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Mordheim Scenarios

In this, the third instalment of Empire in Flames, we have some new scenarios exclusive to the Empire wilderness setting. Some of these scenarios specify the use of both mounted models and new models specific to the Empire in Flames setting.

Scenarios

Use these Scenario tables instead of the one on page 126 of the rulebook. There is a separate table for multi-player scenarios. As usual, the winner of a scenario gets to roll one more Exploration dice than normal. Roll 2D6 to determine which scenario to play. Obviously, terrain should be set up that should reflect the wilderness nature of Empire in Flames (see the new Empire in Flames scenarios for an idea of what sort of terrain to set up).

TWO-PLAYER SCENARIOS

2D6	Result
2	The warband with the lower rating chooses the scenario.
3	Breakthrough
4	The Thing in the Woods
5	Wyrdstone Hunt
6	Skirmish
7	Stagecoach Ambush
8	Bounty Hunting
9	Lost in the Bogs
10	Surprise Attack
11	Chance Encounter
12	The warband with the lower rating chooses the scenario.

MULTI-PLAYER SCENARIOS

2D6	Result
2	The warband with the lower rating chooses the scenario.
3	The Lost Prince (Mordheim 2002 Annual, p30 or on Mordheim website)
4	Monster Hunt (Mordheim 2002 Annual, p33 or on Mordheim website)
5	Treasure Hunt (Mordheim 2002 Annual, p29 or on Mordheim website)
6	Street Brawl (Mordheim 2002 Annual, p29 or on Mordheim website)
7	Stagecoach Ambush
8	Bounty Hunting
9	Lost in the Bogs
10	The Thing in the Woods
11	Ambush! (Mordheim 2002 Annual, p32 or on Mordheim website)
12	The warband with the lower rating chooses the scenario.

Bounty Hunting

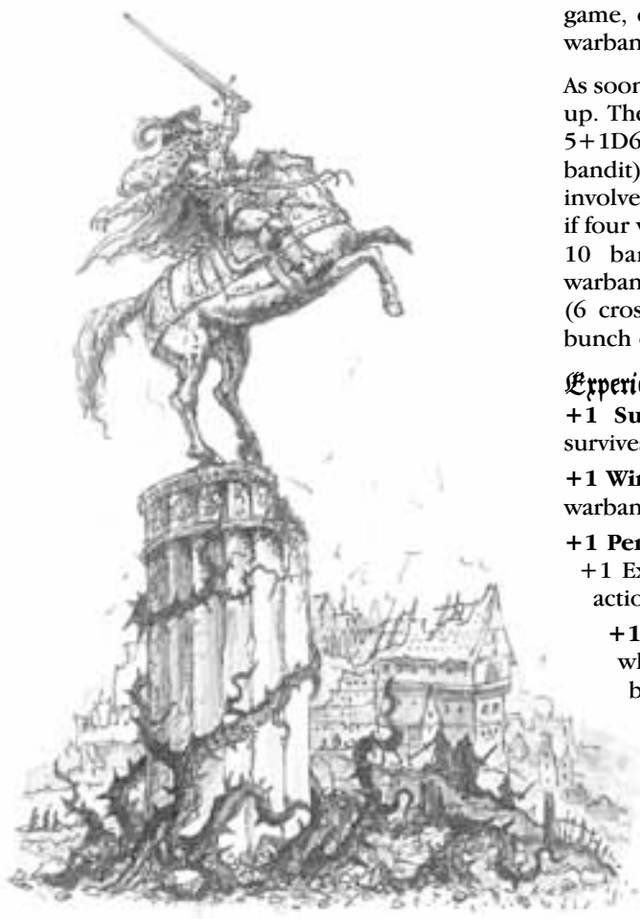
Your warband has tracked a notorious band of outlaws to their lair, hoping to turn them in to the authorities and collect the reward on their heads. Unfortunately, it appears that another band of would-be bounty hunters is hot on their trail as well…

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a building, set of hedges or walls, hill, section of forest, section of swamp, river or stream, or similar item or terrain appropriate for Empire in Flames. There should be a large building in the centre of the table to represent the bandits' hideout.

Sprcial Rule

The bandits are inside their lair, and they aren't real anxious to be caught! At the end of each game turn, D6 crossbow bolts shoot out of the doors and windows of the hideout at the nearest warband members (they're not particular about which warbands they shoot at!). Each bolt will be directed at a different target if possible. Crossbow bolts are fired with a BS of 3, modified by range and cover as normal (and, of course, the guys inside must be able to trace a line of sight from a door or window to the warband member). Warband members may not enter the building until the scenario is over.



Set-up

All players roll a D6 to see who deploys first, with the player rolling highest choosing a table edge and setting up first. If there are two players, then the next player sets up on the opposite board edge. If there are more than two players, the remaining players choose sides and set up their warbands based on the order of their dice rolls, highest to lowest. A player must set up his warband within 8" of his table edge, but not within 4" of a side edge, and not within 10" of another player's warband. Keep in mind that more than four players should be accommodated with a larger battlefield than normal (see the 'Chaos in the Streets' article on multi-player games in the Mordheim 2002 Annual, page 26).

Starting the Game

Each player rolls a D6 to determine who goes first. Play proceeds clockwise around the table (based on where players placed their warbands) from there.

Ending the Game

The game ends when all warbands but one have failed their Rout test. Warbands which rout automatically lose. If one or more warbands have allied when the other warbands have all routed, they may choose to share the victory and end the game, or they may continue the game until one warband is victorious.

As soon as there is a clear winner, the bandits give up. They may be turned in to the authorities for 5+1D6 GC per head (roll separately for each bandit), and there are 6+1 bandits per warband involved in the game holed up in the hideout (so if four warbands take part in the game, there are 10 bandits in the hideout). The winning warband also captures the bandits' equipment (6 crossbows, D3 swords, 2D6 daggers, and a bunch of wormy rations that are worth nothing).

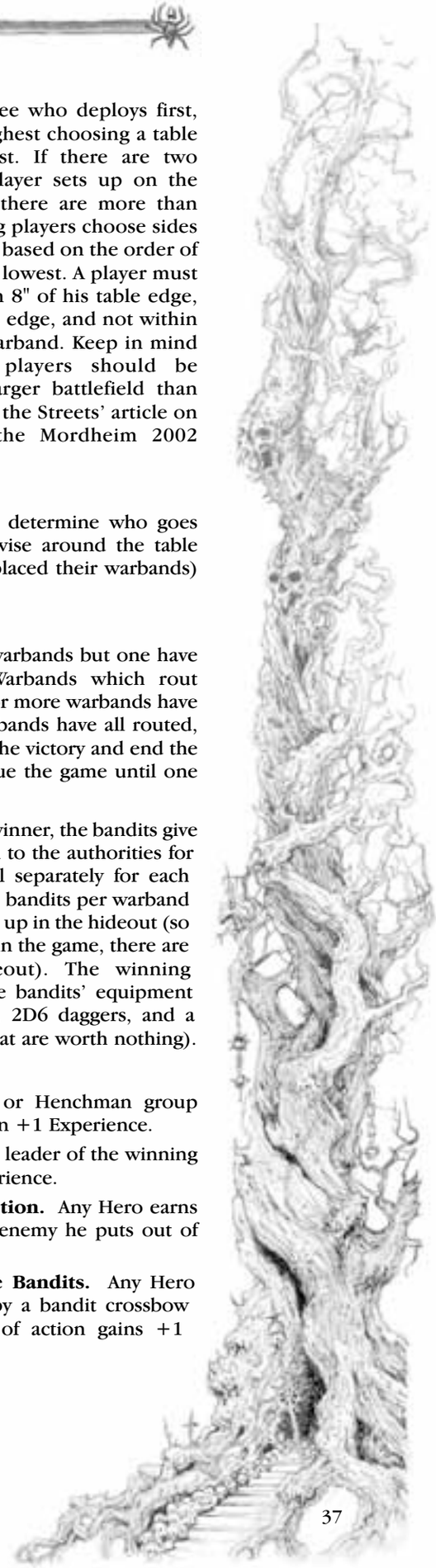
Experience

+1 Survives. If a Hero or Henchman group survives the battle they gain +1 Experience.

+1 Winning Leader. The leader of the winning warband(s) gains +1 Experience.

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

+1 Scratched by the Bandits. Any Hero who gets wounded by a bandit crossbow but not taken out of action gains +1 Experience.



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Stagecoach Ambush

The roads of the Empire are very dangerous and teeming with all manner of bandits, Beastmen and mutants. A warband has been paid to protect the local stage on a dangerous road to the next coaching inn. A rival warband is laying in wait to ambush the stage on a particularly secluded part of the route. When the stage and its outriders turn a corner in the road the ambush is sprung and the chase is on!

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a stand of trees, a length of hedgerow or a small rocky outcrop. There must be a distinct road marked on the battlefield for the coach to follow. Both players should roll a D6. The highest scoring player may place the piece of terrain anywhere along the leading table edge, creating a continuous stretch of the road.

Set-up

The defenders may use as much of their warband as they have mounts for. Only defending warriors on the stage and warriors riding on mounts may take part in the scenario. The defending warband is deployed facing the opposite short table edge and no closer than 40" of that edge, (this edge represents the escape route). The stagecoach must be placed with the warband, and must also be facing this direction. Up to 50% of the attacking warband may be set-up in hiding anywhere on the battlefield but no closer than 18" to any of the defending warband. The rest of the attacking warband is set up 24" behind the defenders facing in the same direction – this part of the attacking warband must all be mounted.

Special rules

The stage comes with its own driver (use the Muleskinner from 'Blazing Saddles' in the Mordheim 2002 Annual and replace his skills with Ride and Drive Cart and his whip with a blunderbuss). For this scenario alone, the driver counts as an additional member of the warband.

In addition, the defending warband is loaned some horses (or other applicable steeds) for the warband members by the Imperial Stage (the defending player may spend up to 250GCs on riding beasts that must be returned at the end of the game).

A Roadwarden Hired Sword may be hired as a one off for the defenders in this scenario at half the usual cost.

The attackers are loaned enough horses (or applicable alternative mounts for races that do not use horses – eg. War Boars for Orcs) for their warband (the attacking player may spend up to

The flickering fire cast lashing shadows upon the grizzled veteran's face as he began his tale. A throng had assembled about him in the crowded and sombre inn, villagers all: herdsmen, wardens, farmers, a young stable hand, all with faces as worn steel and a gritty yet latent fear in their eyes that no blade could quash.

"I have travelled the length and breadth of these wilds," the old man began, his voice like jarring gravel, "and I have seen the dark things that lurk within the very borders of our Empire."

"On a night such as this," he continued, "fell things are abroad. They are like you or I," he said, pointing at the stable hand and drawing an involuntary shudder from the boy. "They cling to shadow and slip like veils into our homes and the hearts of men, whispering dark promises and taking livestock. One such creature is the balewolf. Sleek and black, fur thick as iron, strong enough to turn a blade or arrow I'll warrant, its very flesh knitted by the will of Chaos," he said, hissing. A number of the patrons whispered prayers at that remark and made the sign of the hammer over their chests as if to ward off an unseen evil.

400GCs on riding beasts only to be used in this scenario).

Only warbands of a good alignment may protect the stage (ie. Human Mercenaries, Elves, Dwarfs, etc) you cannot have a Possessed warband protecting the Imperial Stage! You can however, adapt this scenario if only evil warbands are taking part and have an evil warband protecting the Carnival of Chaos Plague Cart from attack (you will have to wait for a later issue as this is a warband exclusive to Empire in Flames!)

A Highwayman Hired Sword may be hired as a one off for the attackers in this scenario at half the usual cost.

The Chase – This is a special rule that only applies to riding mounts and for this scenario only. Mounted warriors may always leave close combat in their Movement phase if they desire and because they are mounted are not automatically hit by their enemies (this allows the scenario to move along at pace and not to get too bogged down in fighting).

Dwarf Ingenuity – If the attacking warband is Dwarf Treasure Hunters then they are allowed to place a barricade across the road no closer than 18" to the stagecoach. This makes up for the fact that the short guys cannot ride mounts. If the defending warband is Dwarf Treasure Hunters then they are allowed to take a wagon in additional to the stagecoach for their warriors to ride upon.

Applying the Spurs! – This is a special rule that only applies to riding mounts and for this scenario only. A rider may apply the spurs to his mount to make it move faster in a similar way that applying the lash works with the stagecoach. A rider may not charge and apply the spurs in the same turn. Roll a D6 and add this amount to the rider's move. If a 1 is rolled roll on the table opposite:

D6	Result
1-2	**Steed Tiring** – The steed is growing tired – if the rider applies the spurs next turn you must halve the score rounding fractions up.
3-4	**Rider Shaken** – Due to the mount's speed the rider is thrown all over the place and may not apply the spurs next turn as he recovers his composure.
5-6	**Out of control** – Make a roll on the Whoa Boy! table from 'Blazing Saddles' in the Mordheim 2002 Annual.

Ending the Game

The battle ends when one warband fails a Rout test or the stagecoach leaves the table by the opposite edge it was facing when the game started. Any warband which routs, loses automatically.

Experience

+1 Survives. If any Hero or Henchman group survives the battle then they gain +1 Experience.

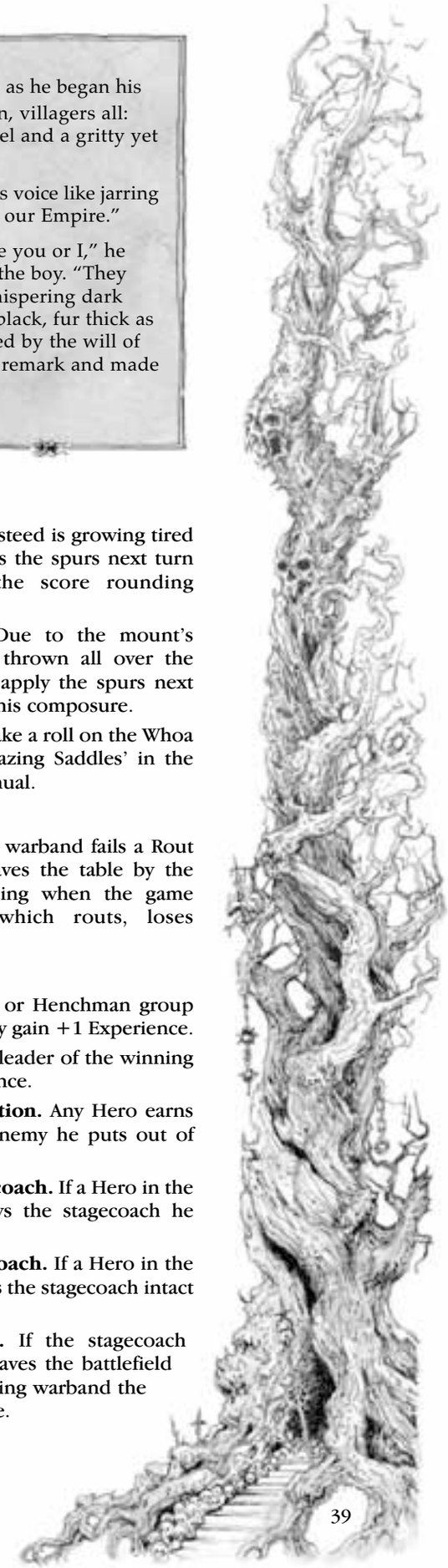
+1 Winning Leader. The leader of the winning warband gains +1 Experience.

+1 Per enemy out of action. Any Hero earns +1 Experience for each enemy he puts out of action.

+1 Destroying the Stagecoach. If a Hero in the attacking warband destroys the stagecoach he earns +1 Experience.

+2 Capturing the Stagecoach. If a Hero in the attacking warband captures the stagecoach intact he earns +2 Experience.

+2 Stagecoach escapes. If the stagecoach manages to survive and leaves the battlefield in the hands of the defending warband the leader gains +2 Experience.



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Lost In The Bogs!

One of the warbands has become lost in the bogs and separated (obviously a change in leadership is required!). As they call to each other to try to link back up, other warriors hear them and decide to take advantage of their plight…

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a building, set of hedges or walls, hill, section of forest, section of swamp, river or stream, or similar item or terrain appropriate for Empire in Flames. At least half of the terrain placed should be sections of swamp or marshy ground.

Special Rules

The warband with the highest rating is the one that got lost. That player places each of his warband members on the board, not within 10" of a table edge, and not within 6" of each other. After that warband is placed, any other warbands set up their warbands as noted under 'Set-up', below.

Set-up

After the lost warband has been placed, any remaining players roll a D6 to see who deploys first, with the player rolling highest choosing a table edge and setting up first. If there are two players who are not lost, then the next player sets up on the opposite board edge. If there are more than two players who are not lost, the remaining players choose sides and set up their warbands based on the order of their dice rolls, highest to lowest. A player must set up his warband within 8" of his table edge, but not within 4" of a side edge. Keep in mind that more than four players setting up on table edges should be accommodated with a larger battlefield than normal (see the 'Chaos in the Streets' article on multi-player games in the Mordheim 2002 Annual, page 26).

Starting the Game

Each player rolls a D6 to determine who goes first. Play proceeds clockwise around the table (based on where players placed their warbands) from there. The lost warband automatically goes last.

Ending the Game

The game ends when all warbands but one have failed their Rout test. Warbands which rout automatically lose. If one or more warbands have allied when the other warbands have all routed, they may choose to share the victory and end the game, or they may continue the game until one warband is victorious.

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(s) gains +1 Experience.

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

It was an evil that Shalken placed no truck in. He sat away from the crowd, alone at his table. There was a full tankard sat idle in his gloved grasp, his crossbow was in plain sight, sword loosened at his belt. He could hear the elder well enough, but was unmoved by his rhetoric. His enemies were much more tangible: the bite of winter, failing crops, a flesh and blood wolf that threatened his farm. He held himself in higher regard than the superstitious puppets dancing on the old man's strings.

Looking about the room, Shalken noticed that all but a few of the inn's patrons were intent upon the old veteran. It was small wonder he held them all so enraptured. Smoke from wood pipes clung to the air like a hazy grey veil, the stuffed heads of trophy animals, deer, fox and wolf protruded above the bar in fixed savage countenance like rural gargoyles. Numerous other trappings were nailed to the walls; bear traps, spears, thick pelts and the ubiquitous sigils of Sigmar that Krebb the scar-faced barkeep had insisted be part of the inn's décor. They were symbols of men exerting the tangible evidence of their power, they were tools of a suspicious community that thrived on tales of fell creatures and dire warnings and could be dangerous if improperly tempered. Shalken could see the dark, underlying suspicious fear that glinted with the wan fire-light in their eyes. It was present in the weapons that hung in open view on their belts and the way they held their tankards close to their hearts like a protective ward.

Only one man seemed unperturbed by the veteran's tale. He sat in silence, alone like Shalken, just beyond the corona of sickly orange light cast by the fire. He absently patted a sinewy-looking dog that nestled quietly at its master's feet, long of limb and snout with thick wiry grey hair. He supped at a wood pipe and blew rings of smoke into the air. Shalken made him for a roadwarden and felt a strange kinship with the fellow outsider. His attention flitted back to the tale.

"'Tis said that the balewolf's eyes burn with all the malevolent fires of chaos,"

There was more sigil making.

"and that it was once a man, turned by a bite from a daemon whose blood entered his veins with all the intensity of molten steel and altered him."

There were gasps and muffled curses at this, the old veteran clearly relishing the attention.

"Can it be killed?" the stable hand piped up, his youthful face awash with fearful concern. There were some half-hearted chuckles at the boy's remark from men whose courage was unconvincing but who craved the answer as much as the boy, their fear palpable in their feigned scepticism.

"Only a weapon that is blessed by the power of Sigmar can destroy it, all others are turned aside by the darkness of its soul," the old man told him, drawing close. "Here, in the heart," he said, poking the boy firmly in the chest, "or here," he repeated, touching the boy's forehead between the eyes, "is where you must strike."

"When I encountered the daemon-beast, it nearly unmanned me, with the will of Sigmar I fired a bolt blessed by a wandering priest and with that shot I ended it's menace," he boasted.

The eager listeners relaxed.

"So we are not in danger, then?" the stable hand asked hopefully.

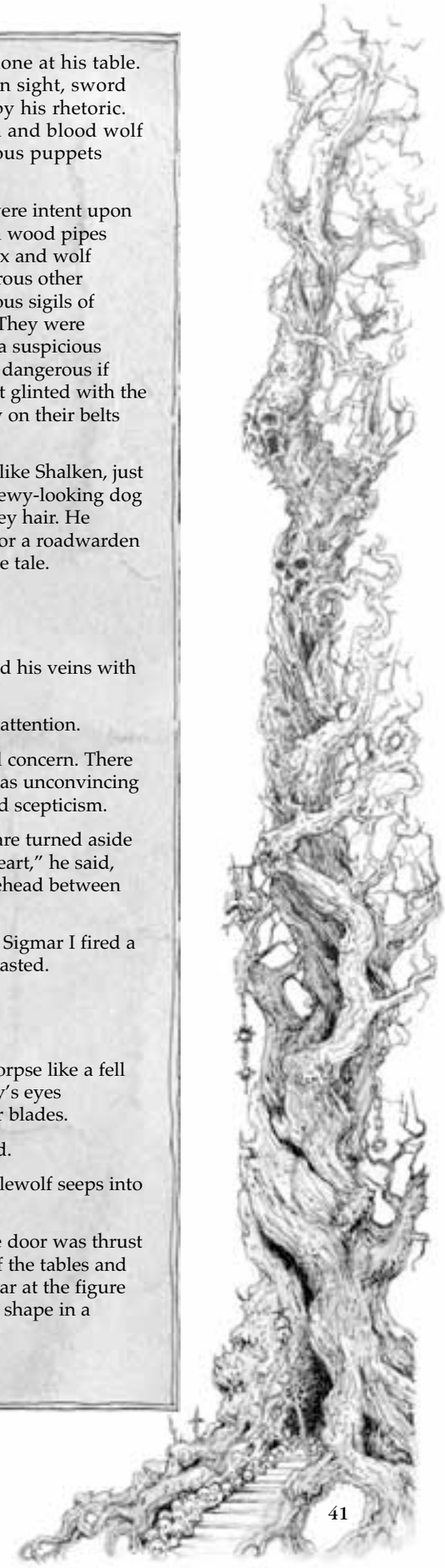
"Alas, 'tis said that with the death strike the spirit of the balewolf rises from its corpse like a fell shade," the old veteran spoke ruefully, shaking his head, acutely aware of the boy's eyes widening and the shuffling of other supposedly braver men as they checked their blades.

Rain started suddenly outside, battering the old inn like the hand of an angry god.

"And when the storm winds rise," he continued, improvising, "the soul of the balewolf seeps into that of a common wolf and with its bite comes the taint of chaos…"

Lightning cracked, the flash penetrating the inn and casting a long shadow as the door was thrust open with force. A silhouette stood there and the raging wind rattled tankards off the tables and the fire ebbed and died. The roadwarden's dog snarled with furious anger and fear at the figure in the doorway. In the darkness all that could be made out was a vaguely human shape in a bundle of sodden rags.

"The balewolf!" one man cried, drawing his stout dagger.



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The Thing in The Woods

Your warband is travelling to the next town when suddenly you notice that the woods you have been walking through have taken on a distinctly more ominous feeling. The shadows are much deeper here, and strange sounds may be heard. Some of your warriors report seeing something moving just out of sight as well. You had heard rumours about the woods in this area of the Empire being haunted by malevolent spirits and creatures of the night, but you dismissed them as old wives' tales, until now. Then a piercing howl breaks the silence…

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a building, set of hedges or walls, hill, section of forest, section of swamp, river or stream, or similar item or terrain appropriate for Empire in Flames. At least half of the terrain pieces placed should be sections of woods.

Special Rules

Fear of the Dark – These woods are seriously rattling the warbands. Any warband member in a Wood section must take an All Alone test every turn (even if there are other friendly warband members nearby). Failure means that the warband member flees 2D6" toward the nearest table edge (warband members who flee off the board are out of the game, though they will not have to roll for Serious Injury after the battle).

Thing in the Woods – There is one Thing in the Woods for every warband involved in the game (so a two-player game would have two Things, a four-player game would have four, etc). The Things are placed within randomly selected forest sections and start the game hidden. At the end of every game turn (after all players have taken their turns), there is a special 'Thing turn'.

A Thing will automatically charge any warband member that strays into its charge range. Otherwise, they move 2D6" in a random direction unless there is another forest section within range in which case they will always move into that. Just like any other player, the Things have their own hand-to-hand Combat phase, and a warrior who is engaged in close combat with a Thing will fight during his turn and the Thing's turn, just as if it were engaged with a warrior from another warband.

Set-up

All players roll a D6 to see who deploys first, with the player rolling highest choosing a table edge and setting up first. If there are two players, then the next player sets up on the opposite board edge. If there are more than two players, the remaining players choose sides and set up their warbands based on the order of their dice rolls, highest to lowest. A player must set up his warband within 8" of his table edge, but not within 4" of a side edge, and not within 10" of another player's warband. Keep in mind that more than four players should be accommodated with a larger battlefield than normal (see the 'Chaos in the Streets' article on multi-player games in the Mordheim 2002 Annual, page 26).

The dog got free of its master's grasp and racing through the throng dived at the stranger. Its jaws latched around a failing hand. The figure cried out in pain, distinctly human.

"Get that beast off him!" Shalken cried. He recognised the voice and piled through the paralysed crowd. The roadwarden had followed his animal and grabbed it roughly by the scruff of its neck to yank the feverish creature from the wailing human being.

"Are you alright?" Shalken asked the man sprawled on the floor clutching his hand. The bite was vicious; blood seeped eagerly from the wound.

"I don't understand it," the Roadwarden gasped, struggling to restrain his snarling dog. "He's never attacked someone like that before."

The encircling throng took a collective step back. The stranger threw back his hood. He was human after all, pain etched upon his face.

"The farm has been attacked," he gasped to Shalken, wincing.

"Wolves again," Shalken asked, inspecting the wound. The bite had sheared straight though his glove.

"Yes," he breathed.

Fearful muttering began around the room as all eyes were fixed upon the great unknown of the outside.

"Who is it?" the Roadwarden asked, finally bringing his beast under reluctant control.

"He is my brother," Shalken said.

Starting the Game

The players each roll a D6 to determine who goes first. Play proceeds clockwise around the table (based on where players placed their warbands) from there.

Ending the Game

The game ends when all warbands but one have failed their Rout test. Warbands which rout automatically lose. If one or more warbands have allied when the other warbands have all routed, they may choose to share the victory and end the game, or they may continue the game until one warband is victorious.

Experience

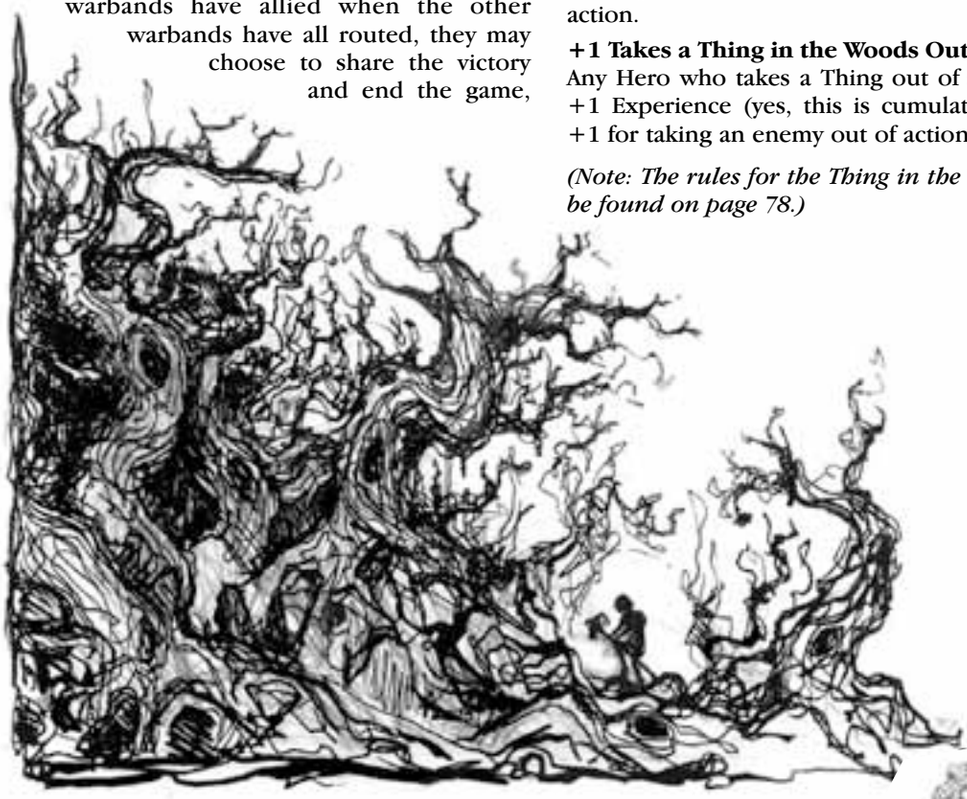
+1 Survives. If a Hero or Henchman group survives the battle they gain +1 Experience.

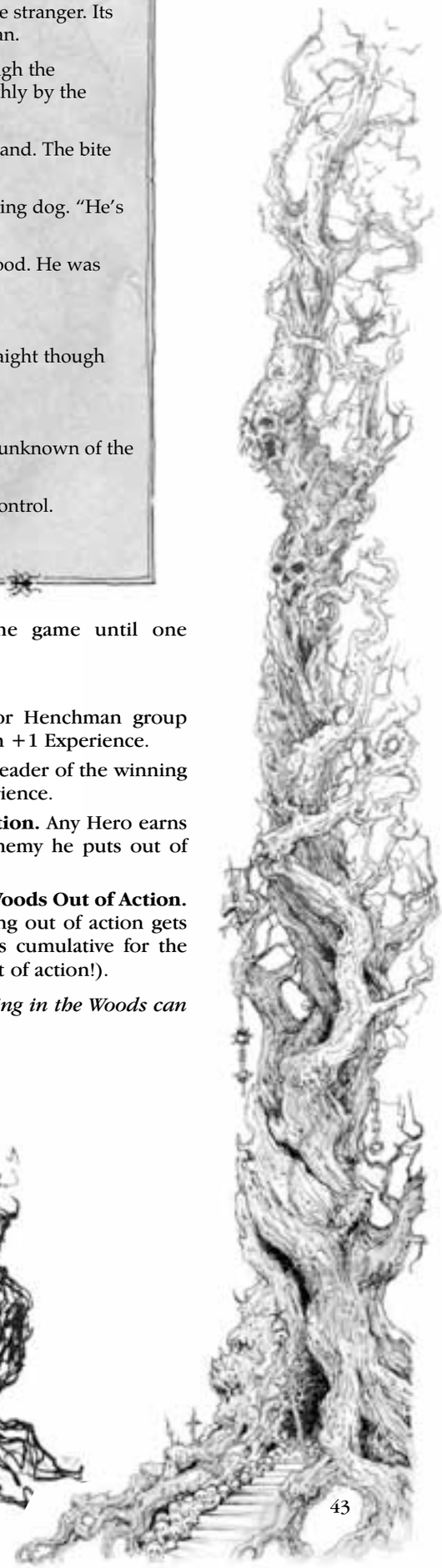
+1 Winning Leader. The leader of the winning warband(s) gains +1 Experience.

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

+1 Takes a Thing in the Woods Out of Action. Any Hero who takes a Thing out of action gets +1 Experience (yes, this is cumulative for the +1 for taking an enemy out of action!).

(Note: The rules for the Thing in the Woods can be found on page 78.)





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The Frenzied Mob

In the year following the comet that flattened the hedonistic city of Mordheim, the Empire became a much darker place. It is in the largely untamed wilderness of the Empire, where hardy rural folk battle the elements and drag a living from the soil, that the most fearsome rumours pervade. The farmsteaders and villagers of the Empire are a curious breed, somewhat backward in comparison to the relatively sophisticated city folk. They are a very superstitious lot, zealously religious they pray to the gods Sigmar, Ulric and Taal for a good harvest, fertility and protection from the horrors of the dark. It is also said that they pray to older gods, forgotten by the folk of the cities over the centuries.

The peasantry are gruff, poorly educated but extremely hard working folk who have little time for outsiders, especially those from the big cities whom they view as soft and effete. They often lead short and unfulfilling lives and through back breaking hard work are bent double by middle age.

Despite all of this, the rural folk of the Empire are exceptionally brave, to the point of reckless insanity, and have an incredible sense of community. They are also very suspicious and wary of any strangers and can treat them sometimes with surprising hostility.

Woe betide any who should attempt to raid or steal from these strange folk!

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a set of hedges, walls, hill, section of river, swamp, forest, or other similar item. There should be D3+1 buildings clustered in the centre of the battlefield to represent the farmstead. The battle is fought in an area roughly 4' x 4'.

Set-up

Players should roll a D6 and whoever rolls highest chooses which warband goes first. This warband is deployed within 8" of any table edge the player chooses. The opponent (or opponents in the case of multi-player games) then set up within 8" on the opposite side.

SPECIAL RULES

Buildings: The following rules for buildings from TC 24 should be used here – Clutter, Combat through doorways and stairs and such.

Looting a Building: Any Hero that spends an entire turn within a building doing nothing else but stealing things that do not belong to him counts as having looted said building and may gain Experience (see below). A Hero cannot loot a building if he is engaged in combat or the building is occupied. Each building may only be looted once.

The Frenzied Mob: As soon as a warrior from any warband approaches within 8" of a building, place D3+1 Frenzied villagers outside of the building, no closer than within 5" of the warrior. The Frenzied Mob(s) move in their own turn, which takes place after all warbands have moved. Count each Frenzied Mob as a separate group of Henchmen. At the start of its turn, the Frenzied Mob will automatically charge any warriors that are within charge range. If there are no warriors within charge range, the Mob will move so that it is always within 5" of the building it came from (ie. If a previous charge had taken it further than 5" from its parent building).

Each member of the Frenzied Mob shares the same profile:

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	6

Weapons/Armour: Members of the Frenzied Mob are armed with an assortment of farming tools, makeshift weapons and flaming torches. Each model counts as being armed with a club and a flaming torch. They do not wear armour.

Fanatical: Because they are defending their homes, the villagers are filled with inhuman fury. They automatically pass any Leadership-based tests they are required to take.

Ending The Game:

The game ends when all the warband have routed, bar one.

Experience

+1 **Survives.** If a Hero or Henchman group survives they gain +1 Experience.

+1 **Winning leader.** The leader of the winning warband gains +1 Experience.

+1 **Looting a Building.** If a Hero successfully loots a building he receives +1 Experience.

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

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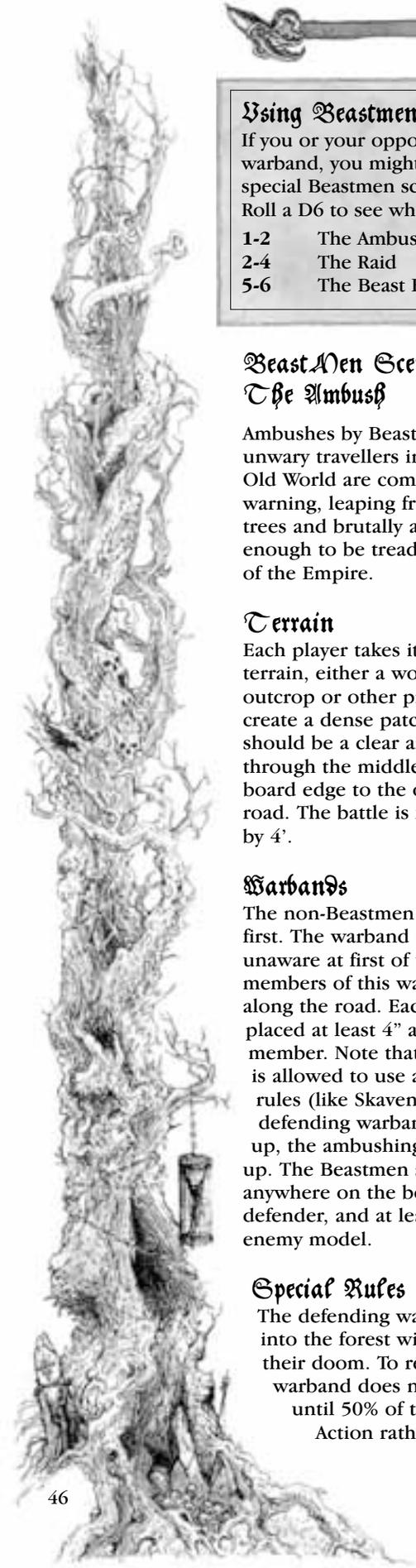
Beastmen Scenarios



Using Beastmen Scenarios

If you or your opponent is using a Beastmen warband, you might like to use one of these special Beastmen scenarios.
Roll a D6 to see which scenario to fight

1-2	The Ambush
2-4	The Raid
5-6	The Beast Hunt

BeastMen Scenario One: The Ambush

Ambushes by Beastmen warbands upon unwary travellers in the wilderness across the Old World are common. They strike without warning, leaping from the dense and twisted trees and brutally attacking those unfortunate enough to be treading the dark forgotten paths of the Empire.

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a wood, forest, swamp, rocky outcrop or other piece of similar terrain to create a dense patch of wilderness. There should be a clear area about 4" wide cutting through the middle of the board, from one board edge to the opposite side, to represent a road. The battle is fought in an area roughly 4' by 4'.

Warbands

The non-Beastmen warband should be set up first. The warband is strung out along the road, unaware at first of the impending attack. The members of this warband is placed anywhere along the road. Each warband member must be placed at least 4" away from another warband member. Note that no model in this warband is allowed to use any special deployment rules (like Skaven Infiltration). After the defending warband has been completely set up, the ambushing Beastmen warband is set up. The Beastmen are allowed to be set up anywhere on the board that is out of sight of a defender, and at least 16" away from any enemy model.

Special Rules

The defending warband knows that to run into the forest will almost certainly spell their doom. To represent this, the defending warband does not need to take a Rout Test until 50% of their warband is Out of Action rather than 25%.

Starting the Game

Sometimes a Beastman warband strikes their prey fully unaware. Other times, the prey will become aware of an ambush just before it is launched. Roll a D6 to see who has the first turn, though the Beastmen player gets to add +1 to his dice roll (unless he has a minotaur in his warband!)

Ending the Game

The game ends when one warband fails its Rout test. The routers automatically lose.

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. If the Beastmen win the scenario, their leader gains an additional +1 Experience (so, +2), because of the respect he gains for leading a successful ambush.

+1 Per Enemy Out of Action. Any Her earns +1 experience for each enemy he puts Out of Action.

BeastMen Scenario Two: The Raid

Beastmen often attack isolated villages and farms. If a village or farm suspects they will be raided, they may scrape together their coins to secure the aid of a group of mercenaries to help defend their homes and families

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a wood, forest, swamp, rocky outcrop, fence, hedge or other piece of similar terrain the village or farm in the middle of the wilderness. There should be D3+1 buildings clustered in the centre of the battlefield to represent the village or farm. The battle is fought in an area roughly 4' by 4'.

Warbands

The defenders are set-up first. They are placed anywhere within 3" of one of the buildings in the centre of the table. Once they are set-up, the attackers are set-up. They may be placed anywhere on the table, but no nearer than 20" from any of the buildings in the centre of the table.

Special Rules

The defending warband is being well paid, and have no wish to give lose this payment! To

represent this, the defending warband does not need to take a Rout Test until 50% of their warband is Out of Action rather than 25%.

The Frenzied Mob:

Whene a Beastman moves to within 8" of one of the buildings for the first time, place D3 frenzied villagers outside the building, no closer than 5" from the Beastman. The frenzied mob(s) moves in the defenders turn. Count each frenzied mob as a separate group of Henchmen. At the start of its turn, the frenzied mob will automatically charge any Beastmen that are within charge range. If there are no Beastmen within charge range, the mob will move so that it is always within 5" of the building it came from.

Each member of the Frenzied Mob share the same profile:

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	6

Weapons / Armour: Members of the frenzied mob are armed with an assortment of farming tools, makeshift weapons and flaming torches. Each model counts as being armed with a club and a flaming torch. They do not wear armour.

Fanatical: Because they are defending their homes, the villagers are filled with inhuman fury. They automatically pass any Leadership-based tests they are required to take.

Torch the Village!

Any member of the Beastmen warband that spends an entire turn touching a building without moving, fighting, shooting or casting a spell, may attempt to torch the building. The building is set ablaze on a 4+ on a D6.

Starting the Game

The Attacker gets the first turn.

Ending the Game

The Beastmen automatically win the scenario if all the building are torched (see Torch the Village, above). Otherwise, the game ends when one warband fails its Rout test. The routers automatically lose.

Experience

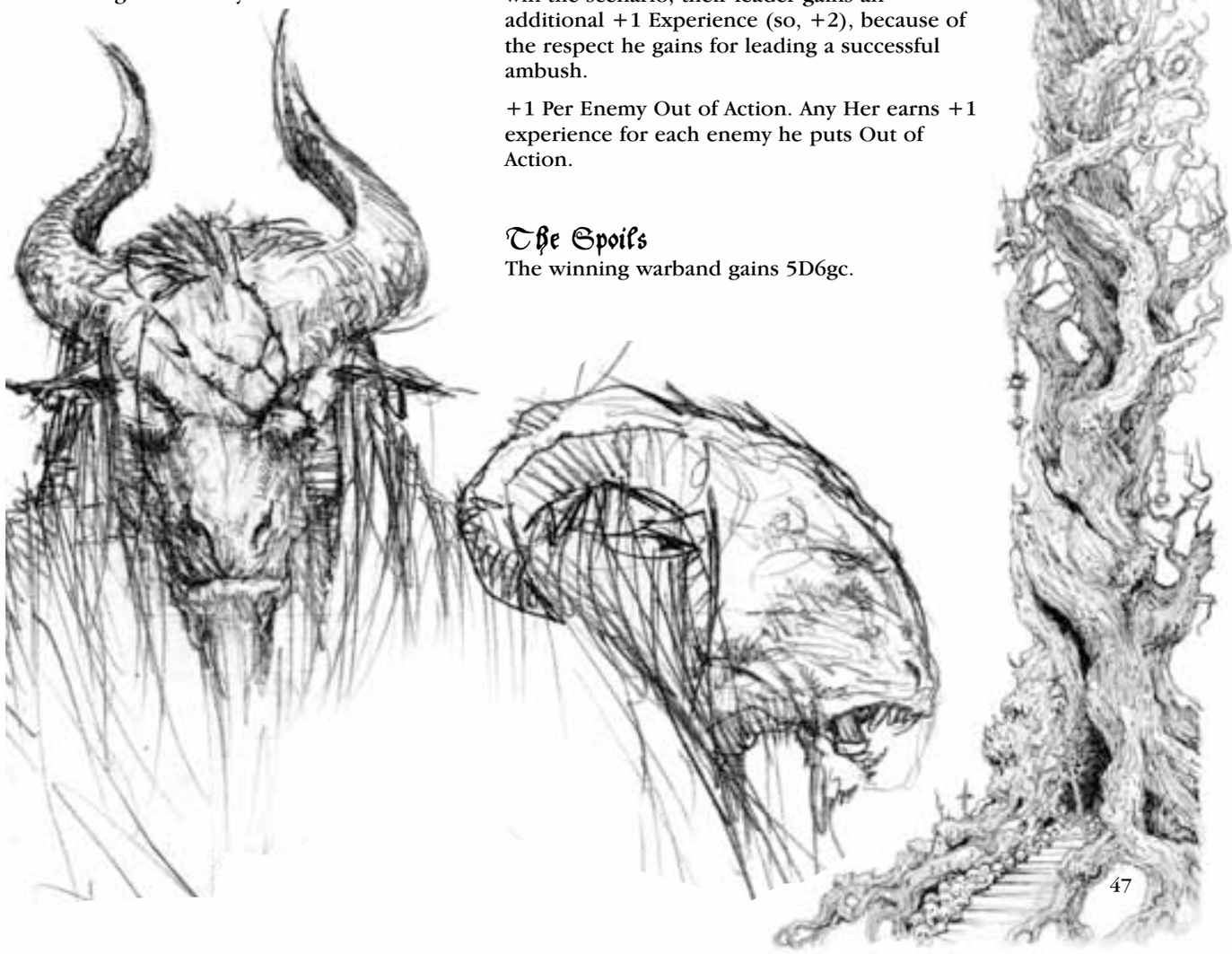
+1 Survives. If a Hero or Henchman group survives the battle they gain +1 Experience.

+1 Winning Leader. The leader of the winning warband gains +1 Experience. If the Beastmen win the scenario, their leader gains an additional +1 Experience (so, +2), because of the respect he gains for leading a successful ambush.

+1 Per Enemy Out of Action. Any Her earns +1 experience for each enemy he puts Out of Action.

The Spoils

The winning warband gains 5D6gc.



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BeastMen Scenario Three: The Beast Hunt

Driven by revenge, local villagers have employed a warband to hunt down a local marauding Beastmen warband, deep in the wild woods. They have even managed to secure the aid of a famed Beast Hunter, in the hope that the Beastmen menace will be driven from their lands. They have tracked the foul creatures to their encampment, clustered around some herdstones.

Terrain

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, either a wood, forest, swamp, rocky outcrop, fence, hedge or other piece of similar terrain to create the dense wilderness. A circle of stones roughly 10" in diameter should be placed in the centre of the table, with a larger standing stone in its centre. The battle is fought in an area roughly 4' by 4'.

Warbands

The Beastmen are set up first. They must all be positioned within the herdstone circle. The attacker then chooses a board edge, and may set up his entire warband (including the Beast Hunter), within 8" of that board edge.

Special Rules

The attacking warband have a Beast Hunter join their warband, without the need to pay for his Hire Fee.

The Beastmen are defending their herdstones, and do not intend on being easily driven away from it! To represent this, the Beastmen warband does not need to take a Rout Test until 50% of their warband is Out of Action rather than 25%.

Starting the Game

The Attacker gets the first turn.

Ending the Game

The game ends when one warband fails its Rout test. The routers automatically lose.

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 Per Enemy Out of Action. Any Her earns +1 experience for each enemy he puts Out of Action.

The Spoils

If the attacking warband wins, then they gain 4D6 gc.

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This section describes two new warbands - the Carnival of Chaos and Beastmen Raiders for use in the Empire in Flames setting. These warbands follow the rules for all warbands presented in the Mordheim rulebook, which are summarised below.

Use the lists that follow to recruit and equip your warband. You have 500 gold crowns to spend. Each model and their equipment (if you choose to buy any) costs a set amount of money. As you make your choices, subtract the money you have "spent" from your total until you have bought all you can. Any unspent gold crowns are put into the warband's treasury and can be used later or hoarded to buy something more expensive.

To start with you must recruit at least three warriors including a leader. The weapons, armour and mutations you choose for your warriors must be represented on the models themselves. The exceptions are knives and daggers, which you may assume are tucked in boots or concealed in clothing if not represented on the model.

Heroes and Henchmen

For game purposes the warriors in your warband are classified as *Heroes* and *Henchmen*.

Heroes

These are exceptional individuals who have the potential to become legends. Heroes can be armed and equipped individually and may carry any special equipment they might pick up during the campaign.

Leader: Every warband must have a leader. He represents you, the player. He makes the decisions and leads your warriors through the dark sand lonely places of the Empire.

Other Heroes: Apart from its leader, your warband may include up to five other Heroes, who form the core of your warband. A warband may never include more Heroes of any specific type than the number given in the Warband list.

Henchmen

Henchmen typically fall into two groups. There are Henchmen who gain experience and become better as time goes by (as explained in the campaign rules from the Mordheim rulebook). They are bought in groups of one to five models.

The other type of Henchmen are those too dimwitted or primitive to gain experience.

Henchmen may never use any special equipment you acquire during their adventures (unless otherwise noted); only Heroes may do so.

All Henchmen belong to a *Henchmen group*, which usually consists of between one and five individuals. Henchmen groups gain experience collectively and gain advances together.

weapons and armour

Each warrior you recruit can be armed with up to two close combat weapons, up to two different missile weapons and any armour chosen from the appropriate list. Warriors may be restricted in regard to which types of weapons they can use. The warband's equipment lists tell you exactly what equipment is available. Note that you may buy rare weapons and armour when starting a warband, as indicated by the list in the warband's entry, but after playing the first game the only way to get further rare weapons and armour is to roll to see if you can locate them (see the Trading section).

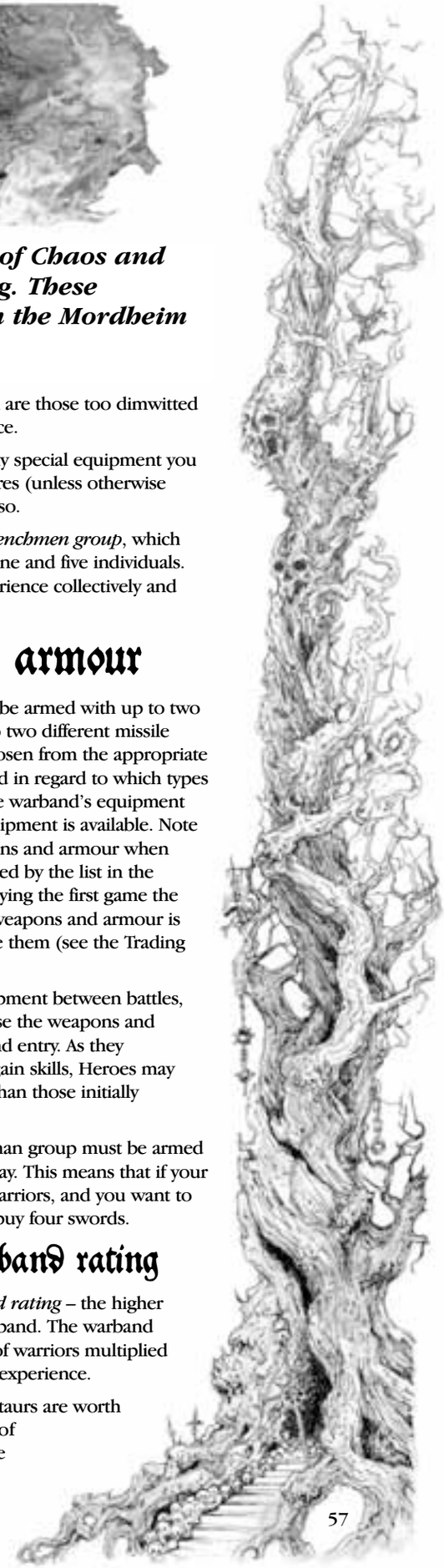
You may buy additional equipment between battles, but your warriors can only use the weapons and armour listed in their warband entry. As they accumulate experience and gain skills, Heroes may learn to use weapons other than those initially available to them.

Every model in each Henchman group must be armed and armoured in the same way. This means that if your Henchman group has four warriors, and you want to buy them swords, you must buy four swords.

calculate the warband rating

Each warband has a *warband rating* – the higher the rating, the better the warband. The warband rating is simply the number of warriors multiplied by 5, plus their accumulated experience.

Large creatures such as Minotaurs are worth 20 points plus the number of Experience points they have accumulated.



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The Carnival of Chaos

Another roar of laughter came from the crowd like muted thunder as the mock Knight Panther, bedecked in armour of tin and wielding a wooden sword, slipped upon some entrails. It was a battlefield scene; pig's blood, uncoiled rope and animal intestine were strewn about the stage as mock carnage.

"A horse, a horse, the Emperor is a horse!" the Knight wailed as his mind succumbed to Chaos.

The travelling players had arrived in the village without word or prior arrangement, replete with ramshackle cart that doubled as dressing room and makeshift theatre. A host of colourful characters, loped and cavorted alongside, with mesmerising wit and charm, announcing to all and sundry they would be performing a rendition of the play, 'The Emperor's True Face.'

Crowds had gathered quickly, initially children, then women and finally the men, and soon the entire village was under the players' spell. Demitri was one of the last to join the eager and enraptured throng, sceptical at first but in moments he too was utterly engrossed.

The play reached the 'Northern Wastes' scene, a rotted wooden placard carried across the stage describing as much by a robed daemon with a seemingly permanent grin. Demitri marvelled as other daemonic characters, whose costumes where uncannily realistic, danced and skipped amongst the appreciative crowd. Chicken feathers thrown by the daemons drifted down like snow. A wonderfully macabre jester performed acrobatics, tapping the village children's foreheads who sat transfixed in the front row as he sprang past with his tickle stick.

A foul and repugnant odour filled Demitri's nostrils as an uncomfortable burning sensation grew upon his chest but he couldn't take his eyes off the play, utterly lost in the unfolding drama. His wife and child, sitting at the front of the stage, were a distant memory. Now only he and the bizarrely macabre players existed. The Knight Panther slipped again and Demitri laughed out loud. A plague daemon bore down upon the play's unlikely hero and the enraptured farmer marvelled at its realism. Eyes widening, Demitri stared with incredulity as the plague creature swelled, stomach bloating as if filling with stagnant air. A shape with what looked like arms and legs pawed within, stretching the flesh thin like clinging mucous.

Something was wrong. The plague creature's mouth distended to agonising proportions but Demitri couldn't look away. It belched forth a tiny daemon creature that sat wallowing amidst a foul miasma of vomit and pooling slime from the creature's stomach.

The charade was revealed for what it was; a conjuration of Chaos. Slime trails left by the actors spat and bubbled. Human eyeballs, heads; real corpses diseased and rotting were strewn about the stage. These things wore no masks but were daemons themselves!

A weight like a heavy millstone fell about his neck and shoulders as Demitri made to rise. He turned; panic welling in his heart. The ruinous powers were roaming free and unchecked in the Empire! He looked to his brothers for aid, trying to raise the alarm. But they were all dead, horribly swollen with some unseen pestilence, pustules and boils on their flesh spilling over with all the fervour of a grotesque epidemic. Horrified, Demitri looked down to the burning at his chest, he ripped away his shirt in pain and saw an icon resting there, inscribed with the sigil of Sigmar.

Abruptly, a foul, filth-encrusted dagger came into view, lifting the amulet from Demitri's chest and leaving behind a red weal.

"Is this an icon of Sigmar I see before me?" a voice reminiscent of bubbling flesh, asked. It was the head player, his moon-shaped face was covered in warts and boils and he was dressed in thick gaudy robes.

Demitri was terrified. "What have you done?" he stammered, recoiling.

The head player moved forward a step, keeping pace as Demitri lurched back.

"Foul worshippers of Chaos!" he cried defiantly, suddenly aware that he was surrounded.

"Yes, alas, that is true my noble lord," a voice from Demitri's left confirmed; a thin and short character, hunched over, face like some grim theatrical mask, split down the forehead. An infestation of flies buzzed around him as he fanned a set of tarot cards. "But your words wound me sir," he continued with mock offence, slicing open a cut in his wrist with one of the tarot cards. "We are but flesh like you," he said, drawing closer, "if you prick us, do we not bleed?" With sniggering contempt, the tarot daemon squeezed the blood from his wound, which dripped down upon the Sigmarite talisman, dissolving it like acid.

Instantly, Demitri could feel the effects of whatever malady had overtaken his kinsmen. He was defenceless. Head swimming, he whirled around drunkenly a myriad of grinning faces surrounding him; a brutish-looking clown, with daubed on face paint hideously joined with physical mutation, a dark grinning jester with a daemonic hand-puppet that chattered in sync with its bearer, a host of grinning, sneering faces awash with colour that was bright and dirty at the same time.

Demitri felt the sickness overtake him and sank to his knees in the dirt. The dark jester lifted his chin up to face him as his hand-puppet spoke for him.

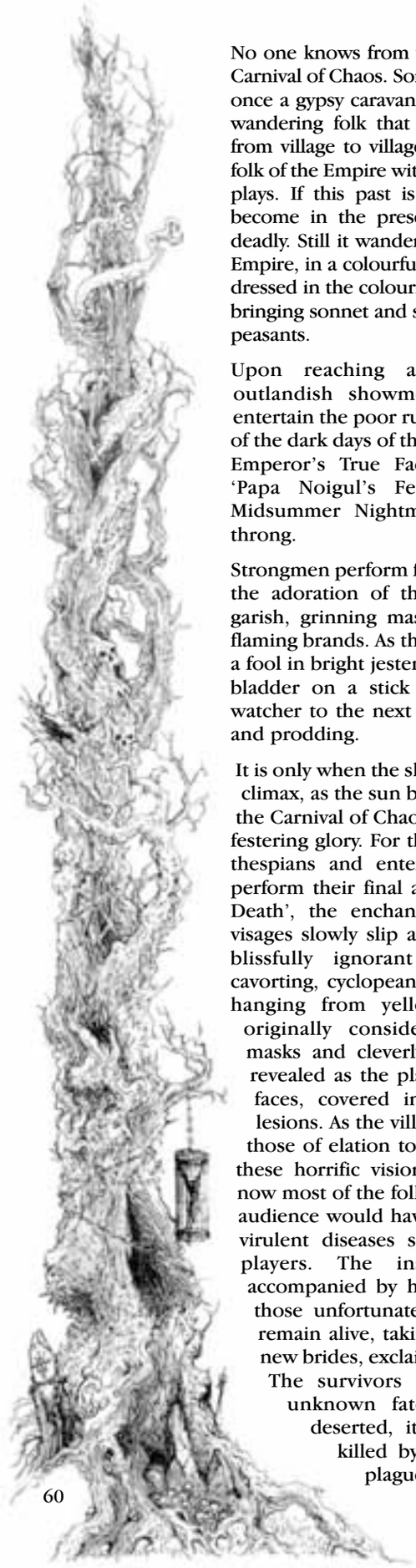
"Why then," it said, the talisman's resistance ebbing, "Your stomach is mine oyster," he continued as a sudden silver flash from a dagger caught Demitri's eye, "which I, with sword, shall open," the jester himself concluded darkly.

As the blade slipped in and the Carnival players began their grisly work one last thought occurred to Demitri.

"Helena!" he cried, with the last of his dying breath, "My wife…"

The head player loomed into view, his moon-like visage blotting out Demitri's sun for the last time.

"She's my wife now Demitri…"



No one knows from whence it came, the dreaded Carnival of Chaos. Some have rumoured that it was once a gypsy caravan from the east of the Empire, wandering folk that brought their colourful fare from village to village entertaining the poor rural folk of the Empire with their lavish shows and stage plays. If this past is the truth then what it has become in the present is far more sinister and deadly. Still it wanders the rural backwaters of the Empire, in a colourful cavalcade of wagons, its folk dressed in the colourful finery of travelling players, bringing sonnet and song to excitable villagers and peasants.

Upon reaching a new settlement, these outlandish showmen erect their stage and entertain the poor rural folk with songs and plays of the dark days of the Empire. Tales such as: 'The Emperor's True Face', 'Orfeo and Pustulate', 'Papa Noigul's Festering Children' and 'A Midsummer Nightmare' wow the enraptured throng.

Strongmen perform feats of incredible prowess to the adoration of the crowd, whilst players in garish, grinning masks juggle balls, knives and flaming brands. As the crowd's numbers increase, a fool in bright jester's garb with an inflated pig's bladder on a stick leaps from one enthralled watcher to the next joking and cackling, poking and prodding.

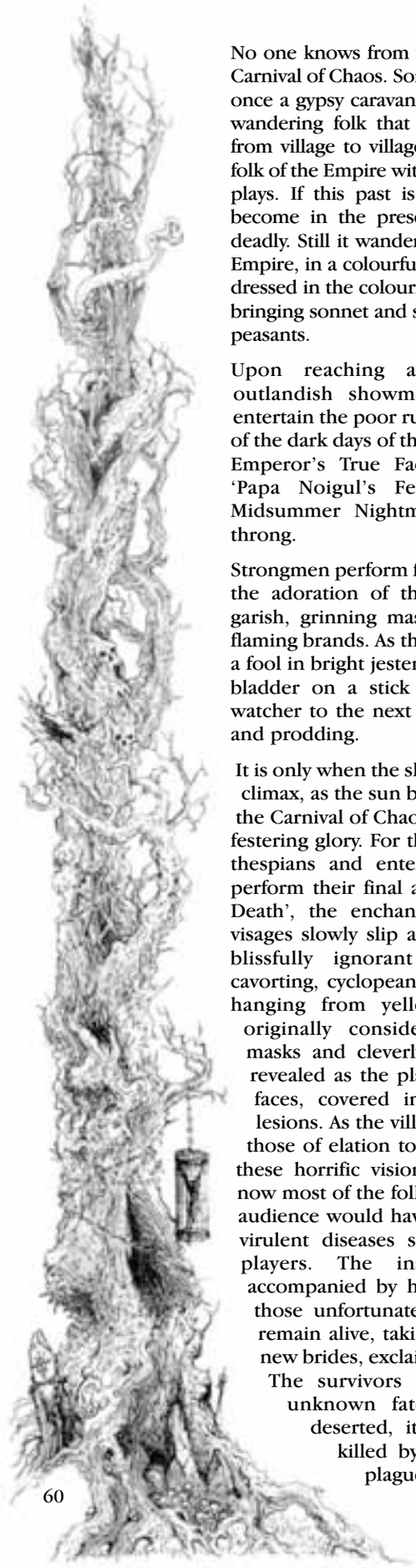
It is only when the show reaches its blasphemous climax, as the sun begins to set, that the truth of the Carnival of Chaos is revealed in all its putrid, festering glory. For these are no mere wandering thespians and entertainers. When the players perform their final act, known as the 'Dance of Death', the enchantments covering their true visages slowly slip away revealing them to their blissfully ignorant audience for they are cavorting, cyclopean daemons with rotting flesh hanging from yellowing bones. What were originally considered intricately decorated masks and cleverly applied make-up is soon revealed as the players' true horribly mutated faces, covered in pustules and pox-ridden lesions. As the villagers' expressions turn from those of elation to abject terror at the sight of these horrific visions the slaughter begins. By now most of the folk who made up the cheering audience would have already succumbed to the virulent diseases spread by these malevolent players. The insidious Carnival Master, accompanied by his cackling fool, rounds up those unfortunate women and children that remain alive, taking a finger from each of his new brides, exclaiming "You're my wife now!". The survivors are then led away to an unknown fate and the village is left deserted, its inhabitants and livestock killed by innumerable diseases and plague.

The Carnival of Chaos is the sick joke of the Great Lord of Decay, the Chaos god known as Nurgle. Thrice cursed Nurgle is also known as the unspeakable Master of Plague and Pestilence and the players in the Carnival are his corrupt followers and worshippers. They are those who have sold their souls for a twisted form of immortality through embracing death, destruction and decay – learning to love Nurgle's many and varied gifts. It is not known how many Carnivals of Chaos there are or if the handful of reports from the lips of petrified witnesses all refer to the same warband.

The leader of the Carnival of Chaos is known as the Carnival Master and is reputed to be a sorcerer of great power, wielding the unclean magic of his lord to cause suffering and death through disease and decay. Through dark ritual and sacrifice, the Carnival Master summons forth the cackling, decaying Daemons of his patron god to take part in the twisted masquerade. His mortal followers carefully nurture their newly acquired diseases, blessings of their gregarious deity and vie for power and advancement under his watchful gaze. The most blessed of these twisted, insane creatures are those known as the Tainted Ones. These are often the right-hand 'men' of the Carnival Master and their bodies are wracked with a multitude of foul diseases and mutation. The Carnival of Chaos is justly hunted by the many bands of zealous Witch Hunters that traverse the lands but always seems to be just one step ahead of the Sigmarites and continues to follow its merry path, bringing the blessings of Nurgle to all.

Special Rules

Dangerous to Know: Because of its rather diseased nature a Carnival of Chaos warband would find it very hard to keep any Hired Swords alive! Therefore, a Carnival of Chaos may never hire any type of Hired Sword.



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Carnival of Chaos skill tables

	Combat	Shooting	Academic	Strength	Speed
Master	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Brutes	✓			✓	✓
Tainted Ones	✓				✓

Carnival equipment lists

The following lists are used by the Carnival of Chaos to pick their weapons:

Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger .....1st free/2 GC
Mace.....3 GC
Hammer.....3 GC
Axe .....5 GC
Sword.....10 GC
Double-handed Weapon.....15 GC
Spear.....10 GC
Halberd.....10 GC
Morning Star.....15 GC

Missile Weapons

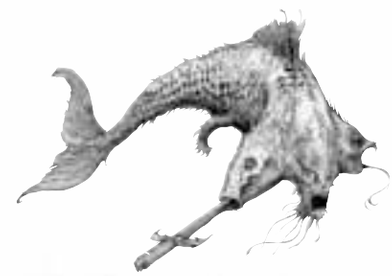
Bow.....15 GC
Short Bow.....10 GC
Pistol.....15 GC (30 for a brace)

Armour

Light Armour .....20 GC
Heavy Armour.....50 GC
Shield.....5 GC
Helmet .....10 GC

Brute Equipment list

Double-handed Weapon.....15 GC
Flail .....10 GC



Choice of Warriors

A Carnival of Chaos 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 15.

Heroes

Carnival Master: The Carnival of Chaos must have one Master to lead it – no more, no less.

Brutes: Your warband may include up to two Brutes.

Tainted Ones: Your warband may include up to two Tainted Ones.

Henchmen

Plague Bearers: Your warband may include up to two Plague Bearers.

Brethren: Your warband may include any number of Brethren.

Nurglings: Your warband may include any number of Nurglings.

Starting Experience

Carnival Master starts with 20 Experience.

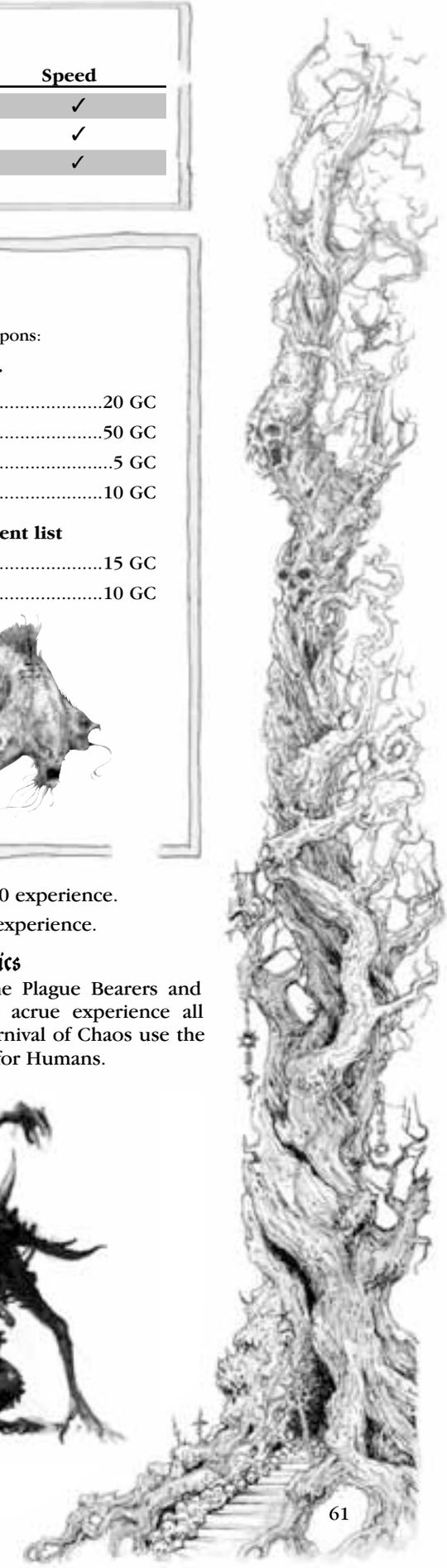
Brutes starts with 8 Experience.

Tainted Ones starts with 0 experience.

Henchmen starts with 0 experience.

Maximum Characteristics

With the exception of the Plague Bearers and Nurglings which do not acrue experience all other members of the Carnival of Chaos use the maximum characteristics for Humans.



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1 Carnival Master

70 Gold Crowns to hire

These lead the diabolical Carnivals of Chaos. They are the chosen of Nurgle and wield sorcerous powers gifted to them by their pestilential god. The Master is a power-crazed individual that leads his coven of Daemonic entertainers throughout the backwaters of the Empire, tainting villages and settlements with disease. To the backward peasantry of the Empire's rural settlements, the Master comes across as an exotic and charismatic showman bringing outlandish entertainment into their otherwise dreary lives. It is the Carnival Master's cunning and clever enchantments that help to keep his minions one step ahead of the patrols of the many Witch Hunter bands that rove the land.

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

Weapons/Armour: The Master may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Carnival of Chaos Equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES

Leader: Any models in the warband within 6" of the Master may use his Leadership instead of their own.

Wizard: The Master is a wizard and uses Nurgle Rituals. See the Magic section for details.

0-2 Brutes

60 Gold Crowns to hire

These are a very specific type of mutant that have had their constitution bolstered by the unnatural vitality of the Lord of Decay. Nurgle's foul attention has transformed what were once men into massive, statuesque creatures rippling with diseased muscles and a supernatural vigour. Brutes are immensely strong individuals and their part in the masquerade that is the Carnival of Chaos is as strongmen performing feats of strength to entertain the crowds. They are nearly always hooded in the nature of executioners for although their bodies appear outwardly strong and healthy, their faces are often riddled with disease and are half-decayed. In battle, they wield huge hammers and flails with reckless abandon, whirling them around their heads like children's toys.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	2	7

Weapons/Armour: Brutes may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Brute Equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES

Unnatural Strength: Brutes start the game with the Strongman skill from the Strength skill list in the Mordheim rulebook.

0-2 Tainted Ones

25 Gold Crowns to hire
(+Cost of Blessings of Nurgle)

The Tainted Ones are those that are most blessed and favoured of Father Nurgle. They hold a position of great importance within the hierarchy of the Carnival. They are often heavily robed and protected by powerful enchantments, for beneath their robes are unspeakable horrors. The bodies of the Tainted Ones are so wracked with disease and mutation that it is unsafe for even the other mortal members of the warband to touch their bare skin. Ironically, they take the most prestigious role in the Carnival – the fool. The Tainted Ones leap and prance about the audience, dressed as jesters, when the Carnival is performing, laughing and joking with the gathered throng infecting them with their multitude of horrendous maladies. These twisted creatures are exceptionally dangerous opponents in combat too, for it is said that they carry the dreaded and incurable Nurgle's Rot.

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

Weapons/Armour: Tainted Ones may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Carnival of Chaos Equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES

Nurgle's Blessings: Tainted Ones must start the game with one or more Blessings of Nurgle. See the Blessings of Nurgle that follow.

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Henchmen (Bought in groups of 1-5)

0–2 Plague Bearers

50 Gold Crowns to hire

Plague Bearers are daemons of the Chaos god Nurgle, also known as the Lord of Decay. They can be identified by their cyclopean faces and horrifically decayed bodies. Their entrails hang from tattered holes in their grey-green, pox-ridden flesh and the aura of death and decay surrounds them. They are sometimes known as the Tallymen of Plagues or Maggotkin and are highly revered by the mortal members of the warband. As with all Daemons they can never be killed or destroyed for good so long as the power of their god prevails. However, their presence in the mortal world is tenuous and can only be maintained for long periods by Dark Magic and sacrifice. In the Carnival, the Plague Bearers revel in their showy roles as stage actors and players, dressing in filth encrusted but ostentatious doublet and hose.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	2	10

Weapons/Armour: None. Plague Bearers have huge filth encrusted claws, which they use to tear and slash at their foes. They therefore neither need nor use weapons and cannot wear armour.

SPECIAL RULES

Cloud of Flies: Plague Bearers are surrounded by a cloud of flies, which buzz around them and their combat opponent. They do not affect the Plague Bearer but distract foes by buzzing into eyes, nostrils and mouths. A Plague Bearer's close combat opponent suffers a -1 to hit modifier on all attacks.

Stream of Corruption: Plague Bearers can spew forth a grotesque stream of maggots, entrails and filth. This is counted as a shooting attack with a range of 6" and is resolved at Strength 3 with no saves for armour.

Demonic: Plague Bearers are Daemons of the lord of disease, Nurgle, and are not made of living flesh but the eternal and unchanging forces of Chaos. Therefore they never gain Experience.

Immune to Poison: Plague Bearers are the Daemonic embodiment of disease and pestilence. They are totally immune to all poisons and diseases.

Immune to Psychology: Plague Bearers are Daemons and do not know the concept of fear. They automatically pass any Leadership-based test they are required to take.

Cause Fear: Plague Bearers are horrifying supernatural creatures and therefore cause *fear.*

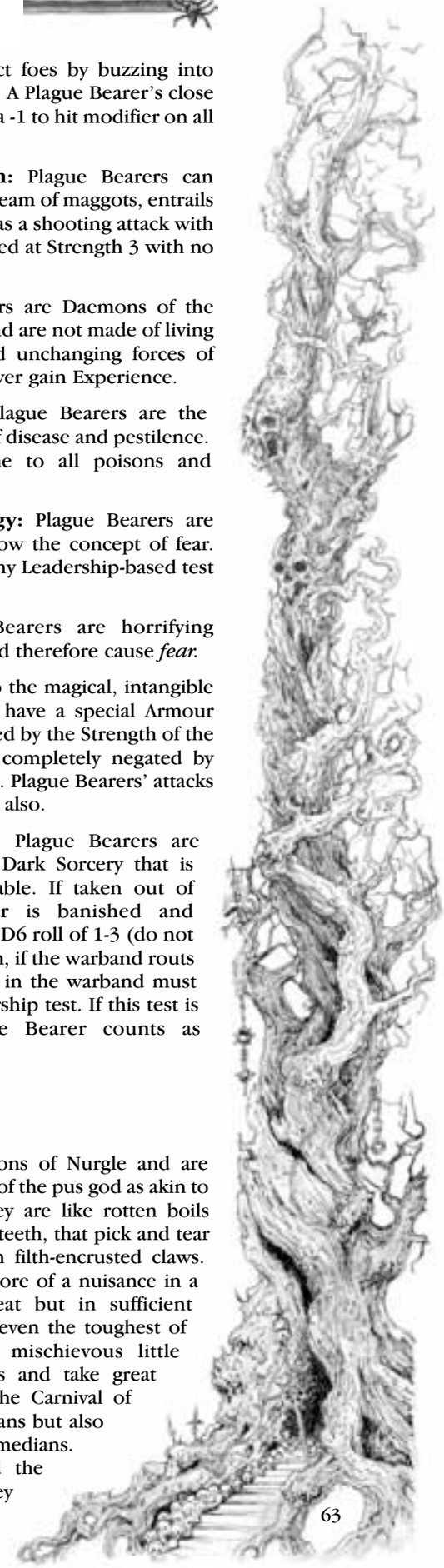
Daemonic Aura: Due to the magical, intangible nature of Daemons they have a special Armour save of 5+. This is modified by the Strength of the attack as normal and is completely negated by magic weapons and spells. Plague Bearers' attacks are considered as magical also.

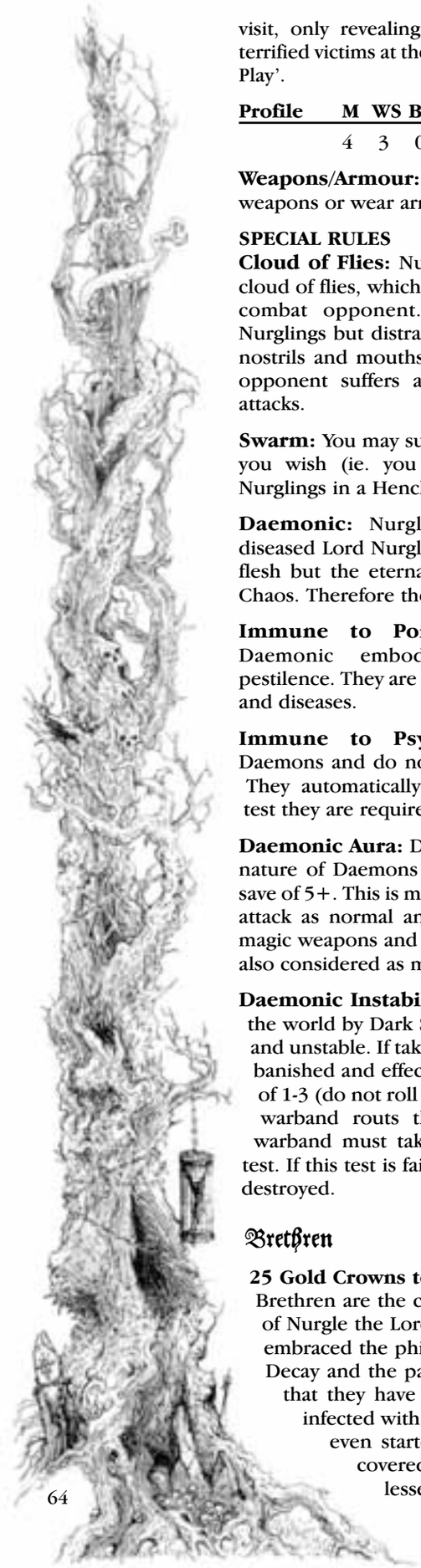
Daemonic Instability: Plague Bearers are bound to the world by Dark Sorcery that is highly volatile and unstable. If taken out of action a Plague Bearer is banished and effectively destroyed on a D6 roll of 1-3 (do not roll for injury). In addition, if the warband routs then every Plague Bearer in the warband must take an immediate Leadership test. If this test is failed, then the Plague Bearer counts as destroyed.

Nurglings

15 Gold Crowns to hire

Nurglings are tiny Daemons of Nurgle and are viewed by other followers of the pus god as akin to his beloved children. They are like rotten boils with legs and razor sharp teeth, that pick and tear and infect their foes with filth-encrusted claws. Nurglings are generally more of a nuisance in a fight than any real threat but in sufficient numbers can overwhelm even the toughest of warriors. Nurglings are mischievous little bundles of filth and pus and take great delight in their part in the Carnival of Chaos, not only as musicians but also as fools and slapstick comedians. Nurglings often befriend the children of each village they





visit, only revealing their foul identity to their terrified victims at the final stage of 'Nurgle's Great Play'.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	3	0	3	2	1	3	1	10

Weapons/Armour: None. Nurglings do not use weapons or wear armour.

SPECIAL RULES

Cloud of Flies: Nurglings are surrounded by a cloud of flies, which buzz around them and their combat opponent. They do not affect the Nurglings but distract foes by buzzing into eyes, nostrils and mouths. A Nurgling's close combat opponent suffers a -1 to hit modifier on all attacks.

Swarm: You may summon as many Nurglings as you wish (ie. you may have more than five Nurglings in a Henchman group).

Daemonic: Nurglings are Daemons of the diseased Lord Nurgle and are not made of living flesh but the eternal and unchanging forces of Chaos. Therefore they never gain Experience.

Immune to Poison: Nurglings are the Daemonic embodiment of disease and pestilence. They are totally immune to all poisons and diseases.

Immune to Psychology: Nurglings are Daemons and do not know the concept of fear. They automatically pass any Leadership-based test they are required to take.

Daemonic Aura: Due to the magical, intangible nature of Daemons they have a special Armour save of 5+. This is modified by the Strength of the attack as normal and is completely negated by magic weapons and spells. Nurglings' attacks are also considered as magical.

Daemonic Instability: Nurglings are bound to the world by Dark Sorcery that is highly volatile and unstable. If taken out of action a Nurgling is banished and effectively destroyed on a D6 roll of 1-3 (do not roll for injury). In addition, if the warband routs then every Nurgling in the warband must take an immediate Leadership test. If this test is failed, then Nurgling counts as destroyed.

Brethren

25 Gold Crowns to hire

Brethren are the crazed and devoted followers of Nurgle the Lord of Decay. They have totally embraced the philosophy of the great Lord of Decay and the path of damnation is the road that they have chosen. Most brethren are infected with foul diseases and some have even started to decay. Their faces are covered in warts and boils and other lesser gifts of their lord. In the Carnival, the Brethren take on all of the minor roles: stagehands, puppeteers, etc.

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

Weapons/Armour: Brethren may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Carnival of Chaos Equipment list.

0–1 Plague Cart

120 Gold Crowns to hire

The Plague Cart is the embodiment of Nurgle and the core of the Carnival of Chaos. Bedecked in the colourful, garish finery of the coaches of travelling players and thespians, the Cart easily draws the eyes of the dull and bland peasantry of the villages. However, the canvas is tattered and rotten, the frame splintered and bent, the metalwork pitted and rusted and the steeds rotted and dank. Few mortals have ever seen the interior of one of these most sinister of vehicles for it is only the Carnival Master and his Daemonic minions that are permitted entry. It is rumoured that these ramshackle wagons contain a pentagram daubed with dark runes of incredible potency that actually creates a portal to the realms of Chaos and the dwelling place of great Nurgle himself.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cart	-	-	-	-	8	4	-	-	-
Wheel	-	-	-	-	6	1	-	-	-
Horse	8	-	-	3	3	1	3	-	-
Guardian	-	3	-	3	3	-	3	1	-

Weapons/Armour: None. The Plague Cart's Guardian does not use or need weapons but suffers no penalties for fighting unarmed. Therefore it cannot use weapons and cannot wear armour.

SPECIAL RULES

Plague Cart: The Daemonic nature of the Plague Cart fills both the Daemons and mortals of the Carnival of Chaos with vigour. The maximum number of warriors allowed in the warband is increased by +2.

In addition, the Daemonic Instability of the Daemons within the warband is slightly offset. Plague Bearers and Nurglings may re-roll Leadership tests for Instability and may +1 to their Injury tests if taken out of action.

Guardian: The Guardian comes as part of the Plague Cart. In fact, more often than not he is physically bonded to the cart in some twisted nightmare of flesh and wood. He may therefore never dismount from the cart or leave under any circumstances. In addition, as he is part of the Cart he cannot be injured unless the Cart is destroyed in which case so is he. The Guardian is

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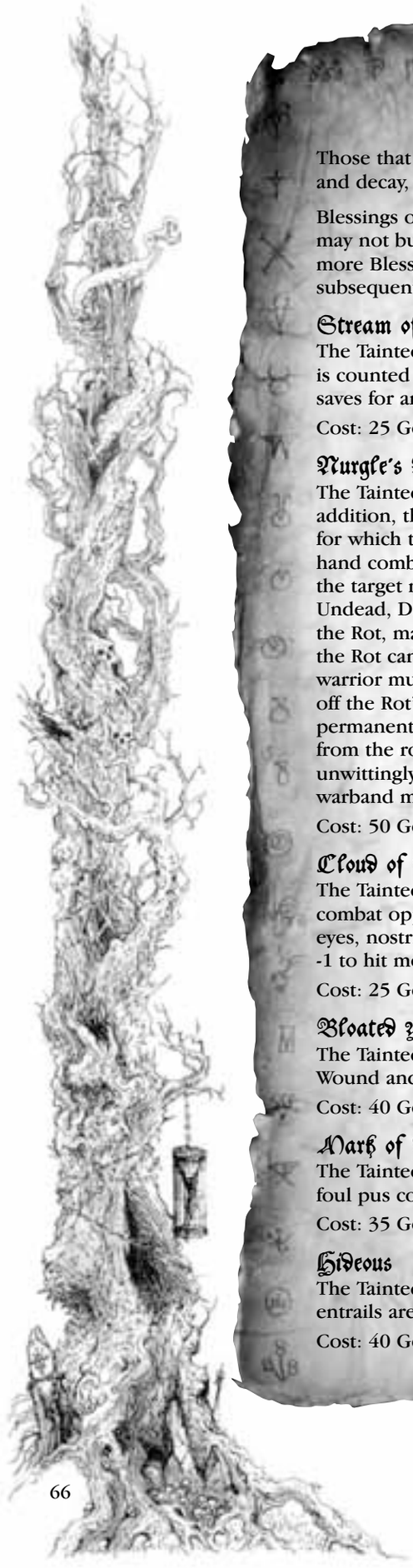
considered a Daemonic creature and so never gains any Experience. Attacks from the Guardian cause Nurgle's Rot (see below).

Immune to Psychology: The Plague Cart and Guardian are considered Daemonic and don't know the concept of fear. The Plague Cart automatically passes any Leadership-based test it is required to take.

Nurgle Rituals

The Carnival Master uses the rituals of Nurgle to pervert and corrupt nature, inflicting hideous diseases for which there are no known cures. Roll a D6.

D6	Result	
1	**Daemonic Vigour**	**Difficulty 8**
	The Master imbues his Daemonic minions with supernatural power.	
	Any Plague Bearers or Nurglings within 8" of the Master increase their Daemonic Aura save from 5+ to 4+ until the beginning of their next turn.	
2	**Buboes**	**Difficulty 7**
	The Master bestows the gift of pus-filled buboes upon his enemies.	
	This spell has a range of 8" and affects a single enemy warrior. The warrior must pass a Toughness test or lose a Wound. No Armour saves are allowed.	
3	**Stench of Nurgle**	**Difficulty 8**
	The Master spews forth a foul, stinking mist that chokes his foes.	
	This spell has a range of 6" and affects all living creatures – friend or foe. Each enemy warrior in range must pass a Toughness test or lose an Attack until their next turn.	
4	**Pestilence**	**Difficulty 10**
	The Master inflicts horrible diseases upon the unbelievers.	
	All enemy models within 12" of the Master suffer a Strength 3 hit. No Armour saves are allowed.	
5	**Scabrous Hide**	**Difficulty 8**
	The Master's skin becomes tough and leathery like that of his patron god.	
	The Master has an armour save of 2+ which replaces any normal Armour save. The Scabrous Hide lasts until the beginning of his next Shooting phase.	
6	**Nurgle's Rot**	**Difficulty 9**
	The Master bestows the blessing of the Plague God upon his foe.	
	All enemy models in base contact with the Master must immediately test against their Toughness or contract Nurgle's Rot (see Nurgle's Rot opposite).	



Blessings of Nurgle

Those that worship at the fetid altar of the Lord of Decay suffer from terrible diseases and decay, which are known as Blessings of Nurgle.

Blessings of Nurgle may be bought for Tainted Ones only when they are recruited; you may not buy new Blessings for a model after recruitment. Any Tainted may have one or more Blessings. The first Blessing is bought at the price indicated, but second and subsequent Blessings cost double.

Stream of Corruption

The Tainted One can spew forth a grotesque stream of maggots, entrails and filth. This is counted as a shooting attack with a range of 6" and is resolved at Strength 3 with no saves for armour.

Cost: 25 Gold Crowns

Nurgle's Rot

The Tainted One is infected with the deadly pestilence of its lord – Nurgle's Rot. In addition, the Tainted One is immune to all poisons. Nurgle's Rot is a deadly contagion for which there is no known cure. This virulent disease can be passed on in hand-to-hand combat. If the Tainted One makes a successful to hit roll of 6 this will result in the target model contracting the Rot (note: Nurgle's Rot only affects the living, so Undead, Daemons and the Possessed are unaffected). Once a warrior has contracted the Rot, mark this on the warband roster. Rather than killing the victim immediately, the Rot can take some time to set in. From now on, before the start of each battle, the warrior must pass a Toughness test. If successful, his constitution has managed to stave off the Rot's effects. If unsuccessful, the warrior loses one point of Toughness permanently (if he reaches zero, he has succumbed to the Rot and died, remove him from the roster). In addition, if a 6 is rolled for the Toughness test then he has unwittingly passed the Rot on to another member of the warband (randomly allocate a warband member and mark this on the roster).

Cost: 50 Gold Crowns

Cloud of Flies

The Tainted One is surrounded by a cloud of flies, which buzz around him and his combat opponent. They do not affect the Tainted One but distract foes by buzzing into eyes, nostrils and mouths. The Tainted One's close combat opponent suffers a -1 to hit modifier on all attacks.

Cost: 25 Gold Crowns

Bloated Foulness

The Tainted One is a huge, disgusting mass of diseased, flabby folds. It gains +1 Wound and +1 Toughness but has its Movement reduced by -1.

Cost: 40 Gold Crowns

Mark of Nurgle

The Tainted One is burned with the great mark of Nurgle, the three spheres, that weep foul pus constantly. It gains +1 Wound and is immune to all poisons.

Cost: 35 Gold Crowns

Hideous

The Tainted One is so disgusting that its flesh hangs in tatters from its body and its entrails are rotten and exposed. It causes *Fear*.

Cost: 40 Gold Crowns

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Beastmen Raiders

Wilhelm hung his head and pushed his long fringe of wet hair from his eyes once again. His feet were sore, his toes were wet and cold from the sodden mud of the road, and he was ready to drop. In his left hand he held the reins of the stubborn pack mule he had been leading for the past week. One foot in front of the other, he plodded along the road behind the rest of the group, too tired, wet and bored to even bother avoiding the larger puddles. This was a million leagues from what he imagined he would be doing right now. He had left home full of excitement, imagining the adventures he would have on the road, the riches he would find in Mordheim and the famous deeds that he would achieve. Never in his dreams did he imagine himself walking for a week through the rain, leading a stupid mule that seemed intent on making his life a misery, towards a place that never seemed to arrive.

Wondering if he had made a horrible mistake in joining the small band of Reikland warriors, Wilhelm let has gaze wander over the rest of the party. Pieter, the leader of this little band, rode at the front of the group on the back of a powerful warhorse. That steed had looked so mighty and noble when they had rode into his village, but now it too was merely another tired and wet, miserable creature. Still, Pieter held his noble head high, ignoring the foul weather as if it were below him. At his side walked the massive warrior Brock, his huge greatsword strapped over his bull-like shoulders. How the big veteran had laughed when Wilhelm struggled to lift that titanic weapon the previous night.

Behind the pair of seasoned warriors was the wagon, where five other trained warriors rode, somewhat protected from the weather by a faded leather canopy. The wagon was pulled by a pair of horses, their heads hanging wearily as they trudged though the clinging mud.

The wheels of the wagon carved deep furrows in the road, and Wilhelm stumbled suddenly into one of them. A strong hand grabbed him by the shoulder, steadying him.

'Steady lad. We will be stopping soon,' said a deep voice from behind him.

Wilhelm nodded his thanks to the stern warrior Mikhel, embarrassed to have shown his weakness in front of the tall Reiklander.

The mule Wilhelm was leading whinnied suddenly, pulling its head sharply to one side, nearly ripping Wilhelm's shoulder from its socket.

'Whoa, boy!' he called. He had almost had enough of the animal's behaviour.

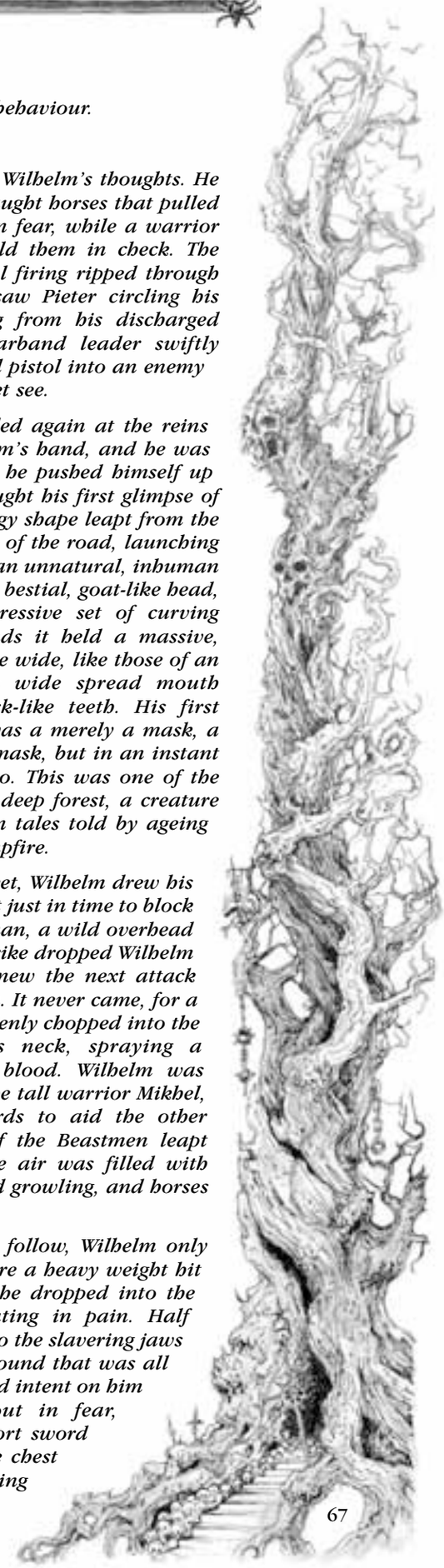
'To arms!'

The scream cut through Wilhelm's thoughts. He looked up to see the draught horses that pulled the wagon rearing up in fear, while a warrior tried desperately to hold them in check. The sudden crack of a pistol firing ripped through the air, and Wilhelm saw Pieter circling his warhorse, smoke rising from his discharged weapon. The noble warband leader swiftly drew and fired a second pistol into an enemy that Wilhelm couldn't yet see.

The mule suddenly pulled again at the reins wrapped around Wilhelm's hand, and he was jerked from his feet. As he pushed himself up from the ground, he caught his first glimpse of the enemy. A dark, shaggy shape leapt from the undergrowth at the side of the road, launching itself towards him with an unnatural, inhuman gait. The creature had a bestial, goat-like head, complete with an impressive set of curving horns, and in it's hands it held a massive, rusting axe. Its eyes were wide, like those of an enraged bull, and its wide spread mouth exposed yellowing, tusk-like teeth. His first thought was that this was a merely a mask, a hideous and terrifying mask, but in an instant he knew this was not so. This was one of the feared Beastmen of the deep forest, a creature he had only heard of in tales told by ageing soldiers around the campfire.

Pushing himself to his feet, Wilhelm drew his shortsword and raised it just in time to block the attack of the Beastman, a wild overhead blow. The force of the strike dropped Wilhelm to his knees, and he knew the next attack would be the end of him. It never came, for a heavy sword-blade suddenly chopped into the side of the creature's neck, spraying a fountain of dark red blood. Wilhelm was dragged to his feet by the tall warrior Mikhel, who then leapt forwards to aid the other Reiklanders as more of the Beastmen leapt from their ambush. The air was filled with shouts, bestial roars and growling, and horses screaming in terror.

Breaking into a run to follow, Wilhelm only made it three steps before a heavy weight hit him from behind, and he dropped into the mud once again, shouting in pain. Half rolling, he looked up into the slavering jaws of a gigantic, hulking hound that was all fur and brute muscle and intent on him as its prey. Crying out in fear, Wilhelm stabbed his short sword into the beast's massive chest as it closed on him, pulling



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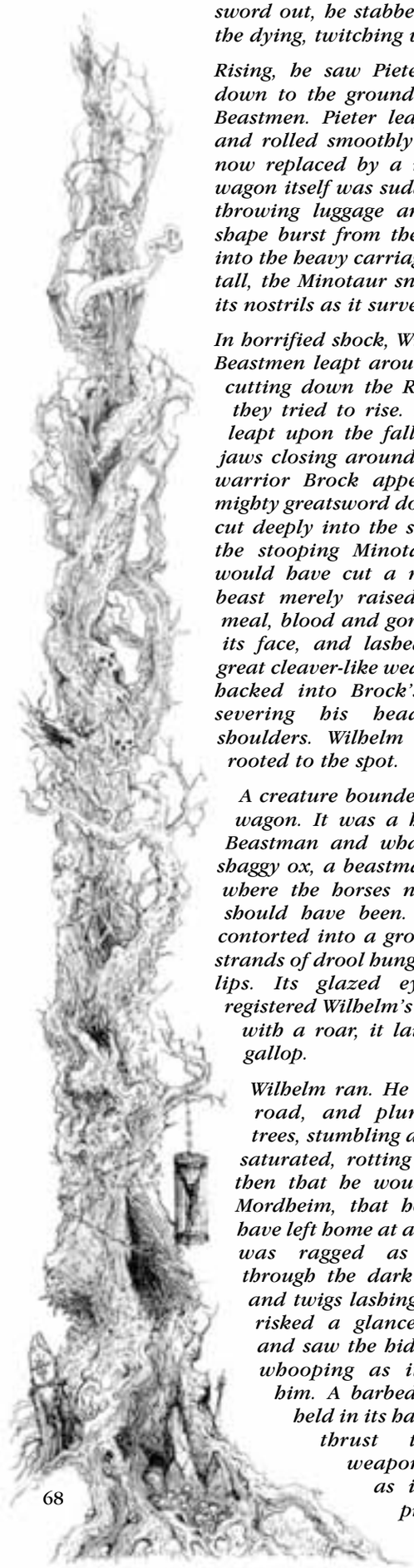


his face away from the fearful beast. Pulling the sword out, he stabbed again, and then pushed the dying, twitching weight away from him.

Rising, he saw Pieter's warhorse fall, pulled down to the ground by a pair of malevolent Beastmen. Pieter leapt from his falling steed and rolled smoothly as he landed, his pistols now replaced by a rapier and a dagger. The wagon itself was suddenly hurled onto its side, throwing luggage and men clear as a huge shape burst from the trees and smashed fully into the heavy carriage. Standing fully nine feet tall, the Minotaur snorted, steam puffing from its nostrils as it surveyed the carnage.

In horrified shock, Wilhelm watched as smaller Beastmen leapt around the mayhem, savagely cutting down the Reiklanders with axes as they tried to rise. The immense Minotaur leapt upon the fallen horse of Pieter, its jaws closing around its neck. The mighty warrior Brock appeared, swinging his mighty greatsword down in a fluid arc. It cut deeply into the shaggy shoulders of the stooping Minotaur, a blow that would have cut a man in two. The beast merely raised itself from its meal, blood and gore dripping from its face, and lashed out with its great cleaver-like weapon. The blow hacked into Brock's neck, near severing his head from his shoulders. Wilhelm was petrified, rooted to the spot.

A creature bounded over the felled wagon. It was a hideous blend of Beastman and what looked like a shaggy ox, a beastman's upper body where the horses neck and head should have been. Its face was contorted into a growl, and thick strands of drool hung from its thick lips. Its glazed eyes suddenly registered Wilhelm's presence, and with a roar, it launched into a gallop.

Wilhelm ran. He turned off the road, and plunged into the trees, stumbling and falling over saturated, rotting logs. He knew then that he would never reach Mordheim, that he never should have left home at all. His breathing was ragged as he staggered through the dark trees, branches and twigs lashing at his face. He risked a glance behind him, and saw the hideous creature whooping as it closed on him. A barbed spear was held in its hands, and it thrust the cruel weapon forwards as it reached its prey.

The spear smashed deeply into the human boy's lower back, and he dropped instantly, his spine severed. The Centigor paused for a moment, and pulled a flagon from its harness-belt. It swayed slightly as it drank deeply, uncaring of the ale that spilled over its face and fur. Then, it turned and launched itself back towards the road. It did not wishing to miss the end of the slaughter.

And once that was finished, the feast would begin…

Beastmen Warbands

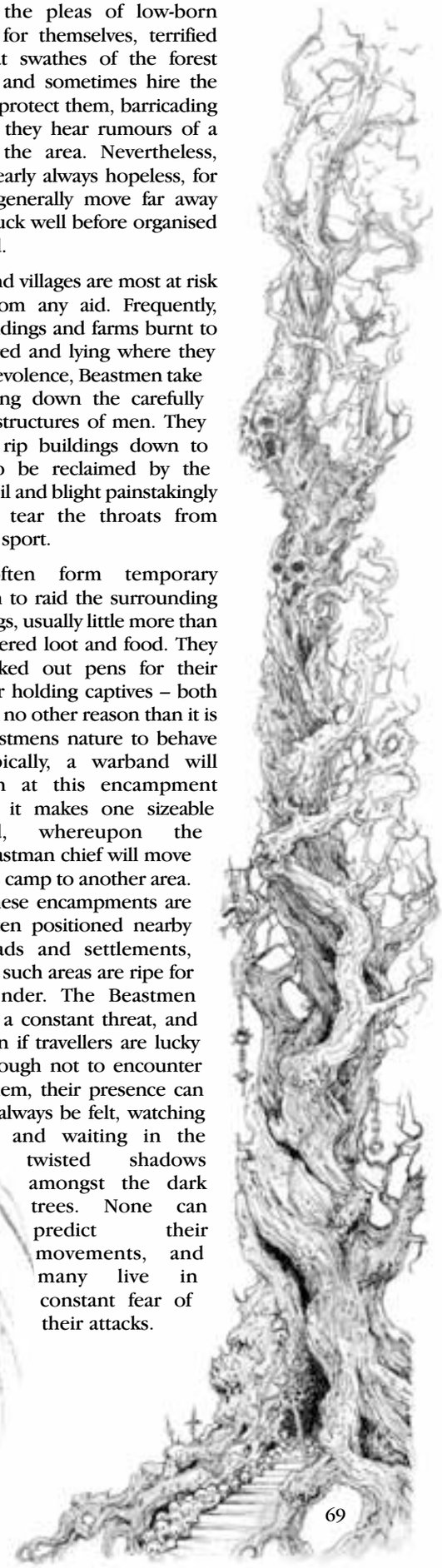
The Beastmen are brutish, wild and unnatural creatures that live in the deep forests. Anyone travelling through this untamed wilderness risks being attacked by these unpredictable raiders. Many of those who dwell within the forests around the outskirts of Mordheim claim that these vile creatures of Chaos outnumber mankind, though such statements are impossible to prove, for the Beastmen build no cities and do not create any structured form of society as such. Order and organisation are alien and hated by them, and they roam where they will, pillaging and killing for whatever they have need or want for. They willingly turn on each other, picking on the weakest amongst them for food and fun.

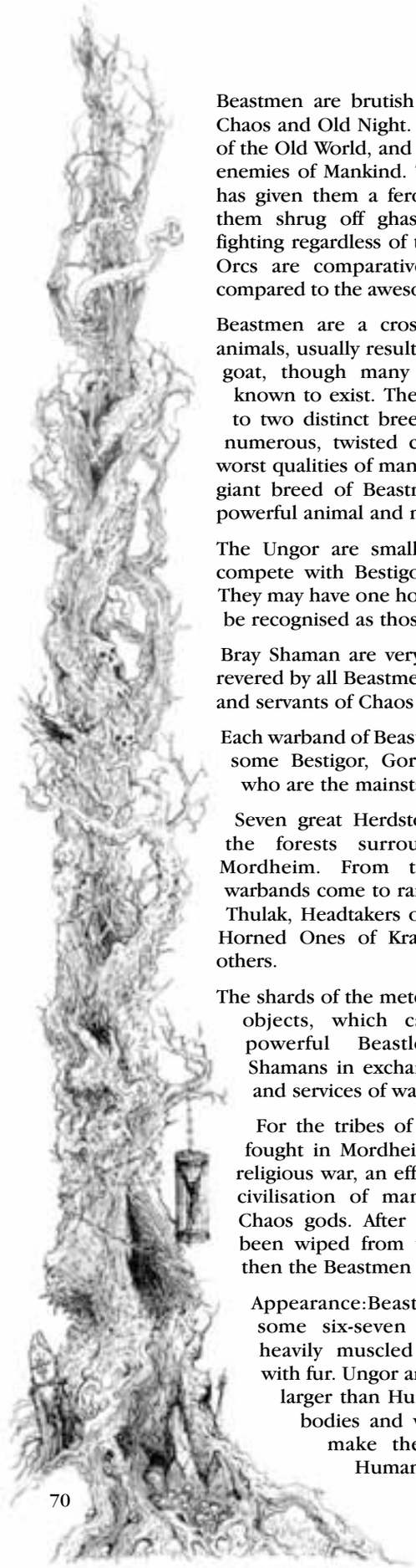
The Beastmen naturally form into roaming warbands, though whether they do so consciously or merely instinctively is unknown. A small warband is able to move swiftly through the wilderness unnoticed, and can cover hundreds of miles each season as they travel where they will. They are led by the strongest and most ferocious of their kind, and if ever one within the warband senses a weakness in their leader, they will turn on him in a brutish leadership challenge that can only result in one of the two being killed and consumed by the victor. Literally thousands of these small warbands infest the dark forests of the Old World, preying upon travellers and farmsteads.

A Beastmen warband attacks without warning, and villagers, merchants and travellers live in constant fear of ambush from these forest denizens. They try to prepare themselves for such an event, and often desperately appeal to the nobles to scour the forests with their State troops – however, at such a time of political upheaval, the nobles have far more pressing concerns than the pleas of low-born villagers. Forced to fend for themselves, terrified villagers hack down great swathes of the forest around their settlements, and sometimes hire the services of mercenaries to protect them, barricading themselves indoors when they hear rumours of a marauding band within the area. Nevertheless, purges of the forest are nearly always hopeless, for the Beastmen warbands generally move far away from an area they have struck well before organised retaliation can be mounted.

The more isolated farms and villages are most at risk from attack, being far from any aid. Frequently, travellers will discover buildings and farms burnt to the ground, cattle butchered and lying where they were cut down. Full of malevolence, Beastmen take particular delight in tearing down the carefully constructed and ordered structures of men. They smash down fences and rip buildings down to rubble, allowing them to be reclaimed by the forests. They maliciously soil and blight painstakingly planted crops, and will tear the throats from newborn lambs merely for sport.

Beastmen warbands often form temporary encampments, from which to raid the surrounding areas. These are crude things, usually little more than a place to store any plundered loot and food. They may include roughly staked out pens for their massive war hounds or for holding captives – both are taunted and starved for no other reason than it is in the Beastmens nature to behave so. Typically, a warband will remain at this encampment until it makes one sizeable raid, whereupon the Beastman chief will move his camp to another area. These encampments are often positioned nearby roads and settlements, for such areas are ripe for plunder. The Beastmen are a constant threat, and even if travellers are lucky enough not to encounter them, their presence can always be felt, watching and waiting in the twisted shadows amongst the dark trees. None can predict their movements, and many live in constant fear of their attacks.





Beastmen are brutish creatures, the Children of Chaos and Old Night. They roam the great forests of the Old World, and are amongst the most bitter enemies of Mankind. The raging power of Chaos has given them a ferocious vitality which makes them shrug off ghastly wounds and carry on fighting regardless of the consequences. Even the Orcs are comparatively vulnerable to damage compared to the awesome vitality of the Beastmen.

Beastmen are a crossbreed between men and animals, usually resulting in the horned head of a goat, though many other variations are also known to exist. The Beastmen are divided into to two distinct breeds: Ungors, who are more numerous, twisted creatures that combine the worst qualities of man and beast, and Bestigors, a giant breed of Beastmen, a mix between some powerful animal and man.

The Ungor are smaller Beastmen, who cannot compete with Bestigors in strength and power. They may have one horn or many, but these won't be recognised as those of goat.

Bray Shaman are very special Beastmen and are revered by all Beastmen, for they are the prophets and servants of Chaos Powers.

Each warband of Beastmen includes a mix of some Bestigor, Gor warriors and Ungor who are the mainstay of the tribes.

Seven great Herdstones stand hidden in the forests surrounding the city of Mordheim. From there the Beastmen warbands come to raid the city: Warherd of Thulak, Headtakers of Gorlord Zharak, the Horned Ones of Krazak Gore, and many others.

The shards of the meteorite are seen as holy objects, which can be sold to the powerful Beastlords and revered Shamans in exchange for new weapons and services of warriors.

For the tribes of Beastmen the battles fought in Mordheim are part of a great religious war, an effort to bring down the civilisation of man which offends the Chaos gods. After the taint of Man has been wiped from the face of the earth then the Beastmen shall inherit.

Appearance:Beastmen Bestigor stand some six-seven feet tall, and their heavily muscled bodies are covered with fur. Ungor are lesser Beastmen, no larger than Humans, but their tough bodies and vicious tempers easily make them a match to any Human warrior.

Beastmen wear little clothing, but often dress in the fur of their defeated rivals. They usually carry the skulls of their vanquished enemies as these are thought to bring good luck. While most Beastmen have dark brown skin and fur, black-furred or even albino Beastmen are not unknown.

Beastmen wear heavy armlets and necklaces which serve as armour as well as decoration.

Apart from the most primitive clubs and wooden shields, the Beastmen make few weapons. It is not the nature of Chaos to create, but to destroy.

Choice of Warriors

A Beastmen warband must include a minimum of 3 models. You have 500 Gold Crowns which you can use to recruit your initial warband. The maximum number of warriors in the warband is 15, though some buildings in the warband's encampment may increase this.

Beastmen Chief: Each Beastmen warband must have one Chief: no more, no less!

Shaman: Your warband may include a single Beastmen Shaman.

Bestigors: Your warband may include up to two Bestigors.

Beastman skill tables

	Combat	Shooting	Academic	Strength	Speed	Special
Chief	3			3	3	3
Shaman	3				3	3
Bestigor	3			3		3
Centigors	3			3		3

Beastman equipment lists

The following lists are used by Beastman warbands to pick their weapons:

BEASTMAN EQUIPMENT LIST

Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger . . . . . .1st free/2 GC
Mace . . . . . 3 GC
Hammer . . . . . 3 GC
Battle Axe . . . . . 5 GC
Sword . . . . . 10 GC
Double-handed Weapon . . . . . 15 GC
Halberd . . . . . 10 GC

Missile Weapons

None

Armour

Light Armour . . . . . 20 GC
Heavy Armour . . . . . 50 GC
Shield . . . . . 5 GC
Helmet . . . . . 10 GC

UNGOR EQUIPMENT LIST

Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger . . . . . .1st free/2 GC
Mace . . . . . 3 GC
Hammer . . . . . 3 GC
Battle Axe . . . . . 5 GC
Spear . . . . . 10 GC

Missile Weapons

None

Armour

Shield . . . . . 5 GC

Centigors: Your warband may include a single Centigor.

Gor: Your warband may include up to five Gor.

Ungor: Your warband may include any number of Ungor.

Minotaur: Your warband may include a single Minotaur.

Warhounds of Chaos: Your warband may include up to five Warhounds of Chaos.

Starting Experience

Beastman Chief starts with 20 Experience.

Beastman Shaman starts with 11 Experience.

Bestigors start with 8 Experience.

Centigors start with 8 Experience.

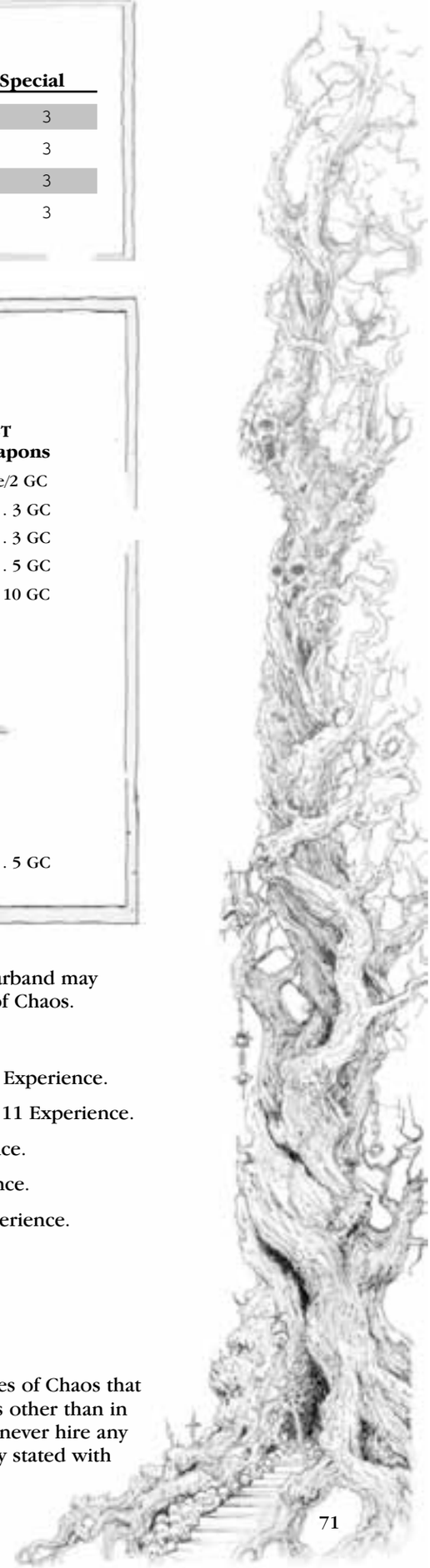
All **Henchmen** start with 0 experience.

Maximum Characteristics

Bestogors: As Gor, but M5
Centigors: As Gor, but M9

Animals

Beastmen are fearsome creatures of Chaos that do not interact with other races other than in war. A Beastmen warband may never hire any Hired Swords unless specifically stated with the Hired Sword.



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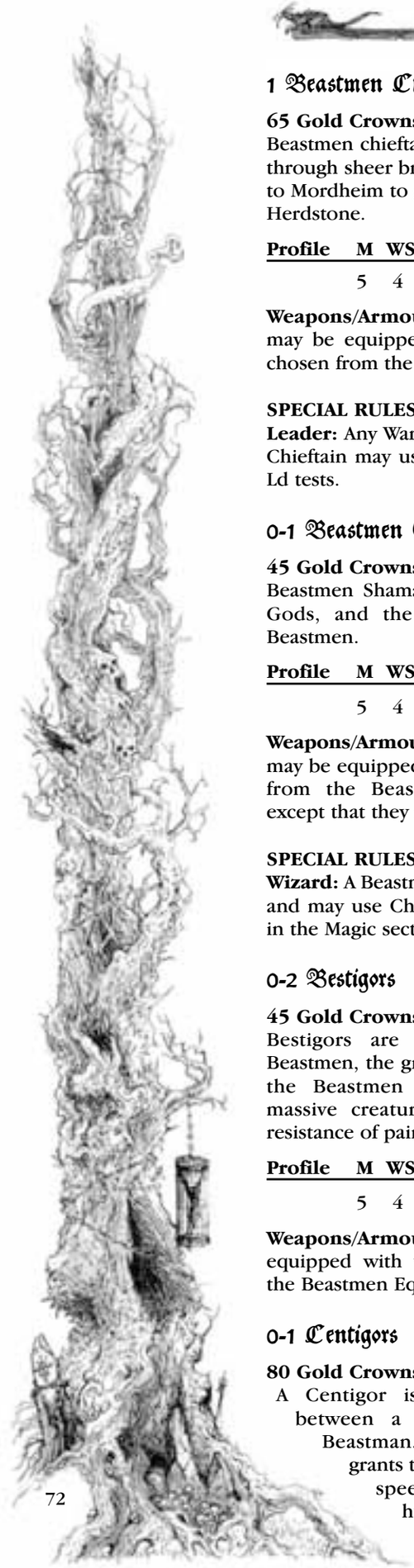

1 Beastmen Chieftain

65 Gold Crowns to hire
Beastmen chieftains have gained their position through sheer brutality. He leads the Beastmen to Mordheim to gather the Chaos Stones to his Herdstone.

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

Weapons/Armour: The Beastmen Chieftain may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Beastmen Equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES
Leader: Any Warrior within 6" of the Beastman Chieftain may use his Leadership when taking Ld tests.

0-1 Beastmen Shaman

45 Gold Crowns to hire
Beastmen Shamans are prophets of the Dark Gods, and the most respected of all the Beastmen.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	5	4	3	3	4	1	3	1	6

Weapons/Armour: Beastmen Shamans may be equipped with weapons chosen from the Beastmen Equipment list except that they never wear armour.

SPECIAL RULES
Wizard: A Beastmen Shaman is a Wizard and may use Chaos Rituals, as detailed in the Magic section.

0-2 Bestigors

45 Gold Crowns to hire
Bestigors are the largest type of Beastmen, the great horned warriors of the Beastmen warbands. They are massive creatures with an inhuman resistance of pain.

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

Weapons/Armour: Bestigors may be equipped with weapons chosen from the Beastmen Equipment list.

0-1 Centigors

80 Gold Crowns to hire
A Centigor is a disturbing cross between a horse or oxen and Beastman. Being quadruped grants them great strength and speed whilst their humanoid upper torsos allow them to wield weapons. These beast-centaurs are powerful creatures but they are not particularly agile or dexterous.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	8	4	3	4	4	1	2	1(2)	7

Weapons/Armour: Centigors may be armed with weapons and armour chosen from Gor Equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES
Drunken: Centigor are inclined to drink vast quantities of noxious beer and looted wine and spirits before battle, working themselves up into a drunken frenzy. Roll 1D6 at the start of each turn. On a roll of 1, they must test for *stupidity* that turn. On a roll of 2-5 nothing happens and on the roll of a 6 they become subject to *frenzy* for that turn. Whilst subject to both *stupidity* and *frenzy* they are immune to all other forms of psychology.

Woodland Dwelling: Centigors are creatures of the deep, dark forests. They suffer no movement penalties for moving through wooded areas.

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Henchmen (Brought in groups of 1-5)

Trample: As well as their weapons, Centigors use their hooves and sheer size to crush their enemies. This counts as an additional attack, which does not benefit from weapon bonuses or penalties...

Ungor

25 Gold Crowns to hire
Ungor are the most numerous of the Beastmen. They are small, spiteful creatures, but dangerous in large masses.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6

Weapons/Armour: Ungor may be armed with weapons and armour chosen from Ungor Equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES
Lowest of the Low: Ungor are on the lowest rung of Beastmen society and regardless of how much Experience they accrue they will never acquire a position of authority. If an Ungor rolls 'That lad's got talent' it must be re-rolled.

0-5 Gor

35 Gold Crowns to hire
Gor are nearly as numerous as Ungor but are larger and more brutish...

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	5	4	3	3	4	1	3	1	6

Weapons/Armour: Gor may be armed with weapons and armour chosen from Beastmen Equipment list.

Warhounds of Chaos

15 Gold Crowns to hire
Chaos Hounds are titanic, mastiff-like creatures which are insanely dangerous in combat.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	7	4	0	4	3	1	3	1	5

Weapons/Armour: None! Apart from their fangs and nasty tempers the Chaos Hounds don't have weapons and can fight without any penalties.

SPECIAL RULES
Animals: Chaos Hounds are animals and never gain Experience.

0-1 Minotaur

200 Gold Crowns to hire
Minotaurs are gigantic, bull-headed Beastmen. Fearsome and powerful, any Beastmen Chief will try to recruit a Minotaur into his warband if possible.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	6	4	3	4	4	3	4	3	8

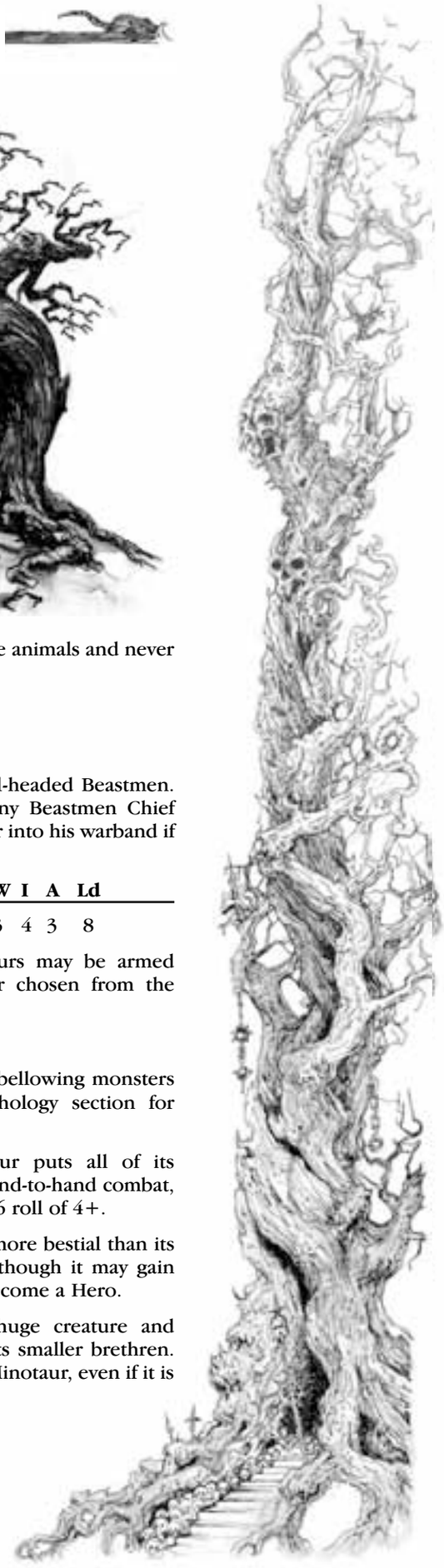
Weapons/Armour: Minotaurs may be armed with weapons and armour chosen from the Beastmen Equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES
Fear: Minotaurs are huge, bellowing monsters and cause *fear*. See Psychology section for details.

Bloodgreed: If a Minotaur puts all of its enemies out of action in hand-to-hand combat, it becomes *frenzied* on a D6 roll of 4+.

Animal: A Minotaur is far more bestial than its Beastmen brethren and, although it may gain Experience, it may never become a Hero.

Large: A Minotaur is a huge creature and stands out from amongst its smaller brethren. Any model may shoot at a Minotaur, even if it is not the closest target.



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Beastmen Special Skills

Shaggy Hide
The bestial hero is titanic in size and may use a double-handed weapon in one hand.

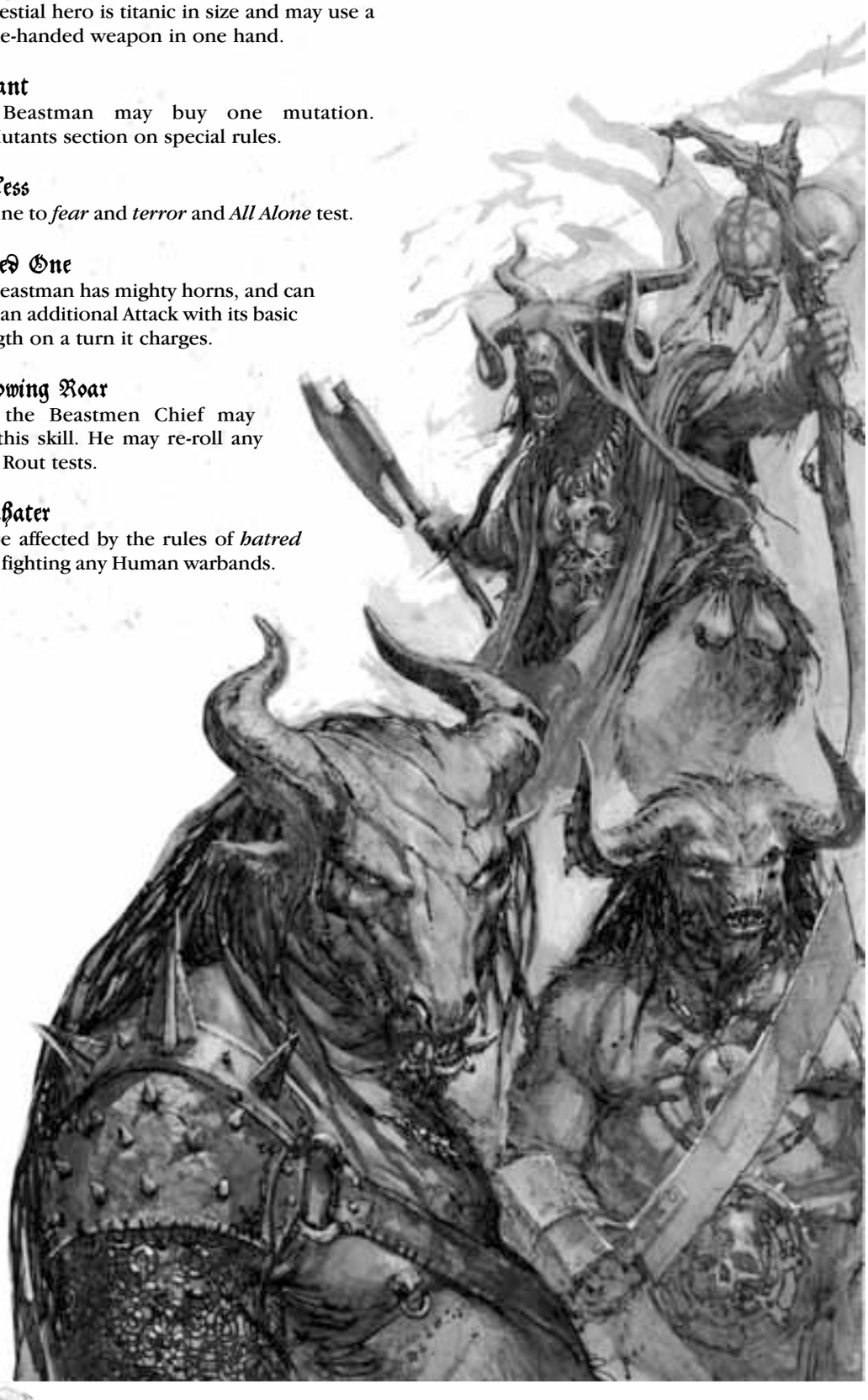
Mutant
The Beastman may buy one mutation. See Mutants section on special rules.

Fearless
Immune to *fear* and *terror* and *All Alone* test.

Horned One
The Beastman has mighty horns, and can make an additional Attack with its basic Strength on a turn it charges.

Bellowing Roar
Only the Beastmen Chief may have this skill. He may re-roll any failed Rout tests.

Manhater
Will be affected by the rules of *hatred* when fighting any Human warbands.



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Mordheim Hired Swords

This section covers new Hired Swords exclusive to the Empire in Flames wilderness setting. These new characters follow the generic rules for hiring and maintaining Hired Swords from page 147 of the Mordheim rulebook.

The Devil of the Drakwald

The forest gloom was like a death shroud in the creeping silence of the Drakwald. The arboreal void held the promise of dark imaginings, of bestial torture and debauched acts of inhuman lust. Seldom were the calls of birds heard, or an errant shaft of sunlight that had lost its way seen; even the breeze held the stink of blood. A man would be foolish indeed to wander such paths in the dark, to traverse such belligerent terrain without armoured escort or even a guide. And in spite of that a figure wandered there, along darkened pathways, scorched bracken crunching loudly underfoot, a miasma of blackness before him, the eyes of devils at his back…

"Man-flesh," Boraash, an inhuman Beastman growled in the murk of the undergrowth. Gorgoth snorted next to him, his hunched shoulders flexing at the prospect of battle, eyes narrowing with dark anticipation. A third, Kornak, licked the burgeoning saliva off his fangs and snout, raking the air impatiently with thick gnarled horns and uttered.

"Encircle him!"

The forest was thickening, all the while the outside world becoming ever more remote, all but a faded memory. And yet the traveller continued, seemingly unaware of the creatures stalking him.

Boraash sped quickly through the black bracken, sweeping past low lying branches, moving rapidly through thick foliage. The rest of his foul horde was a blur as they too raced ahead of their human prey. Boraash felt his shaggy mane twitch in anticipation. He could almost taste the blood he would soon drink.

A red haze overlaid Gorgoth's vision. Sharp and whipping tree limbs lashed at his face but they did not deter him, a frenzy was upon his very soul and he plunged headlong full of blood fevered zeal. Fangs bared, he was about to spring out in the open to tear the man-thing's flesh and devour it whole when a thick, sharpened stake pierced his gut, flung upwards from the forest bed.

Kornak's instincts had warned him to stay back, to remain in the wake of Boraash and Gorgoth. His animal eyes widened when he saw Gorgoth pitched into the air, a thick fountain of blood issuing from his back like black rain. Boraash had stalled, poised to attack. Kornak watched him slow, acutely aware that their prey had suddenly and abruptly disappeared…

Boraash sniffed the air, ears twitching, fear creeping upon him at the grim sight of Gorgoth, but he could find no trace of the man-thing's stench. He would feast on his brethren's carcass after he had bled the man-thing, he would suck the flesh from his bones, he would…

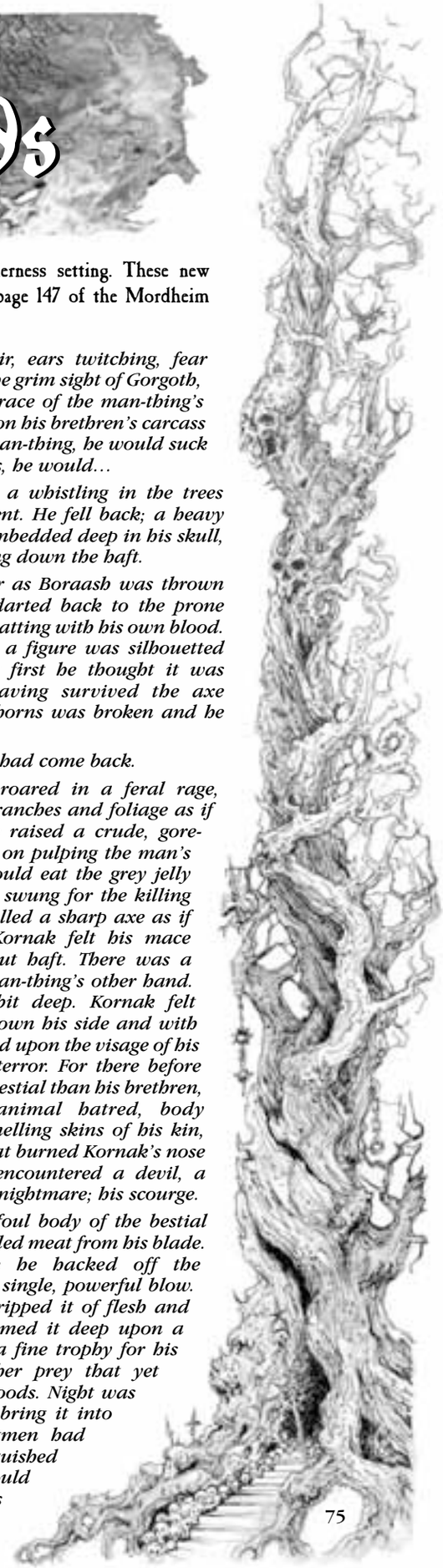
A silver-grey blur and a whistling in the trees silenced Boraash's intent. He fell back; a heavy bladed throwing axe embedded deep in his skull, thick, oily matter oozing down the haft.

Kornak snorted in fear as Boraash was thrown off his feet. His eyes darted back to the prone shape of Gorgoth, fur matting with his own blood. When he looked back, a figure was silhouetted against the gloom. At first he thought it was Boraash, somehow having survived the axe blade. But one of his horns was broken and he didn't smell right.

It was the traveller. He had come back.

"Man-thing!", Kornak roared in a feral rage, bursting through the branches and foliage as if they were nothing. He raised a crude, gore-splattered mace intent on pulping the man's skull like paste. He would eat the grey jelly within. But as Kornak swung for the killing blow the man-thing pulled a sharp axe as if from the forest air. Kornak felt his mace smash against the stout haft. There was a flash of silver in the man-thing's other hand. Like fire, something bit deep. Kornak felt warm blood flowing down his side and with dying bestial eyes looked upon the visage of his slayer and balked in terror. For there before him was a thing more bestial than his brethren, eyes burning with animal hatred, body swathed in the foul-smelling skins of his kin, daubed in unguents that burned Kornak's nose and mouth. He had encountered a devil, a devil of the woods, his nightmare; his scourge.

Vantigan allowed the foul body of the bestial spawn to slide like spoiled meat from his blade. Then, without pause he hacked off the creature's head with a single, powerful blow. In moments he had stripped it of flesh and other matter and rammed it deep upon a stake. It would make a fine trophy for his rack. But he had other prey that yet eluded him in these woods. Night was close and that would bring it into the open. These beastmen had been lured and vanquished easily. The balewolf would not nearly be as straight forward…



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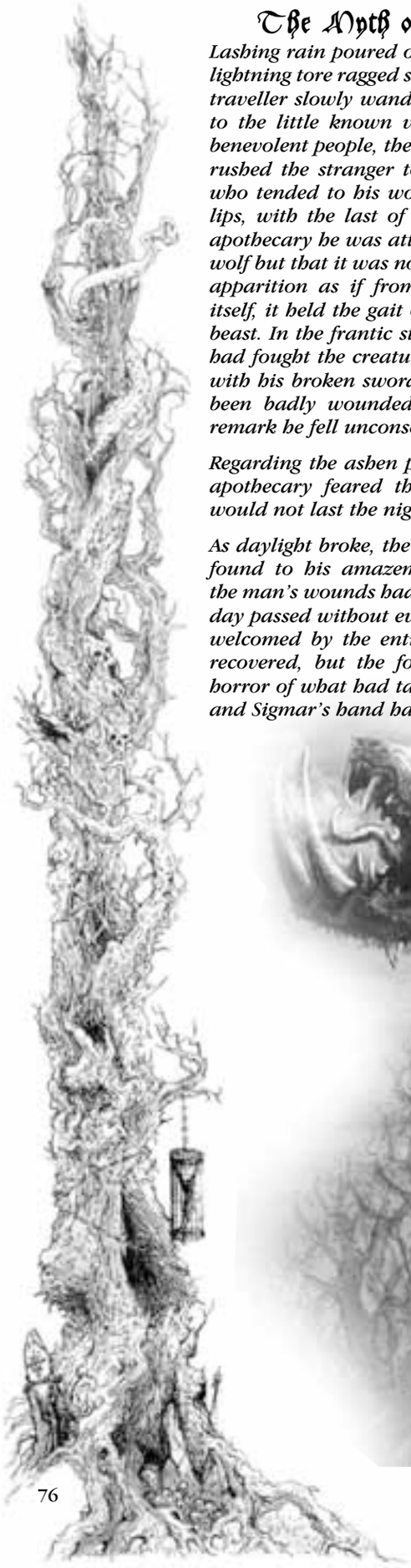

The Myth of the Balewolf

Lashing rain poured out of the blackness and lightning tore ragged strips in the sky as a lone traveller slowly wandered injured and dying to the little known village of Högenbath. A benevolent people, the villagers of Högenbath, rushed the stranger to the local apothecary, who tended to his wounds. Through cracked lips, with the last of his breath, he told the apothecary he was attacked on the road by a wolf but that it was no ordinary beast. A huge apparition as if from the depths of the pit itself, it held the gait of a man rather than a beast. In the frantic struggle that followed he had fought the creature off, piercing its heart with his broken sword but not before he had been badly wounded in return. Upon that remark he fell unconscious…

Regarding the ashen pallor of his charge, the apothecary feared the worst, convinced he would not last the night.

As daylight broke, the apothecary awoke and found to his amazement that miraculously the man's wounds had completely healed! The day passed without event as the traveller was welcomed by the entire village, his strength recovered, but the following night the true horror of what had taken place was revealed and Sigmar's hand had no part in it…

Once again, the moon waxed full. A watchman, was conducting his nightly patrols when he was alerted by the sounds of screaming across the village square. Rain was falling and thunder rolled across the growing cloud as he bolted through the downpour to the apothecary's abode from where the terrible sounds were emanating.

The door was rent from its hinges and splintered wood lay all about like bone as the wind and rain whipped within. Inside, a broken lantern swung frenziedly from the ceiling. It illuminated a dark and terrible vista which the watchman would take to his grave. His blood splattered upon the walls, the village apothecary was little more than a partially devoured corpse, steaming in the night chill.

He had been slain by some terrible beast, a nightmare made flesh. As if in answer, a low, ululating howl rang out through the storm and dark silhouette was stark against the white slashes of lightning. The monster was huge, akin to a wolf and yet not so. As quickly as it was revealed it disappeared in the forest gloom beyond, lost into myth.

Of the traveller no sign was ever found.

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Beast Hunter

The Beast Hunter is a dark wanderer, full of mystery and self-loathing. His is a woeful tale. Kith and kin slaughtered by the foul Beastmen of the wild. He is one of many such men who have been driven to the very edge by their experiences, yearning only now for unquenchable revenge against those that destroyed their once normal lives. They bedeck themselves in the skins of their foes and take on a truly frightening aspect. It is a stout captain indeed who hires such 'wild men' of the forest but their hunter's skills are without equal and their raw strength in combat is too awesome to ignore. Dangerous and ferocious, ideal qualities for survival in the dark, unbridled wilds...

Hire Fee: 35 Gold Crowns to hire + 15 Gold Crowns upkeep.

May be Hired: Any warband other than Skaven, Beastmen, Undead, Orcs & Goblins, Possessed and Carnival of Chaos may hire a Beast Hunter.

Rating: A Beast Hunter increases the warband's rating by +18 points, plus 1 point for each Experience Point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Beast Hunter	4	3	4	3	3	1	4	2	7

Equipment: Two axes, throwing axe (counts as a throwing knife with +1 Strength), light armour.

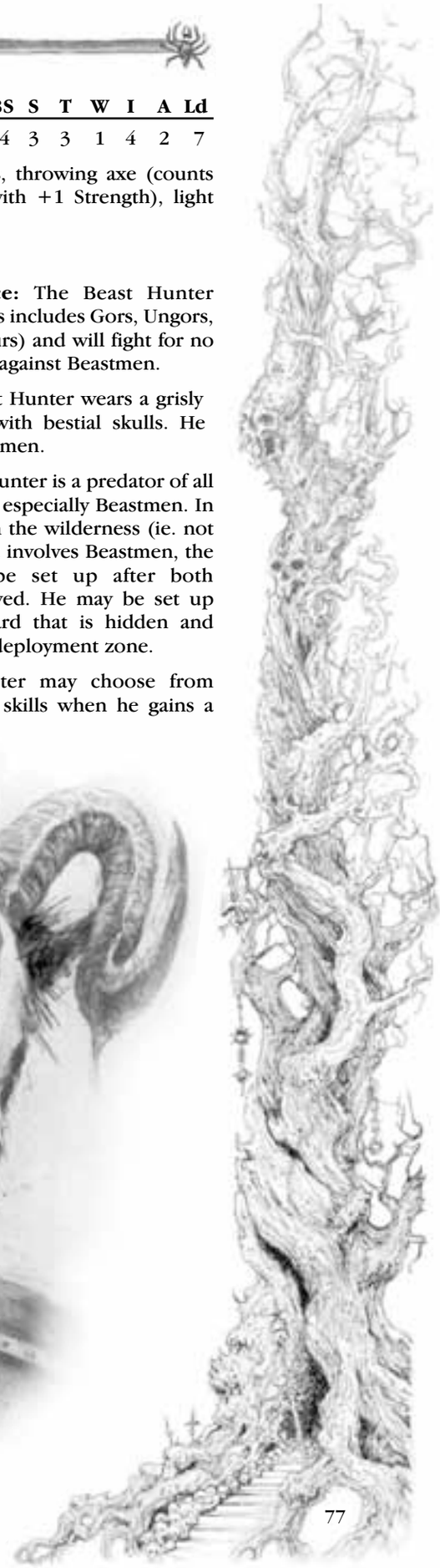
SPECIAL RULES

Beastmen Vengeance: The Beast Hunter hates all Beastmen (this includes Gors, Ungors, Centigors and Minotaurs) and will fight for no upkeep cost in battles against Beastmen.

Skull Rack: The Beast Hunter wears a grisly skull rack bedecked with bestial skulls. He causes *fear* in all Beastmen.

Predator: The Beast Hunter is a predator of all fell creatures but most especially Beastmen. In any battle that is set in the wilderness (ie. not within Mordheim) that involves Beastmen, the Beast Hunter may be set up after both warbands have deployed. He may be set up anywhere on the board that is hidden and outside of the enemy deployment zone.

Skills: A Beast Hunter may choose from Combat and Strength skills when he gains a new skill.



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The Thing in the Woods

The 'Thing' is a creature encounter for the Empire in Flames setting as detailed in the scenario 'The Thing in the Woods' on page 42.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Balewolf	5	4	0	5	5	3	4	2(3)	7

SPECIAL RULES

Large Beast: The Balewolf is a huge creature and counts as a large target for the purposes of shooting and may be targeted even if it isn't the closest model.

Fear: The Balewolf is a terrible and frightening creature that causes *fear*.

Forged by Chaos: A creation of Chaos; the Balewolf was born from some nefarious yet unknown origin. The power of Chaos knits its form together when it is wounded and as such the Balewolf has the ability to supernaturally heal itself. At the start of each of its turns roll a D6 if the Balewolf is wounded. On a roll of 5+ one Wound is restored as its skin miraculous knits back together.

Flesh of Iron: The Balewolf's skin is thicker than toughened leather, wholly capable of turning aside blades and arrows alike. The Balewolf has an Armour save of 4+ which is reduced by the Strength of the attack as normal.

Vicious Jaws: The Balewolf's massive jaws are capable of crushing a man's body in two. The Balewolf has an extra Attack from its jaws (as denoted in its profile) which is always its first attack. If this attack hits, it causes a critical hit on a roll of 5 or 6.

Lycanthrope: The blood of the Balewolf contains a terrible and powerful curse. Any model taken out of action from an attack from the Balewolf risks the taint of its dark blood (note that this only affects man-sized creatures and non-mutants). After the battle, if the model survives the attack, roll a D6. On a roll of a 6 any injuries the model is currently suffering are cured but they are now cursed!

In each subsequent battle whenever the cursed model is wounded they must take a Leadership test. If they fail they transform horrifically before the eyes of their comrades into the Balewolf! The model now has the same statline as the Balewolf. Any armour or equipment it was wearing is destroyed and any weapons the model was carrying are lost but may be recovered after the battle. The Balewolf will always charge the nearest model, friend or foe, if it can, otherwise it will move at maximum speed towards them. It may try and restrain itself from attacking a comrade by taking a test against his own Leadership (he may not use the leader's). If passed, the Balewolf will ignore friendly models.

Roll a D6 after the battle. On a roll of 2-6 the model returns to normal (albeit without attire…) but still carries the curse. On a roll of 1, the Balewolf takes hold completely and in his feral state disappears into the wilderness lost forever in myth and legend (remove from roster).

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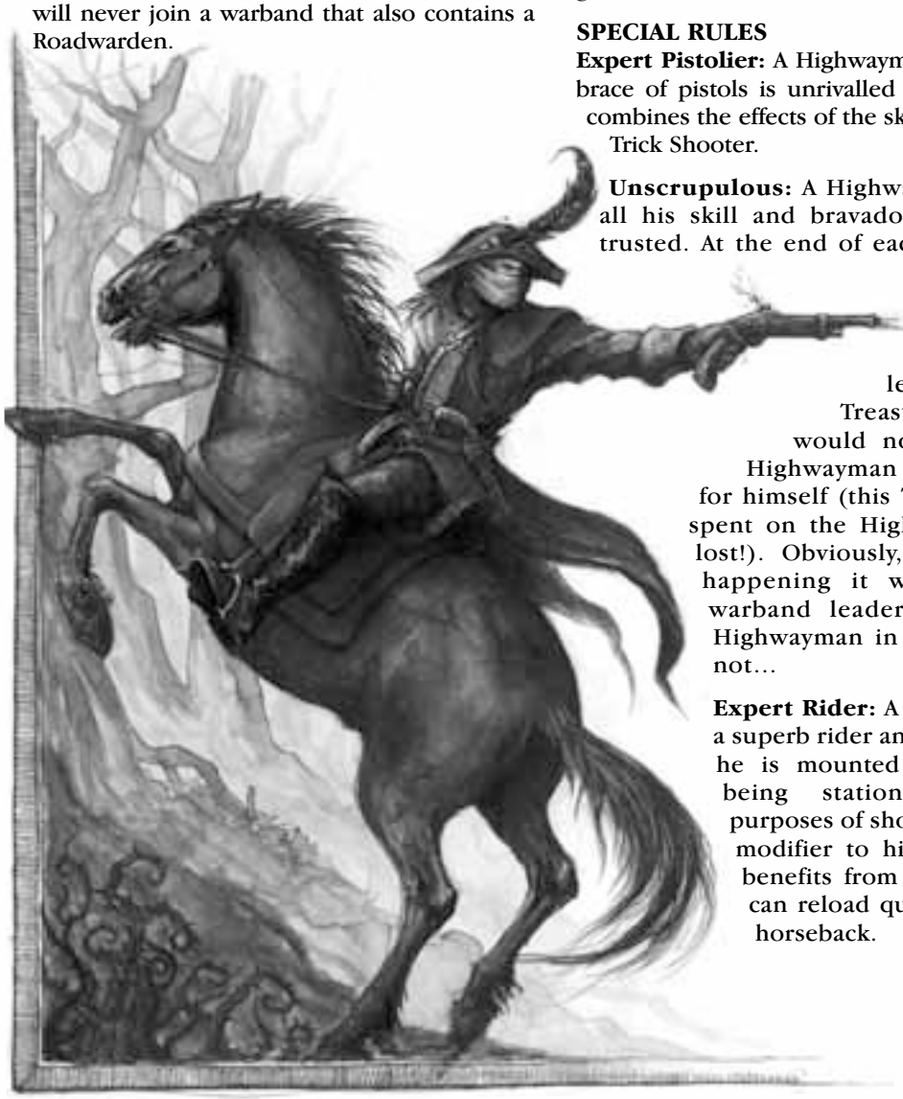
Highwayman

Roaming the woods and secluded byways of the Empire, highwaymen prey on the many coaches and wagons foolish or desperate enough to travel there. These are dark and dangerous men, often employed for their knowledge of cargo charters and skill at ambush. Oft they appear to the naked eye, bereft of their blackened garb, as foppish, charming characters, but that ruse is a genteel masquerade as their cruelty and viciousness will testify. Deadly pistoliers and expert riders, they are an asset to any warband but watch your back, for they are untrustworthy, self-serving men.

Hire Fee: 35 Gold Crowns to hire + 20 Gold Crowns upkeep.

May be Hired: Any warband, except Sisters of Sigmar, Witch Hunters and any good-aligned Elves may hire a Highwayman. A Highwayman will never join a warband that also contains a Roadwarden.



Rating: A Highwayman increases the warband's rating by +20 points, plus 1 point for each Experience Point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Highwayman	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7
Horse	8	0	0	3	3	1	3	0	5

Weapons/Armour: Brace of pistols, rapier (p.84 Mordheim Annual), cloak (acts as a buckler in close combat) and dagger.
If you are using the optional rules for mounted models then the Highwayman also rides a horse. When the Highwayman is mounted, he has a save of 6+, on foot he has no Armour save.

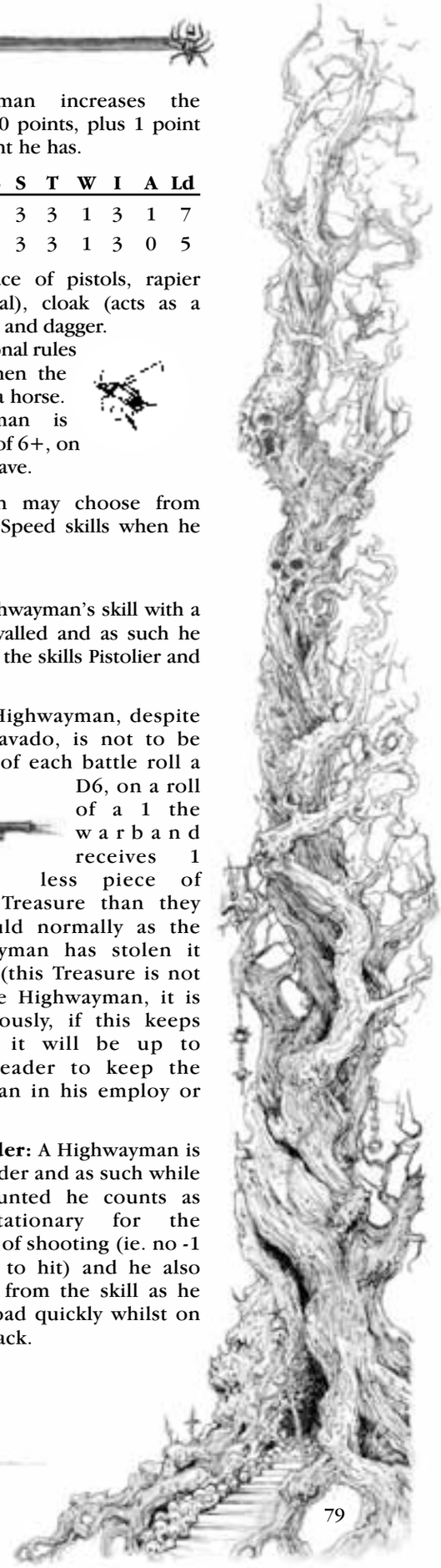
Skills: A Highwayman may choose from Combat, Shooting and Speed skills when he gains a new skill.

SPECIAL RULES

Expert Pistolier: A Highwayman's skill with a brace of pistols is unrivalled and as such he combines the effects of the skills Pistolier and Trick Shooter.

Unscrupulous: A Highwayman, despite all his skill and bravado, is not to be trusted. At the end of each battle roll a D6, on a roll of a 1 the warband receives 1 less piece of Treasure than they would normally as the Highwayman has stolen it for himself (this Treasure is not spent on the Highwayman, it is lost!). Obviously, if this keeps happening it will be up to warband leader to keep the Highwayman in his employ or not…

Expert Rider: A Highwayman is a superb rider and as such while he is mounted he counts as being stationary for the purposes of shooting (ie. no -1 modifier to hit) and he also benefits from the skill as he can reload quickly whilst on horseback.



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Roadwarden

Patrolling the fraught and dangerous highways of the Empire, Roadwardens are dour men of the sternest courage. Solitary figures, they range far and wide, often with little food and 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.

Hire Fee: 40 Gold Crowns to hire + 20 Gold Crowns upkeep.

May be Hired: Any good-aligned warband may hire a Roadwarden such as Witch Hunters, Sisters of Sigmar, Dwarfs and Human Mercenaries. A Roadwarden will never join a warband that also contains a Highwayman.

Rating: A Roadwarden increases the warband's rating by +22 points, plus 1 point for each experience point he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Roadwarden	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	8
Horse	8	0	0	3	3	1	3	0	5

Weapons/Armour: Crossbow, horseman's hammer (p.14 Town Cryer 24), dagger, heavy armour and three torches (p.14 Town Cryer 24). If you are using the optional rules for mounted models then the Roadwarden also rides a horse. The Roadwarden's save is 4+ whilst mounted and 5+ whilst on foot.

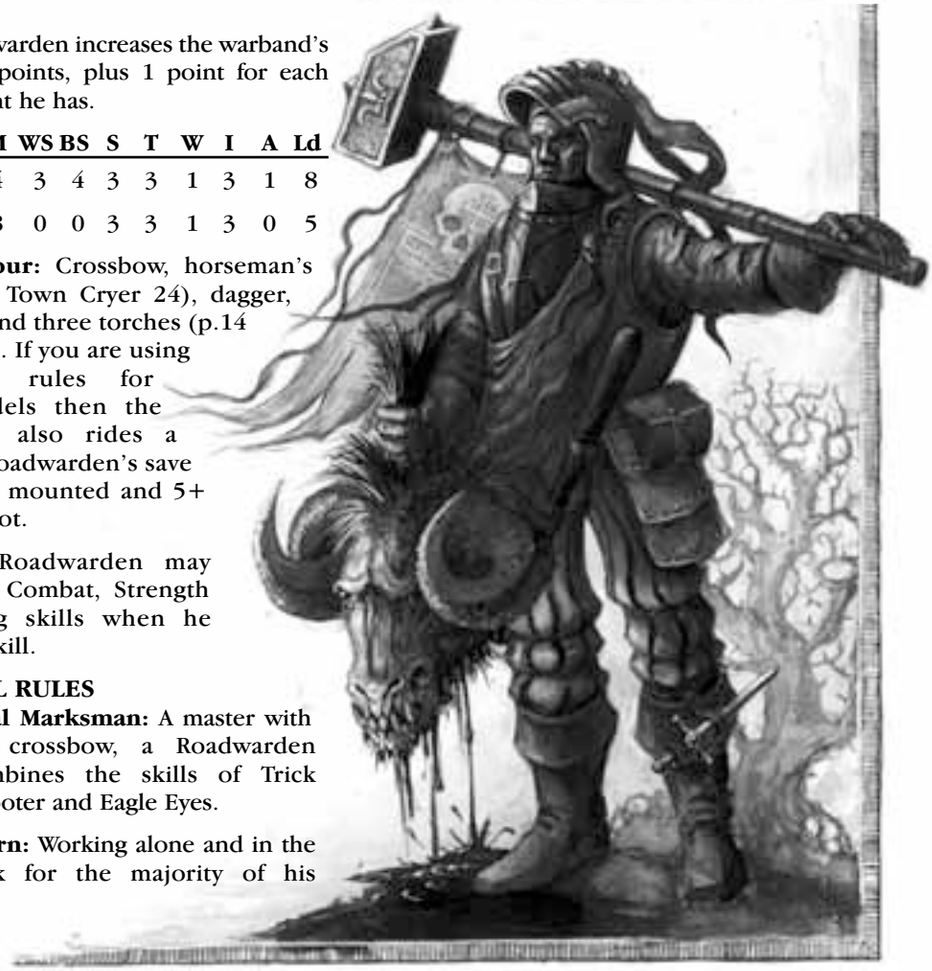
Skills: A Roadwarden may choose from Combat, Strength and Shooting skills when he gains a new skill.

SPECIAL RULES

Lethal Marksman: A master with the crossbow, a Roadwarden combines the skills of Trick Shooter and Eagle Eyes.

Stern: Working alone and in the dark for the majority of his profession the Roadwarden is made of strong stuff indeed. He may re-roll any failed Leadership test for panic, fear, and is immune to the rules for being All Alone.

Expert Rider: A highly skilled horseman, a Roadwarden counts as having the Nimble skill whilst on horseback and suffers no modifiers for moving and shooting.

STAGECOACHES

Both Highwaymen and Roadwardens are particularly suited to battles involving stagecoaches, wagons, etc. To represent this, in any scenario in which one or both sides have a stagecoach or a wagon, any Highwayman or Roadwarden in either warband may re-roll a single dice roll once per turn. This special bonus lasts until the re-rolled dice comes up as a 1 as it is designed to represent their ability to predict and perform at their peak in familiar and well-practiced territory.