

The Brave and the Pure

An account of the lyfe and practyses of ye most holy order of Sigmar
Taken from the diary of Sister Superior Guinevieve Benedictine
By scribe Nicodemus Kyme

Somerset the 9th, in the year of our Lord Sigmar, two thousand

Guidance for the pendant and the impious is a wearing and lamentable task Yet my Lord Sigmar doth grant me the strength and resolve to overcome all obstacles and for my weariness in his service do I offer penance. Today a fresh induction of novices was brought from the darkness of the world into the light of Sigmar. For the most part they were of usual stock: obstinate, naive and requiring of discipline and tuthorledge. Such is our role and our duty

Yet there is one amongst their number the lyke of whom I hath never seen, such was her defiance and fury at our sense of order. Were it not for the fact that Sigmar hath granted me with foresight and temperateness I would hath thought she of a chaotic bent and smote her with my own steady hand. She will be a difficult rod to bend to His will, yet all must bend lest they be broke.

Sommerzeit the 11th, in the year of our Lord Sigmar, two thousand

Training hath begun in earnest. A morning dedication to our lord Sigmar in order that our minds be purest and of equal divinity and purpose, revealed yet a greater petulance from our most difficult novice, Celandra. Her personal sister guardian divulged to me a most heinous escape attempt last night. Abhorred, I instructed she be given lashes and exempt from morning meals as a punishment She accepted grimly without protect and bore the lash, which I administered personally, without a single cry of pain. For my own sins I confess my admiration for her courage and determination. If forged properly perhaps she could yet be a useful weapon in the service of our Lord Sigmar?

The afternoon began with initiate weapon disciplines; that of the sling and hammer. I hath been paying special interest in Celandra as her temperament doth vexes me so. She showed remarkable progress in both sling accuracy and hammer aggression, forced as I was to send three of her fellow novices to rite infirmary such was her ferocity and fervour. For her wanton anger I chastised Celandra and supervised her in a stringent session of prayer in penitence for her rashness. Her will was steady in opposing this regime. The lash was broke and the hour late by the time she eventually relented...

Sommerzeit the 19th, in the year of our Lord Sigmar, two thousand

Celandra wears down my resolve and patience. I pray to Sigmar daily now purely for the strength and will to see my course, to bend her to His ways. Matriarch Brunwelda has placed me in personal charge of her progress and tutoring. Her spiritual training

continues, yet progress is slow. She shows little patience in learning the sermons of our order, rebelling constantly against practices of food deprivation and self-flagration for the inner most purity of the soul and body.

Yet it is martial training where she is adept and such prowess cannot be ignored even if it is to the detriment of my other charges. In keeping with the strict training regime of our order, more advanced weapon disciplines of the flail and steel whip began in earnest today. Novice Cellandra once again proves frighteningly adept. I know not of the cause of her fury but it manifests in her physical training, having reduced several props to broken timber.

Her spiritual teaching remains slow but she appears to have mastered the more simple liturgies of the Sigmarite faith and I supervised her in a ceremonial washing of the hands and feet for her fellow novices and was pleased.

Sornmerzeit the 21st, in the year of our Lord Sigmar, two thousand

A breakthrough today and I praise the will of Sigmar for its advent! After morning prayers and the cleansing rituals of our faith I began a lesson in the historical indoctrination of our order. Twas a lengthy and stirring lecture touching upon the great deeds of our most pious acquisitions; Augur Serephina the Devout, whose prescience and devotion was such that she could foresee an enemy's intentions before they had manifest in its foul consciousness and Sister Helga Haltersson, whose resolve shone like polished steel and bested an entire horde of foul Beastmen, before rescuing a group of new initiates in peril. These accounts of heroism and faith appeared to move my most difficult charge and praise the will of Sigmar I had her attention. But it was the gravest account of the excommunication of our order from the auspice of the Grand Theogonist, uttered as I did in the darkest tone, which had the greatest effect.

Even now my heart shrinks to think of the accusations levelled at our cause that day . Our portents of the great disaster were met with scorn and suspicion. We, who did not turn from our Lord in these the darkest of times were spared from annihilation when His wrath struck. Yet instead of 'Praise Sigmar!', the cry was that of heresy and corruption. Our excommunication was made official when summoned to a trial at Altdorf purveyed over by a cabal of damning Witch Hunters, Inquisitors, Electors and their foul ilk. Our representatives were sent naked and bleeding through the streets, their hair shaven and spirits broken, and so the Rock came to be our home and refuge from persecution.

These, the blackest of deeds I repeat now as I did in my lecture and such was the fury in my voice and the pain, etched indelibly upon my heart, that today I saw a marked Change in Novice Cellandra.

Sommerzeit the 30th, in the year of our Lord Sigmar, two thousand

Today was the final day of Novice Cellandra's training. I tested her thoroughly in the spiritual doctrine of our faith and with resolve forged anew she was not found wanting.

She bore the long period of fasting which endeth this day without complaint and has mastered the most complicated liturgies with an adeptness I had not thought possible. tier will it seems has relented and she has become a daughter of Sigmar good and true.

Her spirituality in equilibrium and her purpose sure, I tested her personally in the final weapon discipline, one that requires strength of faith as well as strength of arm: the Sigmarite warhammer. Her prowess was assured and her faith strong as she cut blazing arcs of silver into the air. tier temper blazes like an uncontrollable conflagration and her will shines like steel. I praise Sigmar for the patience he has granted me in my endeavours and for the great gift he has bestowed upon our order in Sister Cellandra.

Vorgheim the 2nd, in the year of our Lord Sigmar, two thousand

A great battle was fought today and I praise Sigmar that our cause was granted victory out of desperation. Within the bowels of that most accursed place over which our benevolence presides, the City of the Damned, a great many temples of our Lord lie in ruin but yet the relics of our order still remain, intact yet festering in their reliquaries surrounded by true corruption. Twas my order to send a petition into the darkness below to recover these artifacts with haste, lest they be defiled.

Engrossed in their duty, our most holy Sisters were attacked by a group of foul Witch Hunters, true Sigmar-haters and charlatans all, setting the temple aflame whilst attempting to put our Sisters to the sword. Sister Cellandra was amongst their ranks and although divided she rallied our Sisters together and fought furiously to freedom. Our Lord Sigmar would he pleased. Our relics have been recovered and the Witch Hunters dead or in flight.

My efforts with Sister Cellandra have proven wise and her faith is unbreakable now. In her eyes I see a latent fire and a nerve as ice. Today Sister Cellandra was reborn, a baptism of fire, a heroine emerging from the ashes...

A warband is hunting amongst the ruins of a dilapidated temple of Sigmar, attempting to recover some valuable relics, when they are set upon by a rival warband intent on destroying them! Setting the temple aflame the ambushing warband advances. Escape is almost impossible as the warband within the temple is divided but it's that or burn amongst the ruins!

terrain

The battle is fought inside the temple itself and the entire gaming area represents it. Set up within an area 3x3' and use scenery such as broken columns, interior walls, benches, statues, altars, rubble, etc. Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of scenery.

Special Rules

Fire!: The temple is on fire and at the start of each player's turn, after the first, roll on the table opposite to discover what effects the fire is having upon the battle. Roll 2D6 and add the number of turns already played, not including the first.

2D6 + no. turns

4-7

8-9

10-12

13-15

16-17

18+

Fire Effects*No Adverse effects**Seeping smoke* - Makes it difficult to see.

Ranges for shooting are reduced by half and BS is at -1.

Billowing smoke - Visibility is reduced to 6", which will affect charging and shooting. Roll a DG for each warband member. On a roll of 1 they are gripped by a coughing and cannot move this turn and in combat WS is reduced to 1.*Lashing flames* - Each warband member must pass an Initiative test or take a Strength 2 hit from the lashing flames.*Crumbling Masonry* - Each warband member must roll a D6. On a roll of 1 they are struck by crumbling masonry and take a Strength 1 hit.*Collapse!* The temple collapses and all warband members still fighting are taken out of action unless they are within 6" of the table edge.

Inside the Temple: As the warbands are battling in the temple they may not flee from from the board. If they reach any board edge other than the exit (see below) they merely cower and count as 'knocked down' if attacked.

The Relics: The relics salvaged by the defending warband are carried by three members of the player's choice. If a warrior carrying a relic is taken out of action the victorious warrior takes the relic. This is the only way that relics can pass from one warband member to another.

Warbands

The defending player sets up just in the same manner as point 2 in Surprise Attack. The attacker deploys his warband second within 6" of any single table edge. This is the exit to the temple

Starting the Game

The attacking player goes first.

Ending the Game

The game ends when the attacking player wipes out the defenders or when the defenders manage to move three models off the exit board edge with the relics or if the temple collapses. There are no rout tests as the battle is too confined and deadly for any sort of retreat. The attackers are victorious if they wipe out the defenders or prevent three models from escaping with the relics. The defenders are victorious if they escape with all

the relics.

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 Relic. Any Hero in possession of a relic at the end of the game gains + 1 Experience.

+1 Escape. Any Hero from the defending warband who manages to escape gains + 1 experience.

+1 Per Enemy Out of Action. Any Hero earns + 1 experience point for each enemy he puts out of action.

The three relics are a Holy Tome, Holy Relic and Blessed Water. The