

A Pearl of Struggle

Preface

Greetings, treasure-hunter, and welcome to Mordheim, the City of the Damned! I hope that you will enjoy your stopover here in this city - I have done what I could to make you feel welcome here with this little campaign.

Campaigns, you know, are always much more interesting to play than one-off games, especially if there is some kind of background behind it. It gives you a reason to fight, and the background makes it all real and brings those small, dumb and maybe even painted miniatures alive. I have always been a big fan of campaigns, and I wish that more people would link their games together, knock up background stories for their warbands, write more fluff and give the game character.

This campaign is an attempt to combine backgrounds with gaming. Here you are given the backgrounds to the different battles, but the story itself is not told fully. Instead, the various warbands have to finish the tale by throwing the gauntlet and line their warriors up to war.

I have tried to make the backgrounds as flexible as possible, and thus allowing any warbands, regardless race or type, to participate. Any number of warbands can join the campaign, and you will even find that the more warbands taking part the greater fun will you have.

Before you start fighting, however, I have a few pieces of advice.

Campaign Moderator

I suggest that you nominate a Campaign Moderator. He should keep track of all the warbands and how they do. The Moderator should possibly be the most experienced Mordheim gamer, and he could, if you agree, also join the campaign with a warband himself as long as he does not take advantage of his position as a Moderator.

It is up to the Moderator to inform the players about when a round ends and a new round starts, as you will see later. He should handle any problems that might appear - players that should like to drop out of the campaign or new players that would like to join you in the middle of the campaign, and he should make sure that the decisions are fair.

Warbands

I advice that you use new warbands rather than experienced warbands. If you use experienced warbands, then some players will have big advantages while others might find it hard to survive with good results. In addition, the warbands will most probably be spoiled in the end, and thus I suggest that the warbands are disbanded after the campaign too.

If any characters did particularly good, then why not give them eternal life, write up a small background for them, fix a fair cost and use them as special characters for the future? This is great fun for all players, and it supports further campaigns.

Reading the Campaign

Although it may be tempting to read the entire campaign and study the special rules that are to be used later, I highly recommend players not to do so. The Campaign Moderator should be the only player who has read the whole campaign. Part of the exciting thing about campaigns is that you never know what is going to happen. It is a bit like reading the last pages of a great book - or knowing who is the winner of a sports game before you watch it.

And finally - feel free to change anything in this campaign until it fits your gaming group. Nothing is written in stone - neither the Mordheim rules nor this campaign.

Enjoy!

Christian Ellegaard, Campaign Designer



Introduction

Walking around in a peaceful forest in the Empire, climbing the cliffs, bathing in the cool streams that run over the landscape, listening to the birds' happy singing, feeling the nice warmth of the sun in your face. As a first impressing, things look very idyllic and very peaceful.

However, people who know the Old World are wiser. Even in the friendliest surroundings, even in the coziest inn - yes, even in your own home - you are never safe. For death lurks behind each and every corner - that is the most basic knowledge of the Old World. Whether you are rich or poor, handsome or ugly, evil or good, faithful or heretic - one odd movement might cause your certain death.

You never know what is hidden behind the next rock. Or what was that sound just behind you? Every step you take takes you one step closer to death, and every second that passes pulls your string of life until it finally breaks.

Things are rarely what they appear to be. Your friendly and open-handed neighbor might be your murderer, the baker your assassin and your son your traitor.

The trees of the forests might suddenly surround you with their mighty branches, grab you and eat you, and you never know when you've run into a hostile Goblin camp on the warpath. The surface of the world is a dark, unpredictable and incredibly dangerous place to be.

Now picture what the underground is like.

A place with no forgiveness, no respite and no mercy. This is where the very most evil creatures dwell - creatures impossible compare with beasts that live on the surface when it comes to terror, power and chaos.

Historians are still discussing when these Catacombs are established. Some even refuse to talk about these, claiming them to be unreal and just a sick result of the imaginative mind of a man. And true: There is no evidence that proves that the Catacombs are really there. It is all based more or less on myths and old tales that have survived for thousands of years - just like the mysterious Skaven, the Golden Dragon and other fabled monsters and places.

Whatever is the truth, mankind has experienced unimaginable horrors when having explored lost and forgotten mines, abandoned sewers, deserted caves and other underground tunnels. Of that fraction of survivors that have returned from such perilous journeys few have told about the real Catacombs - the Catacombs that Man was not meant to know.

Mercenaries, the Dogs of War. If you want to find a Mercenary, go to where there are treasures to uncover and gold to earn. If you want to find gold, go to where the Mercenaries are to find.

Somehow these seasoned warriors seem to be attracted to wherever it is possible to earn money or find wealth in ruins or dungeons, just as flies seem to be attracted to fresh crap. Being a Mercenary is not only about fighting - it is just as well about being all ears and get the very latest rumors about hidden treasures and hoards. Every night, all inns around the Old World are booked by the prying Dogs of War that all meet up hoping to catch a word about huge buried treasures - rarely with any good result, though.

For the rumors are not few. The very biggest part of what is told is just made up stories, probably only for giving the peasants something to talk about - but a very small part may contain a nucleus of a truth, and that is what the Mercenaries are trying to catch up with. A good Mercenary and treasure hunter has the ability of filtering the stories, finding out what is true and what is false. For trusting in the wrong rumors may lead to the death of the Mercenary rather than the richness and wealth that was promised.

Throughout the Old World there are numerous spots that seem to attract Mercenaries more than others. Townsfolk and innkeepers feel that, and many a successful inn is situated beneath a gold mine of hidden treasures and other secrets that can bring wealth and fame with them. Amongst the most famous places can be mentioned many of the lost and

deserted Dwarven halls that are told to contain unimaginable amounts of gold; the ruined temples of Lustria; the mountains around the Black Water where the former pirates had their strongholds and secret haunts and many other places.

However, nothing seems to surpass the doomed city of Mordheim. Since the horrific tragedy where a mighty meteor struck the city, myths and rumors have been running like a forest fire telling about some mystical but extremely powerful stones. Many a soldier has entered the city, mostly without any luck at all but suffering a slow and painful death while getting more and more insane, but some have returned and achieved what they wanted.

The road to success is perilous. Apart from the many deadly monsters that lurk in the black ruins there are countless other hostile warbands that are searching for the same thing. It is impossible to trust in anybody - for the darkness and perversity of the city may drive even the most down-to-earth soldier crazy, and treachery and heresy is all daily life in Mordheim.

Enter your darkest nightmares; imagine all the gold in the world and all the power in the continent - enter Mordheim. Beware though, treasure-hunter, for this is not a dream...

Choose your Warband

Each player participating in the campaign should choose a warband now. Players are free to choose between any races described in the Mordheim rulebook. Other warbands may be used in agreement between all players and any campaign moderator that might be.



Chapter One The Blue Sheep

Brombo Bluecap, the innkeeper of the famous inn 'The Blue Sheep', breathed and glanced over the taproom. The room swarmed with life - people ate their supper, played cards, played games, entertained each other, sipped their beers, told each other rumors and fair tales - yes, no doubt that this night would bring profit once again.

"Phew," he said and dried his face with an old rag. "Rarely has this inn been that stuffed with people. I wonder what is going on here in the neighborhood..."

He put the rag back in his breast pocket as traditional for the Halflings and stepped into the crowd. The torches on the walls and the lanterns hanging in the loft lighted up the tap room

with a cozy, reddish light that only hardly penetrated the thick cloud of smoke, and the fair tones of the elven troubadour that had been hired for the night almost drowned in the laughter and tumult of the guests.

He began to pile up a couple of empty glasses on his coaster as a big, gloved hand suddenly grabbed his shoulder. He turned around, a bit frightened, and looked into the face of a tall, weather-beaten man.

"Greetings, halfling," he mumbled in his deep voice.

"Sire...? What can I do for you?" stuttered Brombo, looking around in panic to see if anybody had noticed the big man.

The man bowed his head. "Can I just talk to you alone?" he whispered and put his hand on the shaft of his long knife that in Halfling ranges was rather a long sword. Brombo nodded nervously, put the coaster on one of the tables and followed the man into a small room.

"Sit down," commanded the man as if he had been the owner of the inn. Brombo obeyed and sat down in front of his guest.

"I'm sorry if I scared you. I wasn't meant to be threatening you," said the man and leant forwards over the table. "My name is Helmut Elmheim, and I am a Mercenary Captain from Frossenhjem in the Middenheim district. I am leading a group of brave warriors from Frossenhjem, and we have been journeying for many a week now just to reach Mordheim."

Brombo scratched his hair and shook his head. "You are not the first Middenheimer I've seen here," he said. "Many warriors have come here to my inn and rested here for a day or two before entering Mordheim. I do not dare to say that even a fraction has returned..."

Elmheim raised a hand. "I know the stories. I have been here in the town for three days, and I have listened to every single rumor that has passed the lips of you guests. I know the perils, I know the risks - but I am also aware of the wealth and power that is hidden in the ruins."

Brombo sighed. "It appears to me that people nowadays have nothing in mind but money, money, money. You men are willing to risk your lives, your families, your friends - everything, just for the sake of money."

"Have you ever heard about Ilhu's Pearl?" whispered the wanderer, staring deeply into the eyes of Brombo.

"Er ... apart from rumors, no..." said the Halfling, faltering.

"Then you must have missed something." concluded Elmheim and knocked his fist into the table.

"Ilhu's Pearl," he began, leaning back in the armchair. "Ilhu's Pearl is an incredibly valuable pearl. It is smaller than the eyeball of a frog but of greater value than a pound of Wyrddstone.

It contains unbelievable powers, according to history, and it was worn by the Sea Elf king Jihamed Thyrigol, forged into his crown, and it is said that this pearl was the only reason why the Sea Elves managed to control the biggest part of the Oceans of the Worlds.

One day, however, a rebellious lieutenant named Shelvor could not stand the temptation anymore, and during the night he stole the magical crown of Thyrigol. Soon after, feeling the lack of his crown, the King woke up, sounded the alarm, but it was too late. For Shelvor had damaged parts of the bottom of the mighty ship and disappeared in a small lifeboat.

Unable to catch the thief the crew of King Thyrigol's ship steered the vessel directly towards nearest harbor in an attempt to reach the land, but they were too slow. As they eyed the mammoth lighthouse of their capital base the ship sunk, killing all people on board.

Shelvor, the betrayer, had nothing but his row boat and his pearl, and with neither compass nor map he sailed further and further away from the coast, and in a mighty storm, it is said, his flimsy boat crashed completely, and the ocean ate both Shelvor and Ilhu's Pearl.

A thousand years later a poor fisherman from Marienburg caught a huge trout. This appeared to be his big luck, and immediately he returned to the wharf and sold it for seventeen gold crowns, unknowing that the fish had swallowed Ilhu's Pearl. The customer who had bought the fish appeared to be a servant who had devoted his life to a half-demon dwelling in the catacombs here in this area."

He paused, drew a map from his thick fur coat and folded it out.

"I bought this old map from an old merchantman on the road for a bargain. It illustrates the suburban sewers of Mordheim before they collapsed, and it shows the entrance to the real catacombs," he whispered and pointed at the map with a long, gnarled finger.

"And ... so what?" asked Brombo. "Why are you telling me all this? I am not interested in your adventures. I have my inn, I got more than enough to do!"

"You are, indeed, interested in what I am saying," snarled Elmheim, and from his belt he took a small moneybag and threw it on the table. "Take a look inside this purse, and I know you will consider your words again, Halfling."

Brombo opened the bag, looked inside it and counted the gold crowns. "Hmm..." he muttered and closed it again. "What shall I do with these money? If I go with you, then it means my certain death, undoubtedly, and your silly thirty-four gold crowns are worth nothing."

Elmheim moaned a bit, but then he took another moneybag. "You are stubborn, manling. I offer you this," he said and put the purse on the table.

The Halfling loosened the bag and looked inside it. He screamed loudly and got up from his chair, pushing the table away from him as out of the bag came a four-inch long black scorpion.

"Now, this should seriously make you re-consider joining us," grinned Elmheim, and he spiked the deadly insect with his long knife.

Lombo Bluecap, son of Brombo Bluecap, looked around trying to eye his father.

"Gimhil," he said to one of the assistants, a small Dwarf that had been somewhat crippled during a battle someplace in the World's Edge Mountains. "Have you seen Brombo? I wonder where he is ... talking to some of the guests, perhaps?"

The Dwarf poured out a pint of beer to a rather drunken old regular and shook his head. "I don't know, Lombo. I saw him walking into the back room with a wanderer - I should think he is still there."

Lombo shrugged his shoulders and walked into the crowd to bring back some empty glasses, plates or possibly pick up a lifeless customer or two.

As he passed one of the tables, a young man whistled for him.

"Yes, milord?" said Lombo.

"Come here," commanded the man, and Lombo came closer to him.

"Do you want to earn a few extra money, son?" asked the youngster and opened his purse. It was full of shiny gold crowns that glittered even in the weak light from the lanterns and candles.

"Eer ... well ... yes" faltered Lombo. "But..."

The young man, who was well dressed and looked fair, whispered: "I can offer you whatever you wish, if you want to follow me and my friends."

Lombo hesitated. "Eh ... what ... what is it all about?" he asked.

The man took a suspicious look over the crowd, and as he saw everybody was busy with their own doings he whispered even lower: "Ilhu's Pearl. Do you know it?"

Lombo studied his shoes for a moment, trying to recall where he had heard that name. "Hmm ... well, yes, I think so."

"All right, my friend. Now, listen up. I know where this pearl is. If we find it, then we will all get rich and famous. What do you say? A good adventure and a lot of money in the last end?"

The Halfling brightened. Money ... adventures ... wealth...

"Well, I got to ask my father before," he said and turned around again. Just before he left the young man cried: "I will see you tomorrow morning when the rooster crows!"

Recruiting the Halflings

The warbands can now try to recruit either Lombo or Brombo Bluecap. All warbands, apart from the Possessed, Skaven, Undead and other more chaotic warbands (including all manners of Chaos warbands, Werewolves, Genestealers, Treemen or whatever) may try to hire the Halflings.

The Halflings can either be bought. They both have a standard price of 25 + 2D6 gold pieces, and the captains can now start bidding. The captain who bids highest must buy the Halfling, and if he is bought then he cannot be kidnapped by other warbands.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Brombo	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	8

Weapons and armor

Must be bought separately by the captain who hires Brombo.

Special Rules

Business Connections: Brombo has quite a lot of good business connections back in Toville and many other of the small towns around Mordheim. Therefore, warbands can send Brombo back to a town in attempt to buy new equipment, weapons and other goodies. However, he is unreliable and thus a Hero must escort him to be sure that he doesn't simply run away! When Brombo is trading, then the captain is allowed to re-roll a failed availability roll.

Family Connections: If Brombo should ever face a warband that his son Lombo fights in, then he will automatically try to find his son and flee from the battle. If this happens, then neither he nor Lombo can be used as the warband captains wish. Instead they must both be moved directly against each other, and once they get within 2" of each other they will run towards the nearest table edge, trying to escape the fight. They may run even though there are opponents within 8" of them. It might be necessary to have a third person moving Lombo and Brombo.

Not a Fighter: Brombo is an innkeeper rather than a fighter. He has no skills and no experience, and although he is a brave Halfling he will not fight because of his own good will. The captain of the warband must therefore pass a Leadership test using his own Leadership (i.e. not Brombo's Leadership) before Brombo can be persuaded to fight. Otherwise he has somehow run away but will return after the battle.

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

Weapons and armor

Must be bought separately by the captain who hires Lombo.

Special Rules

Family Connections: If Lombo should ever face a warband that his father Brombo fights in, then he will automatically try to find his son and flee from the battle. If this happens, then neither he nor Brombo can be used as the warband captains wish. Instead they must both be moved directly against each other, and once they get within 2" of each other they will run towards the nearest table edge, trying to escape the fight. They may run even though there are opponents within 8" of them. It might be necessary to have a third person moving Brombo and Lombo.

Excellent Cook: Lombo is an exceptional cook, and his food is widely known. Therefore, all warriors that are injured and may not fight can roll a D6: On a roll of 6 Lombo's fantastic food has cured them, and they may fight again.

The same warband may of course recruit both Lombo and Brombo, if the warband captain wishes. However, if nobody is willing to pay the price of any of the Halflings then the warbands may attempt to kidnap them.

This is very simple indeed - all warbands that are allowed to hire them draw lods, throw dice, flip coins or whatever. The winner gets one of the Halflings for free.



Chapter Two

The Road to Mordheim

A dire cry resounded over the large, waste valley south of Mordheim. Several others answered the scream, and the voices came from everywhere. High, piercing cries and deep,

horrible roars sounded from all over, and the many ravens that had gathered on the deserted fields raised in a big, black sky.

Udimus Saleri, an old, Tilean wizard, planted his long staff in the soft mould and sat down on a stone, scratching his long, white beard, as a younger man came to him.

"These howls make me anxious," said the man and glanced over the landscape. "What does it mean? Does it mean anything?"

The old magician shook his head. "Hermann, I can hardly say more than nothing about what is going on here in this city and in the areas that surround it. I doubt, though, that it means any good news," he murmured.

Hermann unsheathed his sword and loosened the shield that he had carried on his back. "Well, I know this city good enough to know that you cannot escape problems by turning around and nip away."

He patted the wizard's shoulder. "Probably you should put yourself together a bit while we advance," he said and smiled.

"Warriors! Prepare your weapons, we will go now!" he shouted and started walking towards the city.

The scout came running back.

"Sir ... sir!" he gasped and halted and settled down beneath a small, withered tree. "These are not good news. In front of us are..." He groaned and leaned towards the tree, breathing like a dog.

"What, Andreas?" said Wilhelm and grabbed the scout's hand. "Tell me!"

"You would rather not like to know," gasped the tired scout. "A group of grotesque looking men - maybe ten, fifteen, or possibly even twenty of them. They are marching this way ... they are actually running!"

"By Sigmar..." whispered Wilhelm. "The Possessed..."

He shook his sword in the air. "Soldiers, now hurry on, get behind those stones there, something incredibly evil is closing up on us!" he cried and rushed towards a small hillock of granite boulders. And in a few seconds the entire warband was hidden under the great stones.

After a while the men saw a figure running over the field with a big coat flapping in the wind. The coat was burning rapidly, and soon the fire spread to his bit hat and his clothes too. But the figure said nothing - did not even scream or moan. Having run a couple of feet the shape slightly stooped, and finally it stopped and collapsed while the flames ate its body.

Wilhelm and his soldiers were terrified, but at Wilhelm's command they remained silent behind the rocks, awaiting any other enemies that might suddenly appear.

But nothing happened for many minutes. At last Arnold ordered another scout to sneak out and investigate the situation, and after a while he returned, dragging the body of the dead person with him. The fire had been put out, but the clothes had been melted into the burning flesh and meat of the man. His face was completely black although here and there it was possible to see the white skull, and the eyes had shrunk into small, black balls that were only hanging in thin sinews.

And in his right hand the body had a parchment roll.

"What is that!" said Wilhelm, forgetting everything about the disgusting body, and took the roll out of the hand of the dead man. He rolled it out and began to read the message. For some time he stood there, making out the message, and finally a wide grin appeared on his face.

"Great! We must not hesitate. Let us go now!" he said and pointed towards the city of Mordheim. His warriors took on their knapsacks, drew their swords and followed Wilhelm.

"What is it?" asked Udimus.

"Ilhu's Pearl." whispered Wilhelm, smiling, and walked on over a small hill.

That was where they saw those horribly ugly and grotesque faces popping up from the other side of the hillcrest.

"By Sigmar! The Possessed..." murmured Wilhelm and drew his sword.

"We're under attack!" he cried to his men, and the battle was about to begin.

First Encounters

This first round of battles takes place in the fields outside Mordheim. Therefore the terrain is simple: Hills, rocks and burned down trees are about the standard terrain. However, to spice the games up, many other different terrains can be used to add more tactics to the games. For example, the fight could take place in an old village, an abandoned farm, beneath the river Stir, in a grove or whatever. Use whatever terrain you have to make it more interesting - hedges, fences, stone walls and whatever provide excellent cover, and how about old plows? Remember, the fields were originally used for farming.

In this round of battles each warband must fight two battles, neither more nor less. The battles can be fought against the same opponents so that the first round can be decided in a single afternoon. The following scenario must be used:

Blitz!

Objectives

One of the warbands must defend its own side while the other side is nominated for the blitzing warband that must try to penetrate the defense of the defending warband. The results will count in the end when finding out who has won the entire round.

Setting Up and Deploying

The game is fought on a roughly 4' x 4' table covered with any suitable terrain such as rivers, walls, trees, old buildings or whatever is available.

The defending warband starts with setting up within 8" of one table edge chosen by the player. Then the blitzing warband sets up within 8" of the opposite table edge.

The blitzing warband gets the first turn.

Ending the Battle

The battle ends once all the warriors from the blitzing warband have either been put out of action or went off the defending warband's table edge.

Restarting the Battle

After the first battle the players simply turn the table and play the scenario once more with the last defending warband being the blitzing warband and the last blitzing warband taking the role as the defending warband.

You could also, if you wish, set up the table once again over new terrain.

Post-battle sequences are held as normal.

Ending the Scenario

The scenario ends after two consecutive battles have been fought. Both warbands count together how many warriors they managed to bring off the table, and the warband, which achieved most escapes, is the winner.

After each warband has fought the Blitz scenario twice, once as a blitzing warband and once as a defending warband, all the players in the campaign must give up their results, and the warband which achieved to get most warriors off the table wins the entire round.

If there are any ties, then the best warbands must fight an additional Blitz scenario to find out who has won.

The winning warband is the first warband to reach Mordheim which brings it even closer to Ilhu's Pearl, and thus in the next round the player may skip one of the games and count one extra victory, as described later. That means that the warband gets a free roll on the Navigation table.



Chapter Three

The Cursed City

Dust lay in thick layers on the streets, and as Helena walked on thick clouds of many years old dust and sand rose. The buildings leaned over the alleys like tired, old men - some of them had even collapsed, and here and there it was necessary to use rope and hook to cross the ruins of the destroyed buildings.

Actually they were entering a fairly good-looking part of the city. The weak sunlight had penetrated the heavy layer of smoke and ash clouds that were hanging over the city, and it bathed the buildings in a bright, friendly light. Their torches were for little use now, and a couple of them had already put out the flames.

Helena was a tall, beautiful Sister of Sigmar, born in a small village a few leagues away from Mordheim. She was the daughter of a poor farmer, and being the twelfth child she was dedicated to Sigmar, as it was usual in faithful families all over the Empire. And thus she was sent to the nearest convent, which at that time was situated in the middle of the trading city of Mordheim.

That was before the terrible catastrophe. But somehow - for she did not even know how it went herself - she had survived the meteor clash, and now she was fighting for the freedom and saving of Mordheim.

It was, though, a tough job. For the much-coveted meteor stones attracted hundreds of mercenaries, treasure-hunters and what was worse. The Sisters of Sigmar fought an unfair war between their lord Sigmar and his arch-enemy the Shadowlord, who ruled over the cursed city trying to gain full control over the darkness and evil that was in Mordheim, but their bitter attacks were hardly for any use. For it seemed that every time they killed one servant of the Chaos two more appeared, and now even the banned Vampires of Sylvania were seeking the so-called Stones of Power.

And the rumors ran freely over the entire continent. Unimaginable power, wealth, money and fame was said to be found in the city - but more often than not these rumors were false and only caused dozens of warbands to face certain death. The Church of Sigmar was trotted on and ignored in the Wyrdestone rush.

And now, some evil rumor of an incredibly highly valued and powerful pearl was spreading like a plague. More than a few warbands had gathered their equipment and set off for finding this pearl that was hidden deep below the surface of Mordheim, but they were unknowing about the horror and terror that lurked in the underground.

Helena dried her brow and halted. She drew a large, yellowed map and began to study it.

"I guess this is the wrong way," she mumbled. Another Sister, Sister Margit, came and sat down beside her.

"Where are we now?" she asked, looking confused around on the map. Helena pointed at a long road on the outskirts of the city. "There," she said. "The Old Hunter's Road. Don't you remember?"

Margit sighed and looked towards the middle of the city, where their old convent was built on the mammoth rock. Here and there the city was lit up in the darkness by red flames that danced lightly over the ruined houses and ate the last bits that were left after the comet's massacre.

"Yeah..." she said sadly.

"So, we came from outside the city now, right?" said Helena and stood up.

"Indeed," answered Margit.

"From this way, not?" asked Helena again and pointed at the direction they came from.

"Yes, we did!" said Margit.

"All right. Now, close your eyes, Sister, and look there again."

And Margit closed her eyes, and she looked back again and gasped.

"Sigmar!" she cried. "What did you do?"

Helena shrugged her shoulders. "Nothing, my dear. This is the city, playing with us. As the cat plays with the mouse. One step forwards means two steps backwards. Whenever we are about to reach the goal we may suddenly find that we are in a completely different part of this city. It is the Shadowlord, undoubtedly."

Margit groaned and got up. "So, what do you suggest we do now?"

Helena sighed. "Well, well. Ilhu's Pearl, according to the rumors, is hidden deep below the surface, in the forbidden catacombs that man was not meant to know. Those who know about the stories - and they are many indeed - are all searching for a spot where the ground has collapsed and an entrance to the sewer has appeared. And below the sewers, someplace, are the dark and twisted catacombs that no-one has ever dared to enter."

Margit hesitated. "And ... are we supposed to follow those crazy treasure hunters? Wouldn't it be better to save our own lives and stay calm here rather than risking our own lives, and if we should ever survive, then how on Earth would you convince all those fanatics that they are entering certain death?"

"Sigmar will help us." said Helena curt.

For many hours the Sisters climbed the ruins, trying to navigate through the streets of the city, but somehow they always discovered that they were in a completely different quarter than they thought they were.

Finally they stopped.

Helena raised her arms and shook her fists in the air.

"Sigmar! Our Lord, Sigmar! Help us! The city is playing with us. Oh, dear Sigmar, help us with finding that sewer entrance, or we will never complete our mission!"

Suddenly she collapsed. Greta, a young Sister, immediately picked her up again and let her shallow some of her water.

"What is wrong, Sister?" asked Greta in her kind, mild voice.

Helena nodded and began to cry.

"The only way we can reach the sewers is by killing some of the Shadowlord's creature and thereby weaken the evil beast," she sobbed and got up again.

"But, well," she said. "If it is Sigmar's will, then let it be like that!"

And the Sisters of Sigmar advanced.

Soon they saw the first servant of the dreaded Shadowlord.

The Shadowlord's Game

As all the warbands now have entered Mordheim, the City of the Damned, they are trying to find someplace where it is possible to enter the collapsed sewers. However, even the most exact map is useless now because the Shadowlord, the evil ruler of Mordheim, is playing

with the warbands. For the good warbands it counts that they must kill as many servants of evil as possible to weaken the evil demon and make it possible to find a gap where to enter the sewers, and the servants of the Shadowlord must kill as many faithful and good warriors as possible.

Therefore, after each warband has fought a battle the warband captain is allowed to roll 2D6 to see if the warband has found an entrance to the sewers. If the result equals 12 or more, then the Shadowlord has been tricked and the entrance is found.

However, rolling natural 12's is not very easy, so all warbands may add +1 to the dice roll for every battle they have won. That means as the Shadowlord gets weaker and weaker or, in the case of his own servants, more and more satisfied with the amount of blood that has flowed, as more killings are performed.

Once a warband achieves to find the entrance then the round ends immediately, and the next round in the sewers starts. The winner of the chapter receive an automatically +1 bonus to all rolls to find the passage to the catacombs as described in the next round.



Chapter Four

A Journey through Mud and Sludge

Black Samucha, the Magister of the Scorpion's Cult, kneed on the dusty and ashy alley and bowed his head. He turned over in the black speech in an evil prayer to the Shadowlord, begging his dark lord to let them find the entrance to the sewers.

For many days they had searched, but without any greater luck. They had killed dozens of enemies and Sigmarites on their way, in the name of the Shadowlord himself, and yet the patience of Black Samucha was about to ebb away. It had cost a few lives from his own warband, and now he had swore that if they wouldn't find the gap to the sewers before twilight he should personally ensure that each and every warrior from his cult would be sacrificed to the Dark Lord. No single drop of blood should be spilled!

"Oh mighty evil Shadowlord!" he murmured in the black tongue. "Our search for the entrance to the sewers has failed. Oh, my Lord, help us finding the gap. Otherwise I swear I will sacrifice every single soul of my warband to you, Shadowlord!"

A dead silence ruled in the quarter. No sound of buildings far away that collapsed, no sound of rats that scuttled over the streets. No sound of dripping water, not sound of cries, no sound of any living or dead thing was to hear.

As in a dark dream, Black Samucha got up, drew his sword and walked steadily down the steep alley. He held his long, glowing sword in front of him as was it leading his way through the city, and followed by his wondering cultsmen he steered the warband along the shadowy streets to an old market place. The booths and tents stood firmly ranked up in the middle of the plaza, and a huge statue of some former governor rose above the market place.

Samucha stepped up on the dais where the statue stood and pushed the oblique model so that it fell and crashed on the earth in thousands of pieces. The Magister raised his sword and cried:

"May the Shadowlord one day overtake the whole world. We shall fight for that sake!"

And looking at his fellows he said: "The entrance is here someplace. Go find it!"

He jumped down and started chopping down the tents in an attempt to find the gap. After a few minutes one of his men cried out.

"I found it, Master! I found it!"

And the whole warband vanished into the complete darkness of the sewers.

The warriors had lit their torches, and those few who had lanterns had lit them too. A cultsman had been given a map so that he could note down which way they had gone to make it easier to find back again after they had gotten their hands on Ilhu's Pearl.

The sewers looked terrible. Everything was in complete darkness, and as the company advanced their torches cast a weak, yellow light on the walls that were covered by a thick layer of greenish, luminous fungus and moss.

The sewers were constructed as large main tunnels with numerous secondary tunnels leading sewage and water off and connecting the different tunnels with each other. In the middle of these tunnels the sewage and rotten water flow. But it was not only sludge and waste: Dead bodies of former sewer workers, rotting rats and dogs flowed in the sewage as well as old scrap, wood, clothes, dirt and other things that had somehow ended up in the sewer system. All this, along with the fact that neither sunlight nor fresh air had touched the sewers for many years created a smell unimaginable. Even the Possessed that was though used to rather disgusting conditions felt sick.

Narrow walkways made out of wood were built along the walls to make it easier for the sewer workers to cross the tunnels. However, in the very humid climate that ruled in the sewers the walkways were broken here and there where a sewer worker or an unlucky treasure hunter had crashed through the walkways, falling headfirst into the thick and merciless sludge.

The sound of dripping water, running rats and bats that blindly flapped around resounded in the tunnels, and more than once the warriors glanced anxiously over their shoulders to ensure that no one was following them.

The time stood still as Black Samucha and his fellows journeyed through the sewers. It felt as if they had been traveling for many hours, but nobody had any idea of how long time they had spent under the surface of the earth.

As they reached a larger room someplace in the system Samucha ordered his warband to stop.

"Halt!" he whispered, and with his lantern raised he started inspecting the room.

It appeared to be a resting room for the sewer workers. There were a few chairs and a table in the middle, and the floor was covered with stone tiles. In one of the corners there was a stack of hay, and along one of the walls there was bunch of planks and various tools.

"We will rest here for a while," said Samucha and sat down on a chair. One of his men sat down in the hay as a dozen of rats suddenly scuttled out of the stack, screaming and squealing. The biggest rat, a fat, brown rat, bit the warrior in his leg and caused a deep, hurting wound, as he hugged it down with his sword.

"Hmm!" growled the man, bandaging his wound with a piece of his black coat. "I shall gladly kill each and every of these damn rats that breed here in this hell of a sewer!"

For a few minutes the warband rested in the room. Then one of the warriors, who had been set to watch the room for any enemies, came running back. As he reached the room he whispered something into Samucha's ear.

"Are you sure?" said the Magister and got up from the chair, and the warrior nodded.

Black Samucha drew his sword. "For the Shadowlord!" he cried and led the group out of the hall.

Blood in the Mud

Once the entrance to the sewers has been found then this round will begin. The battles take place in the underground, in the sewers of Mordheim, and all the warbands in the campaign must try to find the secret passage to the real catacombs that lie deep below the city.

But more than one warband has entered the sewers, and during their search for the passage they frequently clash with each other, unleashing bloody combats lacking light and fresh air.

All battles are fought on sewer terrain. It may not be possible that all players have any sewer terrain at home, but otherwise you can use Warhammer Quest floorplans or various cardboard to represent walls, walkways etc.

Warbands use the Sewer Fighting rules found in Town Cryer 1. [Yeah, Steve promised me to use these rules in Town Cryer - isn't he nice? :-)] Players may use the scenarios detailed in the sewer rules, but otherwise they might wish to convert the scenarios from the Mordheim rulebook into sewer scenarios. This is very easy indeed, and it only requires a little bit cleverness from the players. Remember, though, that not all scenarios may be equally fair in all sewers. Special sewers should have special scenarios designed particularly for the specific sewer.

Warriors earn Sewer Experience for fighting in the sewers, as detailed in the article. In addition, the following rules apply:

Sewer Fever

Thousands of people died every year because of bad sanitation in the city of Mordheim, before the mighty catastrophe in the Year of Our Lord 2000 crushed the whole city and killed the biggest part of its inhabitants. The hygiene was very bad where many people lived at the same place - dirt was flowing in the gutters, and rats and bugs lived more or less freely where the humans lived.

The worst of the dirt, however, was led down to the sewers under the city to be led off to the mighty river Stir where it was rinsed away.

But after the cataclysm of the city everything stopped, and the channels were crammed with dirt which meant that the sludge could no longer flow freely, and soon after the tunnels became plague-infested and very dangerous to enter.

To represent the danger of staying in the sewers, then each model that has touched the sewage, i.e. fallen into the sludge or just waded through it, must roll equal to or under the model's Initiative, otherwise roll on the Sewer Fever table below for the model.

Sewer Fever table

D10	Result
1	Sickened by the exposure, figure not available for d3 games.
2	No effect.
3	Wasting disease, lose -1 T for d3 games.
4	No effect.

5	Weakened by the episode. -1 S for D3 games.
6	No effect.
7	Diseased -1 T for d3 games, plus all figures in warband must roll d6 less than T (6 always fails) or also lose -1 T for d3 games.
8	No effect.
9	Fear of water- Figure will no longer enter a sewer, nor get within 2 inches of a body of water.
10	Infection- the scratches or wounds a figure took in the fall have become gangrenous d6 figure loses 1=right arm, 2=right leg, 3=left arm, 4=right leg, 5=choose an eye, 6=Crippled permanently out of action.

Each warband must point out one Hero who is set to draw a map over the sewer. This warrior holds the map, and if he is lost in combat then the map is lost too. Therefore, he or she will be a very important person in the warband.

The goal of each warband is to find the secret passage to the catacombs which is hidden someplace in the sewers, but since the sewers are that dark and uncomfortable, even compared to the city of Mordheim, it is impossible to trace enemy warbands and thereby find the way to the entrance.

Therefore, all warbands start with fighting three consecutive sewer fights against any opponents in the campaign.

After these three battles have been fought the warbands must roll a D6 for each additional battle they fight: On a roll of 6 the warband has found the entrance, and it has completed the chapter. The warband may add +1 to the roll for each battle they fight after the first battle.

The round is finished once all warbands have found the passage. If there is still one warband left, then this warband is automatically taken into the next chapter.



Chapter Five

What Man was not meant to know

Hessel, the brave captain of a group of weather-beaten Mercenaries, walked in front of his men with his old but faithful sword kept ready in front of him if he should suddenly be attacked from some evil tunnel-dwelling creature. His torch cast a lone light on the dark walls and lit the channel up.

As he carefully and lightly stepped over the perilous walkways he started thinking of his past.

He came from a small fortress far, far away, in the nearby of Nuln, one of the greatest cities in the Old World. He had been the general of an army division of the Fressenheimer force, and a few years ago he was sent to Mordheim along with three dozens of men at the wish of the former ruler of Nuln. His mission was clear: Find out what was the truth about the lost city and return with as much gold and treasures as possible.

But he and his men was overrun by the evil Skaven that almost destroyed everything for them, and as they left the city only few of his men were left. The rest of them had either been killed in the city or they had simply left the group, and Hessel had decided to disband his unit and start a new life as a Mercenary captain in Mordheim, having discovered which treasures were hidden there in the ruins.

And now he had mustered enough men to start a new expedition through Mordheim, hunting the infamous Ilhu's Pearl that was said to be hidden deep below the surface of the earth.

He stopped and turned around, looking for his warriors, and as he saw the red glowing lights from their torches he nodded and continued steadily. He had only a vague idea about where the passage was - but they were getting closer and closer.

For another half an hour the warband waded through the disgusting sewers with Arnold Hessel walking a few hundred yards ahead. They had journeyed through the underground for probably a day or two - possibly even three days, and the warriors had already lost all sense of smelling which was in the end more an advantage than a disadvantage.

As his torch revealed a secondary tunnel Arnold stopped and looked back again. Good. He had a head start of some hundred paces, so he turned left into the tunnel.

The tunnel seemed to be a dead end, but searching the wall thoroughly he found a door. He tried to open it ... but it seemed to be locked. He tried again, pulling it stronger, but still nothing happened.

Then he kicked it in his anger, but just before he went back again he decided to give it a last try. Pulling it even greater than before the door suddenly got off its hinges, and Hessel was thrown backward and ended face down in the sewage!

"Bwaaaah!" cried the man and got up again. He had dropped his torch, and now there was really no light. Everything was complete darkness.

He stood there for some time, shaking his head and wiping off the worst dirt from his face. He had not fire, but his eyes were keen and he could more or less see what were walls and what were not walls.

Not hesitating a second he entered the room. The fungi that grew on the walls provided very little, if any, light that was though enough for Hessel. He inspected the room closely and found a small shutter in the floor.

He returned to the tunnel that he came from and awaited the others. As they appeared he commanded them to stop.

"Now, I found something interesting in there," he said and pointed towards the room. "A small shutter in the floor that might be what we are searching for. Follow me!"

And the warband followed Arnold Hessel into the room. Two of the strongest men broke up the shutter with their swords, and as Hessel got his torch lit again and looked down he saw a staircase hugged out in the stone. He gasped.

"Sigmar!" he murmured. "I guess we have found the passage. Come now."

And he drew his sword and walked down the uneven stairs.

They walked and they walked for many minutes. Some of the warriors tried to count the number of stairs on the staircase, but as they reached a few hundred they quickly gave up.

"My Lord, when are these stairs gonna stop..." said one of the warriors, but nevertheless it continued for a long time.

Finally the stairs ended in a large, cave-like hall with rough stone walls and a sloping floor. The warriors halted and looked around: On the walls there were huge paintings of animals, humans and creatures, all performing weird rituals, killing, slaughtering or sacrificing each other. Dark, horrible paintings, as taken out of a nightmare.

Hessel shivered and clung to his sword and shield.

"Let us not waste our time here. We must go and find that pearl - the sooner the better!" he said and started walking.

As they came further into the catacombs they discovered how truly evil they were. The pictures on the walls became more and more ugly, and somehow the tunnels felt darker and darker. Unlike the sewers the catacombs were silent as the grave, and it was like if the footsteps of the warriors could be heard leagues away.

Bones and skulls lay here and there and reminded the Mercenaries of their own death, and as they continued they found that some of the cellars and chambers seemed to be made entirely out of human bones. It was a terrible place.

The warriors had not said a word since they had reached the catacombs, but at last one of the Heroes broke the silence.

"Hessel," he said. "If I may ask, what are we supposed to do now? How will you ever find that pearl? These catacombs seem to be endless, and it doesn't seem to me that there is anybody to ask about the way..."

The captain considered the question, still walking on though, and said, "Well, how did we find the passage to the catacombs? We just searched all over. That's the way to go!"

And they continued forwards, led by the keen Arnold Hessel.

After a while they reached a blind end. Arnold searched the walls for any secret passageways, but finding nothing he ordered the warband to go back and find another way.

As they went back they found the tunnel turning sharply and sloping downwards a lot - more than it did as they came.

"Eerh ... Hessel..." stuttered a warrior. "This is not where we came from..."

Hessel stopped.

"So, where did we come from then?" said the captain.

"I guess," said the warrior who had been drawing the map. "I guess that these catacombs are enchanted in a way. This is not where we came from - the tunnel did not turn that sharply. It has changed while we searched the blind end."

Hessel scratched his beard. "Hmm. This is very mysterious ... I suggest we settle down here and eat something before we go further on. We might need some energy."

And they all sat down on the stone floor and started eating and drinking from their provisions.

The warband was completely exhausted. For hours they had been walking, but they did not seem to progress. The catacombs were indeed enchanted - or living, and the tunnels that they had passed seemed to change when they did not look at them.

Actually everything changed shape all the time. The pictures on the walls started moving once in a while, becoming scenes of war, sacrifices and dark rituals, and whether it was the imagination of the warriors or the catacombs themselves, illusions of skulls, blood, slaughter, killing and evil demons and twisted creatures started appearing in front of the warriors.

As they continued through the tunnels they became more and more sure that they closed rapidly up on certain death. How should they ever find a way out when the road they came from was never the same?

After they had been traveling for another couple of hours they halted again and breathed. It was like traveling through the worst nightmare of a man - everything seemed so unreal, so horrible.

"I hear steps," whispered one of the men and stood up.

"What?" said Hessel, grabbing his sword.

"Somebody is beneath us," said the man.

"Quickly, get your weapons, warriors, and prepare for battle!"

Battles in the Catacombs

Now all warbands have found the passage to the catacombs, and all warriors have entered them hoping to find Ilhu's Pearl. However, the dark and twisted tunnels are enchanted in a way so that they always change shape and never are the same. It is a labyrinth with only an entrance but no exit, and the entrance vanishes once one has entered it.

If the warbands want to find the magic pearl their mission is plain: Survive! In this round the warbands shall prove that they are strong and brave enough to enter the heart of the catacombs and thus get the possibility of stealing the pearl of power, Ilhu's Pearl.

The battles are fought in the catacombs deep below Mordheim. If the players have any catacomb terrain then this is just excellent. If not, then it can easily be made out of cardboard cut out in various sizes representing the floor. Warhammer Quest floorplans are great too, and sewer terrain can also be used.

The battles follow that standard rules as described in the Mordheim rulebook, and in addition they use the special rules for [catacombs](#) given by Donato Ranzato. These rules can be found on Ranzato's own homepage (and hopefully Town Cryer or the Citadel Journal some day).

The rules of the round are as following: Each warband fights 3 battles. Any warbands that win more battles than they lose continue in the campaign. Other warbands are disbanded and knocked out of the campaign.



Chapter Six

The Four Doors

The tunnel became more and more narrow as the Which Hunters went on. Bones and skulls hung in thin, glittering strings, probably human sinews, and the floor was bathed in blood.

Axel Frigirson dried his bloody ax in his shirt and hung it on his shoulder.

"Sigmar! This is the worst place I have ever been to!" he cried.

"Calm down, Axel," whispered one of the hunters, Derek the Gray. "You should rather not make too much noise and awaken any horrors that may be dwelling here."

Axel growled. "I don't give a damn! This is going to be our death anyway, and the sooner we die the better."

"Say not so," said Derek. "There is no need for predicting your own death."

"Really?" cried Axel and took his ax. "You know what, mate? The only thing that you can trust in is your own death. That's it!"

And he swung his ax and cut off a couple of the bones that hung down from the loft. They fell down on the bloody floor and cracked.

"But before I leave this world I shall cleave a few demons!"

The loft was now so low that the bones and skulls dumped again the faces of the men, so they started cutting them down. After they had walked for some hundred paces the tunnel was that narrow that they were forced to climb.

The tunnel continued for another hundred feet, then it suddenly stopped in a blind end.

"Maggots!" hissed Axel. "My knees are wet of blood, and so are my hands. And now we turn around and find that the tunnel has closed behind us. We are trapped!"

The warriors looked around, and to their great anger they found that Axel's words had become true. The tunnel had trapped them, and there was no way out.

"You ... fool!" cried Derek and boxed his friend in his face. "Now see what you did!"

"What *I* did! Do you think that it is my wish that we shall sit here and rot until the end of our days? Nah! Was it my idea that we should go here?"

Derek did not answer, but he just closed his eyes and whispered a prayer to Sigmar.

Elgar Bearclaw, the eldest warrior in the warband, sighed. "Friends, I understand you are angry and upset, for so am I. But you should rather save your anger till later. Now, everybody, close your eyes. Then the tunnel might open again."

And as they opened their eyes again they found that they were in a huge, rough room. There were four doors - one to the north, one to the east, one to the south and one to the west.

For a moment the warriors sat there and gaped.

"You see?" said Elgar. "This is the magic of the catacombs."

One of the warriors leaped up and rushed towards one of the doors.

"Stop!" cried Bearclaw and stood up. "Stop! You must not open that door!"

The young man halted and gazed at the old warrior.

"Why? Are we not going to get out of here?"

Elgar nodded and leaned against his staff. "Yes, my friend, but the wrong door may be the door to the hell."

Axel laughed. "Are you kidding? Hell is a playground compared to these catacombs!"

"Aren't you still alive?" asked the old man.

"Oh, yes, but I would prefer to be dead!" answered Axel.

"Then go and open one of those doors!"

And Axel stepped over to one of the doors and opened it. At once a blinding flash hit him, and immediately his clothes and hair caught fire. Crying and screaming he was sucked into the light and then the door closed.

"Wrong door," murmured Derek and shook his head.

"Each of us must find the right door," said Elgar Bearclaw, and he walked over to another door and grabbed the handle.

"Sigmar save me..." he whispered.

And he opened the door.

The Doors of Destiny

All the surviving warbands have entered the room with the four Doors of Destiny. Four of the doors lead to certain death in any possible way - burning in hell, being eaten by demons, being tortured or whatever. But only one door leads to the heart of the catacombs, and the door is different each time a new person opens it.

Therefore, each warrior in the warbands must roll a D4. On a roll of 1-3 the warrior has opened the wrong door, and he is lost forever. Cross the warrior off the roster sheet. The following exceptions apply: The warband leader will automatically survive, and all Heroes may re-roll the dice if they fail to open the right door.



Chapter SevenFive

The Heart of the Catacombs

A mild wind blew over the city.

Or was it a city?

Kaspar winced and got up. He looked around.

All around him there were mighty walls of stone. They rose as far upwards as he could see - which was not that far actually since the darkness weighed on. But he saw no stars, no moon - not even a tiny gleam. The only light came from the torches in the city, and the flames danced lively and lit up the burnt down buildings.

He shivered.

"Mordheim..." he murmured. But then he remembered how he had ended here: He had been along with that group of other Marienburgers, searching for a dumb little pearl ... what was it called? Oh, Ilhu's Pearl. And he had walked through a door - one of four doors. His friends had been killed immediately, but he had been lucky pulling the right door, and here he was - in the heart of the catacombs.

He groped after his sword ... but it wasn't in its sheath.

Where on Earth was his sword?

Who had taken his sword?

Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder. He gasped and looked around.

"Take it easy, Kaspar," said a deep voice behind him. "You are in good hands. Here you have your sword, and a piece of bread and something to drink."

The other man gave him his weapon and a chunk of bread and a flask of water.

"Sigmar's mercy saved you, and I am thankful for that. None of the others survived."

Kaspar ate the bread in a hurry and gulped down the water.

"How do we get out of here?"

Anders, the other survivor, shook his head. "There is no way out of here. This is a city under the city. It is an illusion in the illusion. If we want to get back, we must fight us back."

"What do you mean...?"

"I mean," said Anders, "that we are not the only living beings here. We were not the only ones who hunted Ilhu's Pearl, and many others have ended up here. Those who find it - and those who survive - can get back."

Kaspar glanced over the city. "So, that means, we must kill everybody but ourselves to get out of here?"

Anders nodded.

"So, when does the fight begin?"

"Are you already hungry for blood? Have we not suffered enough? You should be happy of resting a bit now. Soon you will wish that you could sit here for eternity!" cried Anders.

For a while they sat there on the earth, leaning against each other and recovering. Suddenly the both shivered as gust of wind blew over the field, carrying a mysterious whisper with it.

"The pearl ... the pearl ... the pearl ... the pearl..."

"Sigmar save me! What was that?" cried Kaspar and jumped up. "Am I about to get crazy?"

Anders looked confused. "No ... I don't think so ... I heard the wind talking too..."

And once again they heard it:

"The pearl ... the pearl ... the pearl..."

"I guess," murmured Anders and drew his sword. "That the battle is about to begin."

Kaspar loaded his crossbow, and slowly they walked towards the nearest building.

The Dying Twitches

This is the very last round of the campaign, and it features all the warriors that have survived until now. It takes place in the very heart of the catacombs, where Ilhu's Pearl is hidden, and it is the last, desperate fight for surviving and winning the campaign. The warband who survives this battle will win Ilhu's Pearl and the whole campaign, and it will get out of the catacombs.

The battle is fought on a roughly 4' x 4' table covered by ruined buildings and any suitable terrain that is available. Depending on how many players are participating it may be necessary to use a larger table and more terrain.

The sides of the table consist of mammoth cliffs and rocks, and it is impossible to flee from the table.

Each player gets a deployment zone someplace on the table. This deployment zone must be at least 10" from the nearest enemy deployment zone, and it may be anyplace on the table - in the middle, on the table edge or wherever possible. The size of the deployment zones should be no more than 4" x 4".

Roll a dice or draw lods to see who sets up first, next, third, fourth and so on. It may be necessary to write down the order to remember the turns of the players.

The player who set up first gets the first turn, and afterwards it is the turn of the player who sets up after him and so forth.

Now the battle starts, and it will continue until only one side is left. The survivor is the winner of the campaign.



Epilogue Ilhu's Pearl

Whatever had happened it had all happened very fast. The battlefield had been filled with cries, screams, slaughter and blood, and even now the dust had not settled yet.

He was the survivor. He was the only survivor!

He threw his sword on the earth and kneeled.

He closed his eyes.

He sat there for a few minutes, trying to recall the entire story, but it was impossible to him. It all seemed like a nightmare - the worst nightmare he had ever experienced.

Slowly he opened his eyes again - and found that the city that he had just been into had vanished. He kneeled on a red carpet, and below him was ... nothing.

He looked up and saw the stars. The heaven was full of stars - glittering, silver stars, nice and beautiful. He was flying through the night - flying on a red silk-carpet. It was wonderful!

Looking down again he saw the first lights on the earth - far below him. It looked like a city - a big city, someplace in the Empire, possibly. Shafts of light, dancing in the darkness. What could it be? Nuhn? Altdorf? Talabheim? Or possibly even Remas in Tilea?

Regardless what, it was beautiful. The carpet circled around the city, getting closer and closer to it. Just as he was about figuring out what city it could be the carpet suddenly sped up and brought him upwards towards the sky, towards the stars.

He laughed.

He laid down on the carpet and began studying the wonderful patterns in the ancient silk carpet as he saw that little glittering thing. It looked like a star - was it a star? Had he seen a star falling down on his carpet?

He considered it, trying to recall it, but everything was just like a dream.

No, it was not a star.

It was Ilhu's Pearl.

His heart started beating very fast. Ilhu's Pearl? Really? Could that little glittering thingie be the famous Pearl of Ilhu?

He glanced over the night. The lights had disappeared, but the light from the moon and the stars was enough to light up the sea that was below him. Could the city then be Marienbourg?

Nevermind. There, right in front of him, was the Pearl! What a wonder!

He tried to imagine that bloodsheath and slaughter that was behind this silly little pearl, but he hardly could.

He put his shaking hands on it ... but it started rolling. He tried to catch it - but it was too small, and it rolled between his fingers.

"NO!!!" he cried as the pearl rolled off the carpet.

"No! NO! NO!!!"

But it was too late. He had dropped the pearl, and now it was on its way down to the bottom of the ocean.

A dumb little pearl. Was it worth all that struggle? Was it really worth all the killing and murdering?

He shook his head, unable to understand that he had just dropped it.

Nevertheless it was gone, and he would never find it again.

He lay there, with the cool wind blowing in his face. All that slaughtering, all that horror, all that terror - it had all been for nothing.

He closed his eyes, and the carpet flew him through the night.

Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Easy now, warrior," a man said with a heavy Tilean accent. "Everything is alright now. Your ordeal is over."

He looked around and saw that he was standing before a broken-down building called The Twisted Goat according to the sign dangling in front. The hand on his shoulder was from a young man wearing the expensive costume of a Tilean noble.

'Come along now, friend. Inside the Inn is warm and cozy, new friends are awaiting you and Gordo has prepared a fine meal for you."

"Yes, don't look so suprised, we have been expecting you, as I think that you have an excellent story to tell us. A story everyone is eager to hear....."

The End



Designer's Notes

I hope that you have had plenty of fun with this little campaign. It has been very exciting to work with, and I hope it has inspired you to write your own campaigns.

I have tried to make the campaign as varied as possible, starting on a plain, then going into the city and later into the sewers and afterwards the twisted catacombs finally to end in the city again. This should inspire players to make their own terrain and explore other settings than just a ruined city.

I would like to thank two persons: Donato Ranzato, who is always so glad and open and friendly and who came up with the ideas for the catacombs part, and Karl Hayden, who wrote the Sewer Fever table for me.

Finally, if anybody should ever playtest this campaign, then please do not hesitate to get in touch and tell me what you think. I would love to hear any comments, suggestions and further ideas, so please tell me!

With kind regards,

Christian Ellegaard, Campaign Designer