters to the Holy Convent of the Order of

Merciful Sisters of Sigmar in Mordheim to be initiated into the only order of priestesses dedicated to the Empire's patron god. The Sisters of Sigmar, as they are commonly called, have traditionally travelled the Empire administering to the sick and poor, tending to the needs of orphans, curing the diseased and mending broken bodies. As well as the healing arts, which they with expert practise knowledge of herb-lore and prayer, their advice is frequently sought by those about to make an important decision, for the Sisters of Sigmar are famed for their ability to predict the fickle course of fate.

Though once much loved by the common people, the Sisters have seen their popularity wane in recent years. Rabble-rousing Witch Hunters have denounced them as witches and heretics, so that even in the countryside they are attacked and driven away by the very peasants they seek to help. Many of Sigmar's priests wish to disband the order altogether,

claiming that women have no right to teach the holy word of Sigmar. Even the Grand Theogonist, ostensibly the chief authority over the order, has cooled towards the sisterhood, denying the throne to Magritta of Marienburg who was brought up by the Sisters and said to be sympathetic to their cause. These days the Sisters of Sigmar have retreated to their convent situated high on the craggy island of Sigmar's Rock in the river Stir in Mordheim.

Of all the inhabitants of Mordheim only the Sisters of Sigmar were prepared for its destruction. Seeress Cassandora foretold of the disaster and at their nightly vigil the maidens of Sigmar heard the voice of Sigmar speaking in their dreaming minds. Thus they knew that they would be safe in their fortress high above the city, raised as it is above the polluted vapours, if only they were prepared to survive the fire of Sigmar's Fury.

While the rest of Mordheim fell under a spell of madness the Sisters of Sigmar offered prayer after prayer, scourging themselves to drive out all thoughts of sin, fervently accepting a punishing penitential regime to harden their minds against the wantonness running rampant outside their walls. When the blow finally came the Sisters gathered beneath the great temple dome of their convent which, well built and fortified as it was by the prayers of the Sisters, protected them from the fire and heat of their master's ire.

The Sisters believe they have a holy mission, a task that they have been set by Sigmar himself and to which they must submit themselves body and soul. Their sacred duty is to gather up the shards of wyrdstone and hide it deep beneath Sigmar's Rock in the vaults of their convent where, shielded by a great depth of solid granite and guarded by the eternal prayers of the sisterhood, it will cause no harm to Sigmar's people. It is a nigh hopeless task, for there are few Sisters and countless shards of stone. Worse still, there are many who want the stone for themselves, to take it from Mordheim and spread its contagion amongst the cities of the Empire.

The warbands of the sisterhood are led by tough Matriarchs, each accompanied by a body of warrior (sisters. The training and

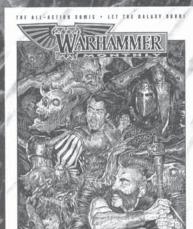
harsh discipline of the convent includes mastery of martial as well as ecclesiastic skills, for mastery of the body is but the first step towards the mastery of the soul. Their favoured weapon is the warhammer, the instrument of Sigmar, seen as his holy symbol, alongside the twin-tailed

comet.

The Sisters of Sigmar hold a unique position in Mordheim for their convent, the Temple of Sigmar's Rock, sits upon a tall and rocky island midstream in the River Stir which flows through Mordheim dividing it in two. Though the destruction of Mordheim left few buildings standing it is an undoubted miracle that the Temple of Sigmar's Rock and its inhabitants survived unblemished. Indeed, whilst all those about them fell into depravity and wantonness the Sisterhood maintained their holy vigil and raised unending prayer to Sigmar and by this means they escaped his judgement - or so they say, for certainly there are no witnesses to dispute their claims. The Witch Hunters sneer at these pious claims and maintain instead that a daemonic pact allowed the Sisterhood to betray Mordheim yet escape destruction itself. Even today the Sisters seem blessed, else or favoured by some diabolic power, for the great height of their refuge raises them above the poisonous, vapours and they claim to able be to resist the contagion without suffering harm.



The adventures of Ulli & Marquand originally appeared in:





Warhammer Monthly – devastating action and carnage from the worlds of Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000, Mordheim and Necromunda.



That sell word of much straows. Christian Elligard has been forting many a party a party and the severy beneath Monthleen. What treatures do they seek? Are they on began with the ride Reteness that make them rosed; them those or do they hastle them for the possession of greater secret.



these decils at all coots.

Ye Olds Carrowsy Stoppe owned by Nebel the Unreasonable has been speed on a rear dress building as the

Here Within **Town Cryer** – The City of the Damned comes to life with Games Workshop's bi-monthly magazine dedicated to supporting the Mordheim rules system.

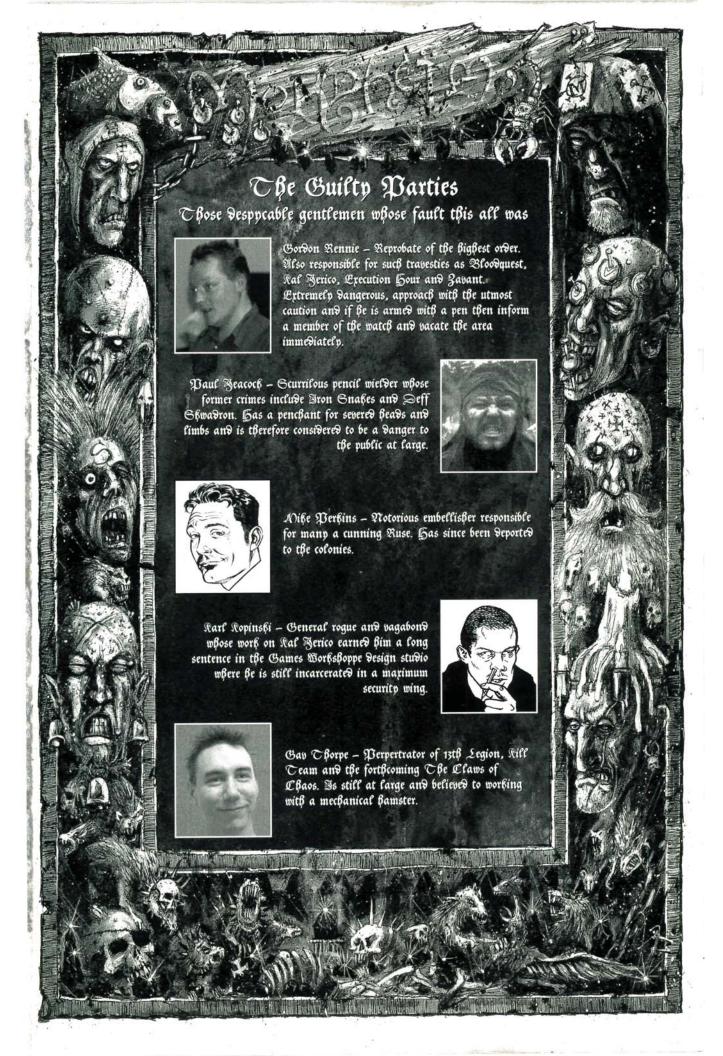
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MORE FUN
THAN A
ONE-EYED
MUTANT!



WANTED

By thy proclamation of Graf Andreas Von Gustav, envoy of his grace the Count of Stirland.

MARQUAND VOLKER

TOWN THE PARTY OF THE PARTY OF



ULLI LEITPOLD



DEAD OR ALIVE

For thee crimes of murder, banditry, theft, heresy, desertion, mud slinging and running a disorderly bawding house

Thee sum of 500 gold crowns

HEADSTONE ENGRAVING

Can provide own chisel.

Contact Fiona Stefanson at the Sigmar's Font.

SCRIBE FOR HIRE

Fluent in Double Dutch & Scotysh.

Will work for Beer and Kippers.

GUDRUN RENNIE

Can be found at the Encroaching Deadline inn down by the docks.



LOST

ONE SOUL

If found please return to the lunatic in the swinging gibbet.

HALFLING SIZED JERKIN

Left at the Hairy Toe Inn last Angestag. No reward offered as I'm a bit short at the moment.

PURITY & CROWE

Due to the untimely demise of our previous employer we are now looking for work of a physical nature within Mordheim and the surrounding environs.

Salary is negotiable but we refuse to work with heretics, deviants, mutants, animals & children.

Souls Cleansed

Impure thoughts and deeds ruining your life?

Considering serving a higher power other than Sigmar?

Nothing that a good flaying won't sort out!

Contact Gottlieb at the Pitsmouth Tavern

FOR SALE

PRIVY HUT

Perfect hideout for murderers & assassins. Flies and stench inclusive. No chain.

Portraits Painted.

PAULO JEACOCK

Friends, family and pet fish.

No rat-things.

FIND ME DOWN AT YE OLDE PUB.

OBITUARIES

Vlad von Murnau. He should never have gone out after sunrise.

Olaf the Libidous. His 36 children will miss him.

Alfred the Ready, taken by surprise.

Igor 'Double' Gloucester, eaten by rat things.

'Eagle Eye' Rurikson, never saw the arrow that killed him.

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