

Border Town Burning



Part 1

This is not a
**GAMES
WORKSHOP**
Product

A Supplement for
MORDHEIMTM

Northern Tribes under the Shadow of Chaos

Naggaroth

Clar Karond

Hag Graef

Naggarond

Chronod
Har Gatoeth

Karond Kat

Yin

The Hung

Chi-An

Tu-Ka

Wei-Tu

Avags

Mung

Aghols

Kvelligs

Charbars

Tahmaks

Hastlings

Dolgans

Eastern Steppes

Karak Dum

The Dark Lands

Dreaded Wo

Cathay

Kul

Weijin

Khazags

Yusak

The Kurgan

Long

Tokmars

Gracelings

Bjornlings

Skaelings

Sea of Claws

Maricenburg

The Empire

Erengard

Praag

Vargs

Aeslings

Baersonlings

High Pass

World's Edge
Mountains

Sea of Chaos



The Editor Speaks

Welcome to the first installment of the Border Town Burning supplement. In the following months we will be releasing contents of this new alternative setting for Mordheim in six parts. You might have already seen some material such as the Marauders of Chaos warband, which was published in issue #2 of the *Letters of the Damned* ezine, or the Chaos Dwarf warband, which was published in the first issue of the Chaos Dwarfs Online webzine *Word of Hasbut*.

This first installment includes a detailed background section for the new setting, describing the Silk Road, the Cathayan borderlands and the Northern Wastes. For your

further reading pleasure we made arrangements to reprint the famous pamphlet "Of Cathay, its Myths, Populace and Wildlife" by Minister Hans Hierbach, a travelling preacher who claims to have visited the distant empire.

The Merchant Caravan is a new warband centred around a merchant and his trade wagon. The best sell-swords available for gold can be hired to protect the wagon and its load. The merchant's special rules and skills provide exciting new rules for trading between players and put a focus on one of the most common motivations amongst warbands: the lure of fortune.

Lastly, you can find an updated version of the Mordheim roster sheet. A big thank you goes to Sean Maroney for modifying his advanced Mordheim roster sheet (which you may know from the Specialist Games website) to include an objectives box specifically for running Border Town Burning campaigns.

I hope you enjoy this first part of the supplement and look forward to what is yet to come. Feel free to submit your thoughts and comments through the Border Town Burning website at www.bordertownburning.de.vu or directly to bordertownburning@yahoo.co.uk. We would be happy to hear from you!

Chris

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Of Cathay, its Myths, Populace and Wildlife

*A brief study of that distant land and
its environs as told to the author by a resident of that realm
in numerous conversations conducted in the year 2493.*

Minister Hans Hierbach

*Travelling Preacher accredited to
the Altdorf Cathedral of Devoted Sigmar.*

A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

We here at Altdorf Press are proud to reprint this pamphlet by Minister Hans Hierbach, a travelling Sigmarite Preacher, which we originally published over thirty years ago upon his return from these distant lands.

Long thought apocryphal in nature, more recent reports from travellers and merchants substantiate some of the more mundane aspects herein and we feel that it is time for a reappraisal of this work.

Since Minister Hierbach passed away nearly fifteen years ago, a portion of the proceeds from this reprint will be given to the Sigmar Altdorf Orphans Fund and we hope that his critical reputation will be fully restored.

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Of Distant Cathy

In all the realms that our beloved Empire has contact with, this far land is the least well known even after centuries of contact between the Old World and the Oriental.

That most of this contact has been in the form of mercantile venture is not in the least surprising, since it would take the daring and cunning of a trader to willingly make the long and dangerous passage across the Dark Lands with the possibility of vast wealth upon their return.

I travelled with such an individual, one Leonard De Squirm, a Bretonnian who operated a shop in Miragliano and who had trekked on caravans a number of times. He was as educated as one would expect from such a man, but happily let me join the caravan and provided some intellectual pursuits on the 13 months we all travelled. Of that journey I do not intend speak, as it is outside of my aims for this missive, though I shall complete one if this is well received.

The first (and indeed only) port of call is a town called Shangyang. A week after leaving the Mountains of Mourn and traversing the silty wastes called the Baleful Desert; we entered the grass plains of Cathay proper and soon afterwards Shangyang itself. First impressions were not totally admirable, as the town itself is little more than a large collection of two story buildings made from wood and stinking of cattle. It was also largely warehouses, as I soon found out that there was a Cathayan Imperial Decree forbidding any Old Worlder from entering Cathay any further east on penalty of death. My greater understanding of this was expounded in later conversations with Xuwei, one of the Cathayan Officials in their Bureaucracy, to prevent Cultural Contamination amongst the Cathayan Peoples. I have an idea that there might be some greater reasons behind this, but Xuwei could not (or would not) illuminate me any further on the matter.

As I have said, Shangyang did not initially appeal and I was left with very poor impressions of Cathay. It would be a

few days later, whilst my mercantile companions were negotiating better profits for their goods and a reasonable trade for any they intend to bring back to the Old World, that I would get a chance to learn more about Cathay and it's traditions.

Their spoken language does seem to be mere gibberish and more than once I found myself surrounded by the natives and unable to communicate my needs in any way. The written language is more complex. Sentences are written in vertical columns and use pictograms to represent words. Leonard informed me that no matter how many times he had made the journey to Cathay, he still had not managed to learn more than two words in their language and had no idea what any of the written words mean. It was of no surprise to learn that the two words were 'more' and 'less'.

I also found that my priestly presence was even less welcome than that of the merchants, for whilst the traders were only here to trade for Cathayan goods (mainly silk and jade), I would seem to be there to convert upstanding Imperial citizens to my 'Heathen' religion. I was happy to correct these suspicions and unsuccessful in my attempts.

Given all these difficulties, it was understandable that in order to aid to communicate our needs, a number of translators from the Cathayan Imperial Bureaucracy were at our sides at all times. These minders also made sure we did not stray outside of Shangyang. These personages were evidently unsure about what to do about myself and I got a sense that Xuwei (my translator) was put out at having drawn the short straw. We did strike up a rapport during the three months the caravan was in Shangyang, long enough for him to tell me what all you will find in this pamphlet. I can only hope that I provided an adequate cultural exchange with my words and I was told that Xuwei was appreciative of not having to deal with business dealings for a change.

A description of Xuwei is in order before we continue, so that you have an idea of the differences between our people and theirs.

His skin is marginally more tanned and sallow, the hair between black and

grey and eyebrows more bushy, though his short-trimmed beard close cropped and thinly grown. His eyes were also more elongated than an Old Worlders, not a lot more, but enough to highlight the difference. His clothing was certainly finer, a dark blue robe made from silk and decorated with gold linings and cuffs, over a similar coloured set of trousers. It was certainly ornate and I was much impressed by it, even the small round hat he kept firmly pressed over his hair. A single pigtail fell over his shoulders, a symbol of his rank in society I believe, where a mere bureaucrat would sport a single small one, whereas his superiors might have multiple pigtails or longer, bigger ones. Compared to a bureaucrat in Altdorf, it would be hard to believe that this gentleman did not hold some great rank.

The Lands of Grand Cathay

Over many weeks, I got Xuwei to tell me as much about his land as he could, making notes when I was alone, lest he suspect that I was taking such information from him for some sort of military action. About the actual lands he was very reticent to speak of much and so many physical details will seem vague.

To the north, Cathay itself halts at the Great Bastion, built (or created, see Myths later) many centuries before to protect the Cathay Empire from any raids and attacks from the Hung tribes that roam the Eastern Steppes. This large wall runs the whole length of the northern border and stands at least five men in height at its lowest points and even goes over the tops of any hills or mountains in the way. Less than a thousand miles south of the Bastion lies Weijin, the Seat of the Dragon Throne, home of his divine Emperor and the Imperial Bureaucracy. Indeed the whole city is completely entrusted to the running of Cathay and has no other purpose except to serve the Divine Emperor and Cathay. All food has to be imported into Weijin, more than a hundred tons of food a week to feed all the bureaucrats and staff. Xuwei was not

privileged enough to know the exact amount, a fact he would continually apologise for when he could not (or would not) answer my questions.

West of that, at the far western end of the Great Bastion, lies Nangau, the city that contains many of the military personnel of Cathay. These are primarily used to patrol the borders of their empire, walking the entire distance of the Great Bastion as part of their patrols (over two thousand miles according to Xuwei) and it would be they who would capture any foreigners who took it upon themselves to try and slip deeper into Cathay without a Divine Decree granted by the Bureaucracy. The Great Commander of his Divine Emperor's Army is stationed here, travelling to Weijin twice a year to report on any problems the army is experiencing, unless he needs to mobilise a large force to contain an enemy whereupon the Great Commander will immediately met with the Emperor.

It would also seem that the greatest reason for maintaining the large army in this area is that a preponderance of monsters populates the area and, if kept unchecked, could rampage through the area.

The second largest concentration of military power was to the south, where Cathay borders Khuresh, a wild land of mountains, deserts, jungles and marshes. Not totally uncivilised, Khuresh represents a large threat to Cathay as a number of dispossessed elements of Cathay society have congregated in the northern part of the Hinterlands seeking ways to overthrow the Emperor. There is also the threat of ratmen who seem to mass periodically in the area. This is the city of Donghua, which maintains a separate Great Commander to that of its northern counterpart (from what I gathered, it would take a month of hard riding for a man to go from one military outpost to the other). This Great Commander is still subordinate to the northern one, but it is seen as a way of promotion, for the Southern Great Commander is usually the prime candidate for promotion into the role of their northern superior. Only the most severe censure can prevent this ascension, but has happened more than a few times in the past. Donghua is also...



The Road to Riches

the elves

All successful merchants love money and seek new and better ways to profit from their endeavours. For some, this is a new fashion, others profit from the problems and misery that the world inflicts, but the adventurous always explore the darkest or furthest corners of the map, looking for the new and exotic.

It was long thought that Ulthuan was the most distant western continent and that no ship could go east as the Southlands just seemed to go further and further south without end. Then Lustria was found and intrepid explorers sought to challenge the Elven hold on the waters, sailing as far as they could before the crew mutinied or the ship located by Elven vessels and captured. The lucky few survived these dangers and more and sailed around the Cape of the Southlands, into new waters.

These seafaring voyages were unprofitable and brought back nothing of use. Until one captain, his name now lost in the midst of time, found an old map of the world of Elven origin, showing far more land east of the Cape, lands where the Elves held citadels and mentioned lands never before heard of. It was this map that brought to the Old World the names of Ind, Cathay and Nippon, distant exotic names, but with little else of worthwhile information. For many years, this map was considered a hoax created by persons unknown, most likely an explorer seeking to gain enough money to mount a sea trip to these mythical lands.

the dwarfs

Two events changed this way of thinking. The first was the appearance of a strange type of cloth the Dwarfs were starting to sell. This cloth was fine and glistening, soft and shiny. It was also very expensive and of great social standing to possess a garment made of it, the nobles of the Old World wanted more and the Dwarfs could not make enough to cover demand. The appearance of this cloth alone would not have aroused any suspicion, as it would have been assumed to be of Dwarfen manufacture, crafted with their usual level of excellence.

Secondly, a pair of Tilean brothers, Ricco and Robbio, had been thinking about being able to reach Ulthuan via an overland route, travelling east to go west. For years the Dwarfs had warned humans that the lands to the East, beyond the World's Edge Mountains were more dangerous than they could ever imagine, filled with hordes of greenskins, packs of wolves, the wandering dead, monsters the likes of which couldn't be imagined and mile after mile of endless desert. No human could go there and survive. No Dwarf explorer had ever returned and now none venture there. The brothers were not totally convinced and spent a great

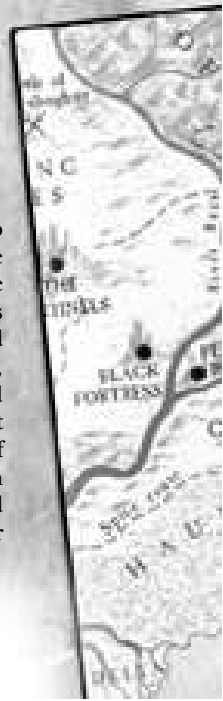
deal of time and money getting to know Dwarfs in the various holds and buying Elven artefacts that the Dwarfs were willing to part with.

These artefacts did seem Elven, made from the new cloth that both races were now importing into the Old World, and covered in strange hieroglyphs that suggested they were either Elven or magical in nature. Their theory must be true, they reasoned, otherwise how else could the Dwarfs have held such curios in the possession. From Verezzo, they raised funds from the Merchant Princes so that they could to take a caravan over the World's Edge Mountains and then on to Ulthuan, braving whatever dangers they might encounter, believing that the Dwarfs were spreading lies about the difficulty of overland passage to better protect their own trade treaties. Out of all the different Princelings, only Remas would not buy into the scheme and this was merely because the brothers considered them trading rivals and as such did not want them stealing any privileged information and trying to get one up on Verezzo, thus claiming a monopoly.

The resulting caravan was still a sight to behold, with more than seventy caravans leaving Tilea carrying a selection of high quality goods and a large company of mercenaries to protect them against any dangers that might arise. The column was nearly a mile in length and in good humour, even as they reached the last dwarf hold, Karaz-a-Karak, and passed through into the Dark Lands. The Dwarfs were surprisingly good humoured about this band of humans making an effort to go into a devastated and dangerous land, probably because they believed that it spelled certain death for all involved. This would explain why a number of Dwarf slayers would join them, seeking an honourable death in the lands to the east.

On first sight of the barren wastes that were awaiting them, who can guess what thoughts went through their heads. It seemed to be an endless desert of rocks stretching to the horizon, the sky filled with dark ominous clouds. There was an apparent lack of creatures trying to rip them apart, which gave them courage to continue on.

It would take over ten years for the caravan to return to the Old World and it was believed that the brothers had failed, killed by what lived beyond the mountains. In those years, the Dwarfs and Elves continued their cloth trading and the focus shifted from looking for a way to reach Ulthuan to the east, to gold trading from Lustria. It was now believed that Lustria could be reached by going east overland, as opposed to the existing dangers of seaward routes. Elves still maintained their grip on nautical travel and very few explorers saw the need to try and traverse the ways to the Southlands or



the south of Lustria by boat. Any that tried would disappear over the horizon never to be seen again.

Then, one day, a dozen caravans, dirty, bedraggled and wounded, trekked into Verezzo, small carts pulled by large shaggy beasts called rhinoxen in their wake. Amongst these men was Robbio and he brought with him tales of far travels and distant lands, realms never before seen or heard-of by Old Worlders, wonder and danger in his tales, and on the cart he had brought bolts of the Elven cloth, that he dubbed 'Silk', as well as a number of other artefacts, a green coloured stone carved into the shapes of jewellery and animals, precious jewels, strangely-designed weapons and scrolls and parchments with runes none could interpret.

These men told of a distant land called Cathay, whose people lived in mud huts and ate food from water filled ponds, a land where people were as civilised as the Old Worlders. A land of wonder and opportunity, a land only the bravest and hardest of all could reach. A strange new land.

the silver road

As the Dwarfs had claimed, the journey took its toll. The blasted wastelands were not uninhabited, as they had first thought. Bands of Orcs and Goblins on wolf back roamed freely, capturing and attacking anything they saw fit. Many times in the distance what they had first thought to be groups of tribesmen who might be friendly to them, turned out to be hordes of the restless dead mindlessly roaming the wastes, animated by someone or something for dark purpose. The





winds were relentless and hot as were the days, but at night it turned bitterly cold and on more than one morning they would find one of their party frozen solid in death. There was no respite and their only means of navigation was by the sun. Half of the trade convoy had been wiped out before they came upon a set of large metal gates in the midst of this vastness, killed by the walking dead, greenskins, wolves, dehydration, cold and fatigue.

The first landmark they would find would be a set of large metal gates stood alone in the centre of the bleakness. At these gates, so much like Dwarfen ones, but in aspect far more sinister and in decoration mounted by a bull, the slayers took their leave of the group, heading north with no word explaining their reasons, leaving the group to debate about whether they should return or continue. They did not dare split in half for fear that none would survive. Only the most able persuasion by the brothers and promises of full shares to all survivors and half shares to the families of the dead made them continue on.

If they had thought that the horrors they had already experienced would be lessened as they moved east, the caravan would be proved wrong. As gangs of greenskins lessened, metal monuments to some dark god lined their route and in the distance, smudges of dark clouds could be seen around what appeared to be mountains and the distant sounds of thunder heard. These disturbing signs kept the group moving and slowly the desert changed with them. Winds came up, the sounds of wailing and screaming borne on them. This disconcerting change played on the men and drove some mad. They might then claim it was daemonic in nature, sirens beckoning the caravan on to its doom or make them run screaming out into the desert to find the source. If they were too swift, such madmen would disappear from sight of the group and never be seen again, left to whatever fate as might meet them. If they could be restrained, then they would be bound tightly and placed in the back of the wagon till it wore off.

The worst came one night in that wasteland, when suddenly they were ambushed by Dwarfs in dark armour. They came out of the night, charging into the Tileans and trying to subdue them. The metal armour these dreaded Dwarfs wore was very different to their Old World counterparts and inscribed with a bull. They fought as fiercely as Dwarfs do and the Tileans were forced to flee, taking as much as they could carry with them, losing a great deal of the wagons, the majority of their trading goods and their mad, bound companions.

The surviving Tileans, along with the remaining caravans, continued stumbling east as quickly as they could. The encounter with the black Dwarfs played heavily upon them, and the sight of mountains to the east told the brothers that maybe their quest was at an end, for it was likely that these would be the western borders of Ulthuan. They did not dare think that it would be the home of more corrupted Dwarfs



and could not know that it was merely the next trial on their passage.

Day after day they neared these mountains and day after day seemed to not get any closer, the peaks growing in size, but still distant. Eventually they reached the roof of the world and then went beyond it. They tore through the sky and it would be a long shadow that they cast. The Tileans wondered how much further they could go on. It was a relief to leave the seemingly endless plain of death and they prayed that it would take no more than weeks to make their way through the canyons and valleys of these peaks.



the ivory road

They would of course have their hopes dashed, upon discovering another world there. It would be a week of hard labour before they found signs of life and that danger had not been left behind. After months in the desert, the Tileans were unprepared for how treacherous these heights would be and how nasty the wildlife would be. The bears were unlike anything they had faced in the Old World. It proved a difficult trial to capture one. The Tileans morale was being pulverized as they made every effort to stay alive.

Of their first contact with the Ogres, Robbio would remain forever reticent about what had happened, except to say that twelve of the bravest men from his personal retinue fled and the rest were eaten or killed. Certainly the appetite and savagery of these Ogres was apparent even then and Robbio would make further mention concerning the diminutive race of goblins that co-existed with the Ogres, pointing out their larcenous trickery, disgusting habits and despicable cowardice. More than once the group would be assaulted by small bands of these contemptible creatures seeking to steal their supplies or cut their throats in the dark. The group even came upon large ruins dotted on various slopes, more immense even than the Ogres who dwelt in the mountains. No race he knew of could have constructed such great fallen dwellings and Robbio would forever claim they had discovered what must have once been the homes of the very gods themselves, no doubt brought low by the savage man-eaters and their packs of greenskins.

He also estimated that it took them the better part of a year to traverse these mountains, surviving on water from streams and meat from whatever they could kill. It was not an easy life, but the explorers were now bound to feel that they could not return home having come so close. Certainly the band must have been lost for the most part, but being unable to ask for help and guidance from the ogre populace, it is understandable. That no fewer than a dozen wagons



survived is a testament to their endurance, though the death toll of the camp followers remains a mystery.

Perhaps what was most jolting for them was to come to the other side of the mountains eventually and find only more desert land. At first they believed that they had gotten turned around in the mountains, backtracking to the wastes where they had entered, but this was rockier and less burnt looking. There was less of a wind too and making what preparations and supplies that they could, continued on. Of this desert there was as much to dislike. The sun seemed to continually bake down on them and the rocks turned to sand and the sand turned to glass in places. Bloating insects and scorpions would besiege them from beneath so they found it easier to travel by night than by day, constructing crude shelters from cloaks offering protection from the sun and sandstorms.

With less of an idea of how far they had to go, the Tileans kept moving, with no final aim in mind, only the brothers burning desire to prove that Ulthuan lay that way, everyday believing that they would come across some sign of Elven civilisation. The days bled together and their daily lives were little more than marching through the desert at night and sleeping in the daylight to whatever end they reached.



the borderlands

The first sign of life they found surprised them intensely, when they caught sight of movement on the horizon, armed figures sitting on horseback. The sun was setting and the group were just getting ready to organise their night watch when these were first seen. It would be two more days before it became clear that they had finally crossed the desert and shoots of long green grass sprouted up between the dunes and desert became prairie. The temperature dropped and the effect of the sun dissipated, the days getting marginally colder, clouds in the sky and the wildlife getting less vicious and insectoid.

Growing more confident that they were now reaching the western borders of Ulthuan and that the mounted figures they had seen had been some of the famous Ellyrion Reavers patrolling the lands, Robbio resolved to reveal themselves to the next set of horsemen that they saw, hoping that clemency would be shown to a group of bedraggled human explorers in exchange for a quick sea voyage home to prove his point.

The deserts were now lush grasslands and hope grew that a settlement of some kind would appear. Yet, the more they continued travelling the more deserted the land appeared and this made them worried, for the land seemed good enough for grazing animals, but it was clear of anything that lived. In fact, these grasslands were just the western boundary for Cathay

and it would be a week's travel before the first sign of civilisation was found by the Tileans.

Once again it would be a group of figures on horseback that they would see. This time the figures weren't maintaining distance, they had evidently seen the Tileans. A duo of mounted warriors forming the vanguard charged the mysterious group down while marksmen peppered them with arrows. A misunderstanding between the two groups was later pronounced to be started when the Tileans panicked having seen these mysterious riders wore metal armour with daemon-faced masks. Having thought the strangers might be a group affiliated with the Dwarfs from the plain of their misfortune, drawing swords to protect themselves. When a crossbow bolt tore out the throat of one of his men, Robbio ordered them to put down their weapons, reasoning that whereas the Dwarfs had desired prisoners, these riders weren't out for captives and saw less of a threat. Indeed, dropping their weapons did just the trick.

The riders took them hostage, though neither side could speak the others language and Robbio knew no Elvish to try. Unsure about what to do, the group went with them and were surprised to learn that these weren't Elves, but men. Surprised by this development and now unsure of where they had ended up, Robbio observed his captors and their actions. They were taken to a military camp, which tried to question them, before eventually the group was put into a cage and shipped deeper into lands that would come to be known as Cathay.

Over the following years, Robbio and his men would wind up in the Imperial Palace before the Dragon Emperor and his wife, learning about the culture and people of Grand Cathay and even the most basic Cathayan language. Part curios and part diplomats, the Tileans were welcome in polite society for the most part, but seen as novelties of the royal court until it could be decided upon what to do with them.

They was surprised by how civilised the Cathayans were, but also by how insular they could be, since the Cathayans maintained no contact with their neighbours beyond the occasional trading. Indeed, the Cathayans were quite suspicious of outsiders, since they had been under attack from Hobgoblin hordes and the Hung horsemen tribes to the north for many years, the occasional raid by Ogres to the East, hence the great expanse of grassland between the desert and the nearest major settlement, and skirmishes with forces to the south coming up from a place recorded as the Hinterlands of Khuresh.

the silk road

During their time as visitors the Tileans made as much effort as they could to bring silk, jade and anything that would earn them a fortune. The hardest part was in seeking permission to be released from this new life, as the Dragon Emperor seemed to be fond of having the foreigners in his court, though they spoke only the most basic Cathayan. The best deal that they could manage was for a single member of their party to remain as a hostage and diplomat, so that the others would be honour-bound to return for him. That would be very naïve thinking for a Tilean – they voted amongst themselves to determine who would

stay as the Emperor's envoy, thinking it was a death sentence for the loser. Ricco deliberately rigged the vote so that he could remain, having fallen hopelessly in love with one of the concubines in the court.

They left Cathay sad at the loss of their comrade, whose fate would disappear from history completely, perhaps assassinated for the treachery of his kinsmen by the Dragon Emperor or just vanishing into court life. The Great Caravan would travel through Ind and up the Spice Road and then back through the wastes well defended from roaming predators by the Cathayan sell-swords, having learned that this would be an easier route to travel since Ind was more civilised than the Mountains. Within eight months of leaving Ind, the caravans were within sight of the passes, the return journey easier as the horses and mules used on the way to Cathay being replaced by the larger, stronger rhinoxen and yaks which were more prevalent there.

It took another month of travelling over these passes before they reached Tilea and home. Seventy caravans left to find Ulthuan and a dozen returned having found Cathay. They made a fortune on the goods they brought back and were treated as fools for their tall tales of this mystical land, but only by the commoners. Heads of various merchant houses listened intently and made plans to send a return caravan, hiring Robbio to be guide and caravan-master to which he readily agreed. They set off, intending to follow the way to Cathay by retracing the steps used to return to Tilea. This caravan would disappear into the wastes

and never be seen again, but it would be the first of many over the years.

The Dwarfs couldn't believe that humans would be so ready to throw their lives away traversing the wastes for cloth and trinkets and chose instead to make easy money from those foolish few with the terms of their road tolls and protection money, though it would provide a good outlet for those who sought to follow the Slayer's Path. It would be many years before the Elves would become lenient with sea-bound passage to Cathay. Since the dangers of the land route were considerable, many merchants tried their luck anyway.

As word spreads of a new and distant land of riches to be found in the East, more and more merchants would try their luck at bringing the wealth of Cathay to the Old World. It would take a century of caravans trampling the wastes, some reaching Cathay, some returning from Cathay, but most disappearing, for some sort of path to appear from out of the rocks and dust. For all the enemies on the path, the Ogres were the easiest to bring into line and with the safe haven of the Sentinels founded, it has become a little easier to travel the Ivory Road.

Fortunes are still made and lost by merchants gambling on caravans heading to Cathay and returning loaded with silk and precious stones. The risks have remained constant over the years, and the regularity of caravans has even made sure that new threats have arisen, as plunderers try their hand. The road is hard and the wastes remain as dangerous as they ever were.



"I seen it fer meself, so this be right outta the mouth of Verena. It were this caravan train run by some wretched Tilean, name was Julio Cavichio see. We'd reached Quanyin, or somethin' like that in Cathay. Dingy stop it were, but we 'ooked up wiv some eastern trader ta continue on. They were as tooled up as we were, expectin' trouble, word was bunch o' ogres been spotted, 'cos the muntins o' Mourn, they was only a weeks march west.

Funniest thing was watchin' this merchant escortin' some old feller to a seat atop the front wagon, next to the driver. Old feller is bent double, walks slowly widda stick, squints. I figured they 'ave 'im inna wagon bein' a passenger an' all, but I'm jest an 'ired blade, so's keeps me marf sbut.

Anyways, I keep expectin' us ta be stoppin', so's the old beggar can piddle 'isself, but stubborn like a bleedin' camel – never goes, even when the rest o' us do. Jest sits up there, sunnin' 'isself an' asleep. I soon forgets about 'im.

Two days go by an' we catch sight o' three big ogres standin' in our way – thre big bastards they was. Now we got plenny o' men an' coulda got 'em, but it's take time an' an ogre ain't an easy kill, but they didn't seem ta be fixin' fer a fight, so's this 'as gotta be a shakedown, right. We coulda rid past 'em, sure, but we'd lose wagons ta 'em an' there coulda been more o' 'em 'idden round. They ain't 'ard ta miss, I knows, but they ain't stoopid. So's we slows down, gettin' ready ta pay 'em a 'toll'.

Then these ogres see the old feller sat onna front wagon as it slows to 'em. Sigmar keep me safe, I ain't never seed anythin' like it. Them ogres, they jest turn an' run away. They sees the old feller an' jest turn an' run off, fast as they can an' we both knows 'ow fast them kin be.

The pace o' the caravan picks back up an' we carries on. I swear, that old geezer, 'e ain't moved a muscle an' them ogres, they already specks inna distance.

We git ta the next stop an' that Cathayan merchant escorts the old feller from 'is perch an' tries to give 'im a pouch, guess is full o' coin or somethin'. That old feller, 'e looks atta pouch, atta merchant, drops the pouch, spits on it, then walks away leanin' on 'is stick. This Cathayan, 'e jest looks kinda pale now.

But, I swears this, that old feller, ain't gone buts a little way, when some uvva trader comes beggin' ta 'im, tryin' ta git the old feller ta come on 'is wagon, an' the old feller, 'e goes wiv 'im. Strangest damn fing I seen onna way to Cathay.

The Northern Wastes

Exactly where the Northern Wastes begin is hard to pinpoint and thus all travellers who go north from Praag in Kislev can be assumed to have entered – not that there tend to be many travellers going that way, except for those slipping away to join the hordes, mortal or otherwise, who exist up there or those trying to exterminate them. Between these traitors and treasure hunters, no one sane would ever consider north a viable direction.

In summer it seems that the plains are almost verdant and lovely and in winter bleak and unforgiving, making it easy to think that it is either uninhabited or perfectly fertile, but that is to overlook the occasionally warped piece of foliage or mutated animal, as well as the possibility of a raiding party of marauders coming over the horizon and charging any interloper down. Those who are lucky would end up dead during this initial encounter. The unlucky would end up as sacrificial victims for the Ruinous Powers.

It is these marauders that represent the first dangers any traveller in the wastes will face and none would care whether these attackers come from the Kurgan, the Hung or the Tong or some smaller tribe. Eluding these savages to continue north is both stupid and suicidal, but that has not stopped many continuing and the landscape does get colder regardless of the time of year, the sky darker, animal and plant life more stranger, as the mutating effect of the Shadowlands (the borderlands between the real world and the warped lands) take effect. From this point on, reality continues to break down and depending upon whether the gates are waxing or waning, the point where you have left the Wastes shifts.

But the wastes themselves cover the whole polar continent and it is possible to use them to travel to any other point on the planet, provided the traveller wanted to risk their lives and souls. Reaching Cathay this way would take less time, as the distance is shorter, but be many more times as dangerous, because both the Kurgan and the Hung claim parts of these lands as their own and they take the view that all travellers are fair game for their deprivations. There can be no negotiation with them.

Even the landscape itself is hostile, as the mutating, ever-changing effect of Chaos has scarred the lands permanently. A lack of landmarks makes map-making extremely difficult and something that can be seen in the distance one day can be gone the next. A traveller might even think they have been going east for many days only to find that they have been going west, north or not moving at all.

Perhaps the lack of landmarks is for the best, because such features do tend to be blasphemous in nature, dedicated to one or all of the Chaos Gods, and more often than not guarded by some creature or warrior devotee, and these can be more powerful than even a marauder tribe, whether such power is expressed as magic or in terms of physical might.

So between the people of the wastes, the monuments to the Dark Gods, the mutating effect of being close to the Realms of Chaos, the weather that can be unforgiving and unpredictable, animals and monsters more predator than prey and an inability to stay on an exact course, it is little wonder that the folk of the Old World consider the Northern Wastes to be a place of evil and foul omens, a place to fear and to be fearful of.



Tribes of Chaos



measure of mankind

Chaos is a near infinite topic. To agree to put pen and ink to parchment in its name is paramount to signing ones death warrant, or worse, committing oneself to an asylum for the criminally insane. Fortunately my folly is limited to an examination of the known Marauder tribes, those men from the north who have fallen under the influence of the Ruinous Powers.

Every man, woman, and child forms personal opinions about Chaos. These are based on the experiences of the individual. I challenge you to read from the Liber Chaotica (cover to cover, footnotes & all if you dare) as I guarantee that you shall disregard previous notions, if its unsanctified leaves don't consume you first. Assume nothing! For after all change is said to be the will of the gods.

Citizens of the Empire are not inherently good, nor are creatures and followers of Chaos irrefutably evil. So how does good and evil exist in the world? The impure are burned in accordance with Empire law. Mutants in turn harbour deep resentment towards the Empire and would gladly see its fertile lands laid to waste. For their part the Imperial nobility are considered no better than petty racists with vindictive personal agendas.

Religion divides the realms of men. In the Empire alone it creates a fountain of internal conflicts. Tribes of men who dwell in those less verdant locales to the north of the Empire wage war on one another for the glory of their patrons. It might seem impossible to divide black from the white. Unless of course you are a Witch Hunter – whereby there is no grey, only fiery justice awaiting the heretics and the tainted, adults and children alike.

Acknowledgment of the Dark Gods existence does not a heretic make. Agents of Sigmar would throw even more of their comrades on the pyre than they do already if it did. This means a line can be drawn somewhere in the sand. Mariners pay their superstitious tithes to Manann for it would not be wise to invite the wrath of the God of the Sea. If the gods of Chaos truly exist then it might only seem fit to worship them. You may wish to ask yourselves where precisely this marker lies.

the kurgan

Kurgan tribes are led by their Zar, a powerful warrior chieftain who is marked by Chaos. The relationship between tribes is tenuous for each follows one particular god. Each tribe employs a shaman. These sorcerers have themselves been favoured by one of their gods. Tribes dedicated to the Skull Lord have no patience for magic and put shamans to the sword. A

muster of tribes will be led into battle by a formidable individual called the High-Zar.

Kurgan leaders adopt a practice of marking their captives. When a Zar lays the mark of his god upon a prisoner it typifies that he has recognised that the subject may offer some merit to his god. If the individual has the sight then he is almost certain to be spared. During wartime members of co-operating tribes will leave marked prisoners be. To do otherwise would infuriate a Zar. Warriors who survive long enough become subjects of shamanic rituals in the temples where they are kept guarded, before being pitted against one another in close combat until death. This determines whether the gods have an interest in the captives. It is thus that men of the Old World are forced to turn their backs on their former selves as they embrace new personas – fresh identities as heroes of the marauder tribes.


When a weapon or a steed has proved its worth in battle it is custom that it receives a name. This is not so much a sentiment as it is a symbol of importance. Pure blooded Kurgan are raven haired people with ruddy skin complexions. Marauder bands advocate the skill of archery. Unlike infantrybased Imperials, the Kurgan needed a weapon that fires easily from the saddle.

Kurgan raiders use a complex process of fashioning their bows from three parts. A central stave of maple or mulberry, woods which take glue well, laminated with animal sinew on the back and horn on the front, in order to withstand the tension and compression. For special bows, human sinew and bone is used. This stave, the grip, is fixed to the two arms of the bow, along which bone from longhorn cattle has been glued. Bone tips are attached, and the bows are tied up tight against the shape they would be drawn to. The bows are left to dry for weeks, or if time permitted, months.

-Weapons craft of the Kurgans

Following battle it is custom to incinerate the carcasses of slain foes before sweeping the charred remains for skulls, which are piled high to honour the gods. Monoliths have infamously been raised by the Kurgan in the lands of the north. They take many forms in deference to a particular patron. Construction of a monolith typically takes place on a spot where the Winds of Chaos blow strong. These unholy landmarks are places of dark worship. Tributes are made onsite in the form of torture and sacrifice.

Tribes of the Kurgan: The Kvelligs, Gharhars, Tahmaks, Hastlings, Tokmars, Yusak, Khazags, Avags, Dolgans, and the terrible Kul



Slumber now, Child of mine,
Until they come, with torch aflame,
But do not run,
Your time has come,
For the men of the North stake claim.

They come to claim, Child of Mine,
They come to claim your life,
With hearts of stone,
And splitting bone,
Their wake is deadly strife.

So sleep tonight, Child of Mine,
For tomorrow morn, the sun won't shine,
So stay aware,
And offer prayer,
For the men of the North march time.

-Traditional lullaby from northern Kislev

the tong

Many centuries ago a great host of ferocious warriors spilled out of the east. It swept across the north of the world with unforgiving force, crushing everything in the wake of its carnage. This mysterious tribe of barbarians is known only as the Tong. Each tribe of men, orcs, goblins and other races it encountered was annihilated. Mortal men or daemonkin, the Tong relentlessly threw themselves against the savage people of the north.

Faced with such reckless hate, even the most imprudent Kurgan found they were powerless against this heedless assault. Skalds in Norsca recount how these despoilers demonstrated total disregard for their own well being. As the horde approached the Eastern Steppes, butchering the Kurgan tribe after tribe, it turned back, and unpredictably marched away. For a time the marauder tribes were diminished by this atypical incursion on their lands.

A hundred years later and their strength of arms renewed, the northern tribes marched south to Kislev aforesaid the abominations of Chaos which spilled out from the Wastes. During the Great War Against Chaos the Tong rose up again from their distant habitat and marched south brutalising the nomadic tribes. Surprisingly these hideously mutated men never joined with the forces of darkness which had encroached upon the Empire. For years the unstoppable horde remained the scourge of warrior tribes across the Steppe. They became consumed with exterminating the Hobgoblin tribes. Their thirst for bloodshed well and truly slaked the Tong finally returned unchallenged to their homeland.

Since the vanishing of the Tong horde during the Great War, only the rare sightings of small warbands have given credence to their legend.

the norse

Of all the marauder tribes the Norse which live in the south of Norsca are least under the influence of Chaos. The Norse are a seafaring race and there are those who have escaped the warping influence of the winds that blow out of the north altogether. Entire tribes have migrated from the icy shores of Norsca in favour of warmer climes. There have been settlements founded along the coastlines of The Southlands and in Lustria, notably the flourishing trading port Skeggi.

Those who remain in the frozen wilderness of south Norsca are more reluctant than their northern kin to take from the gods. In the extreme north the Norse and Kurgan practice overt worship of the four. Each southern tribe has its own special deities featuring ancestors, heroes and spirits to whom tribute is paid in the form of animal or human sacrifice. There is a measure of restraint in not giving so much of themselves to the gods. Perhaps there is a slight reduction to the environmental risk of mutation. It is more likely that the habit in which they pay homage to their pantheons has reduced any Chaotic influence. A mark of Chaos would still be a blessing to any tribesman who is a warrior but great responsibility comes with such a power. Warriors may call upon their many gods of war, desire, decay and hope from time to time. Those who do so likely will become more susceptible to the beguilement and manipulation of otherworldly forces.

Norse culture is steeped in the supernatural and their society has become attuned to it. None more so than a tribes Seer or their resident witch doctors known as Vitki. Communities of Norse people are led by their tribal chieftains the Jarls. Some tribes are collectively lorded over by a tribal King. A dreaded Seer will interpret the will of their ancestors and the gods. They glimpse at future events through reading signs in the entrails of ritual sacrifice in order to advise their Jarl. Each tribe will have some kind of witch or sorcerer. In some parts of Norsca an even older tradition remains. Drawing from the winds of Dhar, the Vitki are able to manipulate dark magic to aid their people through divination, healing and prophecy. Human sacrifices are required to fuel profane rituals and this leads to the death sentences of many thralls and peasants.

The sense of loyalty within a Norse tribe is quite different to that of other marauders of the north. To them the tribe is a family. To anger ones kin or to bring displeasure to the gods must lead to banishment. Cast out into the wilds there is no solace for these renegades. There is no welcome to be found in Norsca for exiles except in times of war. They can only hope to avoid falling prey to the beasts of the Umbra. Few survive a perilous southward expedition to the lands of the Empire.

The presence of a Norseman is tolerated by folk of the Empire. An Imperial noble with a skilled Norther in his employ might see it as something of a novelty and a band of honed mercenaries hailing from Norsca



could expect to earn excellent coin. Marienburg with its cosmopolitan culture is a more hospitable location for Norse explorers. The city is more forgiving. Unlike the northern coast of the Empire, its port has not been the target of a Norse raid since the fourth and final sacking of the city in 1848.

The southern tribes of Norsca communicate peacefully with her immediate neighbours. Merchants actively trade goods between ports across the Sea of Claws. Occasionally fleets of longships will be despatched to plunder the coastline when survival is threatened. Although this may seem barbaric to the victims of a raid, these desperate actions can be acts of daring heroism without which a tribe may not survive. Foodstuffs, miscellaneous booty and a child or two is enough to deter a Norse raiding party from razing a village to the ground.

Southernmost tribes of the Norse: The Baersonlings, Sarls, Skaelings, Brennuns and the Bjornlings

To the north, the influence of Chaos is far stronger. Here the four great gods of Chaos are recognised as masters of all lesser gods and worshipped in their true forms. Lacking in patience the northern tribes are more demanding of the gods. No concern is shown to the consequences of drawing the attention of daemon or god. Attracting their gaze is only thought to symbolize their strength. To be touched by Chaos is to be blessed by the gods. The taint in these lands has spread far and wide. Minor mutations have become common place as marauders reap the blessings of continuous devotion.

Beyond the Forest of Knives in central Norsca the land becomes more saturated with the raw energy of Chaos. Its presence twists whatever life exists in this treacherous landscape. Here the marauders will consume the flesh of any man or beast warped by its touch, in the hope of being graced with a mark of their own. These savage northern tribes revel in carnage and destruction. Unlike their southern kin they will slaughter their neighbours out of spite.

Northernmost tribes of the Norse: The Aeslings, Vargs, Graelings and the Snaegr

the Hung

In the wasteland to the north of Grand Cathay lives a nomadic race of men who prey upon their borders with an unquenchable lust for butchery. Slavers, deceivers, slaughterers and petty thieves are the feral raiders of the Hung. Their westernmost borders fall



beyond the Eastern Steppes. Only the Great Desert separates them from keeping regular company of the Kurgan. Their territory encompasses a land bridge offering passage to the northern fringe of the New World and beyond through the Broken Lands of the eldritch realm belonging to the Druchii.

The roving lifestyle of the Hung is supported by their affinity to animals. War dogs are valued above all other possessions though this would not be recognised by the physical condition of these malnourished hunting hounds. Mistreating their steeds in equal dosage, a Hung is sadistic enough to prepare a diet of mixed grains and human blood. This serves to make their mounts fierce and temperamental in any fight. The cruelty of their masters instils a false sense of loyalty in their stupid pets.

Instead of horses they have selected the toughest war ponies which can be bred for survival due to greater endurance and tolerance for pain. Life in the saddle requires each tribe member carries a dirty woollen tent on the back of a stout steed. Men and women are treated equally in these lawless lands where roving parties of vagabonds travel from one place to the next, accompanied as they are by wagons used by wives to weave primitive clothing and mate with their men.

Those who have encountered the Hung have described them as savage stinking beasts, or worse. They are squat in stature and stocky in build with thick necks and wide ugly faces. Selfmutilation is commonplace among their people. From birth, a mother will cut gashes in the skin of her child. Scarred youths become men who will continue to deface themselves by idly devouring flesh cut from the mutated beasts slain during a hunt in the Wastes. They will feed on fish and game when it is available only untainted food is scarce in their barren domain. When hunting is poor the Hung will consume insects, rats, lice from their own bodies or even afterbirth from a mare's foaling. Cannibalism is not uncommon and drinking the blood from his own steed will sustain the most desperate warrior.

Like other marauder tribes a priest or shaman conveys great influence over a chieftain as they commune with the gods and see into the world of the dead. The Hung will honour their gods in a similar way to the Kurgan by raising monoliths in reverence. Due to their habitual wandering they have no need for temples or shrines. A tribute to the God of Blood could be something as simple as a pit lined with corpses. To the God of Decay they might leave a pile of human excrement.

In contrast to other northern marauders the Hung possess no sense of kinship or loyalty. Their treachery is renowned for they have dissolved treaties with their allies and dishonoured their own kind in equal measure. So deceptive are they that the Cathayans invented the phrase 'Word of a Hung' denoting a worthless promise. They treat bonds and bargains casually and recognise no dishonour in their actions.

Tribes of the Hung: The Yin, Chi-An, Tu-Ka, Mung, Aghols, Wei-Tu, Man-Chu, Dreaded Wo, and the Kuj



Border Town Burning

Rumours spread that a new Champion of Chaos is rising, a barbaric chieftain gathering an army of marauders, beastmen and the strangest of creatures to overrun civilisation. The despoiler wanders his homelands, the Northern Wastes, in search of three long-forgotten Chaos Artefacts which shall grant him the power to unite the forces of Chaos. While his number of followers grows, the celestial guardians of a distant trading post on the border of the Northern Wastes and Cathay protect the town community. Honourbound by duty, they make their stand against the tide of evil...

about

Border Town Burning is a new setting for Mordheim. It takes the battles to the Cathayan borderlands in the East and the Northern Wastes that are rife with Chaos. There a barbarian Chieftain is aspiring to become a Champion of the Dark Gods and unite the Marauder tribes with other indescribable creatures of Chaos then lead a horde against the civilized peoples of the Warhammer World. First, to fulfil his destiny the Chieftain needs to not only fight for his god's attention but to locate four arcane artefacts that will grant him the power to be approved as a Lord of Chaos.

Unaware of this evil, treasure seekers and adventurers traverse the borders, led by maps and rumours of ancient magical items worth a fortune. Even from the distant lands of Cathay strangers travel to the Northern Wastes. Guided by prophecies of the great danger that is to threaten mankind.

features

The *Border Town Burning* campaign is intended to introduce some new rules and techniques to the Mordheim games. All participating warbands have their own specific objectives, either supporting the chaos, fighting the threat or just trying to get their own piece of the cake.

The *Border Town Burning* supplement also features special scenarios that are not available like other scenarios. They only become accessible as the warbands come closer to fulfilling their objectives. These special scenarios (and the order they're played) tell the campaign's story of support, treachery and arrogance.

Beside these new rules, there are new warbands, hired swords and exciting new features in the supplement.

accessories

There is a bit of additional game material necessary when running a *Border Town Burning* campaign. The much sought-after artefacts of Chaos e.g. should be represented with markers on the table when the artefact's last owner is taken out of action.

There are four unholy artefacts of Chaos. If you wish, you may print the provided templates and cut out the markers for the artefacts or you can design your own individual markers e.g. by using some of the Warhammer sprues. Furthermore, some scenarios require special pieces of terrain for which the supplement provides printable templates.

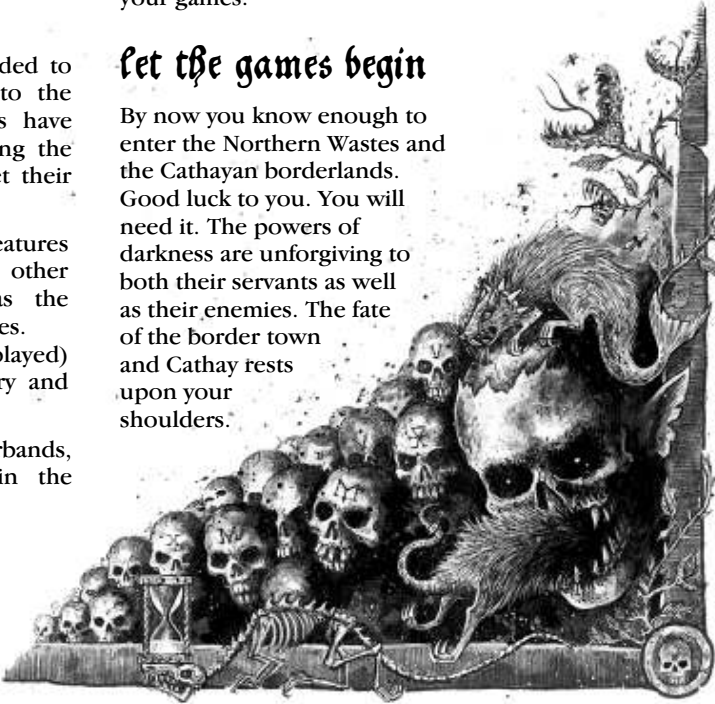
All of the additional material can be found in the appendix in full colour so that you can print it.

personalities

Most players customise their models, create names, or choose appropriate skills to personalise heroes in a campaign. The same principals can be applied to the game environment. For instance, let's pretend that in your campaign the town of Senquoi in the borderlands of Cathay is a trading hotspot, and it's under threat from hostile tribes of Chaos Marauders. Senquoi will be populated by traders, farmers, peasants, adventurers, warrior monks and soldiers of the militia. You might like to create your own background for the town to help determine what kinds of buildings and terrain will appear in some of your games.

let the games begin

By now you know enough to enter the Northern Wastes and the Cathayan borderlands. Good luck to you. You will need it. The powers of darkness are unforgiving to both their servants as well as their enemies. The fate of the border town and Cathay rests upon your shoulders.





New Rules

This chapter introduces new rules for playing *Border Town Burning* campaigns. The new environment rules, random happenings and specific equipment bring this new Mordheim setting to life. They replace or extend the respective chapters from the Mordheim rulebook.

alternate mordheim setting

The *Border Town Burning* supplement describes a new setting for Mordheim. Instead of playing games in the ruins of the City of the Damned your warbands will be travelling the Cathayan borderlands and outer Northern Wastes. There may be no dire ruins and collapsed buildings but due to the proximity of the Chaos Wastes this is no pleasant scene either. The icy wastes are inhospitable for weakfish humans other than the marauding barbarians who dwell there and the dark forests of the borderlands are haunted by beastmen and other horrible creatures tainted by the Chaotic influences. Ogres ambush the few daring merchant caravans and Hobgoblin wolf riders own the wide steppes.

In this setting the brave and crazy are seeking fortune and fame, be it by travelling to the mystic and rich lands of Cathay or by exploring the indescribable horrors of the Northlands. Amidst these dangers there are a few parties who have more precise aims like finding the lost Chaos artefacts or preventing others from their discovery.

The following chapters describe everything required to take the battle to the Chaotic borderlands.

mounts

Unlike in the ruined city of the Damned warbands are not restricted to having one horse only when playing *Border Town Burning* campaigns. The complete "Blazing Saddles" article from the *2002 Mordheim Annual* (page 65) or the "Mounted Warriors" article from the *Empire in Flames* supplement (page 24) respectively should be in effect. Note that with the latest Mordheim Rules Review all mounted warriors have the *large target* special rule and thus every mount should increase your warband rating by +20 points.



wagons

The *Border Town Burning* setting makes great use of the wagon rules described in the "Vehicles of the Empire" article from the *Empire in Flames* supplement (page 30). The book is available for free as two downloadable PDF files from the Specialist Games section of the Games Workshop website.



If you are keen on making heavy use of carts, wagons and coaches, you might like to have a look at the optional rules section at the end of this supplement. There we have collected a few clarifications and additional house rules to improve on the wagon driving experience.

serious injuries

In the Heroes' Serious Injuries Chart replace the event of "65 Sold to the Pits" with the following.

65 GET IN THE RING

Left for dead, the warrior has been picked up by a passing horde of Chaos. The captive has been given 'the mark' by a seer from one of the tribes and must enter the dreaded barbarian ring to fight for his life against a Warrior of Chaos. See the Bestiary section for full rules for Warriors of Chaos.

Roll to see which side charges, and fight the battle as normal. If the warrior loses, roll to see if he is dead or injured (i.e. a D66 roll of 11-35). If he is not dead, he is thrown out of the barbarian ring without his armour and weapons and may rejoin his warband.

If the warrior wins he gains the attention of the ruinous powers and receives their favour. He gains the mutation *blackblood* (see Possessed warband), +2 Experience, +1 campaign point and evades detection to rejoin his warband with all his weapons and equipment.



new skills

In support of the wagons and carts as well as the new campaign system there are a few new skills introduced in the *Border Town Burning* supplement. They are added to the existing skill lists and every Hero who has access to the respective list may also learn these skills.

Strength skills

Handyman: The warrior is skilled in fixing minor damage on the wagon. If the wagon is stationary (ie. it has not moved the last turn) and the warrior is in contact with the wagon, he may repair one previously damaged wheel. The Hero may do nothing else that turn and the wagon may not be moved. He can even set in a new wheel if it flew off. Note that if there are any enemy models in contact with the wagon, it cannot be repaired that turn as the situation is way too dangerous to focus on the cart.

Beastmaster: The Hero is able to communicate on a primal level with any beasts he encounters. If the model confronts an animal (not mount!) in hand-to-hand combat, then before combat is fought he may take a Leadership test. If the test is failed combat proceeds as normal. If the test is successful then the animal falls under his command. Place the models 1" apart from each other. The player may now control the animal model. However, the beastmaster must pass a Leadership test at the beginning of his turn, otherwise control over the animal is lost. The animal must always remain within 6" of the Hero or control is lost immediately.

Academic skills

Driver: A wagon driven by a Hero with this skill may re-roll results on the Out of Control chart. Note that the second result must be accepted even if it is worse.

Strategist: The Hero has great strategic skills. Before a battle a Hero with this skill may choose to voluntarily miss the upcoming game and dedicate his time to making plans for the warband's further course of action. Due to the Hero's pondering the warband gains +1 campaign point after the battle.

Note that the Hero does count for calculating warband rating as normal and determining the prices for selling wyrdstone/treasure. However, he does not count as part of the warband when making Rout tests, ie. the initial warband size is considered to be -1 smaller during the battle. He doesn't gain +1 Experience for surviving a battle since he did not take part in the fighting action.

Scholar: Only warriors capable of casting spells or using prayers may pick this skill. Whenever the warrior may learn a new spell or prayer through an advance, he may choose which one he learns instead of determining at random, or he may decrease the difficulty of any one spell or prayer he already knows by -1 permanently.





Merchant Caravans

Money. There are three ways to gain it – inherit, steal or earn. Earning it is the most honourable means, since no one who has spent a life working hard is begrudged any comforts on their deathbed. But how it is earned is another matter! For some, a long life spent toiling for pittance is a life wasted and they seek ways to gain affluence more rapidly. For opportunists the chance to make a lot of money in one go, is too much to pass up.

Blackguards attach themselves to merchant caravans travelling towards distant lands to line their pockets. Sometimes the destinations are to Lustria or the Southlands, ship-bound for the best part. When the journey remains on land their destination lies in the far eastern lands of Ind and Cathay, lands shrouded in myths and legends, tall tales and rumours. From these lands a merchant can make their name and fortune in a single journey, if they survive.

For between the Old World and traders paradise lay the Dark Lands and the Mountains of Mourn, realms where lives fall at the mercy of the environment, where the predations of natural creatures are lethal beyond imagination, where the dead roam eternally, where bands of pillagers seek to replenish supplies, where death awaits the unprepared and the bone idle. Even the largest caravans are in peril every minute of every day they travel. Safe havens are few and far between and only deemed safe as long as you have the coin to pay for their protection.

Only one in every ten caravans fulfils a successful destiny. Because fortunes can be made from an individual venture, the risk is more than equal the reward, if not lessened. A greedy merchant will not stop at one expedition, when in returning there is an expectation of further and greater profit. That so many would gamble their lives time and again speaks volumes of the wealth to the East.

Even when alongside an army of sell-swords who drain the purse to protect the investment, the lure is more than enough for an Arabyan trader or one of those racketeers from Marienburg. Each trip may take years to complete but the Silk Road remains open for anyone wishing to use it.



Since the Tilean brothers Ricco and Robbio opened this dangerous yet lucrative trade route, it has attracted the most daring or foolhardy of merchants regularly. Each of them dreaming of the golden realm that lies beyond the horizon. The wastes are littered with the tattered and broken remnants of those who failed, a warning that their folly came at too high a price.



Special Rules

Merchant: The Merchant is the warband's *leader* (any Warrior within 6" of him may use his Leadership when taking Ld tests) and the one who is in charge of the business. If the Merchant leaves the caravan (e.g. dies permanently through Serious Injuries), a new *leader* is determined as normal.

The new leader gets the *Merchant* special rule, allowing him to choose new skills from the Merchant's special skills section. The model counts as a Merchant for all purposes just as the previous Merchant used to. If no model in the warband is allowed to become the *leader*, an Apprentice must be bought as soon as possible to become the *leader*.

Trade: Instead of searching for rare items the Merchant may sell rare items that have been stored in the Trade Cart during the preceding battle. This must be done before Heroes of either warband search for rare items.

Roll a D6 to determine how many gold coins the Merchant would get for the items (roll separately for each item).

D6	Gold coins
1-2	Half the item's basic price
3-4	The item's full basic price
5-6	Full plus half the item's basic price

Note that the Merchant may decide whether he wants to sell the items for that price or if he wants to try again after the next battle.

Open for Business: All players may choose to send any of their Heroes to the Merchant instead of having them search for rare items. A Hero doing so may buy one item from the warband's stored equipment if the players can agree on a price (including exchange deals with items and Treasures). Instead of buying an item a Hero may also go to the Merchant to sell any one item (rare, common, magical, treasure counters) to him. If players cannot agree on a price no deal is closed and the visit is wasted.

Rarity: Any rare item that is reduced to Rare 2 or below by the Trade Wagon's *Reputation* rule, the *Streetwise* skill etc., can be bought as Common items.

Hired Swords: Merchant Caravans may hire every Hired Sword that is available to Mercenary warbands.



Choice of warriors

A Merchant Caravan must include a minimum of three models. You have 600 gold crowns which you can use to recruit and equip your warband. The maximum number of warriors in the warband is 12.

Merchant: Each caravan must have one Merchant – no more, no less!

Apprentice: Your warband may have one Apprentice.

Knights Vanguard: Your warband may include up to two Knights Vanguard.

Magician: Your warband may have one Magician.

Sell-swords: Your warband may include any number of Sell-swords.

Marksmen: Your warband may include up to five Marksmen.

Blackguards: Your warband may include up to three Blackguards.

Trade Wagon: Your warband must include one Trade Wagon.

Starting Experience

A **Merchant** starts with 20 Experience.

An **Apprentice** starts with 0 Experience.

Knights Vanguard start with 8 Experience.

A **Magician** starts with 8 Experience.

All **Henchmen** start with 0 Experience.

Characteristic increase

Merchants and their retinue are humans and so use the Human maximum profile.

Merchant Caravan equipment list

The following lists are used by Merchant Caravan warbands to pick their equipment.

HERO EQUIPMENT LIST

Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger	1st free/2 gc
Hammer	3 gc
Sword	10 gc
Rapier	15 gc

Missile Weapons

Pistol	15 gc (30 gc for a brace)
Duelling pistol	30 gc (60 gc for a brace)

Armour

Light armour	20 gc
Heavy armour	50 gc
Shield	5 gc
Helmet	10 gc

Miscellaneous Equipment

Cathayan silk cloak	40 gc
Warhorse*	40 gc
Trade wagon**	180 gc

*Knights Vanguard only

**Note that a starting warband must always include one Trade Wagon!



HENCHMAN EQUIPMENT LIST

Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger	1st free/2 gc
Hammer	3 gc
Axe	5 gc
Sword	10 gc
Pike*	10 gc
Halberd*	10 gc

*Sell-swords only

Missile Weapons

Crossbow	25 gc
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Armour

Light armour	20 gc
Heavy armour	50 gc
Shield	5 gc
Helmet	10 gc

CATHAYAN EQUIPMENT LIST

Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger	1st free/2 gc
Club	3 gc
Sword	10 gc
Double-handed weapon	15 gc
Katana	20 gc

Armour

Light armour	20 gc
Heavy armour	50 gc
Shield	5 gc
Helmet	10 gc

Merchant Caravan skill table

	Combat	Shooting	Academic	Strength	Speed	Special
Merchant		✓	✓			✓
Apprentice	✓	✓	✓		✓	
Knights Vanguard	✓			✓	✓	
Magician			✓		✓	

Heroes

1 Merchant

50 gold crowns to hire

Only the bravest – or most greedy fools – among merchants travel north to trade with the barbaric Norse tribes that dwell in the icy wastes. Others risk their lives on the Silk Road before reaching the safe haven of the Sentinels. From this trading post the road forks. The Spice Route leads south to the Land of a Thousand Gods. The Ivory Road leads on east through uncountable dangerous tribes of warring Marauders and Hobgoblins, not to mention the many terrors encountered in the Ogre kingdoms.

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

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

SPECIAL RULES

Merchant: A Merchant is always the warband's *leader*. Refer to the special rules for when using a *Merchant*.

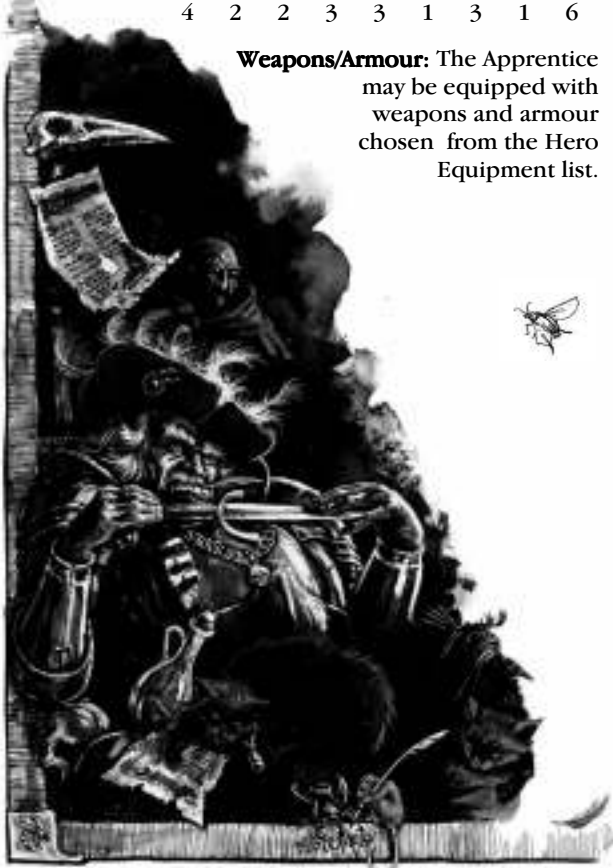
0·1 Apprentice

15 gold crowns to hire

Less than desirable duties must be diligently fulfilled during an apprenticeship with a merchant – packing mules, carrying crates or driving the wagon.

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

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



0·2 Knights Vanguard

45 gold crowns to hire

Serving as the vanguard for a merchant's escort are former knights. Imperial's, Bretonnian's who used to own land and servants of their own, or ronins from the east. Nipponese and Cathayans alike will fight for fair pay in the service of merchants. All are well travelled enough to be equipped with the finest arms forged by the swordsmiths of Grand Cathay.

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

Weapons/Armour: Knights Vanguard may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Hero Equipment list and the Cathayan Equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES

Lightning Reflexes: If the Knights Vanguard is charged he will 'strike first' against those that charged that turn. As the charger(s) will also normally 'strike first' (for charging), the order of attack between the charger(s) and the Knights Vanguard will be determined by comparing Initiative values.

Ride Warhorse: The Knights Vanguard is trained in riding Warhorses.

Hirelings: The Knights Vanguard is a hireling, paid by the Merchant and therefore can never become the warband's *leader*.



0·1 Magician

40 gold crowns to hire

Often warlocks, alchemists and sorcerers seek the protection of an influential merchant to escape the stakes of the fanatical Witch Hunters. As part of his escort they secretly continue their forbidden studies incognito. Opportunities arise to test the results of their ability on the raiding creatures of the Wastes.

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

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

SPECIAL RULES

Wizard: A Magician is a wizard and uses Lesser Magic. See the Magic section in the Mordheim rulebook for details.

Hireling: The Magician is a hireling, paid by the Merchant. He can never become the warband's *leader*.

Henchmen

Sell-swords

25 gold crowns to hire

Well aware of the attraction his caravan holds for highwaymen and raiding parties, the merchant keeps bodyguards. These roguish adventurers ensure that both the goods and their paymaster survive the journey undamaged. Sell-swords are the unfortunate scoundrels that earn their living as caravan escorts.

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

Weapons/Armour: Sell-swords may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Henchman Equipment list.

0.5 Marksmen

30 gold crowns to hire

The marksmen from Tilea are well renowned for their excellent skills in the use of crossbows.

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

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

0.3 Blackguards

35 gold crowns to hire

In the outer Cathayan cities a wealthy foreign trader is showered with offers from fortune seeking outcasts. These mercenaries who dream of leaving their homes for wealth and fame bring strange weapons and fighting styles with them to join the merchant caravan.

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

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

SPECIAL RULES

Strongman: Blackguards are capable of great feats of strength. They may use a double-handed weapon without the usual penalty of always striking last. Work out order of battle as you would with other weapons.

Unreliable Hirelings: Blackguards are only hired by the Merchant to serve him by protecting his cargo. They are not much trusted or granted with any responsibilities. Therefore they may never become Heroes. Re-roll all results of 'The lad's got talent' for them.

Merchant special skills

Merchants may choose to use the following skill list instead of the standard skill lists.

bribery

Whenever the warband has to take a Rout test, the Merchant may talk his hirelings into staying a little longer and face the danger. He may immediately pay 5 gc per non-Hero warband member (including Hired Swords!) still in the game. If he does, *one* member taken *out of action* already, does not count for Rout tests. If after that a Rout test is still required, test as normal. This skill may be used as many times as required so long as the coffers aren't empty!

Dubious income

The Merchant has set up an underground business that proves to be quite profitable. After every battle in which the Merchant was not taken *out of action* he may choose to use this skill before the trading phase (i.e. before any gold is spent). If he does, he must pass a Ld test. If the test is successful, the warband receives one gold coin per Experience point the Merchant has. If the test is failed, the warband loses up to the same amount of gold coins.

wholesale

The Merchant is known for buying items in greater numbers and so is especially welcome at the other merchants. He may search for D3+1 rare items after each battle instead of one item only (if he was not taken *out of action*, of course!).

Deal breaker

When trying to sell items through the *Trade* special rule, the Merchant gets a +1 bonus on the roll to see what the item would fetch.

connected

The Merchant knows many retailers and ways of getting hold of rare items. Instead of searching for rare items as normal he may visit the local black market and its fencers. If he does, he may search for items from the following table, applying the normal rules.

Item	Cost	Availability
Dispel Scroll	50 + 4D6 gc	Rare 12 <i>see Mordheim Annual 2002, p. 31</i>
Lesser Artefact	200 + D6x15 gc	Rare 16 <i>roll on the Lesser Artefacts table</i>
Magical Artefact	350 + D6x25 gc	Rare 18 <i>roll on the Magical Artefact Table from the Mordheim rulebook, p. 141</i>
Magical Scroll	100 gc	Rare 14 <i>roll on the Lesser Artefacts table</i>

Note that though the Merchant may buy items using the table above he can never sell them back again (and must hope for other players to be interested in them).

Special equipment

trade wagon

180 gold crowns to buy

Availability: Common, Merchant Caravans only

The many vulnerable items such as Cathayan jewels, spices and silk cloths are stored in the Trade Cart.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cart	-	-	-	-	8	4	-	-	-
Wheel	-	-	-	-	6	1	-	-	-
Draft Horse	8	1	0	3	3	1	3	0	5

SPECIAL RULES

Wagon: The Trade Wagon is a wagon and so follows all rules for Wagons (see *Empire in Flames Supplement*, p. 30–33). The cost of the Trade Wagon includes two draft horses. Remember that one model from the warband needs to act as the wagon driver.

Storage: All the warband's stored equipment and treasures are stored inside the Trade Wagon. Note that this does not include the warband's gold crowns.

If the Trade Wagon is destroyed, all the warband's stored equipment and treasures are lost. Until a new Trade Wagon (or Stage Coach, if the player wishes) is bought, equipment cannot be stored. Any treasures gained after a battle are lost if they are not sold before the next game.

Reputation: For every five different rare items stored inside the Trade Wagon the Merchant gets +1 to his rolls for finding rare items.

Abandoned: If the warband fails its Rout test and no model is driving the Trade Wagon then it is abandoned. The wagon falls into the winning warband's hands. They may choose to steal the contents, to keep the wagon for themselves if

allowed to (treat as Wagon or Stage Coach) or agree to cut a deal (using the ransom rules in *Captured* from the Serious Injuries chart on page 119 of the Mordheim rulebook) with the Merchant.

Note that if at least one member of the merchant caravan was not taken *out of action*, the warband who captured the Trade Wagon may not search for rare items in the following Trading phase as the word spreads and they are avoided by the fearful local traders.



pike

10 gold crowns

Availability: Rare 8, Merchant Caravans only

A Pike is comparable to a spear, though its length exceeds the one of a common one. The Tileans use them in their civil wars, and with the silk road they came to the outer border towns of Cathay.

Range	Strength	Special rules
Close Combat	As user	Two-handed, Strike first

SPECIAL RULES

Two-handed: A model armed with a pike may not use a shield, buckler or additional weapon in close combat. However it gets an additional +1 armour save bonus against ranged attacks if it carries a shield.

Strike first: A warrior with a pike strikes first in the first turn of a hand-to-hand combat. For that turn he gains +1 Initiative representing the pike's long shaft that allows him to attack even before the enemy reaches him.





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