

To Fall from grace.

By Tom Bell

"I don't think you understand," continued the plump halfling, "I'm telling you that it's not worth anymore than five gold." A sly-look came over his face as he rubbed his hands together. "Oerg here believes so as well." Looking up above him, the Halfling coughed gently, calling forward his massive Ogre bodyguard.

"No more than three," he grumbled, looking down upon the spread of fine weapons, "and that one is mine for free." Staring down his sausage-like finger, the Halfling picked out a finely-detailed warhammer, a twin-tailed comet carved into it's head and hammer-face. Leaning into the lantern-light for the first time, the beautiful woman whose wares were being disputed replied.

"I beg to differ. As before, Gibby, these weapons are all selling at fifteen gold apiece, and that includes the hammer your drooling-friend so desires." Her ivory colored skin was flawless, framed as it was by her strawberry-blonde hair. Only her eyes gave any indication of the ruthlessness that lay beneath the calm surface. She stared defiantly at the twosome, daring the brute or the nimble-fingered halfling to make their move.

"This arguing is doing little to further either of our desires, and I am getting hungry. Let us settle upon those three items for thirty, and you'll throw in the hammer for my companion, as a sign of..." Interrupted by a quickly bitten off phrase, Gibby looked up to watch his large comrade fall to the ground with a massive ~thud~. Pointed finger still smoking, the woman smiled down upon the now-nervous thief.

"Forty-five for those three, Gibby, and I do not believe that your friend will have any use for that hammer."

Smoke continued to rise from the gaping hole in the Ogre's chest as Gibby the Thief quickly paid the woman the agreed price. Moving hurriedly out of the room, he left, never looking back to the Fallen Sister and her latest victim.



The Fallen Sister

55 gold crowns to hire +15 gold crowns upkeep

Wizards have little to say in whether the world of magic touches them or not. Even those who have devoted their life to Sigmar are subject to the bane that is chaos. When one who has trained within the Abbey upon the Rock for many years discovers that she possesses the very skills they are trained to stamp out, some offer themselves up as heretics and are purged. Other more desperate women flee into the hell that is Mordheim, hoping to live their cursed lives out as a Fallen of Sigmar.

May be Hired: Any warband except Skaven, Undead, Witch Hunters or Sisters of Sigmar may hire a Fallen Sister.

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

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

Weapons/Armour: Steel whip, Sigmarite warhammer, dagger, sling, light armour.

Special Rules:

Wizard: A Fallen Sister has been cursed with the ability to use magic. She has one spell generated at random from the *Lesser Magic* list.

Warrior wizard: A Fallen Sister has learned to cast her spells whilst wearing her traditional armour and garb.

Ashamed and afraid: A Fallen Sister has risked much in her attempts to escape the Abbey and the notice of her former sisters. She must make a leadership test in order to charge any member of a Sisters of Sigmar warband, or a Warrior-Priest from a Witch Hunters warband.

Skills: A Fallen Sister may choose from Combat, Strength and Speed skill lists when she gains a new level, or she may randomly choose a new spell from the *Lesser Magic* list.