Scenario 168 - The Assassin

Explosions. Gunfire. The sound of booted feet.

Levin made his way down the corridor, ignoring the steady rain of dust and debris sifting down from the concussions above. Sanitization mites scampered along the walls, nests of writhing metal tentacles, protruding from their bellies, reached and grasped for offending particles, attempting to return order to the disintegrating world around them.

As hurried and near panicked as he was, Levin took a moment to admire the single mindedness of the drones, the machine purity of purpose. And that was what the fleshlings did not, could not understand. And what they did not understand, they destroyed.

Levin was interrupted from his organic induced musings as voices erupted behind him. A group of Imperial sharpshooters emerged from a low archway, their Halfling scout bent low to the ground in front of them. Levin's optical scopes extended slightly from their orbits, zooming in and enhancing his sight. In minute detail he saw the ragged fingernail of the captain pointing at him, the tight boring of the rifles that were being raised. He saw the dust particles on the Halfling's bright hat fly into the air as his head jerked up, eyes wide and full of sudden realization. The beginnings of a warning cry turned to a shriek of horror as the defense fetoids burst from the concealed panels at the squad's feet and above their heads. Further panels opened the length of the hall, tiny humanoid forms leaping and dropping into the corridor, their implanted claws and teeth unsheathing from scarred pink flesh. Levin turned and continued on his way, ignoring the screams and frantic shooting. Soon they would start swarming, and their underdeveloped Orga brains often weren't able to differentiate friend from foe in their feeding frenzy.

Entering the Vault, Levin walked over to a control panel stationed in front of a glass booth. An interface cable snaked out of the panel, blindly finding its way to the connection jack nestled in the puckered flesh of the base of his skull. While many followers of the Path of Tech were much purer than his own 78.4% Mech, only those few Converted of the highest Information quotient were modified to interface with the contents of this room. As a portion of his brain communicated thru the interface, Levin gazed up at the being within the temporal booth. Pure, perfect Mech, unencumbered by a shell of fluids and corrupting flesh. This being had never been tainted with frail Humanity, burdened with a mother of flesh and blood; this was the pure vision of the Maker himself. The metal form scant feet in front of Levin could have been the key to what all the Converted sought -- 96.6% Mech, a totally robotic body around the human brain, ironically the most advanced thinking machine known. It was the Path's Grail, as yet unattained. Given time, it could be.

Yet the forces of the Empire, under the Witch Hunter General O'Conner, did not intend to give them that time. O'Conner had made it his life's mission to stamp out what he saw as a heretical movement and now, doubtless, he stood above the smoking ruins of the Temple, gloating. Yes, the end was near. But not the way he thought.

O'Conner, Levin mused, still deep in his calculations, had been the key all along. His was the hand that had brought ruin to the Maker; he was the backbone of the opposition that must be broken. To do so now would be pointless, the damage was done. But Levin had come up with a plan, a plan so desperately illogical that it must have formed deep within his Orga remnants, whispering down thru the steel webwork of his pentimatrix nervous system: Burn the roots, kill the tree.

The problem with the theory of temporal shifting was that due to the very nature of it, it was imprecise. Trying to send something back to a particular place and a particular time would be akin to throwing a pebble into the sea and hitting a single specific fish. Yet one ancestor of O'Conner had lived in not only the "when" but the exact "where" of a calamity that had scarred not just the land but apparently the timestream itself enough so that it stood out as a beacon, the only such temporal landmark known. This particular ancestor would doubtless be easy prey; while she had miraculously survived the total destruction of her entire city by a comet strike, she had been trapped in the ruins for more than a year afterward, a malnourished and weakened scavenger. He locked in on the event easily, the normally smooth and even readout of the timestream jagged and frantic.

As the final computations were made, the final settings input, Levin heard behind him the whisper of cloth against cloth. He closed the final circuit a split second before the first shot shattered the small bit of remaining bone on the left side of his skull. The interface cable, blown free along with his input jack and a fifth of his cranial shell, begin to flail. He noted it fly by his remaining ear as a second round tore thru his torso, throwing him forward against the panel and to the floor, his rotary digits spinning in reflex.

In the small confines of the room, the shots were deafening, easily masking the small popping sound, as of air rushing into a space suddenly emptied.

The tall man walked thru the remainder of his men, each of them unconsciously stepping away from him so as not to so much as disturb the flow of his cloak. Beneath the wide brim of his black hat, his eyes stared down at the blasphemy on the floor before him. It lay in a spreading pool of hydraulic fluids and nutrients, very little real blood visible. He gazed at what he supposed served as its eyes, hollowed out sockets lined with wiring and tiny gears, filled with rods of steel and glass. O'Conner glanced at the empty glass cage before him, pondering its significance.

A sound drew his attention back to the mechanical abomination at his feet. Amazingly, it was trying to speak. It was looking at him.

".....ttttt...immm.." "Corporal!" he barked, not deigning to gaze upon the creature a moment longer. He turned to face the young and scared looking man who had rushed to his side. "You and your men finish destroying this device, it seems to be the last of them." He spun on his heel and strode back out the doorway, paying no attention to the buzzing voice that carried even over the sound of rifles being reloaded and cocked.

"...the time....of...Flesh is...over....Hail the...Machine..."

Terrain
Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain. An area of 4' x 4' is suggested for 3 players, 4' x 6' or greater for 4 or more players.

Warbands
Players use the normal warband setup rules, except the player controlling the Assassin (see Special Rules).

Special Rules
Sara O'Conner: Place a miniature in the center of the table to represent the girl, young Sara O'Conner. At the beginning of each turn, she will move D3" in a random direction until a warband member (non animal) comes into base to base contact with her. At this time, she will follow that warband member until he leads her off the table or he is Stunned or taken Out Of Action. At this time she will run D6" away from combat at the beginning of each turn until another model moves into base to base contact with her. She will not run off a table edge without being led.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sara O'Conner	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	0	7

Weapons/Armor: None.

AHNLD: One player controls the robotic assassin sent back in time by the Path of Tech. This assassin, designated AHNLD (Automaton: Human Nonclemature, Lethal Designation), has one purpose -- the assassination of Sara O'Conner and of anyone who gets in the way, by whatever means necessary. AHNLD starts the game set up on a random table side, within 8" of the table edge but not within 14" of any other characters.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
AHNLD	4	4	4	5	5	3	4	3	-

Weapons/Armor: Slug Gun and Fighting Hand.

Special Rules:

- *I'll Be Back...*: AHNLD is a machine and feels no pain. Treat all *Stunned* results as *Knocked Down*.
- *Killing Machine*: AHNLD was designed as an assassin robot. It possess the *Strike to Injure* and *Trick Shot* skills.
- *Not of the Flesh*: AHNLD is a totally mechanical device and as such has no presence within the Magical Weave. Therefore it has a 4+ save against all magical attacks.
- *It's a Freakin' Machine!*: As a machine, AHNLD has a natural armor save of 5+ and is *Immune to Psychology* tests.

Slug Gun

Range	Strength	Special Rules
12"	4	Save -2, Hand to Hand

Special Rules:

- *Save -3*: Victim suffers -2 to their Save roll.

- Hand to Hand: This rule works exactly as listed under Pistols in the Mordheim rulebook, pg. 31, reproduced here for sake of convenience. "Pistols can be used in hand-to-hand combat as well as for shooting. A model armed with a pistol and another close combat weapon gains +1 Attack, which is resolved at Strength 4 with a -2 save modifier. This bonus attack can be used only once per combat. If you are firing a brace of pistols, your model can fight with 2 Attacks in the first turn of close combat. These attacks are resolved with a model's Weapon Skill like any normal close combat attack and likewise may be parried. Successful hits are resolved at Strength 4 and with a -2 save modifier, regardless of the firer's Strength."

Fighting Hand
AHNLD's free hand is incredibly strong and is equipped with fingers the match for any claws. Treat this hand as a single Skaven fighting claw.

Range	Strength	Special Rules
Close Combat	5	Parry

Special Rules:

- *Parry*: AHNLD may parry blows may parry blows as a model armed with a sword.

Starting the Game
Each player rolls a D6. The player rolling highest moves first, and order of play proceeds clockwise around the table.

Ending the Game
The game ends when Sara is either led off the table edge by a warband member or is killed by AHNLD. Sara may only be taken off the table after AHNLD has been taken Out Of Action. The winner is the warband whose member leads her off the table.

Experience
+1 Survives: If a Hero or a Henchman group survives the battle they gain +1 Experience.
+1 Winning Leader: The leader of the winning warband gains +1 extra Experience.
+D6 Taking AHNLD Out Of Action: The warband that manages to take down AHNLD gains D6 experience points distributed freely amongst the Heroes of the warband.
+1 Leading Sara: The Hero leading Sara off the table gains +1 Experience.
+1 Per enemy Out Of Action: Any Hero earns +1 Experience for putting an enemy Out Of Action.

Designers Notes

So it's total cheese from start to finish, I know...but it's fun cheese. I very much enjoy coming up with scenarios that make people go, "Hey, what the.....<groan>!" So here it is. It's definitely made for at least 3 players, 2 opposing warbands plus the AHNLD player. For AHNLD a Legion of Steel Nightmare works perfectly, though a 40K Necron could be used as well.

Of course, like its original inspiring media, this scenario will have a sequel of sorts, eventually. I am pondering which to work on first, Assassin II or the plans I have for using some old 40K Servitor minis in Necromunda... Resistance is futile.

Any comments, suggestions, or battle reports would be greatly appreciated. Just remember, I know it's cheese, let me know how it tastes!!