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Uhngar the Vampire Hunter by Spencer Wallace

"I am Vengeance, insipid maggot. You will not take me."

Once known as Gunther Kinski, Uhngar was not always a vampire hunter, although he has poached the Emperor's finest harts the entire length of the Drakwald Forest. His life had been hard and lonely, but he chose it and never regretted the decision. That life ended the misty dawn he met Natasha Stanislov, the morning with the strange purple light. She was tied to a gallows oak with silver wire, her flesh steaming at the touch of the faint light.

To this day he cannot recall precisely why he rescued her. Certainly she was beautiful and regal, but he knew what she was, knew better than to go near a blood drinking succubus. Yet he did. His curiosity was his doom, or perhaps it was fate. Her eyes filled his mind, found the darkness hidden in his heart, and then he was hers. Within moments Gunther had severed the bonds and spirited her into the deeper shadows of the forest, where she healed and gave him his reward.

The two became as close as a vampire and a mortal could be. Although Natasha never bestowed the dark gift upon him, she did bind their souls with blood. He became more than just a vampiric minion; she loved him after a time as close as a child of the night can come to love. The months passed into years and the years faded into decades, yet Uhngar showed no signs of aging. Natasha's blood kept him vital, and he persisted far beyond the span of his mortal frame. Together they saw the world from the Empire to far Cathay, even traversing the great oceans to even more distant lands.

This unnatural affair came, as all things of this sort must, to a tragic end. As time passed, the pair became more brazen and less cautious. They attracted the attention of witch hunters and other self-styled protectors of the innocent. Much worse however, was the keen interest the Vampire Counts of Sylvania began to take in them. After giving Natasha every chance to desist and kill Gunther, as is the eventual fate of all minions, they pronounced justice upon the lovers, in vampiric fashion.

For several years the pair was able to evade the creatures that hounded them from one hiding place to another. Eventually though, the other vampires caught them, in a remote hollow deep within the Forest of Shadows, far from any succor. Natasha found herself once more laid out for the sun to consume her curiously delicate flesh, this time with an iron spike through her belly. They ripped Gunther apart and left him to slowly die, watching his love of nearly a century turn to ash before his eyes. In one last act of love or hate, Natasha attempted to bestow the dark gift upon Gunther, but she failed. The sunlight and her own wounds made her too weak to push him past his mortal coil into the realm of the undead, but the blood did spawn a transformation. As a century of his life burned up in that hidden hollow, the feeble blood coursed through his ravaged body, healing his wounds and searing his mind. Gunther Kinski died that dawn, and from his hunger for vengeance, Uhngar was born.

Nearly ten years have passed since that dreadful day, and he has felt no surcease from pain, although he carries the grim satisfaction of many kills. Although he does not

consider himself worthy or even human enough for any god to embrace him, he acts as a devout follower of Morr, seeking the annihilation of all vampires. Perhaps he does have Morr's blessing at least in some part. How else could a lone mortal stand for so long against such a dangerous prey. Uhngar lives in a shadowy realm of isolation and vengeance, never again to fully rejoin his fellow men. He spends most of his life stalking the fog-enshrouded borders of Sylvania, both hunting and being hunted by the dread lords of that awful land. He does, however, seek meager human contact, from time to time entering the Old World's cities. There he stands apart, aloof and suspicious, as judgmental as any witch hunter, for the lords of the dead hunt in the bosom of civilization as well. Strange and hurting as he is, Uhngar is approachable and may help the right people to battle evil, and he will certainly join any group seeking to kill a vampire. He is a tragic figure, wandering the narrow, hazy path of retribution and madness.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	56	47	5	5	10	69	3	40	31	45	46	79	26

Age: 117

Height: 5' 8"

Weight: 156

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Blue

Skills: DB, Follow Trail, Game Hunting, Magical Awareness, Necromantic Lore, Night Vision 10 yards, Read/Write, Rune Lore, SL-Arcane, Sixth Sense, SW Fist & Thrown, Silent Move-Urban & Rural, Street Fighting, Theology

Trappings: 10 Silver Rings, 10 Measures of Silver Dust, 5 Measures of Graveroot (blade venom), 4 Silver Throwing Daggers, Black Leather Armor, Silver Wire (10 yards), Various travelling equipment depending on location, 40 Crowns

Psychology: Uhngar is completely obsessed with slaying vampires. He will not suffer their presence in this world and will seek them out anywhere. This is his Achilles heel; clever people can use his zeal to manipulate him.

Note: Uhngar does not use a sword in battle. He still carries a distaste for such weapons of butchery from his days as a poacher long ago. Instead he fights with his fists and the silver rings that adorn them. The outer surface of these rings is rough and jagged, making vicious wounds for such a small implement(d6-1 damage). Also, each ring bears a magical rune upon them. Any hit upon creatures of a demonic or undead nature causes an additional d3 wounds.