SCENARIO: MOUSE-HUNT

There's a bounty out for the capture of Gromley the Mouse-burglar, and two warbands are planning to collect it...

TERRAIN

Each player takes it in turn to place a piece of terrain, ideally at least one piece of terrain per square foot – the more the better.

WARBANDS AND DEPLOYMENT ZONES

The player with the lower Warband Rating chooses a table edge, and places a model within 2" of the edge. Their opponent then sets up a model within 2" of the opposite edge. Keep on until all models are on the table. The warband with the lowest Warband Rating is the Attacker. The Attacker starts first.

SPECIAL RULES

Gromley								
M	S	B	R	N	C	A	F	P
d6	d6	d8	d8	d8	d10	d10	d6	d6
Skills	Slippery							
Equip.	Throwing knives, dagger							

Each Turn, both players roll a d12; the player who rolls highest controls Gromley that Turn. On a tied roll, Gromley panics and will not Act that Turn. Gromley Acts first, but may only Sprint or Shoot, and cannot be moved closer than 4" to any model.

Gromley must be taken alive; he cannot be Shot, or Wounded by spells; all Attacks against him must be non-lethal, and count as Unarmed. Do not keep track of his Wounds from Turn to Turn; any time Gromley suffers 5 or more Wounds in a single Turn, he is Knocked Out. He may be dragged by a model in base contact, but that model counts as if moving through Difficult terrain. At the start of each Turn after Gromley is KO'd, roll a d6 - on a 6, he recovers, and may Act again.

SECONDARY OBJECTIVES

Both players make two rolls on the Secondary Objectives Table (see page 120) and choose one of them to carry out.

ENDING THE GAME

When one of the warbands fails its Rout Roll-Off, the game ends. The routing warband loses and their opponents win. Also, if Gromley is KO'd when the game ends in a rout, the winner receives the bounty. The game is also won if a warband gets Gromley off their table edge - they receive the bounty.

EXPERIENCE

+1 Survives - any character who survives the battle gains +1 Experience.

+1 for each character who causes one or more Wounds on Gromley.

The bounty for capturing Gromley is 3d10 pennies.

OSPREY GAMES
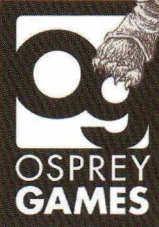
BURROWS & BADGERS

A SKIRMISH GAME OF ANTHROPOMORPHIC ANIMALS

OATHSWORN

The night's work was going well, thought Gromley. And he'd been really nervous about this job, too. Getting into places, appropriating certain items, and getting out again was his speciality, but the places weren't usually full of heavily-armed foxes. And he didn't like working for weasels, either; you always had to watch for a double-cross. And what kind of name was Bimbor Crop-tail anyway?

So he'd refused the job, but then Bimbor the weasel had bought him a couple of drinks, and sweetened the deal to the tune of an extra 50 pennies; and then another couple of drinks, and pretty soon Gromley was thinking that maybe weasels were okay guys, and that maybe foxes weren't all that dangerous after all. And he was a dormouse, and dormice were nimble and stealthy, and he was a professional, and how hard could it be, anyway? So he'd taken half of Bimbor's money up-front and gotten ready for the job.

Getting in to the manor house had proven to be as easy as he'd hoped. A grappling hook through a second floor window, and up the rope he went. A quick glance over the window sill showed the room to be pleasingly empty of foxes, and he'd scrambled in. Gromley had crossed silently to the door, glanced into the corridor, and then scampered to the room opposite; he'd been told it was an office, it would be empty at night, and that the paperwork he had been sent to steal would be in the top desk drawer. Entirely unguarded. Amazingly, everything the client had said turned out to be true; extremely unusual in Gromley's opinion. Clearly, foxes were nowhere near as clever as he'd heard.

Yes, the night was going very well indeed. Right up until the point he got back to the window and realised the rope was gone.

He twitched nervously... had the grappling hook been spotted? Had he been seen? But no, surely someone would have raised the alarm, and it was all still quiet. The hook must have just slipped, or something. No sense getting worked up; just focus on finding another way out.

Unfortunately, the only other way out was the front door. And even though he'd decided foxes were pretty dumb, surely even they would have a guard at the front door? So he descended the winding staircase gingerly, and crept down the hall. Twice, he froze in place, thinking he'd heard movement, but no, there was nothing. As he reached the door, Gromley pressed an ear against it and listened. He could hear breathing on the other side, but his initial panic eased as he realised it wasn't so much breathing as snoring. The guard was asleep at his post. He almost laughed; what had he been worried about? Foxes were obviously just idiots.

Picking the lock, opening the door and slipping through was the work of a moment. Tiptoeing past the snoring form of a large fox slumped in a chair was a little more nerve-wracking, but Gromley reassured himself that he was a master of stealth, and made his way to the safety of the nearby trees.

Without a backward glance, Gromley scampered through the wood to the clearing where he had arranged to meet his client. He paused at the edge of the treeline, peering out to ensure the coast was clear; safety first, and all that. The weasel was there, leaning nonchalantly against a large oak. Gromley waited, looking for any possible ambush; it wouldn't be the first time a client had tried to pay the other half of the fee with cold steel instead of silver. But Bimbor was definitely alone, and his hands were empty.

With a relieved grin, Gromley made his way across to him and pulled the sheaf of papers from his bag, holding them out to his client. The weasel smiled back and reached for them, then it all got a bit confusing. Gromley felt something whistle by his head, and Bimbor suddenly did this weird violent lurch. Gromley stared at the weasel in surprise; his mouth was moving, but no words were coming out, and his hands were pawing the air. Somehow, a large arrow had embedded itself in his chest. Two more thumped in, and Bimbor collapsed in a twitching heap.

Gromley turned, slowly, fear numbing his limbs, and looked back. Walking calmly across the clearing toward him was the fox he'd thought was snoring not ten minutes earlier, green eyes shining in the moonlight. As he approached, he drew a long, narrow-bladed knife from his belt. The fox stood over the weasel's corpse and chuckled. 'Bimbor Crop-tail. You really should have known better.'

He turned to Gromley, the knife held low but ready, and leaned in to speak. 'I'd like to thank you for leading me to this weasel scum,' the fox said, his accent rich and plummy, 'we've been looking for him for weeks. You've really done us a great service; such a shame it has to end like this...'

Perhaps foxes aren't so dumb after all, Gromley thought, shivering in terror, eyes fixed on the knife.

The fox grinned. All teeth, no smile.