

Mordred - Reaver of the Gods

by Grant N. Garvin

The ambush was not going well. By Reynard's good judgement at least half of his employers were already slain, the once glorious war cries of their Wolf God now fading into a chorus of horrible screams. The mercenary also knew that blessed silence would eventually follow, and hoped that it would follow soon. There he lied, in a ditch fit for a corpse, covered head to toe in the filth of Mordheim. Stuffing the last shot into his tired wheel-lock, Reynard peered over the edge of the pit, surveying the maelstrom that had unfolded just minutes before. The first casualty was apparent. Ederyn, the captain, was quite gone. His noble blood now soaked the street, his once powerful Middenheim body hacked nearly in twain. Nearby his kinfolk laid, some dead, and some dying. This was not the work of the 'hunters. The Reaver was here. Reynard took a deep breath, leapt from the ditch, and waited for his destiny to unfold.

Mordred. The name has been spoken by many different tongues, and in many different ages. He is the shadowed side of the spinning coin that is mankind. He is the anti-thesis of our own mortality. His lifeblood flows in the veins of the past; the dark visage of the man that exists in the modern world is just a shadow of he who has walked the earth since time began. He is simply a manifested entity brought to life by the sliver of disbelief which embeds itself in the darkest reaches of the soul of every man, woman and child in the universe.

The Reaver, as he is commonly called, is perhaps one of the greatest enigmas that has ever baffled the theologians of this age. In the minds of the living he is nothing more than a complex legend. The story of Mordred is long indeed, suffice it to say he is the only man who ever gambled his life against a god and won, or so they say. Many scholars believe that the mythological character of Mordred was not in fact victorious over the deity, and his punishment, while not apparent, was severe. Regardless, Mordred exists only in the ever crumbling tapestry of myth and song, of child's rhymes and poet's epics, and the dreams and nightmares of all who dare sleep. But still, when the hand of the reaper draws near, some claim to see him in reality. A man who seems to be steeped in an eternal shadow and buried beneath a massive black cloak has been reported by some who have offered up a final prayer before dying. *This* is the true form of The Reaver, my friend, and unfortunately he is as real as you and me.

If he ever even existed, the man known as Mordred Emyrs most likely died hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years ago. His legacy was so profound however, he literally was willed into being by the simple power of belief. Some say that Mordred is actually a creation of the gods, as a "challenge" to keep them entertained. Others believe The Reaver to be the conjuring of a great Magi who sought to become omnipotent himself, and Mordred was the vassal in which to achieve this goal. One thing is certain, however. The Reaver has come to Mordheim in search of something ... and he intends to find it.

Since his arrival there has been talk of a living myth walking the streets. Mordred The Godslayer has once again become a reality.

Mordred himself is a fair sized man, although the large, hooded black cloak he dons gives him a much greater element of intimidation. His face is rarely seen, but it is said that his features, while not entirely human, are definitely similar to a mixture of both elven and mortal man blood. He moves not in the shadows, but with them, his form veiled eternally in darkness. Those who have contracted with The Reaver have noted that even in full light, he still remains in a self imposed shadow. He wields but one weapon; The Ratchbutain, the sword said to be the dark blade that struck down the ancient immortal in that fateful duel. The razor itself is crude and vicious looking, serrated with teeth that many think to be shards of Warpstone grafted onto it's corrupted edge.

Exactly why Mordred has appeared in the city of the damned is a mystery indeed. His goal, while diabolic in nature, does seem to have a place in the crumbling ruins of Mordheim. He seeks to free mankind from the shackles in which the gods have imprisoned them. The shackles of fate, as he calls them. He roams the dark streets as a spiritual mercenary, slaying those who would hide the aspect of free-will from the eyes of the masses. Perhaps in repentance for his dark deed, perhaps in a lust for immortal blood, or perhaps just out of sheer madness. No one knows which, but by Sigmar, all shall find out soon.

Hire Fee

Mordred has no use for money, and will except only wyrdstone as payment. He believes the rock to be the essence of the gods, and hoards as much as he possibly can. To hire Mordred you must turn over 8 shards of wyrdstone to him. For each magic using model in your warband (this includes prayers) you must pay 1 additional piece of wyrdstone. Mordred disdains all those who call upon higher powers. His upkeep is 3 shards, + the number of Magic users/priests in your midst. Also, due to the fact Mordred is a very hard man to find, each searcher must roll 2d6 instead of the usual d6 when searching for him.

May Be Hired

Any warband except Sisters of Sigmar may hire Mordred.

Rating

Mordred increases a warband's rating by 100 points.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mordred	5	7	3	5	4	3	7	3	10

Weapons/Armor

The Reaver always carries his legendary sword, The Ratchbutain. He also wears a large cloak which counts as heavy armor.

Skills

Mordred makes use of the following skills: *Expert Swordsman*, *Strike to Injure*, *Combat Master*, *Fearsome*, *Lightning Reflexes* and *Dodge*.

Special Rules

Seeker

Mordred has an intense *hatred* for all those who practice Magic or call upon their pitiful gods for assistance.

Anti-magic Aura

Mordred's very presence affects the nature of all things arcane. All spells or prayers attempted within 12" of Mordred are made at a -2 modifier. Any spells targeting Mordred are also made with this penalty.

Eternal Shadow

The light around Mordred is always obscured, casting an eternal shadow around his form. All missile weapons are at a -1 modifier when shooting at Mordred.

The Ratchbutain

The Ratchbutain (Translated: Godslayer) gives Mordred the ability to parry, and its serrated edge adds +1 to all injury rolls made with it. In addition, the sword will automatically wound a Magic User/Priest on a to-hit roll of 5 or 6.

Wrath of the Gods

We can safely say that Mordred is not exactly in favor with the many gods of the old world. Before a battle, roll a d6 to determine the effects that his crusade will bring down upon him.

1 - Lucky

Mordred has successfully escaped the hatred that the gods have for him today. He may participate in the battle as normal.

2: Jinx

The Reaver has been cursed with a splendid case of bad luck. All friendly warriors within 10" of Mordred must roll 6's to hit in close combat.

3: Crippled

A snake bites Mordred in the ankle, and a searing pain paralyzes his leg for the duration of the skirmish. He gets -1 to movement, and may not run. Charging is done as normal.

4: Weakness

Mordred's frame becomes much weaker, nearly buckling under the weight of his heavy cloak. During the battle he gets -2 to his strength.

5: Open Wounds

Agonizing blisters and boils suddenly emerge from the skin of The Reaver. His wounds are reduced by -2 for the entire combat.

6: Enraged

His mind clouded by rage and anger, Mordred draws his blade and roars into battle. The Reaver suffers from Frenzy this scenario.