

Warhammer Quest

DUNGEON ADVENTURES IN THE WARHAMMER WORLD

GETTING A BREATH OF FRESH AIR

By Andy Jones

CONVERTING WARRIORS

In the first part of this article, printed last issue, I explained some of the thought processes which go into converting your Warhammer Quest Warriors into Warhammer characters. I've already dealt with the Warrior's basic profile and talked a bit about converting his weapons and armour. This time around

we'll cover these aspects in a little more detail, as well as looking at skills, magic (urgh!) and anything else that happens to crop up. We'll also try and sort out some way of calculating your Warrior's Warhammer points cost (that's going to be fun...). As I said on my last outing, you should **check everything you do with your opponent**, as it's only polite that he has some idea what's going on!

"So who're we fighting, then? 'Ope there's enough to go round!"

Grimcrag's gruff voice punched through the early morning mist. Johan winced as he shuffled out of the tent, trying not to put too much weight on his injured foot. He pointed across the valley to the hundreds of campfires on the far hillside. Innumerable Orcs and Goblins could be seen milling around in the pre-dawn glow, getting ready for battle.

"Is that enough for you, Grimcrag?"

The venerable Dwarf peered myopically across the dale, squinting painfully. With an embarrassed cough he reached into a pocket and pulled out a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles encrusted with hundreds of tiny gems and held them to his eyes.

"Oh, there they are!" With a sly wink Grimcrag slipped his glasses away and pulled painfully hard on Johan's hair to whisper in his ear.

"Only need 'em for distances, you see? Got a reputation and all that. Don't look so worried, lad, once they get within range of ol' Slaughterer, I'll see 'em just fine!"

There was an almighty groan and Johan spun on his heel to see what the commotion inside the tent was all about. A hand bedecked in tacky rings flailed at the flap a few times before grabbing the tent pole and uprooting it. The whole thing collapsed, leaving Keanu the Reaver standing in a circle of torn canvas, snapped wooden poles and frayed ropes. The Barbarian stretched each of his muscles with deliberate precision. The effect wasn't lost on Johan, who took an involuntarily step backwards just to keep clear. The Barbarian's arms, chest and legs were criss-crossed with scars, some clean and straight, others jagged rips hurriedly stitched in the heat of battle. After groaning a couple more times, Keanu the Reaver welcomed the morning with his customary greeting.

"Fech! How much did I drink las' night? I veel ferry, ferry..."

Watching the veteran warrior collapsing was an astounding sight for Johan. Rather than folding up and falling in a heap, the Barbarian simply toppled backwards like a felled tree, crushing the remains of the tent. As Johan stepped forwards to help, Grimcrag laid a warning hand on his arm.

"Best not, lad. Keanu's as gruff as a bald bear in the mornin', and twice as strong."

Johan sighed, clapped his hands in a decisive manner and then stood around wondering what to do. The third survivor of Grunnson's Marauders appeared. Jikiri the Elf was walking out of the nearby woods with a broad grin on his face. His step was light and he was obviously feeling refreshed and happy.

Johan waved and the Elf Lord strolled over to join them.

"Don't Elves like sleeping in tents? I expect you prefer to see the stars glittering through the gaps in the leaves as you go to sleep, or something like that."

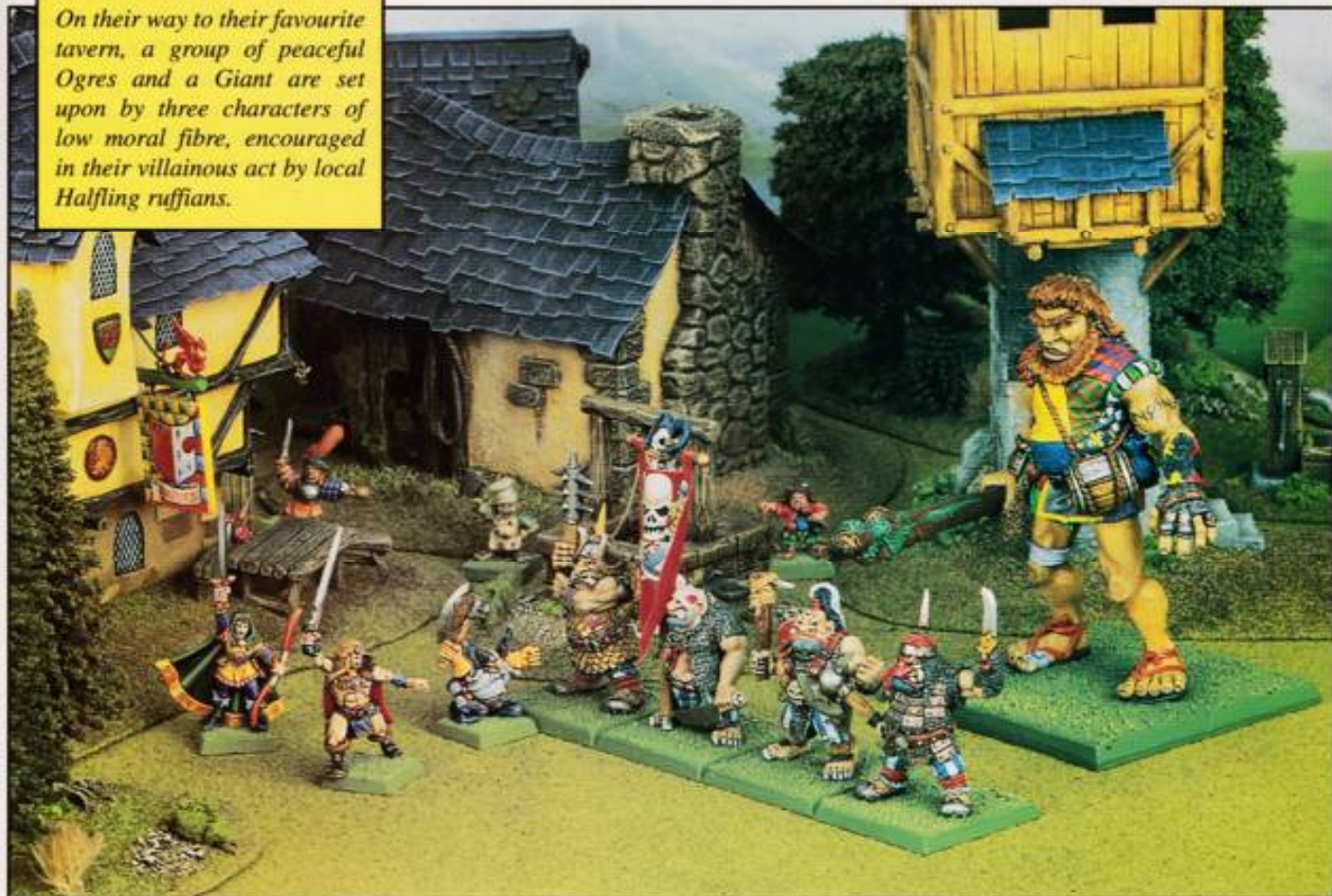
The Elf's gaze strayed over Johan's shoulder and then focussed back on the Imperial Envoy, filled with a mischievous glint.

"Something like that, boy..."

Johan looked over his shoulder where Jikiri's look had fallen and saw the door flap of a tent closing. It was only after a couple of minutes that he realised the tent belonged to Severina Sturmdrang, daughter of the Imperial General, Lord Sturmdrang. He looked at Keanu who was kneeling down cradling his head in his hands and sighed for the umpteenth time.

"Can we just get going, please?"

On their way to their favourite tavern, a group of peaceful Ogres and a Giant are set upon by three characters of low moral fibre, encouraged in their villainous act by local Halfling ruffians.



SQUARES TO INCHES

Unlike Warhammer, Warhammer Quest does not use inches to govern movement, spell ranges and so on. Everything in Warhammer Quest is measured by squares. Cunningly enough, though, each square measures about an inch, so squares as a unit of measurement in Warhammer Quest can be converted straight into a number of inches for Warhammer.

Actually, in Warhammer Quest we don't go on about range much at all, as the action is usually at quite close quarters. However, the limitations in



Warhammer Quest come down to how far the warriors can see due to the light of the lantern. The lantern illuminates the board section the leader is on, plus any adjacent sections, giving a maximum distance illuminated of around 20 squares. So, the maximum range in Warhammer Quest is 20 squares – 20 inches in Warhammer.

Of course, some weapons (crossbows, for example) are already available in Warhammer, so the established ranges and rules should take precedence before you start going mad inventing things to cover them.

"A WHOLE BOARD SECTION?"

Moving on from general ranges, there are spells and skills in Warhammer Quest which can potentially affect a whole board section. Bearing in mind that a board section in Warhammer Quest is up to 8x5 squares maximum, these kind of things will have an effective range of up to, say, 8" in Warhammer.

Likewise, firebombs and the like, which explode over a 2x2 square area, will cover a 1" radius blast area, so simply use the small blast marker from Warhammer. Likewise, items that affect a 3x3 area use the larger stone thrower template.

ONCE PER TURN/ADVENTURE

Items, skills or spells whose effect happens once per turn in Warhammer Quest will equally happen once per turn in Warhammer. Obviously, once per adventure things will be usable once per battle.

LUCK

This is up to you really. If you want to use Luck in Warhammer, it will work just as in Warhammer Quest – you



will get a number of re-rolls per battle equal to your Luck characteristic. This is quite tough in Warhammer, so make sure that your opponent agrees before you start using those re-rolls!

SKILLS

Skills are the easy bit here, as most of them either translate very easily into Warhammer, or are clearly only dungeon oriented. The Elf skill *Doomstrike* for example, may be used once per battle, and allows the Elf to add +3 to his to hit rolls for one turn. Easy! On the other hand, the Dwarf skills *Tunnel Fighter* or *Trademaster* are not going to be any use on the normal field of battle.

The guidelines already given for Wounds, Toughness, ranges, armour conversions and so on can be applied to skills, making conversion quite straightforward. The Pit Fighter skill *Dirty Blow*, for example, means that a Pit Fighter in Warhammer will reduce his opponent's armour save by an additional -1 if he rolls a 6 to hit. Ouch!

The Trollslayer skill *Lessen Blow* is a bit more tricky, as in Warhammer Quest for every blow which hits him, he can ignore a certain number of Wounds (from 2 to 5) depending on his Battle-level. Using the conversion for Wounds already explained last issue means that he will never be able to ignore more than 1 Wound per hit in Warhammer, as up to 6 (or D6) Wounds in Warhammer Quest translates to 1 Wound in your Warhammer games. This is a very tough skill in Warhammer, as it means that the only way to hurt a Trollslayer with this skill is to cause more than 1 Wound per blow against him! Of

course, you could say that he only ignores the first Wound *per turn* instead of *per Attack*, which would be more reasonable and is still pretty scary.

So, you can see that, with some careful consideration, the Warriors' skills and abilities can be translated for your Warhammer games.

WIZARDS

Wizards are a bit more complicated. No, in fact they're a lot more complicated. You can convert all their skills and magic items just like I have done for Grimrag. Their spells, however, are a different matter altogether. Wizards in Warhammer Quest can get dozens of spells, whereas a Warhammer Wizard will only ever have five spells at the very best (with the appropriate Magic item). I recommend the following measures. Your wizard can pick a number of spells from any of the colour magic decks just like a Warhammer Wizard. So a novice can pick one spell, a champion two, a Hero three and finally a Lord may pick four. However, unlike most Wizards, a Warhammer Quest Wizard is much more broad-minded and can therefore mix and match different colour decks as he wishes! If you have an Elf Ranger mage you could also allow him to take some of his spells from the High Magic deck, and so on with other magic users whose race has specific spells.

POINTS VALUES

Finally, we get here! We can now work out conversions for skills, armour, spells, and so on for your Warhammer Quest Warriors. But how much is your converted Warrior going to cost to take to war?

This was the hardest part of all in converting Warhammer Quest adventurers into Warhammer characters. I was frankly at a loss as to how I was going to devise points costs for skills, spells and other small items and abilities which a Warrior picks up on his adventuring career. After scratching my head for an hour or so, I came up with the cunning notion that what I really needed was a more personal approach. We are not talking about "generating" Generals and so on here, we are talking about taking existing Warriors, hard-bitten adventurers one and all, and transplanting them into the Warhammer system. I think it's fair to make a certain number of assumptions then, based on their characters and careers to date, which will help out a lot with regard to points.

THE BEST GEAR

We can assume that a Warrior, over his career, gets a huge number of treasure items passing through his fingers as he reclaims (loots?) stuff from the long-lost boards below the Warhammer World. It's a pretty safe bet that he will keep the best for his own personal use. The very best! In Warhammer, excellent magic items cost around 100 points or more, so we can assume that each magic item a Warrior takes to battle will be around this value.

"Why?" I hear you cry. "Just 'cos he has a dead expensive sword, I could let him take one of his "cheaper" ones to battle couldn't I?" "Well, of course you can't!" I answer. The point is that a hardened Warrior is going to turn up to battle with his best armour, sword and so on, or not at all. Grimrag

GRIMCRAG GRUNNISON

M WS BS S T W I A Ld

Grimcrag 4 7 6 4 5 3 5 4 10

Points cost: 560

Luck: 3

THREE MAGIC ITEMS

- 1) *The Grunnison Family Axe*: Lots of Runes, see last issue.
- 2) *The Armour of Taaken*: 2+ save, -1 movement, plus every time an enemy wounds Grimcrag the armour immediately retaliates and makes its wearer strike back. This is in addition to normal attacks.
- 3) *Invisibility Ring*: For any one turn in a battle, Grimcrag may use this ring. He becomes invisible, so no-one can attack him. He, however, may fight as usual.

SIX SKILLS

Endure: Ignore 1 blow per battle.

Grudgelord: As the battle starts, nominate an enemy model (this should really be an enemy character model). Grimcrag has a grudge against that model. As long as that enemy still lives, Grimcrag gains +1 to all his to hit rolls. Grimcrag MUST move towards and try to kill that enemy if at all possible.

Deathsong: When he loses his last wound, he remains standing, and is placed nominally on 1 wound. From now on, each time he is hit while singing his deathsong, roll a dice. On a 1-4, the blows strikes as usual, taking Grimcrag's last wound and killing him outright. On a 5 or 6, he stays at 1 wound, the blow has no effect.

Enraged: If he wishes, at the start of each turn, Grimcrag may attempt to become enraged. Roll a D6.

- | | |
|-----|--|
| 1 | All his attacks go wild and he loses all attacks that turn. |
| 2-4 | Grimcrag fights as normal |
| 5-6 | Grimcrag gains +1d6 Attacks this turn, but is so wild that all his attacks are at -1 to hit. |

Grunnison, for example, has not fought his way through a thousand dungeons, slain more Dragon Ogres than the rest of your army put together, and thrown away more piddling magic swords than you can imagine, just to go to battle inadequately armed because some petty general cannot afford him. "Take it or leave it" he would say, and then stomp off, gruffly offended at the very thought of leaving his trusty axe behind. Be glad that he didn't bite your head off just for being rude (and he could, believe me, I've seen it done).

What the Warhammer Quest player should do here is be very honest, and declare which sword/axe/items/armour he uses most in his Warhammer Quest games. These are clearly the favoured items of equipment of the Warrior, and these are what, when push comes to shove, he will turn up on the battlefield with.

Grimcrag, for example, wields the Grunnison Family Axe, a fearsome weapon of evil repute. This axe was translated from Warhammer Quest to Warhammer last, and is easily worth 100 points (at the very least!).

Bloodfever: Each turn, if he wishes, Grimcrag can trade ALL his attacks for one Bloodfever attack. He attacks as normal. If he kills his opponent, he moves to the place on the table his opponent occupied. If this means he can now attack another opponent he may do so, and so on, until he either fails to kill an opponent or there is no one near enough to hit!

Trademaster: No use in battles.

GRIMCRAG'S DAUNTING LIST OF STUFF

What follows is a list of all the gear which Grimcrag had at Battle-level 10. I would suggest that Grimcrag was tooled up enough already with no need for further equipment, but for reference here are all the other things I would have to translate from Warhammer Quest to Warhammer if my opponent let me bring 'em along (poor sad fool!).

I'd probably at least argue for being allowed my brace of pistols or my crossbow...

EQUIPMENT

3 stone bread, 3 firebombs, 1 lucky charm, rope, lock tools, 4 casks of beer, 11 door spikes, 1 trance stone, 4 bandages, 5 provisions.

OTHER MAGIC WEAPONS AND ARMOUR

Helm of Farseeing, Hammer of Sigmar, Deathsword, Dragon Sword, Gromril Blade, Hydra Sword, Boneblade, Rending Sword, Sword of Heroes.

OTHER WEAPONS

Crossbow, crossbow pistol, brace of pistols.

MAGIC ITEMS

Belt of Gagron, Talon of Death, Gauntlets of Dhamzar, Crown of Night, Arkal's Powder.

Grimcrag also had various other dubious "abilities" picked up at the alehouse and other less than salubrious locations. We will draw a veil over these, as they can only detract from his, ahem, heroic and legendary reputation...

FIDDLING WITH GOLD

We can then look at the gold costs of the various battle level heroes and make some more extrapolations. The different battle levels are split by title - Novice, Champion, Hero, Lord. The middle to top level in each bracket is roughly equivalent to the same title in Warhammer. So, for example, a Dwarf champion costs 48 points in Warhammer, and in Warhammer Quest costs about 4,000 gold.

Knock two noughts off and you get 40 points (or 80 points at top level champion). The only extra to pay is for skills, which there is no real equivalent of in Warhammer. We settled on a figure of 10 points a skill. This gives a total of 60 points for a Warhammer Quest Dwarf Champion of Battle level 3 converted to Warhammer, and 100 for a top level champion. A Battle level 10 Lord will cost a mighty 560 point by the time his skills are costed in, and he absolutely will not get out of bed for any less! This sounds like a huge points value, but remember that included in this "once and for all" points cost

are his magic items and so on, and we have already assumed that these will be the best he has! A Dwarf General in Warhammer costs 160 points, and assuming he had three magic items of 100 points each or thereabouts, we are already at 460 points.

Add in skills, and sundry other abilities and extras which your opponent has foolishly let you convert, and he's probably pretty good value. His luck



re-rolls alone must be worth quite a few points, and if you let him bring along some of his stonebread and beer, he'll be happy to slay and slay (and slay!) until the sun goes down.

So there you have it – you can now take you favourite Warhammer Quest Warriors to fight battles. They're going to be tough cookies, but hey, they need to be! No blood-crazed hero wants to be killed in some fruitless battle when there are still countless treasure-stacked dungeons to be explored!

Johan downed another double shot of Whalebuster's rum and sighed. The deafening roars of victorious Dwarfs still rang in his ears and his hair was matted with green blood. His foot throbbed as he rested it on a low stool in front of the fire and he poured himself another shot of rum to hopefully ease the pain. Johan jumped as the doors banged open and he cast a haunted glance towards the front of the bar. He relaxed slightly when he saw that it was only some of the Reiksguard Knights.

Then he heard a voice behind him which froze his blood and made his spine tingle with almost painful terror.

"Vot you drinkin'? Can vee join you, ya?"

Johan yelped as Keanu's hand slapped his shoulder in a somewhat enthusiastic fashion, crushing several priceless rings, edged with jewels, into his flesh.

"Valebuster's, eh? Vot you drink zat fer, can't quaff Valebuster's like proper hero, ya?"

As if drawn by some magical communication, the other two Grunnson Marauders appeared through the smoke that filled the tavern common room. Johan sighed and beckoned them over. Jikiri looked as if he had just stepped out of a fresh bath, his hair neatly combed, his cloak spotless as he drifted easily through the throng, seeming to avoid the countless mishaps that can waylay you on such a journey. With a wink and a wave to the serving girls, the Elf sat down and put his feet on the table in a languid movement that reminded Johan of a stretching cat. However, the sharpness in Jikiri eyes showed that this cat had its claws out and wasn't getting ready to chase any string...

Grimcrag himself elbowed through the crowd like a bull in a china shop. The Dwarf was lost behind the bar for a while, but his progress could be measured by the annoyed shouts and startled yelps as he prodded the odd obstructive rump with the Grunnson Family Axe. A tough-looking Halberdier at the bar started to remonstrate with the ancient Dwarf, but Grimcrag pulled the man down and whispered in his ear. The man went pale, and, as the tip of Grimcrag's axe absently strayed closer to his codpiece, the veteran gagged slightly and ran headlong for the latrines.

"Wotcha! What did you think of the fight then? I thought it went pretty well, considering there's so much open space – lets 'em all run away. Took me ages to catch up with some of 'em."

Johan shuddered heavily as he recalled the sight of twenty Black Orcs bunched up against the river, all trying to climb over each other in a frenzied attempt to be as far away from the Grunnson Family Axe as possible. The scariest thing had been the polite way

Grimcrag had waited until a poor unfortunate was thrust forward from the mob to face him.

"Zat Vyvern, I fort he would get me for a bit, before I could get a proper grip on the bedamned fing."

Keanu demonstrated his special hold on a nearby wooden beam which splintered under the pressure, bringing part of the roof down on some unfortunate Halflings who were loitering with intent outside the kitchen doors.

"Just 'ow much gold is there in the city coffers after our lot was taken out?" Grimcrag fixed the Imperial Envoy with his steely gaze and leaned closer.

"Don't worry, your exorbitant fees haven't bled the city dry, there's plenty of gold and gems left for the main army's payroll."

"Really? Fascinating." Jikiri leaned closer too, his lips twisted into a slight smile.

"Now wait a minute, what are you thinking?"

Keanu extricated himself from the wreckage of the roof and laid a friendly arm around Johan's neck, his bicep forcing the poor youth's chin into his chest.

"Does being Envoy pay much, ya? I bet you earn more money zen us, ya?"

"No, not really, it's prestige mainly. I'm not even of noble birth, my father was a greengrocer."

Grimcrag attempted a fatherly smile, which made Johan even more uneasy.

"Really? Good lad like you could do better, given the proper tutelage, of course. From greengrocer to soldier, eh? That's initiative, that is. Lots of opportunities for lads with initiative."

Suddenly the doors were flung open again and a troop of armoured Reiksguard marched in, led by one of Severina Sturmdrang's maids. The young girl pointed in the direction of Jikiri and whispered something to their sergeant.

I think it's time we left, boys. This place is a little too crowded for my liking..."

As Grunnson's Marauders hurriedly made their way towards the back door, loosening their weapons in a casual fashion, Johan felt Keanu's strong grip on his arm.

"Come on, lad, we'll show you ze vurld and make you ze rich greengrocer, ya?"

With a sigh he got up and followed.