

The Fence

By [Bill Strip](#)

Gordon moved quickly through the deserted streets. He hardly noticed when his boot sunk ankle deep in some unknown sludge. His narrow eyes darted to each side as he tried to watch all directions at once. He spotted his destination not more than a block away. The once proud temple of Sigmar. Now, nothing more than a blackened hulk. Checking his precious leather wrapped package he broke into a slow run.

He hated the city... but the [gold](#), now that was something to live for. He could put aside the stench, the horrors, and all of the wretched living for a few sparkling coins. After tonight, there would be a few more to add to his growing collection.

Skidding to a stop on the damp cobblestone street, he turned to see if he had been followed. When nothing appeared to be moving, he darted into the ruined temple. Ahead, in what was once an alcove he spied a lantern and the recognizable shapes of his destination.

As he walked to the light, a huge man wearing a wolf cloak stepped out of the shadows to his right. Growling, the man held a massive sword pointed at Gordon's belly.

Choking back his fear, and a bit of revulsion at the savage Middenheimer, he forced a thin smile.

"Olag. It's always a pleasure to see you. I presume that Gunthar is over there by the light?"

When no response was forthcoming, he sighed and dipped into his voluminous coat and pried out a small pouch of fine powder.

"Of course, this might help your disposition. I have heard that it's a bit habit forming, so you might..."

His words trailed off as the large Middenheim warrior snatched the bag out of his hand and chortled as he receded back into his shadowy haunt.

Gordon shook his head as he moved to the lantern that Gunthar waited at. Gordon was always impressed that so many large men lived in Middenheim. Gunthar was no exception.

"You know, I should kill you for having Oleg hooked on that stuff." Guntar said with his back still turned to Gordon.

"Well, before you do, you might want to consider this."

Gunthar turned around and examined the large leather wrapped parcel that Gordon offered. Taking it from the scrawny man he unwrapped it slowly. Even before the leather was entirely off, the lantern light revealed the tell tale glint of Gromil.

Tossing his head back, Gunthar laughed loud and long as Gordon waited.

"Well little man, I suppose there is a reason I let you live." He turned away, but not before tossing a small heavy sack that clinked as it hit the ground before Gordon's feet.

"Take it. You earned it. Tonight you can even sleep by the fire. Oh, I'd keep away from Olag for the next few hours too."

Sometimes Gordon wondered why he put up with these savages. These, or any of the other bands that he had traveled with. Their contempt was always visible and the chance of death seemed to lurk in every corner.

As he picked up the bag and heard the magical clinking of Gold he remembered why he put up with it. Happy for the moment, he moved to the fire and thought about the next deal that needed to be made.



Fence (30gc to hire / 10gc upkeep)

Every city has its movers and shakers and Mordheim is no exception. If enough people and gold collect in one spot there will be someone to take advantage of it. The fencer is there to wheel and deal and he/she will latch on to any group that can be profited on.

Stats	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Fence	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	5

Special Abilities:

Fencing: The fencer is an expert at making a profit out of little or nothing. Each time the group sells equipment roll on the following table.

- 1 The fencer has been taken. The item only sells for 1/4 of what it is worth.
- 2-3 The item sells for its normal 1/2 cost.
- 4-5 The fencer sells the item for 3/4 its cost.
- 6 The fencer has fleeced someone, he has sold it for full price.

Making a Deal: The fencer is an expert and acquiring equipment and items. If the item is common the fencer can get it for 10% less than normal, round to the nearest gc (minimum 1).

Scavenging: The fence is adept in finding rare and hard to get equipment. Every time the group looks for rare equipment, their roll is reduced by 1. In addition, if a roll for equipment is failed, the fence allows a reroll for that equipment. However, if the item is found it now costs 110% and the fence demands a 5gc commission.

Self Interest: If the fence is engaged in hth combat, he must check each round against his leadership or he will flee the combat. If he flees, count him as taken out of action and remove him from the battle. However, do not roll on the injury chart if he has fled.