

WARHAMMER  
FANTASY  
ROLE-PLAY

# THE NIGHT PARADE



◆ Perilous Encounters with an Undead Warband ◆





# CREDITS

**Design and Writing:** Samuel Poots

**Cover Illustration:** Anthony Boursier

**Illustration:** Anthony Boursier, Dave Gallagher, Sam Manley,  
Scott Purdy, Erin Rea

**Graphic Design & Layout:** Mary Lillis

**Editors:** Emily Reiner

**Proofreader:** Lynne M Meyer

**Cubicle 7 Business Support:** Tracey Bourke, Elaine Connolly,  
Jennifer Crispin, Andrena Hogan, Donna King,  
Kieran Murphy, and Cian Whelan

**Cubicle 7 Creative Team:** Dave Allen, Emmet Byrne,  
David F Chapman, Walt Ciechanowski,  
Zak Dale-Clutterbuck, Runesael Flynn, Elaine Lithgow,  
TS Luikart, Dominic McDowall, Sam Manley,  
Pádraig Murphy, Ceire O'Donoghue, and JG O'Donoghue

**WFRP 4 Producer:** Pádraig Murphy

**WFRP 4 Line Developer:** Dave Allen

**Creative Director:** Emmet Byrne

**Publisher:** Dominic McDowall

Special thanks to Games Workshop

**Published by:** Cubicle 7 Entertainment Ltd,  
Unit 6, Block 3, City North Business Campus,  
Co. Meath, Ireland

Last Updated: May 11 2022



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# ◆ THE NIGHT PARADE ◆



*Along the Empire's roads, the dead walk. Called from their slumber by a necromancer's profane whispers, or buried where dark magic saturates the ground, these Undead march without rest, adding to their number with each hapless soul they cross. Whether such bands move with a purpose or wander aimlessly, they often find themselves the centre of folk tales. Many a terrified tavern audience has gathered around the fire to hear stories of wild hunts, ghostly processions, and corpse-laden carts come to carry away the unwary.*

*Of these, one story has risen to prominence. If you wander through the fertile lands between the Grey Mountains and the Reikwald Forest, listen always for the sounds of creaking wheels and a tolling bell. Do not wait to ask the carriage for a lift. Hide. Cover your ears. And whatever you do, do not follow where the bell leads. The Night Parade are calling.*

The Night Parade are a band of wandering Undead, drawn together by the ancient Liche, Old Jasper. Setting out from the Grey Mountains when both moons shine as crescents, he leads his charges through the Vorbergland, calling the dead to him wherever they go. There appears to be little rhyme or reason to the Night Parade's journeys. Yet, each time they are sighted, their numbers are sure to grow.

## GETTING STARTED

The Night Parade is a continuation in the series of supplements that started with the Forest Goblin Cluster Eye Tribe. However, where that supplement provided templates for tribal warbands, this supplement focuses on wandering groups of Undead. These may rise wherever magic is powerful or corrupted, even without a necromancer's summons. Alongside full profiles of the Night Parade are templates to advance the basic Undead creatures found in the **Warhammer Fantasy Rulebook** (WFRP, pages 327–30), turning them into Liche Corpsemasters, Liche Lords, Wights, Wight Champions, and Mass Grave Dead, as well as templates to raise mounts as Undead steeds. It also includes full rules and adventure hooks for Corpse Carts. These templates are intended to help bring more variety to your Undead encounters. The creatures presented in the **Warhammer Fantasy Rulebook** and the templates here are intended as a starting point — customise them however you see fit.

To apply these templates, add or subtract the number of Advances from the creature's base Characteristics, along with any Skills, Talents, or Trappings indicated. Some templates also include options for further customisation. For example, if you wish to make a skeletal Undead lord, apply the Wight Champion template to the Skeleton profile (WFRP, page 327). These templates may also affect the creature's Wounds, so be sure to recalculate these after adjusting the creature's S, T, and WP according to the template.





## *Olde Weirde's Incunabulum*



If you have never seen a pistoleer at work, I implore you to take some time and visit the Imperial Gunnery School. You will no doubt be impressed by what you see, and enjoy a rather more pleasant introduction to the art than I experienced. As it was, I barely registered the Zombie before Sovrissniz's bullet cracked its skull like an egg.

The Dwarf gunner seemed mighty pleased with her handiwork and, when the shock wore off, my companions and I were most complimentary (although Professor Pfaff grumbled a bit about the slight spattering of brain he received). Our guide, a rough-looking fellow named Arnholt, proved harder to impress.

'Stupid' he cursed, kicking the corpse to the side. 'What if there were more, eh? That cursed firearm will have alerted every wandering dead thing from here to the Grey Mountains!'

One does not insult a Dwarf lightly, and fisticuffs may have ensued had my companion Professor Gronighof not then offered Sovrissniz his flask of Bretonnian brandy in a toast.

We had been travelling the Vorbergland for two days, an accident on the road to Bögenhafen and the subsequent loss of our carriage necessitating a detour south. I will admit, I had been quite enjoying our little walking tour, even though it meant enduring the constant arguments between Pfaff and our Eonir companion Kaia about proper flora and fauna nomenclature. After many weeks under the Reikwald's close boughs, the Vorbergland's open skies proved a welcome relief.

However, the Zombie's appearance hung a pall over the day, and when a moment later we heard something rustling in the underbrush, a chill terror settled upon me. Arnholt readied his axe. Sovrissniz prepared her second pistol. Meanwhile, Professor Pfaff and I took the chance to hide behind Gronighof, whose prowess in the university's duelling club he is never shy to assure us of.

Being prepared for any horror, the sharp, whispered 'Pst!' took us all by surprise.