

For the citizens of the  
Damned City

# Town Crier



Published on the first Angestag of each Mannslich.

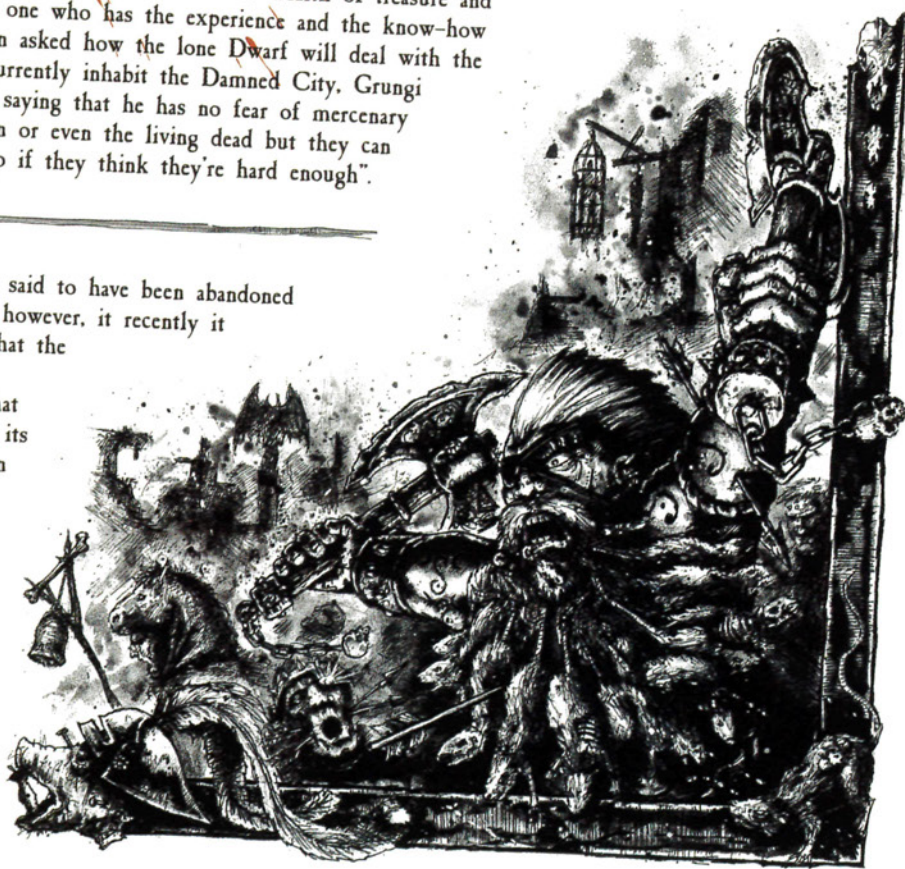
Mordheim 3 Groats

## FAMED TREASURE HUNTER ENTERS CITY

Famous Dwarf prospector, Grungi Greatbeard, has arrived at the Damned City. He claims that Mordheim hides a vast wealth of treasure and that he is the only one who has the experience and the know-how to excavate it. When asked how the lone Dwarf will deal with the evil denizens that currently inhabit the Damned City, Grungi looked unconcerned saying that he has no fear of mercenary warbands, the Skaven or even the living dead but they can "come and have a go if they think they're hard enough".

The Clock Tower is said to have been abandoned since the Great Fall, however, it recently it has been rumoured that the clock strikes the midnight hour and that lights can be seen in its crumbling windows on certain nights. Who now inhabits the clock tower? Why have the ratmen, who currently control this area of the city, let the clock tower become inhabited?

*Artist's impression of a Dwarf, although this is not Grungi Greatbeard as he refused to pose for the picture.*



Here  
Within



Classifieds -  
advertise your  
wares and services.

The tale of the  
boy who cried  
'Goblin'.

Ramblings from  
the scribe.  
Read his words of  
wisdom and vomit.

### Locksmith Needed

For Beaten Scribe, Arf-a-Job, who keeps getting locked in his own abode and is then late for work.

Contact Arf-a-Job at the Roach Inn

### The Black Death

Need a city-spanning plague fast? Need a suitably devastating threat for your black-mailing needs?

Then you need Papa Nurgle's Ratz-in-a-Box

Order now! Death within two days or your money back!

## Do you suffer from hair loss?

From the makers of WyrdCream!

Then you need WyrdGel

Simply rub our patented formula on to your bonce and within seven days we guarantee you'll have something growing out of it!

To order simply call our agents and we'll deliver straight to your abode, send no money now - we'll raid your corpse when payment is due.

### SCRIBE'S HONOURABLE MENTION

Mad Andreas Halldenstaat



Introducing...

### The Mad Tilean

alias

*The Painted Man*

Marvel at how he uses his body as a canvas and how he'll regret it in later life...

### OBITUARIES

#### Dr Looney

Died when she launched herself through the ceiling.

#### Lord Borrick

Kept his hounds hungry so they were more aggressive. His body was never discovered.

#### Big Bertha

Swallowed a fly, (that wriggled and tickled inside her, I don't know why she swallowed that fly.)

#### Phileas Kelling

Died of an heart attack in a crazed rant about a mysterious race of giants who do nothing but eat and have a penchant for facial hair.

#### Christof Dunn

Besppectated editor of publications of a graphic nature, hunted down by acolytes of a dark cult for peddling his paper-bound wares...

## RUN FOR THE HILLS. SAVE YOURSELVES. THE END-TIMES ARE HERE.

This advertisement paid for by the Confederacy of The End of the World is Nigh guilds.

(Contact us now to order next year's brochure.)

Give a home to an Owl-cat this Festag.

Mordheim's owl-cat population needs your help, please give one a home or just donate a few mice.

*The Owl-cat Protection League.*



Now playing at the Sigmarhaven Amphitheatre

## The Phantom of the Ogre

"Wot a load of crap"  
A. Criteek

Coming soon - straight from the Play Halls of Altdorf - Dogs

# THE LAST WORD

## To be a Fanatic

THIS MONTH... MARC GASCOIGNE

**BIOG:** When not swanning around the globe, Marc Gascoigne is the Publisher of the Black Library range of novels, background books and comics. Check out [www.blacklibrary.com](http://www.blacklibrary.com)



Despite what you might imagine (hush now!), there aren't masses of overseas trips and jolly excursions to distant lands in my job, but I have just been lucky enough to spend a long weekend in California, at the enormously impressive San Diego Comic Convention. What started twenty years ago as a small comic book event has grown to a vast gathering of 90,000 people eager to experience the latest comics, computer game, movie, tv and tabletop gaming action. BL Publishing and Sabertooth, now partners representing all of GW's non-hobby businesses, were using the opportunity to promote all our novels and background books, collectable games and associated merchandise in an environment specifically dedicated to all things cool, futuristic and fantastical.

Towards the end of the last day at the show – since I knew all too well that I still had this piece to pen before I returned, lest I suffer the unbounded wrath of Andy Hall – I took the opportunity of a rare quiet moment on the BL Publishing stand to raise the subject of what it meant to be “a fanatic”. It seemed a perfect venue for such a question. One of the guys with us gestured at all the different people passing by us and replied, “You know, everyone here is a fanatic. The only thing anyone cares about is what flavour or colour of fanatic you are.”

At that particular moment a tall and muscled-up guy dressed in a seriously impressive Venom costume strolled by, looking every inch the genuine superhero. He crossed with a young fellow who you'd swear actually was Harry Potter, in the company of two Japanese schoolgirl-ninjas straight from the latest Manga. Everywhere you looked there was another fan in a killer costume – posing for photos for less expressive types, congratulating each other on achieving such an authentic look, or just blithely

queuing to get autographs from their own favoured stars.

Those who had decided to stay in mufti were no less enthusiastic about all around them. They were positively buzzing with excitement over the latest news from Marvel or DC, the hottest new Japanese sensation, the sneak previews of the summer's big movies or from the sheer joy of

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getting an autograph or an audience with their favoured writers and artists. The questions the fans asked were, in the main, intelligent and probing, showing just how deeply interested they were in their heroes' work in whatever medium.

We experienced plenty of these ourselves, because we had the mighty Dan Abnett with us, signing copies of his books for a wide range of extraordinarily keen and interested, well, fanatics. It was a rare delight to be greeted with the delighted cries of fans who had brought books specially to be signed, or saw our listing in the advance publicity and came to find us in the crush – or to be walked past and receive a comedy double-take when fans spotted just who was sitting signing their favourite 40K novels.

Yes, they do things differently in California... But what's wrong with having so much fun? There's something massively refreshing about such a mass outbreak of unforced, unselfconscious fan enthusiasm. It's a funny thing though: you go to your

average British cult entertainment convention, and the story is very different indeed. Long faces, jaded frowns, miserable buggers everywhere. There they all are, propping up the bar, droning on about how it was all better in their day, drained of all enthusiasm and enjoyment. Truly depressing. Makes one long for some jump leads and a handy supply of twenty million volts.

The only place I know that overshadows my Californian experience for pure fanaticism is one with which I know you are all familiar. It's wherever you guys gather, whether a tiny store-based book signing or in the madness of Games Day. It's every games night, every store opening, every online Q&A. I've come to realise that GW fans, whether they're mad for 40K or Blood Bowl or just the latest Ravenor novel, are the living embodiment of fanaticism in action. Happy to be deep into their hobby, loving every minute of it and as a result taking so much more from it: entertainment, passion, comradeship, and some truly mindblowing images sparking in their imagination. It took a trip a long way from home to realise that GW fanatics put the rest of the world to shame for dedication, obsession and above all the sheer ability to dive head first into what makes them happy.

So anyway, yes, thanks for asking, we had a tremendous show. As I type this, the mighty Dan and I are heading back on the plane, tired but happy and already discussing some devious plans for UK Games Day. We've even cooked up a possible special treat for Gaunt fans, and Mr Abnett is sat here scribbling away at a brand new story all about a certain writer whose beloved characters won't stay dead. Real Ghosts indeed. Suspect it's going to be another one to get the fans really, really excited. I can hear the howls of delight and agony and unadulterated glee already. Love it.