

Welcome in Mordheim

By Christian Ellegaard

Beer was poured, songs were sung, tales were told and rumors were spread. The happy landlord of The Blue Sheep was proud of his inn, and although the neighbor city was nothing else than the city of ill repute, the city of Mordheim, his house was a fair name even hundreds of miles away. Travelers from Kislev, Praag, Erengard, even sometimes from Norsca planned their route so that they could have a night or two in Brombo Bluecap's inn when they were going southern.

Indeed many people, including the innkeeper himself, claimed that the only thing that kept the sleeping town of Toville running was The Blue Sheep. Here, the best beer was brewed and the best supper cooked, and you had to travel dozens of miles to find an inn that exceeded The Blue Sheep in hospitality and food.

Therefore, the Eleventh Division army from an outpost fortress of the Grey Mountains entered The Blue Sheep one Fall afternoon. Forty tired, dusty and weather-beaten men stabled their horses and threw their baggage in the entrance.

Arnold Hessel, the general and leader of the division, went inside to the hall and asked for the landlord. A Dwarf hurried into a room and came back with a small, red-cheeked Halfling.

"Can I help you, sire?" said the manling.

"I need rooms for forty men. Please do it in a hurry - we are all tired."

The Halfling flipped through a book. "Oh, I see. Where do you come from, milord?"

Hessel faltered and watched the Halfling suspiciously. "That is not of your business We just need some beds and something to eat!"

He was led to the second floor and through a walkway to another building. "We use these apartments for big companies. I see you are quite a lot, so, feel welcome, you can use this building."

"Thank you," said Hessel and took a look inside some of the rooms. They were all nicely prepared, all the beds were made. Each room had three beds and a big tub. He chose a room at the end of the corridor and threw his backpack there.

He went down again and walked outside to his men. After they had taken lodgings some fell asleep, some rested a bit in their rooms and others went down in the tap room.

Arnold Hessel and Lester van Houser, the leader of the scouts division, settled down in a dark corner. They ordered a beer each, and when the waiter hurried away they began to talk.

"Mordheim," said Hessel. "You know the history of that city?"

Van Houser nodded and sipped his beer.

"Tons of Wyrdstone are buried there. Duke Fressen has offered me a thousand gold pieces for each ounce of the magic stones I bring home."

His companion was suddenly paralyzed.

"But," Hessel raised a finger. "We are not here for the stones. Remember, we are here for discovering the truth about the lost city. We are here to uncover the rumors, get the truth in the light. Fame and wealth will follow."

Van Houser said nothing. He stared into the white scum over the dark beer.

"Listen up, my friend, and I shall tell you the exact plans."

The Eleventh Division came from Fressenheim, a smaller fortress about two hundred miles north of the Dwarf stronghold Karak-Norn. Fressenheim was a dukedom, formerly under dependency of Nuln, but during the constant Orc attacks against Nuln from 1707 to 1712 the contacts between the two cities were almost broken, and the citizens of Fressenheim discovered that if they did not take over the city themselves they would be helpless if the Orcs invaded Nuln.

So a Duke was promoted, and since then it has been up to the family of the original Duke to lead and guide the inhabitants of the Fressenheim land. When Nuln finally managed to break the siege that was laid for several years they established a trade route between Fressenheim and the City of Four Rivers. Nuln supplied their neighbor fortress with their surplus of crop, corn and fish while Fressenheim supported the growing capital with granite and, in times of war, supported the city with troops and warriors.

The force of Fressenheim was fairly moderate. In battle they were hardly for any real use, but due to the surrounding area of the fortress they were used to maneuver through rocks and steep cliffs. Nobody, however, did complain, for they did their job. Nuln was very vulnerable to attacks from west as it lied just in the nearby of the mountains where Trolls, Orcs, Goblins and even Skaven lurked around, but the Fressenheimers frequently alarmed the citizens of Nuln if any danger came too close.

Due to their ability of moving through rocks and stones the ruler of Nuln had asked Arnold Hessel if he would take the challenge with his Eleventh Division and go to Mordheim to find out what was actually going on in the lost city of Mordheim. Hessel picked out archers, warriors and four of his best scouts and prepared for the long journey. From Nuln they boarded a riverboat that should carry them along the river Stir. But they did not sail far away from Nuln before they hit the ground. The river was entirely dried out in the hot Indian summer, and they were forced to continue on foot. Hundreds of miles they walked, through dark forests, deserted valleys, wastelands, cornfields and burned down villages.

And one month later they eyed the town of Tovice. The tired men speeded up apparently inspired by the thought of nice, warm beds and hot supper. They would rest there for a couple of days before they began their research in the neighbor city.

Lester van Houser remained in the tap room after Hessel went upstairs. He ordered one more beer and sat down in front of the fire while studying the dancing flames. A troubadour entertained the crowd of Dwarves and Gnomes with a nonsense song about a tribe of stupid Orcs, and opposite them van Houser's men huddled together around a table and a deck of cards.

He gulped down the rest of his draught beer and went back to his bedroom. The next day would be a very hard day, so he had to rest for a while and prepare for the mission.

Arnold Hessel got up at five o'clock. He hurried into his cloth and stepped into Lester van Houser's room.

"Lester," he murmured. "Get up now. You have to go. You must leave before the other guests wake up."

Van Houser jumped out of his bed, washed himself in the cold water and opened his bag. He quickly dressed in his old war cloth and took on the heavy chainmail he had carried all the way from Fressenheim. After having checked the straps he woke up his scouts. They knew nothing about the mission, but they dared not to complain against their master. Ten minutes later they stood on the plaza; the sun had not risen yet.

"Take your horses," commanded Lester van Houser. They all mounted, and he spurred his horse towards the stockpiles of the town.

"Sire, where are we going?" asked one of the scouts. "I will explain," he said and rode through the town gate.

They continued to ride along the banks of the river Stir. The water purred slightly, and the first sunbeams hit the earth. The landscape became more and more harsh, and half an hour later they saw the first small craters. In the horizon, a dark silhouette of a city raised. They saw the red lights from bonfires, and black smoke emerged from behind the walls.

"Mordheim," they whispered and shuddered.

Lester van Houser halted half a mile from the city.

"My friends," he said with a dark voice. "Welcome to Mordheim, the City of the Damned. We have traveled for more than a month just for reaching those wall you see over there." He pointed towards the ruined town wall.

"Few people have entered the city after the horrific tragedy you might have heard about, and out of those only a fraction have returned. We know exactly nothing about what is going on there, and that is why we are here."

"Sire, what about the others?" asked one of van Houser's men.

"They are still sleeping," he answered. "The rumors tell about terrible monsters, fearsome creatures, deadly traps, insane Chaos possessed warriors, hordes of Skaven ... even lurking demons that are hiding under the ruins of the lost city. The rumors are spreading all over the world like a forest fire, and the Counts are becoming more and more anxious. If the rumors are true, then we can expect a massive attack at any time. If that is the case we must completely raze the city as soon as possible and get rid of all the evil."

He paused and dismounted. "We cannot go here all at a time. Hessel sent us to scout the outskirts of the city. If we are still alive we will return to Toville in - well, probably an hour or two. Otherwise ..." He faltered and grabbed his sword.

"No. No! We shall not let the evil overtake our cities! We shall teach them a lesson! Come, my friends, and let us march into the city!"

They bridled their horses and went towards the city by foot.

Scenario one:

The ambush

Lester van Houser entered through the southern gate of Mordheim. They drew their swords, the archers formed a line of skirmish behind the swordsmen, and Van Houser himself led the band through the ruins.

The city looked horrible: Old, proud houses were burned down to the foundation, cottages were smashed by meteors, and the former inhabitants had been crushed under the heavy rain of ash and rocks. It was a grotesque reflection of one of the big cities of the Empire.

Bones were thrown carelessly on the road, and here and there lied a stinky, rotting body that had been left and ignored for years. Dying men, wounded children and their helpless mothers were buried in the ruins and cried for help, but with no hope of being heard. Mutated dogs ran across the streets and plague-infested foxes dragged themselves along the ditches, but worst of all was the rats. There were rats here and there, from the smallest, hairless brown rats to gigantic, two-foot high beasts that fought each other and attacked Van Houser's band. They managed to kill dozens of dozens of rats on their way; one of the scouts was even bit by a rat, and after half an hour he could hardly drag himself anymore.

They scouted in a close huddle. Nobody wanted to leave Van Houser, and nor did Lester himself want to leave his scouts. The rumors were true: Something horrible had happened in this town. It was not possible to put a finger on it, but everything was totally perverse. Unnatural. Against all common sense.

Lester stopped up in a blind alley. "Scouts," he whispered. "We have to go back again". He began to count his men. "... five ... six ... seven ... eight ... Where is the last man?"

The scouts did not move. Nobody talked. "I said, where is the last man? Answer me!"

It all went very fast. Suddenly, one of the men, apparently low in size, threw his coat, leaped into the air and landed on the shoulders of one of his comrades. The beast that had looked like a man in the dark coat bit off a great chunk of the scout's throat and cut up the maw of him. With a loud, horrible scream the beast jumped down again and pursued the fleeing scouts. Howling like a crazy it ran after the running men, and more and more beasts appeared and jumped down from the ruins, scuttled up from sewers and climbed down from walls.

The scenario

This scenario is fought between a small band of human scouts and a full warband of Skaven. The battle is fought on a roughly 4' times 4' table with suitable terrain to represent a part of Mordheim, the City of the Damned.

The warbands

The two warbands fighting in this encounter is the foul Skaven, who have just ambushed the group of Scouts. The Skaven are represented by a full Skaven warband, preferably consisting only of non-experienced warriors, while the second side is only a small group of soldiers rather than a full warband.

The Skaven player is free to choose between any warriors in the Skaven list.

The scouts band, however, is a little bit special. The Fressenheim player may *not* handpick his warriors - instead he uses this warband:

Lester van Houser's scouts

Lester van Houser is the chief of the scouts from Fressenheim. He is a great leader, keen and accurate, and it is his responsibility to lead the scouts through Mordheim. He must gather the surviving men from the Skaven ambush and fight off their attackers.

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

Weapons and Armor

Lester van Houser wears a helmet, light armor, a buckler and a sword.

Special Rules

Leader: Lester van Houser is the leader of the scouts group. Therefore, any scouts within 6" of Van Houser may use his Leadership instead of their own when rolling for psychology.

Reiner Milkhelm is one of the best archer in Van Houser's group, and he has been given the command over the archers in the scouts band.

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

Weapons and Armor

Reiner Milkhelm wears a helmet, a crossbow, light armor and a sword.

Special Rules

Reiner Milkhelm used to lead the two archers in the band, but since they are spread on the battlefield he must try to rally them and bring them to Lester van Houser. If he ever reaches within 2" of his archers they are automatically rallied and will act as normal.

The two surviving archers used to be lead by Reiner Milkhelm, but under the ambush they fled from the Skaven and were disbanded from Milkhelm. They must now try to find him again, but they are still too scared for controlling themselves fully.

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

Weapons and Armor

The two archers are both armed with bows and two daggers, and they wear helmets and light armor.

Special Rules

Both archers have fled under the ambush, and they are spread on the battlefield. Before each turn the scouts player must make a Leadership test for each of the scouts before they can be moved. If there are no Skaven within 8" of the archers they receive a +1 bonus to their Ld. If the archers fail the tests they will flee 2D6 inches directly away from the nearest Skaven, but not necessarily towards the nearest table edge. Otherwise they may be moved as normal, and they may shoot and fight close combat as well. If they ever manage to get within 2" of Reiner Milkhelm or another archer in his group they will get in conjunction with him again, and they can move as normal. Archers that flee from the table are lost.

Hummer "Bigmaw" is an elite scout, and he is a master in using daggers. He led the swordsmen of the scouts band until they were spread under the Skaven ambush, and he will now try to rally them again before they are killed by the mean Skaven.

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

Weapons and Armor

Hummer "Bigmaw" wears heavy armor, a buckler and a helmet. In addition he carries two daggers.

Special Rules

"Bigmaw" has lost his two faithful surviving fighters, and it is his job to try to find them again and rally them. If he ever reaches within 2" of one of the swordsmen they are automatically rallied.

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

Weapons and Armor

The two swordsmen are both armed with swords, and they wear helmets, bucklers and heavy armor.

Special Rules

Both swordsmen have fled under the ambush, and they are spread on the battlefield. Before each turn the scouts player must make a Leadership test for each of the scouts before they can be moved. If there are no Skaven within 8" of the swordsmen they receive a +1 bonus to their Ld. If the swordsmen fail the tests they will flee 2D6 inches directly away from the nearest Skaven, but not necessarily towards the nearest table edge. Otherwise they may be moved as normal, and they may shoot and fight close combat as well. If they ever manage to get within 2" of Hummer "Bigmaw" or another swordsman in his group they will reunite with him again, and they can move as normal. Swordsmen that flee from the table are lost for good.

Objectives

The Skaven player must try to catch up with the scouts and kill them or force them to flee from the table before they are united with their leaders. The scouts player must try to rally the fleeing warriors into their leaders and lead them off the battlefield.

If the Skaven player manages to put all four fleeing warriors out of action either by attacking them or forcing them to flee from the table, then the Skaven player has won the scenario, and so they have if they put any of the three leaders out of action.

If the scouts player manages to rally all warriors on the table that have not fled from the table or have been killed or put out of action by the Skaven (though at least one must be rescued, otherwise he has lost) and bring them within 6" of Lester van Houser he has automatically won the fight.

Set up

The Skaven player starts with setting up his warband. His warriors must be set up within 2" of the nearest table edge or wall.

The scouts player deploys after the Skaven, and he starts with deploying Lester van Houser. Milkhelm and Hummer "Bigmaw" must be set up within 2" of Van Houser, and after this command group has been deployed the player positions each of the fleeing warriors anywhere on the table, though at least 16" away from the nearest leader and at least 8" from the nearest Skaven, but no more than 8" from the nearest friendly fleeing warrior.

Then the player rolls the Scatter dice (UK registered design No. 2017484) and moves the warrior D6" in the direction shown by the arrow. On a "HIT" the warrior will just stay where he is. Note that warriors can flee beyond the table edge, in which case they are lost!

Starting the game

The Skaven player gets the first turn. They may, however, not charge any of the scouts in this turn, but after the scouts have moved they are free to charge any warriors they can.

Ending the game

If any player achieves the objectives mentioned above they have won the scenario. The scouts player must note down warriors and leaders who were not put out of action. Warriors that were put out of action by the Skaven player or fled from the table are count as being prisoned by the Skaven while rallied warriors are counted as having successfully escaped the Skaven. If all scouts survived, then the Skaven have somehow managed to catch some other fleeing scouts that did not join the battle. Roll a D4 to see how many scouts they find. These scouts count as being archers.

Arnold Hessel slept no more. In spite of the long journey he could not sleep anymore, and instead he stepped down to the tap room and ordered some breakfast. Three other guests sat around a table and chatted; possibly they were leaving the inn this morning, so they had to gotten up earlier than others to get their breakfast in time.

Brombo Bluecap sat down beneath Hessel after having prepared his food. "Tell me once," he said and lit his small pipe. A candlestick in the center of the table cast a yellow light on the two men's faces. "What are you doing here? You come from far away, I suppose."

Hessel leant forwards and looked around. The three travelers were in deep talk with each other, and he said: "We come from a town in the Grey Mountains. Fressenheim, a fortress beneath Nuln."

"Oh, I see," said the Halfling and puffed at his pipe. "I have been there once - I mean, in Nuln. Many years ago my son had built a riverboat, and he persuaded me to join him on a journey down the river Stir. At that time I'd just bought this inn, and unfortunately my brother had to keep it for me while I was with my son." He laughed loudly. "Ha-ha! I almost went bankruptcy! That fool can hardly count to three, and subtracting and adding is far beyond his skills."

Hessel looked confused into Brombo's small eyes.

"Well, we sailed down the river for a couple of leagues as the stream began to be wilder. I asked my son, 'Lombo, shouldn't we better jump out of this scrap before we turn upside down,' and my son said, 'daddy, I didn't think you were such a wimp. Come on, you ain't scared, eh?', and of course I said nothing."

He paused and puffed on his pipe that was apparently put out. He lit it again. "Aah! We sailed further down a couple of miles, and the waves became higher and higher, and the stream wilder and wilder. 'All right, son. Now, take that boat to the side!' I ordered, and I don't know if he heard me or not, but anyway he did not turn to the side. And suddenly I was paralyzed. A few hundred of miles forwards the river suddenly ended. The water dragged us faster and faster, and I just heard my son screaming. 'Hold on, daddy! HOLD OOOON!!' he cried, and believe me, I held on. At once it just felt like nothing was under us. We fell ... I guess, we fell a hundred feet or so, but it felt like we were falling hundreds of yards. I couldn't hold on no more, so I just fell, yelling and screaming like a crazy. And - SPLASH! The boat crashed under me, and - SPLASH! Old Brombo hit the water, right with his back."

He laughed again and continued: "I think I was under the water for a couple of seconds. I hit the bottom of the river, and I clearly remember that fish staring me like if I was crazy. The wild stream turned me round and round, and at last it pushed me up again, many feet from where I fell. Confused, as I naturally was, I looked around trying to find my son, and, plop, there he was, appearing just beneath me. I tell you, I have rarely seen he so angry. 'Alas!' he cried. 'My boat! Daddy, the river took my boat!'. But I couldn't resist laughing. And after a while he couldn't too, and soon we were both laughing!"

Hessel smiled a little while Brombo guffawed loudly. Halflings always tended to become quite carried away with their own stories, and he hoped that he would not have to finish off the background of their arrival.

"So, Lombo put together a silly rивerraft, and together we sailed down river Stir, catching fishes on the way and as darkness closed upon us we put in at the banks, made a bonfire and cooked the fishes and ate them with bread. Aah, that was times. We lived like, well, you know, really like people do in the wilderness. None to help us, none to provide food for us."

He puffed his pipe again and stared into the smoke rings. "We sailed for a couple of weeks. Then we reached Nuln. Beautiful city. Very beautiful."

"Yes," agreed Arnold and drank the last milk in his cup. "Pardon me now, Mr. Brombo. I will have to go."

Brombo jumped up and took his plate and cup. "Master? You didn't even tell me why you are here?" He seemed to be quite upset. "I will do so," said Hessel. "But not right now. Later. Promise."

He walked up to his room and took a short bath in the tub.

"Alas! Alas!" A man unhorsed and ran into the inn. He looked around and ran upstairs. "Hessel - my lord! Hessel!" he cried.

Arnold Hessel jumped up from his bath and cached his towel. He opened the door to the corridor. "My lord," groaned the man. He was clad in silly clothes; the coat was broken here and there and showed a mat, dirty chainmail. His cloak was blood-splattered, and his lips were swollen as if someone had hit him in his face. His face was covered with gore.

Everything went black for Hessel for a moment. Mordheim ... the scouts ... demons ... monsters ... What had happened? At once he jumped into his clothes, grabbed his swords and took on his armor. "What's on, son?" he said, trying to control his voice, but without any luck.

"The city..." began the man. "Mordheim ... ambush ... the rats..." He collapsed on the floor. Several warriors from the division had heard the man, and they watched him from their doors. The apothecaries hurried there, lifted up the man and carried him into a room.

"By ... by Sigmar, what's going on?" said Arnold Hessel, but he knew that too well.

"Warriors," he cried. "Dress in your armor in a hurry. Armor, weapons, provision ... now!"

Thirty men stormed down from the second floor. The people in the tap room, who had just woken, did not believe their own eyes. "War! War! The Enemy has attacked! War!" cried a Dwarf and stood up. "We are all going to die! Flee!!"

The entire inn panicked, and people fought for getting out of the door. The warriors from Fressenheim quickly mounted on their horses and rode towards the town gate.

The citizens and guests of Tovice did only reach to see the dust from the galloping army that in once had left the inn. They seemed to fall down again.

Arnold Hessel led the army along the river Stir. Through wilderness and bushes they rode, over swampy ground and through thick forests. At last they reached the city walls of Mordheim. They halted for a moment, and Arnold Hessel unhorsed and walked to one of his lieutenants. "Oliver," he said. "Take your division and ride along the walls, to the north-western gates. I will attack the city from the eastern tower, all right?"

The young lieutenant saluted. "Yes, sire. Your wish is my command." Hessel quickly ordered his division to follow him, and he spurred his horse. They rode like were they possessed, without any mercy to their poor horses, and at least they reached their goal. He sprang off his horse and drew his sword. "Follow me," he ordered, and the others dismounted too and followed him through a gap in the broken wall.

Through narrow passages, wide streets, blocked alleys, deadly ruins, collapsed buildings and perilous walkways Arnold Hessel led his warband through the city. It did not take long time ere they found the place where the scouts were ambushed, for the warriors easily mastered to cross the ruins.

Arnold ordered the warriors to patrol the area while he searched for any signs that might be from the encounter between the Skaven and the scouts. It was clear that someone had been there - a dozen of dead rats lied in the gutters, and old, useless and broken weapons were thrown here and there. A couple of arrows that had missed the rats were thrown, and one of the scouts had apparently lost his coat.

He took on his gauntlet and threw the dead rats into the middle of the street. "Burn them," he commanded, and so they did.

He called one of his champions. "We must find the ratmen," he said. "I don't know how many they are, and I don't even care. We got to find them, and we got to fight them. Let us go."

Following the signs of the cruel Skaven they came to the river. The high stone banks were broken, and the water was low. The surface of the brown water was covered with old, smelly algae, and big, fat plague bearing frogs and toads swam slightly through the thick layer of waste. Somewhere in the bank they discovered a tight opening -

"I think we have found their lair," said Hessel, not really triumphant. The others delayed a bit, looking worried. "Sire," said an archer. "I suppose you do not want us to enter these foul rat's nest? We are all going to die, if not in fight, then of plague."

Arnold seemed to consider it. At last he tightened his belt, sighed and forded the river.

The entrance to the Skaven lair was very narrow, and even the agile men from Fressenheim could hardly crawl through it. But as they came deeper into the tunnel it turned wider and wider, and after some hundred yards the tunnel opened into a much bigger corridor. It was man-built, and it smelled horrible.

The last man jumped into the tunnel, and the company continued to the right. They heard the sound of running waters, bats that woke up as the torches cast their light on the walls and small rats that swept along the gutters.

Suddenly a scream shrilled through the corridors. The entire army halted, and Hessel pricked up his ears. "This way," he whispered and ran into a smaller corridor. He stopped just before an opening. He leant against the wall and kept his hand on the shaft of his sword.

"Ready," he whispered to his division.

Scenario two:

Attack on the Skaven lair

Inside the Skaven's lair in the sewers under Mordheim the Skaven band has prisoned the surviving scouts. They believe that the scouts have access to the magic Wyrdstone, and since the scouts hardly know what Wyrdstone actually is they can say nothing at all. Therefore, they are being tortured in the most evil manner that is unique to the Skaven.

Arnold Hessel entered their lair for rescuing the surviving scouts. His plans are to attack the lair, stick fire to it and cleanse the entire sewer system for rats. But first of all the prisons must be rescued...

The scenario

This scenario is fought between Lester van Houser's warband and the Skaven warband that attacked the scouts. The battle is, however, a little bit unusual since it is fought underground, and the humans can not use their skills fully.

Set up a table, roughly 4' times 4'. If you have any "sewer" terrain available such as gutters, waterpipes, cylinders, high walls to indicate rooms this is just excellent. Alternatively you might wish to use the floorplans from Warhammer Quest to represent the Skaven lair, or anything else that is suitable.

The entrance from which Arnold Hessel's warband enters must be represented by a small room, a gate etc.

The warbands

The two warbands fighting in this scenario are the evil Skaven, who have captured the scouts under an ambush, and the angry division of the army from Fressenheim who have come to rescue the scouts.

The Skaven warband is, as in the previous battle, a standard warband. It may be chosen from the ordinary Skaven list.

Arnold Hessel's company is represented by a standard Reiklanders mercenary band although they are not actually from Reikland. The only exception to this is the Mercenary Captain who is substituted by this character:

Arnold Hessel ... 75 Gold Crowns to hire

Arnold Hessel is the leader of the Eleventh divisional army from Fressenheim west of Nuln. He is sent by the military leaders in an undercover mission to find out the secrets of Mordheim, the City of the Damned. Hessel is a brave man and an inspiring leader, but also a great fighter. He is an expert in fighting in ruins as he come from a mountainous area.

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

Weapons and armor

Arnold Hessel may be equipped with any weapons or armor chosen from the Mercenary Equipment List.

Special rules

Leader: Arnold Hessel is a great and very inspiring leader, and the well-trained warriors from Fressenheim obey his commands. Therefore, friendly warriors within 12" of Arnold Hessel may use his Leadership for taking any Leadership tests.

Arnold Hessel *must* be hired instead of the Mercenary Captain, and he will represent the Captain himself. The Mercenary Captain cannot, however, be hired as an ordinary Hero just because the Captain's place has been taken.

Objectives

The Skaven player must keep their prisons they captured under the fight. After they game they must hold more than half the prisoners, or the human attackers will win.

Arnold Hessel and his warriors must rescue the prisons held by the Skaven. If they manage to capture them all they have automatically won the game. They will also win if they have rescued more than half the prisoners after the battle.

Special rules

One group of Skaven henchmen must hold the prisoners. These may be represented by any appropriate miniature so that players can distinguish them from each other and see who are archers, leaders and swordsmen. The prisoners must be in base contact with at least one member of the henchman group, and they can never move or fight unless the warrior holding them is knocked down, stunned or put out of action by a Fressenheimer. If so, the warrior may try to flee from the henchman group by rolling 2D6 and moving the model directly away from the Skaven.

The fleeing scout may not be pursued, but in the following turn the player may take a Leadership test for the scout to see if he manages to overcome his fear.

When a prison has escaped he may act as normal, but he must join a henchman group from the Fressenheim player's warband. The Skaven can re-capture escaped prisoners by knocking them down, stunning them or putting them out of action. If so, then put the model into base contact with the Skaven again and treat the warrior as being prisoned.

Set up and starting the game

The Skaven player starts by setting up anywhere on the table, though not closer than 12" from the entrance. Arnold Hessel's warband does not set up, but instead they will get the first turn where they enter directly from the entrance. Warriors may be moved from the table edge into the board, but neither humans may charge the first turn.

Ending the game

The game ends when one half of either warband has been put out of action, just like in a standard pitched encounter. The victory conditions have already been described - the side with most prisoners will win the battle. If the Fressenheim player manages to rescue all prisoners he will automatically win. If the battle ends and both sides have an equal amount of prisoners, then the fight will continue on "sudden-death overtime" so that the first warband to capture one more prisoner will win the game.

Pouring fuel and gas all over the tunnels Arnold Hessel and his brave warriors fled from the sewers of Mordheim. The Skaven followed them in a bloody pursue, squeaking and screaming in despair for losing their prisoners.

"Quickly, this way!" cried Arnold and jumped into one of the channels. The swordsmen followed him while the archers fired their bows and cut down a couple of ratmen.

Through wide corridors, crashed tunnels and narrow gutters the two warbands rushed, keenly followed by the fire that ate up the plague-infested tunnels. The black smoke filled the corridors with even more darkness, and Hessel and his men could hardly distinguish each other from the Skaven. The dirty mud and rotten water splashed up on the walls, and the sound of many footsteps drowned completely in the rumbling of the fire.

"Run! Run!" screamed Arnold as the first Skaven closed up on him. He hugged it down with his sword just as another ratman leaped down from the tunnelroof.

"Sire! Sire!" yelled one of his men. He did no answer in his run but glanced quickly at him. "I guess we should have been that way!"

Arnold halted for a moment but took up the flight again. "What are you telling me, son?" he snorted.

"What I said, my lord. We have passed the exiting corridor ... what shall we do?"

Arnold stopped up and looked the other way. Apparently the Skaven had dropped their pursue or had been eaten by the fire ... or they had just fled out of the sewer. The fire came closer with great speed, and he began to run again.

"I don't know. We must see where this corridor ends, get out of a gutter and close the corridor. I see no else possibilities."

The sewer continued for some hundred yards until it suddenly stopped. In panic they all began to search the walls and the floor for any hidden passageways. Some of the men drew their swords and hugged into the tunnel walls, until one scout cried: "Down here, folks! In a hurry!!"

He opened a rusty shutter in the floor, threw off his armor and his weapons and jumped down the opening. Ice cold water flowed into the tunnel, and the rest of the warband followed him.

The warriors swum into the dark water. They could hardly see anything, but as much as possible they tried to follow each other. They swum and they swum for minutes. A few unlucky men lost the continuousness and sunk slowly into the depths of the water, but they were hardened top fit warriors so they kept on swimming. At last a little light broke through the water, and the tired men regained their strength and hurried upwards.

The first man to reach the surface was an archer. He breathed like never before, and one after one the heads of the warriors slightly popped up. Their faces slowly took a normal color as the though flimsy sunlight shone upon them.

They had reached the river Stir. It appeared to be a sewer ending that had been built close to the river with a small door to let water in and out depending on the conditions of the weather, and if they had not found this little shutter they would have been burnt alive.

Slowly the company swum towards the banks of the river. They reached the low, stony ground under them and waded into the banks where they immediately settled down. They were all covered with big, slimy black leeches that sucked their blood, and slowly, for they were weak, they picked them all off and dragged themselves onto the road above.

For a long time nobody spoke. The Arnold Hessel said: "Phew, that was a tough nut. How many are we now?" He counted them all and stood up.

"Fellows," he commanded. "We cannot stay here. The death lurks behind every corner in this damn city, and we are just as safe here as we would be in the cave of a hungry mother bear. I am afraid to say that we must leave right now."

They all stood up, moaning and shaking their heads. "In addition," Hessel said. "We have no weapons! Let us go now, before it is too late."

A light rain was falling from the sky. The sun stood quite low - it would not take long time before it was down, and at the mention of staying in the city by night they speeded up even more.

Hessel lead his warriors along the river, running towards the gates of the city. He was watchful, for they had no weapons, and he was aware of any movement in the ruins. If they clashed into some enemies, then they would be history.

A tired scout came to him and said: "Lord Hessel, I believe we have beet lucky thus far, even though we have only been walking for some twenty minutes." Hessel nodded and halted.

"I suggest we search this place for weapons before we go any further." said the scout and went into an old, weather-beaten house. The roof had collapsed, and the upper floor was open.

A moment later the scout appeared on the top of the building.

"It seems to me that this area is clear. We can go and search!"

And as he turned around an arrow suddenly hugged into the rotten halftimbering behind him. He quickly dug down and crept to the edge where he jumped down to his comrades. "Well, it might

be that it is not that clear indeed!" he cried, and as the scouts prepared to run the first ratmen scuttled out from the darkness of the old, crumbled houses that had been untouched for years. Screaming of joy the small, devilish vermin surrounded the scouts, loaded their slings and drew their rusty scimitars.

"Die-die, manlings!" cried a bigger, white-furred Skaven and threw a throwing star into the throat of one of the scouts, and before he could even think that he was dead he slightly collapsed while the blood was flowing from his wound.

"You ... bastards!" wheezed Arnold Hessel. "How dishonorable to kill an unarmored and unprepared man!" And then the warbands began to advance.

Scenario three:

Escaping the rats

The warband division of Arnold Hessel is attacked by the Skaven tribe beneath the river Stir, with neither weapons nor armor. The humans have few tactical options now, and the only thing to do if they want to escape the Skaven is to get over the river.

This may, however, be dangerous. The men are tired, and the riverbanks are swampy.

The scenario

This scenario is an encounter between Arnold Hessel's warriors and the Skaven. It is fought on a standard Mordheim terrain - i.e. a gaming table of approximately 4' x 4'. The terrain is plain - a couple of ruined buildings to represent the ruins of Mordheim, but the table must include a river.

If you do not have any rivers, then they are easy to make yourself. It requires only some cardboard, PVA glue, flock or sand, a bit of paint and some high gloss varnish!

Alternatively you can use the easy river method to create a "cheap and fast" river using sheets of paper or cardboard painted in any appropriate color.

The warbands

The human player must use a standard Reikland human mercenary warband, while the Skaven use a standard Skaven warband.

The Skaven are chosen as normal following the standard rules of warbands given in the Mordheim rulebook.

The mercenaries, however, are chosen as normal too, with weapons and armor, but as in the previous battle, the mercenary captain must be represented by Arnold Hessel. This profile is given earlier in this campaign.

Objectives

Arnold Hessel's warriors must cross the river as fast as possible before they get into close combat with the Skaven

The Skaven warband must try to stop the humans fleeing over the river.

Special rules

The humans are tired after having fled from the Skaven in their sewer lair, so all humans get a -1 Initiative modifier.

The river Stir that runs through Mordheim is not very deep, but it may be muddy and hard to cross. To cross the river a warrior must stand beside the water itself in the beginning of his Movement phase, and then the player must roll a D6 on the following table.

River table

D6	Result
1	Very swampy! The river is very, very swampy indeed at the point the warrior wishes to cross the river. Because of the mud the warrior will move at a quarter of his standard Movement rate, i.e. a model with a Movement of 4 will only be able to move 1" a turn!
2	Unpredictable: The bottom of the river is really unpredictable - here and there is a deep hole - and crossing it counts as moving over difficult ground (i.e. the warrior moves at half speed). In addition, before each Movement phase roll a D6 for the model. On a roll of 1 the model has fallen into one of these big holes and is fighting for getting up again. Therefore he may do nothing that turn.
3-5	Swampy and muddy: The river is just nice swampy and muddy. Moving over it counts as crossing difficult ground, so the warriors will move at half speed.
6	Ford: The warrior has found a small ford that makes it possible to cross the river virtually without any difficulties. No penalties apply to crossing the river.

Once a model has rolled on the River table a counter is laid on the river at that spot indicating how easy it is to cross it. If any other warriors later wish to cross the river at that spot then they can just use the previous result and do not have to roll on the table again.

A warrior that has just rolled on the River table does not have to cross the river that turn. He may move to another point and try to see if it is easier crossing it there. Keep in mind, though, that a warrior has to be at the spot in the beginning of his Movement phase to check out the river, so a warrior can only inspect a river spot once in every turn. After having inspected the river the warrior may move again.

Of course it is possible for both the Skaven and the humans to cross the river!

Set up and starting the game

The Human players set up first, anywhere on the table but no closer than 6" from the river. Of course they must just as well set up on one side of the river!

The Skaven player must set up on the same side of the table within 8" from the table edge. They may, however, be no closer than 12" from the nearest human warrior.

The Skaven warband gets the first turn.

Ending the game

The game ends once either two thirds of the Fressenheim warband is on the other side of the river, or the Skaven have put at least one third of the humans out of action.

Oliver pushed an old, broken door in the entrance of one of the thousands of ruined buildings that was still standing in Mordheim, unwilling to collapse despite whatever tragedies had stuck the cursed city.

The door creaked, and then it fell down from its rusty hinges, and for the first time in many years some sunlight shone into the house and revealed the thick layer of dust that suddenly rose as the door fell down.

Oliver coughed and turned to his friends.

"No sign of life here," he said, though not very surprised. He drew his sword and went into the building.

It was all dark inside. The weak sunrays could hardly penetrate the dust, but he had a vague idea about what was old furniture, walls and ruins. He went up the stair to second floor and opened the shutters.

The tables here were bare too, and so were the chests and closets. Nothing had been left as the owners had fled from the burning city, apparently.

He walked around for a while, thinking about where his lord Hessel could be. They had been searching the ruins for hours, but somehow they had seen nothing apart from dead bodies here and there that were left in the gutters, and rats.

His foot hit something hard in the floor. He sat down and put a hand on the floor. Nothing special.

He groped a bit on the floor, trying to find out what was that little thingie he had hit, and then he found something cold. A metal tap, it seemed.

He grabbed it and dragged it. Nothing happened. Then he pushed it, but not without any luck.

"By Sigmar," he murmured. "Why on Earth is there such a little metal tap in the floor? It must be there for some reason."

He began to shake it, but it did not move. Then he pulled it.

Something in the floor said click, and behind him something began to groan. He turned around but saw nothing special. He loosened his sword and pulled the tap again.

Click ... click. And behind him came a groan again.

Turning around he pulled some more to see whatever was creaking like that. He pulled the tap, and he saw the closet began to move slightly.

"Sigmar!" he whispered. A rat scuttled out from the darkness of the closet.

He pulled harder, and the closet began to swing a little bit. Dust rose in a small cloud, and the old wood groaned.

One of the warriors called for him, but he did not answer. Being excited he continued pulling, and at last he saw the closet moving away from the wall and revealing a secret niche.

He came closer to it and saw a large, mounted chest standing in front of an altar. Two candlesticks stood on either side of a great book on the altar, and the walls were clad with sheets that contained some mysterious paintings and a lot of weird, unknown signs. Painted skulls were hanging from the roof, and the floor was covered with bones.

Oliver drew his sword and took a few more steps. He hugged the sword into the padlock of the chest, and it easily went up. Slowly he opened the chest.

Arnold Hessel rushed through the ruins of the southern quarters of Mordheim. The surviving warriors of his followed him, although some of them began to fall behind.

"Come on, now. Are we not scouts?" he cried. "We are close to the exit!"

But the warriors were completely exhausted, and the first one stopped and threw himself on the ground the rest of them did the same. Hessel stopped, and unable to resist the temptation he sat down on an abandoned tumbrel.

The warriors breathed for some minutes without speaking. At last Arnold Hessel said: "I am worried about the good Oliver and his men. I have no idea about where they might be, but we must reunite soon, for we have little more strength left after these fatigues."

For a while the men of Fressenheim relaxed, until Hessel commanded them to continue.

"We cannot sleep here!" he said. "Unfortunately... I would love to do so too. But we can be back home in a couple of hours, if we hurry."

They got up and continued their march out of the city. And soon they eyed the mighty town walls, and with renewed hope they began to run.

"You ... fools!" snarled Rizkatail. "I said, kill-kill all manlings!"

The Assassin bowed his head as a sign of humility, but his wildly lashing tail showed that he was upset and crazy.

"We did what we could-could!" said the Assassin with his high, penetrating voice. "Manlings were lucky. Manlings were strong."

Rizketail whipped the Assassin and hissed. "Your stupid-stupid excuses only lead to your only death, rat!" cried Rizketail, and out of his black cloak he drew a long, poisoned knife.

"You see, fool-fool, if you fail once more, then this knife-knife will be plunged into your worthless heart-heart. I should have done this long-long time before, but I'm a nice-nice Skaven." He stared at the Assassin. "Do you hear-hear?" he said. "DO YOU HEAR!!! You weakling!!"

"Yes-yes, Rizketail, I hear-hear you! I understand you!" whispered the Assassin and stood up.

Rizketail sheathed his knife again and took a piece of Warpstone from his pocket. "The manlings know-know about us," he said. "We must kill-kill them all, for no-one may leave this city and spread the rumors about us."

He ate the Warpstone shard and said: "Now you young-young Assassin take your poor rats-rats and find the rotten manlings. They must die-die!"

The Assassin bowed his head again, not because of his respect to Rizketail, for of that he had very little, but rather because he knew that if he would act offending then he would get killed immediately. He had no chance of assassinating his lord at the moment ... but later, he thought, later he would have his revenge. That was for sure.

"Death-death to the manlings!" cried Rizketail and threw his hands in the air. "This is the will-will of the Horned One - the world-world shall be ruled by Skaven!"

He jumped up and down in his Warpstone hallucination, screaming and yelling, as the Assassin left the room.

He gathered his rats and lead them out the tunnels. "Now," he said, putting his hand on his sword. "You fools missed your big chance-chance of killing the stinky manlings. If you miss it again-again, then may The Horned One be merciful to you...!"

Resolutely the Skaven warriors took up the pursue, tracing Arnold Hessel's warriors through the dark streets of Mordheim.

It was a doll!

An old, silly doll! Useless and ugly!

Oliver sighed and slammed the chest. He was just about to leave as he suddenly wondered what was written in that old, think book on the altar.

He took it in his hands and studied it. It was clad in dark skin, and on the front of it was painted a doll - exactly like doll in the chest.

He opened the book.

The pages were thick and greasy, as if they had been turned thousands of times. The text, or whatever was written in it, was written with some kind of dark reddish color, and it seemed to be written with an expansion of the mysterious symbols painted on the sheets.

Oliver flipped through the book. He was a bad reader, for his parents in Fressenheim had given his soldier education higher priority than anything else. But at the last page he recognized the capitals:

This Doll has more power than you may imagine. Be able to use it, and use it, or forget anything about it.

For a moment he considered the words, but finding them ridiculous he closed the book and repositioned it at the altar again.

As he went down the stair he thought: "That book and that doll ... if it is worth anything..."

He went back again, opened the chest, took the doll and closed the chest again and put it into his backpack along with the book. It was heavy things, but if he could get any money out of them back in Toville or some other town, then it would be worth bringing it with him.

As he left the house one of the warriors grabbed his hand. "By Sigmar," he said. "We were about getting anxious for you. But now, one of our men has been scouting this area, and he pretends that he saw a small group of ratmen moving this way. He was up in a tower..."

Oliver turned pale. "Ratmen?" he whispered. "You mean, Skaven?"

He took his sword. "I don't believe in those bastards, but if that is really true, then I will be the first one to kill them!"

The warband took cover in the ruins and awaited the arrival of the Skaven.

"Hmmm!" The Assassin growled. "The manlings have fooled us! This is the wrong-wrong way!"

The Skaven were marching strictly through the narrow alleys of the city, but they had somehow lost the trace of the humans. They searched all the ruins for any signs that might prove that Arnold Hessel's warriors had been there, but the humans had disappeared.

"If you do not find-find them, you miserable rats-rats, then I shall kill-kill all of you!" cried the Assassin.

The ratmen strode forwards, quickly as it is usual for the Skaven, in an attempt to pursue the fleeing humans.

Suddenly a Skaven in front of them screamed. "Watch-watch!" he cried and scuttled across the road. In his shield was a long, blue arrow from a human bow.

"We are under attack-attack! The dirty humans have fooled us! Quickly-quickly! Formation!" cried the Assassin and grabbed his short sword.

Scenario four:

The ambush of the Fressenheimers

As the Skaven warriors take up the pursue in an attempt to catch the fleeing scouts of Arnold Hessel, the other human division from Fressenheim discovers the ratmen and lay an ambush against them. The division is lead by the young hero Oliver who, in his disbelief to the Skaven, is eager to kill some of these beasts.

The scenario

This scenario is an ordinary *Ambush* scenario as described in the Mordheim rulebook. All the rules from that scenario apply.

The warbands

The Skaven warband is chosen as normal using the standard rules of recruiting warriors as described in the Mordheim rules, and so are the human mercenaries. However, the Mercenary Captain must be substituted by Oliver, the young leader who is chosen by Arnold Hessel to lead the warband.

Oliver ... 45 Gold Crowns to hire

Oliver is a young and fast warrior chosen by Arnold Hessel to lead this part of the army. He is brave and strong and patriotic, though not very experienced.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Oliver	4	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	7

Weapons and armor: Oliver may be equipped in any way using the standard Mercenary Equipment List. In addition, he has the Black Doll.

Special rules

Leader: Since Oliver is the leader of the warband then any friends within 6" of him may use his Leadership if the have to take any Leadership tests during the game.

The Black Doll

The Black Doll is a ventriloquist's dummy, but it is cursed with black magic to support the members of the Burglar's Cult. It can be really dangerous to handle of the used does not know what it is or how to use it, and often it appears that the doll is just as big a horror to the user as it is to the victim.

A model with a Black Doll may at any time take use of it. It can be used only in close combat against a single opponent (the opponent that the user is attacking). Roll a D6 on the table below to see the effects.

The Black Doll table

D6	Result
1	The user loses 1 point of Leadership and must immediately take a Panic test. If he passes the test, then he will be unable to fight and parry that round, but otherwise nothing happens. But if the model fails, then he will drop the doll and flee. The doll explodes with a <i>puff!</i> and vanishes completely.
2	The doll suddenly turns its face to the user and begins to laugh like a crazy. Its horrific laugh scares the user a lot so that he is unable to fight this round as well as parry enemy blows. The opponent can attack him as normal.
3-4	Nothing happens.
5	The doll turns its face to the opponent and begins to laugh a loud, evil laughter. The opponent becomes very scared, and he is neither able to fight nor to parry that round. The user can attack the opponent as normal that round.
6	As the doll begins to predict the death of the user's opponent he immediately loses 1 point of Leadership, and he is forced to take a Panic test to see if he flees. If he passes the test, then he is unable to fight and parry that turn, but if he fails, then he cuts and runs.

Models can lose multiple points of Leadership in the same battle, but they will always regain their total Leadership after the battle.

Once the user of the doll has used it, then he will, as long as he is in possession of it, for the rest of the battle cause *fear*.

Their horses were standing reined to the trees in a small grove beneath the walls of Mordheim. They looked anxious, and they neighed and reared as Arnold Hessel and his soldiers appeared.

The warriors took their horses and awaited Hessel's orders.

"Oliver and his men are still in the city," he said, pointing at the couple of horses that waited for their masters. "We must try to find them. They might be in danger. Let us go to the north-western gates, where I commanded him to go."

They spurred their horses and rode along the high walls of the city.

Rizketail's tail was lashing wildly, and he was walking restlessly around in his chambers in the sewers of Mordheim.

"Hmmm!" he growled. "Where is that Assassin! He'd better return now!"

He walked into his torture room and glanced over his prisoners.

"You silly-silly beasts!" he cried and ate a piece of Warpstone. The prisoners consisted mainly of men and women but also a couple of Goblins and Orcs. He even had a Beastman in the corner.

He walked around a bit, inspecting them all closely.

"Humans!" he sneered and looked deeply into the eyes of a tall, young man. "What are you doing here-here, weaklings?" he whispered and put a claw under the man's chin. "Searching for Wyrdstone?"

The man did not answer.

"Or are you just here-here for getting into some kind of stupid-stupid fight and get killed-killed or prisoned?"

No respond.

"Answer me!" screamed Rizkatal and drew his long, sharp knife.

The young man cleared his throat. "We are her for ... riches and ... fame ..." he said with a hoarse voice.

"And Wyrdstone?" asked the Skaven.

His prisoner seemed to consider it for a few seconds, then he said: "Erm ... well ... probably ..."

Rizkatal suddenly started laughing like a crazy.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha!" he gnarled and turned around. "Wyrdstone! Ha-ha! The Wyrdstone is ours! Ours, only!"

He faced the young man again, and in a sudden serious voice he said: "Do you hear-hear me?"

He was still gnawing at the Warpstone shard, and his rotten breath made the young man turn his face away.

"Do you hear me!!" he screamed. But the man did not move.

Rizkatal grabbed his ear and dragged it.

"Answer me, or I can call-call you One-Ear for the rest of your days-days!" he cried. But he did not get any reply.

With his long, poisoned knife he slightly cut off the right ear of the man, who despite the great pain did not say a word, and held it in front of him. The blood was dripping on the man's nose, and his hair was completely covered by blood.

"Answer me now-now!" said the Skaven and dragged his left ear. "Or do you want to lose-lose your left ear-ear too, manling?"

But still the man refused to answer. Slowly, while panting of pain, his left ear was cut off too. Blood spurted out of his head, and his face was all messy and bloody. He was twisting and wrenching in his chains, but he could not move.

Rizkatail sucked off the blood from his knife and walked around a bit in the chamber, leaving the silly young man on his own.

"Do you see-see, folks? What happens to you if you do not-not obey your master?"

He stopped in front of a young girl, probably around sixteen years old. She began to cry and covered her beautiful face in her chained hands.

"You, little hore! Can you-you answer me?" he asked and ripped off the upper part of her dress. "Neither can you-you? What a pity!"

He took her long, brown hair and cut it off. He whipped her naked hips tearing her skin apart, and laughing like a crazy he walked back to the young man.

"Have you, No-Ear, gotten any better thoughts?" He studied the pale eyes of the man, but he remained silent.

Rizkatail cried, and with his long claws he scratched the young man's tired face and blinded him on his right eye.

"You ... FOOL!!" he screamed and took his knife and plunged it into his stomach. He groaned, helpless as a mouse in the claws of a cat, and closed his healthy eye. Then the knife was drilled into his heart, and his dead body collapsed.

Rizkatail left the torture room and called his guards.

"There is a dead-dead manling in there. Remove his stinky-stinky body!" he ordered.

With fast steps he scurried away to the halls of the Verminkin.

"Rats!" he shouted. "Pick your weapons-weapons and tighten your belts-belts. We go to war-war now!"

And led by Rizkatail the Skaven warriors flocked out of the sewers.

The ratmen had somehow disappeared, but they Fressenheimers did not seem to be unhappy at that point. The men had settled wherever possible - if not possible, then they were just laying on the dirty streets.

The wounded had been picked up, and some of the skilled warriors were taking care of them in whichever way possible.

Oliver, who had been studying a piece of Skaven tail that he had cut off as he fought one of the vile ratmen, suddenly got up and called his warriors.

"Friends," he said. "I am afraid to say that this is probably not the right place to lick our wounds. We'd better go now, before the dirty Skaven might wish to get revenge."

Without saying a word the warriors dragged themselves up and followed Oliver along the road that they came from.

"Halt!" commanded Rizkatail and lifted his nose up high, sniffing to the air in an attempt to catch any trace of the Assassin and his warband. "They went this way. Move-move!"

The Skaven scuttled down the alley, pursuing their foul brethren through the north-western parts of the city.

Hessel led his warband along the town walls. Their horses were, however, less tired than their masters, so they reached the north-western gates rather fast.

The gate was an impressive building: Mighty pillars adorned the gate house, and on both sides of the gate itself there were two large towers where on which the soldiers of Mordheim used to sentry. And finally, two mammoth gargoyles of granite guarded each side of the big port.

The warriors rode through the open gate and into the darkness of Mordheim.

"May The Horned Rat curse you all-all!" screamed the Assassin. "Is it a bunch of weakling that Rizkatail has given me?"

And roaring of anger he drew his sword. "Now, you fools, we go back-back and get our revenge! And if you fail again...!" He cried and hugged his sword into a poor little rat that was running over the street.

"You see?" he snarled and kicked the dead rat back into the gutter.

And lead by the Assassin the Skaven warriors turned around again and began to run towards their victims.

Scenario five:

The final clash

This is the last scenario in this campaign, describing the very last clash between the army of Fressenheim and the tribe of Master Assassin Rizkatail. It is the hour of destiny where the overall winner must be found!

The scenario

This scenario is a standard *Skirmish* scenario as described in the Mordheim rulebook. All the standard rules for deployment and victory conditions from this scenario apply.

The warbands

In this scenario both players will actually need *two* warbands rather than one! Yes, that means two human mercenary warbands versus two Skaven warbands!

To make things easier, both players are given 1,000 Gold Crowns (the Skaven have 1,000 Warp Tokens) with which they can recruit their warriors. The warriors are free to pick their soldiers, though under the following restrictions:

The Fressenheimer force

Must include:

- * Special Character Arnold Hessel as the warband leader
- * Special Character Oliver (who is in possession of the Black Doll)
- * Lester Van Houser's scouts (discount any scouts that did not escape during the Attack at the Skaven Lair scenario or led in the first scenario The Ambush) at a total of 350 Gold Crowns, regardless how many scouts can fight.

All the profiles of these characters and warriors are given previously.

The Skaven force

Must include:

- * Special Character Rizkatail (see below)

Rizkatail ... 95 Warp Tokens

Rizkatail is the leader of the Skaven tribe that has been struggling with the men of Fressenheim. He is a big and strong rat, having fought his way through the hierarchy of the Skaven to gain his powerful position as the leader of a tribe. His habit of munching Warpstone often results in rather frenzied conditions, and especially the Fressenheim affair has driven him crazy.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rizka-tail	6	5	4	4	4	2	5	3	8

Weapons and armor

Rizkatail may be equipped with any weapons or armor chosen from the standard Skaven Equipment List on page 91 in the Mordheim rulebook.

Special rules

Leader: Rizkatail is the leader of the Skaven force, and due to his formidable influence on his warriors all Skaven within 6" of him may use his Leadership when taking psychology tests.

Frenzy: Rizkatail's hate to all others than Skaven, not to mention all others than himself, means that whenever he charges an opponent he will fight that close combat while being subject to *Frenzy* as described in the Mordheim rulebook. Note however, that this only applies when he charges, not if an opponent charges him!

Reserves

Both forces must be split up in two independent groups. No rules apply about how many models may be in one group, although at least one model must be in one group. One of these groups may arrive a couple of turns later in the battle depending on how well the warband has been fighting in the campaign, and that group is chosen randomly. Therefore it is recommended that both groups are about equal as strong.

There are but a few restrictions when allocating the groups: In the human warband Arnold Hessel must be with one group and Oliver must be with the other group, and in the Skaven warband Rizkatal will lead one group while the standard Assassin warband leader will lead the other group.

Special rules

Naturally it will be more likely that the warband that did best throughout the campaign has the biggest chance of winning the campaign overall, but the loser should have a chance too to come back.

Therefore, before starting the game refer to this table below to see when any reserves might arrive.

Winner
Scenarios won
4 Perfect! You have managed to win all four scenarios, and you should have good chances of winning the overall campaign too. Forget everything about groups - your entire warband will be able to fight from the very first turn.
3 Well done Your warband has done very well throughout the battle, and you deserve to have better chances of winning than your opponent. However, in the beginning of your second turn, roll a D6: On a roll of 3+ your reserve group has arrived, and it may be deployed in your initial deployment zone. If they fail to arrive, then you may try to roll again in your next turn and so forth until they manage to get into the fight.
Draw
If both players end up with winning two scenarios each, then the result counts as being draw, and only one group will start on the table. In the second turn of both players the players may roll a D6: On a roll of 4+ their reserves have arrived, and the reserve group may be deployed in the initial deployment zone.
Loser

Scenarios lost:
4 Horrible! Your brave warriors have certainly fought as well as they could, but by some reason you lost all four scenarios anyway! To win the campaign your soldiers must do a very good job, because the odds seem to be bad when it comes to your reserves. In the beginning of your second turn roll a D6: On a roll of 6 your reserves have arrived and may be deployed in your deployment zone. If they do not arrive, then you must just try again next turn and so on until they arrive.
3 Close fight, but...! You managed to win a single scenario which makes it closer to a draw, but still your opponent has won two more scenarios than you have. Therefore, there is a smaller chance that your reserves arrive after your first turn. Roll a D6: On a roll of 5+ they have found the way to the battle and may be deployed in your deployment zone. If you fail the roll, then there is nothing more to do than just trying again next turn until they arrive!

After having referred this table choose randomly which group will start on the table.

Ending the game

The game ends as normal according to the scenario rules as described in the Mordheim rulebook. The winner of the scenario is the winner of the entire campaign.

Suggestions

This campaign is, as you have hopefully noticed, designed for Skaven and Reiklanders but where the Reiklanders are given other backgrounds than the ones mentioned in the Mordheim rulebook. Therefore it can very well be used by new players that have just bought the Mordheim game and want to take use of the many great miniatures that are in the box.

However, if you do not wish to use Skaven and mercenary humans then you could, of course, modify the backgrounds so that the Skaven are, for example, Chaos Possessed, Sigmarite Sisters or whatever you wish to use. Feel free to modify any rules too until you see them suitable in your campaign.

In addition, the campaign is designed as a one-off campaign and not a long-term campaign with rules for experience, trading etc. but again those advanced rules can be included very well too with a bit a cleverness. It is suggested that the human player makes two independent warbands - Oliver's warband and Arnold Hessel's warband - and the Skaven player makes two warbands too - the one of the Assassin and Rizkatail's warriors.

By allocating experience to the various Heroes and Henchmen and searching the battlefield for items after the scenarios you can easily include this campaign in a larger long-term Mordheim campaign if you wish.

And with these words, now throw your gauntlet, gather your warriors and go to war! Please send any critics, suggestions, ideas, results and thoughts you have experienced after having played out this campaign!

-Christian Ellegaard, Campaign Designer

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