



Town Cryer

Published on the first Angestag of each Mannslich.

Mordheim 3 Groats

OH YE! OH YE! TIS DEATH THAT COMES THIS WAY...

Ghostly apparition of Town Cryer sighted in Mordheim

Tayles abound of a fearsome shade that stalks the haunted streets of Mordheim, dressed in rags and ringing a bell in a perverse imitation of ye Towne Cryer of olde. Few have stories of first-hand sightings for tis said those who see the Cryer are told their doom and either die immediately or are cursed with gibbering madness for the rest of their days. Beware, Sigmar-fearing folk for the herald of the Shadowlord is upon us...

Lady Assassin stalks the night...

One of our intrepid scribes has just interviewed an elegant Bretonnian lady over dinner at the Stuck Pig tavern only to discover that she is a creature of the night... a Vampyre. She was described as pale but strikingly beautiful with a youthful exuberance that defies her three hundred years! The 'creature', only known as Marianna, has impeccable taste, displayed the finest etiquette and was well versed in the ways of the nobility. Our scribe's consort showed a detailed knowledge of world history far beyond what would be expected of an Imperial scholar, let alone a young and frivolous noblewoman. When challenged to prove her wild and impertinent claims, in a blur of movement, our scribe found himself dangling from a third storey window held aloft by just one of the Vampyress's fingertips. Our scribe ensured that he didn't enrage the beast again!

The reason for the impromptu interview is that it appears this blasphemous succubus is at war with her own kind and would like to put out a message of defiance against her dreaded kin.



Here
Within



Tayles of a voluptuous but deadly Vampyress assassin.

Ye dreaded ghost of ye olde Town Cryer stalks the streets.

The ruins of Mordheim mapped out for adventurers.

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WORKSHOP**

New Hired Swords & Dramatis Personae

Models designed by Mark Bedford and Juan Diaz.
Painted by Michael Anderson & Rich Hutchings.



THE TOWN CRYER



VAMPIRESS ASSASSIN



MERCHANT



Even bullets can't stop the Town Crier as these unfortunate Marienburgers find out.

The Editor Speaks

As you are no doubt aware my distasteful denizens we have another eight pages crammed into our beloved Town Cryer. Only through relentless bowing, grovelling, scraping and acts of such degeneracy that they cannot be divulged here has your esteemed editor managed to bolster your favourite tome!

The burning sands of Khemri are now far behind us but the shattered walls and hovels of the Cursed City lie just ahead. It is here that we will continue our search, a search for secrets, a search for knowledge but above all a search for wyrdstone. This issue we explore the south-western quarter of Mordheim and uncover the improbable horrors it harbours.

We also bring to your greedy attention a fellow brought back from our eastern travels – a merchant whose wares we assure you are not to be sniffed at. There is also the immortal loveliness of that creature of the night, the Vampiress Marianna Chevaux. Be warned, though, for she may appear as harmless as a Bretonnian princess but that belies her true ruthlessness and unholy power. And finally, as if our namesake should need any introduction, there is the old Town Cryer himself – diabolical, indestructible, an utter blasphemy in the eyes of all good Sigmar-fearing folk. The city of darkness just got a little darker...

Steve

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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."

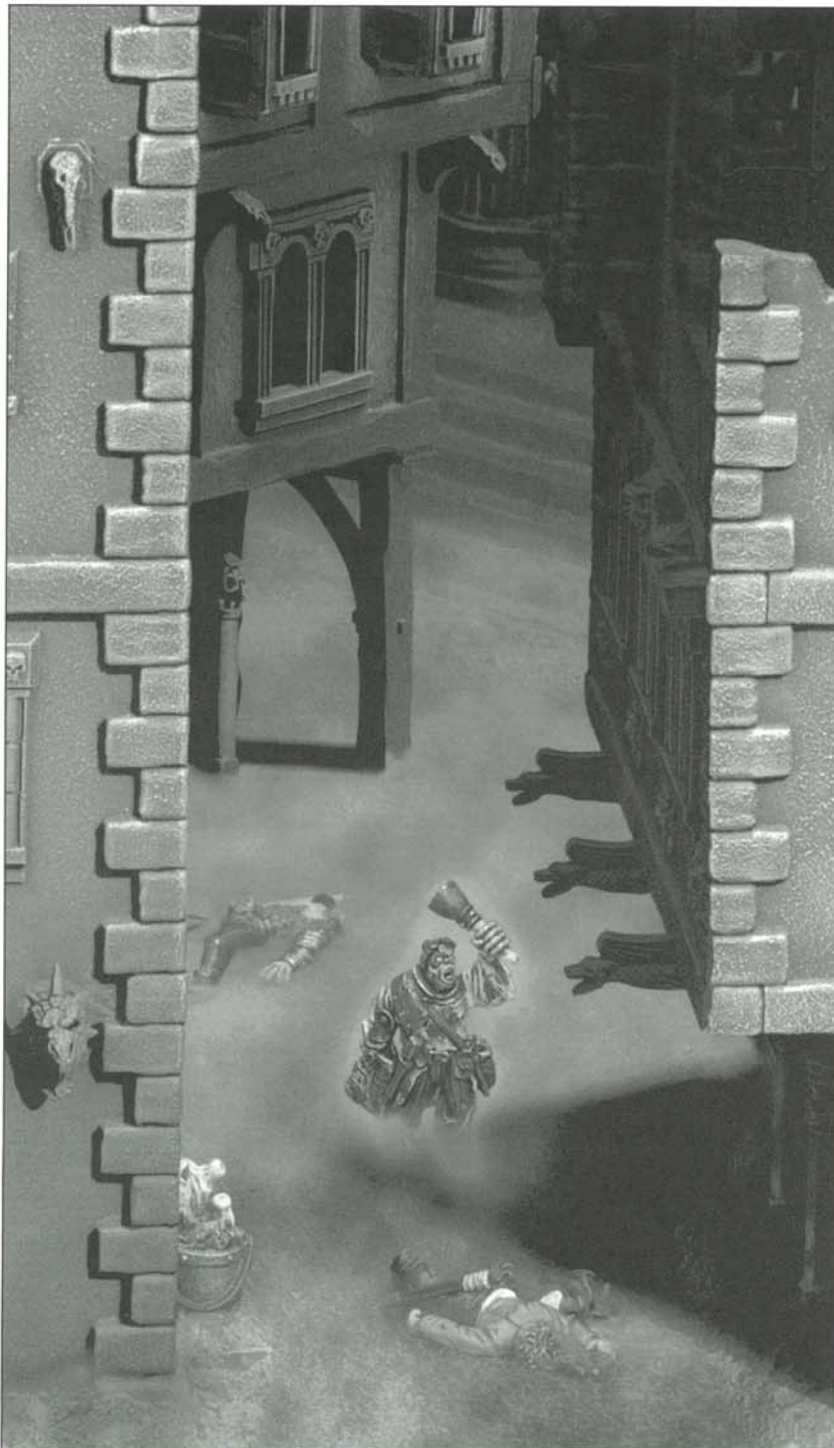
"I'm not afraid," Rauter lied.

"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 bell 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 hissed, 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 hear it are doomed to die or be driven mad, so the story goes..."

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

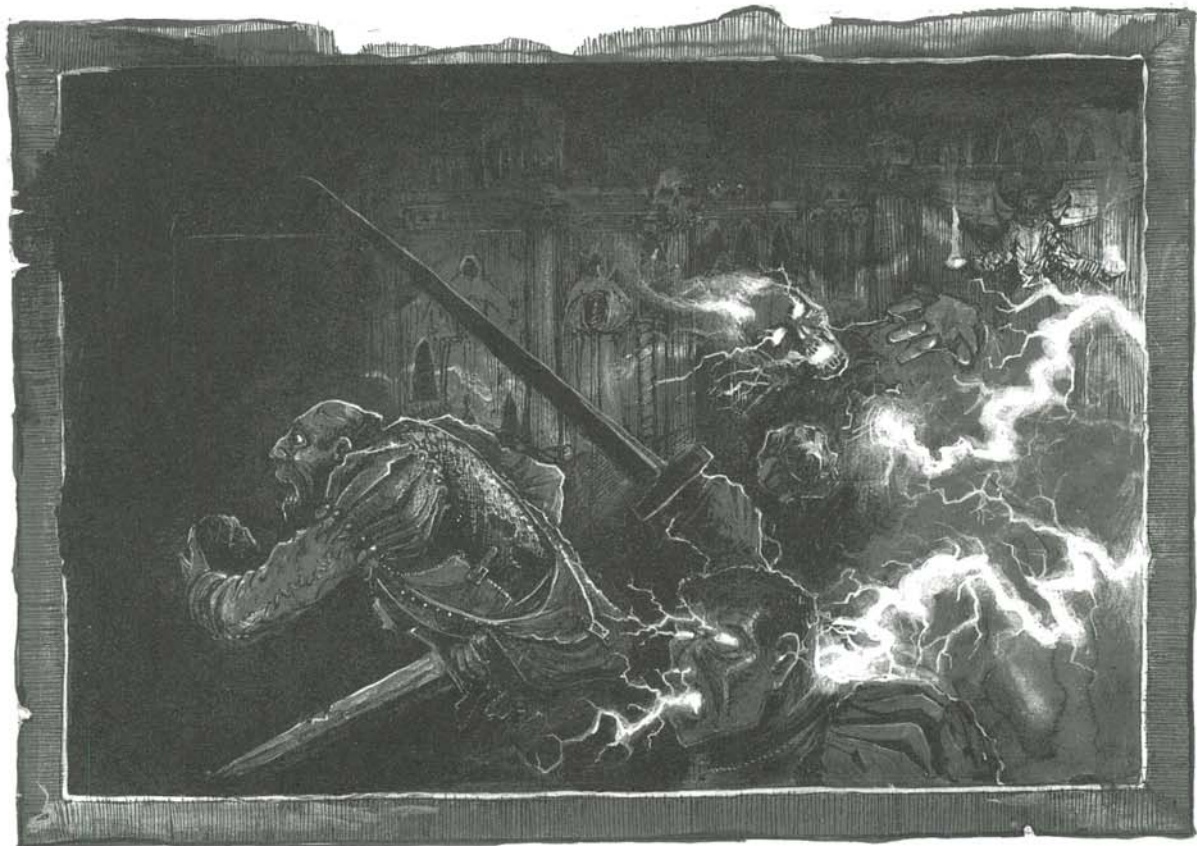
"Tis only a story boy," Klauten told him. The boy's fear seemed unnatural and it was unnerving.

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 hell 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!

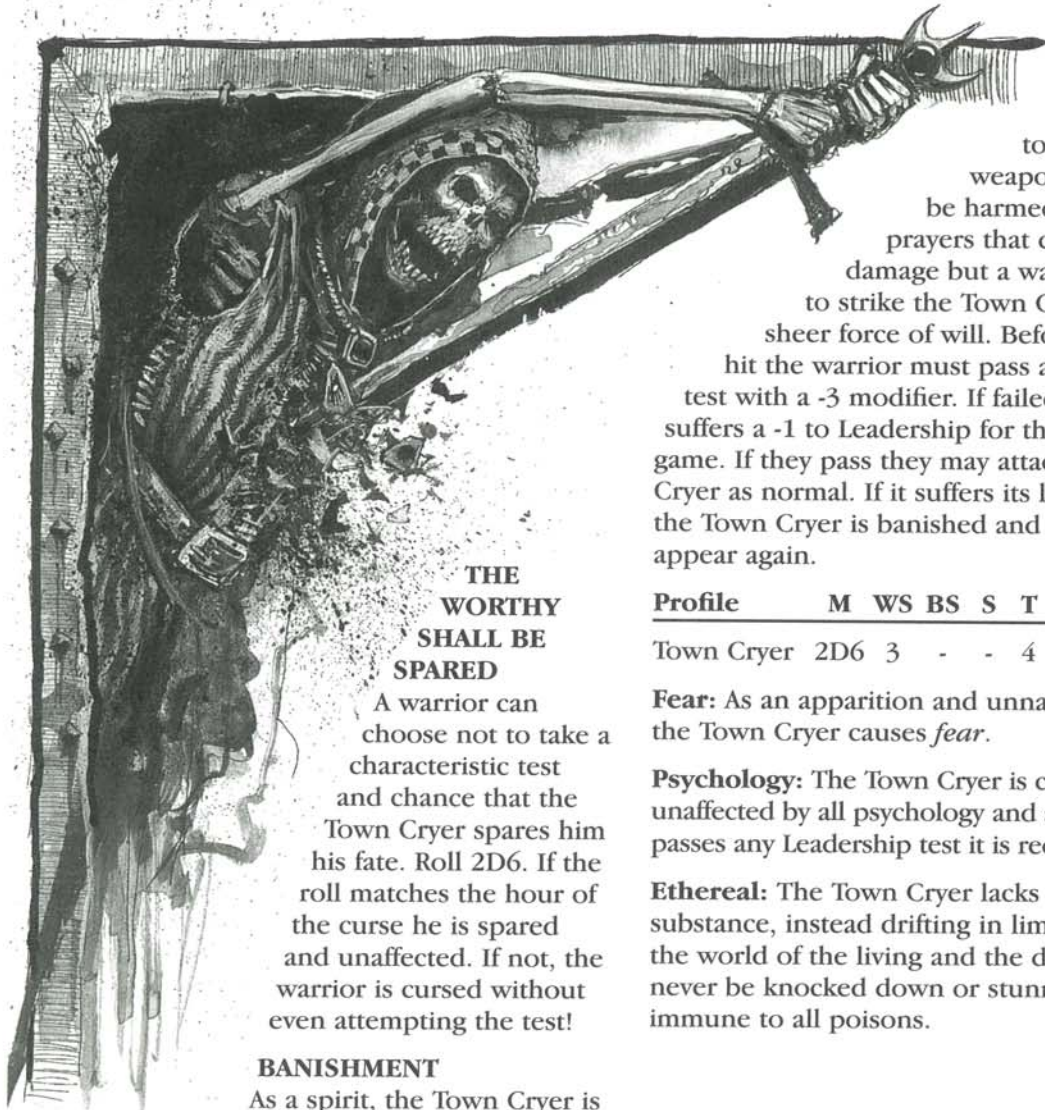
If a warrior is within 6" of the Town Cryer after it finishes moving, it issues a portentous warning that could spell their doom! It always challenges the closest warrior. Roll 2D6 on the table below to discover the nature of the Town Cryer's warning.

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 yeah, oh yeah, at the hour of three a blade is worth nought 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.



For Whom the Bell Tolls...



**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.

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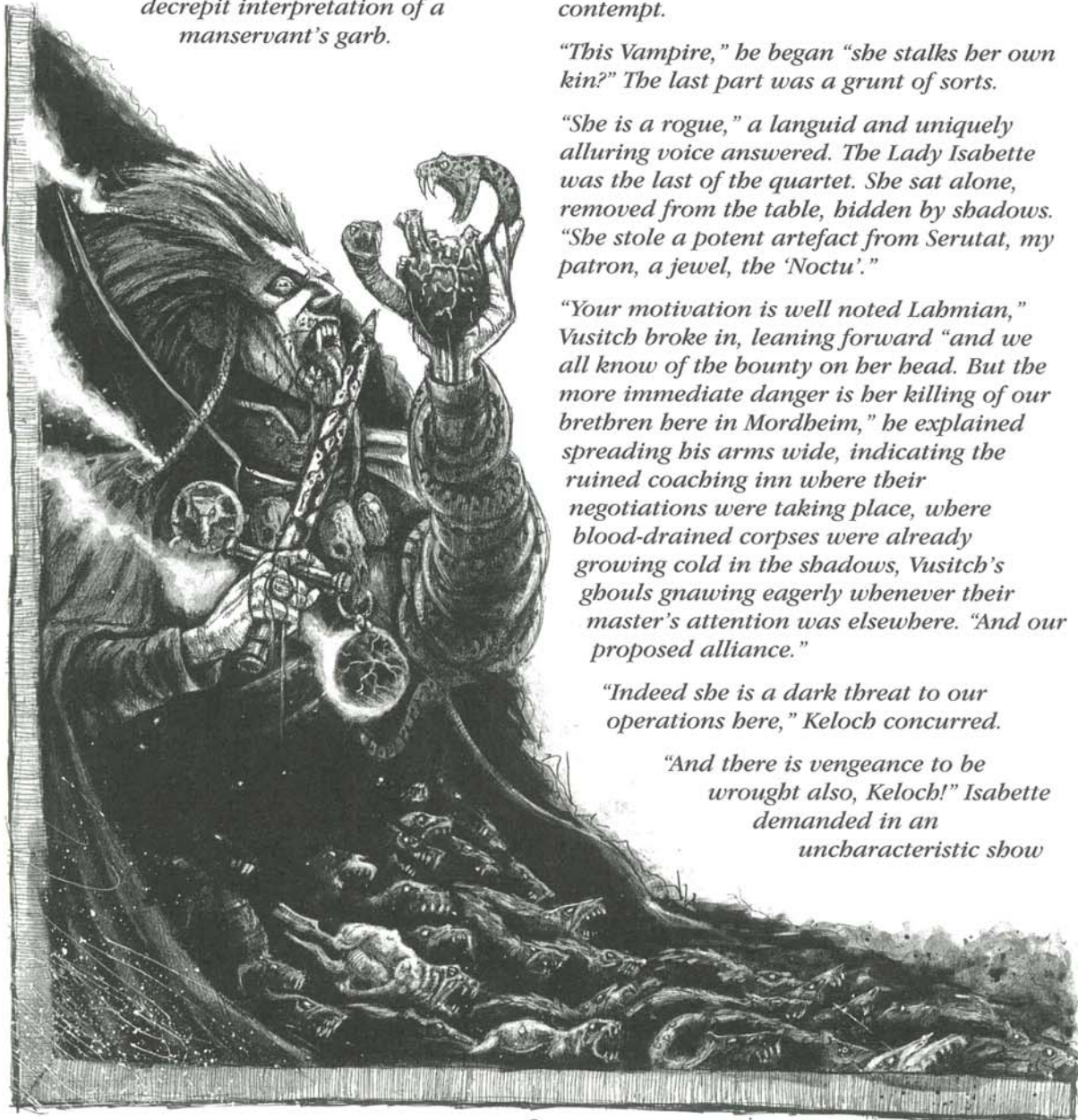
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Revenge is Eternal...

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 disbevelled 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, bidden by shadows. "She stole a potent artefact from Serutat, my patron, a jewel, the 'Noctu'."

"Your motivation is well noted Labmian," 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 hand.

"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.

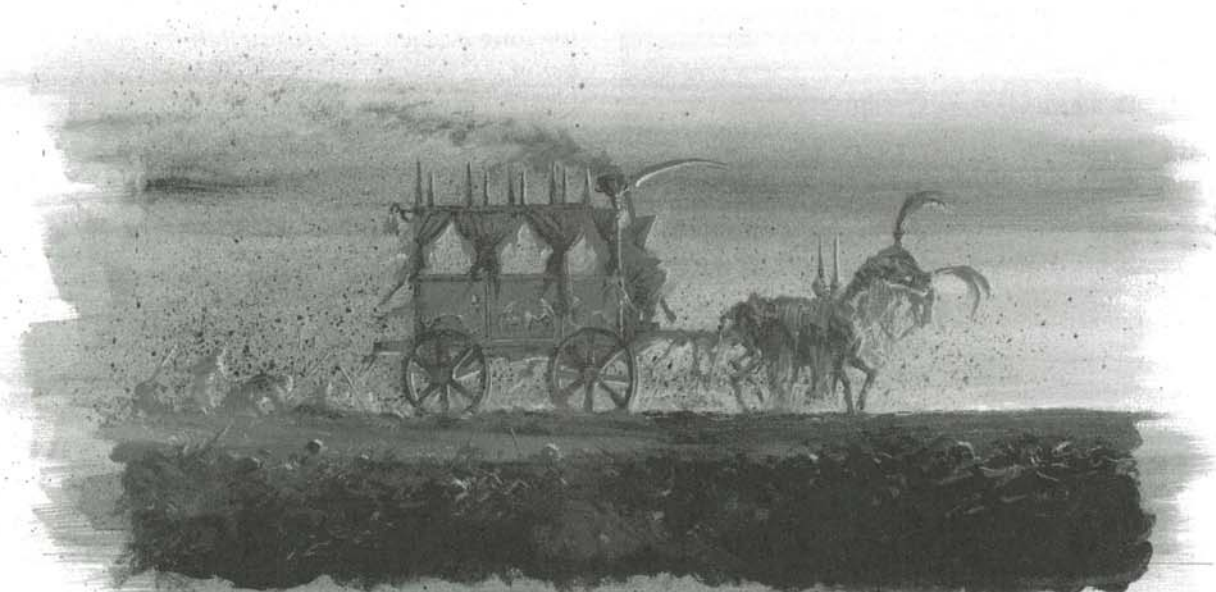
Keloch and Isabette were about to join him when Vusitch clutched his throat; the glass sent clattering to the stony ground, shattering like its untainted counterpart. One hand fell

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, "Trea...", 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 beaded 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...

Revenge is Eternal

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 W S B 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*.



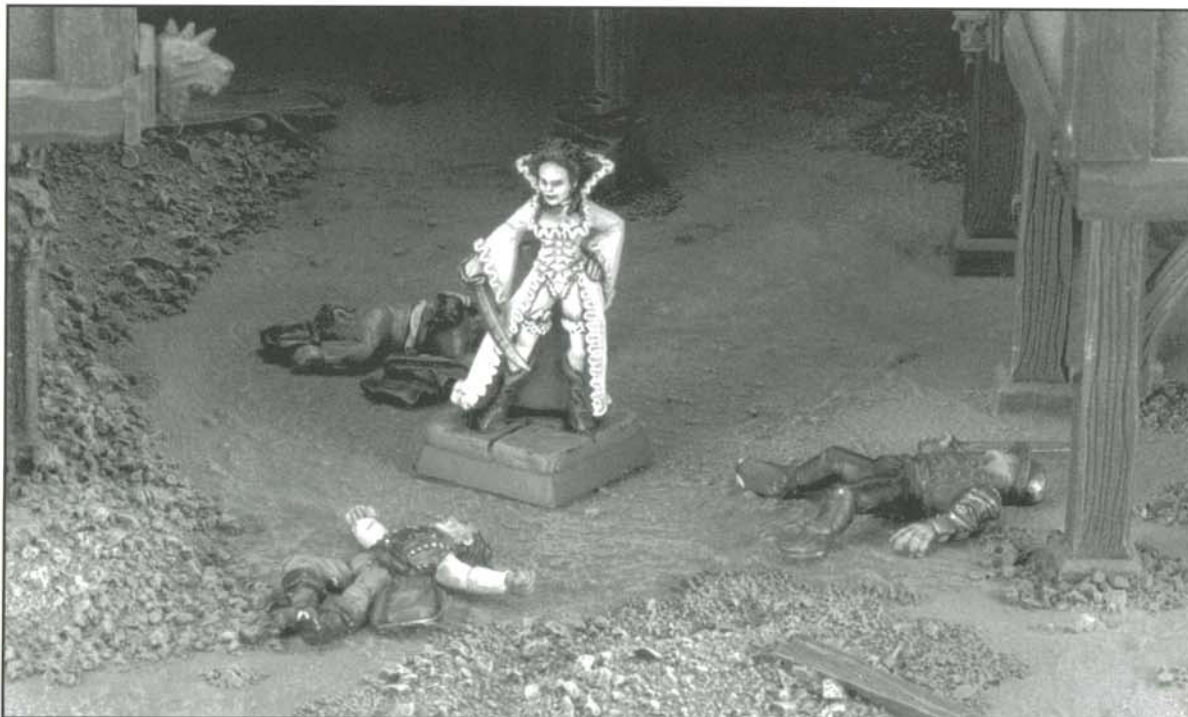
SPECIAL RULES

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 a 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.



City of the Damned

Cartography & new art by Nuala Kennedy
Scribed by Space McQuirk & Chris Blair

This is the second installment of the City of the Damned series of articles exploring the cursed city of Mordheim. This issue concentrates on the South-western Quarter of the city, specifically detailing the landmarks and their history. There is also a scenario which is specific to the area.



The Southwest Quarter of Mordheim was once the centre of religion, law and order. It was from this region that the official day to day business of governing the town took place. During the rule of Count Leopold Steinhardt, very little escaped the notice of the city guards and strict discipline was maintained. Unfortunately as the ruling elite became greedier, the funding vanished from this area. The rich nobles and merchants became increasingly removed from their people. They cared little for anything except who would be hosting the next lavish ball, and what flamboyant costumes they would wear. Without the money to mount constant patrols, law and order slowly began to break down.

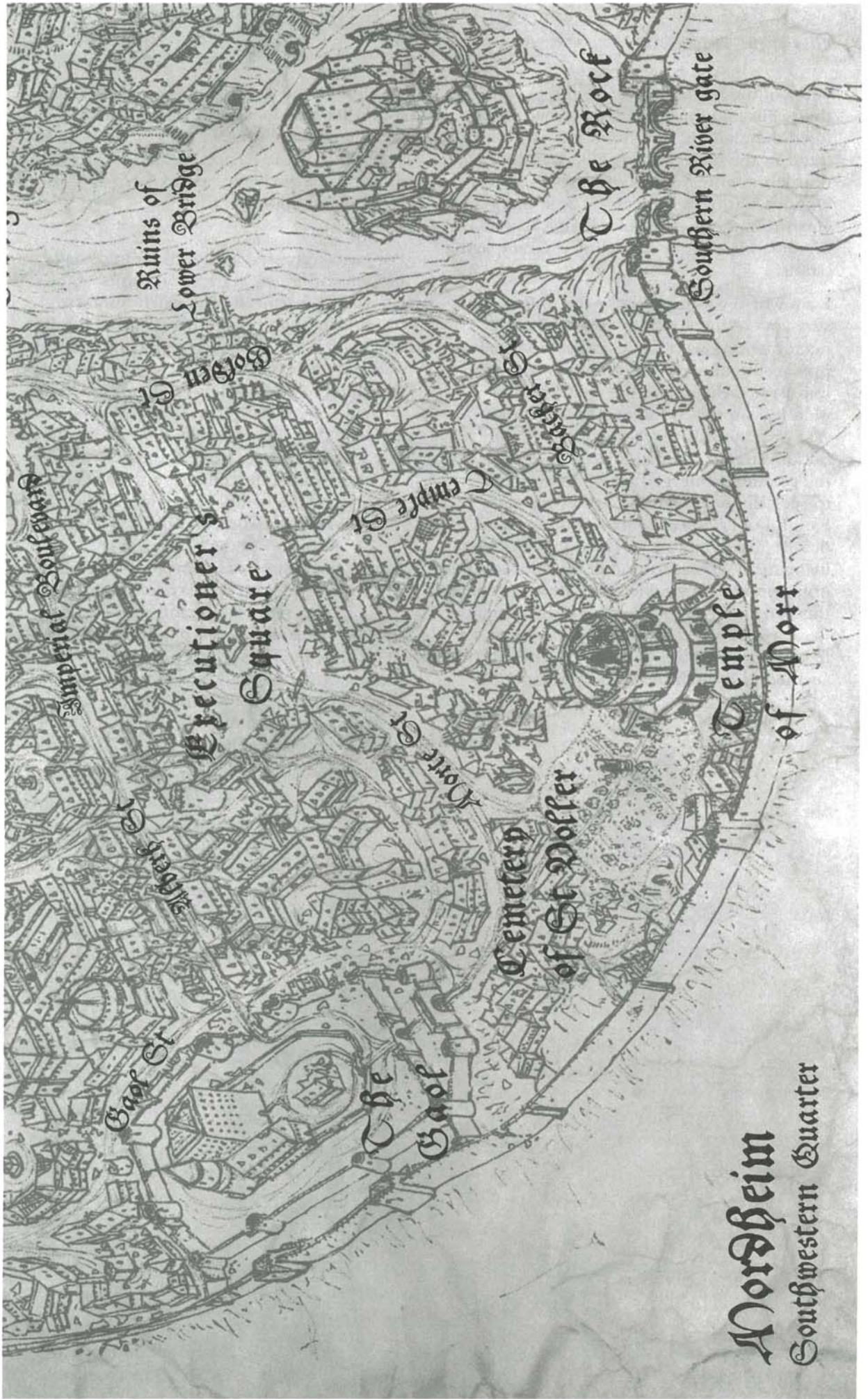


“Interested in visiting the Temple Quarter are you? There are a few things you might want to learn before you so eagerly head to your doom. When Mordheim was a thriving city they said only the dead and dying ever went there. Things haven’t changed much since then. The problem is that the dead no longer rest easy in Mordheim. Round these parts of the city, brains are in high demand, they’re a delicacy in fact. If you still insist on exploring this Quarter heed my words, you’d best not venture near the cemetery, for there’s plenty of graves that still need filling.”

Facing exorbitant taxes, the good people of Mordheim became increasingly desperate and crime began to escalate. By the time Leopold’s son, Amadeus Steinhardt, had come to rule, the gaol was so full with petty criminals, there was no longer any room left within its walls. The town officials decided that drastic action had to be taken and so decreed that any crimes were punishable by death. This, for obvious reasons, led to an increase in executions. It is said that misery seeks sorrow for companionship, and the depraved citizens of Mordheim found pleasure in the suffering of others. They would flock in great numbers to watch the public executions. Spotting a unique opportunity to squeeze more money into their already overflowing coffers, the officials saw fit to charge for these macabre public displays. To keep the crowds interested and flocking to the square, they would devise increasingly gruesome ways in which to dispatch the criminals.



When the disaster struck, a record crowd had gathered in Executioner’s Square to watch the execution of Gunther Griswald. This petty thief had been billed to be fed alive to stripper worms. Caught in the open few spectators survived the disaster. Most of the Quarter was completely devastated, but remarkably the Gaol escaped fairly intact.



Nordheim
Southwestern Quarter

City of the Damned

Many of the prisoners were left locked within their cells and for months their mad howls filled the night air, but hundreds more were freed by the blast. Vicious killers and insane murderers now roamed the lawless streets without fear of the city guard. It soon became clear from the manner of the attacks that an unknown leader was directing the rampaging bands.

Even worse was in store for the unfortunate survivors of the South-west Quarter. Evil necromancers who had escaped from the prison sought revenge on those who had imprisoned them, and the dead were in plentiful supply. At the height of the riots that were quickly spreading through the broken streets, the dead that had filled the cemetery emerged from their tombs to seek the warm embrace of living flesh. A handful of Priests of Morr stood in valiant defence, seeking to give last rights to the living dead who surrounded the ruins of their holy temple. They rallied the citizens to fight this evil and it was said that for three nights, fierce battle raged through the streets as the living fought off the dead. For a while it seemed as though the spirit of the people

would win the battle and the necromancers found that the hardened survivors of Mordheim were no easy prey. Then, just as the balance tipped in favour of the living, a dark shadow fell upon the town quarter.



For years a twisted and dark vampire had lain hidden within the cellars and vaults of the old Gaol. Ever fearful lest the witch hunters discover his lair, he and his coven of thralls had lived a pitiful existence, feeding off rats and stray animals. Now this ancient fiend emerged to exact his revenge on those who had sought to destroy him and his kind.



The dark Count and his minions, other lesser vampires he had cursed with his deadly kiss, descended to wreak carnage amongst the living. The comet had caused clouds of debris and dust to fill the skies and under this cover the vampires were protected from the sun.

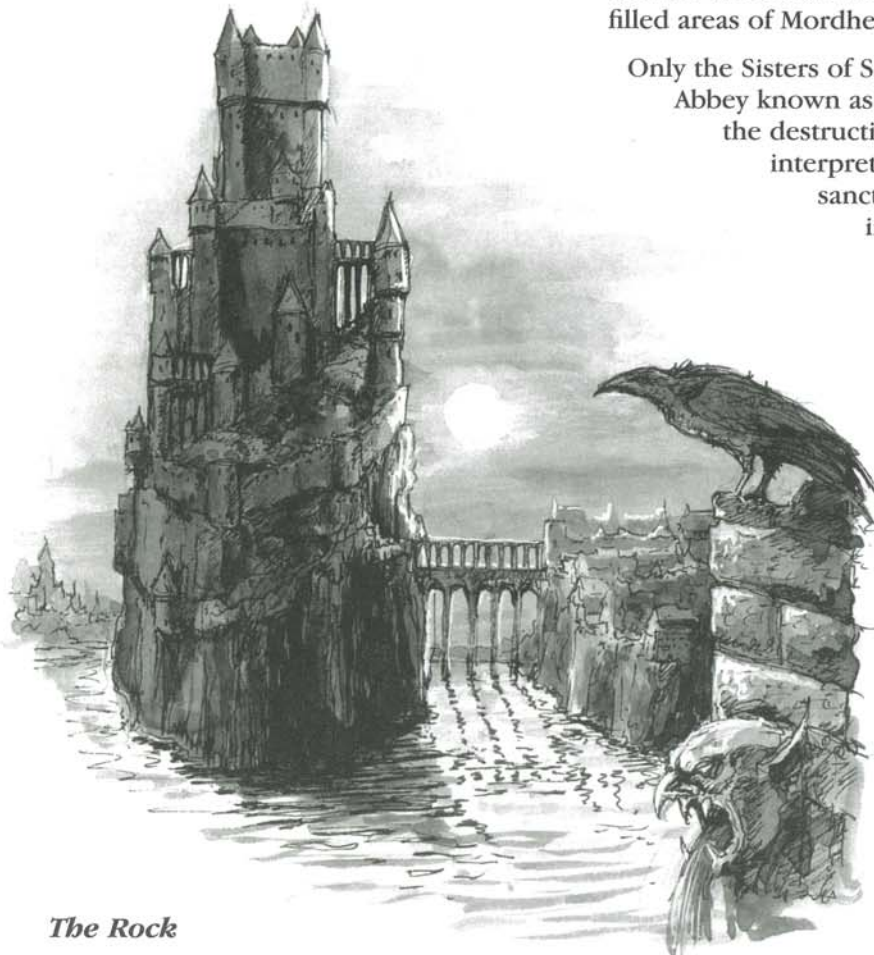


Throughout the day and night the Count and his servants gorged themselves on the warm blood of the people of Mordheim. Those who survived the initial bloody onslaught fled in fear, and soon this once peaceful and civil quarter became one of the most horror filled areas of Mordheim.



Only the Sisters of Sigmar whose Fortress Abbey known as The Rock, had escaped the destruction in this quarter. They interpreted the saving of their sanctuary as divine

intervention. Hundreds flocked to the Sisters seeking protection within the walls but the Sisters stood firm, believing all of the inhabitants of Mordheim to be sinners who should be wiped from existence. They refused to aid the desperate gathering crowds. Even so, they knew the walking dead were an abomination to all that was holy



The Rock

"I told you to take a left at Alberk Strasse!" Freidrich shouted. He was beginning to regret joining the small group. In the smoky confines of the Red Dragon Inn it had seemed like a good idea at the time: adventure, wealth and fame all within his grasp. The reality on the streets of Mordheim was somewhat less appealing. The thick fog was cold and suffocating, although Freidrich could not tell whether his shivering was due to the temperature or cold stark fear.

"Where are we now then?" Herman, the self appointed leader of the group called back. Freidrich had spotted a broken street sign moments earlier and ran back to investigate. Picking up the sign from a pile of rubble he wiped off the thick layer of dirt.

"I think we're on Imperial Boulevard," he called out, cautiously walking back through the mists. There was no reply. Freidrich ran to catch up with the group. The last thing he wanted was to be wandering the streets lost, alone and without a map.

Tripping on a bulk beneath his feet, Freidrich picked himself up. He was horrified to see a body beneath him. Turning the bloody corpse over Freidrich was even more shocked to see Herman's lifeless eyes staring back at him. Blood flowed from a savage gash on his neck. Nervously glancing through the mist he could see the silhouettes of a dozen more bodies. Panic began to take hold and Freidrich sprinted away from the ghastly scene.

Freidrich had no idea how long he had been running. Each street looked familiar and yet there seemed no way out of this labyrinth. Dusk was already upon him, and Freidrich had no desire to be caught in this quarter after dark. He turned the corner of Golden Strasse, colliding with a tall cloaked figure.

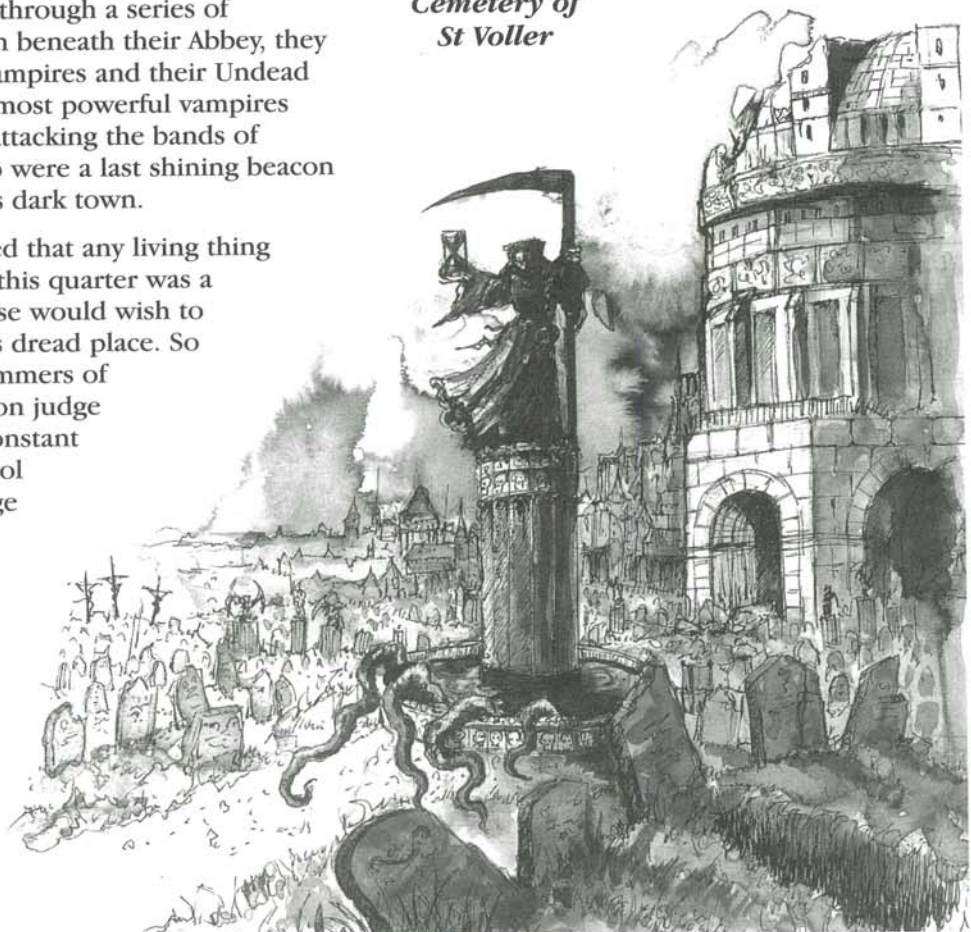
"Thank Sigmar." He stammered grasping at the stranger's lapels. "Sir, help me I'm lost." The stranger smiled revealing a menacing set of bloodied fangs.

"There is only one escape from my realm." The stranger replied, as his thick black cloak enveloped the doomed adventurer.

and could not ignore this threat to their beliefs. Venturing through a series of catacombs that ran beneath their Abbey, they fought back the vampires and their Undead hordes. Even the most powerful vampires thought twice of attacking the bands of Warrior Nuns who were a last shining beacon of light within this dark town.

The Sisters deemed that any living thing that dwelt within this quarter was a sinner, for who else would wish to remain within this dread place. So too would the hammers of Sigmar's retribution judge them. With this constant vigil they still patrol the quarter in large numbers. Constantly fighting off the vampires, necromancers and insane criminal minds that seek to take the quarter for their own devious ends.

Cemetery of St Voller





Scenario: In the dead of the night...



Yuri joined Ludvik in crouching behind the low wall. He gazed over the top, into the misty graveyard beyond.

"Looks like he's on his own," whispered Yuri to his comrade "This should be plain sailing."

"Don't bank on it," responded Ludvik "You know how slippery the undying can get. We should be prepared for anything. There is no time to lose... let's go!"

Yuri signalled the rest of his warband as Ludvik prepared his crossbow. He heard the shuffling of feet as he crept to the cemetery gate – the boys would have to be stealthier than this if they were to surprise the being within. They would have to move quickly over a few hundred yards, and who knew what evils the dark creature could summon if given enough warning?

The mercenary glanced around as he slowly opened the gate. It squeaked a little, but there seemed to be no change in the

chanting from within the graveyard. The coast was clear. It was now or never.

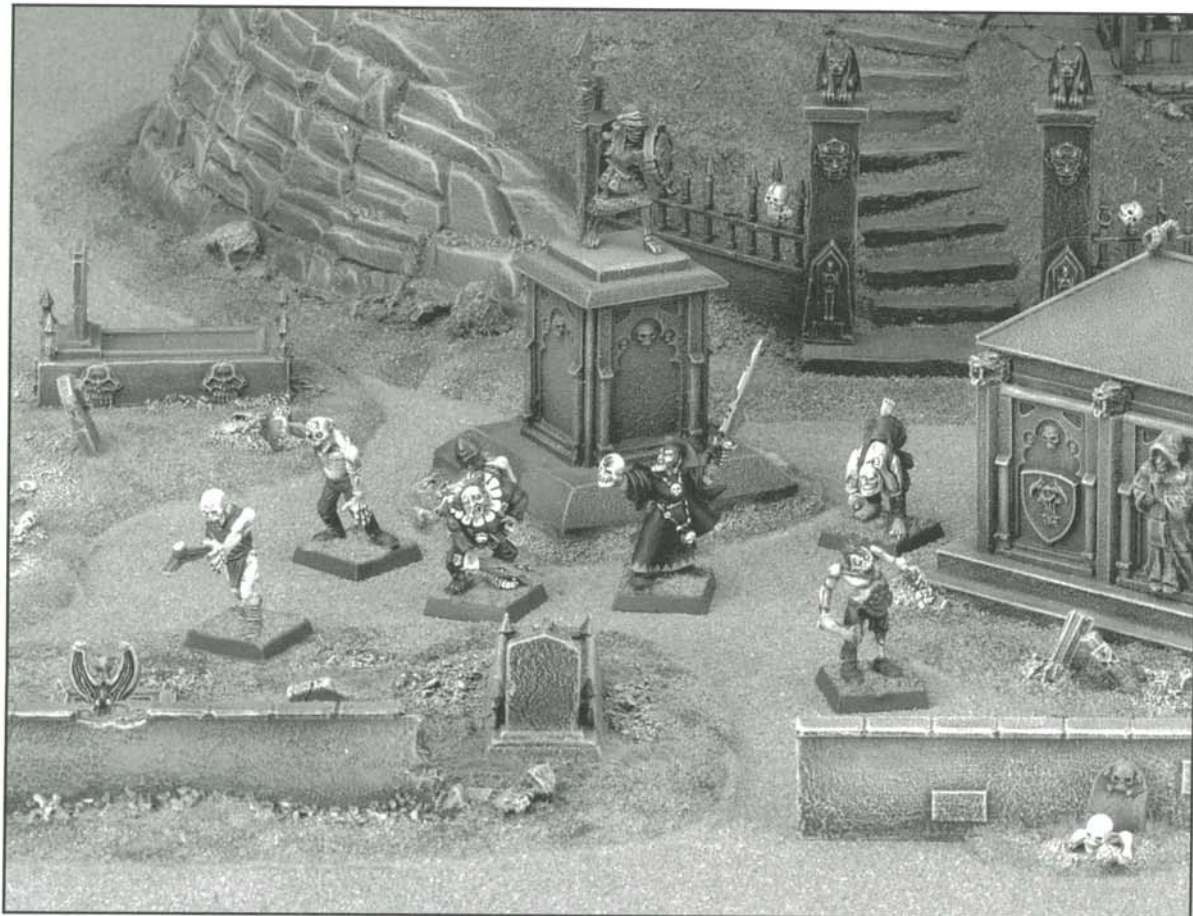


The men kept low as they ran past the first few graves. Yuri was intent on the figure before him – he could see it silhouetted against the moon, arms raised, chanting blasphemous words. He thought he saw something moving to his right, almost imperceptibly, and looked fleetingly in that direction. Nothing. Yuri took a hurried glance over his right shoulder to see Ludvik's expression; eyes open wide, mouth agape. He quickly turned to face the centre of the graveyard once more.

And found himself face to face with the hideous, bestial face of a ghoul...



The warband has been approached at night by a mysterious figure offering good money for a simple assassination of an 'inexperienced petty wizard', preferably before he can complete a minor ritual. The



A Necromancer attempts to cast the ritual

spell will create a new strain of 'campsite cough', and the caster plans to take advantage of his alchemical powers to extort money by healing the sick.

It's an easy job, and the lads/girls/things aren't too drunk on cheap alcohol, so they readily agree. All they have to do is go to the graveyard and kill the target ('an old man, frail, shouldn't be too difficult!')....

Of course, unbeknownst to our intrepid heroes, the mysterious figure was understating slightly. The target happens to be a practitioner of the dark arts, perhaps even a vampire, undoubtedly with a retinue of henchmen, quite possibly able to summon more with a simple gesture. What's more, he's on his own turf, the graveyard. And the ritual will actually bring ALL the dead in the graveyard back to life so the foul being can take over the city for his equally foul purposes. Better hurry guys!

Terrain

This scenario is played in an area measuring approx 4' by 2'. At one end should be a shrine or altar where the summoner is preparing his ritual, at the other the gates to the cemetery through which the attacking warband enters. In between, should be simple graveyard scenery – graves, a couple of dead trees, etc.

Warbands

The defender must be an Undead warband that includes a Necromancer or a Vampire that can cast magic. The defending player may only field half his warband (by rating) as the rest is considered to be out foraging for wyrdstone to fuel the ritual.

The attacker may be any type of warband except for Undead.



Setup

The defender sets up first but may position their models no closer than 14" to the gate. It's advisable they do so with the altar and summoner as far away from the gate as possible. The attacking warband may then set up no further than 6" from the gate.

Any attacking models that would normally be able to set up anywhere on the table (for whatever rule) may set up a further 6" from the gate.

Starting the game

Before the game starts, and once all models have been set up, the defending player can roll a D3 and place that many free Zombies anywhere on the table (no closer than 8" to any of the attacker's models).

Special rules

The defending player takes the first turn.

The defender's objective is to complete the ritual with his Vampire/Necromancer. It takes a total of ten full turns to do so and the spellcaster must spend these turns doing nothing other than chanting, and must be within 1" of the altar whilst doing so (he may not move, fight in close combat, fire a missile weapon or cast magic). He will defend himself if attacked but this will break the ritual and cause him to have to start from the beginning again.



In each of his turns the defender may roll a D6-3, and bring this many free Zombies on from any point on any table edge – the Zombies may move and charge as normal as soon as they move on.

If the spellcaster manages to complete the spell, then 5D6 Zombies may be brought onto the table at the beginning of the subsequent turn. Of these, one may be set up in base contact with each grave scenery piece. Furthermore, any models from the opponent's warband that have been taken *out of action* will be brought back as a Zombie from the point where they died (with Zombie stats and no skills or special abilities, but will keep their original equipment). Better start painting those Zombies! The spellcaster can then take part in the game as normal.

Ending the game

The attacking warband wins the game automatically if they manage to take the Undead spellcaster *out of action* and prevent the completion of the ritual.

The defender wins if he manages complete the ritual. It might be fun to continue playing at this point to see if the attacker can get his models to relative safety by fleeing back though the gate.

Experience

+1 Survives. If a Hero or Henchman group survives the battle they gain +1 experience.

+1 Winning leader. The leader of the winning warband gains +1 experience.

+1 per enemy out of action. Any Hero earns +1 experience for any enemy he puts *out of action*.

+3 for stopping the ritual. Any Hero earns a further +3 experience for taking the Undead spellcaster *out of action* and stopping the ritual.



Wyrðstone

The winning warband will recover D3 shards of Wyrðstone left over from the ritual.

Zombies

If the defender successfully completes the ritual then he may retain D3+3 of the Zombies that he summoned, provided this doesn't put him over his warband limit. The excess Zombies are assumed to wander aimlessly about or feast upon the fallen.

Yuri finished off his opponent and stood up. The graveyard was quiet now, and the battle seemed to be over. He looked around, ignoring the fact that he could not see out of one eye.

He spotted the others, and shuffled over to join them. Yuri simply did not notice that the top of his head was missing, and his entrails were dragging along behind him. All he registered was a rabid hunger for raw meat...



Next issue we will explore the ruins of the north-western quarter of the city...



"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.

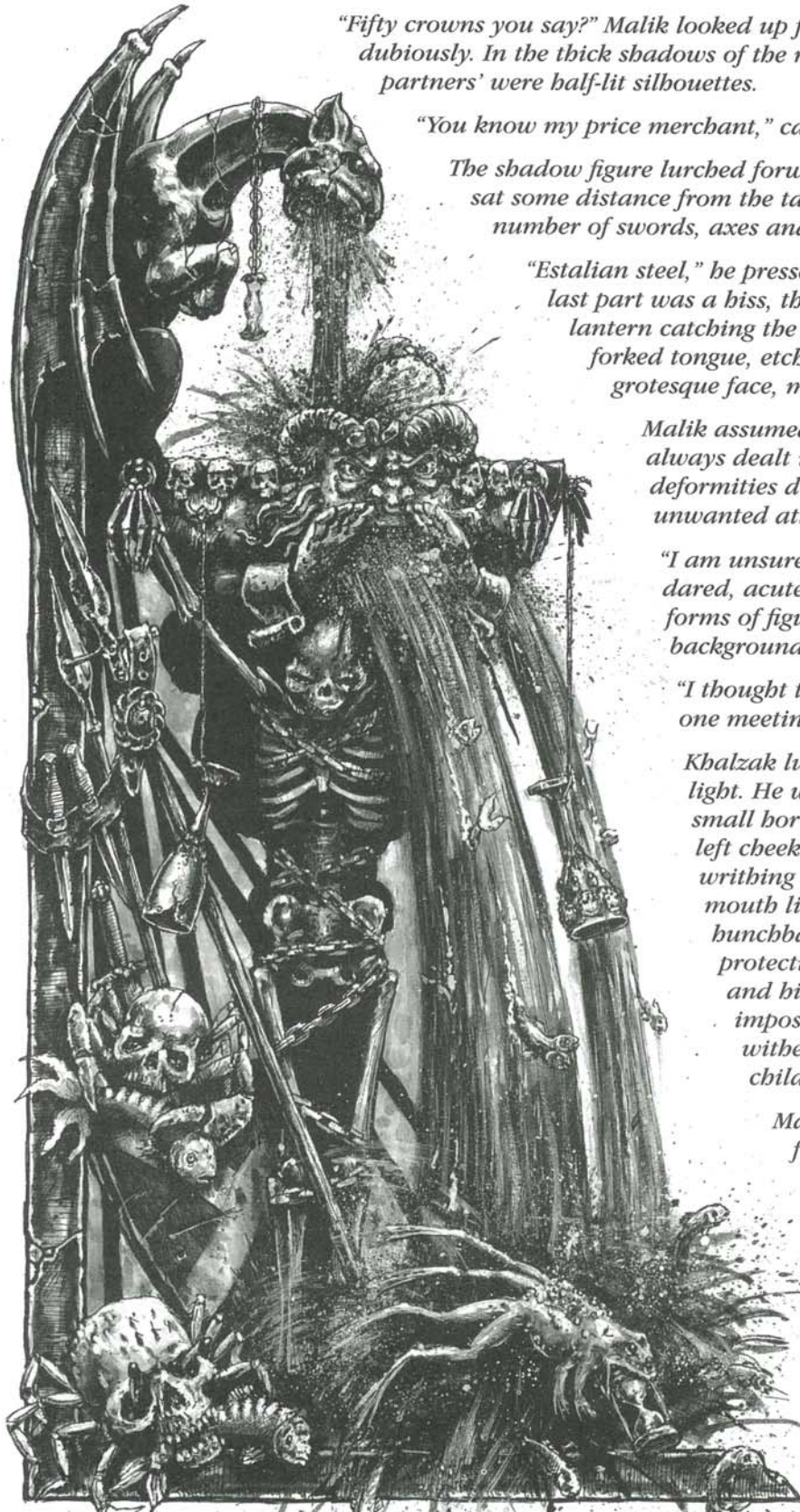
"I thought this was to be a one-on-one meeting," he stated calmly.

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.

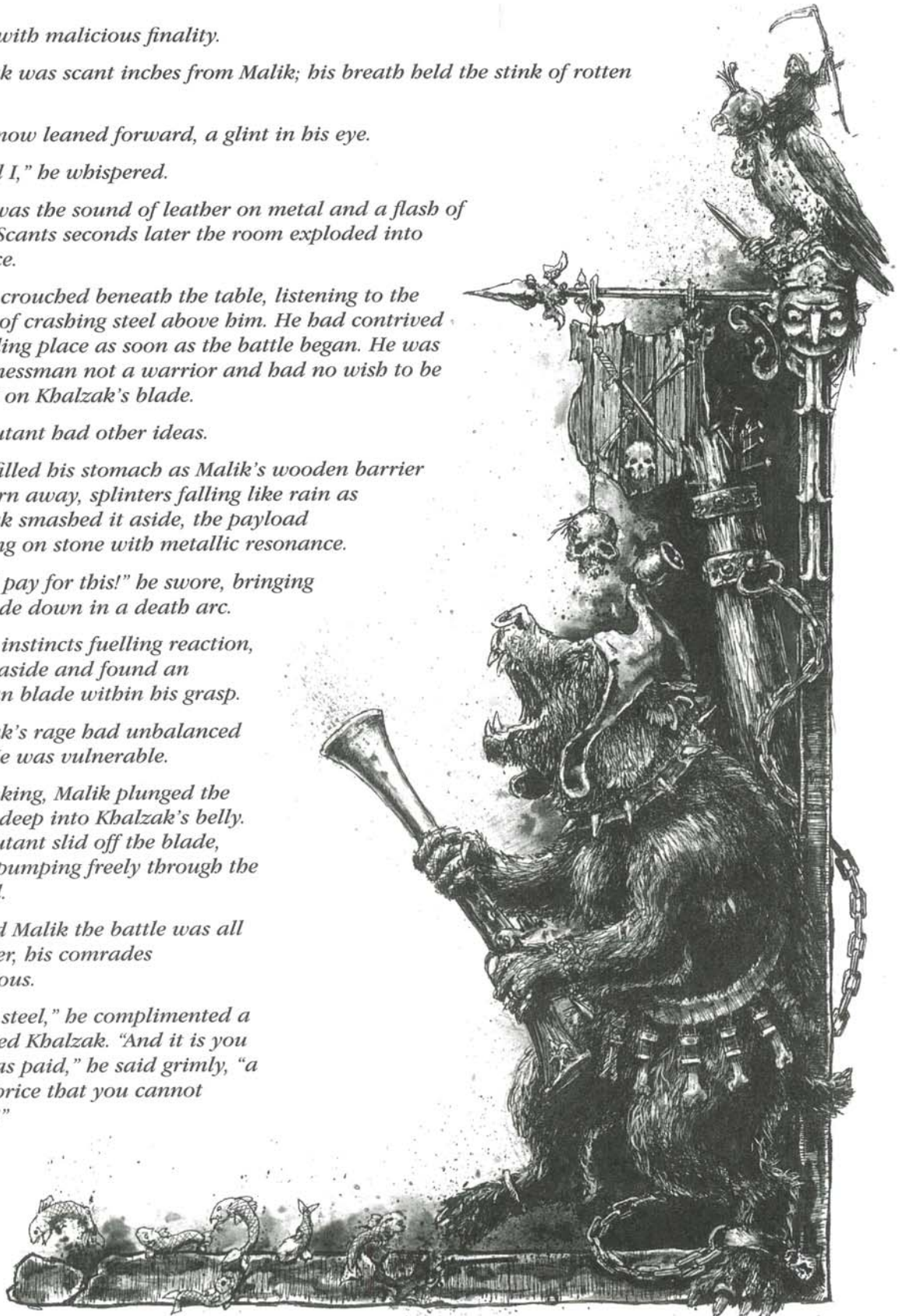
Malik, instincts fuelling reaction, rolled aside and found an Estalian blade within his grasp.

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...

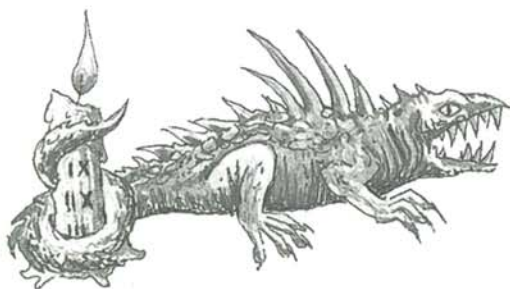
May be Hired: Any good aligned warbands may hire an Arabian Merchant (ie, Mercenaries, Dwarfs, Witch Hunters, Tomb Raiders, etc)

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

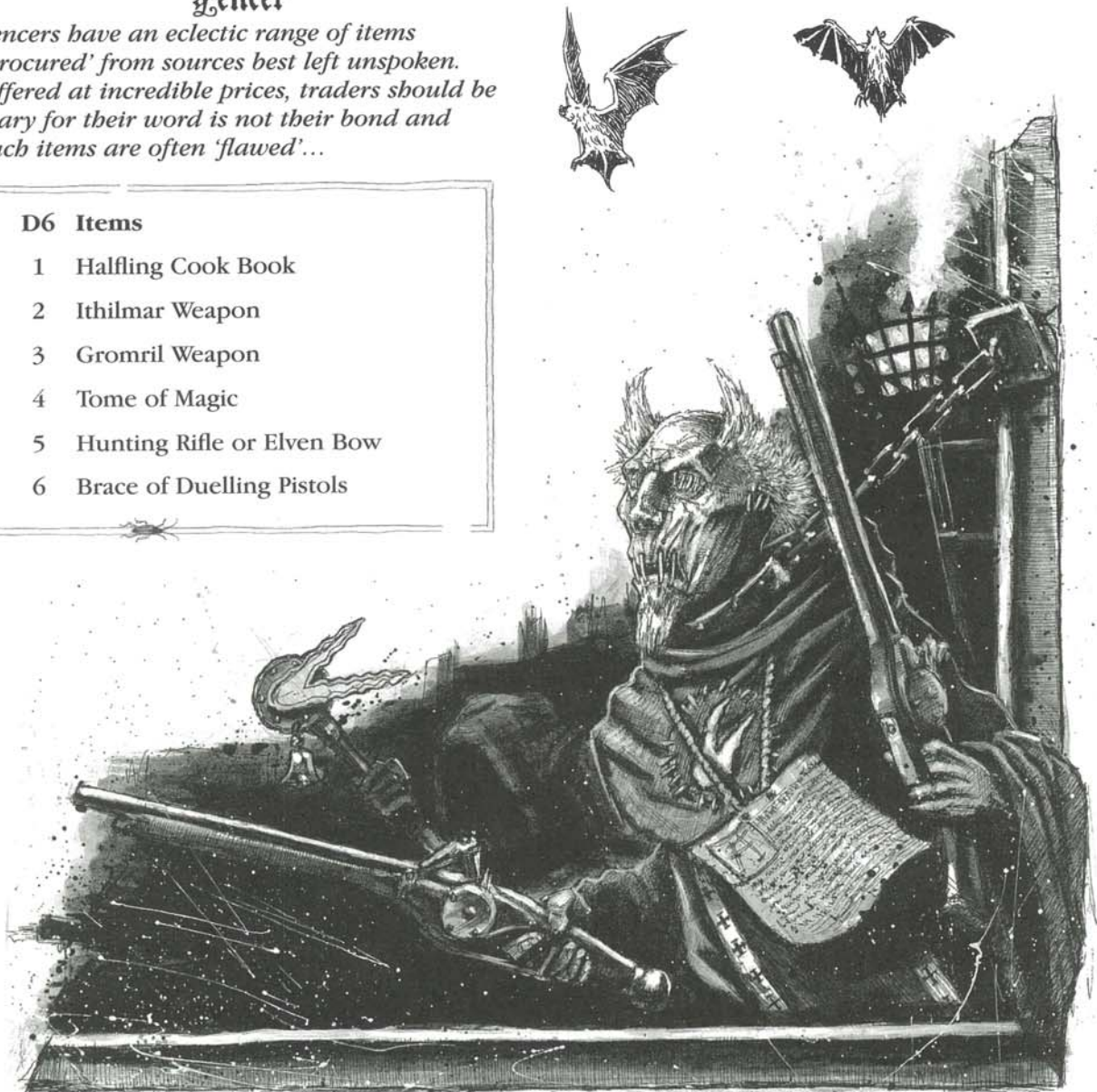
All the items purchased through the Merchant's market contacts are at their base price (ie, do not add the random gold modifier for items). All items bought from the Fencer are also at half price but after the item is used once roll a D6. On a roll of 1, the item breaks and is useless – an elaborate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

Letters to the Scribe

Ed, Steve Hambrook presents us with more letters to ponder over.

To Armour, or not to Armour...

When on holiday, I used my time to read through some old issues of Town Cryer. Within, I read several opinions voiced against armour and other equipment of questionable worth (eg, horses/mounts). I'd like to take the opportunity to say something about realism and gaming, things that are really compatible with just a little bit of imagination. In our ongoing campaign, we have eight warbands: two Skaven, two Middenheimer, one Sisters of Sigmar, one Witch Hunter, one Reiklander and one Marienburger.

Of these, the Skaven are generally armoured like this: one Night Runner with light armour and shield, a henchrat group of four with shields. The Middenheimer warbands are armoured like this: Captain and Champions with light armour, a henchman group of four with shields. The Sisters of Sigmar warband are armoured like this: Matriarch and Sister Superiors with light armour. The Witch Hunters are armoured like this: Warrior Priest and Witch Hunters with light armour, Zealot group of three with shields. The Reiklanders are armoured like this: Captain with heavy



armour, Champions with light armour, one Youngblood with helmet. The Marienburgers are armoured like this: Captain with light armour and shield, Champions with heavy armour, a henchman group of four with helmets and shields. As you can see, most of the groups are particularly dependant upon armour.



Play has shown that armoured fighters do die, but most of them manage to get through at least seven fights each. Armour does not give total security by any means. On the other hand, an armour save just may save your ass, and it really IS a difference!

Of course, it can seem unfair if your well-armoured captain is taken out by a pesky giant rat making a critical hit, taking the armour save away. You do however have pretty good odds on surviving when being taken out of action. And, if your heavily armoured Captain/Champion/whatever dies, it really does not matter who or what killed him in the end. It is time to mourn anyway!

So if you use these items, keep in mind a certain realism. There is no such thing as total security and victory because of equipment. Even if you consider hiring an additional swordsman instead of buying heavy armour, you may not have an increased chance of winning. And if the swordsman dies, you've lost 45 gold crowns instead of 50 – what a difference! And just for those who may be interested – the Marienburgers, beginning with a rating of 76 and the second from bottom, are now leading with a rating of 216. All original heroes still stand, and Pierre is about to think of arming the Youngbloods too.

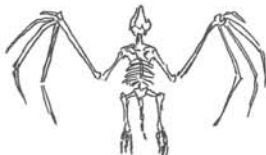
Sonia Dubois and entourage

sonia.dubois@wanadoo.fr

Well, the potential value of armour is still an ongoing debate. Is it worth the cost applied to it or not? And as we've mentioned before, not all of the points/cost allocations are always fair and balanced and for a reason – to reflect the relative rarity of such items.



Armour is very expensive, far more so than weapons and other equipment, and this should be reflected in its cost – not many



mercenaries can afford to get the best armour and most have to make do with just a simple helmet and shield if they are lucky. The other idea would be to find a way of improving armour without upsetting game balance – but that is another story! – Ed.

Town Cryer; Games Workshop,
Willow Rd, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS.
Or email: Fanatic@games-workshop.co.uk

Mailbag

Write in with your opinions to:



Assault on the Rock

The Rock is the fortress abbey of the Sisters of Sigmar, the only building to survive the holocaust caused by the comet. It is said that the Sisters survived the holy wrath of Sigmar through their penitence and prayer (and hiding out within the deep catacombs beneath the abbey!). From the Rock these fanatical daughters of Sigmar patrol the ruins of the Cursed City fighting the heathen followers of the Shadowlord and collecting shards of Wyrdstone to be later destroyed within the holy confines of their abbey. Many arcane and heretical items are held within the bowels of the Rock, guarded from the prying eyes of those who would misuse their power. It is the rumour of these treasures that lure the greedy and the power-crazed to attempt to infiltrate the heavily guarded abbey. The catacombs of the Rock are extensive and barely explored, with miles of tunnels leading off in every direction. Just recently a long forgotten tunnel

has been discovered that leads into the crypts of the Rock and rumour of a powerful magic tome has brought all manner of scum running like moths to a candle flame.

This scenario can be played by up to four warbands of any type and requires a referee.



Terrain

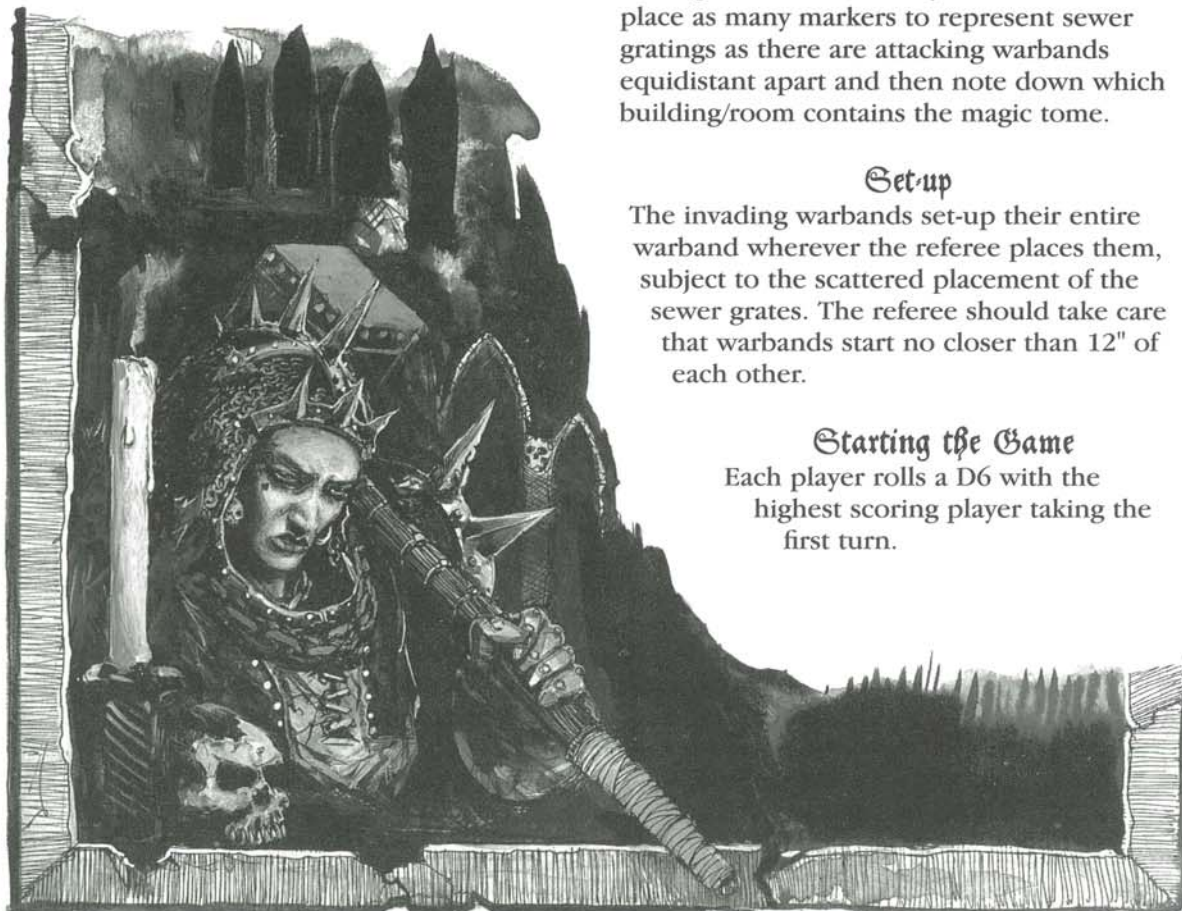
The referee sets up the board in a town-like setting with narrow streets in an orderly arrangement (the more adventurous amongst you could use the rules for fighting underground from TC 17). The referee should place as many markers to represent sewer gratings as there are attacking warbands equidistant apart and then note down which building/room contains the magic tome.

Set-up

The invading warbands set-up their entire warband wherever the referee places them, subject to the scattered placement of the sewer grates. The referee should take care that warbands start no closer than 12" of each other.

Starting the Game

Each player rolls a D6 with the highest scoring player taking the first turn.



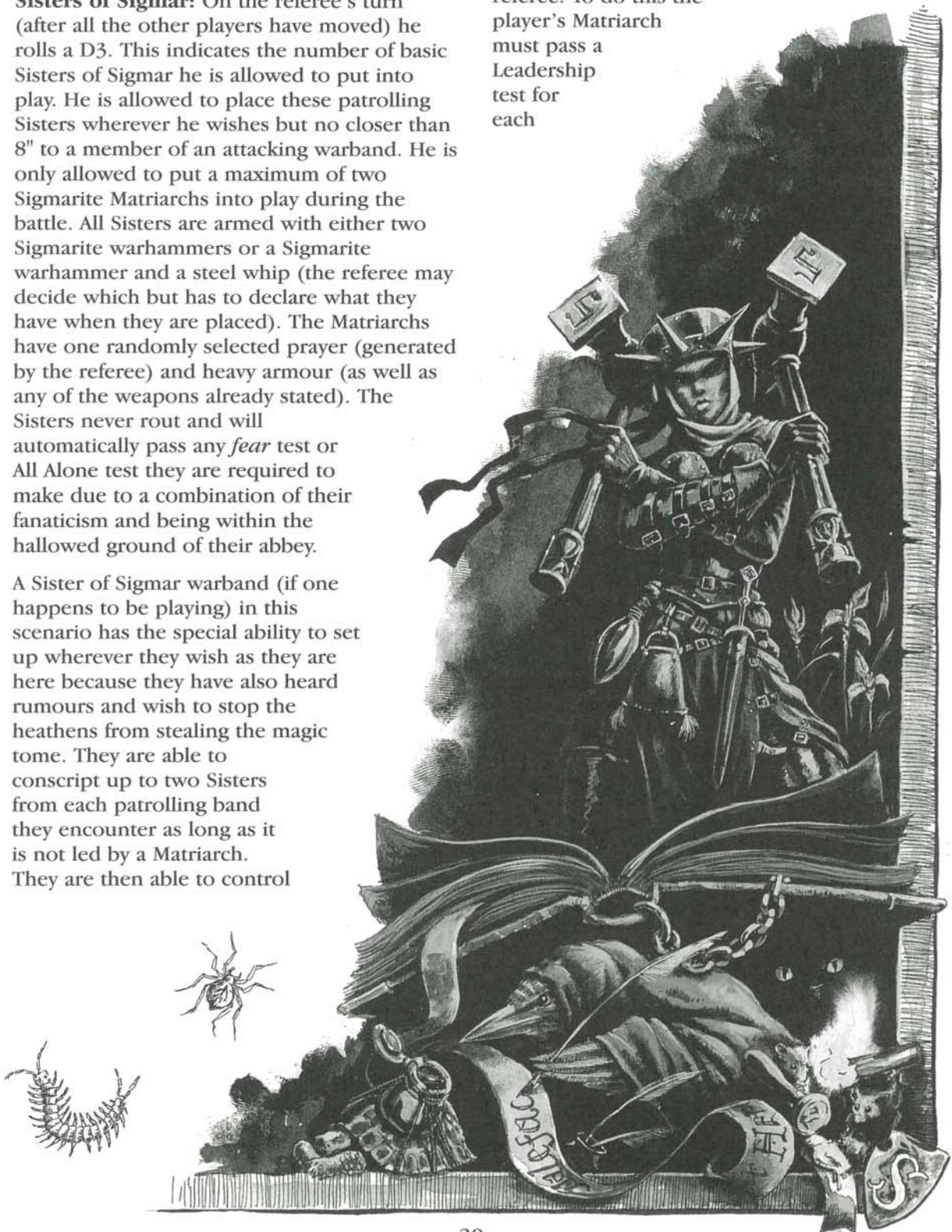
A most heinous assault upon the catacombs of the fair Sisters of Sigmar
By Grayson Gaudreault

Special Rules

Sisters of Sigmar: On the referee's turn (after all the other players have moved) he rolls a D3. This indicates the number of basic Sisters of Sigmar he is allowed to put into play. He is allowed to place these patrolling Sisters wherever he wishes but no closer than 8" to a member of an attacking warband. He is only allowed to put a maximum of two Sigmarite Matriarchs into play during the battle. All Sisters are armed with either two Sigmarite warhammers or a Sigmarite warhammer and a steel whip (the referee may decide which but has to declare what they have when they are placed). The Matriarchs have one randomly selected prayer (generated by the referee) and heavy armour (as well as any of the weapons already stated). The Sisters never rout and will automatically pass any *fear* test or All Alone test they are required to make due to a combination of their fanaticism and being within the hallowed ground of their abbey.

A Sister of Sigmar warband (if one happens to be playing) in this scenario has the special ability to set up wherever they wish as they are here because they have also heard rumours and wish to stop the heathens from stealing the magic tome. They are able to conscript up to two Sisters from each patrolling band they encounter as long as it is not led by a Matriarch. They are then able to control

the Sisters – not the referee. To do this the player's Matriarch must pass a Leadership test for each



Assault on the Rock

Sister she wishes to conscript as she is trying to convince them to follow her.

Looting: A member of any warband (apart from Sisters of Sigmar) may spend an entire turn doing nothing when in a building/room searching (this means not moving, fighting or casting magic). At the end of his turn the player may then roll a D6 for each member of his warband that is searching and consult the following table:

D6 Item

- 1-2 Nothing of any value.
- 3-4 *Blessed Water*
- 5 Any common item from page 146 of the Mordheim rulebook.
- 6 *Holy Relic* (after the game any chaotic or evil warband may choose to desecrate the relic and gain an unholy relic. To do so the leader must pass an Initiative test.)



The Objective Building: When a player finally reaches the objective building where the tome is being held, the referee is allowed to automatically set-up 2D3 Sisters in front of the warband that are the keepers of the book. They may charge automatically but may never move further than 12" from the objective. These Sisters are subject to frenzy. They will not attack a Sisters of Sigmar warband but will demand confirmation of their authority to take the tome. The Matriarch of the Sisters warband is allowed to make a single Leadership test each turn and if successful the Sisters guarding the tome will hand it over to their care.

Any warband may rout at any time as long as they have lost at least two members.



Ending the Game

The game ends automatically when a warband manages to defeat the Sisters guarding the tome and leave the building (as they are able to readily find a sewer grate anywhere and get away).



The Sisters of Sigmar staunchly defend their fortress abbey

Experience

+1 Survives. If a Hero or Henchman group survives the battle they gain +1 Experience.

+1 Winning Leader. The leader of the winning warband gains +1 extra Experience.

+1 per Enemy Out of Action. Any Hero earns +1 Experience for each enemy he puts Out of Action.

+1 for capturing the Tome. Any Hero or Henchman who leaves the board with the magic tome gains +1 Experience.

Rewards

The book is a tome of magic that allows the user to gain two spells from the lesser magic list or two new spells from his own list or any combination thereof.

Any warband is able to use the tome except for Sisters of Sigmar & Witch Hunters (it is considered heresy). Also any warband containing a priest of Morr is unable to use the book.

- The Sisters gain 100gcs (a tithe from high up for a job well done) and +2 Experience points for the Matriarch. Also, any Sisters they

conscripted during the battle may join the warband permanently (as they are impressed with the Matriarch's Leadership) along with whatever weapons they had.

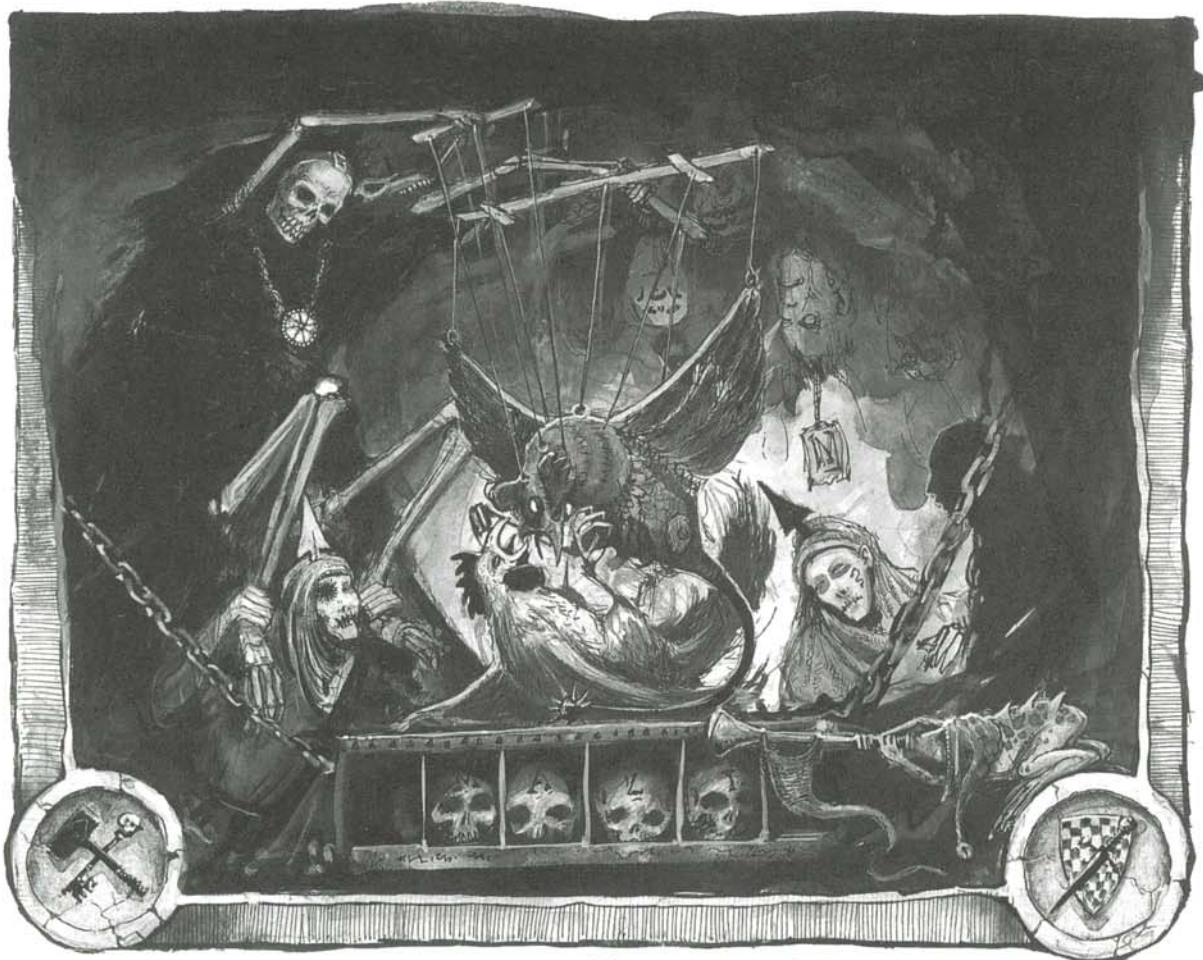
- Witch Hunter warbands and any warbands containing a priest of Morr destroy the book and gain +D6 Experience points to distribute amongst the warband. Due to their hatred of the Sisters, Witch Hunters earn +2 Experience for every Augur and Matriarch that they take out of action. They also gain 50gcs (money for a job well done from high up).

- Other warbands may use the book as they wish.

Warbands may roll for warbands as normal.



igmar



MORDHEIM

Catalogue

These pages comprise a complete listing of all the models and printed material available for Mordheim. Just get in touch with your local GW Mail Order department or visit the GW website: www.games-workshop.com to find out prices and how to order.

Boxed Sets & Mags

Mordheim boxed game
Best of Town Cryer
Town Cryer magazine
Blood on the Streets (building pack)
Human Mercenaries (8 figures)
Skaven Warhunters (10 figures)
Undead Warband (9 figures)
Witch Hunter Warband (8 figures)
Possessed Warband (7 figures)
Sisters of Sigmar Warband (8 figures)

Kislevites

Young Bloods (3 figures + weapon blister)
Henchmen (3 figures + weapon blister)
Captain or Champion
(1 figure + weapon blister)
Bear + Handler (2 figures)

Hired Swords

Warlock
Halfling Cook
Dwarf Trollslayer
Freelance Knight (2 figures)
Ogre bodyguard
Pit Fighter
Elf Ranger
Merchant

Marienburgers

Captain
Champion
Youngbloods (2 figures)

Middenheimers

Captain
Champion
Youngbloods (2 figures)

Reiklanders

Captain
Champion
Youngbloods (2 figures)

Sisters of Sigmar

Sisters (3 figures)
Augur
Matriarch
Sister Superior
Novices (2 figures)

Witch Hunters

Sigmarite Warrior Priest
Witch Hunter
Captain
Zealots (2 figures)
Flagellants (2 figures)
Warhounds (3 figures)

Skaven Warhunters

Assassin Master
Black Skaven
Night Runners (2 figures)
Clan Eshin Sorcerer
Rat Ogre

The Possessed

Beastmen (3 figures)
Possessed
Magister
Dark Soul
Brethren (3 figures)

Undead

Vampire
Necromancer
Human Dregs (2 figures)

Averlanders

Human Mercenaries (3 figures)

Shadow Warriors

Shadow Master
Warriors with bows (3 figures)
Warriors Command (2 figures)
Warriors with swords (2 figures)

Ostlanders

Human Mercenaries with double-handed weapons (3 figures)
Human Mercenaries with missile weapons (3 figures)

Dramatis Personae

Veskit, High Executioner
Bertha Bestraufung
Nicodemus
Ulli & Marquand (2 figures)
Johann the Knife
Marianna Chevaux, Vampiress Assassin
The Town Cryer

Amazons

Serpent Priestess
Piranha Warrior
Eagle Warrior
Warriors (3 figures)
Jaguar Warrior (3 figures)

New Swords in Town

Models designed by Mark Bedford and Juan Diaz.
Painted by Michael Anderson & Stu Witter.



A Merchant tempts a Mercenary Captain with his exotic wares from far away lands.



Vampiress Assassin, Countess Marianna Chevaux, executes another contract on the blood-soaked streets of Mordheim.

Contact Corner

The Black Orchid – my darling 'M' it has been far too long we have much catching up to do – your ever concerned mother Serutat.



Al'Rahem MERCHANT

Exotic wares from across the world – silks from Cathay, spices from faraway Ind, wines from Ulthuan and a selection of the finest weapons and equipment available anywhere

Come see Al'Rahem at the Arabian encampment.

OBITUARIES

'Mad' Ragnar – consumed by own ravenous pantaloons.

Pile of ashes and torn cape – thought to be remains of the notorious vampire Count Vusitch

Rikard Smokher – choked to death.

Klauten Kleist – died of fright in the east quarter.

WANTED

By order of Witch Hunter Captain
Hans Glans of the Wrathful Right Hand
of Sigmar warband



Marianna Chevaux

*For crimes of murder, adultery,
tbeft of sboes and vampirism.*

1,500 gold crowns

for information leading to capture

Tanta Olga's tasty Fish Suppers

- Baked fish stuffed with apple cores
- Fish, blackbird & rattail pies
- Diced sewerfish liver tartlets
- Meat and fish of the day stew

Best Mordbeimer fare in towne.

SCRIBE'S HONOURABLE MENTION

Donato Ranzato, Oliver Martinus
& Stephanus Harburgh



Black Pieter's Riverside tavern

Try our own Stirlander
Pebblefish stuffed with apple
cores and served in a wild berry
sauce – made according to the
famous hunchbacked Gunther's
delicious original recipe.

Better than the pigswill Olga
serves guaranteed!

REWARD

For information pertaining to the
heirloom known as the 'Noctu'.
This is easily recognised as a
small black jewel with arcane
writing inscribed on one side.
This item is of little real financial
value but great sentimental value.

3,000 gold crowns

*See Madame Serutat at the
Lazarus encampment*

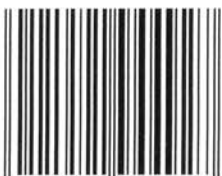
BLACK ORCHID DISPOSALS



Problems solved, threats
eliminated, opponents
'dissuaded' all evidence neatly
disposed of. Cost dependant
on nature of job.

Subtle, careful, professional

Seek at ye old cemetery of St Voller.



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