

NECROMUNDA[®]

APOCRYPHA NECROMUNDA



THE COVETED CACHE

The wilds, wastes and badzones of Necromunda are filled with legends and myths of every colour and kind imaginable. Some of them are even true. Wander into any drinking hole in Hive Primus and crack open a bottle of Wild Snake (or Second Best if you're a little light on creds) and within moments some crusty-faced local will be bending your ear with a tale or two. Maybe their little corner of the underhive was once the site of a showdown between the notorious Carrion Queens and the equally nefarious Irontree Reavers, or perhaps the legendary bounty hunter Kal Jericho drank at the very bar you're sitting at now and they got close enough to touch the hem of his duster. Whatever the yarn, you'd do well to listen carefully, for hidden in every story is at least a grain of truth, and maybe even a lesson or two that might keep you alive when you're next out wandering the badzones looking for trouble...

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COVETED CACHE

Necromunda ushered in the final weeks of its Season of Ash as it always did: with cataclysmic quakes and planet-wide ash storms. Waster settlements battered down their hatches while howling winds as sharp as glass did their best to shred their walls apart. Large swathes of badland cracked open into cavernous sinkholes or erupted into geysers of long-buried rust.

It was one such abyss that awaited the traders of Pilgrim's Grave when the season finally ended. The settlement had always been a wreck – the first to settle there building it upon the ruined carcasses of downed ships – yet as the darkness of Tenebria finally fell, half of Pilgrim's Grave now clung to the edge of a kilometres-wide sinkhole. The very throat of the place had been opened, revealing new and ancient wrecks in its gullet, shot down for trying to smuggle goods without passing through the Eye of Selene. This chasm was even visible from the air, a dark tumour on the western edge of the vastness that was the Navis Mortis. Mercators and black marketeers all began planning excursions into the chasm even before the Corpse Guild had left with the season's dead, and barely a few cycles passed before the local black market was swollen with illicit contraband, from 'sentient' xenos gems to fuel cells of luminous, unknown liquids, preserved below the ash for centuries. With little Enforcer presence so far out in the wilderness, the only law keepers to be appeased were those of the Mhungan, de-facto ruler of Pilgrim's Grave who had kept his seat through years of bloody dominance.

The Mhungan considered himself a fair man. He was more than happy to turn a blind eye to some of the more illegal retrievals so long as marketeers continued to afford him first pick – and a very generous discount. The house gangs that began infesting the market though, drawn by word of the settlement's windfall, weren't so respectful. Rumours of the abundance that had been unearthed by the storms had quickly spread out into the wastes, and these hard-bitten hunters were much less keen to pay the Mhungan's tariff. Many treasure hunters claimed wrecks around the abyss's perimeter, fortifying the shells and operating out of them whilst defending against his debt collectors. The Mhungan seethed from his ship-fortress throne. He would have his due, and he would send his best to go and get it.

Those with any sense sealed themselves indoors as the Grave Butchers took to the streets. The gang's leaders, Gouge and Gosharn Sandsplitter, were a sibling duo famed for keeping their death-dealing quick and gory, and the Mhungan wielded them as a pair of knuckle-dusters against those that refused to pay. The ash-caked mouth of the abyss was quickly soaked red as the brothers and their followers forced their way into shipwrecks, waging bloody war upon everyone within. Gouge led the charge into the biggest of the treasure hunters' holdouts, axing through its ruined cargo bay and into the bowels beyond. Stub rounds pinged from his piecemeal armour as he beheaded the Orlock gunners that had fired them. Scraps of iron prised from their breastplates soon added to his own gear as trophies. One look at his brother revealed that Gosharn had been busy too, a road captain's belt buckle adorning his fat neck.

Yet when they reached the final room of the trading barge, the Grave Butchers found their work had already been done for them. Gouge kicked down the half-ruined door to find the room beyond lined with bloody corpses, skin and muscles shredded so thoroughly that they barely resembled humans. At the very back was a single intact body, dead from a well-placed gunshot. One of its hands was melted into the glove of a power claw embellished with fresh sinew.

It was the most beautiful thing that Gouge had ever seen.

Breathing heavily with anticipation, Gouge reached for the power claw. As his fingers grazed the surface, it clicked and steamed, releasing itself from the corpse as if in invitation. He felt adrenaline pulse through his veins as he fitted his hand snugly inside. The claws clicked and flashed, red stains dancing upon blackened iron. The sound caressed Gouge's ears exquisitely. He looked around at the men behind him and all he could see was envy written upon their twisted features. They were so very ugly. Gouge wondered if they would look much less brutish when split across his claw blades.

His dark musings abruptly ended when Gosharn poked a hairy finger into his chest. He wanted his due as well. He too eyed the claw jealously, though its razor-sharp talons were at his neck before he could reach for it. Sweat dripped down Gouge's face as he realised it was taking more effort to stop himself from opening his brother's arteries than it would to make the killing stroke. Gosharn held his brother's gaze for barely a moment before he backed off. Yet as they trudged from the ship and deeper into the abyss, he continued to watch the claw as it glinted in the light of his photo-lumen.

Behind him, rage swirled through his brother's mind like a tempest; murderous thoughts rising, unbidden, to the surface. Gosharn should have been showing his fealty at the sight of this claw. Yet for the sake of the job at hand, Gouge tamped down those thoughts and settled for raking his prize down the back of one of his more useless juves. Energy crackled down the weapon's length and drowned out the unfortunate victim's screams as Gouge watched the breathtaking arc of crimson spray. As the gang descended ever deeper, he hoped that there would be bodies to open. He wanted more. He wanted it soon.

Meanwhile, in the darkness of the sinkhole's depths, a group of Escher hunters scoured the broken hulls. The Dust Dancers had encountered strange prizes and stranger foes as they rifled through ruin after ruin – sentient lumps of flesh, many-eyed chitinous insects, even the odd brainleaf zombie, all lumbering towards them in the eerie half-light of their photo-lumens. The wildlife here was even more mutated than in the sump-choked depths of the Underhive; even their Phyrre Cats not daring to venture too far into the shadows. Yet onwards they pressed: their contact in the Mercator Gelt had insisted that the best salvage was sure to be at the bottom. They were led by the Gang Queen Blisette and her champions, Audree and Jalina, all of whom took a grim pride in donning their respirators and accepting contracts that took them into the harshest of conditions. Blasting the occasional flesh abomination to bits was so far proving a small price to pay for the lucrative nature of the contract.

It was at the very bottom of the sinkhole that they cracked open the wreck of the *Fortune's Favour*, lowering themselves into the smuggling vessel by smashing straight through the cockpit. Corridors and vast halls spiralled deeper underground, below even the base of the abyss. Blisette and her champions fanned out, Phyrre Cats snuffling through collapsed cargo holds and ash-choked crew quarters. The Dust Dancers travelled deeper than Blisette would have usually allowed for a simple salvage mission. Yet the further they went, the more their eyes sparkled with avarice. Ancient chem stores glittered in long forgotten med bays, labelled with ingredients Blisette reckoned even a seasoned Clan Chymist had never seen. Machine parts that would see their owner labelled heretek were strewn across floors. Most intriguingly, they began finding skeletons so shattered that the death blows they had received had rendered them nigh-unrecognisable. A curious excitement sparked in Blisette's mind. She wanted to know more about what had happened here and whether it was still a threat. Blisette led them through another set of sunken corridors, her girls checking and reloading their weapons just in case.

As they entered a new compartment of the vessel, the gang's boots squelched uncomfortably as they trudged across the liquid-slicked decking. It swirled beneath them, tainting the air with a heavy sweetness underpinned with something rotten. They traced the source of the fluid to a pair of steel double doors. Blisette could just about still read the low gothic embossed above it - *Armoury*.

Guided by intoxicating anticipation of the rewards within, she raised her plasma pistol at the seam between the doors and unloaded a white-hot blast.

The doors blew clean off their hinges. A dozen pairs of eyes swivelled around. The room before the Dust Dancers was lit by the Graveyard Butchers' photolumens and las-projectors where they were rifling through the weapons like a rabid pack of animals. In the centre of the shattered armoury were several corpses, partially melted into mutagenic gunk. Two huge, almost identical brutes were locked in combat over this flesh-pile. One wielded a distended arm tipped with claws and festooned with intestinal rope from his opponent's gut wound. Yet though he seemed near victory over the bloody and beaten form of his twin, the pair leapt apart as the Escher rushed through the doors.

Not a word was exchanged as both sides launched into battle. With a gesture, Blisette shot forward with Audree to blast the mutie apart. Jalina raised her stiletto sword and charged the weakened man, only for the spark of clashing metal to ring out as he met her weapon with his own. The rest of the Dust Dancers opened fire on the frenzied underlings. At the sound of gunfire, awareness seemed to return to them. Cabinets and boxes were dropped with an echoing crash as the blood-streaked men lunged for the Escher hunters. Their mouths frothed and their eyes bulged wildly as they raised their hammers and knives in preparation to strike.

A sizzling blast ripped through Gouge's wrist. The man smiled as he held up his blackened appendage, oozing with viscous fluid. Though he could see all the way through the wound, his arm still functioned perfectly, its blood only adding to the claw's perfect surface. The weapon lit up with a crackle of power as he caught the nozzle of a chem-thrower, taking the tip of the weapon clean off just before the girl before him pulled its trigger. Toxic liquids exploded outwards from the broken weapon. Only now did Gouge feel pain – his lungs burned and curdled within his body as each of his breaths pushed hot blood up through his throat. The thoughts immediately flooded back in. How dare this ugly sack of flesh attempt to defile his beautiful form? He pointed his sawn-off straight at the Escher's head, causing her to duck just as he brought his claw up for an underhand swing.

Blisette shrieked with rage as she watched the mutated brute slice a dark claw straight through Audree's skull. She finished reloading her plasma pistol and rolled neatly behind a weapon case before firing once more at the beast. He was standing stock still, admiring the mangled corpse hooked on his hand as if it were a new embellishment adorning it. At the blast of her incoming round, he dodged with superhuman speed, leaving Audree's remains to be trampled underfoot. Though he was dressed no differently than any other ash waste ganger, Blisette could recognise that this was no normal gang fighter. He moved no differently to some of the mutated abominations they had run into further up, though was several times as big and dangerous.

Jalina did not appear to be faring much better – though her target had appeared weakened, his remaining strength was more than a match for the Escher champion's stiletto sword. His chainaxe revved against the poisoned blade with overwhelming force. Yet the weapon was never quite able to shatter Jalina's sword – each time he drew back from a blow, she noticed the distracted swivel of his eyes towards the mutie that Blisette was firing on. She could see that unmistakable flicker of hunger.

Blisette drew her shock whip as she darted behind a row of consoles, careful not to get caught in the rest of her gang's crossfire. The cover was mediocre at best, but she wasn't particularly worried about the sawn-off shotgun which hung half-forgotten by the mutie's side. It was the power claw that topped his twisted limb that turned her stomach in disgust. As the man darted towards her, claw swung wide, she caught his body with her shock whip. Energy coruscated along its length as she flung him into the metal wall. He hit it with a satisfying crunch. The energy crackled along the wall to rip through several of his followers as well, leaving them easy targets for her girls' las rounds.

Even as Blisette emerged fully from behind the comm-panels, she heard Jalina cry out a warning. In the moment she had let her guard down, the mutie had pushed off the wall and was barrelling back towards her. The skin of his stomach had been burned away to the muscle where her whip had encircled him. Yet still he came, grinning through his bloodied mouth to bring his claw down. Blisette raised up her own arm in response, trying to hook her whip around him once more. She was too late. The claw shredded through the flesh of her arm, sending her stumbling back into the consoles. She cried through her teeth as

she ducked behind them again, barely dodging the next swipe. Her whip was gone. Her lower arm and hand were soaked crimson, barely able to move. All she could do was scramble from side to side as he wildly swatted at her. She could hear Jalina's distant grunts and screams as she barely held off the other man.

Then her back hit a wall, and her shoulder hit a button.

In an instant, Blisette found herself falling backwards into the darkness as a door opened behind her. The last she saw of the mutie was his snarling face, claws outstretched – and then the door slid shut again.

For a few moments, Blisette simply sat stunned. Screaming and clawing and scraping metal emanated from beyond the door, as did the distant echo of her girls' gunfire. She had landed in a short corridor. A rich red light emanated from the far end, and as it did so, her mind swelled with a familiar excitement – the feeling that had led her to the armoury in the first place. It felt at odds with her harsh breaths and the pain in her arm, but that welcoming light consumed everything she had felt previously. She had to follow it.

There was a small room beyond the corridor. That alluring crimson came from a power field flickering in a column at its centre, where an ornate hammer was suspended perfectly inside. Blisette felt her face split into a huge smile as she beheld the weapon. As she smashed the butt of her gun into the column's control panel, the fragile energy field shattered – it was likely as many centuries old as the ship. Had this been what the thugs had been searching for? As she basked in the mesmerising aura of power radiating from the weapon, she knew for sure.

Blisette reached out with the ruined vestige of her dominant hand and grasped the hammer at the haft. Searing pain shot up her arm as her muscles swelled, the entire arm growing in size until it could easily bear the great weapon's weight. A jagged scream was wrenched from her throat as her torn ligaments reached out for one another and began to knit themselves together. Dark film pooled within the claw-welts until it fully coated her exposed flesh like a second skin. Renewed strength pumped through the limb as she swung the hammer, and radiated out from her arm towards her heart and mind. In that moment, even as Blisette screamed out in agony, she felt only incandescent happiness.

A familiar roar echoed from the corridor behind her and Blisette's joy soured into pure fury. The brute was polluting a moment so very wonderful, it felt as if she had been doused in pure acid. She marched furiously to the door and slammed the side of the hammer into the entry button, raising her plasma pistol in her other hand.

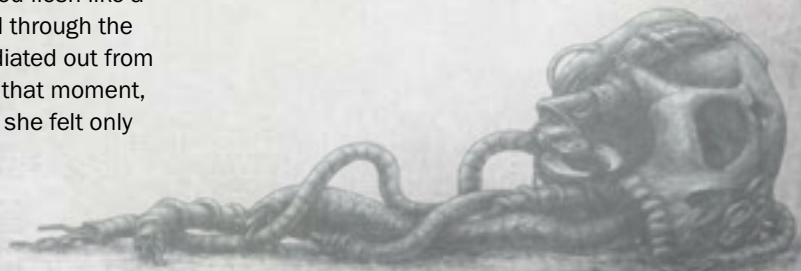
Blisette slammed the exit button with the back of one fist and unleashed hell. The brute beyond howled as plasma charges ripped through his flank and sent him stumbling back, giving her the opening to launch back into the armoury. The mutie barely had time to look up as she brought the power hammer round in a wild swing.

Gosharn lodged his chainaxe in Jalina's shoulder just in time to hear his brother's skull shatter. The dark gunk that had so tainted Gouge's blood smeared across the far wall with the sheer force of the blow. Gosharn looked down at the Escher hunter he had been about to tear through, and then back up at his brother's mutilated body. Then, in the next moment, he abandoned his quarry and dove for the claw on his brother's bulging wrist, a feral snarl ripping from his throat.

Blisette brought her new prize down on him in an instant. Gosharn hadn't even finished twisting the claw from its former owner before the hammer's head pulped him into the floor.

The fighting stilled for a single, blessed moment. Leaderless, those gangers that did not try to flee crumpled quickly under stub gun and las pistol fire. Jalina stood on wobbly legs, her shoulder wound staunching with her own jacket. Yet Blisette did not approach her to help. She simply observed her champion with a wild smile on her face, hair slicked down with gore.

Jalina could only take a single step back before Blisette swung once more...



DESIGNER'S COMMENTARY: NEW RULES FOR WHISPERING WEAPONS

Presented below are rules for a new type of weapon excavated from Pilgrim's Grave, where voices from the stars empower their wielders at a terrible cost. If the Arbitrator wishes, Whispering Weapons can be dug up or purchased as part of a campaign set within the Navis Mortis.

PILGRIM'S GRAVE BLACK MARKET

Though the gangs of Navis Mortis have recently struggled through the Season of Ash, many consider it to have been worth the cost because of the abundance of new shipwrecks unearthed. Yet, some of the more esoteric weapons found on these smuggling ships are having a strange effect on the locals: constant sweating, murmuring in their sleep, and bouts of frothing rage have all befallen them. This has not stopped gang lords from going to absurd – and often extremely expensive – lengths to obtain them though.

These are, of course, ideal goods for the black market of nearby Pilgrim's Grave.

GLEEFUL JUDGEMENT

Grasping this hammer fills its bearer with unparalleled joy. This euphoria is dampened by those around the bearer that refuse to smile with them. Whispering voices demand they are removed before the bearer can be happy once more.

Weapon	Range		Accuracy				D	Am	Traits	AL	Credit Cost
	S	L	S	L	Str	AP					
Gleeful Judgement	-	E	-	-	S+1	-1	2	-	Melee, Power, Whispering	113	85

Increase the bearer's Cool characteristic by 1, to a maximum of 3+, every time they take an enemy fighter Out of Action with this weapon. This is considered a permanent stat change. Whenever the bearer takes an enemy Out of Action as a result of either a Fight (Basic) or Coup de Grace (Simple) action, all fighters within 3" of this fighter must make a Nerve test with a -2 modifier.

THE BLOODFINGERS

The hand that dons this ancient power claw always looks exquisite. The sight of rich red blood and steaming ichor wreathing the Bloodfingers is enough to send even the sternest souls into raptures. They must paint them crimson again and again.

Weapon	Range		Accuracy				D	Am	Traits	AL	Credit Cost
	S	L	S	L	Str	AP					
The Bloodfingers	-	E	-	-	S	-1	2	-	Melee, Power, Pulverise, Whispering	113	95

Any fighter wounded by the Bloodfingers must make a Cool test before they can perform a ranged or close combat attack targeting the bearer. If the test is passed, the attack is resolved as normal. If the test is failed, no attack is made and the action is wasted.

DRAWN-OUT DEATH

When holding a glaive so ancient, its bearer can better comprehend the coming death of all things. Surely, all that will remain at the end of time is this glaive; of that much the bearer is aware. The only way to survive the Drawn-out Death is for the bearer to cling to it as all perishes around them.

Weapon	Range		Accuracy				D	Am	Traits	AL	Credit Cost
	S	L	S	L	Str	AP					
Drawn-out Death*	E	2"	-1	-	S+2	-2	2	-	Melee, Unwieldy, Versatile, Whispering	113	100

At the end of each round, roll a D6 for each fighter, both friend and foe, within 2" of the bearer of this weapon. On a 1-2, they suffer an automatic hit with this weapon's profile. For every fighter taken out of action in this way, remove 1 Flesh Wound from the bearer.

THE RAGE UNENDING

This ancient boltgun is carved with so many tally marks that its plasteel case appears serrated – yet there is always space for more. Once the bearer of the Rage Unending fires their first few bolts into pliant flesh, they will find no greater joy than adding to that tally until their fingers cease to bend.

Weapon	Range		Accuracy				D	Am	Traits	AL	Credit Cost
	S	L	S	L	Str	AP					
The Rage Unending	12"	24"	+1	-	4	-1	+6	-	Rapid Fire (1), Scarce, Whispering	113	135

After wounding a target with The Rage Unending for the first time, roll a D6 for every visible fighter, both friend and foe, within 3" of the original target. On a result of a 3+, immediately resolve an additional Shoot (Basic) action against that fighter. These attacks are resolved in an order of the controlling player's choice. If this weapon gains the Out of Ammo condition then no more additional Shoot (Basic) actions are performed.

SCOURER OF FLESH

The Scourer of Flesh has seen thousands of years of growth and evolution. It knows well the material of the living. Its bearer is compelled to continue such a tale, for there is nothing this meltagun cannot boil away with its liquid-hot charges.

Weapon	Range		Accuracy		Str	AP	D	Am	Traits	AL	Credit Cost
	S	L	S	L							
Scourer of Flesh	6"	12"	+1	-	8	-4	3	6+	Melta, Scarce, Whispering	113	175

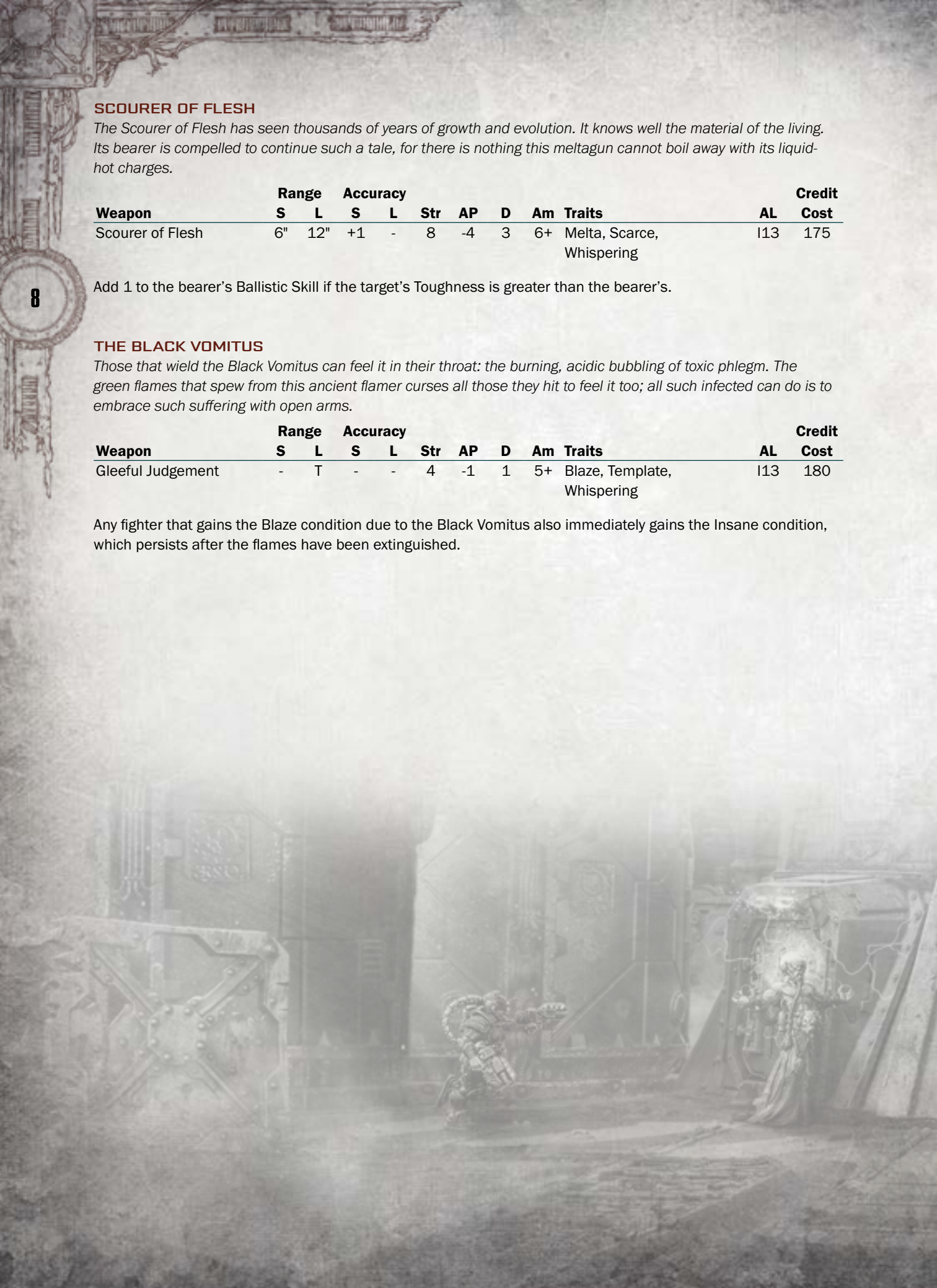
Add 1 to the bearer's Ballistic Skill if the target's Toughness is greater than the bearer's.

THE BLACK VOMITUS

Those that wield the Black Vomitus can feel it in their throat: the burning, acidic bubbling of toxic phlegm. The green flames that spew from this ancient flamer curses all those they hit to feel it too; all such infected can do is to embrace such suffering with open arms.

Weapon	Range		Accuracy		Str	AP	D	Am	Traits	AL	Credit Cost
	S	L	S	L							
Gleeful Judgement	-	T	-	-	4	-1	1	5+	Blaze, Template, Whispering	113	180

Any fighter that gains the Blaze condition due to the Black Vomitus also immediately gains the Insane condition, which persists after the flames have been extinguished.



WEAPON TRAIT

WHISPERING

Whispering Weapons are powerful with killing intent. Equipping one triggers an intense desire to keep hold of it, no matter the cost; scavengers of Helmawr's Graveyard have even reported the weapons' dark iron soldering to their palms or digging hooked barbs into their flesh. If a fighter wielding a Whispering Weapon takes an enemy Out of Action with a Fight (Basic) action, they may immediately make an additional Fight (Basic) action.

When a fighter equips a Whispering Weapon, it cannot be unequipped or upgraded, cannot be affected by the Disarm trait and the fighter equipped with the Whispering Weapon cannot be voluntarily removed from the Gang Roster. The Whispering Weapon must appear on every Fighter card of a fighter if it has the 'Tools of the Trade' special rule.

If a fighter equipped with a Whispering Weapon is killed, roll a D6. On a 2-6 it can be sold; on a 1 it must be equipped by a fighter immediately. The new fighter's previous weapons can be placed back into the gang's Stash.

Heeding the Whispers

The mutagenic power of the Whispering Weapons comes at a steep cost, their gifts eroding both the body and soul of their wielders. When a fighter equipped with a Whispering Weapon is taken Out of Action, apply the effects from the following table as well as the roll on the Lasting Injury table:

Number of times Out of Action	Effect
1+	All of the fighter's weapons gain the Reckless trait.
2+	Increase the Whispering Weapon's Strength characteristic by 1.
3+	The fighter starts every battle subject to the Insane condition.
4	The Whispering Weapon destroys the fighter's body, melting it into a bubbling pile of slop. The fighter is removed from the Gang Roster.

SEIZE THE CACHE

"This is my prize. Mine. And if the others so much as look at it funny, they won't be looking at nothing ever again."

Braun 'The Fist', Shipyard Kings, House Goliath

In this scenario, two gangs compete to claim an extremely powerful weapon from an ancient cache of treasure – but they must first bend it to their will.

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BATTLE TYPE

This scenario is an Underhive battle; vehicles and Wargear that grant the Mounted condition may not be included in either gang's starting crew.

BATTLEFIELD

This scenario uses the standard rules for setting up a battlefield, as described in the Battlefield Set-up & Scenarios section of the *Necromunda Core Rulebook*.

CREWS

This scenario uses the standard rules for choosing a crew, as described in the Battlefield Set-up & Scenarios section of the *Necromunda Core Rulebook*. Both gangs use the Custom Selection (D3+7) method to determine their crew.

DEPLOYMENT

This scenario uses the standard rules for deployment as described in the Battlefield Set-up & Scenarios section of the *Necromunda Core Rulebook*.

GANG TACTICS

This scenario uses the standard rules for gang tactics as described in the Battlefield Set-up & Scenarios section of the *Necromunda Core Rulebook*.

ENDING THE BATTLE

If a fighter equipped with a Whispering Weapon looted during this scenario successfully leaves the battlefield, the battle concludes at the end of the round. Otherwise, if either gang has no fighters left on the battlefield at the end of any round, the battle ends immediately.

SECURING THE PRIZE

During this scenario, a fighter carrying a Whispering Weapon automatically passes any Cool tests they are required to take. Instead, if a fighter equipped with a Whispering Weapon looted during this scenario is within 3" of a battlefield edge, they may perform an **Abscond (Double)** action.

Abscond (Double): remove this fighter from the battlefield immediately. They are treated as Out of Action, but retain all loot gained during this scenario and do not suffer any lasting injuries.

VICTORY

Should a fighter carrying a Whispering Weapon that was looted during this scenario successfully flee the battlefield, their gang claims victory. Should no fighter leave the battlefield with a Whispering Weapon in this way before the battle ends, it is considered a draw.

REWARDS

CREDITS

Both gangs add D6x10 credits to their Stash. If a fighter has recovered a Whispering Weapon, they retain it for the rest of the campaign and follow its affiliated rules (see above).

EXPERIENCE

Whichever fighter leaves the battlefield equipped with a Whispering Weapon looted during this scenario earns 2XP. Any fighters that successfully recover from the Insane condition during the battle gain 1XP.

REPUTATION

The victorious gang gains D3 Reputation.

THE PRIZE

A loot casket is set up in the centre of the battlefield, or as close to the centre as possible. Roll a D6 to determine which Whispering Weapon is contained within the loot casket, or have the Arbitrator decide.

D6	WEAPON
1	Gleeful Judgement
2	The Bloodfingers
3	Drawn-out Death
4	The Rage Unending
5	Scourer of Flesh
6	The Black Vomitus

FIGHT FOR CONTROL

When a fighter opens the loot casket, instead of rolling on the usual table, they immediately equip the Whispering Weapon as a free action. Any previous weapons are discarded and returned to their gang's stash. The fighter then rolls on the table below:

D6	Result
1	Succumbed to Whispers This fighter gains the Insane condition.
2-5	Barely Contained This fighter must make a Willpower test at the start of each of their activations, whenever there is another fighter within Charge or Fight range. If failed, they must use their activation to perform the Charge (Double) action or the Fight (Basic) action, targeting the nearest fighter, regardless of whether they are friend or foe. If passed, they may activate as normal.
6	Potent Will This fighter can resist the whispering of the weapon to some degree. They do not need to make any Willpower tests to wield this weapon.

STOLEN TREASURE

If a fighter takes a rival Out of Action whilst that rival is equipped with a Whispering Weapon, and the fighter was Engaged with that rival, they equip the Whispering Weapon immediately as a free action. Their previous weapons are discarded and added back to their gang's stash.

FLEEING THE BATTLEFIELD

A gang cannot voluntarily bottle out if one of their fighters is equipped with a Whispering Weapon looted during this scenario. Otherwise, if either gang voluntarily bottles out and subsequently flees the battlefield, their opponent automatically wins the scenario. If the Whispering Weapon has not yet been recovered, their opponent may choose one of their fighters and equip them with the Whispering Weapon immediately.

If a fighter carrying the Whispering Weapon is taken Out of Action by a shooting attack, place a new loot casket containing the weapon within 1" of their last location.

RACE TO THE ARMOURY

If players wish, they may use this scenario to represent the battle between treasure hunters of House Escher and the defending forces employed by the Mhungan. In order to do this, make the following changes:

- Roll off with the winner deciding whether to attack or defend.
- The defender represents a gang employed by the Mhungan, chosen from any Outcast gang led by an Underhive Outcasts Leader. They gain the Home Turf Advantage as described in the Battlefield Set-up & Scenarios section of the *Necromunda Core Rulebook*.
- The defender equips their leader with the Bloodfingers, as described in the Whispering Weapons section, before the start of the battle. Their weapons also gain the Reckless trait.
- The attacker is represented by any House Escher gang built using the standard gang creation rules.
- The prize contained within the loot casket is automatically determined to be the Gleeful Judgement, as described in the Whispering Weapons section.

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