

Flintloque

- THE NAPOLEONIQUE SKIRMISH GAME -

LADY WINTERMORE'S FANGS



Alternative
Armies





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– LADY WINTERMORE'S FANGS –

28MM SCALE BLACK POWDER FANTASY SKIRMISH
SCENARIO BOOKLET

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LADY WINTERMORE'S FANGS

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LADY WINTERMORE'S FANGS

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The boxed set of miniatures that accompany this release is available on the Alternative Armies webstore, product code 5005.

http://flintloque.com/5005_Lady_Wintermore%27s_Fangs_Box_Set.htm

THANKS TO...

Gavin Syme for allowing me to bring the events of the Elves last night in Moskova in line with Death in the Snow.

Tony Harwood for the excellent photographs of the Undead which are scattered through this booklet.



THE FALL AND RISE
OF ERICH VON STAFFEL

The rain fell thick heralding the snow that already lay heavy on the high steppes to the south. The very air had been grey for a fortnight, Each day was a little colder, each morning a little frostier.

Quartermaster Sergeant Erich von Staffel of the 9th Finklestein Supply Corps stood on tiptoe and peered out through the grimy window into the dim murk. As usual the local Zombies lurched about on their day to day business and as usual von Staffel ignored them and got on with his.

The ill-fitting door to the ramshackle hovel that passed for the Company Headquarters slammed back on its hinges. Through the open doorway came a gust of cold, wet air and in the midst of it the cloak-swathed, dripping person of Corporal Rudolph Knobbs.

“Ach Knobby! Is it vet enough for you?”

The fat Sergeant asked the question automatically. He was not a funny Dwarf. Knobbs ignored the inane question.

“Schtinkun Rats! Schtinkun Mould! Schtinkun Rain! I’m fed up mit dis whole verschtinkun country!”

Knobbs’s outburst, almost as predictable, went on:

“You kill a million of the verdam’ rats und more ist coming. You shove! away kilos of mould, but within hours the schtinkun stuff ist back like you done nothing.”

The Finklestein Sergeant turned back to the window, his hands clasped behind his back.

The damage done to the food stocks by rats and mould was insignificant when compared to the losses which were being suffered as a result of outright thievery of the fresh and preserved animal carcasses.

The company butchers worked overtime in an attempt to keep the stores even partially filled. Meat, which had been jointed, was quickly contaminated by mould or was prey to the minor depredations of the rats. This, however, was normal. But when whole carcasses vanished within days of being stored and left no clue as to their whereabouts that is when he became a trifle upset.

“It’s a sorry business und no mistake. Der Colonel vill haff my stripes if ve can’t schtop dis thieving” von Staffel looked dejected.

“Cheer up Feldwebel, mein old hamster. At least they can’t send you to the Witchlands’ Front - you’re already here!”

Knobbs’s flippancy earned him a piercing glare from his superior. It might have earned him more but, at that moment, the door again burst back on its hinges and an excited Private Spoorvorming rushed in.

Spoorvorming, who was reputed to have some Gnome ancestry, was the youngest of von Staffel’s platoon and very excitable.



“Sergeant, come quick. You must see!” The young Private gasped breathlessly. “The pigs und the beef und the chickens und...”

The two non-commissioned Officers shielded themselves from the water that seemed to spray from the young Soldier.

“Spoorvorming! Attention!” The words were barked. “Report!”

“Private Spoorvorming begs to report that the missing meat, well some of it, has been found. I was patrolling in the lower forty, when I saw, I saw... Sergeant, Sir, you have to come and see!”

Sergeant Erich von Staffel broke into what he considered a kindly grin; he reached forward and patted the agitated Soldier on the shoulder.



“Calm down, calm down my boy. How can I understand vot you’re trying to tell me if you can’t be keeping the calmness? Now, you have found the robbers, or just the stolen meat? Vot is it that you are finding?”

Spoorvorming made a supreme effort to control himself, but the Gnomish side of his nature re-asserted itself and his hands shot up in wild gestures.

“Calm? You want I should try to keep calm? I should be calm when the contents of a butcher’s shop is roaming around in a field? That such a thing should happen to me!”

Von Staffel and Knobbs exchanged a worried look.

“Are you trying to tell us that the butchers are selling off the animals instead of slaughtering them? Is that vot is happening?”

Spoorvorming again tried to explain, knowing he was fighting a losing battle.

“Die Beasten without skin or guts are grazing in the meadow. Ach, what a harvesting machine they make. They have come to life - like the Zombies!”

Corporal Knobbs had noticed the Sergeant’s face getting redder as he listened to the preposterous tale. Then he realised that the redness was merely a reflection of the light coming through the dirty window. It was three hours before sunset and besides, the window faced east!

He pushed past von Staffel and raised himself to look over the frame.

Outside there seemed to be more Zombies than was usual and some of them were carrying blazing torches. The fact didn’t sink in for a moment.

Zombies carrying fire!

The one thing that brought a reaction from the Undead was fire! They were terrified of flames. Like automatons the creatures were lurching towards the barns and silos whose precious contents of which would feed an Army through the dread Witchlands’ winter.

Knobbs dragged the bemused von Staffel around towards the view.

“Look Erich! Look, they’re after the grain!”

As they watched, the first of the Undead reached the barns. The Zombies did not throw their torches; they carried them to the walls and held them against the damp wood. Others went inside the great doors through which a hazy smoke was starting to escape.

Von Staffel went rigid for a moment then spun

towards the door, reaching for his sword.

“Corporal, call out the Guard! Spoorvorming, come with me!”

As they left the building, Dwarf Troopers were already spilling out from the makeshift barracks and attempting to block the Zombies’ path. Disorganised, they made little difference. A few shot hastily loaded muskets into the Undead fire-raisers, but this had little effect.

Quartermaster Sergeant Erich von Staffel took control.

“Company! Form line! Skirmishers to the front! ‘B’ section fall out, get buckets and fight that fire!”

The Finklesteiners were quick to obey the bellowing voice, but as they ran to assume the formation, another voice was heard.

It began as a deep groan, but raised itself, octave by octave. The sound became louder and shriller, until it was a piercing ululation of pure hatred - hatred of all things warm and with life.

The Dwarf Soldiers stopped, transfixed by that awful voice, their lines unformed.

Out of the dim grey murk swept down a foe that had no pity when once it lived. Now, Undead, it was the most feared enemy of all.



The Zombiski Cossacks, mounted on their rotting Steppe Ponies, galloped out of the mist. The stink, which preceded them, had the Dwarves gagging and retching.



Hundreds of these barbaric horsemen threw themselves towards the surprised garrison. Wicked scimitars whirled in the air, horsehair plumes swept back in the wind.

The Zombiskis carried deadly long-barrelled muskets in holsters on their saddles; some drew these and raked the Dwarves with murderous fire.

“Form Square! Form Square!”

Von Staffel sobbed as he shouted the useless order. The Cossacks were too close now. Corporal Knobbs ran up with a few more Troopers and then fell to his knees in terror.

The Zombiski Cossacks burst upon the Dwarven line like the sudden tempest which lays a forest low. Slashing scimitars flung severed Dwarf heads high into the air. The teeth and hooves of the maddened corpse-like horses were deadly weapons that also took their toll.

Savage fires burned for two days, smoke mingling in the upper air with fumes from other supply dumps that had shared a similar fate. Rain soon followed. It poured down, hissing as it met some still-glowing embers. Blackened stumps marked out the foundations of two large barns, a farmhouse and a few outbuildings. As the first sleet hammered upon the stiffening body of Quartermaster Sergeant Erich von Staffel it started to stir...

INTRODUCTION

The biggest fear of most common soldier's was that of a hard battle. However, this could easily be replaced by impatience with the enemy. The whole Ferach invasion had become a glorified ramble through the barren wasteland of the Witchlands.

Elves raised on tales of the dreadful Undead, of the dreaded Star Wraith who came to carry naughty children away, soon lost their fear and came to mock the stories of their childhood.

After encountering only one lightly garrisoned fort on the march to Moskova, Mordred and his 1er Armee Du Norde had at last reached the walled city they sought. They had marched unopposed to the gates of Moskova at the head of an unbeaten and, as yet, mainly untried army.

Those on horseback were forced to leave their mounts outside the walls; no inducement or punishment could force the beasts to go far beyond the city's gates. They whinnied with fear, prancing and rearing in refusal. The Finklestein Legion of Ogres and Dwarves made their camps in the rural suburbs, also unwilling to enter the city of spires.

The citizens of the city, such as they were, carried on their dreary day to day existence; shuffling down the thoroughfares oblivious to the Elven presence, vacantly intent upon their errands.

At the great and lavish houses strangely shaped servitors greeted the Ferach Garde Quartermasters with unexpected warmth as they went about the business of billeting the Officers of the Army.

At the other end of the social scale, brutal Sergeants threw Zombies out of their hovels to make room for the Troops.

As the last sun of the bitter Witchlands autumn set, the city came to a kind of life. Glittering chandeliers holding hundreds of black candles awoke the dark houses.

Sealed doors were opened and the Nobility of Moskova graced the Elven host with their presence.

Aleksander's Children, as they called themselves, spoke an archaic form of High Armorican - heavily accented, but understandable. They took great delight in ensuring that the Elf Officers wanted for nothing; the entertainment was lavish.

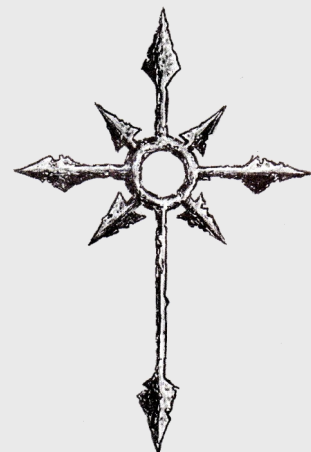
But now as winter spread her snowy wings over the South, where she always held sway. Turning, she breathed her frozen breath ever colder, ever Northwards.

With the snow and chilling breeze came the end of the last day of autumn. It was the first evening, the first night, of Aleksander's winter.

As the blood red moon shone in the sky the Undead felt the return of their Czar as, unseen by Elven eyes, his power permeated the whole of the Witchlands.

Now his well-laid plans are about to come to fruition: to turn the long defeat into final and complete victory.

Now is the time for cold revenge...



UNDEAD PLAYER CHARACTERS

Lady Lamia Wintermore

Born to the great house of Dracsul, Lady Wintermore has become Aleksander's favourite weapon in matters of intrigue and espionage, including organising a raid on a Finklestein supply outpost by Zombiski Cossacks.

Her marriage to the Margrave Ivan Wintermore, ended a centuries-long feud between the two dynasties and made the Wintermore's the most powerful family in the Witchlands.



Full rules for Lady Lamia Wintermore along with a more detailed background can be found in Flintloque: Death in the Snow, p.36.

Margrave Ivan Wintermore

Colonel in Chief of the famed Liteupski Lancers, Ivan Wintermore is a bold, but inexperienced Officer. Often he has sent his brave Lancers out while he lives the high life. This indeed is what is happening at present, with a Regiment of his Lancers bound for battle in one of the lesser Houndian states.



He has a great love for fine clothes, dressing in the latest styles of fashion, imported from the Southern mortal lands.

Full rules for Ivan Wintermore along with a more

detailed background can be found in Flintloque: Death in the Snow, p.36.

Madame Boniface

In his mortal past Madame Boniface was actually a Line Officer with the Krautian Infantry. Since his reanimation as one of the Dark Czar's Savant his co-ordinated and thoughtful actions led to his being recognised as having great potential and he was picked out by Lady Wintermore to become her Chief of Operations.

His recent success in co-ordinating the spates of raids on Ferach positions throughout the Witchlands has led to him gaining great power, he was transmogrified into a Liche and awarded the dubious honour of becoming Madame Boniface, Lady Wintermore's confidant. He has, however, found the caress of the dresses frightfully appealing.

Madame Boniface is an Experienced Liche armed with a razor edged ball-mask, which counts as an axe in melee combat.

Igor Rumicoff

Golems have become fashionable in Moskova and most of the nobility have one or two around. The great advantage of a Golem is that it doesn't rot and only needs to be told what to do once. The Golem will then happily continue with whatever task it has been set, until the orders are changed (this can however, cause some problems).

Rumicoff is an Average Golem. He is unarmed, but may acquire improvised weapons during the course of the scenarios.



UNDEAD RANK AND FILE

Sergeant Vurr Goghh is a Fresh Zombie, armed with an axe. Corporal Keth Stughh and Private Izeekh are both Decaying Zombies. Private Ubastht is a Rotten Zombie. They are all armed with Standard Muskets and bayonets.



ELF PLAYER CHARACTERS

General Simon d'Alrondt 8th Hussars de la Garde

Simon d'Alrondt has fought more battles and campaigns than most Elves twice his age. He is a snob and this has probably been the deciding factor in his rise through the ranks. After all there is nothing like arrogance to further one's career.

D'Alrondt is a Veteran Regular Cavalry Elf armed with a light cavalry sabre.

Lieutenant Colonel Gawain L'Escargot l'Esprit du Garde

Commander of the Elite l'Esprit du Garde. L'Escargot is a Ferach true-blood, despite his forename. All members of this famed Regiment are pure blooded and can trace their ancestry back to the Warrior-God Shivalia. The Regiment bears the honour of having won more duels than any other.

L'Escargot is an Elite Experienced Cavalry Elf and carries a heavy cavalry sword.

Ensign Jean d'Alrondt 8th Hussars de la Garde

Jean d'Alrondt has been sent on the Witchlands campaign because his parents believe war to be "character building". He has neither the courage nor the audacity of his older brother, the illustrious General.

Ensign d'Alrondt is a Raw Regular Cavalry Elf armed with a light cavalry sabre.

Sergeant Galahad Berchamps - l'Esprit du Garde

A seasoned campaigner, Berchamps has an excellent record. He has a great admiration for his Commander.

Berchamps is an Elite Experienced Cavalry Elf armed with a heavy cavalry sword and an Elf Dragon Musket.

Corporal Uriens Maladie - l'Esprit du Garde

Corporal Uriens Maladie is an Elite Average Cavalry Elf armed with a heavy cavalry sword and a Ferach Elf Musket.

ELF RANK AND FILE

Trooper Turquine Chiraque, Trooper Balin Coeur-de-Loupe and Trooper Tors Bergerac are all Elite Average Cavalry Elves from l'Esprit du Garde and are armed with heavy cavalry swords.

A NOTE ON CAVALRY

The Elves despite having the Cavalry troop type do not have any mounts as they flee the city of Moskova.



SCENARIO ONE: DANSE MACABRE

Sergeant Galahad Berchamps was bored. He had posted his section on guard. They were an escort to his Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel l'Escargot. They were also looking after some over-rated Hussar General and his puffed-up little brother.

He thought longingly of the Sergeant's mess where tonight he was missing the party to end all parties. The Nobility of Moskova, it would seem, wished to welcome even the rank and file of the invading army. Zombie servants had delivered the largesse of their masters into every regimental camp in the city. The messes overflowed with wine, spirits and food.

"Spirits!" Berchamps thought to himself, "As if there aren't enough of them floating around here."

They had all felt it, all of the Troopers, NCOs and Officers in the l'Esprit du Garde. Why else would their horses, trained for battle, refuse to accompany them into the city? Berchamps had heard the same thing from other Cavalry Regiments too. Whether the Infantry sensed the ethereal presence, he didn't know. They were, after all, only the Infantry - ignorant and lumpen.

Berchamps shivered slightly and looked quickly over his shoulder. He secretly made the sign of Shivalia by appearing to adjust his helmet, scratch his crotch and straighten his sword knot.

As the last glimmer of sunset disappeared from the highest facades of the glorious buildings, light sprang, warm and inviting from the windows of the great house. Berchamps looked enviously, then spat disgustedly. He turned his back and pulled his cloak tightly against him. There was certainly a chill in the air tonight.

*

General Simon d'Alrondt stood upon the ornate balcony and looked out over the conquered city of Moskova. Glorious sunset painted the minarets and spires with a warm, living crimson. The gentle strains of music could be heard and they seem to echo the glow in the air.

It had been a good year. The Undead legions had melted away at the approach of the Grande Armee du Norde. Hardly a battle needed to be fought as the High Ferach army reclaimed the Witchlands for Mordred and Armorica.

The magnificent person of the Emperor gave the campaign a heightened glory, proving once again that none could stand before him. This war was so different from the Catalucian hell, where recalcitrant Dark Elf guerrillas and foul Orcs refused to bow before Mordred's inevitable might.

D'Alrondt knew he was young for a General, but his

prowess and daring as a Cavalry Officer had hastened his climb up the ladder of promotion almost as much as his money and family connections. Barely into his prime he had his own Regiment: the much lauded 8th Hussars de la Garde. As dusk settled over Moskova he was alone with his thoughts.

As he watched the cold late autumn sun dipped below the horizon. The last rays reflected from the golden domes of the Winter Palace. Suddenly slender fingers brushed his wrist and he turned to gaze upon the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

"General, won't you come inside?"

Her breathy question sounded like an invitation of a deeper and sultrier kind. Her delicate hand had slipped through his arm reinforcing the impression. Her perfume was musky, rich, a heady scent with just a hint of...

"I am devastated that I was not able to welcome you when your gallant and beautiful army arrived."

The words purred from her lips. She spoke pure High Armorican with just a trace of a husky accent.

As they passed down the stairs from the balcony, and entered the grandiose ballroom, he could not help but succumb to the warm conspiracy in her voice.

"Madame, I came to this land in triumph, knowing nought but victory. Yet now I am defeated, but I know not the name of my conqueror. May I know your name?"

She looked in thoughtfulness at him, just for a moment, as if making a decision.

"Yes, you shall know my name as a reward for such a pretty speech. I am Lamia, The Lady Wintermore and you, my sweet, are General Simon d'Alrondt, Commander of the renowned 8th Hussars de la Garde."

Waltz music played although d'Alrondt could see no musicians as the Lady Wintermore conducted him across the floor towards the other occupants of the room.

"Mon Generale, allow me to introduce my husband; Ivan - The Margrave Wintermore and his companion; Madame Boniface."

D'Alrondt bowed low, pressing his lips to the proffered glove of the petite lady Boniface. He was surprised at how brittle the gloved hand had felt. The slender lady wore an exquisitely decorated mask which completely concealed her face.

The Generale noticed that his brother, Ensign Jean d'Alrondt, was in such deep conversation with the Margrave that he had hardly inclined his head at all



when he was introduced to him.

The Margrave was an imposing figure. Tall, even by Elven standards. His hair, a striking silver mane, falling below his shoulders, gave the impression of great age, matched with great vigour.

After he released her hand Madame Boniface turned back to Lieutenant Colonel l'Escargot, d'Alrondt's other companion for the evening. He could clearly see the bulk of her evening dress was cloaking, but not disguising, her severe emaciation.

He looked around and realised with surprise that his brother was no longer present in the Ballroom, neither was The Margrave. Where had they gone? The honourable Count must have decided to take him somewhere, a tour of the house maybe?

Suddenly the distant but unmistakable rattle of musketry from outside drew d'Alrondt's attention and he moved over to the great window. What was this? Surely something was wrong? Raging fires burned all along the city horizon.

D'Alrondt quickly signalled for l'Escargot and they began to talk in hushed tones over what this could mean. l'Escargot, ever alert, never took his eyes off their female hosts as they discussed the situation.

Then it all happened...

From the Entrance Hall, they heard shouts from their guarding Cuirassiers. Something was definitely amiss here.

l'Escargot turned to d'Alrondt and whispered:

"I suspected a trap. Slowly draw your sword. I imagine our hosts are not what they appear."

A sharp hiss made them turn back to the ballroom. To a scene now merged with one of horror; beauty gone bad. The slim hands of Madame Boniface were now talons, reaching for him. She discarded her mask to reveal a gleaming white skull, her fang filled mouth slavered with lust. Her exquisite face now distorted with venom and hate. She hissed again and began to stalk across the ballroom towards him and l'Escargot.

Moskova had been a trap! They had to escape this damned city! But where the Gods was his brother?

been given enough wine and vodka to ensure that most of them are comatose. The higher echelons have been invited to balls and feasts where they are far from aid and can be quietly assassinated.

Unfortunately for the Dark Czar's plans the party bound for the Wintermore's house brought guards as the Emperor himself had been in attendance earlier in the evening.

A walking host of the Undead steadily approaches Moskova, only hours away from arriving at the city to crush the Elves completely. Undead guerrilla actions in have already destroyed all of the Armorican supply dumps.

Emperor Mordred, given warning of what was about to happen by Marshal Galahad Ney, has already fled the city.

The Dead have risen!

D'Alrondt and the other Elves trapped in the city may yet have a chance to escape as winter is only just beginning in Moskova and it is also a Blood Moon. These combining factors mean that the Undead are weakened, the Elves may have a chance!

THE BLOOD MOON

The Blood Moon occurs only several times a decade, and only at the start of winter. It's power combines with that of the Star Wraith enabling him to return the souls of the dead back, once again, to their lifeless bodies with just his force of will. Throughout the Witchlands once dead creatures are rising fuelled by the Dark Czars hatred for all living things.

In game terms this means that before each scenario any of the Undead Command Characters that were removed from play are brought back and may take part in the new scenario.

The occurrence of the Blood Moon does have it's problems for the Dark Czar; the main one being that as his power spreads far and wide permeating the dead his power is not as focused so all his minions, Undead and Vampyres alike, are severely weakened by the Blood Moon's touch. During the following scenarios each Vampyre has it's Wounds reduced by 4 and each Zombie has it's Wounds reduced by 1.

SITUATION

Czar Aleksander, The Star Wraith, has decreed that tonight a great doom shall fall upon the impertinent Elves. The city of Moskova is being put to the torch in an effort to eradicate as much of the Elven army as possible.

All over the city, the Foot Soldiers of Armorica have

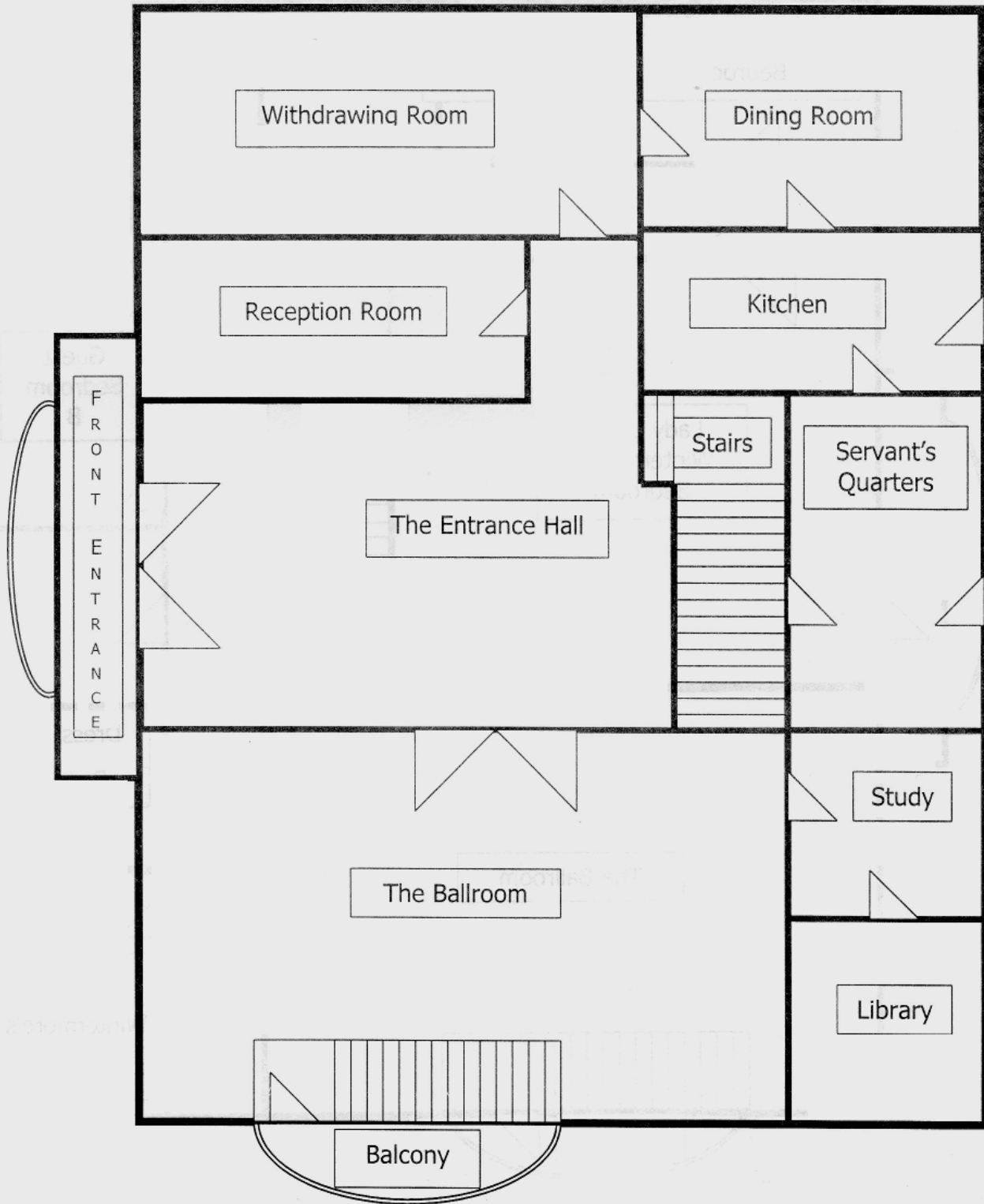
GROUND

This scenario takes place in, and immediately around, the Wintermore house. The full layout of both the ground floor and the upper floor of the house can be found on pages 12 and 13 of this booklet.

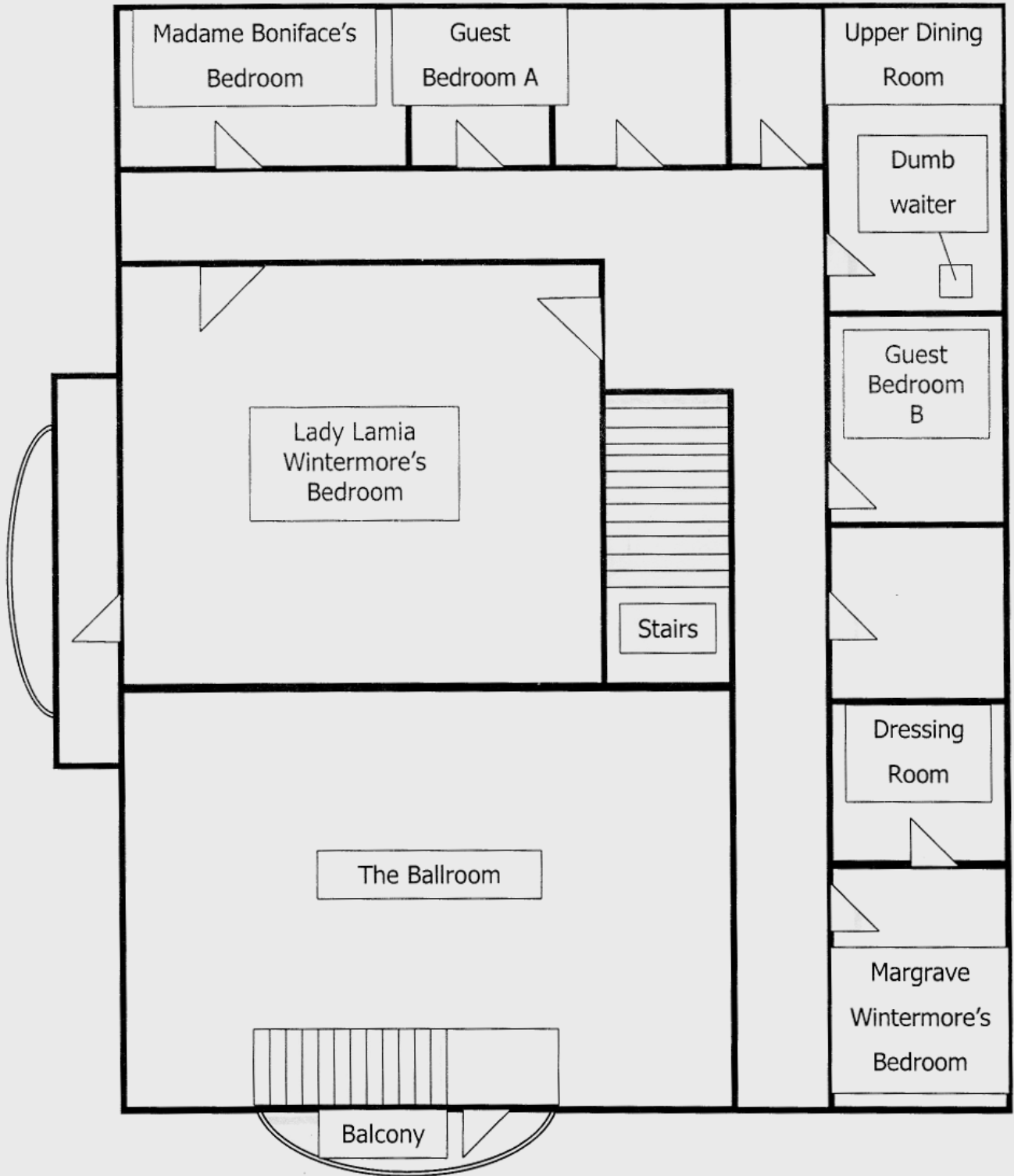
All of the rooms are unlocked and accessible at the start of the scenario and you should mark the doors



DANSE MACABRE SCENARIO MAP
Ground Floor Layout of the Wintermore's Moskova House
"Dundyen" 37 Rue Morgue, Moskova, Witchlands



DANSE MACABRE SCENARIO MAP
Upper Floor Layout of the Wintermore's Moskova House
"Dundyen" 37 Rue Morgue, Moskova, Witchlands



with counters to represent their status, “C” for closed or “O” for open. The doors, due to Igor’s loving care and attention, only take a special action to open or close. This means characters can make a movement or attack action and open a door each activation.

The house is situated in its own grounds, which are rather overgrown and count as difficult terrain. There is a wide driveway leading to the road from the main entrance hall and a smaller pathway leading from the side of the house through the garden. These count as normal terrain for movement purposes. The surrounding gardens can be seen on the “Dancing in the Streets” scenario map on page 16.

You should place any miniature furniture (or counters representing furniture) in any rooms where you think they’d fit, e.g. a piano in the ballroom or beds in the bedroom, they’re unlikely to be the other way round.

MISSION

Starting Places

Corporal Maladie and Trooper Bergerac are in the upstairs Guest Bedrooms A and B. They have been alerted by the shouts from below and are even now dressing and arming. Due to this they do not enter until turn two and will start from the doors leading from their rooms into the corridor.

The other three Cuirassiers start from the main entrance to the house. General d’Alrondt and Colonel l’Escargot begin at the doorway from the Ballroom to the Entrance Hall.

Lady Wintermore and Madame Boniface begin at the bottom of the stairs to the Balcony in the Ballroom.

The four Zombie Miniatures are not available on the first turn. The Undead player must roll 1D6 every turn to see if they arrive. If the roll is successful only one of the four Zombies may arrive each turn.

Turn	Zombie Enters
1	No Roll
2	6
3	6,5
4	6,5,4
5	6,5,4,3
6+	6,5,4,3,2

A Zombie can join the game by any of the three entrances to the ground floor of the Mansion.

Elf Player

It was very lucky for you that l’Escargot smelled a trap,

otherwise it is likely that you would have been quickly killed. This however does not help you with the more pressing problem of your missing Ensign.

The Elves automatically win the initiative phase on the first turn due to l’Escargot recognising the trap.

You have two objectives to complete in this scenario. The first is to search the mansion and recover the younger d’Alrondt. However, as the scenario progresses, this may become impossible and so your second objective is to lead your men to the safety of the streets.

You would consider this to be cowardice and it would represent defeat at the hands of the Undead. Therefore, you will only leave without all of your men as a last resort.

If you do leave the house without Jean, abandoning him to the many perils he may be in, then his brother receives a Shaken Token which remains on him for the rest of the campaign. It **may not** be removed by Officer’s Fortune or by a successful activation roll although he may act as normal.

Undead Player

Curses! The Elves noticed your trap just before it sprung and have managed to avoid its snapping jaws. You must not let this setback interfere with the Dark Czar’s plans. You must destroy all Elven life in the city starting with your dinner guests. You already have a young Elf Ensign trapped in one of your rooms, you will do your best to see that he is not rescued and that his would be rescuers are dealt with.

SPECIAL RULES

Climbing or descending stairs involves a -25% Movement modifier.

It takes one turn for a character to descend via the ‘dumb waiter’. The ‘dumb waiter’ can only be used to go down.

The Margrave, Igor and Jean

The Undead Player does not place the Margrave, Igor or Jean d’Alrondt on the board at the start of the game. Their starting positions are noted down, covered up and placed in full view of both players. Igor and the Margrave must start on different floors, and no Character may be put in an already occupied room. e.g. Jean and the Margrave cannot be placed in the same room at the start of the game!

These characters can only move when discovered by either the Elf or Undead player’s characters already in play. As soon as they are found they may be activated as normal that turn.



Jean, once discovered, is moved by the Elf player as normal regardless of who discovers him first.

Escaping the Mansion

To escape from the Mansion, a figure must exit first the building and then the garden. The exits from the garden are at the end of the drive and at the end of the garden pathway as shown on the "Dancing in the Streets" scenario map on page 16.

The doors leading out of the house are unlocked at the start of the scenario. The front door has been jammed open and cannot be closed at any point during the game.

However the other two conventional exits (from the Servants Quarters and the Kitchen) can be locked by Igor. It takes Igor one turn with base to door contact to the lock the door. Once locked it will then take any Character one full turn to break this door open.

All rooms, upstairs and downstairs, have windows. These are situated in the middle of the outside walls of every room. The windows to the lower floor have all been locked and shutters drawn firmly across them. It takes four complete, consecutive turns to open these windows to effect an escape.

Yet, the windows upstairs are rotten and can easily be broken through (taking only one complete turn) to effect an escape to the garden. It is also possible to jump from the balcony. If you do decide to jump from any of these exits there is a risk of injury from the fall.

No. of Wounds	Balcony Jump	Upstairs Window Jump
0	0-30%	0-20%
1	31-50%	21-40%
2	51-70%	41-60%
3	71-90%	61-80%
4	91%+	81-100%

A +10% modifier is added to the roll for every current Wound.

SCENARIO TWO: DANCING IN THE STREETS

Shots and screams echoed through the cold night air. Occasionally a muted crashing thunder rumbled as a once-great house fell, burning, into the cobbled streets.

The isolated Elven force was still breathless after escaping from the Wintermore Mansion.

The stink of smoke, tainted with corruption drifted in nebulous skeins through the air, making it hard for the Ferach to catch their breath.

Generale D'Alrondt, his heart pounding against his ribs like a hammer, spoke to the small group gathered around him.

"Well mes amis", he panted. "It would seem that we are not alone in our troubles."

"Ah, Mon Generale, Sir, what are we to do? How can we survive?"

The young trooper spoke, panic quivering in his voice and showing in his eyes.

"Do? We will do our duty of course!"

Weeds grew in clumps on the once well-tended drive. The carefully laid out gardens were overgrown and blighted. Beyond the drive the streets were cracked and potholed.

The fire raisers had not yet reached this part of the city and some of the surrounding buildings still shed glowing light from their windows. Occasionally more than light came from the windows as a mangled Elf body was thrown, lifeless, into the street.

D'Alrondt knew his duty. Two blocks from this very spot stood the house where the great Elf hero - Marshal Galahad Ney was staying. That was where the Emperor had headed before this nightmare began.

Both Mordred and Ney, if they lived, must be warned of the uprising and, if necessary, rescued.

However, Cavalry rely on their horses. A Cavalryman without his horse does not become gain the skills of an Infantryman. He still thinks as a Cavalryman, he still acts as a Cavalryman. A Cavalryman without his horse, even a vaunted Dragoon, is less use than the lowliest common Soldier is when it comes to fighting Infantry.

General d'Alrondt quickly explained to the group just what he intended them to do.

They must cross the street, keeping to cover as much as possible and make their way to the Marshal's temporary headquarters.

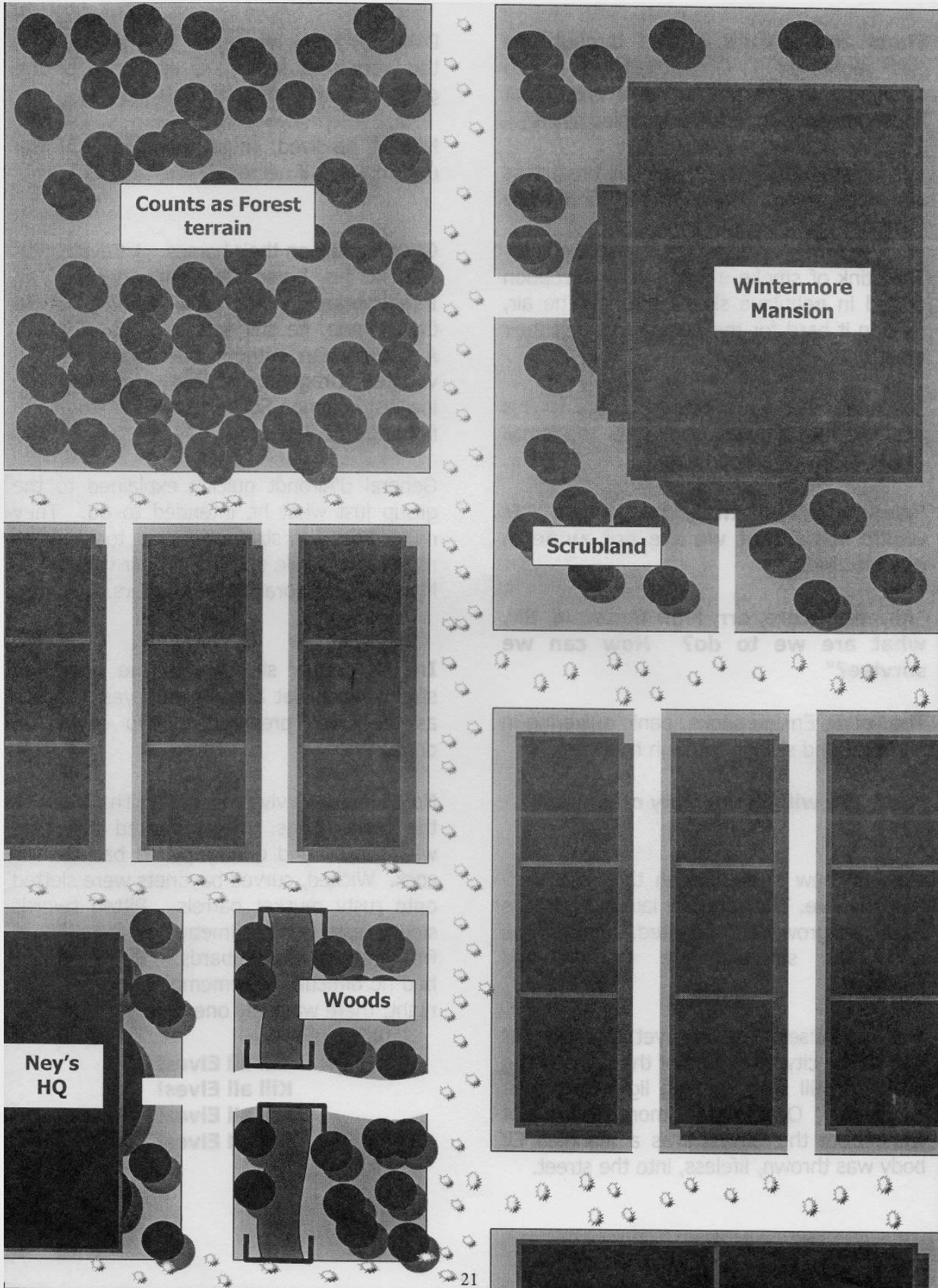
In the deeper shadows of the neglected street parks, flat and lifeless eyes watched as the Elves prepared to slip down the drive.

No Elf must survive this night: The Night of the Long Fangs. Swan-necked hammers were slowly and quietly pulled back to full cock. Wicked, curved bayonets were slotted onto rusty musket barrels. Pitted swords slowly scraped centimetre by centimetre, from scratched scabbards. Rotted brains had no difficulty in remembering orders this night; there was only one order:

Kill all Elves!
Kill all Elves!
Kill all Elves!



DANCING IN THE STREETS SCENARIO MAP



SITUATION

The Elven Army is in desperate straights. Many of the Officers have been murdered and the screams of dying Soldiers fill the blood-red night.

D'Alrondt has decided that an attempt must be made to succour Marshal Ney, who is stationed close by and if he made it there, the Emperor Mordred. Ney is vitally important to the Elven Army. His bravery and presence raises morale and enables the Troops to endure many hardships to which they would otherwise succumb. And if the Emperor was dead all was lost for the Ferach.

Cheated of her prey, Lady Wintermore will stop at nothing to ensure that the rescue party is destroyed. None should have survived her trap. None must live to bear witness to her disgrace.

Bands of leaderless Zombies roam the streets in search of Elves; others have been summoned by the Vampire Lady and are fast approaching the area.

The watchwords of the Elves this night must be: Haste and Courage mon Brave!

GROUND

This action takes place in the dilapidated streets of Moskova. The terrain consists of a mixture of buildings, scrubland, woods and forest.

In the small park outside Ney's Headquarters there is an ornamental stream running in a deep culvert. The roads are broken, potholed and overgrown with weeds.

On the previous page is a map that should be used as a guide to setting up your table for this scenario.

This scenario is played in twilight because of the background light from the burning city.

MISSION

Elf Player

The Elven mission is to cross the board from the Wintermore Mansion to Marshal Ney's Headquarters.

If you lost any of the initial three troopers to the forces of the Undead in the first scenario you discover reinforcements wandering scared in the streets. You may add one Raw Regular Cavalry Elf for each trooper lost. Main Characters are not replaced if lost.

Sergeant Berchamps, if present, will ignore everything else and attempt to protect Lieutenant Colonel l'Escargot should the Officer become involved in melee combat.

If Ensign d'Alrondt survived the first scenario and is

killed during play, General Simon d'Alrondt will suffer an immediate pang of conscience at the death of his younger brother. He receives a Shaken Token which remains on him for the rest of the campaign. It **may not** be removed by Officer's Fortune or by a successful activation roll he may ne moved as normal.

This dance will take all of your skill to complete. Your footwork must be fast and accurate. One slip and...

The Elves start from the exit by which they left the Mansion in the first scenario, "Danse Macabre". They must move onto the steps of Ney's Headquarters to escape the streets and win this scenario.

Undead Player

How did these puny Elves escape your clutches? There must be no repeat of your past failings.

The Czar of the Undead; Aleksander the Star Wraith, demands your utmost endeavour to ensure the complete destruction of these living things. Your own need for fresh warm blood should spur you on.

The Undead characters enter this scenario at random. This occurs every time the Elves enter a new street. A dice is rolled to see if there is a Zombie is present and another to see if one of the other characters is present. As soon as all four Zombies and all character Figures are on the table then rolling stops.

If the Elf characters can see both ways down a road they must roll for each direction e.g. T-junctions

Below are the chances of an Undead Character or Zombie entering play when the Elves enter a new street.

Zombie Enters: 70%

Undead Character Enters: 40%

If a character is rolled for it is up to the Undead player which one enters play. These miniatures are placed on the board at the opposite end of the street from that which the Elves entered.

When the Undead character figures are felled they cannot be brought back into play. However as soon as a Zombie is killed then you continue rolling as before to symbolise reinforcements on the streets of Moskova.

Should he come within 15cm of Ensign d'Alrondt, The Margrave will ignore all other possible foes and attempt to engage the Ensign in melee combat as he regards Jean's escape as his own fault.

The Undead must prevent as many Elves as possible from reaching Ney's headquarters. If they eliminate all of them then they have won this scenario.



SPECIAL RULES

Rules for shooting and moving in the low light should be used to simulate the twilight in Moskova. These are found in Grapeshotte, p.21.

Because of the atrocious state of repair, movement on the roads is subject to a -10% modifier.

The Elves should use the rules for Cavalry on Foot from Grapeshotte, p.23 as they are without their mounts.

SCENARIO THREE:

LAST QUADRILLE IN MOSKOVA

The faded facade of the once-great house loomed out of the darkness as the band of would-be rescuers forced their way through the tangle of bushes and brambles.

On the steps before them lay the bodies of three of the famed Guard Mordred. Their bright uniforms were begrimed and bloody, their tall, proud bearskins crumpled and matted. Around them, over them and under them lay the rotted corpses of their foes - animated no longer. This had been a heroic defence, but had it been a successful one?

The stillness within rang in their ears as they entered the rank portals of the building. All around them were the signs of haste, of panic almost. Papers strewn across the floor like early snow; discarded personal items lay scattered, poignant, like forgotten toys.

General d'Alrondt spoke to his force after it had been ascertained that the house was indeed empty.

"We have done all that the honour of war demands, brave Armoricans, now we must save our own lives!"

Berchamps, standing by the door, lifted his hand in a signal for silence. He hadn't detected any enemy approaching. It was just that he couldn't stand the sort of inspiring and heroic speech that he believed the General was about to launch into.

"Still, Mon Generale. The filth are all around us." He hissed.

Signing to Trooper Chiraque to replace him at the door, Berchamps approached the Hussar Commander.

"If I may be permitted, Mon Generale?"

D'Alrondt nodded his acquiescence and Berchamps continued in a quiet voice.

"The fires seem brightest to the North and West, I think there can be no path for us that way. To the South there are three roads which might take us to safety. If we can reach the great road which circles the

city that the Undead call 'DeathWay 25' I am sure they will not be able to follow us further. It has some power over them, they become listless and sluggish when they are upon it."

"I think my friend the Sergeant knows more of the byways of this city than we do Gentlemen. His advice seems sound enough and it often behoves the great to follow the ways of the small and mean."

Berchamps hardly stifled a yawn as d'Alrondt went on:

"I think we will wait for first light and then allow the good Sergeant to lead us out of here."

"General d'Alrondt", l'Escargot cut in. "If we wait until first light, we may remain here forever. I don't think those we offended tonight will consider giving us a head start. We must leave now, or we will never leave! You must not be captured Mon Generale. The Empire must not lose you."

The brave General d'Alrondt nodded his head gravely and motioned the gagging Cuirassier Sergeant to lead the way.

SITUATION

The Grande Armee de Norde is in full retreat. For those elements still trapped within the city of Moskova retreat has become rout. Everywhere the forces of the Dark Czar are closing in, hunting down those soldiers who run and exterminating any Elves foolhardy enough to stand.

Mordred has fled. Ney and the other Marshals are either dead or have escaped. A few bands still try to escape the net of fire and death that minute by minute tightens around Moskova.

Already there is an Undead army in the field. Even now the long pursuit has begun. The Elves have yet to discover how total this defeat will be, how many will suffer and how few will return to Armorica.

The Cavalry are the only ones who can save the army at this time, by providing a screen behind which the infantry, baggage and artillery can escape. Seasoned leaders such as d'Alrondt and l'Escargot will be very valuable, if not essential to this plan.

Lady Wintermore knows that she can not allow them to survive. She is the ablest and most cold blooded of Aleksander's assassins.

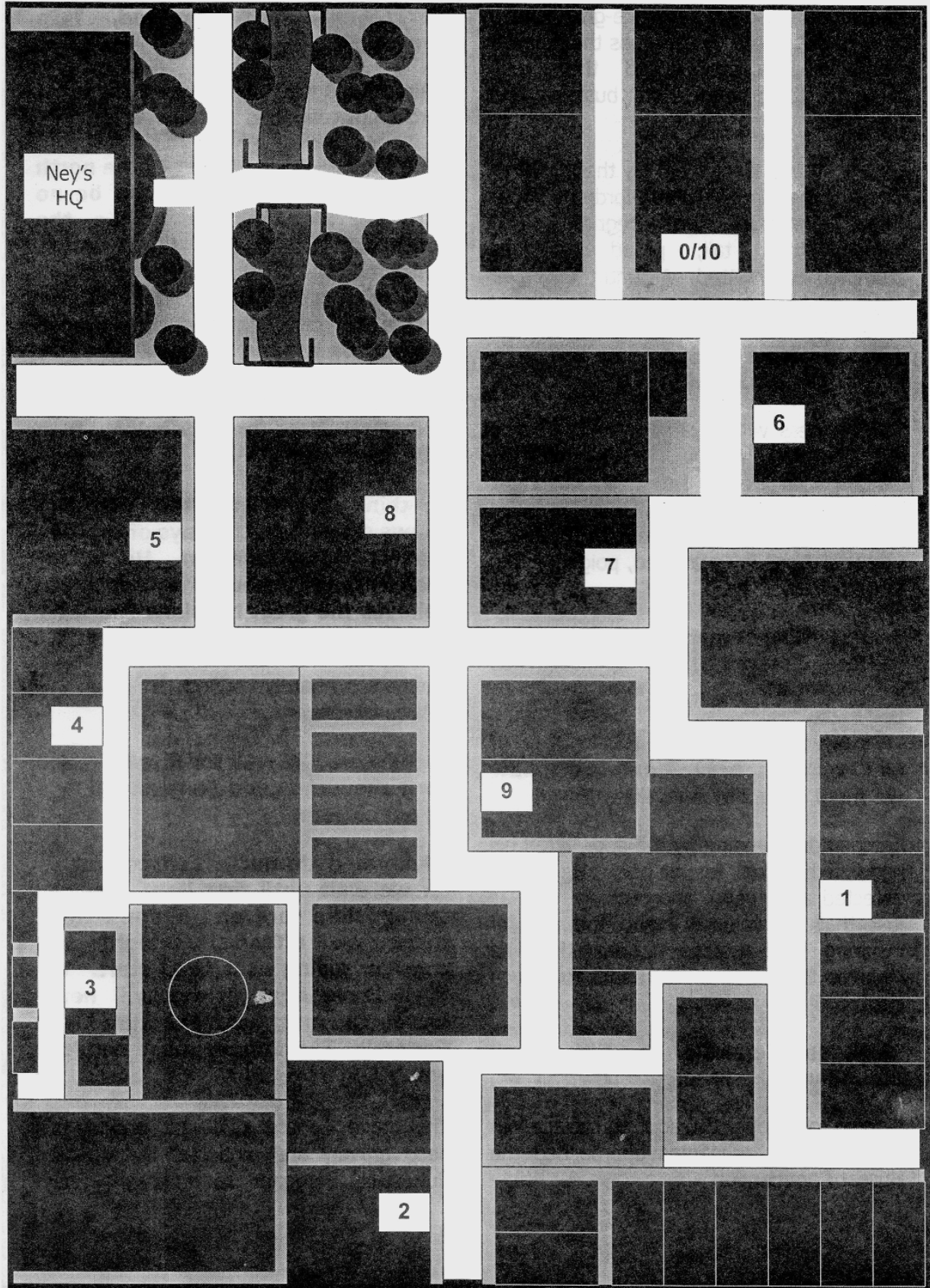
She will not fail her Czar!

GROUND

The twisting, turning streets and alleyways of Moskova will swallow you up unless you keep a sense of direction. More, unless you keep a sense of purpose



LAST QUADRILLE IN MOSKOVA SCENARIO MAP



SPECIAL RULES

The terrain is a maze of buildings (some on fire) and neglected roads, broken and weed-grown.

The buildings are badly run-down, some may not be safe to enter and some may collapse in front, behind or on top of you.

Three paths lead to safety, three only. Alleys may lead you to a dead end, or to another freedom road.

The roads are in terrible condition giving -10% to all movement.

MISSION

Elf Player

Your mission is to escape from Moskova, alive.

To succeed you must leave the table by one of the three Southern roads marked on the map.

You start the game outside the front door of Marshal Ney's Headquarters. From there the choice of roads is up to you.
Beware!

The roads may not be as easy to pass as they look. Buildings will collapse into the streets, covering them with fiercely burning wreckage. This rubble is passable but at a greatly reduced rate. You should still always be able to find a way through, unless you find the fearsome Undead blocking your path. Run or fight, this choice is also yours. Choose well.

Undead Player

Twice they have eluded you and escaped your claws! Twice you have had them in your grasp only to let them slip through your finger bones! This time they must be made to pay!

Petty success or failure is not at stake now! You gamble with your very immortality! Should these puny Elves survive, the Lord of the Undead will exact a price in pain from you - your body and soul will pay for all eternity!

You must stop these Ferach from reaching safety. These panicking blood-cattle are a harvest, which you need only gather in.

The same rules for entering play apply as in the previous scenario, except you may now place one Zombie and one Character in a building at the start of the scenario. Where they are placed should be written down, covered up and placed in clear view of your opponent. They can be activated at any time as per the normal rules.

You must also be wary of falling buildings; the fire is an added hazard for you.

Zombies

There may not be more than four Zombies on the table at one time.

Buildings

On the map are ten numbered buildings. These buildings will collapse in flames during the game, blocking the street. The entire street then counts as Difficult Terrain.

At the start of each turn, until all of the numbered buildings have collapsed, roll one D10. The resulting number is the number of the house that collapses this turn. If the number corresponds to an already collapsed building, no new buildings fall. However this indicates that more rubble has fallen in the destroyed building. This has the same effect as below only any figures within the rubble receive a +10 modifier to their roll to escape the debris.

A building counts as collapsing along its whole front, covering that area of the road. Any Miniature that commences its turn within the area of collapsing building or inside has to make a save roll to see if they die or they managed to dive out of the way of the falling rubble. The table for this is shown below.

The following modifiers also apply:

Race	Avoid Rubble
Zombie	10%
Liche	20%
Golem	35%
Elf	60%
Vampyre	60%

Raw: -10%

Experienced: +10%

Veteran: +15%

Guerrilla: +5%

CONCLUSION

Did your Elves make it out of Moskova alive? Did your Undead feast on Ferach Blood this night? What happened next; Does d'Alrondt meet up with his section? Did the Dark Czar punish the Wintermores?

There are many more scenarios set in the Witchlands during Mordred's retreat from the frozen North. You can find them and over seventy-five other Flintloque scenarios online at www.orcsinthewebbe.co.uk

Keep The Flag Flying!

