



# Comp Runners Up

*The Runners Up of the Mordheim Dramatis Personae/Hired Sword Competition*

## "BUSTY" GWEN

By Timothy Jackson

Gwendalyn Brumsfield or "Busty" Gwen as her regulars know her; is the lone proprietor and sole employee of the "Stoat and Pitcher". Dealing with pickpockets, thieves, and even lower rabble every day, Gwen has become a characteristically hard woman. In addition, having little or no help through the years has resulted in her building muscles that would shame even some marauders of the north. Still, she enjoys her trade, and is jovial and kind to those who treat her and "The Stoat" with respect. A central hub for warbands, bone pickers, and other such treasure seeking masses; the Stoat and Pitcher has become a well respected (for the areas around Mordheim anyways) establishment, where many warbands have begun, and dissipated.

Gwen	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save
Profile	4	4	1	4	4	2	3	2	8	None

**Hire Fee:** See special rules.

**May be Hired:** by Possessed, Carnival of Chaos and the Beastmen.

**Rating:** The Slave Master increases your warband rating by +40 points, plus 1 point for each experience point he has.

**Equipment:** Knives and rolling pin.

**Skills:** Step Aside, Mighty Blow, Strike to injure

### Special Rules

**Rolling pin.** Gwen uses her trusty rolling pin to keep surly customers in line. As such, treat the rolling pin as a cudgel in close combat. In addition, it was hand made by Gwen herself, with a reinforced iron center; add +1 S to any attacks she makes with this monstrosity.

**Massively Built.** As any visitor can tell you, Gwen is a massive woman. During the shooting phase, if she is not in close combat, and hasn't run, she may "show her stuff" to any visible male target within 12". The target model must make a Ld check or lose his entire next turn as he stands dumbfounded by her impressive bulk. Naturally, females, skaven, orcs, and other non-human races are immune to this. While most undead are immune, Vampires, and Necromancers are not. Elves and Dwarves are affected, though not necessarily gaping in awe as much as disgust. (Optional) Any Slaaneshi cult members who fail their leadership check must take a further -1 Ld penalty for the remainder of the game.

**Not hired Muscle:** Gwen knows all too well the corruption the City of the Damned spawns, and steers well clear. This does not however, stop her from turning a pretty profit. Gwendalyn runs a risky business operating outside of Mordheim and must be very careful to not become prey to the ravenous bands of treasure seekers. She also has an incredible number of connections with the scummier folk whom make their homes in and around the city ruins. A gang must send someone to look for Gwen as per normal rules. However once sent she is always found



automatically. (No need to roll under initiative) This will set up the initial bargain. The warband will then need to fight the scenario listed below using Gwen as a Hired Sword. The game may be played with an Arbitrator, or a second gang may opt to fight in the Arbitrators place. In a campaign this game still counts against the maximum games playable. If the warband wins, they may choose any single, usable Personae Dramatis or Hired Sword and will gain their services free of charge for their next game only. If they lose, they must pay Gwen 2D6x5gc to pay for repairs to the Stoat. Either way, the warband may still look for treasure and wyrdstone following all the normal restrictions. In a one-off game, treat Gwen as a normal Dramatis Personae with a cost of 85gc whom adds +65 to the warband's overall rating.

**Building Gwen:** The first thing I had to do when I sat down for the contest was decide on an idea for a character that hadn't been done before. I stumbled onto "Call to Arms" a Mordheim campaign report by Terry Maltman, Ian Davies, and Nik Harwood. In it they make several allusions to a (fictional?) character by the name of Busty Gwen. The first few steps were rather easy, simply creating a concept of the who, where, when, and what of Gwen and her beloved Pitcher. I believed her to be a sturdy, dependable woman, with a no nonsense attitude, that demanded respect from those who enter her establishment. She would have to be tough to continue doing business outside the City of the Damned.

When I started building the model I decided to base it on a standard Catachan from the 40k range. After building a dress of green stuff, I proceeded to make him "busty" and give her additional fabric to cover her newer appendages. This is by far my most ambitious model and I owe a great deal of gratitude to my wife for her amazingly understanding and helpful attitude. The face I made myself, which explains why it turned out so hideously. I am very unhappy with it, and plan on remodeling it but couldn't do so in time for the Deadline. Taking two Catachan arms I drilled a grenade out of one which I replaced with a scratch built rolling pin. The other once held a lasrifle which I cut off and replaced with a chaos dagger.

Finally I chose a paint scheme that I thought would both represent her place as a slightly more well-to-do denizen of Mordheim, but still in keeping with the nature of the game. And there you have it... Gwendalyn Brumsfield, lone proprietor of the Stoat and Pitcher, and new Dramatis Personae with an attitude to boot.

## GOBLIN LANTERN BEARER

By Dennis Montero

It's tough being a goblin, especially if you feel you have talent. The orcs don't take you seriously, the other goblins are always starting fights, and there is the continual threat of being fed to the trolls. Occasionally, a smart goblin will go off and try to earn a living. If he is lucky, he might actually survive for a while. Freelance goblins have found many jobs around Mordheim. Of most use to the many warbands of Mordheim are goblin lantern bearers. For a very small fee, the hired goblin will carry a lantern around the ruins of Mordheim and try to find those pesky hidden enemies.

**Hire fee:** 15 gold crowns to hire + 5 gold crowns upkeep

**Rating:** A Goblin Lantern Bearer increases the warband's rating by +5 points plus 1 point for each experience point he has.

### Goblin

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save
	4	2	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	None

**Equipment:** Lantern, Dagger

### SPECIAL RULES

**Smart (for a goblin):** The Goblin Lantern Bearer has survived partially on his brains. Being one of the smarter from the litter, he does not suffer from animosity as most goblins do.

**Very Lucky:** The Goblin Lantern Bearer has survived for some time by his luck. If the goblin is taken out of action during the game, roll for his injuries with the following results:

1 – Lost

2-6 – Survives.

**Small Size:** Due to their small size, Goblin Lantern Bearers can fit into very small spaces. If the goblin is not taken out of action during the fight, then they can help in the search for wyrdstone. When rolling for wyrdstone, roll dice as normal for the warband. The Goblin Lantern Bearer adds +3 to the total dice roll when determining the number of shards found (i.e. if the dice total is 15, then add +3 for a total of 18, and thus 4 shards found instead of 3).

**Skills:** A Goblin Lantern Bearer may choose skills from the Speed list.



## THE TWISTED TALE OF THE FOOLE, MAURICE SCHLEIGE

By Jeff 'Paracelsis' Cavazos

*Even in such a place as the City of the Damned, cursed and forsaken by the powers of the Light, the most twisted and evil monsters are often found within the souls of men. One such being is Maurice Schleige, the Foole. In the time before the wrath of Sigmar fell upon Mordheim, Schleige was once a member of the city guard. After serving and being discharged honorably, he dedicated himself to the crafting of delightful and wondrous toys and gadgets. His shop held exquisitely carved dolls and mechanical wonders that enchanted countless children and adults as well. Days without end, the Laughing Man Shoppe of Fine Novelties echoed with joyous laughter as Schleige, arrayed in brilliant colours and a gaily painted face, would caper and entertain packs of youngsters.*

*Then the disappearances began. No clues were found, no witnesses came forth. For months, sorrow and impotent ferocity ruled the dreams of the city's parents. Indeed, things might have continued in this way forever but for blind luck, for at last the monster had made his mistake... or perhaps, in his spiraling madness, he simply no longer feared discovery. A young child wandering home from a playmate's house vanished practically from her own doorstep, and found nearby was a crumpled, brightly coloured kerchief, covered in greasepaint and blood. The city guard were sent to Schleige's shop and burst in, hoping to find the child unharmed and to end the nightmare of months past.*

*The guards that were dispatched to apprehend Schleige were among the city's best and most experienced. They had seen the terrible aftermath of battle, the effects of magic gone horribly awry, the evil machinations of the insidious cults of Chaos. Yet ever after, what they found within the backroom of the Laughing Man Shoppe of Fine Novelties would forever be burned into their memories... the workbench of tools and implements... the red shapeless mass pinned open and disassembled... the small limp forms dressed in bright pastels and bows arranged in chairs around the table, faces cut into grins and stares of rapt attention. And presiding over it all, dressed in his best and brightest foolery, face painted in the colours of joy, Maurice Schleige, bloody and cavorting even as the Captain of the Guard grimly and savagely rushed him and knocked him to the ground, pummeling him again and again. The white faced guards who had not fled in horror and revulsion managed to subdue their leader and bind the Foole, dragging him broken and bleeding into the light of day. Schleige never stopped laughing.*

*Kept in the deepest and darkest cell they could find, the city council debated on slaying him in private or turning him over to the maddened crowd that howled for his blood outside the constabulary. At last it was decided that Schleige would be held for a special purpose. Burning in the skies above Mordheim was the holy sign of Sigmar himself, signaling his return to the world of mortals. What better and more just means to punish the most cunning fiend in the city's long history than to have him be the first to face the judgment of the returned Sigmar himself? So it was that when the mighty comet struck down the doomed city of Mordheim, Schleige lay alive within a cell of iron and stone, his laughter ringing out even as the earth cracked and the sky rained fire. Many days he remained trapped within the ruins of his prison, eating vermin and the bodies of the less fortunate, living from water that trickled down thru the wyrdstone-riddled rubble. What eventually dug itself free from the ruined building, the pale and giggling creature with brightly bued hair, warped and changed by the taint of the wyrdstone, was nothing new. The shape without now truly mirrored the being within, and the innocent would suffer for it...*

## The Foole

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save
	4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	7	None

**Hire Fee:** 40 gold crowns to hire

**May Be Hired:** The Foole may only be hired by non-good warbands or Mercenaries. Witch Hunters, Sisters of Sigmar, and Bretonnians automatically hate Schleige.

**Rating:** The Foole increases the warband's rating by +30 points.

**Equipment:** Sword, dagger, Poison Ring (See Special Rules).

**Skills:** Schleige has the following skills: Acrobat, Lightning Reflexes

### SPECIAL RULES

**Unhinged:** Schleige is totally and irrevocably insane. As such, he is totally immune to all Psychology and All Alone tests.

**"Bored now..."** The mind of the Foole is like quicksilver, ever wandering and searching for new atrocities and stimulation. As such, he tires of routine and will never work for a single warband consecutively. A warband who used Schleige in their last battle may not seek him out until they have fought at least one battle without him. As unhinged and depraved as he is, most warbands would not seek him out again quickly as it is...



**Poison Ring:** Schleige wears a ring of his own devising that hides within it a poison he calls Giggle Juice. The poison causes the victim's muscles to cramp and contract severely, often strongly enough to cause the chest muscles to splinter the victim's ribs and crush his lung. Facial muscles twist and distort the victim's expression into a ghastly, grinning rictus. Once per battle, Schleige may, instead of making a normal attack, choose to spray a single opponent in hand to hand combat with a high power spray of Giggle Juice. This is an automatic STR 2 hit, and the poison adds a +1 to Injury Rolls. If taken out of action by the poison, during the post battle

sequence if the warrior rolls any result except for Dead or Full Recovery, he gains the serious injury Nervous Condition (in addition to the regularly rolled result).

**Sadist:** Schleige takes supreme pleasure in the slow and inventive suffering of others. If an opposing warband member is Captured, Schleige will step up and demand he be given the warrior for his 'tastes'. The warrior is considered dead, and his weaponry, etc, may be kept by the capturing warband.

**Master Craftsman:** A wondrous toymaker in his former life, Schleige retains his skills with devices and invention, though now his warped mind turns this talent to the darker arts. After the battle, a single warrior from the hiring warband may approach the Foole and ask him to improve a single weapon. Schleige, however, is not known for being a rational creature; roll on the chart below.

#### D6      Result

- |     |  |
|-----|--|
| 1   | Schleige merely stares at the warrior, giggling and babbling inanities.  |
| 2-5 | Schleige takes the offered weapon and shuffles off, bent low over it and muttering. The next morning, the weapon will be found outside the warrior's tent, more often than not garishly painted or adorned with bits of children's toys (or less savory trophies). To determine how the weapon has been modified, roll and additional D6:  |
| 1-2 | The weapon now has +1 STR  |
| 3-4 | The weapon now adds +1 to the wielder's Initiative   |
| 5-6 | Next to the weapon sits a vial of Giggle Juice, which may be used to coat the weapon. Giggle Juice adds a +1 STR to the weapon as well as a +1 to the Injury roll. There is enough poison in the vial for two battles.   |
| 6   | Schleige takes the offered weapon, laughs wickedly, then attacks! Treat the encounter as a single combat. The defending warrior must fight without the weapon he has just foolishly handed to a madman; Schleige may use either his own sword or the weapon he has just been given. After combat, Schleige will discard the new weapon and scamper off into the ruins, giggling madly. |

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Timothy Jackson is a 21 year old student. Though not a regular contributor, he wishes he were, and is an avid Games Workshop fan. He plays Fantasy, 40k, Necromunda, and Mordheim, and is best known for his multiple Orc armies, many conversions, and abundance in unpainted miniatures. WAAAAGH!!

Dennis Montera is another loyal Mordheim player who sent in over four entries to this competition.

Jeff Cavazos is an avid GW player, involved in Warhammer 40,000, Space Hulk, Necromunda, Blood Bowl, and (of course) Mordheim. He currently splits his time between painting his 13th Company Space Marines, his Blood Bowl team the Mordheim Comets, and trying to convince his wife to play!