Ostermark Roadwardens

When their former capital of Mordheim was struck by the comet, the resulting destruction of the province's central government and the death of the ruling family led the remaining towns and villages of Ostermark to band together and form a new semi-democratic government which would later become known as the League of Ostermark. This took years, during which the only law was whatever each township or village or shire could enforce.

Patrolling the fraught and dangerous highways of the Empire, Roadwardens are dour men of the sternest courage. Solitary figures, they range far and wide, in all weathers. They are hardened and brutal fighters, uncompromising and without any martial code, they give no quarter as they expect none to be given in return. Their skill lies with the crossbow, with which they are excellent hunters and deadly marksmen. Highwaymen, deviants and bandits are their common quarry, safety of the roadways their charge and they execute both with deliberate and unswerving severity.

Hired Swords: The Ostermark Roadwarden warband may only be accompanied by mounted Hired Swords. This includes the Freelance Knight from the Mordheim Rulebook, the Roadwarden from the Empire In Flames supplement, and the Halfling Knight from Fanatic Online, for example. The Roadwarden Hired Sword can be initially hired for 10 gold crowns less than usual, as calling in support can easily be done by sending a courier (thus 30 gold crowns), but as Roadwardens each have such a wide territory to patrol, inducing him to stay is more difficult by 5 crowns per game (thus 25 gold crowns upkeep). The Highwayman keeps himself a safe distance from any representatives of the law and so may *not* be hired.

Choice of warriors

An Ostermark Roadwardens warband must include a minimum of three models. You have 500 gold crowns to recruit your initial warband. The maximum number of warriors in the warband may never exceed 12. Roadwardens are not limited to two horses.

Remember that a horse increases a warband's rating by +3 points, and a warhorse by +5 points.

Warden: Each Roadwardens warband must have one Warden; no more, no less!
Reeves: Your warband may include up to 2 Reeves.
Couriers: Your warband may include up to 2 Couriers.
Chasseurs: Your warband may include up to 2 Chasseurs.
Grooms: Your warband may include up to 2 Grooms.
Angry Mob: Your warband may include any number of members of an Angry Mob.

Starting experience

The Warden starts with 20 experience. Reeves start with 8 experience. Couriers start with 0 experience. All Henchmen start with 0 experience

skill tables

Warden: *Combat, Shooting, Strength, Speed, Cavalry*
Reeve: *Combat, Shooting, Strength, Cavalry*
Courier: *Combat, Shooting, Academic, Cavalry*

equipment lists

The following lists are used by Roadwarden warbands to pick their equipment:
Hand-to-hand combat weapons
Dagger ..... 1st free/2 gc
Hammer.....3 gc

Axe .....5 gc
Horseman's Hammer.....12 gc
Spear.....10 gc
Sword ……...10 gc
Armour
Barding (Warhorse Only).....50 gc
Buckler .....5 gc
Heavy Armour .....40 gc
Helmet .....10 gc
Light Armour .....15 gc
Shield.....5 gc
Missile weapons
Crossbow …….25 gc
Crossbow Pistol ……...35 gc
Courier Missile weapons
Throwing Knives .....15 gc
Crossbow Pistol ……...35 gc
Shortbow ……5 gc
Angry Mob weapons
Pitchfork (as spear) ……..10 gc
Torch (perpetual)..……..5gc

Heroes

1 Warden

85 Gold Crowns to hire
Hard-bitten men with a difficult role, the Roadwardens are part knight, part detective, part sheriff, striving to bring order to the benighted Province of Ostermark.
Profile M4 WS3 BS4 S3 T3 W1 I4 A1 Ld8
Weapons/Armour: The Warden may be equipped with melee weapons, missile weapons, and armour chosen from the Roadwardens' equipment list. The Warden comes with a Riding Horse. This may be upgraded to a Warhorse for an additional +40 gc.
SPECIAL RULES
Leader: Any warrior within 6" of the Warden may use his Leadership characteristic when taking a Leadership test.
Ride: The Warden has the Ride Horse and Ride Warhorse skills as detailed in the Blazing Saddles article.

0-2 Reeves

60 Gold Crowns to hire
Shire Reeves tend to be hard-bitten veterans of their shires and villages. Eager to prove their skills, they readily sign up with the Roadwardens for dangerous missions requiring speed and bravery.
Profile M4 WS3 BS4 S3 T3 W1 I3 A1 Ld7
Weapons/Armour: Reeves may be equipped with hand-to-hand weapons, missile weapons, and armour chosen from the Roadwardens' Equipment List. A Reeve comes with a Riding Horse which may be upgraded to a Warhorse for an additional +40 gc.
SPECIAL RULES
Ride: Reeves have the Ride Horse and Ride Warhorse skills as detailed in the Blazing Saddles article.

0-2 Couriers

40 Gold Crowns to hire
Accustomed to riding and running fast over long distances, Empire couriers are an obvious choice to include in raids and expeditions. Less experienced at fighting, they need to learn quickly or risk falling to the wayside.
Profile M4 WS2 BS2 S3 T3 W1 I3 A1 Ld6
Weapons/Armour: Couriers may be equipped with hand-to-hand weapons and armour chosen from the Roadwardens' Equipment List. They may be equipped with missile weapons from the Couriers' Missile Weapon List. Couriers come with a Riding Horse.
SPECIAL RULES
Ride: Couriers have the Ride Horse skill as detailed in the Blazing Saddles article.

Henchmen
(Bought in groups of 1-5)

0-2 Chasseurs

55 Gold Crowns to hire
Skilled at hunting from the saddle, these men are regarded as the finest young prospects of their towns and villages. Deputized by the Warden, Chasseurs provide vital missile cover for the band.
Profile M4 WS2 BS4 S3 T3 W1 I3 A1 Ld7
Weapons/Armour: Chasseurs may be equipped with hand-to-hand weapons, and missile weapons chosen from the Roadwardens' Equipment List. Chasseurs come with a Riding Horse.
SPECIAL RULES

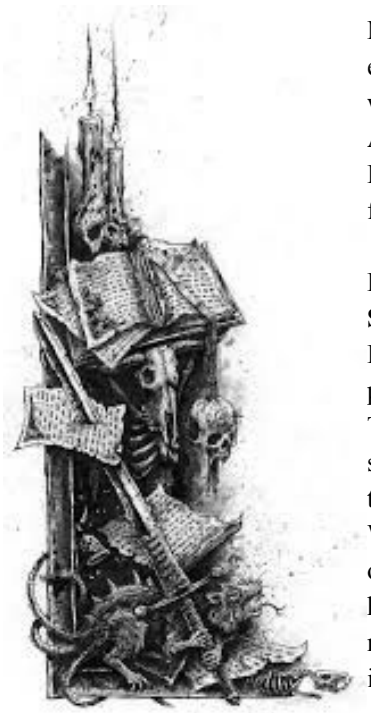
Ride: Chasseurs have the Ride Horse skill as detailed in the Blazing Saddles article.

0-2 Grooms

40 Gold Crowns to hire
Unskilled in the ways of war, often the sons and daughters of blacksmiths and coachmen, nevertheless these youngsters have an empathy with the steeds, and so Grooms have a vital part to play in their party.
Profile M4 WS3 BS2 S3 T3 W1 I3 A1 Ld6
Weapons/Armour: Grooms may be equipped with hand-to-hand weapons and armour chosen from the Roadwardens Equipment List. They may be equipped with missile weapons from the Couriers' Missile Weapon List.
SPECIAL RULES
Driver: Grooms have the Driver skill as detailed in the Border Town Burning setting.
Horse Handling: Grooms have the Animal Handling skill as detailed in the Blazing Saddles article.

Angry Mob

20 gold crowns to hire
Rousing the local villagers of whatever area they patrol, Roadwardens easily earn the loyalty and assistance of those they are sworn to protect.
Profile M4 WS2 BS2 S3 T3 W1 I2 A1 Ld6



Weapons/Armour: Angry Mob members may be equipped with hand-to-hand weapons chosen from the Angry Mob section of the Equipment List, plus their free dagger.

ROADWARDENS SPECIAL EQUIPMENT
Horseman's Hammer (EiF p16); 12 gc
This is a great hammer similar to the ones used by the Knights of the White Wolf. Far too bulky to use in one hand, a horseman's hammer is best suited to mounted combat, when the impetus of the horse may be used to add to the power of the weapon. Range: Close Combat, Strength: As user +1, Special Rules:
Two-handed: A model armed with a horseman's hammer may not use a shield, buckler, or additional weapon in close combat. If the model is equipped with a shield he will still get a +1 bonus to his Armor save against shooting.
Cavalry Charge: A model armed with a horseman's hammer may use the speed of his charge to increase the might of his attacks. A model on a steed with a horseman's hammer gains a further +1 Strength bonus when he charges. This bonus only applies for that turn.

Torch (EiF p16); 2 gc
Warriors lacking the funds for a lantern may have to make do with torches. Torches act exactly as lanterns, adding +4" to the range the model may spot hidden enemies, but has a few other special rules as well. Normally, a torch will only last one game (Angry Mobs purchase sets of torches such that they always have a torch ready each game). A model armed with a torch counts as causing fear in *animals* (Hunting Dogs, riding steeds, Bears, Wolves, etc), and may use a torch as a makeshift club. When used in combat, a torch is treated as a normal Club (stuns on 2-4; bludgeoning criticals table), though with a -1 to hit modifier. Any models that have a *Regeneration* special rule (like Trolls) will not be able to regenerate wounds caused by a torch during the battle. Torches may also cause buildings to catch fire – see '*Let the Damned Burn*', from Town Cryer issue number 8.

Left, behind the tree, duck under that low-slung branch, quick behind the stone. Breathe. Blast. He could hear the cackling, maniacal laughter still. They were not far behind.

In the underbrush, something exploded with a "whumpf." The rabbit's death started a tittering and giggling, echoing through the trees. No time then, they were hot on his heels. Time for running.

Too many, they were too many. "Scout the tower," he had said. "You're quick, they will not see you," he had said. The dwarf had been ... mistaken. One little duel with a guard, one small leap from a chandelier, one tiny running-through of a demonic servant, one little dive out of a tower window... and the whole world would chase you, it seemed.

It was a good thing he was good at running. His years of training as a courier had proven useful.

He ran. Whisper-quick through the brush, around trees, vaulting stones, leaping brooks.

He ran. Nary a jingle from the manacles at his belt, not a flash from the sword at his side.

He ran. Past the shadows of wolves, past the wings of ravens..

He ran, until the world brought him to a halt. Water cascaded over the cliff before him, plunging down to a crystal spray at the rocks below, a noisy stream joining the languid River Stir far below. The wind flew here, soaring out into an ocean of sky, whilst the water plummeted. There was nowhere to run. The demonic minion of that villainous tower pursued him still, unerringly. He could hear its insane tittering grow louder as the beast and its master approached. He turned, ready to stare death in the face, eye to eye, with the wind dancing at his back.

The branches parted, and he set his shoulders. There, across the brook, stood his enemy, the nemesis who had chased him down. A tireless demonic hound, all claws, scales and tentacles. A nameless monstrosity, from beyond the stars, from outside time and space itself. And there at its side, grinning in victory, was its professed master.

"I'm afraid there was no need for the run. You'll not need exercise much longer, lawman." The villain brushed the leaves from her dark leathers. "You see, there is nowhere left to run. Your blood will serve only to strengthen my power, and to tighten my grip over this pitiful woods."

He looked at her face, perhaps once beautiful, but now showing unsightly signs of grey, like a leper undiscovered. He set his feet firmly against the stones, and put his hand to the hilt of his sword. The roar of the waterfall was but a quiet rumble from this height.

"A duel is it, you pathetic little man? Do you think to threaten me?" Her laugh pealed out like cracked bells, ringing with madness. "Very well."

She pulled a long and wicked dagger from its place at her belt. Its sinuous length was caked with blood and rust long uncleaned. One scratch could be fatal - oh, not soon, but eventually. Slowly. She giggled, held the dagger out in a duellist's hold. Who had she been then, before falling to the lure of easy power?

He nodded.

As she took a step forward, he drew his weapon. Not the blade. Not here. Her eyes widened in surprise as the crossbow's deadly point swung towards her. He ignored the demon - if he could but slay its master.... She lunged as he released the catch. She shouted as he pulled the trigger, as the string flew straight, as the silver-shod quarrel rocketed forward with the force of a dozen bowmen... as he jumped.

What might they look like?

There are many "mounted adventurers" available from any number of companies, including Games Workshop. Empire knights of various sorts can make an excellent base for conversions.

The warband provides an opportunity to model your heroes both mounted and on foot, and including a mix of anything from armoured cavalry through civilian peasant, and nearly any sort of adventurer in between. Books of laws and wanted posters make exceptional accent equipment to help define the Roadwardens and Reeves and Chasseurs. Extra baggage can help to show a Courier's role. Blacksmiths make excellent Grooms.

Tactical considerations
Roadwardens' warriors are expensive to hire, and will generally be outnumbered. While it is true that just because a warrior OWNS a horse that warrior does not necessarily need to BRING that horse to a given scenario, and while it is true that in some scenarios, at least until gaining some cavalry skills, mounted models will have a distinct disadvantage, it is also true that mobility can still be a powerful tool in the streets of Mordheim.

The principal ranged weapon in the warband is the crossbow, which packs a punch, but cannot be fired on the move [until the hero in question acquires the *Nimble* Shooting skill]. Being able to move at horse-speed in one turn can be useful to bring your warrior to a useful firing position, before rapidly redeploying in the next turn. The high movement granted by horses can also allow your warriors to keep themselves out of charge range against melee fighters, or to carry a charge against isolated ranged fighters.

Mounted models may not move into buildings, so this limits their movement to street level unless they dismount, but remember that a horse or warhorse may jump over an obstacle up to 2" in height with no movement penalty, instead of only 1" obstacles.

While to some extent advances are determined by random dice rolls, knowing what skills to aim toward can be useful for warband development. The Roadwarden Hired Sword can show a good and well-rounded template to head toward (and eventually surpass). *Nimble*, *Eagle Eyes*, and *Trick Shooter* are quite useful Shooting skills to allow your crossbow-equipped heroes to be effective on the move. *Running Dismount*, *Horse Archer*, and *Athletic Mount* can be particularly useful Cavalry skills.

On the whole, especially early in the campaign, focus on scenario objectives rather than on combat as such, and on ensuring hero (and horse) survival, to assist with exploration.

Regarding survival, remember that mounted models count as Large Targets [the same as Ogres]. This means that they can be picked out as targets even if another, not Large, target is closer, AND that a Large Target is slightly easier to hit [+1], so be sure to still make use of cover [for that -1], and don't forget the bonuses to Spears and Horseman's Hammers for being mounted, nor the bonus to your armour save.

What Hired Swords may prove useful? Well, in honesty, there are [thus far] few to choose from. The Freelancer [from the original rulebook] does not do much that your own heroes cannot do, so in truth, it might do as well to spend that seventy gold crowns on equipment for your own warriors instead.

The Roadwarden Hired word may also seem an obvious Hired Sword to give a pass, since he does no more or less than the things of which your own heroes are capable, but the fifty-five crowns he costs for his first scenario comes with several very useful skills already in-built, so he might be worth the occasional "transient hire" for a scenario or two, before sending him on his way, if you need an extra skilled body.

As your warband develops, remember your Couriers' access to Academic skills such as Wyrdstone Hunter and Haggle, especially, and Streetwise as well.

"The River Stir is forbidden to rise higher than the bottom of the Grossweg Bridge." *Wurtbad law passed in wake of the Great Flood of 1512. No instances of enforcement recorded.*

For much more information on Roadwardens in the setting, see *Shades of Empire* and *Sigmar's Heirs* for WFRP.

Excerpts from the WFRP book "**Shadows of the Empire**," pp. 114 ff.

Reader,

My name is Rigo Bacher and I am a Roadwarden of the Empire. I write this as I lie dying. Though my mind is clear, my body is wracked with age and the damage from years out on the road. Now my knees won't hardly bend and the cough that appeared several moons ago gets worse with each passing day. Nighttime is the worst.

The last time that I spent this much time in one place was back when I was a child in Selmigerholz. It's gone now, wiped out by unspeakable things that came howling from the woods. But that was a long time ago and the place is just a memory. Now, stuck in this bed, I've been asked by my good friend and companion Hadred, a fellow Roadwarden, to write of my time in that fine, noble role. Considering that he taught me how to use my letters, I figure that I owe him that.

I told him that I would be writing to you, a young man or woman who has decided to take to the saddle as a Roadwarden. Maybe you'll be reading this on the day you receive your Writ and pistols. I'm sure that you're brash and full of pride, braver than Sigmar himself, and probably as stupid as a mule for believing it. Rest assured, young Roadwarden, that the life you have chosen is probably the hardest that a person could ask for. You have signed up for days in the saddle, riding through wind, rain, and snow on trails that are hardly fit for a goat to walk on. Your legs will ache, your fingers will grow numb, and your belly will grumble for lack of food.

The people that you're out to protect will fear, even hate you, as you go about on your official duties. Every time you stop some fat merchant to inspect his wagons, you'll be accused of stealing. Every peasant you question will think that you're questioning his motives. And they'd be right to fear you, because everyone has something to hide.

But its these hard tasks and difficult moments that make you a Roadwarden-that make you tough. Remember that you're the only one that keeps those roads safe for the ungrateful citizens of the Empire to step foot on. Bandits, highwaymen, scum, and murderers. These are the foes that you'll be facing. Greenskins, horrible beastmen, and mutants. These are the enemies that you must hunt down till your last dying breath.

Without you, young Reader, the roads would be lost and the Empire would crumble. Your task is hard, yes, but trust in your skills, your training, your horse, and your pistol to keep you and the travellers you protect safe from harm. You have chosen a dangerous path, but it is also one filled with glory and the knowledge that Sigmar smiles down upon you.

Read these words and learn from an old Roadwarden who has seen the beauty of the Empire and the horrors that threaten her.

Rigo Bacher,
Roadwarden of the Old Forest Road

The Empire is an enormous and wild place. Outside of the major cities, the impact and presence of its citizens drops off quickly, giving way to mile after mile of untamed forest and lonely hollows. All manner of danger lurks in these savage places, waiting to prey on the unwary and ill prepared. Normal bandits and highwaymen are easily the most common, but least dangerous threat that travellers can expect to encounter. Greenskins, Beastmen, and even minions of Chaos hold sway in the places avoided by good citizens of the Empire.

The trails and roads that cut through the wilderness are a double-edged sword for the Empire. While these narrow paths help connect distant towns, villages, and cities together, they also serve as a magnet for evil creatures, thieves, and murderers alike. In order to protect the roads and those who travel on them, the citizens of the Empire rely on the Roadwardens to patrol, acting as troubleshooters that allow the goods and people to travel safely from place to place. These brave Roadwardens are few in number, but vitally important. Without them, the Empire would surely falter and succumb to the many enemies that seek to see it and all of Humanity destroyed.

The Roadwardens patrol the roadways that interlink the far-flung villages and cities of the Empire. They serve many roles: scouts for larger forces, sheriffs empowered with the might of the law, and warriors who take on bandits, Orcs, Beastmen, and worse threats head on. Some Roadwardens claim a single stretch of road as their charge, while others place a vast swath of land under their protection. Their knowledge of the land and its inhabitants means that Roadwardens are often consulted for information or asked to do dual duty as couriers, shuttling messages from settlement to settlement as they make their rounds.

Roadwardens put their lives on the line every day. Considering the relatively dismal pay, dangerous working conditions, and long stretches of time away from civilization, only those with an iron will and solid dedication to the safety of the Empire last for long. Of course, the exploits of valiant (or notorious) Roadwardens are celebrated in legend and song, so the lure of fame and adventure helps to bring in new recruits.

Depending on where it is located, the structure of a band of Roadwardens varies wildly. Each Roadwarden is assigned to a band, and receives aid, supplies, and orders from the leader of this band, typically called the Captain. However, by law, each Roadwarden is autonomous and truly answerable only to the Emperor himself, although in reality most Roadwardens work under the guidance of some local noble or Count. The bulk of Roadwardens are content to join into bands, although some prefer working alone and even without a preset jurisdiction.

Roadwardens located in the more distant portions of the Empire run things a bit differently. On some stretches of road, particularly in the more remote stretches of Ostermark, Nordland, or Ostland, a single Roadwarden may be the only one working in a dozen leagues. These Roadwardens do not rely on their fellow comrades for assistance, but call upon local militiamen, young Outriders, and just about anyone else to help them out. Each Roadwarden ostensibly reports to a superior, but again, the sheer distance of these outposts means that they may only receive orders through couriers or simply dictate their own duties as they see fit. Given the desperate need for such individuals, the Empire has so far been content to let them do their work without much hassle.

Roadwardens are considered “free roaming lawmen” in the eyes of the Empire, with powers that let them move freely through the internal borders of the land and give them the ability to detain and question almost everyone. However, the vast majority of Roadwardens are chosen for their ability in the saddle and skill in tracking and weapons, rather than their ability to accurately interpret the law. Indeed, few Roadwardens are literate, and most have never seen a book of law (let alone a book) in their lives. Because of this, most Roadwardens try to become familiar with laws and customs in the areas that they patrol so as not to inadvertently run afoul of legal problems. Roadwardens are content to allow local authorities capture and hold onto criminals whenever possible,

whilst they focus on the dangers out on the open road far from civilization.

Because of their relatively small numbers, Roadwardens must be tough, resourceful, and self-reliant. Roadwardens spend the vast majority of their lives out on the open road, constantly on the move whilst tracking bandits or scouting alongside caravans, bands of pilgrims, and coaches. Most are content to ply the roads on their own, but many prefer travelling with a companion Roadwarden or in small groups.

Roadwardens are consummate riders and can coax their animals to the extreme end of their capabilities. When on patrol, a Roadwarden can expect to spend all day in the saddle, getting off only to feed and water his mount. Most become experts in the care of horses and are exacting in the mount that they choose, knowing that they will rely on the beast with their lives. They are skilled with surviving in the wild, and some eventually turn their back on the more civilized lands to find solace in the quiet forests.

Because of the nature of their work and the high mortality rate, the Roadwardens are constantly on the lookout for new recruits. Many Roadwardens are drawn from the small towns, villages, and farms that line the roadways of the Empire, as their intimate knowledge of the immediate terrain is considered a vital asset. Anyone interested in joining the Roadwardens must first show his skill on a horse and undergo a series of tests to see how he handles his mount. Recruits are tested on handling in difficult terrain, on long and boring patrols, and under fire. Only those who show complete mastery of riding are allowed to move on to additional testing.

Next, a recruit must show his skills with the weapons of the trade. In most cases, this is done on horseback, at high speeds. He must prove that he can fire and reload his weapon, even at a high gallop whilst moving through twisting woods. If he proves his worth with a firearm, his temperament is assessed. Recruits must show that they do not balk under fire, but also are smart enough to run when the numbers are against them. Plus, recruits must show their own ability to lose pursuers or to outflank the enemy when they themselves have become the target.

Although every area has their own methods of testing recruits, some techniques are common enough to be considered universal. One such test is known as “The Hunter and the Prey.” The recruit is given a horse, enough food and water for two days, and a firearm with two shots. He is then tasked with hunting down one of the veteran members of the band, who tries to act in the manner of a bandit. This hunt can go on for days, with the veteran running the recruit in circles, through seemingly impassable terrain, and doubling back to make mock attacks on “caravans” or against lone travellers (other Roadwardens or allies tasked with putting on a good show). If the recruit manages to overtake the hunted Roadwarden, the tables are then turned and he must run and hide, trying to avoid being captured by the prey he once chased, with the goal of returning to the Roadwardens’ base. These tests can be dangerous and deaths are not out of the ordinary, as the recruit takes his mount through treacherous woods, on top of the likelihood of encountering actual bandits, Mutants, or some other threat.

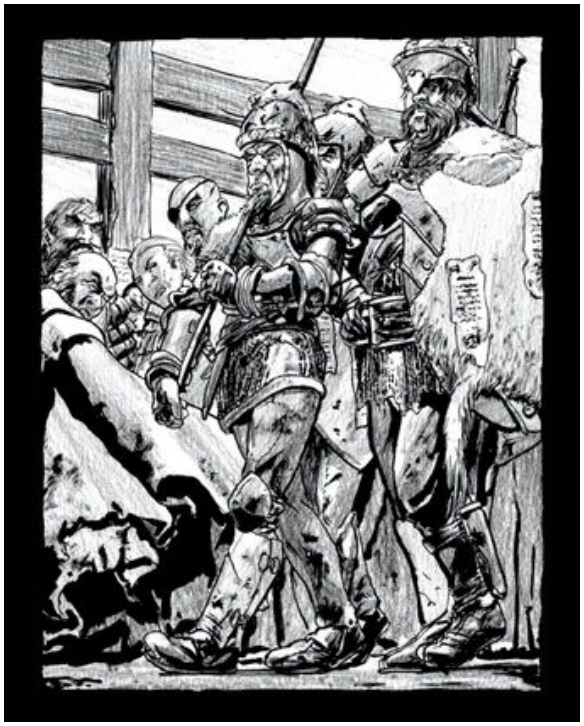
New Roadwardens rarely get much time to reflect on their promotion and are immediately given an assignment and territory, typically assigned to work alongside a veteran who begins their real education about life on the road, the tricks of the trade, and the best ways to hunt down the enemy.

Roadwardens fill an unusual niche when it comes to the law in the Empire. Upon its official founding, the Roadwardens were granted several legal powers that pertained to their skills and abilities. Every Roadwarden is granted a writ (often carried in a protective leather case) that shows his powers and legal rights. However, more than a few Roadwardens refrain from carrying their legal documents with them on the road on the chance that they are captured and killed, thus giving their attacker a chance to abuse the power that it provides. It is not uncommon for bands of Roadwardens to employ their own Litigators and experts in Imperial Law to help them interpret the numerous edicts and jurisdictional problems that inevitably arise. While they are not allowed to pursue

cases involving public corruption, Roadwardens encounter such abuses of power on a regular basis and are, in theory, supposed to report such infractions to the local authorities, or even Inquisitors if such transgressions prove endemic. In reality, most Roadwardens turn a blind eye to these sorts of problems and try to do their job as best as they are able.

One of the biggest headaches that Roadwardens encounter is jurisdiction. The roads that pass through the Empire cross dozens of different territories, each with its own laws, rights, and authority figures to enforce them. A Roadwarden can only use his power when "on the open Road," meaning that in many cases, he cannot legally pursue a suspect into a town, much less capture and arrest him. Also, the powers of Roadwardens do not extend to the rivers of the Empire, which are patrolled by their own sorts of lawmen and officials. Many Roadwardens just ignore these rules, doing so for the sake of "justice," and more than a few settlements are willing to overlook the breach if the Roadwarden manages to catch the perpetrator within their borders. Savvy criminals or those with access to patrons well versed in the law can have their arrest and prosecution overturned if they can prove that the Roadwarden overstepped his jurisdiction. It's rumoured that veteran Roadwardens instruct new recruits that the best way to avoid such hassles is to ensure that the perp isn't alive at the end….

Roadwardens witness unspeakable acts and face terrible foes all throughout their careers. The lone Roadwarden who travels the lonely paths through the black, dense forests of the Empire knows that the numbers of Greenskins, Beastmen, Mutants, and servants of Chaos are grossly underestimated. Because they are often the only law around in the more distant portions, Roadwardens are often asked to look into rumours of possession, mutation, and the practicing of forbidden rites among the populace, and many find blasphemous things in their investigations. Their contact with remote farms sometimes reveals horrid mutations gone unchecked for generations or entire villages that have succumbed to the temptations of Chaos.

Many Roadwardens seek out the locations of haunted, tainted, or otherwise evil locations, so as to help others avoid them. Sometimes a Roadwarden stumbles too close to shrines dedicated to Chaos or altars dedicated to the foul Gods of the Beastmen. If not killed outright by these places' guardians, the unlucky Roadwarden may fall prey to the whispering voices and disturbing sights that often accompany these foul locations.

In times of war, Roadwardens skirt the line between civilian and military, often serving temporarily as scouts, guides, and protection for the armies or their supply trains. Many are thus exposed to terrible atrocities, seeing the full brunt of warfare and the horrors that come with assaults by the vicious Greenskins or marauding hordes of Chaos.