



Cursed Hillman

House rules for a new Hired Sword

By Tom Bell

It wouldn't be long now, he thought to himself. The smoke curled lazily above the treetops, clearly identifying the location of the camp. A vicious smile split his face as the anticipation came over him. This was it, his chance at something bigger. No longer would he stalk the night alone, feeding on livestock and the occasional brash and foolish farm-hand. Tonight, Gauld would become a part of something bigger. He knew not what, or how he knew, but there was something pulling at his very guts, drawing him to this place. Before he even noticed, he was standing within the clearing, gazing upon a sight that would freeze the blood in any other mans veins.

The pack of beastmen looked up in surprise from their grisly feast, the remains of one of their victims still suspended above the campfire. All but one stood and snarled, brandishing weapons and moving quickly to encircle the foolish human who had come alone and unarmed into their midst. The single beastman, face covered in a dirty and bloodied cloth, rose slowly, eyes never leaving the stranger. The hooded shaman chortled, and raised his hands. All movement ceased as he raised his commanding voice above the growls and stomping hooves.

“Man-Beast, you have come at last. Show me strength by fighting Kazaak, and live. Fail, and you will cook above our hungry flames.”



A massive bulk of fur, muscle and horns came forward, breath billowing out in great clouds of steam. Laughing deeply, it discarded it's massive axe and wooden shield to the amusement of the beastmen around him. Snorting, he tore at the ground with his hooves and prepared the charge.

Gauld stood motionless, absorbing it all. A strange calm came upon him as he slowly undid the clasp of his heavy fur cloak, the only armor he possessed. It fell behind him, and he began walking towards the menacing Gor. Howling at this show of contempt, Kazaak charged, covering the short distance between them in a few strides. His huge fist swung out, connecting solidly with Gaulds chest. A resounding crack was heard across the small clearing as a crimson stream erupted from between the man's lips. Collapsing instantly from the surely-fatal blow, Gauld lay upon the cold earth coughing up his lifeblood.

Cheers were offered from the beastmen, congratulating their champion at his easy victory. They would surely eat well this evening. The celebration was short-lived, however, as a low and guttural growl silenced the crowd almost instantly. Turning slowly, the Gor gazed upon the man-beast before him, slowly rising from the red-mud at his feet. His face had elongated into a snout, massive canines pushing through the torn and bleeding gums. Its ears moved back upon the now-lupine head. Fur grew at an amazing pace, covering the formerly pink man-thing in a shaggy, black hide. His hands erupted, claws shoving their way

out from the ends of his now-massive fingers. All of this the Gor saw, but he only truly focused upon the eyes. Slitted, the yellow orbs held malice and evil. They gazed upon the stunned beastman, and promised death. Rising to it's full height, the furry man-beast roared a mighty roar, stretching out it's arms to the night sky. Bleating nervously, the Gor scrambled backwards, and attempted to regain it's discarded axe and shield. It's hand never again felt the comfort of the weapons grip...

CURSED HILLMAN

60 gold crowns to hire +25 gold crowns upkeep

Cursed by lycanthrope, a man will never find a home within any civilized domain. Should his presence be discovered, he will be hunted relentlessly, pushed out by those strong enough to fend him off. They learn to live a life of solitude, existing in the deep darkness of the dreaded woods within the Empire. Of course, living side by side with hoards of beastmen, terrifying undead and roving bands of Cultists is never easy. However some of these damned individuals find themselves able to hire-on with an unscrupulous band through feats of strength or skill. Whether they hope to earn enough to pay for a hopeful cure, or simply enjoy the twisted carnal delights available to them whilst in the company of chaos, they continue to serve with their purchased loyalty.

May be hired: A Cursed Hillman can be hired by the Undead, Beastmen or Possessed warbands.

Rating: A Cursed Hillman increases the warbands rating by +20 points, plus 1 point for every experience he has.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Man	4	3	4	3	3*	1	3	1	8
Wolf	7	4	0	4	4	2	5	2(3)	6

Weapons/Armour: While in man-form, the Hillman is armed with an axe, a dagger, and a longbow. He wears a heavy fur cloak with offers him an AS of 5+ versus ranged attacks, and 6+ in close combat.

When in wolf-form, all garments and weapons are discarded. These are collected after the battle. The werewolf uses only it's teeth and claws in close combat, and suffers no penalties for doing so.

SPECIAL RULES

Hunter: The Cursed Hillman has had to learn to survive in the bleak wilderness of the Empire. As such, he is incredibly skilled with his bow. He may move at half-rate, and still fire his bow without penalty.

Thin Flesh: Due to his constant changing into lupine form and back, his flesh has weakened to ease the transformation. As such, he counts as having -1T in hand to hand combat.

Lycanthrope: The Cursed Hillman is a werewolf. Any time he loses a wound, he must roll a D6. On a roll of 4+, the beast within escapes and he transforms into a werewolf. Ignore any injury table rolls. Should he not transform, roll on the injury