

The background of the cover is a dynamic battle scene. A central figure, a Beastclaw Raider, is depicted in a heroic pose, riding a large, white-furred, horned beast. The rider is a muscular, orange-skinned warrior with a fierce expression, wearing a red loincloth and ornate armor. He holds a large, curved sword aloft in his right hand and a spiked mace in his left. The beast he rides is covered in white fur and has large, curved horns. In the background, other warriors and beasts are visible in a chaotic battle, with a large, glowing blue orb in the sky.

WARHAMMER

AGE OF SIGMAR

DESTRUCTION BATTLETOME

BEASTCLAW RAIDERS



From the maelstrom of a sundered world, the Eight Realms were born. The formless and the divine exploded into life. Strange, new worlds appeared in the firmament, each one gilded with spirits, gods and men. Noblest of the gods was Sigmar. For years beyond reckoning he illuminated the realms, wreathed in light and majesty as he carved out his reign. His strength was the power of thunder. His wisdom was infinite. Mortal and immortal alike kneeled before his lofty throne. Great empires rose and, for a while, treachery was banished. Sigmar claimed the land and sky as his own and ruled over a glorious age of myth.

But cruelty is tenacious. As had been foreseen, the great alliance of gods and men tore itself apart. Myth and legend crumbled into Chaos. Darkness flooded the realms. Torture, slavery and fear replaced the glory that came before. Sigmar turned his back on the mortal kingdoms, disgusted by their fate. He fixed his gaze instead on the remains of the world he had lost long ago, brooding over its charred core, searching endlessly for a sign of hope. And then, in the dark heat of his rage, he caught a glimpse of something magnificent. He pictured a weapon born of the heavens. A beacon powerful enough to pierce the endless night. An army hewn from everything he had lost. Sigmar set his artisans to work and for long ages they toiled, striving to harness the power of the stars. As Sigmar's great work neared completion, he turned back to the realms and saw that the dominion of Chaos was almost complete. The hour for vengeance had come. Finally, with lightning blazing across his brow, he stepped forth to unleash his creation.

The Age of Sigmar had begun.



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BEASTCLAW RAIDERS

Beastclaw Raiders are the harbingers of dark months and dead seasons. When the sun hides its face in fear and the winter winds sweep down from the sky, mortals pray to their gods for salvation. For these are the times of frost and snow, when ravenous ogor tribes stalk through the freezing darkness.

Out of slate-grey snowfall and howling gales the Beastclaw Raiders ride. Monstrous hunting parties atop huge mounts, they pillage the land, crushing and devouring everything their path. With the crude brutality of their assault comes a howling icy wind, cast forth from snow-heavy clouds and the ogors' own frigid war-beasts. Soon, nothing remains of the enemy but a wasteland of cracked ice and frozen bones, and the raid moves on, looking for fresh prey. This is the way of the nomadic Beastclaw Raiders, who do not fight for land, empire, or the glory of the gods, but care only about their next meal.

Every Beastclaw Raider is a fearsome fighter, each one more than a match for half a dozen Freeguild swordsmen, Greenskinz orruks or Bloodbound warriors. They are corpulent creatures covered in thick slabs of muscle, and each stands twice as tall as a man, a looming mountain of hunger and ill-temper. Such is their strength that, with a single meaty hand, an ogor can crush an orruk's skull or throttle the life from a Dracoth. Beastclaw ogors are so immensely tough that they wear little in the way of armour for protection. Their bulk allows them to suffer scores of stabs, cuts and blows without feeling the effects, laughing and bellowing through pain and injury as they continue to kill.

Each Beastclaw Raider tribe is known as an Alfrostun. These wandering armies are led by the oldest and most powerful ogor of the raid, known as the Frostlord. He is a hunter chieftain who stalks across the Mortal Realms seeking out prey. Under his command are hulking Mournfang packs, mammoth Stonehorns, and frost-wreathed Thundertusks, the beasts making the ground tremble with their advance. In the wake of these monsters and their riders, other creatures appear. Drawn to the Alfrostun by supernatural cold and the promise of prey, they emerge from the darkness – the snarling Frost Sabres and the savage Icefall Yhetees.



The size and strength of the ogors and their beasts are not the only weapons they bring to the battlefield. At their backs blow the winds of winter, magical storms of ice that ravage those who stand against them. The ogors call these sorcerous blizzards the Everwinter, but they go by many titles: the Wyrdwind Icestorms, the Breath of Gorkamorka and the Frostfeyr March, to name but a few. Each Alfrostun must forever stay ahead of this cold. They ride on the edge of the storm, taking advantage of its first gusts of wind and frosts, but never lingering long enough for the full brutality of the Everwinter to catch up with their warriors.

With the Everwinter as a constant companion, each Alfrostun scours the land for meat, gathering up all they can with gluttonous fury until they are forced to move on to fresh hunting grounds. Great kingdoms and sprawling continents bear the scars of the Beastclaws' passing, and many once-thriving and fertile places have been reduced to wastelands of ice by the coming winter that follows in their tracks. Countless peoples have met their end in the bellies of the Beastclaw ogors, devoured along with their now-dead civilisations. For the ogors are a force of nature that never stops in its relentless hunt for more prey – raiding, ravaging and waging war upon the realms without respite or mercy.









SOVANHENG ALFROSTUN

The name Vorgrun Loshar is a curse upon the tongues of races across the Jade Kingdoms. He is the Frostlord of the Sovanheng Alfrostun, known to their foes as the Fists of Winter. A veteran of the long war between Nurgle and the sylvaneth, Loshar has earned a reputation as a shameless mercenary, fighting for both sides. The servants of the Plague God constantly seek to convert Vorgrun to the worship of their lord, while more than once the sylvaneth have enlisted Loshar's Alfrostun to bolster their outnumbered Wargroves. In truth, the Frostlord cares nothing for the fate of Ghyran, and fights only so long as his employers can provide him with meat. Infamously, after the Battle of Greyhallows, when the sylvaneth crushed a daemonic army of the Gorglut Lord, Loshar's ogors turned on their allies because the tree spirits provided better eating.

Recently Loshar has learned of Gordrakk, the Fist of Gork. The Frostlord, weary of scheming Chaos creatures and fickle sylvaneth, has been mightily impressed by the orruk's deeds. The teeming Chaos armies and formidable Stormhosts crushed by the Megaboss have whetted Loshar's appetite with the promise of meat beyond imagining. Abandoning the endless War of Life, and leaving a trail of slaughter and death behind them, the Fists of Winter have set off on the long trek through the realms to find the Megaboss.



AN ENDLESS HUNT

The origins of the Beastclaw Raiders are hidden in the half-remembered legends of the Age of Myth. Theirs is a tale of hunger and greed, one of the retribution of pitiless gods and the spectre of a never-ending winter that stalks them endlessly like a shadow of frost and snow.

Perpetual winter and gnawing hunger drive the Beastclaw Raiders ever onwards to find fresh hunting grounds. The ogors ravage the regions they cross, and leave only ruin in their wake, taking as much food as they can before the Everwinter buries the land in ice. It is the destiny of the Alfrostuns forever to seek new prey, while it is the fate of their victims to be mercilessly devoured. It was not always so, and though only legends remain of their past, the raiders still tell tales of the first Alfrostun and the Beastclaw raid from which it was born. In those ancient days the ogors were the skilled hunters and trackers of Gorkamorka's armies. There are many stories of the Beastclaws riding into battle before the

assembled hosts of Gorkamorka. At the Riftwyrd Crossing they were the first warriors to storm the rampart-bridges. Mournfang riders broke through the duardin siege engines, while Stonehorns and Thundertusks shattered the great Stormiron gateways and opened the path to the Silver Vales beyond. In the midst of the Spiritstorm Downpour, a pack of Beastclaw hunters pulled down the necrofugue sails of the Deathsong Queen. The ogors' brutal assault shattered the queen's spirit-webs and robbed her Nighthaunt armies of their ghostly energy. For an age, legends say, they were favoured warriors of Gorkamorka and their rewards were foes to fight and mounds of meat – but it was not to last.

Some say it was Baergut Vosjarl, the first Frostlord, who betrayed Gorkamorka and was punished with the first Everwinter. Others claim it was Sigmar who cursed the Beastclaw tribe for their excessive gluttony – that the God-King created a winter storm to deny the ogors prey, though they learned to stay ahead of its killing cold. There are also legends of how the ogors opened the Icefell Vaults of Shyish, unleashing the dreaded Winter Gods from the prison Nagash had crafted for them. The tales claim that these fell creatures follow the ogors still, granting their saviours the gift of endless cold, the greatest prize they can bestow. The stories behind the creation of the first Alfrostun are many, and each raid



BAERGUT VOSJARL

Baergut Vosjarl was the first Frostlord, and he witnessed the creation of the first Beastclaw Alfrostuns. Many legends surround the Beastclaw hero, and most ogors believe it was some act of Baergut's that summoned the first Everwinter. Amongst these tales perhaps the most famous is the story of how Mork tricked Baergut into eating the heart of the frozen ur-bear Jorhar. Mork had been angered by the Frostlord's bold claims of the ogors' ascendancy over all other beasts. Devising a cunning trick, the god led Baergut into a wastelands, where no food existed, on the promise of a great battle. When the ogor arrived in the lair of Jorhar, Baergut was almost mad with hunger. After a savage fight, the Frostlord hacked open Jorhar and greedily ate its innards, including the monster's still-beating heart. The organ was so powerful it refused to be digested, and from that day, with each beat a cold wind was called to Baergut. Frostlords claim that on the wind's howl, the sound of Jorhar's heart can still be heard, summoning winter to the Beastclaws.





recalls a different reason why their ancestors struck out on their own. However, they all accept that by the will of the gods the Everwinter haunts them, and they are forever destined to wander the realms.

There is no mistaking the arrival of the Alfrostuns. As the first icy gales created by the Everwinter gust over a land, they herald a twilight time for its people. Temperatures drop away and trees begin to die. Rivers cease to flow and snow clouds consume the sun. This is the cursed hunting ground the Beastclaw Raiders bring with them. Out of these unnatural snows and screaming winds ride ogor warriors that kill without restraint,

until their mounts are heavy with plundered meat. Nothing is left of the peoples upon whom they prey, not even scraps for carrion creatures. Even where the rampant destruction of war has reduced almost all civilisation to rubble, the icy desolation left by the Alfrostuns is unmistakable. Kingdoms taken by cruel tyrants, greedy overlords and the influence of the Dark Gods retain some form of twisted life in the aftermath of slaughter. Not so the places destroyed by the Beastclaw Raiders. They become wastelands utterly anathema to life, frost-covered graveyards of crumbling ruins and rime-encased corpses – all buried under a heavy blanket of sorcerous snow that can take centuries to thaw.

In many places rituals are practised to ward away or placate the ogors. Many tribes treat the Beastclaws as devils and spiteful gods, hopeful that if they can make the proper offerings their lands might be spared. Sacrifices are hung in cages, or meat is hauled up into mountain passes and placed on stakes, all in a vain attempt to appease the raiders. Hardened generals pull their cloaks tighter and look to the horizon when the cold winds blow strong, for even the greatest of armies and lords fall prey to the ogor hunters and the Everwinter. The Beastclaw Raiders are a threat that always lurks just beyond the edge of the storm, a pitiless predator race that feeds upon those weakened by winter and war.



THE LORD OF PREDATORS

To the Beastclaw Raiders Gorkamorka is a savage predator-god. United, he is the two-headed deity who storms across the tundra, eyes fixed on both horizons. Divided, he is the two halves of the kill at the hunt's end: Gork, the roar of the charging beast, and Mork, the crunching and tearing of the prey.

Ogors see much of themselves in the feral hunger and strength of Gorkamorka. Like the God of Destruction, they are huge in girth and muscle, lumbering across the land, bringing down prey and ripping off chunks of meat to stuff into their oversized maws. To the Beastclaw Raiders the savage god exists all around them in the brutality of nature. When the wind blows in their favour or the land shakes, sending creatures scurrying out into the open, this is the hand of Gorkamorka at work. Gorkamorka is also in the Everwinter

that follows the raid. The Huskard Torr, spiritual leader of the tribe, speaks to the god through this ever-present cold, and often communes with mountain gales or reads the future in the icy entrails of frozen monsters.

Beastclaw Raiders see Gorkamorka as a god of winter and beasts, but they do not build temples for him. If they wish to offer up the bones of their kills or mark a place of a great feast, a tribe might raise a Heng Stone. These monolithic shards of ice are graven with ogor runes and the face

of Gorkamorka, and are among the few objects of its own creation that an Alfrostun will leave behind.

When the freezing wind hammers the enemies of the Beastclaws, then Gorkamorka is pleased with the ogors. His favour can quickly change, though. The same snows that slow their foes and make them easy kills can grow too deep, wiping out all life and leaving nothing to eat. Before a raid many Beastclaw tribes will make offerings to the god. Svogork posts of bone and stone, topped with the





face of Gorkamorka, are driven into the highest peak the tribe can find. Powerful creatures, proud kings and infamous warlords are then lashed to them. These sacrifices represent the finest meat at the feast, and are offered up to the hungry god. It is one of the few times the ogors leave meat behind, instead allowing the frost to claim their prisoners.

Another rite is the Alarok, enacted when two or more tribes cross paths by chance, perhaps drawn towards the same prey. It is considered ill luck for Alfrostuns to meet in this way, and so an offering must be made to Gorkamorka. As part of the ritual, a great beast must be battled and slain. The two tribes then devour its meat, both feeding side by side on a single carcass. Only when there is nothing left of the kill can the Alfrostuns move on, their duty to Gorkamorka complete.

Alfrostuns may also meet deliberately, should the long winding paths of their nomadic journeys overlap, or if a sign from Gorkamorka draws them to a specific place within the realms. Such a gathering is known as a Vosok Torr, or Great Meet. At these times, the Everwinters of many raids combine, and their Frostlords share a feast on the eve of a great undertaking. It is a rare occurrence, but one that heralds the doom of nations and armies. As the Vosok Torr sets off to hunt, it does so with the blessing the Predator God, at the head of a storm of epic proportions.

The Beastclaw Raiders' worship of Gorkamorka also connects them to many of the god's other followers, and it is not uncommon for the Alfrostuns to fight alongside other ogor tribes. Gutbusters regularly ally with Beastclaw Raiders, though remain wary of the intense cold the raiders bring

with them. Grots and orruks also both fight with the Beastclaws if it serves their purposes – though as often as not the Alfrostuns will turn upon the greenskins if there is no better food on offer. Bonesplitterz have a rivalry with Beastclaws, however, as the two factions often compete for prey.

The rise of Gordrakk, the Fist of Gork, has drawn together a large number of Alfrostuns. Many Beastclaws see the will of Gorkamorka at work in Gordrakk, and are tempted by the promise of prey unending. Others consider the orruk leader as just another Ironjaw, throwing his weight around like the rest of his belligerent kind. Even so, Gordrakk's rise has seen hundreds of Alfrostuns alter the path of their hunts, and even the Huskard Torrs speak of a change in the winds, as if Gorkamorka himself were whispering Gordrakk's name to the Beastclaws.



THE EVERWINTER

Winter is the constant companion of every Alfrostun, following them wherever they go and snapping at their heels with fangs of cold. The raids may never truly stop lest they be frozen in place, and many of them believe that one day, the Everwinters will grow to cover all the realms in unending frost.

A frozen shadow clings to the Beastclaws, as if the god Gorkamorka were blowing twin gusts of icy wind at their backs. They ride on the edge of this storm, forever trying to stay ahead of its killing cold. Here, on the cusp between frozen desolation and glacial tempest, the Everwinter usually manifests as sudden flurries of snow and fierce blizzards. However, each Alfrostun's winter can take a different form depending on the lands they cross or the Frostlord that leads them. The Fraya raid is shrouded in freezing fog that blinds enemies with a white-out, while the arrival of the Sovanheng Alfrostun is heralded by a front of

crystal-clear cold so intense that the air freezes beneath pitiless blue skies. The wind that follows the Olgost raid is a legacy of the Cryptwyrd desert, and its scouring gales transform the edge of the Everwinter into an icy sandstorm.

Whatever form their winter takes, Beastclaws need to be mindful of it themselves, for they are not immune to its bite. Though thick muscles and layers of fat keep them warm, they live constantly in a world covered by frost. Fresh prey might warm their bellies and keep them strong, but only for a time. Soon enough they are forced to move on, lest they freeze. There are

cautionary tales of Alfrostuns being overcome by their own creeping cold; the ogors slow down, layers of ice growing thick on their skin, until they cease to move completely, transformed into gleaming statues among an icy wasteland. Wise elders point to glaciers and desolate fields of icy pillars, telling their people that they gaze upon an Alfrostun turned to ice by the breath of an angry god. Travellers do not stray into these places unless they are foolish or desperate, for the cold of the Beastclaws surrounds them even in this state. The unwary might find themselves joining the ogors in their fate – or worse, setting them free.





As chilling as the Everwinter is, it cannot actually kill the ogors. Beastclaw Raiders do not die from cold, though they might be frozen for centuries or even longer. During this time the ogors enter a dormant state, though hunger gnaws at their bellies as they dream of prey. Often it is the heat of battle that thaws a frozen Alfrostun. Fresh blood, flames and sorcery, spilled, splashed and hurled around the snow-buried ogors can all free them from their prison. Breaking loose of their icy fetters, the ogors fall upon the nearest prey and tear it apart. The longer the hibernation, the more the Alfrostun will need to gorge itself, and entire empires might vanish before it is done. As soon as the ogors are free they must not only feed but also ride, for all the while storm clouds swirl above the tribe. It is a reminder that though they might have escaped an icy prison once more, winter waits to claim them still.

Gutlord Belegous slapped his generous belly to warm himself, but the unnatural chill remained. An icy fog flowed down the slope from the mountain pass high above like a white waterfall, enveloping his ogor army in growing snow flurries.

‘Where is this hunter lord?’ Belegous demanded of no one in particular. One of his guards offered him the weeping haunch of some creature by means of a reply. The Gutlord considered yelling at the ogor to show his frustration, but took the haunch instead.

‘Over there!’ one of his retinue bellowed. Following the guard’s meaty finger, Belegous saw a column of riders emerge from the blizzard. Ogor clad in frost-covered furs and sat atop huge beasts thundered down the slope towards the Gutbusters. A towering Stonehorn with a Beastclaw on its back led the way. As the leader came to a halt before Belegous, ice fell from the newcomer’s skin in a shower of glittering shards.

‘Gork feed you, Frostlord,’ said Belegous. ‘Will you share meat with me?’ The Gutlord held up the partially devoured haunch. Without a word the Frostlord leaned down and took the offering, tearing into it and snapping the bone with his teeth. Belegous gave a greasy smile. The deed was done, and the Alfrostun would fight at their side.





RAIDERS OF THE REALMS

The Beastclaw Raiders hunt in all regions of the realms and are known by many names. To the Fyreslayers they are the Flame Quenchers. To the Khorne Bloodbound they are Cold Skulls, while the Ironjaw orruks know them as the savage Ice Warriors of Gork.

Alfrostuns wage war in all the realms. Each tribe raids and pillages its way through strange lands, corrupted tribes and bloodthirsty armies. Over the centuries the Beastclaw ogors have spread out across the Mortal Realms. From a handful of Alfrostuns, they have grown and divided many times into countless raiding forces. Some of these tribes might be but a handful of nomadic hunters, scraping a living from the land in their travels. Others are huge gatherings, whose packs

stretch across the horizon. Large or small, the Beastclaws attack without provocation or mercy. Vast enemy armies are as likely prey as primitive mortal tribes, the ogors killing and devouring them with equal greed.

Beastclaws are notoriously broad-minded when it comes to meat, and seek out victims wherever they might try to hide. In Aqshy, dozens of Alfrostuns forsook the surface to enter the ancient duardin Realmroads.

In these underways their tribes grew fat on skaven and Fyreslayers, while their combined Everwinters cooled the roots of volcanoes. In the kingdoms above, the progress of the ogors below ground was marked by the flickering light of calderas going out. In Ghyran, Beastclaw Raiders hunt through the vales and glades of the Jade Kingdoms, feasting eagerly on both sylvaneth and the minions of Nurgle alike. Many Alfrostuns have acquired a taste for the heartwood of the sylvaneth, developing



cravings for the weathered texture of the Treelord Ancient or the fresh tang of the Dryad. Alfrostuns also have no reservations about eating those long dead. Though they prefer their meat fresh, the impressive constitution of the ogor means that even rotting flesh and ancient bone can make for a satisfying meal. Among the vast darkness of the Shyish Nightlands, Beastclaw Raiders make banquets out of Flesh-eater Courts and roaming groups of Deadwalkers. Nagash has a particular distaste for the Beastclaw tribes; war is usually a gift to the God of Death, and from its labours his armies grow more numerous. It greatly displeases Nagash and his generals that when the ogors destroy a land or kingdom they leave nothing on the battlefield to reanimate.

Unlike Gutbuster ogors, Beastclaws do not feast upon their own kin, for they believe that the Everwinter lays claim to their bodies upon their death, and that to deny the storm its due would only cause it to harry them with ever greater ferocity. Beings of magical provenance, meanwhile, such as daemons, ghosts and seraphon have long been enemies of the Alfrostuns, for their incorporeal forms provide no sustenance, and many often spoil potential hunting grounds before the raiders can reach them. Then there are the Stormcast Eternals. At first Sigmar's warriors were a source of confusion to the Alfrostuns, for though they had the scent of prey, their bodies would vanish at the moment of death. However, the ogors quickly learned that the Stormcasts are like a wildfire that forces prey from hiding, and so the Alfrostuns eagerly follow the carnage left in their wake.



AGES OF ICE AND SNOW

Centuries of slaughter have marked the Alfrostuns' long journeys across the Mortal Realms. Wherever the thunder of the mighty Beastclaw Raiders and their mounts is heard, destruction soon follows, and another land succumbs to the touch of the Everwinter.

THE FIRST ALFROSTUN

DURING THE AGE OF MYTH, BAERGUT VOSJARL AND HIS BEASTCLAW TRIBE BECAME THE FIRST ALFROSTUN. FOR CENTURIES THEY FOUGHT IN THE ARMIES OF GORKAMORKA, ACTING AS ELITE SCOUTS AND TRACKERS. IN THIS TIME THE FIRST EVERWINTER DESCENDED UPON THE BEASTCLAWS. SOME SAY VOSJARL'S WARRIORS WALK THE WORLD STILL, NOW AS ANCIENT FROSTLORDS.

COLD-FORGE BROTHERHOOD

Mercenary companies of Beastclaws and Fyreslayers purged the Lost Realmroad of skaven, and where they marched the winds of winter warred with the heat of ur-gold runes.

THE ENDLESS MARCH

The Olgost Alfrostun became lost on the Cryptwyrd Plateau. Centuries of hunting the shadow-men of the Cryptwyrd saw their tribe reduced to a procession of Stonehorns, the beasts almost completely stripped of their fur by the harsh wasteland winds.

WINTER'S WARRIORS

Huskard Torr Asger became Frostlord of the Jarkan Alfrostun after its leader was slain by Tzeentch Arcanites. The magic of change mixed with the Everwinter of the Alfrostun, and a sorcerous chill worked its way into the meat and blood of Asger, his warriors and their beasts, turning the ogors' flesh and their mounts' hides a glacial blue. With rapidly forming layers of frost falling from their skin with every step, the Alfrostun rode on seeking new prey.

OF STORM AND SNOW

During the war for the Gilt Realmgates, the Cerulean Comets Stormhost fought alongside the Heroth Alfrostun. The ogors turned the battle in the Stormcasts' favour, but their allies were wreathed ever after in an aura of frost.

THE LONG HUNT

A Skal of Icebrow Hunters, Frost Sabres and Yhetees brought about the destruction of the Twelfth Lantic Empire in Chamon. For decades the creatures of winter raided and killed, carefully splintering the vast human kingdom into isolated camps and towns that could be picked off one by one.

THE CHILL OF THE GRAVE

As the Horfarg Alfrostun battled the Grimskull orruks in the scorching heat of the Cinderlands, the spirits of peoples slain by the greenskins were drawn to the cold that followed in the Beastclaws' wake like corpse-moths to a balefire, until a great host of Nighthaunt malignants fought at the ogors' side.

HUNTERS OF THE SKY ROADS

High above Chamon the Olwyr Alfrostun travelled the latticework of floating bridges known as the Sky Roads. They preyed upon grot pirates and winged beastmen, growing fat upon their kills. However, the thin bridges meant only the most skilled riders could safely guide Stonehorns or Thundertusks, so their tribe thronged with Mournfang riders.

IRON AND ICE

To bring down the Dreadhold surrounding the Manticore Realmgate, Ironjaw Megaboss Grakgob made an uneasy bargain with the Svard Alfrostun. The Chaos defenders caved before the combined packs of Mournfang riders and mobs of Gore-gruntas, the ground shaking to the rolling thunder of their charge.

THE FIST OF GORK

GORDRAKK EMERGED IN THE REALM OF BEASTS, AND ALL TREMBLED BEFORE HIS MIGHT. THE MASSIVE IRONJAW MEGABOSS DREW VAST NUMBERS OF WARRIORS TO HIS GROWING WAAAGH!, HUNDREDS OF ALFROSTUNS AMONG THEM. BETWEEN BATTLES, THE BEASTCLAWS INTENTIONALLY RILED UP SOME OF THE GREENSKINS BY ARGUING THAT GORKAMORKA LOOKED MORE LIKE AN OGOR THAN AN ORRUK, ENSURING THEY HAD A GOOD EXCUSE FOR EATING THEM WHEN THINGS GOT VIOLENT.

THE GREAT MEET

WHEN THE SKYFANG MOUNTAIN ROSE ABOVE THE CLOUDBLIGHT WASTES OF CHAMON, IT DREW TOGETHER ALFROSTUNS FROM ACROSS THE VAST REALM. IN THE SHADOW OF THE SORCEROUS SPUR, A DOZEN FROSTLORDS GATHERED, SHARING MEAT EVEN AS THE EVERWINTER GREW THICK AND HEAVY AROUND THEM. AFTER MAKING AN OFFERING OF PREY TO GORKAMORKA, THE OGOR CHIEFTAINS FORMED AN ENORMOUS VOSOK TORR – AN ALLIANCE OF TRIBES THAT WENT ON TO DESTROY A THOUSAND LANDS.

MERCENARIES OF CHAOS

The Vintrbad Alfrostun fought in Archaon's armies. Its mercenary ogors scavenged hell-forged steel and painted their armour with the symbols of the Dark Gods, though their true allegiance remained with Gorkamorka.

FROZEN LIGHTNING

Braggoth's Svard Alfrostun was freed from the ice by the arrival of a Stormhost. The ogors immediately attacked the Stormcasts, fighting even as ice fell from their hides.



THE RAVENOUS TRIBES





BEASTCLAW ALFROSTUNS

The Alfrostun is an extension of the Frostlord's will. His Huskards, the tribal chieftains who lead his ogor warriors, each command one of the three arms of the tribe: the Jorlbad – the Fighting Hand, the Eurlbad – the Eating Hand, and the Torrbad – the Hand of Thunder.

Every Beastclaw ogor has a role to play in his tribe's survival. The most important of these positions are held by the Huskards. Proven warriors and hunters, each rides a mighty Stonehorn or Thundertusk, and is responsible for the command of scores or even hundreds of Beastclaw ogors. The Huskards stand just below the Frostlord in the raid's hierarchy, and it is from their ranks that his successor will often emerge. By tradition, the Frostlord chooses which of his Huskards will lead the Jorlbad and Eurlbad for the coming hunt. These titles often change from battle to battle, depending on who has proven himself most worthy in previous raids. Each Huskard will then select the packs that form their Jorlbad or Eurlbad in the same way. Thus are the strongest awarded with a place in the vanguard, but only as long as they can prove their might against the prey.

The Jorlbad is the most prestigious arm of the Alfrostun. It is known as the Fighting Hand, and it grabs the lion's share of the meat won by the tribe. Its Huskard is often the tribe's most proficient fighter, second only to the Frostlord in his skill. After the Jorlbad comes the Eurlbad, known as the Eating Hand. Its role is no less important than the Jorlbad – even if it is somewhat less prestigious. It fights hard to secure areas overrun by the Alfrostun's vanguard. Its task

is to slaughter any remaining pockets of resistance and then harvest the meat. Despite their differing roles, the compositions of both Jorlbad and Eurlbad are similar. Each will be led by a Huskard on a Stonehorn. At his side are his Stonehorn riders, or Thegns, forming the elite Atta pack. Beneath these are packs of Mournfang riders led by Skalgs, or sub-chiefs. The size of these packs varies greatly between tribes, and while some Jorlbads and Eurlbads might only comprise a Huskard and a handful of Mournfang cavalry, others include vast herds of Stonehorns and hordes of ogor riders.



The Torrbad has its own part to play in the Alfrostun. The Huskard Torr is a spiritual figure, and unlike the Jorl or Eurl, once he has taken command of the Torrbad only death will see him deposed. Comprising the tribe's Thundertusks, the Torrbad is the herald of winter, and Frostlords use its freezing presence to great effect against their enemies. Its chill also serves to draw in other creatures of winter, like Icefall Yhetees, that add to the Torrbad's savagery in battle.

Standing on the edges of the Alfrostun, beyond the rivalry of its main fighting arms, is the Skal. Reporting directly to the Frostlord, it guides the tribe in its travels and leads it to rich hunting grounds. The Icebrow Hunters that make up the Skal have great autonomy. It is rare that a Frostlord will exert direct control over them, instead trusting the hunters' instincts.

Most Alfrostuns include a Jorlbad, an Eurlbad, a Torrbad and a Skal, though not all do. Some are made up only of Stonehorn Beastriders, while others – like those ruled by Huskard Torrs – might be armies of Thundertusks and Yhetees. Then there are Alfrostuns that are fragments of tribes scattered by war and the Everwinter, like Mournfang mercenary nomads roaming alone, or Icebrow Hunter packs that have lost contact with their Frostlords.



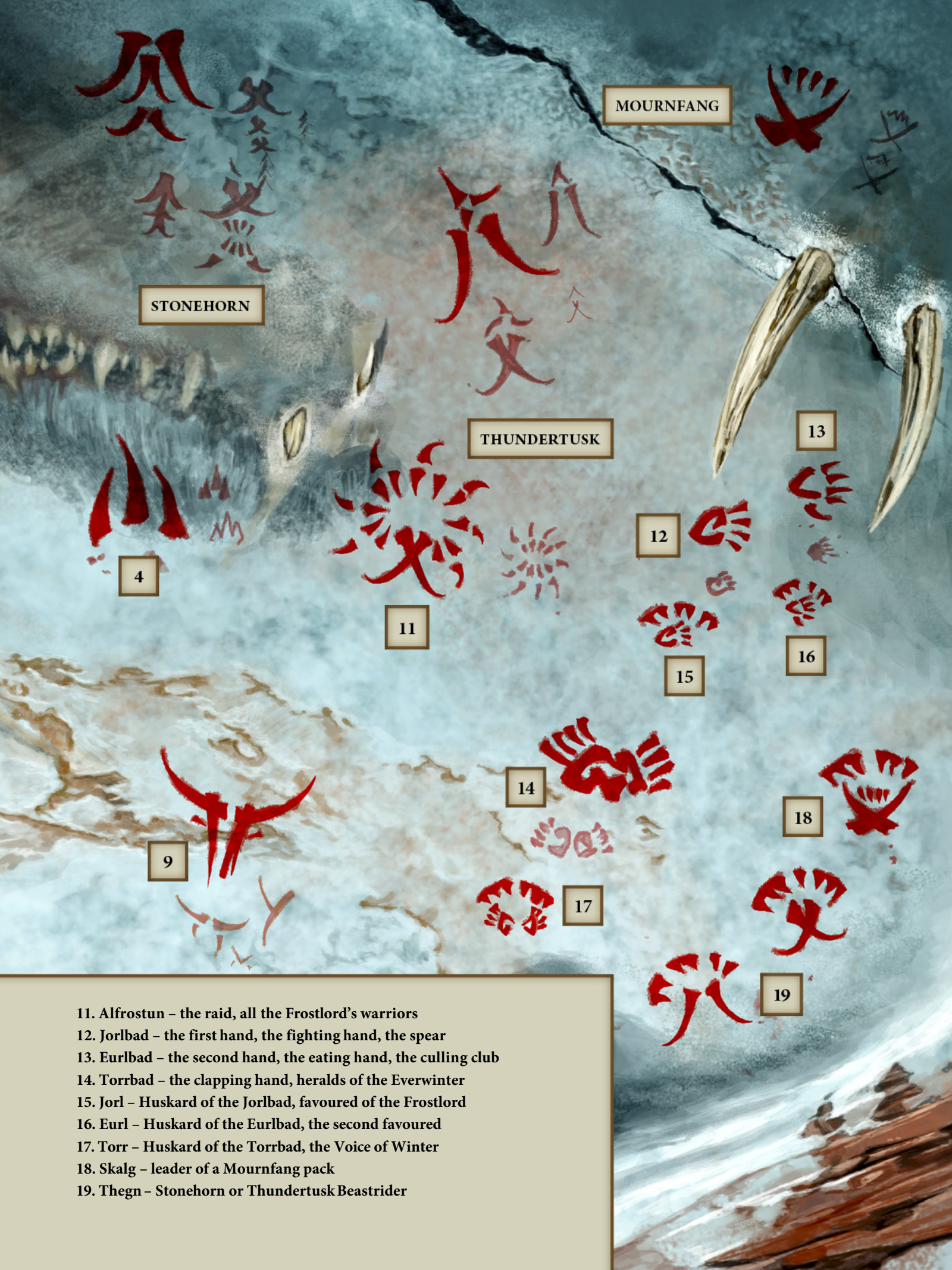
- A. Frostlord on Stonehorn
- B. Jorlbard
- C. Eurlbard
- D. Torrbard
- E. Skal and Frost Sabres
- F. Atta packs
- G. Svo packs
- H. Otri packs
- I. Fvor packs
- J. Hirf packs
- K. Icefall Yhetees

MARKS OF THE BEASTCLAWS

The language of the Beastclaw Raiders is influenced by their strong tribal traditions and ancient hunter wisdom. Each savage symbol, daubed on muscles or beast flesh, depicts another aspect of the Alfrostuns, picked out in claw marks, bloody fists and curved tusks.



1. Atta – great strength, the clenched fist and the mountain
2. Svo – the power of the blizzard, sorcery and the Everwinter
3. Otri – the endless hunt and the spear or arrow seeking out its prey
4. Fvor – fires of the camp, dwellings and the wilderness home
5. Hirf – the vast sky, the Blood Vulture and soaring flight
6. Vexi – ferocity and the hungry beast's jaws that devour all
7. Heng – stone and rock, endurance and a shield against the Everwinter
8. Hoct – prey, meat, and the bones of the beast
9. Gorr – savagery, the beast's horns that tear flesh and take life
10. Albad – the tribe, what is good in life, the hands of the Alfrostun



STONEHORN

MOURNFANG

THUNDERTUSK

4

11

12

13

15

16

9

14

18

17

19

- 11. Alfrostun – the raid, all the Frostlord's warriors
- 12. Jorlbád – the first hand, the fighting hand, the spear
- 13. Eurlbád – the second hand, the eating hand, the culling club
- 14. Torrbád – the clapping hand, heralds of the Everwinter
- 15. Jorl – Huskard of the Jorlbád, favoured of the Frostlord
- 16. Eurl – Huskard of the Eurlbád, the second favoured
- 17. Torr – Huskard of the Torrbád, the Voice of Winter
- 18. Skalg – leader of a Mournfang pack
- 19. Thegn – Stonehorn or Thundertusk Beastrider

ALFROSTUNS OF THE REALMS



Freed from the ice of the Skyblind Tundra by Sigmar's Tempest, the Svard Alfrostun rides the Mortal Realms seeking the fabled Golden Hunting Grounds.



The Olwyr Raid is touched by the fury of the alchemical lightning storms of the Sky Roads. Even their Everwinter flickers with electricity among the flurries of snow.



Scarred by the sandstorms of the Cryptwyrd wastes, the Olgost are savage desert nomads wrapped in rags and bones, their Stonehorns heavy with scavenged meat.



The Ayroth Raid has been infected by the furious energies of Gordrakk's Waaagh! – its Frostlord Hrothgur and his ogor warriors have a touch of orruk madness in their eyes.



The ogors of the Sovanheng Alfrostun have the hunger of the ur-bear. In the Jade Kingdoms they are known as the Splinterguts for the number of sylvaneth they have devoured.



The Fraya Raid rides across the Scarlands eternally cloaked in freezing fog. Its warriors and beasts are as ghosts against its perpetual white – killing, feeding and then vanishing.



It is said that the Jarkan Raid can control their Everwinter. Its mysterious Frostlord is known only as the Storm Speaker, and the tales claim he can hear the voice of Gork on the winds.



The cruel Vintbad serve in the armies of Archaon, and as they often bear icons of Chaos, so too does their Everwinter convulse with the shadows of things best not dwelt upon.





SVARD ALFROSTUN

The raging Storm of Sigmar has swept across the realms, unearthing marvels thought lost. Among alliances reformed and gods awoken, the ogor warriors of the Svard Alfrostun stir. Millennia ago, during the Age of Myth, Frostlord Braggoth Vardruk and his raiders fought in the bestial armies of Gorkamorka. In those lost days they sought the fabled Golden Hunting Grounds of Ghur, a place of plenty rumoured to be large enough to sate even the appetites of the Beastclaws. Misfortune and the treachery of sorcerers led Braggoth into a magical storm, and he was frozen for thousands of years. Recently, a lightning bolt from Sigmar's Tempest cracked asunder his icy prison, and the Svard Alfrostun emerged into the Mortal Realms once more. A warrior from a different world, Braggoth and his Alfrostun still seek out the Golden Hunting Grounds. Whether the fabled hunter's paradise exists or not, the ogors will destroy anything that gets in the way of their quest.



SVARD ALFROSTUN

Braggoth's Alfrostun have a well-deserved reputation as savage raiders and brutal fighters. They have waged war in countless places across the Mortal Realms, and are clearly identified by their crimson markings and gore-coated right fists – an ancient mark of the first Frostlord.



Huskard Eurl Vortarg bears the mark of the Eurlbad on his shoulder.



Ragnir wears the rough hides and furs of animals he has slain.



Hirf, on this Frost Sabre, is the mark of a swift killer.



Yhetees are the colour of winter, the grey of clouds heavy with snow.



Though Frostlord Braggoth usually rides his Stonehorn into battle, his Thundertusk has carried him to war many times. A cunning leader knows when the brute force of the avalanche or the cutting bite of the blizzard will bring him victory.



The bloody red fist is a potent symbol of Frostlord Baergut and harkens back to the legend of his slaying of the ur-bear Jorhar. The Svard ogors pay tribute to Baergut by ripping the hearts from creatures and devouring the steaming remains.



Svard Beastclaw Raiders have gathered their armour and weapons from all kinds of scavenged metal in their trek across the realms. This scrap is hammered together in a motley of pieces to create crude but effective plate, clubs and blades.



The Svo pack, led by Rudarg, use the Albad glyph on their hunting banner. As warriors that often fight in the Jorlbad, their Mournfangs are chosen from the most vicious of the tribe, Vexi glyphs showing their savage temperament.

WINTER RAIDERS

Alfrostsuns prey upon kingdoms and continents in all of the realms. Each of these tribes is a brutal army of ogor raiders, their colours, symbols and trophies the result of their savage history and the lands they have raided and ravaged.



The Horfarg Alfrostun stalks the Cinderlands of Aqshy. Many of their war-beasts bear a distinctive striped colouration, which the ogors call 'the claws of winter'.



The Sovenheng Alfrostun is surrounded by a clear sky of perfect cold. Their Mournfangs are permanently encrusted with a coat of ice, and their warriors must ride across an ever-spreading carpet of crackling frost.



The ogors of the Olwyr Alfrostun traverse the Sky Roads of Chamon and ride into battle atop storm-dark Mournfangs. The fur of these beasts has been changed by the winds of the sky kingdom, camouflaging them among the heavy clouds



The Frost Sabres of the Fraya Alfrostun are bred to be stark white – all the better to hide among the mists of the tribe's Everwinter.



Fraya Alfrostun Icebrow Hunters and Yhetees are as pale ghosts as they move among the raid's Everwinter.



The Ayroth tribe carry the symbol of the Alfrostun upon a blood-soaked banner, and use blood to mark their Mournfangs – a practice the Alfrostun learned from their Ironjaw allies at the Manticore Dreadhold.



WARRIORS OF THE RAID







FROSTLORDS

A Frostlord is a master of the wild steppes, sweeping wastes and broken mountain ranges. From the back of his lumbering mount he commands his warriors with a voice like thunder. When battle calls, he leads the charge, always the first to fight and the first to devour the flesh of the prey.

The Frostlord is warlord and huntmaster to his raid, and it falls to him to provide his ogors with both battle and prey. His booming voice and the thunderous tread of his Stonehorn or Thundertusk are the heartbeat of his tribe, for his is the violent will around which the Alfrostun is formed. In the midst of battle the Frostlord rides at the front of his raiding army, his cold gaze picking out victims for his warriors, while enemies are crushed under the lumbering gait of his monstrous steed. Like the relentless gales of the Everwinter, a Frostlord is a brutal force of nature. There is no pity in the chieftain's heart, only the need to destroy, devour and overcome his foes. Those that test the strength of the Frostlord face the fury of a winter storm, and should they fall, will quickly find themselves filling the chieftain's belly or swinging from the saddle of his mount as another trophy.

To become a Frostlord is not easy, and those that aspire to lead an Alfrostun must complete the Rite of Hoctgar. When a raid has lost its leader, or it gathers for the first time, the largest of its ogors set out into the wilds. Those that return with prey offer up meat to the rest of the clan. To take this proffered flesh is to accept the hunter as your Frostlord, in a covenant as strong as any practised by gods and men. The ogor with the most followers then

claims the mantle of tribal leader. Far from a simple task, the Rite of Hoctgar demands more than merely the corpse of a grunta or troggoth. The greatest would-be leaders bring back the largest kills, and it is not uncommon to see one dragging a gargant or jabberslythe back to the fire to show his dominance, and tempt others to accept his kill.

Before an ogor can hope to claim the title of Frostlord they must already be an ancient and veteran hunter. Most Frostlords are survivors that have wandered the realms for centuries, following winding hunting trails and preying on the weak to fill their bellies. They have endured while their kin have succumbed to starvation, winter and war. A Frostlord may have served in the armies of the God-King Sigmar, or accepted payment to fight for the minions of the Dark Gods. In his time he may have been everything from Icebrow Hunter to Huskard in other lords' tribes, before finally gaining the scars, followers and experience to master his own Alfrostun.

There is another trait that sets Frostlords apart from their kind, and that is their mighty presence. By virtue of their rank they are well fed and huge of muscle and gut – both admirable qualities in an ogor. There is, however, more than just flesh and muscle to the massive tribal leaders. With a

rolling boom like a coming storm, the chieftain's voice calls his ogors to the hunt and steels their spirits in battle. Even the leaders of the smallest raids have a voice strong enough to be heard clearly over the keening scream of the Everwinter wind or roaring din of battle. There are tales of the oldest and strongest Frostlords being audible across the length of continents, ogors who climbed to the top of towering peaks to call Beastclaws from every corner of the land. It is with this same voice that prey are driven from their hiding places, for they recognise the ogor's bellow for the predator's roar it is. In many savage lands primitive peoples believe that when a storm descends upon a land, the wind is in fact the echoing yell of the Frostlord.

FROST SPEARS

Most Beastclaw Raider weapons are hammered together from scavenged scrap or prised from the frozen fingers of the prey. Frost spears are different, each one a massive lance blessed by the blood of Thundertusks and the breath of Gorkamorka. When a Frostlord claims leadership of his Alfrostun, he takes up the spear of his predecessor or crafts his own, the weapon becoming a badge of his rank. In battle, the spear not only punches through armour and flesh but also carries a killing cold, as if the Everwinter itself were caged within its wickedly barbed head.



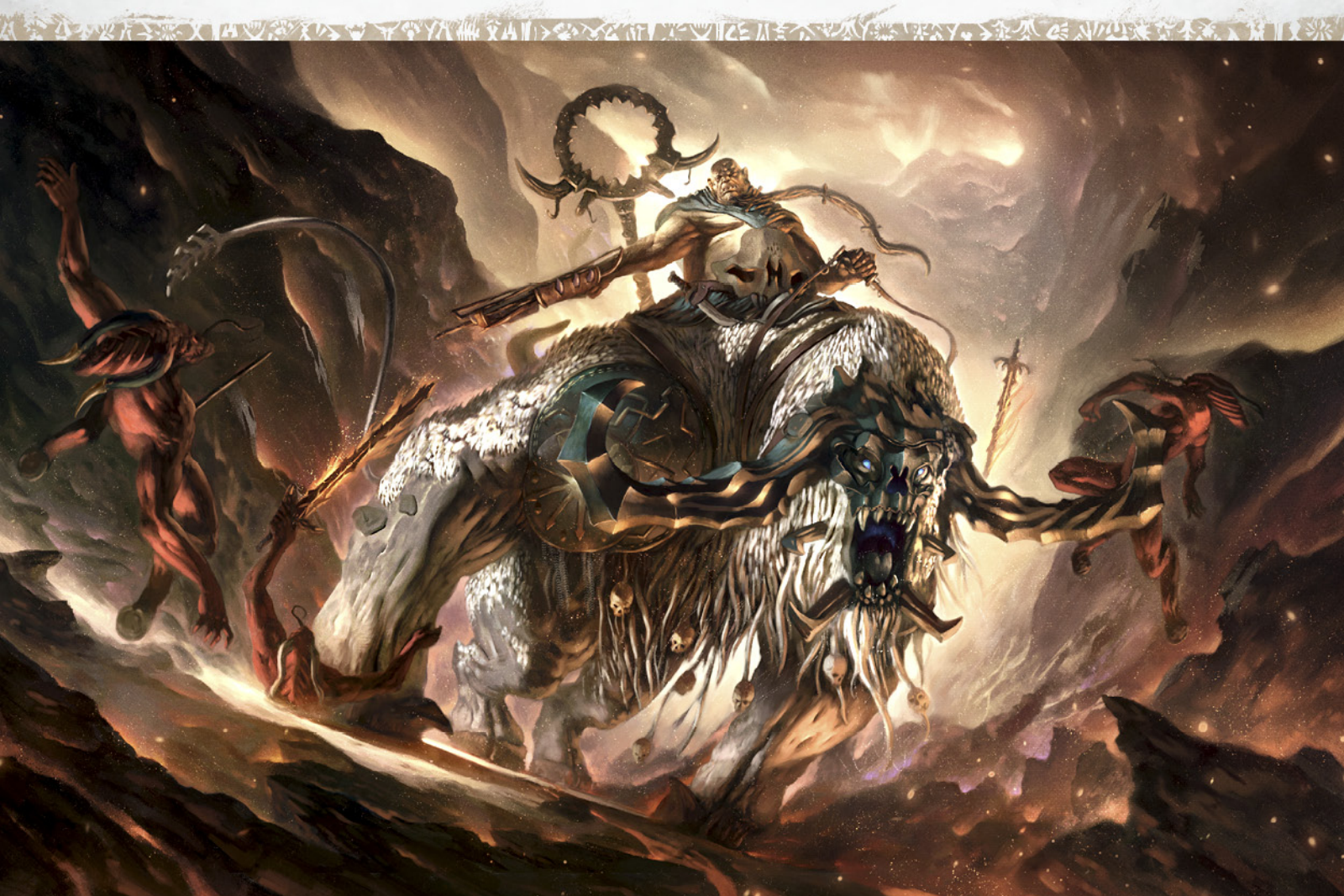
JORLBADS AND EURLBADS

The Jorlbad and Eurlbad are the two main fighting arms of the Alfrostun. One combats and crushes the foe, while the other grasps and devours them. Both halves battle as one to enforce the will of their Frostlord and lead the rest of the Alfrostun into battle against the prey.

The crack of huge pistols and the thump of massive crossbows mark the arrival of the Alfrostun's Stonehorn riders and Mournfang packs. These are the warriors of the raid's Jorlbad and Eurlbad, the two principal fighting arms of the Alfrostun. As the riders thunder into battle, huge clubs crack bones and massive cleavers hack foes apart. In these attacks, the Jorlbad and Eurlbad are as a spear and shield, the two working together to attack and defend. The eager warriors

of the Jorlbad run down fleeing enemies, while counter-attacks come to a crashing halt when they meet the savage Mournfang packs of the Eurlbad. One could not thrive without the other; the Jorlbad would quickly become cut off and surrounded, while the Eurlbad would make no headway against their opponents. Both are equally vicious in carrying out the Frostlord's will and both compete constantly to harvest the greatest number of prey.

The Jorlbad has the honour of striking first and claiming first blood. The most intimidating targets are theirs to smash, from monstrous Zombie Dragons and hissing Magmadroths to sigmarite-clad Decimators and cruel Skullcrushers. Lines are broken apart by ground-shaking Stonehorn charges, and the gaps torn wider with packs of Mournfang cavalry. The Jorlbad does not pause to finish off the wounded or pillage the battlefield, instead ploughing on in search of fresh glories.





The Eurlbad often rides in the shadow of the Jorlbard, or lurks on the flanks waiting for its moment to strike. However, it is no less devastating for being consigned to the second wave. Its Huskard – atop his Stonehorn – and his warrior Mournfang packs often deliver the knockout blow to an enemy army, crashing down upon them in an avalanche of ogor and beast flesh. Forces still reeling from the Jorlbard's charge are cut down, crushed, and their remains carried off by the warriors of the Eurlbad to fill the Beastclaws' stomachs. Fortified settlements and castle walls are left to the Eurlbad to breach, the Jorlbard having pressed on deeper into enemy lands. Where the Jorlbard is the speed and surprise of the howling mountain gale, the Eurlbad is the relentless cold of the slowly rising snow. The cutting cold of a mountain wind might rob a creature of strength and life, but it is the relentlessly grinding glacier that crushes the villages and lairs left behind.

Wind howled down through the cinder-filled valley, and not even the scorching heat of the lava pits could keep the first flurries of snow at bay. Huskard Jorl Targfane rode towards the towering gates of the Khornate fortress. Lines of bare-chested men barred the path of his ogors. Stabbing his fist towards the mass, Targfane sent his riders storming forward. The beasts crashed into the enemy, and the Huskard grunted with satisfaction as the humans were trampled.

'Jorl!' roared one of his Mournfang riders, the ogor pointing to the flanks. Fresh barbarian hordes had appeared. The foes ploughed into the Beastclaws, and a dozen ogors were hacked from their steeds. Targfane growled in frustration, forcing himself to tear his gaze from the brass gates. Before he could swing the reins of his mount towards the attack, a Stonehorn appeared behind the attackers, and in its wake packs of Mournfang riders – the Eurlbad. The flankers, outflanked themselves, were crushed beneath the huge beasts or impaled on tusks. Targfane locked eyes with the leader of the Eurlbad, Huskard Eurl Kreht.

'Your gaze must be growing dim, Targfane!' Kreht bellowed even as he broke the skull of a foe that had tried to scramble up his Stonehorn.

'It is clear enough to best these weaklings!' replied Targfane scornfully, already turning back towards the brass gate. The Frostlord would hear of Targfane's glory this day.



STONEHORNS

Long before the enemy catches sight of the Beastclaw Raiders they will hear the steady thunder created by the rampaging Stonehorns. Huge monsters of tangled fur and granite horns, they crush the landscape underfoot, each earth-shaking stride sending another shock wave rippling out. The size of these beasts alone does not account for this effect, even though each one is twice the height of an ogor at its shoulder. Stonehorns' skeletons and tusks are made from rock and gemstone. This makes them immensely tough, and when they barrel into the fray, few things can stop their assaults. A Stonehorn on the charge is a boulder wrapped in muscle and hurled down from a mountaintop. Anything unfortunate enough to be caught in its path is quickly turned into shattered bone and pulverised flesh, and then driven deep into the torn ground.

Beastclaw Raiders long ago learned to ride these enormous monsters, for few things can survive the rigours of the Alfrostuns' nomadic life like a Stonehorn. They make excellent beasts of burden, and a single Stonehorn can carry the weapons and armour of a dozen ogors on its back. The strength that lets the beast carry even pairs of riders for leagues on end also allows it to smash down castle walls and barge through iron gates. Many are the keeps and Dreadholds reduced to rubble by a rampaging Stonehorn charge, and when it stands over the ruins, the beast feeds upon the remains. For Stonehorns do not eat meat like most living things, instead feasting on minerals, metals and rare stones. These heavy banquets are what strengthen and nourish the beasts' stone skeletons, and it is not uncommon to see a Stonehorn's tusks and bones gradually take on the hues of its meals.

Ogors often augment their mounts with scavenged bits of metal. These are hammered into different parts of the beast's body. Fangs are capped with steel, plates are fixed over the monster's vulnerable eyes and blades are fixed to tusks. Some of these additions are for show but most make the Stonehorn more deadly. In truth, though, the beasts need little in the way of armour, for there are few things that can do them any real harm. Even if a Stonehorn's skin is shorn away, the hard mineral skeleton beneath remains unharmed. The price for this hardness, however, is that if the beast stands still for too long its joints might fuse together as its rock bones grow. So, like their masters, the Stonehorns are forever moving onward. Those that do shudder to a halt become statues, their flesh turning to stone like their skeletons, until an ogor chips it away and grants them savage life once more.





MOURNFANGS

Mournfangs are savage, bullish beasts. Once one locks its jaws around something it seldom lets go, hanging on until either it or its prey is killed. Only a beast this stubborn and aggressive could have survived for so long as a mount of the Beastclaw Raiders, and every clan boasts large numbers of Mournfangs. Carrying their massive masters into the ranks of the enemy, the Mournfangs keep their eyes firmly fixed ahead. Notoriously shortsighted, they can only see clearly as far as the tips of their huge tusks. This only serves to infuriate the beasts, making them ever more aggressive and savage. It also makes them practically unstoppable on the charge, as the beasts are unable to see an obstacle until they are smashing their way through it. This kind of belligerence is highly prized by ogors, and Mournfang riders do nothing to slow the creatures' stampedes.

It takes a lot to kill a Mournfang. Grievous stab wounds, shattered bones and torn flesh do little to slow the creature down. Only when blood loss or organ failure catches up with it does the monster keel over, and even then not without taking a few more of its foes with it first. This tenacity also translates into the Mournfangs' hardiness as mounts. The beasts can go for weeks without food while carrying a corpulent rider on their back. Far from making them weak, starvation only seems to stir up the creatures' temper, and when at last prey is within their reach, they attack with rabid glee. Sometimes Beastclaws might resort to eating Mournfangs to survive if the clan falls upon lean times, though this is rare. Riders form close bonds with their fearsome mounts. To an ogor the snarling creature is as much a weapon as his club or pistol, and not to be discarded lightly.

WHELPING PITS

To ensure the clan's Mournfangs are as savage as possible, ogors raise the creatures in bloody fighting pits. In frozen camps and the ruins of conquered kingdoms, the ogors dig gaping holes and fill them with savage Mournfang pups. Animal carcasses, dead soldiers and screaming captives are all hurled into the pit, sparking a frenzied melee. The fights can go on for days, with ogors placing bets. The beasts are then left, sometimes for months, as the Alfrostun goes off on another raid, the ogors allowing starvation and cannibalism to weed out the weak. When only the strongest remain they are hauled out for inspection by the Frostlord. He offers each pup his hands, one filled with meat, the other empty. Those that bite at the empty hand are chosen for mounts in battle, the others are given to the hunters to go into the cookpots.





TORRBADS

The Huskard Torr is the herald of winter, and of the time of ice unending. A spiritual advisor to the Frostlord, he stands on the threshold between life and death, and is considered a master of the magical cold that follows the Beastclaw Raiders on their hunts.

The Huskard Torr leads the Torrbad, the Thundertusk riders of the clan. He is a mysterious figure that can read the winds, and see the will of Gorkamorka in the frost. To the other members of the tribe he is not completely of this world, his soul having been frozen by his connection to the Everwinter. He goes by numerous names, including the Voice of Thunder, Frostborn or the Blizzard-speaker. He seldom makes an utterance, but when he does he speaks with the voice of winter. His freezing words are like the keening gales of the Everwinter, each one cutting and cold.

The Everwinter chooses a Huskard Torr. When his predecessor dies, the storms and Thundertusks accept him as their voice with howling winds and baying roars. The Frostlord officially bestows the title, but it is rare that he will go against the omens the Everwinter sends. Once named, only death may release the ogor from his duty. In rare instances, a Huskard Torr might become the leader of an Alfrostun himself, turning his clan into a Svarthegn, or Icewind Raid.

The strength of the Huskard Torr comes from the Thundertusks. These magical beasts are focal points for unnatural cold, and like a raging snowstorm they send out constant waves of frost and ice. This power grows exponentially as more Thundertusks gather together,

their aura growing ever larger and more intense. In battle the Huskard Torr uses the unnatural chill of the Thundertusks to do as much harm to the enemy as possible. With frozen breath the beasts render thick castle gates brittle so they can be smashed, or freeze rivers so the raiders can cross them. At the command of the Huskard Torr a Thundertusk can focus the cold between its tusks into blasts of ice that hit like cannon balls. Beastclaws believe the powers of the Thundertusks are another aspect of the Everwinter, and it is certainly true that when the great beasts gather the winter storms blow harder. Where the creatures originally come from, however, is a mystery even

to the ogors. The Beastclaws tell tales of how in the Age of Myth, Gorkamorka climbed the highest peak in all the Mortal Realms, the Alvagr, so he might bellow from its summit. As he neared the top, ice formed on his fingers and between his knuckles, and the shards he brushed off fell into the Realm of Beasts, becoming the Thundertusks – creatures forever filled with the cold of that impossibly high peak.

ICEFALL YHETEES

The blizzards of the Everwinter attract snow-bound predators from the wilds. Among these come the Icefall Yhetees, monsters born of frost and the forbidding wastes that are eager to join in the raiders' feasts. Sinewy killers, the Yhetees stalk their foes in utter silence. When the time comes to strike they emerge from the snow as if materialising from the storm itself, attacking with frost-cursed weapons. Even a single blow from one of these fell blades can freeze a creature's blood in its veins. Beastclaw ogors see the Yhetees as messengers of their savage god, and allow the beasts to follow them into battle. Only the Huskard Torr speaks to them, for he alone knows their strange language. As the Alfrostun closes for the kill, ever more packs of Yhetees are drawn to the call of the Huskard Torr to gather in the army's wake, eager to reap the rewards of the ogor's promise of fresh prey.









SKALS

Ranging out ahead of the raid, the Icebrow Hunters seek the Alfrostun's next prey. They are master trackers and pathfinders, and beat a trail to beasts and rich raiding targets. Always on the move, their loyal Frost Sabres race ahead of them as the eternal winter of the tribe darkens the skies behind.

There are few scouts as skilled as the Icebrow Hunters. They can travel as fast on foot as the rest of the raid travels on Mournfang, Stonehorn and Thundertusk, picking their way through tangled wilds at a loping run. Often the hunters will journey far ahead of the rest of their clan, seeking out prey for the Alfrostun. Many times has an Icebrow's appraising glare heralded the doom of a kingdom. Some lone Icebrow Hunters have even mastered the paths between worlds while hunting prey. These Realmwalkers can read the magic of Realmgates as a sailor might see a storm brewing in the dawn sky, and know when the best crossing can be made for a raid.

As finders of fresh hunting grounds and elusive prey, the hunters hold an important place within the Alfrostun. They are not commanded by the Huskards, instead reporting directly to the Frostlord. A good tribal leader knows the livelihood of his ogors rests with the skills of his Icebrow Hunters, and chooses them wisely from the clan's most experienced warriors. When the Alfrostun descends upon a prey kingdom or enemy army, the Icebrow Hunters lay ambushes for the foe, or circle the flanks, taking down leaders and lords who think themselves safe behind the shield walls of their soldiers. Should the Alfrostun's opponents flee

from combat, the hunters are first to pounce, running them to ground and making sure nothing, large or small, escapes the Frostlord's feasting fires.

Icebrow Hunters are often accompanied by Frost Sabres, huge felines with sword-like teeth that jut from their lower jaws. Hunters raise these animals from cubs, and the bond they form with their ogor pack master is such that the beasts would give their lives for him if necessary. As creatures of winter, Frost Sabres' bodies do not give off heat, making them invisible to many kinds of prey, and their breath does not mist the air even in extreme cold.

Icebrow Hunters long ago learned to take advantage of these properties, and so began bleeding their Frost Sabres to distil a potent brew. Sipped, this elixir cools the Hunter's own body heat, but if downed in a single draught, it allows the ogor to breathe a magical blizzard over his enemies, freezing them where they stand.





FROM
ICE **AND**
SNOW









The Mournfang packs of the Jorlbard are the spear-tip of the Alfrostun thrust deep into the heart of the prey.



The Eurlbad cull the victims of the Alfrostun and gather the meat harvest for their Frostlord.





A Frostlord mounted on a Thundertusk is a fearsome foe and a herald of the Everwinter.



Icefall Yhetees emerge from the snows to add to the carnage wrought by the Alfrostun.

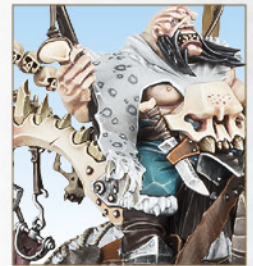




An Icebrow Hunter ranges ahead of the tribe, tracking down prey with the help of his Frost Sabres.



Frostlord on Thundertusk



Thundertusk Beastriders

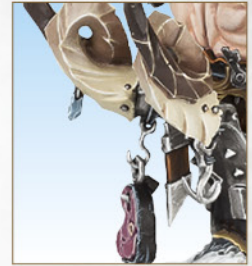
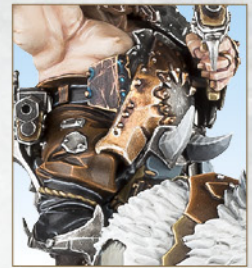




Horn blower with culling club



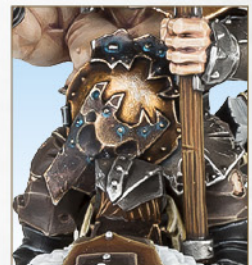
Skalgr with prey hacker and ironlock pistol

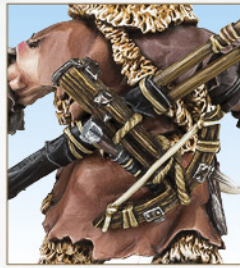


Mourfang rider with gargant hacker



Banner bearer with culling club





Frost Sabre



Icebrow Hunter



Frost Sabre



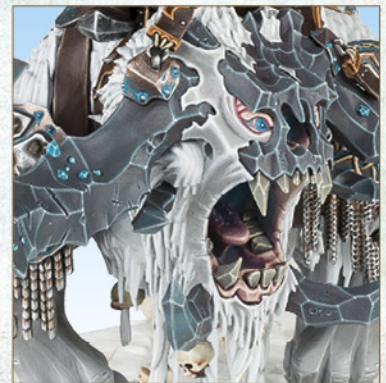
Icefall Yhetees with ice-encrusted clubs



Huskard on Stonehorn



Frostlord on Stonehorn





PAINTING BEASTCLAW GLYPHS

With their brutal armaments, harsh iconography and sheer size, the Beastclaw Raiders are a truly impressive and intimidating sight on the battlefield. Here we'll show you how to paint a selection of great-looking glyphs, as well as weapons forged from magical ice.



Twice the size of a man – even towering over the mighty Stormcast Eternals – Beastclaw ogors bring the hobbyist a super-size opportunity for some enjoyable, detailed painting. While their basic colour schemes are straightforward, the many symbols that feature on their slabs of muscle, ragged banners and fearsome beasts are what really brings the models to life. Feel free to lavish them with as much attention as you like – iconography is a great way of making the army your own. More than crude, abstract designs, some icons are pictograms that tell of the

warrior's role, ranking or unit, while others, featuring on banners, invoke the tribe's heritage.

Painting Beastclaw weapons is also a little different to many rival armies, as they are often fashioned from the glaciers of the Everwinter from which the Beastclaw Raiders can never truly escape.

While depicting such intricate details may seem intimidating, it's actually easy to achieve if you use the stages and techniques explained here.



First, apply the skin's Base and Layer colours.



Then apply thin lines of Abaddon Black.



Gradually apply bolder lines to draw the horns.



Use the side of the brush's tip to create the claws.

The designs shown here were applied using an XS Artificer Layer brush for accuracy. If necessary, once you've applied the glyph, neaten up its appearance by using a little of the underlying colour and painting along the very edges of the shapes. This technique is known as 'cutting in'.



Paint the club with Ceramite White.



Next, apply Guilliman Blue Glaze paint.



Now add patches of Coelia Greenshade.



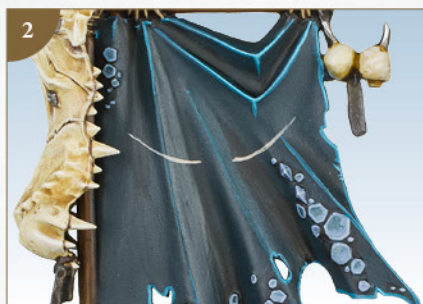
Drybrush the area with Praxeti White.



Paint the metals to match the ogor's armour.



1 Apply the Base, Shade and Layer colours of your chosen scheme.



2 Paint thin lines of Karak Stone to establish where the design will fit.



3 Now add the upright lines to elaborate on the design.



4 Carefully broaden out the shape, tapering the ends to neat points.



5 Finish by adding the claws. Use the tip of the brush to make the shape.

The glyphs shown here can be applied to any surface you like, from armour to flesh or even the hides of the Beastclaws' monstrous steeds. However, a useful tip for painting Beastclaw banners is to use a 'colder' colour palette of blues, greys and sallow flesh shades. This really helps underline the frosty nature of these ogors.



1 Make sure you start with a smooth, clean area of colour.



2 Draw the shapes using a pencil. You can use an eraser to remove mistakes.



3 Using the original shapes as points of reference, add the other symbols.



4 Carefully fill in the design using Abaddon Black.



5 Apply small lines of the underlying colour to represent damage.

Giving the designs a battered appearance by painting on small nicks and scratches helps illustrate the Beastclaws' warlike existence, as well as making the flag even more eye-catching. Apply the marks with the extreme tip of your brush, and be sparing for best results. After all, it's always easier to add a painted-on effect than remove one!



WARS OF WINTER





THE HUNTER'S FEAST

Many peoples are caught up in the struggle between Sigmar and the servants of Chaos. Distracted by the never-ending conflict, these races and their kingdoms make fine targets of opportunity for the rapacious Beastclaws, who are drawn to war like steppe predators to a fresh kill.

War drives creatures from their lairs; it weakens the defences of kingdoms and draws away armies to fight in distant lands. The Age of Chaos was a time of continual war, and beneath its bloody pall the Beastclaw Raiders grew strong. To the Frostlords and their ogor tribes this time was known as the Hunter's Feast. Prey was plentiful, and the borders of civilisation were fragmented by the ceaseless battles waged by the minions of the Dark Gods, allowing the ogors easy ingress into new lands. Beastclaw Raiders hold no territory, care for nothing beyond the survival of their tribe, and are constantly on the

move, so the desolation wrought upon the Mortal Realms had little effect on them. Instead, they added to the misery and suffering of its races, taking as they pleased from lands weakened by conflict. In the first years of the Age of Chaos, before the Gates of Azyr closed, the ogors preyed upon refugees fleeing the flames of war and hoping to reach the Realm of Heavens. Expeditionary armies and far-ranging scouts, too, fell afoul of the Alfrostuns, and were ambushed and destroyed by the raiders. The ogors soon learned to hunt the lands around Realmgates for warriors and retreating armies.

As the size and strength of the Alfrostuns grew, so too did the freezing effects that followed them. Over their raids the roiling clouds of the Everwinter became thick indeed and the ground below transformed into endless tundra. Whole oceans were turned to ice, trapping underwater kingdoms beneath crystal waves, while snow fell so deep it swept away entire empires in century-long blizzards. Across these ice-locked wastelands the ogors stalked, raiding and killing, their Alfrostuns wiping out all life until only desolation and freezing darkness remained.



The Realmgate Wars have provided the Beastclaw Raiders with fresh foes to fight and plentiful prey to feast upon. Many Chaos armies mustered to counter the arrival of the Stormcast Eternals have fallen afoul of ogor ambushes. Across the Scarlands, the Iron Legions marched to their deaths when they tried to cross the Skyrift Peaks, while in the Centrifugal Deeps of Chamon the migration of a thousand dark tribes striving to reach Anvrok and the city of Elixia ended up as meals for the Alfrostuns. The forces of the Heavens, too, have suffered at the hands of the Beastclaws. Stormhosts sent to claim Realmgates in remote regions have arrived to find only frozen corpses and death. In the closing stages of many battles, icy winds have swept down upon Sigmar's warriors, and ogors have lumbered forth from the falling snow to fight them for the spoils of war.

Sigmar's Tempest has also aided the Beastclaw Raiders. It has filled skies across the Mortal Realms with storms, and where these roiling clouds travel they strengthen the sorcerous winter of the ogors. Places once beyond the reach of their magical cold, like the burning



Blood vultures are vicious predators that help lead the Alfrostuns to prey.

Cauldron Peaks of Aqshy's Grumbi kingdoms, or the ever-churning Whyrlidar Oceans of the Underveil, have seen the first flakes of snow fall upon their defenders.

The storm has also heralded the arrival of the Knights-Azyros, and many ogor tribes have been approached with Sigmar's offer of the ancient pantheon reforged. Some Beastclaws have accepted this offer. Others, though, have turned to a different champion. Gordrakk, the Fist of Gork, has already attracted huge numbers of Beastclaw Raiders. In the aftermath of his victory at the Mawgate, even more are flocking to his banners, drawn in by the promise of fresh hunting grounds. With these gathered ogor tribes Gordrakk's power grows, and the winds of winter blow stronger, adding a new and deadly aspect to the Megaboss' bestial army.



ICY HARVEST

Hidden in the heart of the Balefens, the sylvaneth nurtured the Glydmir Enclave and coaxed life from lands ravaged by the Dark God Nurgle. In a billowing gale of ice and snow the Svard Alfrostun descended upon the wood, the hungry ogors finding rich feeding grounds among the sylvaneth.

Another gargant bellowed and wavered. It fell, its legs broken by ogor blades and clubs, and tumbled down the cliff face to splash into the fens. Dozens of other gargants were clambering across the broken landscape, fleeing before the Alfrostun. The Svard Alfrostun gathered atop the stepped cliffs that led down into the Balefens, the skies behind them heavy with snow. Skalg Rudarg spurred his Mournfang after the prey, with his pack brothers close behind. For months the raiders had been hunting the Clawood gargant clan, picking off and harvesting its members one by one, until the Svard

Thundertusks were heavy with giant joints of meat and bone. At last the remaining creatures were being driven into the swampy Balefen, and Rudarg, Skalg of the Svo pack of the Jorlbard, would be there to run them to ground. Down the cliff faces the battle raged, some of the gargants turning on their attackers, but soon being overwhelmed.

From the heart of the Balefen, the Branchwraith Ilyiss of Oakenbrow Glade called up her sisters of thorn and tree. She had watched the gargants and their hunters come closer to the Glydmir Enclave. Now they trespassed

and had to be stopped. In a lashing, hissing mass of branches the sylvaneth enveloped the first gargants and those ogors that had ranged out ahead of the Alfrostun. Wyldwood Groves burst up from the fens at Ilyiss' command, spearing hulking warriors and their bulky mounts.

Seeing the trees come alive and take his brothers, Rudarg charged forward. His battered armour gleamed in the faint light of the fens as he bore down upon the sylvaneth. The gargants were forgotten in the brewing war between ogors and forest spirits, and soon





the lead elements of the Alfrostun poured into the Balefens. Behind the Mournfang packs, huge Stonehorns sent out churning waves of murky water as they charged through the reeking swamp.

The Jorlbard fought its way through the woods. Rudarg was in the lead, his weapon growing thick with dripping sylvaneth bloodsap, while his Mournfang snapped and tore at everything in its path. Driven by the momentum of their charge, the ogors pushed the Dryads back. Even though the forest still clawed and stabbed at them, the hardy Beastclaws pressed on. Ilyiss wove spells of nature, sending forth swarms of biting spites to attack the ogors. The hateful creatures nipped at the Jorlbard. Some Mournfang riders fell from their steeds, pulling at their crude armour as the diminutive horrors burrowed under their flesh, while others swatted their friends with clubs to try to kill the tiny nuisances.

Most of the ogors ignored them and laid into the Dryads and the thrashing Wyldwood. The winter wall of the Alfrostun crept in upon the Balefens. Thundertusks of the Torrbard marched down the cliff paths to join the Jorlbard's assault, and with them frost spread out through the forest.

Ilyiss howled in rage to see her trees dying at the touch of the ogors' supernatural cold, hurling herself into the foe with all of her hatred. Half a dozen ogors and Mournfangs fell to her raking claws before Rudarg barred her way. The Branchwraith charged the Skalg, darting across the swampy ground with otherworldly speed. The boom of Rudarg's massive pistol momentarily drowned out the other sounds of battle, and Ilyiss' head was turned into a haze of splinters. Over the broken body of the Branchwraith and her warriors the Jorlbard rode on into the shrouded heart of the Balefens and the Glydmir Enclave beyond.

The woods grew thick and foreboding around the Jorlbard. Here was the shield of branch and magic the sylvaneth had erected to defend their soulpods. Branches still grasped at the ogors, but now Tree-Revenants also appeared among the boughs to strike at Mournfang riders before darting away. More dangerous than the sylvaneth warriors themselves was the magical dread the spirits had cast throughout the forest. It pressed down upon the Jorlbard like a living thing. Hardened outriders, veterans of a hundred battles, felt the cold fingers of fear grasping at their minds. Rudarg's own stomach was growling, not with hunger as it so often did, but as if repelled by this place. The Mournfangs snuffled uneasily, and the charge of the Jorlbard began to falter. Then, from behind the ogor riders, a fresh blast of chill washed through the trees, coating trunks and the watery ground in a thin layer of ice. With it roared the voice of the Frostlord, and at once the Jorlbard's spirits rose.

MOURNFANG SKALG RUDARG

Rudarg dreams of one day being a Frostlord. For decades of hunting, fighting and feeding he has ridden in his Mournfang pack, more often than not as part of the Jorlbard of the Svard Alfrostun. Before that he served in the frozen armies of Vintrbad, a mercenary raid of Beastclaws in the service of Archaon. Those years fighting beside the warriors of the Dark Gods, and the Everchosen's own merciless Varanguard, taught Rudarg much of the cold savagery of war. By the time he accepted meat from the hand of the Svard Frostlord, he was an exceptional warrior, and his mind was filled with a thirst for power as strong as any winter-born hunger. Despite his yearning to lead, Rudarg is still a Beastclaw, and knows treachery and assassination are the tools of cowards, not the way of ogors. He will take his place at the head of his own Alfrostun, not by such feeble tricks, but by winning glory for himself in battle. These thoughts drive Rudarg on, and when the horns of war blare, he is always the first to answer their call.





Reinvigorated by the voice of the Frostlord, the Jorlbard broke out of the haunted Wyldwood. The ogors burst free of the tangled branches to find themselves in an enchanted orchard. Strange golden light filled the air, cast from hundreds of soulpods in the shape of ripened fruit. They gave the vast grove an unreal quality, as if it were a pleasant dream or a memory of a gentle afternoon. To Rudarg and the Jorlbard it was a feast for the taking.

Stirred from his slumber by the intrusion of the Beastclaw Raiders, the Treelord Ancient Kurothos tore himself free of the earth. Shaking off moss and vines he lumbered forward. At his roaring command, roots burst from the ground and Tree-Revenants emerged from the newly risen woods. Mournfang riders rampaged through the grove snatching soulpods from their stems. Punching holes in the seeds' glowing sides they drank deep of the enchanted fluids within, their

beards and furs becoming thick with sylvaneth bloodsap. The ogors of the Jorlbard were the first to feel the wrath of Kurothos' defenders. Enchanted blades and glaives lanced out to impale ogors or hack them from their saddles. Those that survived the furious Tree-Revenants faced the Treelord Ancient's massive talons and fearsome strength. A creaking wall of rage, the sylvaneth spirits blunted the Jorlbard's attack. Ogors hacked at oaken bodies and loosed pistol shot into bark-covered hides, only to die to slashing swords or strangling roots. Rudarg charged among the massed spirits, lashing out with his huge club and seeing it take chunks from iron-hard wood. Fresh strangleroots continued to thrust up out of the ground, spearing and stabbing the Jorlbard. The Mournfangs struggled against the tendrils that snatched at their legs and tusks, some beasts and their riders born down under an undulating blanket of vines.

With a splintering crack the Huskard Jorl entered the grove. His Stonehorn pounded out into the open, and even Kurothos turned to watch this newcomer. Rudarg and the surviving Mournfangs mustered around their Jorl, and like a fist of fur and tusk they slammed into the Tree-Revenants. A dozen of the spirits hurled themselves at the Huskard's Stonehorn, tearing flesh from its face in a flurry of expert blows. The creature roared, half its stone skull exposed, but hardly slowed at the assault. Lowering its head, the Stonehorn barged the Tree-Revenants to the ground, barkflesh splitting and snapping under the assault. Before the spirits could rise they were driven into the ground by the Stonehorn's feet. Scores of Mournfang riders charged over their fractured bodies, Rudarg among them. The grove shuddered to the movement of Stonehorns and Mournfangs, and hundreds of soulpods were shaken loose from their stems to be snatched up and eaten by the ogors.

Rudarg wiped sapblood from his mouth with one hand and staved in the oaken skull of a foe with his other. Laughing to see such slaughter, the ogor motioned for his Svo pack to muster to him. A line of tree creatures had rallied around the centre of the grove, their blades forming a dark ironwood wall.

'Mork sends us a mighty feast this day!' the Skalg roared to the ogors around him. 'Break their wooden spines, and don't leave any scraps!'

In their dozens, Mournfang riders joined Rudarg's charge, until a great host of snarling beasts and bawling ogors bore down upon the sylvaneth. Foolishly, the Tree-Revenants stood their ground. Rudarg gripped

his club tighter and spurred his mount all the harder. The short-sighted beast tore across the ground, sending up a shower of dirt and roots. The earth shook under the Mournfangs' charge, until the sylvaneth struggled to maintain their footing and leaves fell like rain from the surrounding trees. In the lead, Rudarg readied his weapon and lowered his head.

As the two sides met, tusks slammed through barkflesh, clubs smashed into tree spirits, while sylvaneth blades plunged into ogor and Mournfang hide alike. Rudarg snatched one of the creatures from the ground. Driving his fist into the Tree-Revenant's wooden chest, he crushed its fibrous innards, laughing as bloodsap oozed between his fingers.



As Kurothos saw his kin fall and his grove ravaged by the ogors, an ancient and fathomless hatred grew in his heartwood. With a long keening spirit song, Kurothos called for more sylvaneth to come to his aid. From the trampled ground and mangled forest a few creatures struggled forward, but a thick layer of ice now lay upon them. Following in the booming footsteps of the Jorlbard, the Torrbard entered the clearing. The frozen wind that had buffeted the grove rose to a screeching gale. Soulpods not yet in the grasp of the ogors split apart as their innards froze solid, and the golden glow of the grove was replaced with a cold, blue half-light filled with flurries of snowflakes. Kurothos staggered on through the growing blizzard, his remaining Tree-Revenants at his side. Out of the gloom the Jorlbard charged, its Huskard leading the way.

A swirling melee raged around Kurothos, and Rudarg himself laid more than one blow upon the Treelord Ancient. Stonehorn riders bulled over Tree-Revenants, and Thundertusks breathed ice upon them, until the sylvaneth became fixed fast upon the ground, their barkflesh peeling off from the extreme cold. Even as they killed and hacked apart the fallen, the ogors continued to pillage the grove. Rudarg and his pack mates now rode Mournfangs heavy with plundered soulpods, gorging themselves on the precious seeds even as they fought. Groups of surviving Tree-Revenants made their last stands beneath the few remaining soulpods. Though they fought valiantly, like their kin they too were smashed and cut down, their last sight often an ogor drenched in sapblood stuffing another soulpod or fistful of heartwood into his mouth.

Soon Kurothos stood alone, the majority of the Oakenbrow defenders trampled into the ground alongside the ravaged remains of the soulpods. Even so, at the Noble Spirit's roots lay mounds of broken ogor bodies, mixed amid a tangle of eviscerated Mournfangs and even a fallen Stonehorn. The Treelord let out a bellow that echoed off the winter sky to see his enclave despoiled so. As one the Huskards and their Stonehorn packs slammed into Kurothos, the noble spirit speared by a half-dozen tusks. Under the onslaught the Treelord broke, the tusks opening up his barkflesh until sapblood gushed forth. Torn and splintered, Kurothos fell amidst the desolation. He waited for the creatures to destroy him, but they were already riding on. There was nothing here for them; the Glydmir Enclave had become little more than torn, frozen ground.

BATTLEPLAN

A FEAST OF PLENTY





HOW TO USE BATTLEPLANS

This book contains three battleplans, each of which enables you to fight a battle based upon the exciting narrative that leads up to it. These battles should be fought using all of the rules on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet unless the battleplan specifically indicates otherwise. Each of the battleplans includes a map reflecting the landscape on which the battle was fought; these maps usually show a battlefield that is 6 feet by 4 feet in size, but you can use a smaller or larger area if you wish.

Over the course of their nomadic existence, the Beastclaw tribes will sometimes happen upon the culinary equivalent of a treasure hoard. Yet even such a bountiful encounter will not interrupt their endless migration; the Beastclaw ogors will instead engage in a feeding frenzy as they pass through, and woe betide any who would seek to prevent them from eating their fill as they do so.

THE ARMIES

One player commands an army of Beastclaw Raiders and their opponent's army represents the land's protectors that seek to prevent the Alfrostun from gorging upon their carefully husbanded treasures.

BEASTCLAWS' OBJECTIVES

A feast of life-giving sustenance lies before your Alfrostun. Descend upon the defenders' home and gorge upon the precious morsels that can be found there. Let none deny you; sweep aside any who would oppose you and fill the bellies of your tribe.

PROTECTOR'S OBJECTIVES

A horde of ravenous Beastclaw Raiders has rampaged across your lands. Though you sought not to draw their attention, the tribe is now heading straight for a site that has long been revered by your people. The resources stored within are irreplaceable, and you cannot afford to lose them to the gluttonous greed of the migrating ogors. You have summoned a host of warriors to your side and must defend the site at all costs.



PRECIOUS MORSELS

The precious morsels lie in the heart of certain terrain features (see Set-up, overleaf). The Beastclaw Raiders seek to devour these morsels.

If a piece of scenery contains a precious morsel, all of the protector's units that are within 3" are filled with determination to defend it. Roll a dice each time a model from such

a unit suffers a wound or mortal wound. On a 6 that wound or mortal wound is ignored.

If a Beastclaw Raiders unit devours a precious morsel (see Consuming the Precious Morsels, overleaf), that unit immediately heal D6 wounds.



THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place within a sheltered clearing, a sanctum for the protectors of the land. Small shrines cover the battlefield, within which the precious morsels can be found.

First of all, the protector sets up a single piece of terrain within each 2 feet square area of the battlefield; we recommend using Sylvaneth Wyldwoods. These are the sites within which the precious morsels lie.

Players can then choose to set up any remaining scenery as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

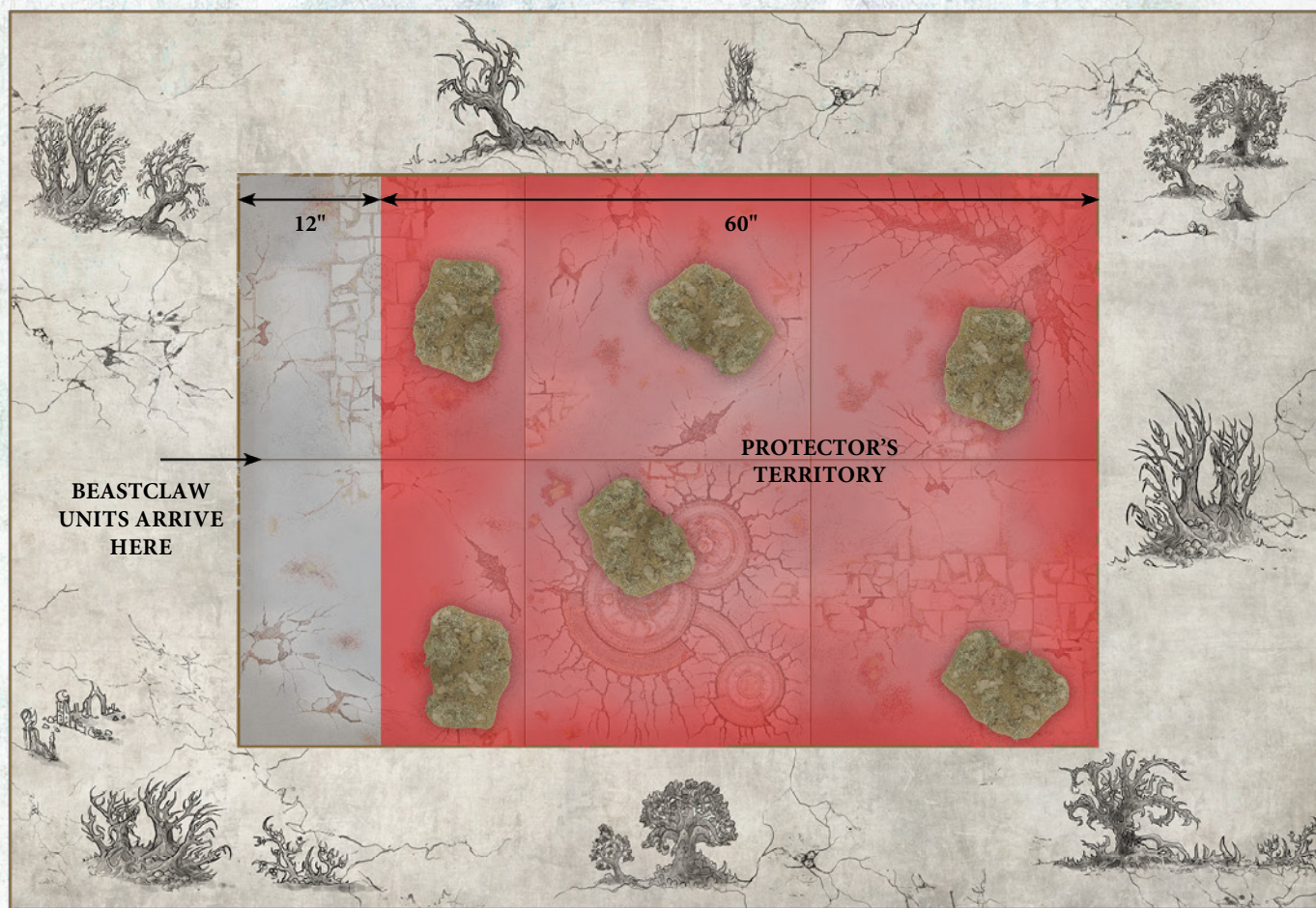
SET-UP

The protector sets up all their units first, anywhere that is more than 12" from the western edge of the battlefield (see map).

The Beastclaw Raider player does not set up any of their models yet, but moves them on from the western edge of the battlefield as part of their move in the first turn of the game.

FIRST TURN

The Beastclaw Raider player takes the first turn in the first battle round.





CONSUMING THE PRECIOUS MORSELS

Should the Beastclaw Raiders overrun a site containing a precious morsel, they will greedily devour it, and in doing so reinvigorate their life essence with its magical sustenance.

If a Beastclaw Raiders unit ends its turn within 3" of a terrain piece containing a precious morsel, and no protector units are within 3" of that terrain, the morsel within is devoured (see Victory below, and Precious Morsels, above). Each precious morsel can only be devoured once during the battle.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. If a player has no models on the battlefield at the end of a battle round, the battle ends and their opponent wins a **major victory**. Otherwise the battle lasts for five battle rounds.

If, at the end of the fifth battle round, the Beastclaw Raiders have devoured fewer than four precious morsels, the protector wins a **major victory**; if four precious morsels have been devoured, the protector wins a **minor victory**. If more than four precious morsels have been devoured, the result is a **draw**.

HINTS & TIPS

The Beastclaw Raiders must constantly be on the move. Do not get bogged down in protracted combat or the battle will end before you can devour enough precious morsels. The protector is faced with a difficult decision during set-up. Do you concentrate the bulk of your forces on defending a few precious morsels – leaving the others unguarded – or do you attempt to win a great victory by protecting each and every one? The former gives the Beastclaw Raiders a head start and an easy way to heal their troops, but the latter risks spreading your forces too thinly.



VAULT OF THE COLD-IRON KING

Alfrostsuns do not take well to other races poaching their prey. In the depths of the Hallowhoar, Icebrow Hunter Ragnir led his brothers on the trail of an army of Bloodbound. When the humans fell afoul of the Cold-Iron King, the ogors turned their attention to destroying his Deathrattle army.

The vastness of the Hallowhoar stretched across the Teyr Vos Peaks and into the Plundered Vales. Over this forgotten corner of Shyish ruled the Cold-Iron King, a favoured servant of the Mortarch, Arkhan. Into its winding valleys marched the Bloodbound Warhorde of Lord Kargor, looking for fresh skulls to offer the Blood God while little realising that they in turn were being stalked. Ragnir, Frostlord Braggoth's most skilled Icebrow Hunter, followed the humans' trail. Before the Alfrostun could ambush the Bloodbound, however, another foe claimed the mortals. From the Teyr Vos spire city emerged the Cold-Iron King's

army. Though the Bloodbound fought like caged daemons and accounted for thousands of the foe, the king's relentless army overwhelmed the Bloodbound. As Ragnir watched, the bodies were carried back into the spire city vaults, there to decay until they could be reanimated as skeletons.

In a rage, Braggoth vowed not to be denied his prize, and the Alfrostun marched on the undead fortress. Frostlord Braggoth would not be deterred by the dark stone walls of the tomb-city. Thundertusks took to the fore, and from their feet a tide of frost crept up gates and towers.

The Frostlord need not have worried about the Deathrattles' defences. The Cold-Iron King saw the Alfrostun bearing down upon his city and in his arrogance opened its gates wide. He ordered out his skeletal legions, and in perfect lockstep they formed up before his walls. Lines of gleaming skeleton warriors raised their blades, their pale bones already crackling with ice as their empty eye sockets fixed on the approaching ogors. The Wight King may have been arrogant, but he was also no fool. With a wave of his fleshless hand he summoned his Nighthaunt allies. Emerging as luminescent smoke before taking form, spirits and ghosts





wailed as they flew from the depths of the city. From the watch-pillars that ringed the city, more of the king's minions took flight. These were mighty Morghasts, winged undead creatures gifted to the king by Arkhan.

Frostlord Braggoth did not flinch in the face of this vast assemblage of undead. He had faced countless regimented armies like this before, both alive and dead. The Alfrostun split, its Jorlbard and Eurlbard striking out around the host's flanks, while the Torrbard bore down upon the centre. As the Cold-Iron King's attention was drawn to the huge Stonehorns, Thundertusks and massive packs of Mournfangs, Ragnir and the other Icebrow Hunters moved out almost unseen, performing a sweeping flanking manoeuvre of their own. Looking for choice targets, Ragnir loped through the shadowy wastes, his Frost Sabres close at his side.

Ragnir ran along the top of the cyclopean stone wall that ringed the tomb-city. High above, the city's spirit-veins glowed and flickered as they harvested souls. He looked down on the gathered undead host, searching for his prey. There, beyond the Morghasts taking flight from the city's towers, he saw the undead king. Drawing his crossbow from his back he took careful aim, the bolt's tip gleaming in the gloom.

With barely a sound a huge skeletal construct landed on the wall behind Ragnir. Alerted by the creature's stench, the Icebrow rolled out of the way just as a pair of huge bone blades swept out. Coming up in a crouch, the Hunter let out a low whistle. His two Frost Sabres bounded up from the shadows, the big cats clamping their jaws onto the huge skeletal warrior. It lashed out with blades and claws, spilling the Frost Sabres' icy blood onto black stone. Ragnir got to his feet and took a long draught from his frozen elixir. The chill coursed through his huge body, and he felt his heart slow as it laboured against the potion's icy grip. Waiting until the sensation had spread to envelop his entire body, Ragnir opened his mouth and breathed out a frigid gale. The cloud washed over the Morghast, fusing its joints with frost and turning its pale bones an icy blue. The Frost Sabres released their prey at Ragnir's command, and the Icebrow charged forward. Ragnir shattered the creature with a blow from his club, and watched as its ghostly animus fled its broken remains.





While the Cold-Iron King's Deathrattle army stood its ground, the Morghasts and Nighthaunt spirits raced out to meet the Alfrostun. Keening spirit hosts wove a path through packs of charging Mournfangs and between the legs of lumbering Stonehorns. Spectral fingers reached out for thick flesh and fur-covered hides, leaving blackened wounds where they touched. The Morghasts unleashed torrents of dark magic or assaulted with bone blades and halberds, tearing the life from the ogors. Braggoth was unimpressed by the undead assault, and the Alfrostun's ensnarement of their prey did not slow. Two Morghasts came sweeping down upon the Frostlord himself, their fleshless jaws yawning wide and screaming death. Braggoth heaved up his frost spear, levelling it at one of the creatures. When they were almost upon him he struck, the spear's broad tip slicing through one Morghast's spine and sending it hurtling to the ground. The other latched onto Braggoth's

Stonehorn, its halberd seeking out the Frostlord's throat. Batting aside the blow with his fist, Braggoth headbutted the Morghast, sending it tumbling down the flank of his mount. Before it could rise, the Stonehorn trampled the creature into the ground, its bones crushed to dust and shards.

The Jorlbard and Eurlbard fought their way through the undead attackers. Ogors brushed aside spirits and smashed giant skeletons into pieces, the boom of pistols and the sounds of clubs cracking bones echoing off the walls of the spire city. All the while the enchanted cold rolled out from the Torrbard, and it clung to the spirits and constructs like no natural frost could. Bone joints became stiff, ethereal mist hardened into ice, and the witchfire that burned in the eyes of the undead began to flicker and die. Protected by the blessing of their god, and wrapped in meat and fur, the Beastclaws paid the effects of the Thundertusks no

mind. Soon it became apparent that the Morghasts and spirit hosts could not stop the Alfrostun's advance. The defence of the city now fell to the Cold-Iron King's legions.

In perfectly formed phalanxes, the Deathrattle soldiers moved to repel the Beastclaws. Mournfang riders charged in from both sides, and where they struck, broken bone and tarnished blades flew into the air. Hefty clubs turned undead warriors into powder. Snarling and snapping Mournfangs chewed on skeletal enemies, each savage bite ripping off their limbs and heads. The march of the Stonehorns was even more devastating. Under the trampling feet of the stampeding stone beasts entire regiments crumbled, and the air became thick with pale dust. The cold, too, added to the attack, as the undead's blades froze fast to their scabbards, their shields became heavy with ice and their spear hafts fixed to the ground.



ICEBROW HUNTER RAGNIR

Ragnir has walked many of the Mortal Realms. He has led hunts and tracked prey across the scorched Acorite Wastelands of Aqshy, into the Cinderbright Highlands of Chamon and down through the Ickor Wells in Ulgu's Maelstrom of Gloom. In his travels Ragnir has slain countless breeds of beasts, and he knows hundreds of creatures by their smell alone. Ragnir carries tokens of each of the realms he has visited, and skulls, weapon shards and other hunter's trophies hang from his furs. Ragnir has an uncanny nose for prey. Long before he sets eyes on a creature he will know if it is old or young, sick or hale and even how much meat it might have on its bones. His tribe says his senses are so sharp he can even smell Realmgates by the stench of sorcery than hangs upon them. Whether this is true or not, Ragnir seems to sense things the other Icebrows of the tribe do not, picking up trails and leading his ogor kin to feeding grounds with uncanny certainty. Braggoth places great stock in Ragnir, and the Icebrow often takes point on the Alfrostun's long journeys.



Despite the Alfrostun's perfect envelopment of its prey, the Cold-Iron King's legions did not collapse. The king was a dark nexus of power among his troops, and he poured necromantic energy into them. Siphoning off death magic from his city, the king restored warriors as fast as they were slain, hundreds of skeletons reforming from dust and bone to fight back against the invaders. From his vantage point atop his Stonehorn, Braggoth saw the king holding his army together, and made for the undead general. Hordes of skeletal warriors surged forward to stop the Stonehorn, and Braggoth found himself fighting through a sea of bone and steel. Even the strength of his beast struggled to push that tide aside.

Ragnir had been following the flow of battle from his perch on the walls of city, hoping for a clean shot at the Cold-Iron King. At last, now that the Deathrattle army was pushed back against its own gates, surrounded on three sides, he saw his opening. Frost Sabres at his side, he leapt down into the press of enemies. Ragnir ran deep into the undead army, striking out with his culling club at all that tried to bar his path. His Frost Sabres snarled and tore at the skeleton ranks, clearing the way for their master. At last, Ragnir burst out into the king's inner circle. A dozen skeleton champions moved to slay him. Heroes of forgotten empires, each undead bodyguard carried a huge blade and was clad in tatters of

glittering plate. Swift even for his great size, Ragnir's club smashed aside their swords and broke their bones, and in the space of a few steps he stood before the king. The wight turned to the ogor, an aura of contempt surrounding him. For a moment, the Icebrow held the king's attention, distracting him long enough for Braggoth's spear to slam into the undead general. Pinned to the ground, the king raged and lashed out impotently. Ragnir brought his club down on the king's head with a grunt, and the wight's skull shattered into a thousand fragments. Without their leader, the undead fought on mindlessly but their fate was sealed, and the Alfrostun turned itself to the task of smashing them apart.

BATTLEPLAN ENSNARED





The mobility offered by their steeds grants the Beastclaws a freedom of movement that their prey can rarely rival. As such, a favoured tactic employed by the Alfrostuns is to envelop their enemies by dividing into two and attacking from both flanks in a swift and deadly pincer movement. Yet the cunning of the ogors does not end there. Even before the Alfrostun reveals itself to their enemies, their Hunters will already have encircled the enemy position, patiently lying in wait for the perfect moment to strike...

THE ARMIES

One player commands an army of Beastclaw Raiders and their opponent's army represents the custodians of the region, who have haplessly caught the attention of the Alfrostun and now face a desperate fight for survival if they wish to avoid becoming the tribe's next meal.

BEASTCLAWS' OBJECTIVES

Your prey stands before you, huddled together against the cold. The Alfrostun's Hunters have already been despatched and are in position to launch their attack from behind the enemy lines. All that remains is the simple matter of ordering the attack and loosing your rampaging horde onto the foe. Yet one does not need the gift of magic to see that the enemy commander is cloaked in power; removing the threat they pose will rid you of whatever strange energies they are channelling. Let your Hunters live up to their name!

CUSTODIAN'S OBJECTIVES

A Beastclaw Alfrostun is upon you, the first freezing gales of the Everwinter already making its presence felt. These are your lands, and you have protected them against aggressors of every kind for generations. Indeed, your defences have long been prepared, and powerful enchantments will aid your wounded warriors and keep them in the fight. Yet the Beastclaws are a cunning breed, and will use their speed to encircle your forces if you are not careful. Do not let your army become trapped or your fate will be sealed.

ICEBROW HUNTERS AND FROST SABRES

In this battleplan, Icebrow Hunters replace the Masters of Ambush ability listed on their warscrolls with the Surprise Attack ability described here. So long as your army includes at least one Icebrow Hunter, all units of Frost Sabres in your army also receive this ability.

Surprise Attack: Instead of setting up this unit on the battlefield, you must place it to one side and say that it is set up in preparation for a surprise attack. In your second hero phase, you can set the unit up anywhere on the battlefield more than 8" from any enemy models. This unit can then move in the ensuing movement phase, and you can add 1 to all hit rolls made for it until the start of the third battle round.





THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place upon the open plains surrounding a large settlement belonging to the custodian. The land is largely barren, barring the odd clump of desiccated trees, ruins and boulders.

You can either generate the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

The custodian sets up all their units first. Models must be set up in their own territory as shown on the map below.

The Beastclaw player does not set up any of their units of Icebrow Hunters and Frost Sabres yet; (see Surprise Attack on the previous page). They must divide their remaining units as evenly as possible before setting up one half in each of the two territories shown on the map below.

FIRST TURN

The Beastclaw player chooses who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

WINTER'S TOUCH

The Beastclaw Raiders are acclimatised to the cold that surrounds them, though the same cannot be said for their enemies, who become ever weaker and more sluggish as the freezing weather sets in.

During the first turn the custodian must subtract 1 from all their run and charge rolls, to a minimum of 0.





During the second turn they must subtract 2, during the third turn they must subtract 3, and so on.

SOURCE OF POWER

The custodian's people have long defended these lands, and they have erected a network of healing magics to aid their warriors in battle.

At the start of each of the custodian's hero phases, each of their units heals D3 wounds. If the custodian's general is slain, this rule ceases to have any effect.

VICTORY

Use the victory conditions as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

HINTS & TIPS – THREE-PLAYER FUN!

Though this battleplan is written for two players, it could just as easily be fought with three, with two players taking on the role of the Beastclaws – each controlling one half of the raid.

Before set-up, these players determine which of the Beastclaw territories they will claim by rolling a dice, and rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest has first pick of the territories; their ally must set up in the territory on the opposite side of the battlefield. Starting with the player that lost the roll-off to pick their territory, each player picks one unit from the Beastclaw army and sets it up in their territory. They then take it in turns to repeat this process until there are no more units remaining. In the case of

any units of Icebrow Hunters or Frost Sabres, the player that picks the unit simply places it to one side, and will control that unit when it arrives later in the game.

The Beastclaw players take their turns at the same time, but whether they coordinate or not, and how they decide, for example, which unit to attack with next in the combat phase is up to them!

We suggest keeping track of the number of kills each of the Beastclaw players scores. If they win, the player who claimed the most kills can claim a **major victory** (and bragging rights!), whilst their ally merely secures a **minor victory**. To the victor the spoils!



FROZEN RAGE

A prize long thought lost to the Blood God has returned to the Mortal Realms. Frostlord Braggoth again walks the worlds, and Urgor'eth, a Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage, has been sent with a daemonic army at his command, to claim the ogor's head for the Brass Lord.

The spirit dragons Fydrac and Drachyl fought constantly above the Gorewrack Sea, lashing it with scalding wind and freezing hurricanes. Beneath their ghostly forms, land bridges crossed the ocean, each one a kingdom unto itself. Once, they were the domains of the Storm Queens, but the Age of Chaos had seen their spans shackled by Dreadforts and broken by war.

Into this land rode the Svard Alfrostun, slaughtering its way through one Chaos fortress after another and harvesting prey from the gale-lashed shorelines. Following their trail of devastation, one step ahead of the Everwinter, came Urgor'eth and his daemons. The Bloodthirster smashed through

the ruins of the Tydewall Dreadfort, drawn to the smoke of the Drownfel fort in the distance. Bloodletters licked their blades while Flesh Hounds bayed and snarled for the battle to begin. The Chaos host headed out onto the floodplain, where the ocean rose to cover a stretch of the land bridge. The water steamed as it came into contact with the daemons, the beasts wading waist-deep to reach the far side.

Ahead of them, standing in the crashing surf where the edges of the plain met the storm-tossed sea, the Alfrostun sprang their trap. A freezing gale raced out from the Torrbad and its Thundertusks, and in moments, the chill coiled around the daemons. With

their eyes locked on their victims, the Khornate host was so consumed by rage that they did not even consider trying to escape the rapidly cooling tide. Belatedly, Urgor'eth realised the danger and beat his wings, trying to take flight even as the water around him turned to ice. Fingers of rime clawed their way up over the daemons. Despite hearts aflame with hatred and violence they shuddered to a halt, and the Alfrostun charged into the midst of their frozen foe. Braggoth led the way atop his Stonehorn, the beast's huge footfalls shattering holes in the ice and sending up plumes of water that froze before they could come crashing down. Crimson-skinned daemons vanished under the beast's massive



FROSTLORD BRAGGOTH VARDRUK

Long before the Age of Chaos, Braggoth Vardruk was a great hero in Gorkamorka's army. After being frozen for centuries, he has returned to the realms to see them ravaged by the Dark Gods. Not much has changed for Braggoth, however. The prey remains the same, and as a Beastclaw, he has little thought for the civilisations vanquished. While the past is dead to Braggoth, his deeds still follow him. During the Age of Myth, Braggoth led the alliance that crushed Khorne's Bloodhowl incursions. These defeats have not been forgotten by the Blood God. When the Storm of Sigmar freed Braggoth from the ice, Khorne sent his minions to claim the ogor's head. The Frostlord is a canny tracker, and quickly realised that he was being stalked. On the advice of his Icebrow Hunters, he led his pursuers through a Realmgate to Ghur, where he laid an ambush for the daemonic hunters. The Gorewrack land bridges were the perfect place to best the Khornate host, and there Braggoth planned to make an icy tomb for his would-be killers.



feet, disintegrating into the raw stuff of Chaos amid howls of fury, while others met their doom at the freezing tip of the Frostlord's spear.

Huskard Torr Hergor stood high in the saddle of his Thundertusk, cold winds blasting out as the ogor bellowed oaths to Gorkamorka. Mournfang cavalry raced over the ice, the furious beasts just as eager as their riders to tear the daemons to pieces. Though the pack ice held many fast, elements of the Khornate host fought back with psychotic fury. Bloodletters swung blades into ogors, and Juggernaut riders burst from their icy prisons to crash into Stonehorns. All the while Urgor'eth seethed, until his rage grew so hot that the sea began to boil and the ice cracked, the Alfrostun's magic retreating before its blazing white heat.

As waves of boiling water roared away from the Bloodthirster, they engulfed Braggoth and his mount. Huge chunks of rapidly melting ice glanced off the hide of his Stonehorn, and enemies hurled themselves out of the churning sea to strike at him.

'Jorl!' bellowed Braggoth, his deep voice booming over the floodplain to reach every ogor ear. In the distance his strongest Huskard turned in his direction. Braggoth made a sweeping motion with his hand, then clenched his fingers into a fist. With a nod, the Huskard rallied his Mournfang and Stonehorn riders, the Jorlbad moving through the waves to encircle the daemons. Braggoth turned his attention back to the knot of Khornate creatures massing around the Bloodthirster.

'Have you come to kill me, lord of blood?' mocked Braggoth. 'Come then, beast! Kill me! I'm here!'

Flesh Hounds and Bloodletters surged out of the mass towards the Frostlord, the water turned crimson by the gore sluicing off their fangs and blades. Braggoth yanked on the reins of his mount and it lowered its horns, charging to meet the frenzied daemons head on.



Ogor and daemon now fought amidst a swirling cauldron of bloody waves and battering ice. The Bloodthirster's incandescent rage had broken the last fetters of the frost prison, though the chill gale still roared around the Thundertusks and flurries of snow filled the sky. The Khorne daemon host was divided and surrounded, and in their rage groups of daemons were being drawn away from their master. Ugor'eth paid them no heed, his burning gaze fixed on the Frostlord to the exception of all else. Flesh Hounds savaged Mournfang riders but were in turn cut down by hunters and Frost Sabres. Juggernauts that tried to make for the Torrbad fell into Yhetee ambushes. The lean snow beasts rose from the freezing water like snarling ghosts, their frost-cursed weapons

leaving rime-streaked wounds down the flanks of the brazen monsters. On the point of the ogor attack, ranks of Bloodletters clashed with the Jorlbard, their hell-forged swords opening up ogor bellies and Mournfang hides. Each time, however, the speed and endurance of the Beastclaw riders won through, and the ogors encircled and destroyed the daemons. Mounts charged through the knee-deep waves, and the daemons were struck from all sides. Those enemies not brought down by club, pistol or blade were crushed by the Stonehorns, or shot and speared by the creatures' ogor riders.

Only around the Bloodthirster Ugor'eth did the battle still swing in the favour of the daemons. Any ogor that came within reach of the greater

daemon's huge axe was turned into a cloud of blood and meat. Despite the daemon lord's personal victories, the rest of his army still crumbled before the ogor assault. Ugor'eth cared nothing for their fate, instead charging towards Braggoth.

The two warriors met to the ring of clashing blades, daemons and ogors hurled aside as Bloodthirster and Frostlord crashed into each other. Ugor'eth's first blow narrowly missed Braggoth, instead hacking off one of his mount's horns. In violent reply, Braggoth's Stonehorn barged into the daemon lord. Ugor'eth was hurled back by the impact, his massive wings the only thing keeping him upright. Ugor'eth swept back in, his great axe coming down in a deadly arc.



Braggoth's huge arms bulged with effort as he turned the daemon's mighty chop with his spear. Then there came another, and yet another, each one more furious than the last, the Frostlord's weapon cracking under the onslaught.

'Blood for Khorne!' howled Ugor'eth, striking again.

'Prey for Gork!' Braggoth roared back, snapping his battered spear off in Ugor'eth's chest. The daemon barely noticed, swinging his axe around to take off Braggoth's head. With speed that belied his bulk, the Frostlord ducked under the blow and seized the daemon by the neck. A dagger, crafted from the tooth of a frost-drake, appeared in Braggoth's fist and he rammed it into Ugor'eth's throat. Hot crimson ichor jetted out over the ogor, but it swiftly turned cold as the magic of the dagger did its work. Life ebbed from the Bloodthirster, and the daemon fell to his knees. But the Frostlord did not finish the daemon off. As Ugor'eth's fury faded, the rage keeping the Everwinter's cold at bay retreated. Braggoth watched in grim silence as the sea froze over Ugor'eth, imprisoning the Bloodthirster beneath the crystalline waves.



BATTLEPLAN IMPRISONED IN ICE





Though the Beastclaw tribes are often derided as brutish creatures with no grasp of strategy and little mind for anything save their next meal, this is far from the truth. Ever has Gorkamorka shown that he can be both cunning and brutal, and there are few finer proponents of that aspect of the barbarous god than the Beastclaw Raiders.

Though an Alfrostun will never shy away from a fight, if circumstances can be manipulated in their favour before battle is joined, then so much the better. One of the most readily available (and often most effective) methods of doing so is by enhancing the Everwinter with the wintry enchantments of their Thundertusks to freeze their waterlogged prey in place, or bury them beneath a snowdrift in the wake of a heavy blizzard. In either case, the Alfrostun will seek to ride down their quarry before their foes can extricate themselves from their sudden, unexpected predicament.

THE ARMIES

One player commands an army of Beastclaw Raiders and their opponent's army represents their stricken and unfortunate quarry.

BEASTCLAWS' OBJECTIVES

Your plan has worked perfectly. Your foes now lie trapped within their icy prisons and are ripe for the slaughter. Yet you must make haste if your strategy is to succeed; already your enemies struggle to free themselves, so there is not a moment to waste. Though they know they are soon to be assailed, they cannot be sure from which direction their doom will approach. Use this to your advantage to strike an early blow from which they will never recover, and savour the spoils of victory.

QUARRY'S OBJECTIVES

As if from nowhere, the elements have risen up against you. Your entire army now lies trapped and at the mercy of an attack that you know is sure to come, though from which direction remains a mystery. With battle imminent, you must be ready to fight against the killing cold as much as your enemies if you are to survive this day.

FROZEN

In the first battle round, all of the quarry's units – with the exception of their general – are trapped by ice and cannot move unless they can free themselves. The quarry rolls a dice at the start of their hero phase for each of their units; on a 5 or 6 the unit has broken free and can move and run normally during that battle round. On a 3 or 4 the unit shakes off their icy bonds but cannot move this battle round (they can move

normally in the next battle round). On a 1 or 2 the remains trapped in ice. These units suffer D3 mortal wounds as the cold saps their life, and they cannot do anything, or be targeted by any enemy attack or spell, while they remained trapped.

The quarry rolls for units trapped in ice at the start of each of their subsequent hero phases, as described above, until they free themselves.





THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place in a frozen tundra, with little to no cover to shelter the stricken army from the elemental trap laid by the Beastclaw Alfrostun.

We recommend generating the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, but halving the number of terrain pieces placed (rounding down).

SET-UP

The quarry sets up all of their units first in their territory. With the exception of their general, all their units start the game Frozen, as described on the previous page.

The Beastclaw player does not set up any of their units of Icefall Yhetees at this stage; these units arrive later in the battle. The Beastclaw player then picks one edge of the battlefield and sets up all of their remaining units anywhere within 6" of it that is more than 9" from any enemy units.

FIRST TURN

The Beastclaw player has the first turn in the first battle round.

OUTRAGED DEFIANCE

Though they are trapped and about to be attacked from an unexpected quarter, the stricken army is determined to avenge themselves upon their unorthodox jailers. The quarry's units do not need to take battleshock tests in this battle.





TORRBAD AMBUSH

At the start of each of their hero phases, the Beastclaw player can set up a single unit of Icefall Yhetees that they put to one side during set-up anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 3" from an enemy unit. They cannot move in the subsequent movement phase.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. If a player has no models on the battlefield at the end of a battle round, or, in the case of the quarry, if all their remaining models are trapped in ice at the end of a battle round (see Frozen, earlier), the battle ends and their opponent wins a **major victory**. Otherwise, the battle lasts for

five battle rounds. If, at the end of the battle, the quarry has any models on the battlefield that are not trapped in ice, they win a **minor victory**.



THE EVERWINTER TRIBES



FORCES OF THE BEASTCLAW RAIDERS

On the following pages, you will find exciting rules and abilities for your Beastclaw Raiders army. These include powerful allegiance abilities, warscrolls and warscroll battalions that describe the cold and brutal forces of the Beastclaw Raiders, for you to use in games of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*.

ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

From powerful command traits to ice-frosted items of incredible power, this section provides three types of abilities for BEASTCLAW RAIDERS armies.

ALLEGIANCE

Every unit and warscroll battalion in *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* is part of one of the Grand Alliances – either ORDER, CHAOS, DEATH or DESTRUCTION. Many units and warscroll battalions also have more specific allegiances, for example, STORMCAST ETERNALS or BEASTCLAW RAIDERS. If all the units and warscroll battalions in your army are BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, then it has the BEASTCLAW RAIDERS allegiance. An army with the BEASTCLAW RAIDERS allegiance – sometimes known as a BEASTCLAW RAIDERS army – can use the potent allegiance abilities rules found on the following pages.

When your army qualifies for more than one allegiance – e.g. all of the units are BEASTCLAW RAIDERS and DESTRUCTION – you must choose which allegiance your army will use before each game. These restrictions aside, you can use allegiance abilities whenever and wherever you play your games of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*.

Battle Traits: An army that shares common goals and ideals is much deadlier than a rag-tag force of unlikely allies. To represent this, armies that share the same allegiance benefit from powerful additional abilities.

Command Traits: Whether cunning strategist or berserk butcher, every general has their own unique style of command. You can use the rules and table found in this book to determine which command trait your general has.

Artefacts of Power: Artefacts of power are deadly treasures, borne to war by the mightiest heroes. You can use the tables in this book to determine which magical artefacts the HEROES from your army possess.

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

This section describes formations made up of several units that ride to war as one, combining their strengths to gain powerful new abilities. By fielding these formations you can muster a mighty Beastclaw Alfrostun on the tabletop. There are also rules for fielding two of the most renowned Beastclaw Raider tribes, each possessing its own strengths and distinct character.

WARSCROLLS

This section describes the characteristics and abilities of the Beastclaw Raiders' models and units.



ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

An army of Beastclaw Raiders is an awe-inspiring sight – an unstoppable force of huge monsters, ground-shaking cavalry and hulking warriors. This page describes the allegiance abilities that a Beastclaw Raiders army possesses, and the command traits that its general can have.

BATTLETRAITS

Armies with the BEASTCLAW RAIDERS allegiance gain the following abilities:

Beastclaw Stampede: When an Al frostun marches to war the heavy footfalls of the Beastclaws' great mounts shake the earth like a booming war drum. Once the prey is in sight, the hunt begins and the Al frostun quickly stampedes, the ground itself trembling as an avalanche of ravenous brutes thunders forward.

On a turn in which they charge into combat, you can re-roll all wound rolls of 1 made for BEASTCLAW RAIDER models in the combat phase.

The Everwinter's Blessing: The magical ice storms that follow the Beastclaw tribes can usurp the weather patterns of their surroundings with unpredictable and often spectacular results. So accustomed are they to the effects of the approaching Everwinter that the Beastclaw Raiders remain all but oblivious; to their enemies, its touch can be debilitating and even fatal.

Roll a dice at the start of each of your hero phases to determine the effects of Everwinter's Blessing on the battle:

D6 Everwinter's Blessing Result

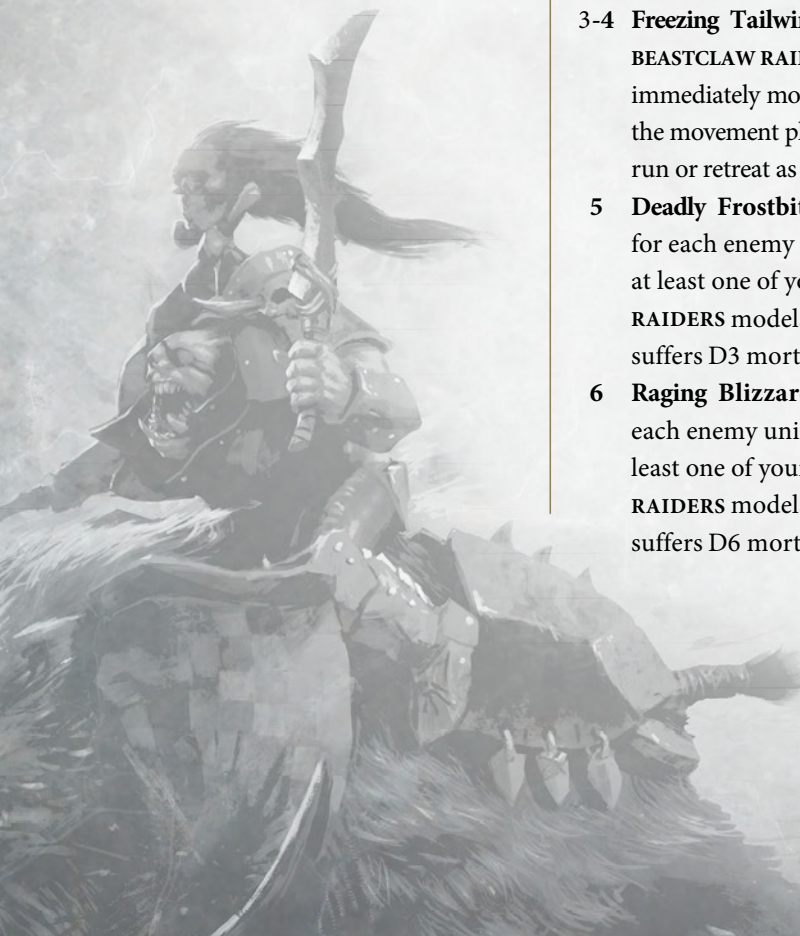
- 1-2 **Fortifying Hoarfrost:** You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for all friendly BEASTCLAW RAIDER models until the start of your next hero phase.
- 3-4 **Freezing Tailwinds:** All friendly BEASTCLAW RAIDERS models can immediately move 3" as if it were the movement phase (they cannot run or retreat as part of this move).
- 5 **Deadly Frostbite:** Roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of at least one of your BEASTCLAW RAIDERS models. On a 6 that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.
- 6 **Raging Blizzard:** Roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of at least one of your BEASTCLAW RAIDERS models. On a 6 that unit suffers D6 mortal wounds.

COMMAND TRAITS

In addition to their command abilities, the general of a BEASTCLAW RAIDERS army can have a command trait from the list below. Pick the trait that best suits your general's personality. Alternatively, you can roll a dice to randomly determine a trait. If, for any reason, you must select a new general during a battle, immediately generate a trait for them.

D6 Command Trait

- 1 **Massive Bulk:** Add 1 to your general's Wounds characteristic.
- 2 **Everwinter's Master:** You can choose to re-roll the dice when rolling on the Everwinter's Blessing table (see left) whilst your general is alive.
- 3 **Avalanche Voice:** You can add 8" to the range of any command abilities your general uses.
- 4 **Famed Hunter:** You can re-roll all hit rolls of 1 made for your general's melee and missile weapons. This does not apply to any attacks made for your general's mount (if he has one).
- 5 **Beast-eater:** You can re-roll wound rolls for your general when making attacks against MONSTERS.
- 6 **Fearsome Leader:** Enemy units that are within 3" of your general must subtract 1 from their Bravery.



TROPHIES OF THE ALFROSTUNS

These artefacts are hewn from frost-covered mountains and possessed by the icy magic of the Everwinter. They can be especially sharp weapons, potent elixirs or the extraordinary remains of foes.

If a BEASTCLAW RAIDERS army includes any HEROES, then one may bear an artefact of power. Declare which HERO has the artefact after picking your general, and then pick which artefact of power the HERO has. Ideally, that artefact should fit the appearance of the model, or the heroic backstory you have given them. Alternatively, roll a dice and look up the roll on the table to randomly select one.



You may choose one additional HERO to have an artefact of power for each warscroll battalion in your army. The same model cannot have more than one artefact of power.





MAGICAL ARTEFACTS

Any **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS HERO** can be given one of the following magical artefacts.



D6 Trophy

- 1 **Elixir of Frostwyrn:** Distilled from the heart's blood of a giant Frostwyrn, this rare elixir is highly prized by the Beastclaws. It ravages the drinker's insides, turning their blood to liquid ice before, with the rumble of an avalanche, they vomit forth a torrent of frost magic that freezes solid any caught in its path.

In each of your shooting phases, the bearer can drink from the Elixir of Frostwyrn. If they do, pick a unit within 9" that is visible to them and roll a dice:

D6 Result

- 1 The drinker suffers a mortal wound as the elixir ravages their guts. They cannot drink the Elixir of Frostwyrn again during this battle.
 - 2-3 The unit you picked suffers 1 mortal wound.
 - 4-5 The unit you picked suffers D3 mortal wounds.
 - 6 The unit you picked suffers D6 mortal wounds.
- 2 **The Bleeding Skull of Dragaar:** This skull is all that remains of a once-powerful wizard who dwelt within the Ghostwind Tundra. Strange magic still clings to the relic, for dark blood constantly leaks out of its empty eye sockets. This trickle turns to a crimson torrent in the presence of hostile sorcery, which geysers forth to douse enemy magics in mid-air.

The bearer of the Bleeding Skull can attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase exactly as if they were a wizard.
 - 3 **The Pelt of Charngar:** The dreaded crimson Yhetee, Charngar the Devourer, was said to be able to heal any wound. Its tale of slaughter and bloodshed was ended by Helfnar Frostfingers, an Icebrow Hunter who tracked the creature across two realms before claiming its hide. Any who wear the flayed pelt of this fell beast are bestowed a portion of its unnatural healing abilities.

Roll a dice at the start of each of your hero phases. On a 1, 2 or 3 the bearer of the Pelt of Charngar heals 1 wound, but on a 4, 5 or 6 he heals D3 wounds.

- 4 **Blade of All-Frost:** Many of the weapons borne by the Beastclaw tribes are scavenged or cobbled together from the equipment of those they have defeated (and eaten), and some yet maintain the magical properties with which they were imbued. The Blade of All-Frost is just such an example, a weapon whose razor edge can freeze its victim's blood and sap their strength.

Pick one of this **HERO's** melee weapons to be the Blade of All-Frost. Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of this weapon. If this weapon wounds a **HERO** or a **MONSTER**, that model cannot be selected to fight in the combat phase until after all other units that can do so have fought.

- 5 **Tokens of the Everwinter:** At first glance, these stone tokens, each hanging by a simple cord, appear little more than primitive fetishes. However, each is in fact hewn from the heart of Mount Alvagr and inscribed with jagged runes of arcane power. If the bearer swallows these tokens, they gain a measure of the Everwinter's true power and become as deadly as a blizzard. Their sinews are imbued with the strength of an avalanche, their reflexes become as quick as a freezing gale and their skin as hard as ice.

Once during the battle, in any hero phase, the bearer can swallow the Tokens of the Everwinter. If he does, until the start of the next hero phase you can re-roll all hit rolls, wound rolls and save rolls made for him.

- 6 **Ice Mammoth Skull Plate:** These hardy creatures were noted for their incredibly thick skulls and the great feasts that ensued when one was captured. Over the centuries, these creatures have been hunted to extinction, the few remaining skulls fashioned into great plates worn around the gut by particularly impressive Beastclaw Raiders. They are symbols of great status, and wars have been fought over their possession.

The wearer of an Ice Mammoth Skull Plate can re-roll all save rolls against weapons that have a Rend characteristic of '-'.



COLLECTING BEASTCLAW RAIDERS

Having pored over the exciting stories and gorgeous artwork in this book, you are no doubt keen to start mustering your own Beastclaw Raiders tribe, if you haven't already. This section of the battletome will provide information and guidance for doing just that.

One of the great things about collecting Citadel Miniatures is that there are so many ways to start new collections and add to existing ones. For many people, the miniatures themselves are their inspiration, and you could do a lot worse than following your instincts and just starting with whichever models you find the most appealing. Are you captivated by the model of the Frostlord on his Stonehorn? Pick one up and get painting! Did the pictures of Icebrow Hunters and their Frost Sabres loping into battle make you want some of your own? If so, that's your starting point. Collecting miniatures that really excite you will make assembling and painting them that much more compelling and enjoyable.

The same goes for how you paint them. Some collectors just choose their favourite colours and paint their models accordingly. Others will decide to use hues and iconography they've seen in books like this one, or in *White Dwarf* magazine, and replicate those. Whatever you choose to do, your paint scheme will unify your collection and represent its unique character and identity, whether the models are in pride of place on a cabinet shelf or rampaging across the tabletop. Whatever the case, a fully painted collection of Citadel Miniatures is a truly satisfying spectacle of which you can be rightly proud.

Beastclaw Raiders have a wealth of iconography to choose from. On pages 22-23 you will find a collection of tribal symbols that represent the ogors' savage language. These can be painted onto chests and arms to identify packs. The Everwinter can also be used to inspire your modelling and painting, and entire collections can be themed with snow-covered bases and frost-caked weapons.

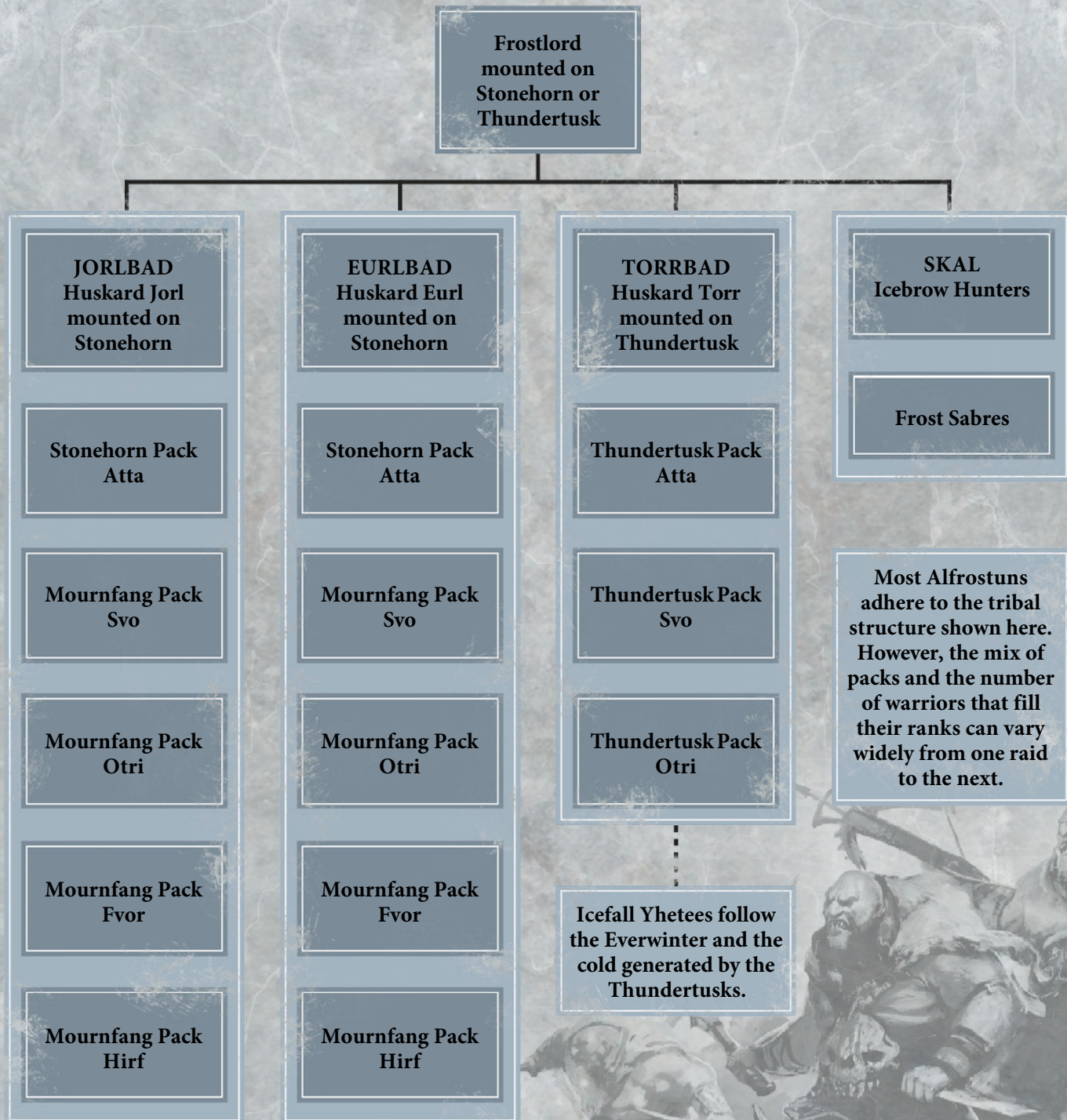
Another source of inspiration for many collectors is the rich background presented throughout our range of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* books. Perhaps your imagination was sparked by the tale of Frostlord Braggoth's desperate battle against the Bloodthirster Urgor'eth, or perhaps you want to delve further into the background of the Vintbad Alfrostun and their mercenary service to Archaon? Maybe another narrative occurred to you, all of your own? All you need is an idea to get started, and there are few things more gratifying than growing a collection based around the story of your army. This can even be carried over onto gaming boards and themed terrain.

Of course, if an army is meant for one thing, it's war, and the forces of the Beastclaw Raiders are constantly hunting for prey. They have a long and bloody history, as well as a powerful

tribal hierarchy, which provides many different ways to arrange collections of ogor models for battle. Throughout this battletome is a wealth of information on how the Beastclaw Raiders prefer to organise their Alfrostuns. You can use this directly – by referring to the chart on the right to guide your collection – or as a starting point for the style of war your own tribe will adopt, be it a small number of ogor raiders out on a hunt, or a vast nomadic army of Beastclaws led by a veteran Frostlord.

If you want to get the dice rolling and play some games with your Beastclaw Raiders collection, the warscroll battalions found on pages 97-105 of this book will be particularly helpful. Each one represents a different element of the Beastclaw Raiders Alfrostun, and provides an easy-to-follow guide to collecting a formation. An army is more than the sum of its parts, and these battalions represent the synergy of units working in concert by granting them powerful abilities that reflect their role within the Alfrostun. Using warscroll battalions to build your collection provides escalating benefits and satisfaction. Each new battalion that you complete is its own force on the battlefield, and helps your collection grow into a mighty Beastclaw Raiders army, filled with hulking ogor warriors and thundering beasts, ready to ravage the realms.

BEASTCLAW RAIDERS ALFROSTUN





WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

The warriors of the Mortal Realms often fight in battalions. Each of these deadly fighting formations consists of several units that are organised and trained to fight alongside each other. The units in warscroll battalions can employ special tactics on the battlefield, making them truly deadly foes.

If you wish, you can organise the units in your army into a warscroll battalion. Doing so will give you access to additional abilities that can be used by the units in the battalion. The information needed to use these powerful formations can be found on the warscroll battalion sheets that we publish for *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*. Each warscroll battalion sheet lists the units that make it up, and the rules for any additional abilities that units from the warscroll battalion can use.

When you are setting up, you can set up all of the units in a warscroll battalion instead of setting up a single unit. Alternatively, you can set up some of the units from a warscroll battalion, and set up any remaining units individually later on, or you can set up all of the units individually. For example, in a battle where each player takes it in turns to set up one unit, you could set up one, some or all of the units belonging to a warscroll battalion in your army.

On the following pages you will find a selection of warscroll battalions. Usually, a unit can only belong to one battalion, and so can only benefit from a single set of battalion abilities. However, some very large battalions include other, smaller battalions, and in this case it is possible for a unit to benefit from the abilities of two different battalions at the same time.



- 1. Title:** The name of the warscroll battalion and a short overview of the background for it and how it fights.
- 2. Organisation:** This section lists the units that make up the warscroll battalion and any restrictions that may apply to the models that you can include.
- 3. Abilities:** Every warscroll battalion includes one or more abilities that some or all of the units from the battalion can use. The abilities listed for a warscroll battalion only apply to the units that make it up (even if there are other units of the same type in your army). These abilities are in addition to the abilities listed on the units' warscrolls.



BEASTCLAW RAIDERS

ALFROSTUN

An Alfrostun is a savage raiding army forged by the wintry will of the Frostlord. Moving swiftly over battlefields of ice and snow it precedes the Everwinter, a wall of cold that scours the land. In its wake naught is left behind but ruined cities and empires picked clean of every last shred of meat.

ORGANISATION

An Alfrostun consists of the following units and battalions:

- 1 Frostlord on Stonehorn or Frostlord on Thundertusk
- 1 Jorlbard
- 1 Eurlbard
- 1 Torrbard
- 1 Skal

ABILITIES

Alfrostun Avalanche: When an entire Alfrostun stampedes towards its foes, it is akin to an unstoppable avalanche that sweeps away all before it. On a turn in which they charged into combat, you can re-roll all failed wound rolls made for BEASTCLAW RAIDER models in the combat phase.



BEASTCLAW RAIDERS

JORLBAD

The Jorlbad is a spear thrust through the throat of the prey. It tears into enemy lines, overruns fleeing foes and tramples them into the ground, its riders never pausing in their pursuit of their next meal. Leading it is the Jorl, the mightiest warrior of the tribe after the Frostlord, riding a massive Stonehorn.

ORGANISATION

A Jorlbad consists of the following units:

- 1 Huskard on Stonehorn
- 1-3 Stonehorn Beastriders
- 2-4 Mournfang Packs

ABILITIES

Tip of the Hunting Spear: Charging at the forefront of any Alfrostun's attack, the Jorlbad are the first to hit the enemy lines. Jorlbad units can run and charge in the same turn.

Fighting Hand: Second only to the Frostlord within the Alfrostun's ranks, the Huskard Jorl holds great authority over his kin and can inspire them in battle. You can re-roll failed battleshock tests for friendly BEASTCLAW RAIDERS units that are within 12" of the Jorlbad's Huskard.



BEASTCLAW RAIDERS

EURLBAD

The lumpen hammer that tenderises the foe for the Alfrostun, the Eurlbad surrounds and crushes defenders. It breaks down fortress walls and savages the prey within, before carrying off their mangled remains. Commanding the carnage is the Eurl, a huge and pitiless ogor warrior eager to amass meat.

ORGANISATION

An Eurlbad consists of the following units:

- 1 Huskard on Stonehorn
- 1-3 Stonehorn Beastriders
- 2-4 Mournfang Packs

ABILITIES

Crush, Mangle, Tenderise: Those that face the destructive attentions of the Eurlbad are assured of a brutal death. If you roll a wound roll of 6 or more for an Eurlbad model in the combat phase, that attack inflicts one mortal wound on the target in addition to the normal damage.

Eating Hand: As one of the Frostlord's favoured leaders, the Huskard of the Eurlbad is always on the lookout for an opportunity to prove his worth and crush the foes of the Alfrostun. Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of all melee weapons used by the Eurlbad's Huskard.



BEASTCLAW RAIDERS

TORRBAD

From the driving snows rides the Huskard Torr atop his lumbering Thundertusk. His Torrbad is the herald of winter. It is a cold wind rolling out across the land to freeze the enemies of the Alfrostun, blind them with raging blizzards and make them easy prey for the Beastclaw warriors.

ORGANISATION

A Torrbad consists of the following units:

- 1 Huskard on Thundertusk
- 3-9 Thundertusk Beastriders
- 0-3 units of Icefall Yhetees

ABILITIES

Heart-numbing Chill: When the Thundertusks of the Torrbad gather in number, the strength of their freezing magical enchantments magnifies to chill the blood of those not used to its bitter touch. Enemy units cannot retreat whilst they are within 3" of any Torrbad unit. Furthermore, roll a dice in each of your hero phases for each enemy unit within 3" of at least one of your Torbadd Thundertusks. Add 1 to the result of this dice roll for each additional Torrbad Thundertusk that is within 3" of the unit being rolled for. On a 6 the unit suffers a mortal wound, on a 7 it suffers D3 mortal wounds and on an 8 or more it suffers D6 mortal wounds.



BEASTCLAW RAIDERS

SKAL

Icebrow Hunters range out on the Alfrostun's flanks in search of prey. Pitiless predators, they appear from the swirling snow to bring down monsters and heroes with club and spear. At their whistled command, Frost Sabres bound forth from the gloom, tearing apart the target with fang and claw.

ORGANISATION

A Skál consists of the following units:

- 1-6 Icebrow Hunters
- 2-10 units of Frost Sabres

ABILITIES

Hunting Pack: When Icebrow Hunters are on the hunt, they will often take their best packs of Frost Sabres along to aid them as they prepare a deadly ambush. During set-up, you can place units of Frost Sabres from the Skál to one side. In any of your hero phases, when an Icebrow Hunter from this battalion sets up from ambush (see the Icebrow Hunter's Masters of Ambush ability, pg 114), you can also set up any units of Frost Sabres that you set to one side earlier – these units are set up anywhere on the battlefield that is within 18" of an ambushing Icebrow Hunter, but not within 9" of any enemy models. This is their move for the following movement phase.



BEASTCLAW RAIDERS

SVARD ALFROSTUN



The Svard Alfrostun is comprised of ancient warriors wreathed in frost and covered in the scars of countless battles. They survived the legendary wars of the Age of Myth and endured the ruinous carnage of the Age of Chaos encased in thick layers of ice. Now they walk the Mortal Realms once more under the mighty leadership of Frostlord Braggoth Vardruk. The iron grip of the lord fills his Huskards with a grim purpose, and none are willing to accept failure in the eyes of their leader. The Alfrostun's Stornhorns, too, share the tribe's great resilience, many of the stone-backed beasts having carried Braggoth's warriors to war since the Age of Myth.

ORGANISATION

A Svard Alfrostun must contain the following:

- 1 Frostlord on Stonehorn
- 1 Jorlbard
(must include 3-9 units of Stonehorn Beastriders instead of 1-3)

A Svard Alfrostun may also contain the following:

- 0-1 Eurlbad
- 0-1 Torrbard
- 0-1 Skal

If a Svard Alfrostun contains the maximum number of battalions, it gains the Alfrostun Avalanche ability (pg 97).

ABILITIES

A Hardy Breed: The Stonehorns of the Svard are resilient in the extreme, perhaps the toughest of their breed, and are renowned as such across the Mortal Realms. Add 1 to the Wounds characteristic of all Svard STONEHORN models.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

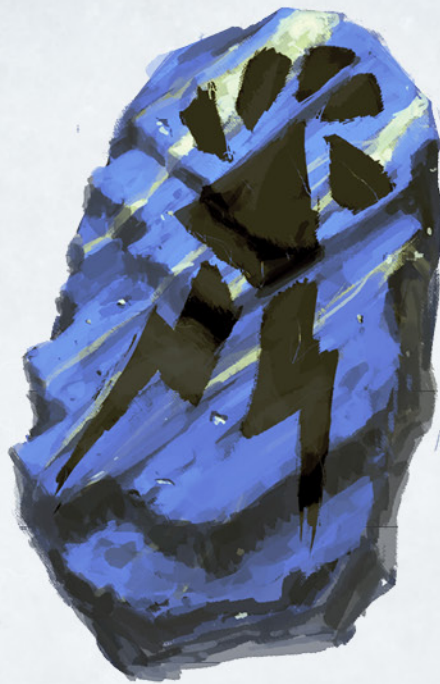
In addition to any other artefacts of power your army has, one Svard HERO can have the following artefact of power instead of one chosen from pages 92-93:

Helwinter Vambrace: Thought to have been scavenged from a suit of meteoric iron, these crude scraps of armour can turn aside the most powerful blows. Roll a dice each time the bearer suffers a mortal wound; on a 5 or more that wound is ignored.



BEASTCLAW RAIDERS

OLWYR ALFROSTUN



The Olwyr Alfrostun stalks the wind-whipped Sky Roads of Chamon. A forbidding wilderness of freezing bridges that weave through valleys of cloud, only the most skilful riders can master this forbidding landscape. The thunder of Mournfang cavalry and the snarl of countless beasts heralds the raid's arrival into the fray. These ogors are renowned for the speed of their riders, and the viciousness of their steeds, for only the quick survive the Sky Roads. The success of the Olwyr also rests in the hands of their lords. Instinctively they can scent the prey on the shifting winds, mustering their packs to strike the enemy in sudden and merciless attacks.

ORGANISATION

An Olwyr Alfrostun must contain the following:

- 1 Frostlord on Thundertusk
- 1 Eurlbad
(must include 3-6 Mournfang Packs instead of 2-4)

An Olwyr Alfrostun may also contain the following:

- 0-1 Jorlbard
- 0-1 Torrbard
- 0-1 Skal

If an Olwyr Alfrostun contains the maximum number of battalions, it gains the Alfrostun Avalanche ability (pg 97).

ABILITIES

Cunning and Wise: An Olwyr general can have two command traits instead of one. If you choose to randomly generate your general's command trait, re-roll any duplicate results.

Vicious Beasts: Olwyr Mournfangs are amongst the most savage of their kind. You can add 1 to all hit rolls made for an Olwyr Mournfang's Tusks.

Swiftstride: The Olwyr are adept and skilled riders, and their Icebrow Hunters are renowned for their long stride. You can re-roll run rolls for all Olwyr units.

BRAGGOTH'S BEAST HAMMER

One of the bloodiest battles for the Manticore Realmgate saw an alliance forged between bestial armies of ice and iron. In those days of blood and carnage, Archaon's chosen legions faced the massed armies of Braggoth Vardruk and Megaboss Grakgob, the orruks and ogors united in their might.

Braggoth Vardruk's Alfrostun was driven to the Manticore Realmgate by the winter winds at its back. The Frostlord's Skal returned to tell him of the massive Dreadfort that loomed over the gateway, and the statue of Archaon that straddled it. Possessed of a violent temper, the mere notion that the Chaos fortress stood in the way of his tribe's long hunt was enough to send Braggoth into a rage. None would stand between the Svard Alfrostun and its prey.

Fighting around the Manticore Realmgate had continued for centuries. Three times huge Ironjaw armies had brought down its defenders and their keeps. Each time, the mighty statue of Archaon was defaced or despoiled in some way, and each time a new Dreadfort rose from the ashes of the one that had come before. When Braggoth bore down upon the fortress, the fourth great war for the gate was raging. Grakgob and his Ironjawz had been pummeling the Chaos defenders for months. Under the command of the Chaos Lord Urthrex, winding trenches, walls and gateways appeared in eight huge concentric rings, manned by thousands of plate-clad defenders. When the first flurries of snow began to fall upon the Dreadfort, Urthrex thought nothing of it. Grakgob, however, knew it for what it was and devised a cunning plan.

The meeting between Megaboss and Frostlord was one charged with violence. However, the Megaboss had fought with Beastclaws before. Mimicking the Alarok, Grakgob hunted a great beast alongside Braggoth. At hunt's end the Frostlord boasted he would break the siege, demanding only that the Ironjawz provide their fastest and hardest troops for the assault. The Beast Hammer was forged that day, its ranks filled with Mournfang packs and mobs of Gore-gruntas. Fierce rivalry drove the alliance onwards, orruk and ogor riders smashing through one defence line after another. The most violent of all was Braggoth. Atop his Stonehorn he led from the front, smashing holes through walls for the cavalry to follow. At last, Urthrex himself fell screaming to the ogor's frost spear, and the Beast Hammer slammed home into one foot of Archaon's statue, bringing it crashing to the ground.

GORE-GRUNTAS

Few beasts are as ill tempered or aggressive as gruntas. Mighty boar-like monsters, they devour everything in their path. They will often eat warriors whole, armour and all. This belligerence makes them ideal mounts for the violent Ironjawz. An orruk rider never really tames its grunta – the creatures' tiny minds are just too savage for any real training to sink in – instead the rider just smashes the beast in the snout until it is directed towards the foe, then hangs on as it rampages through their ranks. When in the presence of other predatory beasts like Mournfangs, gruntas compete fiercely for prey, and in the absence of easier targets they will turn on their rivals without a moment's notice.





BEASTCLAW RAIDERS

BRAGGOTH'S BEAST HAMMER

The Beast Hammer is forged from the rivalry between orruks and ogors. Competing for kills, its packs and mobs are a stampede of vicious beasts and savage riders, their fury augmented by the excessive violence of Frostlord Braggoth Vardruk.

ORGANISATION

The Beast Hammer consists of the following units:

- 1 Frostlord on Stonehorn (Braggoth Vardruk)
- 2 Mournfang Packs
- 2 units of Gore-gruntas

ABILITIES

A Hardy Breed: The Stonehorns of the Svard are resilient in the extreme, perhaps the toughest of their breed, and are renowned as such across the Mortal Realms. Add 1 to Braggoth's Wounds characteristic.

Fierce Rivals: Though they have formed an uneasy alliance, the Ironjawz and Beastclaw Raiders are both attempting to prove they are the best. You can add 1 to hit rolls made for any **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS** unit from this battalion whilst it is within 6" of an **IRONJAWZ** unit from this battalion, and vice versa.

Overrunning Stampede: The combined mass of bestial muscle and savage rage of the Beast Hammer will smash aside anything in its path. Once per battle, at the end of any of your combat phases, this battalion can make an Overrunning Stampede. When it does so, each unit in this battalion that charged successfully this turn can immediately pile in and attack again, in an order of your choice.

WARSCROLLS

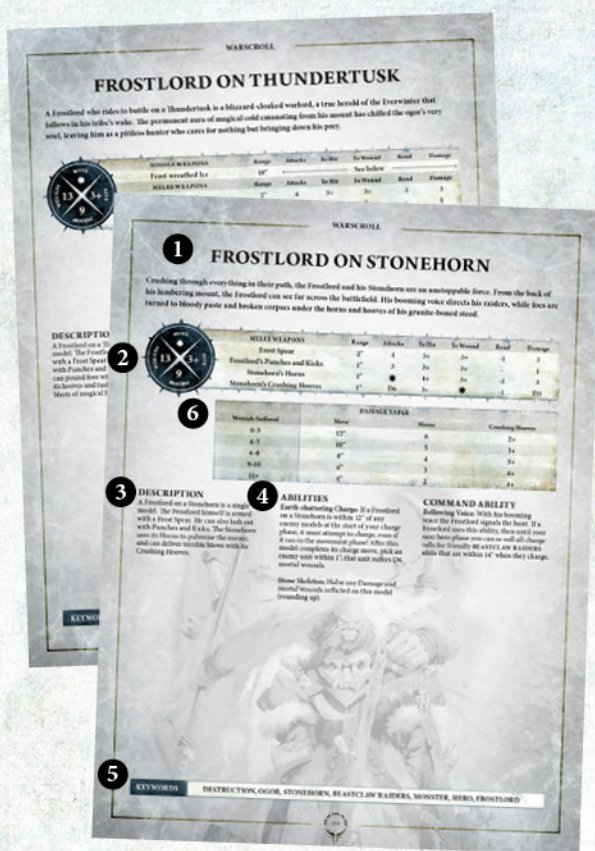
The warriors and creatures that battle in the Mortal Realms are incredibly diverse, each one fighting with their own unique weapons and combat abilities. To represent this, every model has a warscroll that lists the characteristics, weapons and abilities that apply to the model.

Every Citadel Miniature in the Warhammer range has its own warscroll, which provides you with all of the information needed to use that model in a game of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*. This means that you can use any Citadel Miniatures in your collection as part of an army as long as you have the right warscrolls.

When fighting a battle, simply refer to the warscrolls for the models you are using. Warscrolls for all of the other models in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* range are available from Games Workshop. Just visit our website at games-workshop.com for more information on how to obtain them.

The key below explains what you will find on a warscroll, and the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet explains how this information is used in a game. The warscroll also includes a short piece of text explaining the background for the models and how they fight.

- Title:** The name of the model that the warscroll describes.
- Characteristics:** This set of characteristics tells you how fast, powerful and brave the model is, and how effective its weapons are.
- Description:** The description tells you what weapons the model can be armed with, and what upgrades (if any) it can be given. The description will also tell you if the model is fielded on its own as a single model, or as part of a unit. If the model is fielded as part of a unit, then the description will say how many models the unit should have (if you don't have enough models to field a unit, you can still field one unit with as many models as you have available).
- Abilities:** Abilities are things that the model can do during a game that are not covered by the standard game rules.
- Keywords:** All models have a list of keywords. Sometimes a rule will say that it only applies to models that have a specific keyword.
- Damage Table:** Some models have a damage table that is used to determine one or more of the model's characteristics. Look up the number of wounds the model has suffered to find the value of the characteristic in question.





HINTS & TIPS

Modifiers: Many warscrolls include modifiers that can affect characteristics. For example, a rule might add 1 to the Move characteristic of a model, or subtract 1 from the result of a hit roll. Modifiers are cumulative.

Random Values: Sometimes, the Move or weapon characteristics on a warscroll will have random values. For example, the Move characteristic for a model might be 2D6 (two dice rolls added together), whereas the Attacks characteristic of a weapon might be D6.

When a unit with a random Move characteristic is selected to move in the movement phase, roll the indicated number of dice. The total of the dice rolled is the Move characteristic for all models in the unit for the duration of that movement phase.

Generate any random values for a weapon (except Damage) each time it is chosen as the weapon for an attack.

Roll once and apply the result to all such weapons being used in the attack. The result applies for the rest of that phase. For Damage, generate a value for each weapon that inflicts damage.

When to Use Abilities: Abilities that are used at the start of a phase must be carried out before any other actions. By the same token, abilities used at the end of the phase are carried out after all normal activities for the phase are complete.

If you can use several abilities at the same time, you can decide in which order they are used. If both players can carry out abilities at the same time, the player whose turn is taking place uses their abilities first.

Save of ‘-’: Some models have a Save of ‘-’. This means that they automatically fail all save rolls (do not make the roll, even if modifiers apply).

Keywords: Keywords are sometimes linked to (or tagged) by a rule. For example, a rule might say that it applies to ‘all **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS**’. This means that it would apply to models that have the Beastclaw Raiders keyword on their warscroll.

Keywords can also be a useful way to decide which models to include in an army. For example, if you want to field a Beastclaw Raiders army, just use models that have the Beastclaw Raiders keyword.

Minimum Range: Some weapons have a minimum range. For example 6"-48". The weapon cannot shoot at an enemy unit that is within the minimum range.

Weapons: Some models can be armed with two identical weapons. When the model attacks with these weapons, do not double the number of attacks that the weapons make; usually, the model gets an additional ability instead.

FROSTLORD ON STONEHORN

Crashing through everything in their path, the Frostlord and his Stonehorn are an unstoppable force. From the back of his lumbering mount, the Frostlord can see far across the battlefield. His booming voice directs his raiders, while foes are turned to bloody paste and broken corpses under the horns and hooves of his granite-boned steed.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Frost Spear	2"	4	3+	3+	-1	3
Frostlord's Punches and Kicks	1"	3	3+	3+	-	1
Stonehorn's Horns	2"	☀	4+	3+	-2	3
Stonehorn's Crushing Hooves	1"	D6	3+	☀	-1	D3

Wounds Suffered	DAMAGE TABLE		
	Move	Horns	Crushing Hooves
0-3	12"	6	2+
4-5	10"	5	3+
6-8	8"	4	3+
9-10	6"	3	4+
11+	4"	2	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Frostlord on a Stonehorn is a single model. The Frostlord himself is armed with a Frost Spear. He can also lash out with Punches and Kicks. The Stonehorn uses its Horns to pulverise the enemy, and can deliver terrible blows with its Crushing Hooves.

ABILITIES

Earth-shattering Charge: If a Frostlord on a Stonehorn is within 12" of any enemy models at the start of your charge phase, it must attempt to charge, even if it ran in the movement phase! After this model completes its charge move, pick an enemy unit within 1"; that unit suffers D6 mortal wounds.

Stone Skeleton: Halve any Damage and mortal wounds inflicted on this model (rounding up).

COMMAND ABILITY

Bellowing Voice: With his booming voice the Frostlord signals the hunt. If a Frostlord uses this ability, then until your next hero phase you can re-roll all charge rolls for friendly **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS** units that are within 14" when they charge.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, STONEHORN, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, MONSTER, HERO, FROSTLORD

FROSTLORD ON THUNDERTUSK

A Frostlord who rides to battle on a Thundertusk is a blizzard-cloaked warlord, a true herald of the Everwinter that follows in his tribe's wake. The permanent aura of magical cold emanating from his mount has chilled the ogor's very soul, leaving him as a pitiless hunter who cares for nothing but bringing down his prey.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Frost-wreathed Ice	18"			See below		
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Frost Spear	2"	4	3+	3+	-1	3
Frostlord's Punches and Kicks	1"	3	3+	3+	-	1
Thundertusk's Crushing Blows	2"	4	3+	☀	-1	D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Frost-wreathed Ice	Crushing Blows
0-3	8"	6 mortal wounds	2+
4-5	7"	D6 mortal wounds	3+
6-8	6"	D3 mortal wounds	3+
9-10	5"	D3 mortal wounds	4+
11+	4"	1 mortal wound	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Frostlord on a Thundertusk is a single model. The Frostlord himself is armed with a Frost Spear. He can also lash out with Punches and Kicks. The Thundertusk can pound foes with Crushing Blows of its hooves and tusks, or shatter them with blasts of magical Frost-wreathed Ice.

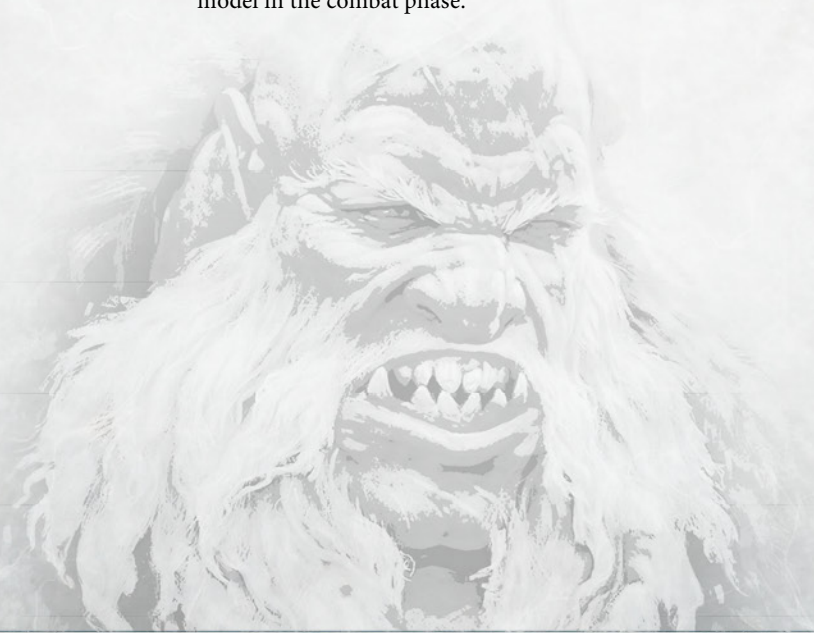
ABILITIES

Blasts of Frost-wreathed Ice: In the shooting phase, pick a unit within 18" that is visible to the Thundertusk. Roll a dice; on a 2 or more that unit is struck and suffers a number of mortal wounds shown on the damage table above.

Numbing Chill: Your opponent must subtract 1 from any hit rolls that target this model in the combat phase.

COMMAND ABILITY

Bellowing Voice: With his booming voice the Frostlord signals the hunt. If a Frostlord uses this ability, then until your next hero phase you can re-roll all charge rolls for friendly **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS** units that are within 14" when they charge.



KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, THUNDERTUSK, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, MONSTER, HERO, FROSTLORD

HUSKARD ON STONEHORN

Huskard Jorls and Huskard Eurls lead their warriors from atop the backs of formidable Stonehorns. Together, the beasts and their brutish riders are master line-breakers that use their impressive strength to batter their way through all obstacles, be they serried ranks of armoured veterans or reinforced castle walls.

	MISSILE WEAPONS		Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
	Chaintrap		12"	1	4+	3+	-	3
	Harpoon Launcher		20"	1	4+	3+	-	D3
	MELEE WEAPONS		Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
	Huskard's Punches and Kicks		1"	3	3+	4+	-	1
	Stonehorn's Horns		2"	☀	4+	3+	-2	3
	Stonehorn's Crushing Hooves		1"	D6	3+	☀	-1	D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Horns	Crushing Hooves
0-2	12"	6	2+
3-4	10"	5	3+
5-7	8"	4	3+
8-9	6"	3	4+
10+	4"	2	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Huskard on a Stonehorn is a single model. The Huskard himself is armed with either a Chaintrap or a Harpoon Launcher. Some instead ride to war with a Blood Vulture to take down their prey. A Huskard can also lash out with Punches and Kicks. The Stonehorn uses its Horns to pulverise the enemy, and can deliver terrible blows with its Crushing Hooves.

ABILITIES

Earth-shattering Charge: If a Huskard on a Stonehorn is within 12" of any enemy models at the start of your charge phase, it must attempt to charge, even if it ran in the movement phase! After this model completes its charge move, pick an enemy unit within 1"; that unit suffers D6 mortal wounds.

Stone Skeleton: Halve any Damage and mortal wounds inflicted on this model (rounding up).

Line-breakers: After a Huskard on Stonehorn attacks in the combat phase, you can pick a MOURNFANG PACK within 10". That unit can immediately pile in and attack if it is within 3" of the enemy and has not already attacked this phase.

Blood Vulture: A Huskard with a Blood Vulture can release it to hunt in each of your shooting phases. When he does so, pick a unit within 30" of the Huskard. Your opponent then picks one of their own units within 30" of the Huskard. Roll a dice; on a 1, 2 or 3 the unit your opponent picked suffers a mortal wound. On a 4, 5 or 6 the unit you picked suffers a mortal wound.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, STONEHORN, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, MONSTER, HERO, HUSKARD

HUSKARD ON THUNDERTUSK

The Huskard Torr leads the Thundertusks to war. At the ogor elder's command the creatures breathe out gales of frost. The ground on all sides grows thick with ice as enemies are turned into gleaming statues and the very life is leeched from their bones. Those not slain by the frost face the monster's massive tusks and the terrible ire of the Huskard Torr.



MISSILE WEAPONS		Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Frost-wreathed Ice		18"			See below		
Chaintrap		12"	1	4+	3+	-	3
Harpoon Launcher		20"	1	4+	3+	-	D3
MELEE WEAPONS		Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Huskard's Punches and Kicks		1"	3	3+	4+	-	1
Thundertusk's Crushing Blows		2"	4	3+	☀	-1	D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Frost-wreathed Ice	Crushing Blows
0-2	8"	6 mortal wounds	2+
3-4	7"	D6 mortal wounds	3+
5-7	6"	D3 mortal wounds	3+
8-9	5"	D3 mortal wounds	4+
10+	4"	1 mortal wound	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Huskard on a Thundertusk is a single model. The Huskard himself is armed with either a Chaintrap or a Harpoon Launcher. Some instead ride to war with a Blood Vulture to take down their prey. A Huskard can also lash out with Punches and Kicks. The Thundertusk can pound foes with Crushing Blows of its hooves and tusks, or shatter them with blasts of magical Frost-wreathed Ice.

ABILITIES

Blasts of Frost-wreathed Ice: In the shooting phase, pick a unit within 18" that is visible to the Thundertusk. Roll a dice; on a 2 or more that unit is struck and suffers a number of mortal wounds shown on the damage table above.

Numbing Chill: Your opponent must subtract 1 from any hit rolls that target this model in the combat phase.

Blood Vulture: A Huskard with a Blood Vulture can release it to hunt in each of your shooting phases. When he does so, pick a unit within 30" of the Huskard. Your opponent then picks one of their own units within 30" of the Huskard. Roll a dice; on a 1, 2 or 3 the unit your opponent picked suffers a mortal wound. On a 4, 5 or 6 the unit you picked suffers a mortal wound.

Blizzard-speaker: In your hero phase, a Huskard on a Thundertusk can attempt to harness the strange wintery magic that clings to his mount. To do so select a **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS** unit within 18" and roll a dice. Add one to the result for each other friendly **THUNDERTUSK** unit within 18" of the unit you picked. On a 4 or more, select one of the abilities from the list below to apply to the unit you picked.

Winter's Endurance: A second skin of ice forms on the unit as it is rimed with a healing frost. One model in the unit heals D3 wounds.

Winter's Strength: Winter winds howl through the unit, chilling their blood and lending them strength. You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for the unit until the start of your next hero phase.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, THUNDERTUSK, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, MONSTER, HERO, HUSKARD

STONEHORN BEASTRIDERS

Attempts to slow a Stonehorn are futile as blades and bolts all spark off its dense stone skeleton. As it roars into battle, the ground shakes under its impressive bulk, each footfall a bell-toll of doom. From its back a pair of beastriders bring down foes with snapping chaintraps and harpoons, hauling in their kills to add to the Alfrostun's meat harvest.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Chaintrap	12"	1	4+	3+	-	3
Harpoon Launcher	20"	1	4+	3+	-	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Beastriders' Punches and Kicks	1"	6	4+	4+	-	1
Stonehorn's Horns	2"	☀	4+	3+	-2	3
Stonehorn's Crushing Hooves	1"	D6	3+	☀	-1	D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Horns	Crushing Hooves
0-2	12"	6	2+
3-4	10"	5	3+
5-7	8"	4	3+
8-9	6"	3	4+
10+	4"	2	4+

DESCRIPTION

Stonehorn Beastriders are a single model. Two ogor Thegns are carried on the Stonehorn's back. One of the Thegns is armed with a Harpoon Launcher; the other carries either a Chaintrap or a Blood Vulture. The Thegns can also lash out with Punches and Kicks. The Stonehorn uses its Horns to pulverise the enemy, and can deliver terrible blows with its Crushing Hooves.

ABILITIES

Earth-shattering Charge: If a Stonehorn is within 12" of any enemy models at the start of your charge phase, it must attempt to charge, even if it ran in the movement phase! After a Stonehorn completes its charge move, pick an enemy unit within 1"; that unit suffers D6 mortal wounds.

Stone Skeleton: Halve any Damage and mortal wounds inflicted on this model (rounding up).

Blood Vulture: A Thegn with a Blood Vulture can release it to hunt in each of your shooting phases. When he does so, pick a unit within 30" of the Thegn. Your opponent then picks one of their own units within 30" of the Thegn. Roll a dice; on a 1, 2 or 3 the unit your opponent picked suffers a mortal wound. On a 4, 5 or 6 the unit you picked suffers a mortal wound.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, MONSTER, STONEHORN BEASTRIDERS

THUNDERTUSK BEASTRIDERS

The Everwinter clings to the Thundertusks and follows them wherever they tread, the air around them thick with glimmering frost. Guided into battle by a pair of savage beastriders, these mammoth beasts are often in the centre of the Beastclaws' assault, their presence amplifying the killing power of the Everwinter.



MISSILE WEAPONS		Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Frost-wreathed Ice		18"			See below		
Chaintrap		12"	1	4+	3+	-	3
Harpoon Launcher		20"	1	4+	3+	-	D3
MELEE WEAPONS		Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Beastriders' Punches and Kicks		1"	6	4+	4+	-	1
Thundertusk's Crushing Blows		2"	4	3+	★	-1	D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Frost-wreathed Ice	Crushing Blows
0-2	8"	6 mortal wounds	2+
3-4	7"	D6 mortal wounds	3+
5-7	6"	D3 mortal wounds	3+
8-9	5"	D3 mortal wounds	4+
10+	4"	1 mortal wound	4+

DESCRIPTION

Thundertusk Beastriders are a single model. Two ogor Thegns are carried on the Thundertusk's back. One of the Thegns is armed with a Harpoon Launcher; the other carries either a Chaintrap or a Blood Vulture. The Thegns can also lash out with Punches and Kicks. The Thundertusk can pound foes with Crushing Blows of its hooves and tusks, or shatter them with blasts of magical Frost-wreathed Ice.

ABILITIES

Blasts of Frost-wreathed Ice: In the shooting phase, pick a unit within 18" that is visible to the Thundertusk. Roll a dice; on a 2 or more that unit is struck and suffers a number of mortal wounds shown on the damage table above.

Numbing Chill: Your opponent must subtract 1 from any hit rolls that target this model in the combat phase.

Blood Vulture: A Thegn with a Blood Vulture can release it to hunt in each of your shooting phases. When he does so, pick a unit within 30" of the Thegn. Your opponent then picks one of their own units within 30" of the Thegn. Roll a dice; on 1, 2 or a 3 the unit your opponent picked suffers a mortal wound. On a 4, 5 or 6 the unit you picked suffers a mortal wound.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, MONSTER, THUNDERTUSK BEASTRIDERS

ICEBROW HUNTER

More than a terrifying brute to face in combat, the Icebrow Hunter is a cunning stalker who utilises his surroundings to launch ambushes with the aid of his Frost Sabres. Not only does he slay opponents with spear and bolt, but he also has the power to breathe a killing blizzard over his foes by drinking a magical elixir distilled from the blood of his hunting cats.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Hunter's Crossbow	12"	1	4+	3+	-	D3
Great Throwing Spear	9"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Hunter's Culling Club	1"	4	4+	3+	-	2

DESCRIPTION

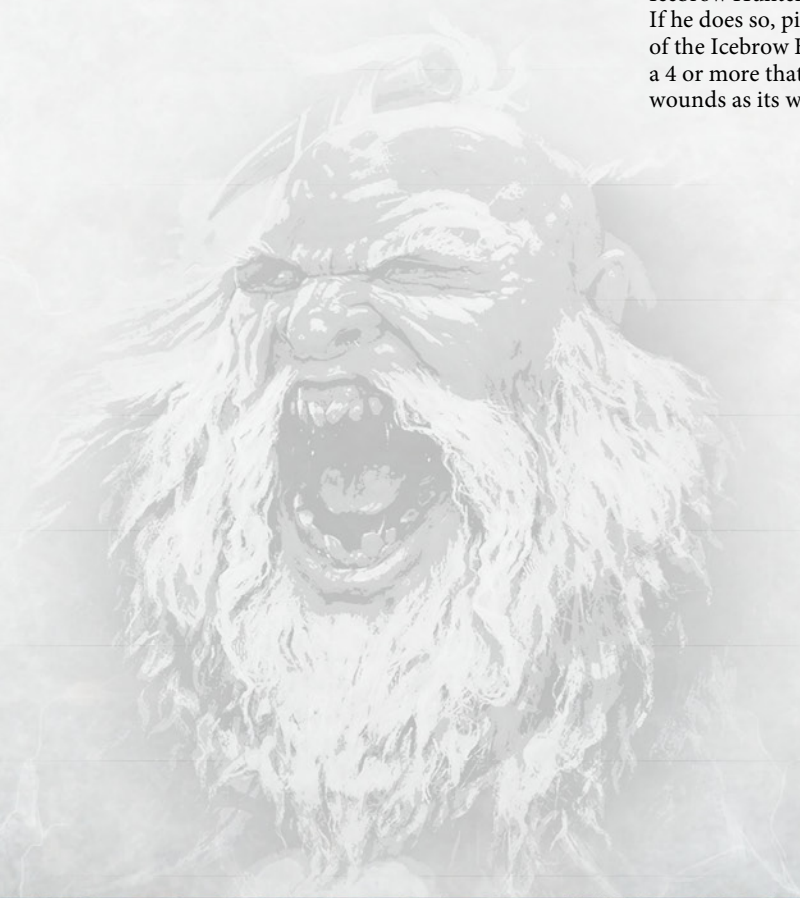
An Icebrow Hunter is a single model. He is armed with a Great Throwing Spear and a Hunter's Culling Club. Some are also equipped with a Hunter's Crossbow.

ABILITIES

Masters of Ambush: Instead of setting up this model on the battlefield, you can place him to one side and say that he is set up in ambush. In any of your hero phases, you can set him up on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy models. This is his move for the following movement phase.

Mighty Throw: An Icebrow Hunter can make an attack with his Great Throwing Spear even if he made a run move in the same turn. Furthermore, if he does so, the Damage inflicted by the Great Throwing Spear is increased from D3 to D6, and its range from 9" to 18".

Icy Breath: Instead of attacking with his missile weapons in your shooting phase, an Icebrow Hunter can unleash his icy breath. If he does so, pick a visible unit within 6" of the Icebrow Hunter and roll a dice; on a 4 or more that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds as its warriors are frozen solid.



KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, HERO, ICEBROW HUNTER

FROST SABRES

Beasts of winter, Frost Sabres bound across the landscape like shadows ghosting over the snow. Icy blood runs in their veins, and their prey seldom sees them coming until they feel the bite of the great cats' sword-like fangs. Utterly loyal to their Icebrow Hunter, the Frost Sabres fight for him without hesitation against the most fearsome foes.



MELEE WEAPONS

Elongated Fangs

Range

1"

Attacks

3

To Hit

4+

To Wound

3+

Rend

-1

Damage

1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Frost Sabres has 2 or more models. They are armed with vicious Elongated Fangs.

ABILITIES

Their Master's Voice: If this unit is within 16" of a friendly ICEBROW HUNTER at the start of the charge phase, you can add 3 to any charge rolls made for it in that phase. In addition, whilst the Frost Sabres are within 16" of a friendly ICEBROW HUNTER they have a Bravery of 7 rather than 5.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, FROST SABRES

ICEFALL YHETEES

Icefall Yhetees are savage creatures of the frozen wastelands. They appear from the howling blizzard that follows in the Alfrostun's wake to hack apart their prey with weapons touched by magical frost. Moving with the speed of the freezing wind they maim and kill, before vanishing into the blinding white once more.



MELEE WEAPONS

Claws and Ice-encrusted Clubs

Range

1"

Attacks

3

To Hit

4+

To Wound

3+

Rend

-1

Damage

2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Icefall Yhetees has 3 or more models. Icefall Yhetees are armed with massive Claws and Ice-encrusted Clubs.

ABILITIES

Aura of Frost: Your opponent must subtract 1 from any hit rolls that target an Icefall Yhetees in the combat phase

Bounding Leaps: Icefall Yhetees can be chosen to pile in and attack in the combat phase if they are within 6" of an enemy, and can move up to 6" when they pile in.

Invigorated by the Blizzard: You can run and charge with Icefall Yhetees in the same turn if they are within 16" of any friendly THUNDERTUSKS when they charge.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, ICEFALL YHETEES

MOURNFANG PACK

Ogors mounted on Mournfangs form the core of the Beastclaw Raiders' Alfrostuns, and are always at the vanguard of a raid's assault. The Beastclaw riders heft clubs, blades and pistols, firing point-blank into their foes before laying about themselves with brutal abandon, while the beasts trample and gore anything unfortunate enough to get in their way.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ironlock Pistol	12"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Culling Clubs or Prey Hackers	1"	3	4+	3+	-	2
Gargant Hacker	2"	2	4+	3+	-1	3
Mournfang's Tusks	1"	4	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Mournfang Pack has 2 or more models. Some Mournfang Packs are equipped with Culling Clubs or Prey Hackers in one meaty hand, and spiked gauntlets called Iron Fists in the other, which they use to bat aside an enemy's blows before punching them in the face. Other Mournfang Packs prefer to wield mighty two-handed Gargant Hackers to chop giant monsters down to size, or bisect lesser foes with a single blow. The Mournfangs themselves gore their foes with their massive Tusks.

SKALG

The leader of this unit is a Skalg. A Skalg may be armed with an Ironlock Pistol in addition to his other weapons.

HORN BLOWER

Models in this unit may be Horn Blowers. You can roll three dice and pick the two highest results when determining the charge distance for a unit if it includes any Horn Blowers.

BANNER BEARER

Models from this unit may carry Raiding Banners adorned with the skull of a great beast. You can re-roll dice rolls of 6 when taking a battleshock test for a unit that includes any Raiding Banners. Furthermore, roll a dice whenever an enemy model flees whilst its unit is within 6" of any Raiding Banner from your army. On a 6, another model immediately flees from that unit.

ABILITIES

Iron Fists: Each time you make a successful save roll of 6 or more for a Mournfang Pack armed with Iron Fists, and the attacking unit is within 1", the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound after all of its attacks have been made.

Mournfang Charge: Each time a Mournfang Pack model completes a charge move, select an enemy model within 1". On a roll of 4 or more, that model's unit suffers a mortal wound.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, MOURNFANG PACK

THE RULES

Warhammer Age of Sigmar puts you in command of a force of mighty warriors, monsters and war engines. This rules sheet contains everything you need to know in order to do battle amid strange and sorcerous realms, to unleash powerful magic, darken the skies with arrows, and crush your enemies in bloody combat!

THE ARMIES

Before the conflict begins, rival warlords gather their most powerful warriors.

In order to play, you must first muster your army from the miniatures in your collection. Armies can be as big as you like, and you can use as many models from your collection as you wish. The more units you decide to use, the longer the game will last and the more exciting it will be! Typically, a game with around a hundred miniatures per side will last for about an evening.

WARSCROLLS & UNITS

All models are described by warscrolls, which provide all of the rules for using them in the game. You will need warscrolls for the models you want to use.

Models fight in units. A unit can have one or more models, but cannot include models that use different warscrolls. A unit must be set up and finish any sort of move as a single group of models, with all models within 1" of at least one other model from their unit. If anything causes a unit to become split up during a battle, it must reform the next time that it moves.

TOOLS OF WAR

In order to fight a battle you will require a tape measure and some dice.

Distances in *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* are measured in inches ("), between the closest points of the models or units you're measuring to and from. You can measure distances whenever you wish. A model's base isn't considered part of the model – it's just there to help the model stand up – so don't include it when measuring distances.

Warhammer Age of Sigmar uses six-sided dice (sometimes abbreviated to D6). If a rule requires you to roll a D3, roll a dice and halve the total, rounding fractions up. Some rules allow you to re-roll a dice roll, which means you get to roll some or all of the dice again. You can never re-roll a dice more than once, and re-rolls happen before modifiers to the roll (if any) are applied.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Be they pillars of flame, altars of brass or haunted ruins, the realms are filled with strange sights and deadly obstacles.

Battles in *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* are fought across an infinite variety of exciting landscapes in the Mortal Realms, from desolate volcanic plains and treacherous sky temples, to lush jungles and cyclopean ruins. The dominion of Chaos is all-pervading, and no land is left untouched by the blight of war. These wildly fantastical landscapes are recreated whenever you play a game of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*.

The table and scenery you use constitute your battlefield. A battlefield can be any flat surface upon which the models can stand – for example a dining table or the floor – and can be any size or shape provided it's bigger than 3 feet square.

First you should decide in which of the seven Mortal Realms the battle will take place. For example, you might decide that your battle will take place in the Realm of Fire. Sometimes you'll need to know this in order to use certain abilities. If you can't agree on the realm, roll a dice, and whoever rolls highest decides.

The best battles are fought over lavishly designed and constructed landscapes, but whether you have a lot of scenery or only a small number of features doesn't matter! A good guide is at least 1 feature for every 2 foot square, but less is okay and more can make for a really interesting battle.

To help you decide the placement of your scenery, you can choose to roll two dice and add them together for each 2 foot square area of your battlefield and consult the following table:

Roll	Terrain Features
2-3	No terrain features.
4-5	2 terrain features.
6-8	1 terrain feature.
9-10	2 terrain features.
11-12	Choose from 0 to 3 terrain features.

MYSTERIOUS LANDSCAPES

The landscapes of the Mortal Realms can both aid and hinder your warriors. Unless stated otherwise, a model can be moved across scenery but not through it (so you can't move through a solid wall, or pass through a tree, but can choose to have a model climb up or over them). In addition, once you have set up all your scenery, either roll a dice on the following table or pick a rule from it for each terrain feature:

THE SCENERY TABLE

Roll Scenery

- Damned:** If any of your units are within 3" of this terrain feature in your hero phase, you can declare that one is making a sacrifice. If you do so, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds, but you can add 1 to all hit rolls for the unit until your next hero phase.
- Arcane:** Add 1 to the result of any casting or unbinding rolls made for a wizard within 3" of this terrain feature.
- Inspiring:** Add 1 to the Bravery of all units within 3" of this terrain feature.
- Deadly:** Roll a dice for any model that makes a run or charge move across, or finishing on, this terrain feature. On a roll of 1 the model is slain.
- Mystical:** Roll a dice in your hero phase for each of your units within 3" of this terrain feature. On a roll of 1 the unit is befuddled and can't be selected to cast spells, move or attack until your next hero phase. On a roll of 2-6 the unit is ensorcelled, and you can re-roll failed wound rolls for the unit until your next hero phase.
- Sinister:** Any of your units that are within 3" of this terrain feature in your hero phase cause fear until your next hero phase. Subtract 1 from the Bravery of any enemy units that are within 3" of one or more units that cause fear.

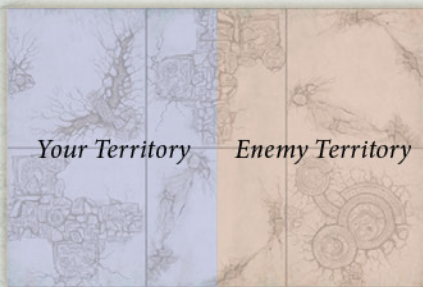
THE BATTLE BEGINS

Thunder rumbles high above as the armies take to the battlefield.

You are now ready for the battle to begin, but before it does you must set up your armies for the coming conflict.

SET-UP

Before setting up their armies, both players roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls higher must divide the battlefield into two equal-sized halves; their opponent then picks one half to be their territory. Some examples of this are shown below.



The players then alternate setting up units, one at a time, starting with the player that won the earlier dice roll. Models must be set up in their own territory, more than 12" from enemy territory.

You can continue setting up units until you have set up all the units you want to fight in this battle, or have run out of space. This is your army. Count the number of models in your army – this may come in useful later. Any remaining units are held in reserve, playing no part unless fate lends a hand.

The opposing player can continue to set up units. When they have finished, set-up is complete. The player that finishes setting up first always chooses who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

THE GENERAL

Once you have finished setting up all of your units, nominate one of the models you set up as your general. Your general has a command ability, as described in the rules for the hero phase on the next page.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

In the Mortal Realms battles are brutal and uncompromising – they are fought to the bitter end, with one side able to claim victory because it has destroyed its foe or there are no enemy models left on the field of battle. The victor can immediately claim a **major victory** and the honours and triumphs that are due to them, while the defeated must repair to their lair to lick their wounds and bear the shame of failure.

If it has not been possible to fight a battle to its conclusion or the outcome is not obvious, then a result of sorts can be calculated by comparing the number of models removed from play with the number of models originally set up for the battle for each army. Expressing these as percentages provides a simple way to determine the winner. Such a victory can only be claimed as a **minor victory**. For example, if one player lost 75% of their starting models, and the other player lost 50%, then the player that only lost 50% of their models could claim a minor victory.

Models added to your army during the game (for example, through summoning, reinforcements, reincarnation and so on) do not count towards the number of models in the army, but must be counted among the casualties an army suffers.

SUDDEN DEATH VICTORIES

Sometimes a player may attempt to achieve a sudden death victory. If one army has a third more models than the other, the outnumbered player can choose one objective from the sudden death table after generals are nominated. A **major victory** can be claimed immediately when the objective is achieved by the outnumbered player.

TRIUMPHS

After any sudden death objectives have been chosen, if your army won a major victory in its previous battle, roll a dice and look up the result on the triumph table to the right.

THE SUDDEN DEATH TABLE

Assassinate: The enemy player picks a unit with the **HERO**, **WIZARD**, **PRIEST** or **MONSTER** keyword in their army. Slay the unit that they pick.

Blunt: The enemy player picks a unit with five or more models in their army. Slay the unit that they pick.

Endure: Have at least one model which started the battle on the battlefield still in play at the end of the sixth battle round.

Seize Ground: Pick one terrain feature in enemy territory. Have at least one friendly model within 3" of that feature at the end of the fourth battle round.

THE TRIUMPH TABLE

Roll Triumph

- 1-2 Blessed:** You can change the result of a single dice to the result of your choosing once during the battle.
- 3-4 Inspired:** You can re-roll all of the failed hit rolls for one unit in your army in one combat phase.
- 5-6 Empowered:** Add 1 to your general's Wounds characteristic.

BATTLE ROUNDS

Mighty armies crash together amid the spray of blood and the crackle of magic.

Warhammer Age of Sigmar is played in a series of battle rounds, each of which is split into two turns – one for each player. At the start of each battle round, both players roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest decides who takes the first turn in that battle round. Each turn consists of the following phases:

- 1. Hero Phase**
Cast spells and use heroic abilities.
- 2. Movement Phase**
Move units across the battlefield.
- 3. Shooting Phase**
Attack with missile weapons.
- 4. Charge Phase**
Charge units into combat.
- 5. Combat Phase**
Pile in and attack with melee weapons.
- 6. Battleshock Phase**
Test the bravery of depleted units.

Once the first player has finished their turn, the second player takes theirs. Once the second player has also finished, the battle round is over and a new one begins.

RULES

PRE-BATTLE ABILITIES

Some warscrolls allow you to use an ability 'after set-up is complete'. These abilities are used before the first battle round. If both armies have abilities like this, both players roll a dice, re-rolling in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest gets to use their abilities first, followed by their opponent.

HERO PHASE

As the armies close in, their leaders use sorcerous abilities, make sacrifices to the gods, or give strident commands.

In your hero phase you can use the wizards in your army to cast spells (see the rules for wizards on the last page of these rules).

In addition, other units in your army may have abilities on their warscrolls that can be used in the hero phase. Generally, these can only be used in your own hero phase. However, if an ability says it can be used in every hero phase, then it can be used in your opponent's hero phase as well as your own. If both players can use abilities in a hero phase, the player whose turn it is gets to use all of theirs first.

COMMAND ABILITY

In your hero phase, your general can use one command ability. All generals have the Inspiring Presence command ability, and some may have more on their warscroll.

Inspiring Presence: Pick a unit from your army that is within 12" of your general. The unit that you pick does not have to take battleshock tests until your next hero phase.

MOVEMENT PHASE

The ground shakes to the tread of marching feet as armies vie for position.

Start your movement phase by picking one of your units and moving each model in that unit until you've moved all the models you want to. You can then pick another unit to move, until you have moved as many of your units as you wish. No model can be moved more than once in each movement phase.

MOVING

A model can be moved in any direction, to a distance in inches equal to or less than the Move characteristic on its warscroll. It can be moved vertically in order to climb or cross scenery, but cannot be moved across other models. No part of the model may move further than the model's Move characteristic.

ENEMY MODELS

When you move a model in the movement phase, you may not move within 3" of any enemy models. Models from your army are friendly models, and models from the opposing army are enemy models.

Units starting the movement phase within 3" of an enemy unit can either remain stationary or retreat. If you choose to retreat, the unit must end its move more than 3" away from all enemy units. If a unit retreats, then it can't shoot or charge later that turn (see below).

RUNNING

When you pick a unit to move in the movement phase, you can declare that it will run. Roll a dice and add the result to the Move characteristic of all models in the unit for the movement phase. A unit that runs can't shoot or charge later that turn.

FLYING

If the warscroll for a model says that the model can fly, it can pass across models and scenery as if they were not there. It still may not finish the move within 3" of an enemy in the movement phase, and if it is already within 3" of an enemy it can only retreat or remain stationary.

SHOOTING PHASE

A storm of death breaks over the battle as arrows fall like rain and war machines hurl their deadly payloads.

In your shooting phase you can shoot with models armed with missile weapons.

Pick one of your units. You may not pick a unit that ran or retreated this turn. Each model in the unit attacks with all of the missile weapons it is armed with (see Attacking). After all of the models in the unit have shot, you can choose another unit to shoot with, until all units that can shoot have done so.

CHARGE PHASE

Howling bloodcurdling war cries, warriors hurl themselves into battle to slay with blade, hammer and claw.

Any of your units within 12" of the enemy in your charge phase can make a charge move. Pick an eligible unit and roll two dice. Each model in the unit can move this number in inches. You may not pick a unit that ran or retreated this turn, nor one that is within 3" of the enemy.

The first model you move must finish within 1/2" of an enemy model. If that's impossible, the charge has failed and no models in the charging unit can move in this phase. Once you've moved all the models in the unit, you can pick another eligible unit to make a charge, until all units that can charge have done so.

COMBAT PHASE

Carnage engulfs the battlefield as the warring armies tear each other apart.

Any unit that has charged or has models within 3" of an enemy unit can attack with its melee weapons in the combat phase.

The player whose turn it is picks a unit to attack with, then the opposing player must attack with a unit, and so on until all eligible units on both sides have attacked once each. If one side completes all its attacks first, then the other side completes all of its remaining attacks, one unit after another. No unit can be selected to attack more than once in each combat phase. An attack is split into two steps: first the unit piles in, and then you make attacks with the models in the unit.

Step 1: When you pile in, you may move each model in the unit up to 3" towards the closest enemy model. This will allow the models in the unit to get closer to the enemy in order to attack them.

Step 2: Each model in the unit attacks with all of the melee weapons it is armed with (see Attacking).

BATTLESOCK PHASE

Even the bravest heart may quail when the horrors of battle take their toll.

In the battleshock phase, both players must take battleshock tests for units from their army that have had models slain during the turn. The player whose turn it is tests first.

To make a battleshock test, roll a dice and add the number of models from the unit that have been slain this turn. For each point by which the total exceeds the highest Bravery characteristic in the unit, one model in that unit must flee and is removed from play. Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic being used for every 10 models that are in the unit when the test is taken.

You must choose which models flee from the units you command.

ATTACKING

Blows hammer down upon the foe, inflicting bloody wounds.

When a unit attacks, you must first pick the target units for the attacks that the models in the unit will make, then make all of the attacks, and finally inflict any resulting damage on the target units.

The number of attacks a model can make is determined by the weapons that it is armed with. The weapon options a model has are listed in its description on its warscroll. Missile weapons can be used in the shooting phase, and melee weapons can be used in the combat phase. The number of attacks a model can make is equal to the Attacks characteristic for the weapons it can use.

PICKING TARGETS

First, you must pick the target units for the attacks. In order to attack an enemy unit, an enemy model from that unit must be in range of the attacking weapon (i.e. within the maximum distance, in inches, of the Range listed for the weapon making the attack), and visible to the attacker (if unsure, stoop down and get a look from behind the attacking model to see if the target is visible). For the purposes of determining visibility, an attacking model can see through other models in its unit.

If a model has more than one attack, you can split them between potential target units as you wish. If a model splits its attacks between two or more enemy units, resolve all of the attacks against one unit before moving onto the next one.

MAKING ATTACKS

Attacks can be made one at a time, or, in some cases, you can roll the dice for attacks together. The following attack sequence is used to make attacks one at a time:

1. Hit Roll: Roll a dice. If the roll equals or beats the attacking weapon's To Hit characteristic, then it scores a hit and you must make a wound roll. If not, the attack fails and the attack sequence ends.

2. Wound Roll: Roll a dice. If the roll equals or beats the attacking weapon's To Wound characteristic, then it causes damage and the opposing player must make a save roll. If not, the attack fails and the attack sequence ends.

3. Save Roll: The opposing player rolls a dice, modifying the roll by the attacking weapon's Rend characteristic. For example, if a weapon has a -1 Rend characteristic, then 1 is subtracted from the save roll. If the result equals or beats

the Save characteristic of the models in the target unit, the wound is saved and the attack sequence ends. If not, the attack is successful, and you must determine damage on the target unit.

4. Determine Damage: Once all of the attacks made by a unit have been carried out, each successful attack inflicts a number of wounds equal to the Damage characteristic of the weapon. Most weapons have a Damage characteristic of 1, but some can inflict 2 or more wounds, allowing them to cause grievous injuries to even the mightiest foe, or to cleave through more than one opponent with but a single blow!

In order to make several attacks at once, all of the attacks must have the same To Hit, To Wound, Rend and Damage characteristics, and must be directed at the same enemy unit. If this is the case, make all of the hit rolls at the same time, then all of the wound rolls, and finally all of the save rolls; then add up the total number of wounds caused.

INFLECTING DAMAGE

After all of the attacks made by a unit have been carried out, the player commanding the target unit allocates any wounds that are inflicted to models from the unit as they see fit (the models do not have to be within range or visible to an attacking unit). When inflicting damage, if you allocate a wound to a model, you must keep on allocating wounds to that model until either it is slain, or no more wounds remain to be allocated.

Once the number of wounds suffered by a model during the battle equals its Wounds characteristic, the model is slain. Place the slain model to one side – it is removed from play. Some warscrolls include abilities that allow wounds to be healed. A healed wound no longer has any effect. You can't heal wounds on a model that has been slain.

MORTAL WOUNDS

Some attacks inflict mortal wounds. Do not make hit, wound or save rolls for a mortal wound – just allocate the wounds to models from the target unit as described above.

COVER

If all models in a unit are within or on a terrain feature, you can add 1 to all save rolls for that unit to represent the cover they receive from the terrain. This modifier does not apply in the combat phase if the unit you are making saves for made a charge move in the same turn.

WIZARDS

The realms are saturated with magic, a seething source of power for those with the wit to wield it.

Some models are noted as being a wizard on their warscroll. You can use a wizard to cast spells in your hero phase, and can also use them to unbind spells in your opponent's hero phase. The number of spells a wizard can attempt to cast or unbind each turn is detailed on its warscroll.

CASTING SPELLS

All wizards can use the spells described below, as well as any spells listed on their warscroll. A wizard can only attempt to cast each spell once per turn.

To cast a spell, roll two dice. If the total is equal to or greater than the casting value of the spell, the spell is successfully cast.

If a spell is cast, the opposing player can choose any one of their wizards that is within 18" of the caster, and that can see them, and attempt to unbind the spell before its effects are applied. To unbind a spell, roll two dice. If the roll beats the roll used to cast the spell, then the spell's effects are negated. Only one attempt can be made to unbind a spell.

ARCANE BOLT

Arcane Bolt has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 18" of the caster and which is visible to them. The unit you pick suffers D3 mortal wounds.

MYSTIC SHIELD

Mystic Shield has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick the caster, or a friendly unit within 18" of the caster and which is visible to them. You can add 1 to all save rolls for the unit you pick until the start of your next hero phase.

THE MOST IMPORTANT RULE

In a game as detailed and wide-ranging as *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*, there may be times when you are not sure exactly how to resolve a situation that has come up during play. When this happens, have a quick chat with your opponent, and apply the solution that makes the most sense to you both (or seems the most fun!). If no single solution presents itself, both of you should roll a dice, and whoever rolls higher gets to choose what happens. Then you can get on with the fighting!

WHAT'S NEXT?

Warhammer Age of Sigmar is a collecting, painting and gaming experience whose appeal and excitement lasts a lifetime. Whether it be assembling and painting a mighty horde of fantastical warriors or immersing yourself in the magical worlds and stories of the realms, *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* offers endless opportunities for enjoyment. Equally, if you hunger to launch your own crusade of conquest, you'll be hurling your armies into bloody battle before you know it.

INTO THE REALMS...

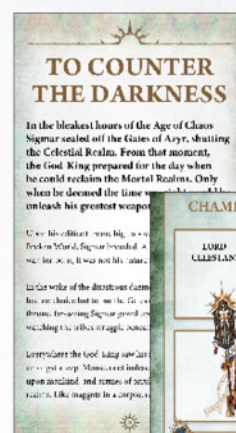
They say that every journey begins with a single step, and in the case of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* there is no better first step than the starter set itself. Contained within this exceptional set is an impressive range of beautifully detailed Citadel Miniatures, excellent starting forces for the brave and noble Stormcast Eternals and the murderous Khorne Bloodbound. This starter set is the starting point of a truly

epic story, pitting Vandus Hammerhand and his Hammers of Sigmar against the daemon-worshipping Korghos Khul and his cruel Goretide warriors. As such, not only does this starter set get you off to a great start with your model collections, but it also represents an excellent way to learn the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules and plunge straight into the story of the Age of Sigmar.



Another excellent avenue into *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* is the book of the same name. Providing the perfect companion volume to the contents of the starter set, this book is replete with beautiful artwork, helpful painting guides and showcases of models painted by the world-renowned 'Eavy Metal team – all in all, it's an excellent visual guide to the war across the realms. Furthermore, this book expands hugely upon the back story

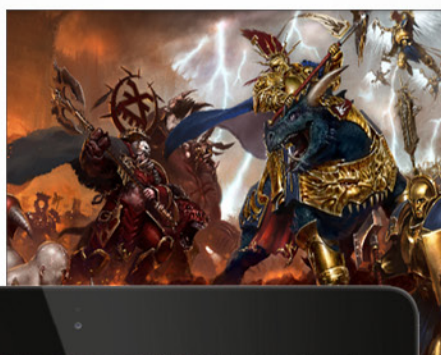
of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*, setting out the blood-soaked history of the Age of Chaos and revealing the opening moves of the God-King Sigmar's great gambit to defeat the Dark Gods. As if all this were not enough, it provides a wealth of warscrolls and battleplans allowing you to expand your own collections of miniatures, add new factions to your battles, and fight through many exciting new scenarios as your army grows.



THE REALMGATE WARS

A major feature of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* is its grand, ongoing narrative. This is more than just a collecting and gaming experience, it is also an interactive saga of battle in which you play the lead role. Just as *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* helps you begin this journey, so your copy of *The Realmgate Wars: Quest for Ghal Maraz* plunges you deeper

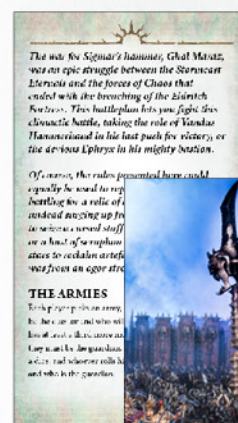
into this epic tale. This is an excellent next step down the collecting road, as this book details a plethora of new units to add to your armies and new battleplans for them to fight through. This is but the first in an ongoing series of narrative supplements, so as your collection of Citadel Miniatures grows and diversifies, so the stories you can tell on the battlefield grow ever more grand and exciting as well.



BATTLETOMES

Many collectors begin their journey with the miniatures from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* starter set, which provides all the excitement and satisfaction you need in your introduction to the battlefields of the Mortal Realms. Soon enough though, you will probably find that the many factions that wage war across the realms draw your eye. With their ever-growing miniatures ranges and inspiring stories, the races of the realms offer near-endless diversity for collectors; in each case, this history and model range is fully explored in the battletome

that accompanies that race. Whether it be the gore-drenched berserkers of the Khorne Bloodbound, the god-forged heroes of the Stormcast Eternals, the strange and otherworldly seraphon, or any of the other warlike races that populate the realms, the battletome will furnish you with everything you need to collect, organise, and tell stories upon the battlefield with that race. Thus, with each battletome you read, your knowledge of the races of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* will grow, and most likely your miniatures collection along with it.



THE STORY CONTINUES

With such vast and thrilling worlds to explore, there's always scope for more stories and greater adventures. As a fantastic companion to the narrative presented in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* collecting and gaming supplements – and your own tabletop tales of war and glory – you can also read about the exploits of the heroes and villains of the realms in our accompanying novels. These books can be both an invaluable

source of inspiration for your collection, and a great way to live out the action of the Realmgate Wars and beyond, blow by visceral blow. Such exciting tales as *War Storm* and *Ghal Maraz* tie directly into the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* narrative as it develops, giving you yet another route into the Mortal Realms and providing unique insights into the action that aren't available anywhere else.

