

# The Bell Toll

Almanac of Games



Proprietary of James

Working Edition

# The Bell Toll

## The Lamplighter's Local



### Tangle with tiny foes

The remnants of The Mordheim Firefighters & Lamplighters Guild, or what remains within their tallow suits entered the ruined suburb from the east, while unbeknownst to them a family of Halflings; Survivors of Sommershire, did similar to the west.



The Firefighters immediately lost Captain Pointer to a hail of arrows, caught off guard in the open. Henchman Stobepipe attempted a return with his rifle, and missed. More Halflings moved up to harass the gentle Tallow Men, who continued to returned fire. One Halfling took two bolts to the helmet, but sprung right back up from the knockdown. Meanwhile two others halflings strung up young recruit Squat behind an outhouse, retiring him promptly. Desperate, the remaining brave firemen, who

are most definitely not ghouls, returned continuous volleys until finally striking the grandfather of the family, fatally wounding him for good. The Tallow Men's attempts at stealing away the Halfling Captain's daughter came to naught and cost them dearly; their warlock T-Bone, catching an arrow to the eye having fumbled his spell book.



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THE MORDHEIM  
FIRE FIGHTER  
LAMPLIGHTERS  
JOIN THE  
SERVICE AND  
HELP KEEP  
MORDHEIM  
A BLAZE**

### Grandpa Gone

Leaking precious fluids, the Tallow Men retreated to a nearby tavern and by chance, came upon some rather medicinal ales; making a full recovery.

The Halflings came out unscathed, except Grandpa who's firmly under the top soil - a high price for ambushing your humble local lamp lighters.

By Eric Daddio

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### Routine Pest Control

The Mordheim Firefighters Lamplighters Guild, or Tallowmen as they were affectionately known by humble once-alive locals, sometimes have to take side gigs to keep the fuel burning. Mad Baron Ol-Cumbridge complained his steelworks had been overrun by rats, again, fire rooms to clear and a wyrdstone reward. It's a wonder the Works are still going, or in his head at least. Jobs a job though! How hard could it be?



The rats were larger than expected, and armed too. Stobepipe tried his best to get a few rifle shots off but his hangover made him wobble. The crossbow troops probed equally strung out. Wasn't long before meleé had to be had, that didn't go well either. Stobe took multiple hits from a wyrdstone pistol, somehow surviving a bit longer, getting up each time. Captain Pointer got knocked out and fell 16ft, he's completely mad now

### Rats Party

Enjoying the carnage a bit too much one of the rats tried a diving charge and briefly crippled himself from 12ft drop. Providing some light comedy before 3 of his mates then kicked Birdhouse to near death while he also lay facedown in the dirt

For one turn of the clock all four of the Tallowmen left in the fight lay wounded - they were already three down, while the rats partied with violence on the helpless sods. Stomping and beating wounded public servants.

and sustained 6 permanent wounds from the bone crunching falls, then being beaten by rats clubs as he lay unconscious and broken.



- he forked over four wyrdstone shards for the Guilds trouble.

By Eric Daddio

# The Daughters of Anleks

by Ben Ashing

## Chronicled Tribulations

### Prologue

Many days we travelled upon hearing tell of a place beset by the foul rot of chaos. The city of the damned, they called it. Upon our arrival it is immediately clear that the tales we heard were no lie. In front of us lies a city in ruin, cursed noises echo their way beyond its borders. Yet, we are not alone in having made the journey. A great circus of parties gather around the walls, all mustering the nerve to cross its borders.

They've come to the city for to achieve fame, acquire riches, and certain others I can tell have darker motive. And what of we; the surviving daughters of the once glorious city of Anlec? Well we come to hone our skill and whet our blades on the horrific creatures of chaotic origin; creatures sprouted from the very earth itself.

#### First Encounter

#### Ritta & The Crew of The Jammit Dodger

It seems that we may have let our guard down prematurely upon entering the city. We had been enjoying some of our wines when we heard squeaks and scurries making their way toward us. So we readied our weapons and rushed through the ruins to see a swarm of grotesque, man sized rats heading straight toward us.

Our archers loosed arrows barely slowing the approaching hoard, before taking up defensive positions above the fray.

Although, I'll admit that getting pissed on wine was certainly a lapse in judgment, since it seems that all of our arrows struggled to find flesh.

The rest of us rushed in melee with the creatures but were quickly overwhelmed by their sheer numbers. I must say that the rest is a blur, and it is with great sadness that I report the loss of one of our number.

Curses to Ritta & the Crew of the Jammit Dodger! I swear to kill that rat if ever I am ever unfortunate enough to encounter him again. I have sent out

messengers into the shadows to recoup our loss, for this is a deadly place, and we will certainly need every troop we can muster.

#### Second Encounter

#### Skelk's Shard-Sniffers

Damn these rats! We had just about recovered from our last foray into these forsaken walls when again we heard a familiar sound. At first we thought the rodents were the same horde that we encountered previously. However it just seems that this has a pest problem.

We quickly split into two groups to draw the critters out. Our archers, this time less inebriated, loosed arrow and happily made their targets. My sisters made light work of scaling a high wall, but upon reassessing the situation I realised my best course of action would be to remain on the ground and provide backup to our second group. I cheered my troops on and sprinted across the battlefield to join the other half of my force. At this point they had entered melee range and were in the middle of a tight scuffle.

These rats, though fewer in number were armed to the teeth. From what I could see we were putting up a valiant fight, before their leader shot me with some damned green contraption.

I am told that we were able to remove two of their number from the fray, before having to fall back to safety. As well as myself, we also had another knocked unconscious, but I am fortunate to say that the skirmish only cost my weapons and armour; a price far fairer than the blood of my kin. Curses to Skelk and his shard sniffers!

Curses to all of the rats in this damned city! I shall dance on the day I hear of their extermination. I have again called into the dark places in the hopes of bolstering our number.

We shall not lose again.