

WARHAMMER

AGE OF SIGMAR



CARRION
EMPIRE

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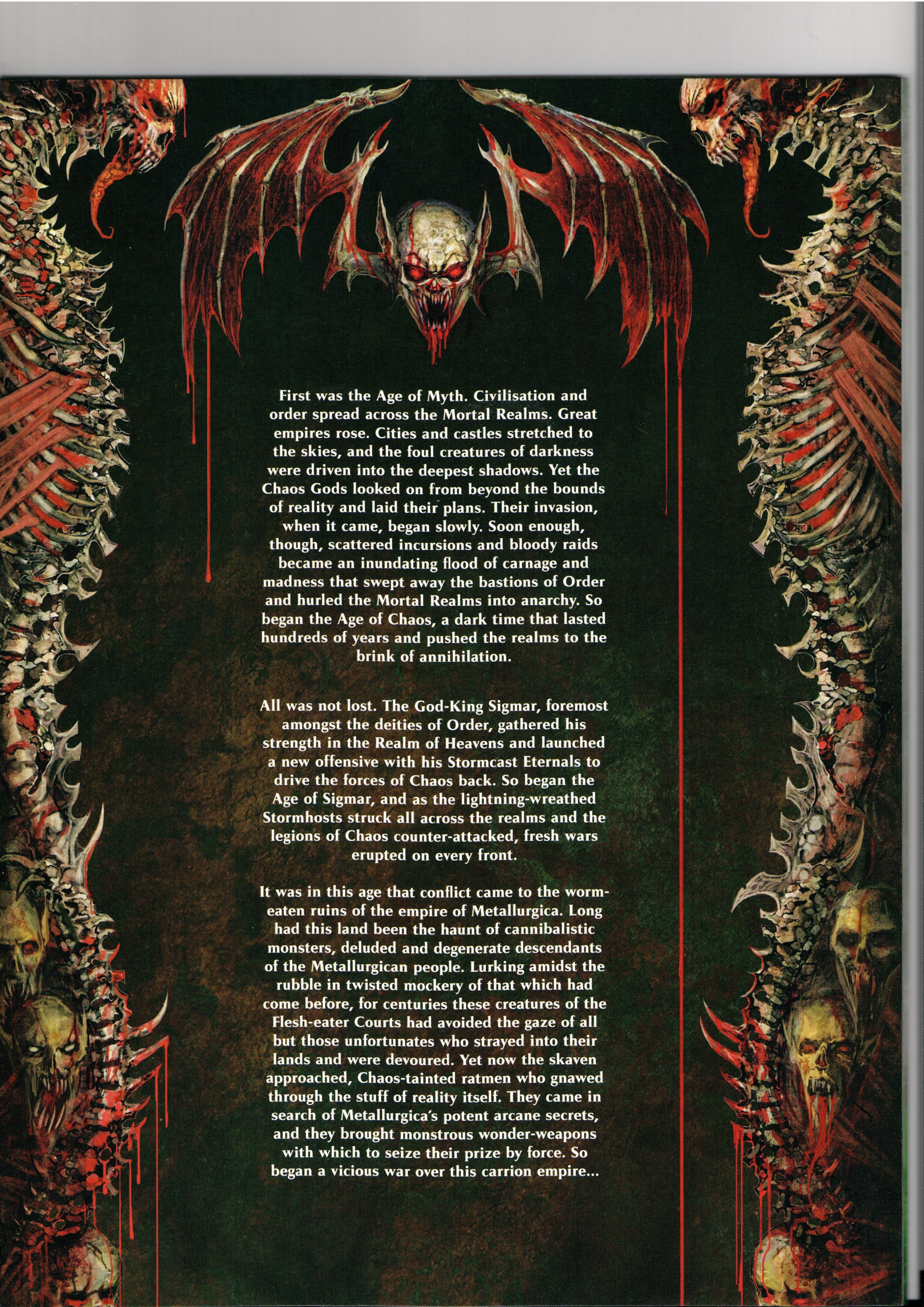
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First was the Age of Myth. Civilisation and order spread across the Mortal Realms. Great empires rose. Cities and castles stretched to the skies, and the foul creatures of darkness were driven into the deepest shadows. Yet the Chaos Gods looked on from beyond the bounds of reality and laid their plans. Their invasion, when it came, began slowly. Soon enough, though, scattered incursions and bloody raids became an inundating flood of carnage and madness that swept away the bastions of Order and hurled the Mortal Realms into anarchy. So began the Age of Chaos, a dark time that lasted hundreds of years and pushed the realms to the brink of annihilation.

All was not lost. The God-King Sigmar, foremost amongst the deities of Order, gathered his strength in the Realm of Heavens and launched a new offensive with his Stormcast Eternals to drive the forces of Chaos back. So began the Age of Sigmar, and as the lightning-wreathed Stormhosts struck all across the realms and the legions of Chaos counter-attacked, fresh wars erupted on every front.

It was in this age that conflict came to the worm-eaten ruins of the empire of Metallurgica. Long had this land been the haunt of cannibalistic monsters, deluded and degenerate descendants of the Metallurgican people. Lurking amidst the rubble in twisted mockery of that which had come before, for centuries these creatures of the Flesh-eater Courts had avoided the gaze of all but those unfortunates who strayed into their lands and were devoured. Yet now the skaven approached, Chaos-tainted ratmen who gnawed through the stuff of reality itself. They came in search of Metallurgica's potent arcane secrets, and they brought monstrous wonder-weapons with which to seize their prize by force. So began a vicious war over this carrion empire...

DYNASTY OF ARTISANS

During the Age of Myth there arose an empire of gifted artisans deep within Chamon, the Realm of Metal. The enchanted artefacts its people created were worth more than entire kingdoms, yet in the end these works would lead to the ruin of their makers.

THE GLORY OF CHAMON

The Realm of Metal is vast beyond mortal imaginings. It is a place of transmutation and alchemy, of precious ores, endless riches and enduringly powerful magic. Rocky islands bristling with groves of ironquill and goldenleaf rise from quicksilver oceans through which swim caustic spit-fish and steam-driven leviathans.

Continental landmasses rotate around one another in a stately dance of centuries, their coastlines interlocking perfectly like cogs in some cyclopean machine. Mountain ranges stretch for thousands of miles, rich with seams of precious minerals found nowhere else in all of reality, while floating islands drift amidst the clouds and rain molten metal upon the lands below.

Even before the coming of Sigmar, Chamon was a land that was as rewarding as it was dangerous to those who settled it. For every acidic lake, unstable geothermal fissure or ironclad rust-monster to be feared there was a fortune in precious stones to be claimed, an incredible power source to be tapped or a secret of metallurgic lore to be unlocked. When the God-King walked amongst the mortal tribes of Chamon and raised them up to true civilisation, he found peoples who were already sharp of mind and deft of hand.

The Chamonite tribes forged weapons, armour and war engines to drive back greenskin raiders and hungry beasts. They illuminated the night with alchemical light-globes, preserved their foodstuffs with chemical agents, and delved deep into the lands around them to increase their wealth. Humans and duardin maintained close and mutually beneficial alliances in many regions, each elevating the other through the sharing of knowledge and expertise.

It is unsurprising, then, that with the aid of Sigmar and his pantheon, the tribes and burgeoning kingdoms of Chamon exploded almost overnight into glittering sprawls of enlightenment, wealth and civilisation.



THE RISE OF METALLURGICA

Located at the northern edge of the region now known as the Kairic Heartlands, the Metallurgican Empire began as a scattering of walled settlements separated by sprawling forests, deep rivers and the beast-haunted crags of the Lackshelter Peaks. Though the names of the individual villages are long since lost to the ravages of time, it is known that they had already formed a loose alliance before the coming of Sigmar. The villages had united beneath the banner of a particularly courageous and skilled human family known as the Durensteins, whose skill at smithing was unmatched.

Not only did this clan arm and armour their neighbours in return for trade goods and fealty, but their patriarch, Omnori Durenstein, led successful purges of the wild places between the villages. By the time true civilisation swept across the Spiral Crux, Omnori's daughter Alemnicia had been named the first queen of what had become a large, stable and prosperous domain. So was the Kingdom of Metallurgica born.

Legend has it that Sigmar came to Metallurgica in person, and the smith in him was much impressed with the craft of its industrious people. Some stories have it that the God-King appeared before Alemnicia Durenstein in the garb of a simple blacksmith, the better to gauge the true worth of her court and her people. Others say that he arrived in full stately panoply, and was impressed to be met by a deeply respectful delegation rather than a huddle of awed village elders.

Whatever the truth, Sigmar imparted secrets of alchemical and industrious-sorcerous lore to the rulers of Metallurgica. He further left several trusted duardin craftsmasters as advisors to Queen Durenstein; along with their clansmen, they established the fortified hold of Kharz'Naghad and began digging deep mines throughout the kingdom.

What followed was a boom in civilisation that saw Metallurgica flourish and the Durensteins extend their rule for hundreds, then thousands of miles around them. Villages grew into towns, towns became cities, and cities merged into an enormous conurbation named Durenberg. New lands were conquered and more settlements rose, alongside enormous forge-fortresses and colleges of alchemical lore and learning.

By the time King Phylactor Durenstein III came to power, Metallurgica had become the centre of a thriving empire, the fortified boundaries of which stretched from Bladebreaker Bay to the Crystal Isle. Raiders, monsters and bandits were all but unheard of within the bounds of the Metallurgican Empire, and though political tensions regularly arose between the duardin forge-council, the Guild of Alchemists and the Royal Artisans of Durenberg, the empire was by and large a peaceful and remarkably prosperous place.

THE ARTISAN KINGS

A great part of the success of Metallurgica could be attributed to the artisanal skill of its rulers. Since the earliest days of the kingdom, when Sigmar graced them with his presence and knowledge, the Durenstein line had maintained a tradition of incredible craftsmanship. Many said that it was a divine gift, that the ability to fashion beautiful and powerful artefacts ran through the very veins of the Durenstein family.

The Durensteins recorded the secrets of each such artefact within a single tome – named the Book of Heirlooms – which they kept under lock and key. It was said that, so long as a Durenstein held the throne and graced the empire with their near-mythic skills of ensorcelled craftsmanship, Metallurgica would never fall.

'With refined realmstone and chymicals of the deeps, arcane energies and the riches of the peaks, thus do we fashion the heirlooms that will see us reign in perpetuity. Thus do we tap the power of the Mortal Realms themselves, and forge a bright future for our people that will outshine the stars of Azyr. We are blessed, my people, blessed, and so shall it be until time passes out of all memory, and the last night claims us all.'

– King Cruciban Durenstein II

While the Metallurgican Empire was rich in those who could smith and engineer, who could brew alchemical agents and construct intricate mechanisms, the skills of the Durenstein family went far beyond this, into the territory of true magic. As a test of their right to rule, each new heir to the throne was expected to fashion an enchanted item of great power that would then become their symbol of rulership upon their coronation. It was believed that the more potent the enchantments within the artefact, and the more beautiful its craftsmanship, the more auspicious the incumbent's reign would be.

Magical swords, axes and spears, enchanted helms, shields or entire suits of armour, ensorcelled sceptres, standards, mirrors, brooches, rings, necklaces; all these and countless other remarkable items were fashioned as the years went by, not only as coronation heirlooms, but by Durenstein regents who simply loved to hone their craft and create ever more magnificent artefacts with which to enrich their line. At the heart of Durenberg, the royal seat of power, rose the Palace of Miracles; within lay treasure chambers filled with enchanted heirlooms, and the Arcasanctum that played host to the incredibly elaborate artifice-engines used by the Durensteins to fashion their magic items.



It was rare indeed that an original Durenstein piece was traded away, but such was the reputation of the royal family's craftsmanship that entire alliances and even territorial annexations could be achieved through the promise of such a divine gift.

At the same time, the Durenstein heirlooms made the empire's armed forces a truly terrifying prospect to fight. Many foolhardy warlords and rival civilisations attempted invasion in the hopes of ransacking Durenberg and claiming the vast haul of artefacts for themselves. Yet with two or three Durensteins leading each martial response and wielding the mighty heirlooms of their ancestor kings and queens, every such invasion was repelled without mercy.

The Durenstein family sent many great armies and noble heroes to fight in Sigmar's wars against the encroachment of Chaos. They battled alongside the warriors of the Pantheon of Order, and their enchanted weapons helped to swing many conflicts in their favour, earning the admiration of their peers. It was during those battles that the doom of Metallurgica was sealed, for even as they fought bravely against the hordes to their fore, the Durensteins could not know that avaricious eyes studied them from amidst the ranks of their allies.

THE DARK INNOVATOR

Amongst the pantheon of the Dark Gods stands the Horned Rat, the deity of the verminous skaven. He is the fifth and lowliest of their number, yet his red-eyed gaze is fixed on advancement and conquest. The Horned Rat is a creature of plots and schemes, of patient gnawing at the roots of all things.

Just as the skaven are a schizophrenic race, fractured, factionalised and forever plotting against one another, so their deity is a being of many aspects, each of which plots against the others even as it scrambles for its own ascension. Each of the greater clans of skaven society worships a different one of these aspects. To the Clans Pestilens, for example, he is the Great Ruiner who will bring plague and desolation to all. The Warlock Engineers of the Clans Skryre worship the Horned Rat in his aspect as the Dark Innovator, a monstrous thing of sparking wires and churning gears with blazing warp-furnaces for eyes and a mind of crackling lightning. They seek to seize control of the gears of reality itself in his name and twist the realms into a shape more pleasing to the Dark Innovator and his interlocking schemes.



THE SHADOW OF NAGASH

When the Age of Chaos dawned and Sigmar staged his retreat to the Realm of Heavens, the people of the Metallurgican Empire chose to stand their ground. Their rulers raised their ensorcelled banners, drew up their grim-eyed ranks of warriors, and prepared to give battle to any who threatened their lands.

Anarchy reigned across the realms in the wake of the Battle of Burning Skies. Sigmar and his great alliance were in full retreat, their armies shattered and their bonds of fealty broken. Hordes of Chaos worshippers and gibbering daemons poured from Realmgates all across the Mortal Realms, many of them bursting out in the midst of populous cities and wreaking bloody havoc.

Entire nations fled towards Realmgates that led to Azyr, columns of refugees streaming through war-torn lands as bands of beleaguered warriors fought desperate rearguard actions to protect them.

King Thyador Durenstein chose to stand and fight. Despite its size, the Metallurgican Empire only played host to two Realmgates, and both were so heavily fortified that any Chaos invaders stood little chance of breaking through. The empire's borders were equally well defended, while Metallurgica's standing armies, both human and duardin, were vast.

To King Thyador, the notion of flight through terrain teeming with foes, towards an uncertain fate, seemed insane – doubly so when one considered that he would have to evacuate many thousands of loyal subjects.

Yet in truth, for all his logical arguments, King Thyador's decision was based upon a single factor: he would not abandon the artifice-engines. So vast and complex had the engines become that they sprawled through entire wings of the Palace of Miracles, the Arcasanctum now taking up almost a quarter of the huge structure. Incorporating ensorcelled components that plumbed directly into the magic of the realms, the artifice-engines could no more be disassembled and moved than they could fly away of their own volition.

King Thyador was damned if he was going to abandon thousands of years of Durenstein tradition to take to his heels. And so the armies of Metallurgica dug in, and the armouries of heirlooms were emptied in order to equip every hero in the land. One after another the warbands of Chaos were hurled back.

Then came Nagash.

THE RELENTLESS DEAD

Even as the forces of Chaos pushed into the Mortal Realms, the God-King Sigmar was betrayed by Nagash, Supreme Lord of the Undead. In retaliation, Sigmar pursued the Great Necromancer across Shyish with a berserker fury. Nagash stayed always a step ahead of his erstwhile ally, however, and as he fled he sought ways to gain an advantage over Sigmar.

It was during this time that Nagash's vast and terrible intellect turned to the armies of Metallurgica and the incredible magical artefacts he had seen them wield. With such weapons and armour in the hands of his Mortarchs, Wight Kings and revenant lords, Nagash would gain a powerful advantage over any rival deity who came against him.

The Great Necromancer weaves his webs over millennia, identifying advantages and predicting threats that may not come to pass for centuries. Nagash had long ago marked the location of Metallurgica within Chamon, lest he ever need to take its ensorcelled bounty for his own. His agents had crept into the dark corners of that mighty empire as they had into so many others.

Now, as Nagash stretched out his claw to take that which he desired, those agents sprang into action. Hidden covens of Necromancers wrought dark rituals in basements and mausoleums. Mass graves

hidden in the deepest mine workings stirred as corpses slithered from them like giant maggots. Tombs long ago engraved with hidden pentagrams shuddered and smoked as screaming swarms of gheists poured from within. Over the course of a single, dark night, huge armies of the undead massed within the Metallurgican Empire's borders and marched upon its surprised defenders.

The city of Obsidian fell to a swarming mass of Deadwalkers and zombified gargants, who devoured its screaming protectors and spilled out into the farmlands beyond. Iron Reach was besieged from within and without, duardin and humans fighting in ever-constricting circles against overwhelming hordes of the dead.

Worse, from the empire's many mine workings and arcane factories, hidden cults of cannibals and lunatics emerged to fall upon civilians and warriors alike. How long these broods of twisted monsters had existed amongst the empire's populace was unclear, but



as their rampages spread, their vast numbers could not be denied, and they laid claim to many areas.

King Thyador struck back with impunity. The Palace of Miracles disgorged its phalanxes of warrior-smiths and artisan lords, and the dead were hurled back on every front. Yet the foes within the empire's borders were only the first wave of attackers despatched by Nagash. Even as Metallurgican forces were diverted to crush the internal threats, fresh hordes of gheists and animate skeletons appeared on every border.

Day by day, week by week, cities fell and lands were lost as new armies of the dead marched against the Metallurgican Empire. Its defenders fought skilfully and tirelessly, but in the face of so many incursions, they were slowly pushed back to the very gates of the capital, Durenberg.

A DESPERATE PLAN

King Thyador realised that his forces were outnumbered. They might win every battle, yet against the endless onslaught of the dead they would eventually lose the war. He thus sought a way to weaken his enemy, to deal a blow so devastating that Nagash would relent altogether. For this, he turned to an ancient heirloom known as the Mirror of Distant Things.

The legends of the time do not state how this artefact worked – it is known only that Thyador's eldest nephew, Sir Boryean, successfully used it to steal one of the sacred books of Nagash for his uncle. Hastening to the Arcasanctum with his grim prize, King Thyador made to hurl the book into the chamber's churning reality forge. In that moment of triumph, he awoke the monstrous curse within the tome, and in so doing lost the war and damned his people at a single stroke.

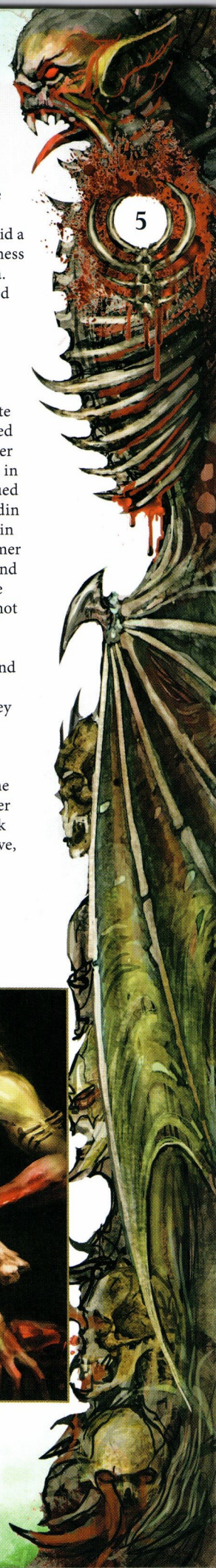
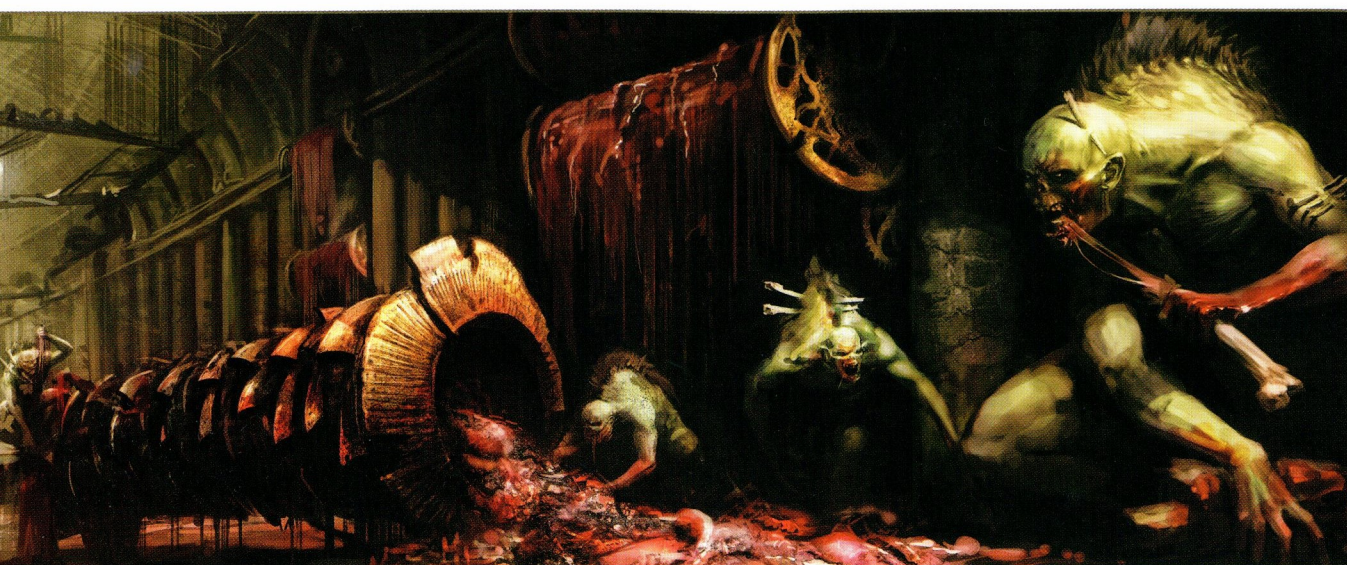


Suddenly paralysed, the king could only watch as an apparition of the Great Necromancer appeared within his Arcasanctum and plucked the cursed book from his

frozen hands. It was the final sane moment of Thyador's life; Nagash reached out one bony hand and laid a malediction of cannibalistic madness upon the last king of Metallurgica. Abhorrant vampirism, the dreaded Boon of Ushoran, claimed first Thyador and then, through him, every last one of his subjects.

So fell Metallurgica, its folk reduced in an instant to degenerate cannibals. The centuries unravelled before them as they laboured under the insane delusion that they had, in fact, defeated Nagash and continued as they were before. The last duardin of Kharz'Naghad were butchered in their halls by swarms of their former comrades. The cities mouldered and collapsed. In this new and terrible age the artifice-engines were fed not finely measured magical powders and refined ores, but gobbets of flesh and bone, tangles of sinew and rotted grave-mulch. At last, after hundreds of years of madness, they all but seized.

The lands themselves subsided as frenzied ghoul packs burrowed the mine workings further and further afield. The Palace of Miracles sank slowly into its own enormous grave, and through the ruins scuttled Abhorrant Archregent Thyador and his devolved people, preying upon all who strayed into their revolting domain.



THE VERMINOUS WAR

Though Metallurgica fell into ruin, still its legend persisted. In time, riddled with half-truths, exaggerations and errors, the tale of the kingdom of magical weapons reached the ears of viciously acquisitive beings. Before long, war raged within the sundered borders of Metallurgica again.

The race of Chaos ratmen known as the skaven inhabit the immense sub-realm known as Blight City. Conniving, egomaniacal, endlessly scheming and many trillions strong, the skaven fight constantly amongst themselves to rise to the top of their societal heap.

Though most skaven are cowardly creatures, they are also cunning opportunists, and as a species they have mastered the arcane arts of monster breeding, alchemical engineering and unstable, warpstone-fuelled magicks. Coupled with their endless ambition and vast numbers, these characteristics have allowed the skaven to launch anarchic conquests of entire swathes of the Mortal Realms.

A dark council of verminous lords rules over the skaven race, each belonging to a different clan. A handful of clans have risen to near-unassailable positions of power thanks to their expertise in particular areas. These are known as the greater clans, and are themselves broken up into dozens, sometimes hundreds, of lesser clans that share fractured echoes of one another's identity and skills.

The Clans Pestilens are brewers of plagues and diseases, their foul Plague Monks spreading weaponised corruption wherever they go. The Clans Moulder, meanwhile, breed a bewildering variety of rat-beasts for labour and war, ranging from swift-clawed Wolf Rats and lumbering Rat Ogors to the truly monstrous Hell Pit Abominations. The Clans Eshin are spies, assassins and infiltrators. The Clans Verminus provide endless swarms of rank-and-file warriors to bulk out the skaven hordes.

Then there are the Clans Skryre, the masters of esoteric machinery, the purveyors of mind-boggling weaponry and manipulators of arcane forces.

ENGINES OF WAR

The Clans Skryre are one of the greatest power bases in skavendom, for their Warlock Engineers hold the secrets to create unstable wonder-weapons that can decimate entire armies. Their clans are broken down into countless Enginecovens, each of which specialises in the creation of different, hideous weapons technologies.

The Arkhsark Voltik covens, for example, fashion weapons that shoot dark warp lightning. Meanwhile, the Rattlegauge Warlock covens create many-barrelled cannons that spray hot warp-shot into the foe, and the Whyrlblade Threshik covens build bladed death-engines of every conceivable sort.



Being skaven, there is constant rivalry even within individual Enginecovens; every Warlock Engineer is convinced that his next madcap invention or deranged scheme will propel him to the loftiest heights of power and see his rivals grovel snout-first in the dirt. Spies are regularly used to keep a beady eye upon – or indeed to sabotage – the projects of their employer's rivals, and to roam out into the Mortal Realms in search of information that might lead to some new technology.

It was one such slinking informant who entered the workshop of

Warlock Bombardier Skatchnik and brought word to him of an amazing discovery. Skatchnik, who was an engineer within Clan Shyvik of the Clans Skryre, set aside his latest attempt at a warpstone-charged flechette bomb. He listened, wide-eyed, to an account of an empire of man-things in the Lackshelter Peaks of Chamon that had stood resolute against the coming of Chaos.

His informant chattered a tale of a gleaming city at the heart of this empire, whose powerful arcane factories produced wondrous magical weapons and sorcerous devices by the hour. None had been able to conquer this place, said the informant, but then, none had the cunning and might of the skaven. Should the Clans Skryre muster their forces, however, the magical bounty would surely be theirs for the taking. They could claim the machines, and the ancient tome that contained all of their secrets, before bringing their new-found knowledge and tools to bear upon their rivals until they ruled all of Blight City!

Skatchnik was no fool. Indeed, even for a skaven, his sense of self-preservation was notably developed and his wits were lightning-quick. He knew that this informant would already have sold his secrets to at least half a dozen of Skatchnik's rivals. There was no way to keep such an amazing revelation a secret. He also had the sense to suspect that an entire kingdom armed with magical weapons might prove a little more resistant to conquest than this creeping rat-spy was suggesting.

Skatchnik knew he would have to be cunning in order to claim the secrets of these magical machines, doubly so if he were to ensure that he – and he alone – was able to do so!

Skatchnik thus ensured that, rather than keeping the details to himself, he was the one who rushed to the

Arch-Warlocks of Clan Shyvik and told them of his discovery. The information was, of course, snatched away and the glory of its discovery claimed by his superiors, yet still Skatchnik's rewards were not insubstantial; he was permitted to assemble his own Warpcoven and join the seething armies of conquest that gathered to claim Metallurgica's machines for themselves.

INVASION FROM BELOW

In the depths of Blight City, mighty engines shuddered to life and metaphysical drills began to churn. Rumbling on huge treads and rat-powered wheels the size of buildings, titanic boring devices began the burrowing of a vast new gnawhole.

The skaven alone possessed the secrets required to bore ragged tunnels through the stuff of existence itself, and could burst through the veil of reality wherever they so chose throughout the Mortal Realms – at least, there or thereabouts. The science of gnawholes was notoriously complex, and many of its practitioners were as unrealistic as they were frantically demanding.

So it was that, when the thrumming bore-engines broke through into Chamon and the armies of the skaven spilled forth, the sights that greeted them caused altercations between the warlords of the Clans Skryre, Verminus and Eshin. Believing that a gnawhole had been bored into the wrong location altogether, each looked to blame the incompetent underlings of their rivals.

They had expected a glittering kingdom of man-things and duardin-things, admittedly war-torn to some degree but undoubtedly rich, prosperous, and dripping with arcane machineries ripe for the stealing. Instead, the skaven had emerged into a semi-collapsed warren of mine workings, carrion mounds and subsided cityscapes that clearly had not seen the touch of civilisation for hundreds of years. Rotting ruins and rusting mechanisms sprawled on all sides, and as the Eshin scouting parties returned, worse was revealed.

There were machines here, remarkable engines and alchemical devices complex beyond the wildest imaginings of the skaven. Yet they were wrecked, their gears barely grinding and churning on. Fires still burned in their furnaces, but they were filled with blackened bone, and the corroded mechanisms of the machines were encrusted with centuries' worth of rotted flesh, crusted blood and rust.



Recrimination became shrieking rows and threats of violence between the teeming masses of the skaven swarms. It was then that slinking things were spotted gathering amidst the ruins. Mad eyes stared from the shadows. Sharp fangs glinted in the firelight. As one, a hissing, thousands-strong horde of Crypt Ghouls fell upon the skaven, and a subterranean war began.

Though the initial waves of Flesh-eaters were driven off, the skaven found themselves constantly besieged. Yet far from putting the ratmen off, this sudden war fired their enthusiasm again. Where such vast hordes of enemies existed, they reasoned, there must still be a prize worth defending.

Besides, the skaven are nothing if not accomplished scavengers, and many of the Warlock Engineers had already begun cannibalising what machineries they could in the hopes of wringing secrets out of them back in Blight City.

As the skaven invasion force split into separate swarms and swept out through the collapsed ruins

of Metallurgica, one mighty clash followed another. The massacre in the Hollowfort, the Battle of Grinding Fangs, the Quickskitter Ambush and many more savage conflicts rocked the ruined kingdom.

Sounds of gunfire and explosions, screams and sorcery echoed down dusty streets and tunnels. The clamour of battle rose through chasms and sinkholes until it reached even the surface lands and the slate-grey sky above them.

It was amidst this mayhem that Skatchnik made his move. Through substantial expenditure of resource, he had managed to secure the exclusive loyalty – at least for now – of several Clan Eshin Nightrunners. These he had sent out into the ruined kingdom, not in search of machines, but looking for the tome of secrets that his informant had mentioned.

A single Nightrunner returned to him, clawed and bloody but with word of a mighty palace, long faded and collapsed in upon itself, patrolled by hordes of ghouls. It lay deeper within the ruins than any skaven swarm had yet penetrated, but the Nightrunners had snuck inside. What they had seen was gruesome beyond words, yet in a deep sanctum they had glimpsed, briefly, the tome Skatchnik sought. Then the beast had fallen upon them, and all had become terror and blood...

Skatchnik knew this was his moment. He would gather his Warpcoven and slink away into the shadows, following hidden paths to reach the buried palace first. With his warp lightning cannon he would breach the walls, and with his towering intellect and natural cunning he would locate his prize. And should this 'beast' appear to defend its treasures? Well, that was what Skatchnik's Stormfiends and Doomwheel were there for.

Without further ado, the Warlock Bombardier and his followers crept away into the gloom, leaving their warring comrades far behind as they sought the true prize of this fallen empire.



RISE AND FALL

The tale of Metallurgica's rise and fall is a tragic one, typical of so many great civilisations who knew their heyday during the Age of Myth. Yet thanks to the dark influence of Nagash, Metallurgica fell further than most, and now plays host to a truly nightmarish war between scuttling hosts of horrors.

● THE AGE OF MYTH ●

IRON SEEDS SEWN

Elder Omnori Durenstein rallies the peoples of several human villages spread throughout the central foothills of the Lackshelter Peaks. Together, they drive off the packs of beasts and greenskins that have rendered the area dangerous, and build fortified watchtowers allowing them to keep the mountain roads open. The alliance of villages is formalised within a decade, becoming the Kingdom of Metallurgica, and Omnori Durenstein is named its king.

DIVINE VISITATION

During his wanderings across the Mortal Realms, Sigmar comes to the people of Metallurgica. Impressed with the labours and skill of the Durenstein dynasty, he imparts many secrets of arcane artifice to Queen Alemnicia. Sigmar leaves duardin smiths in his wake, advisors of his who establish their own hold of Kharz'Naghad amongst the highest of the Lackshelter Peaks.

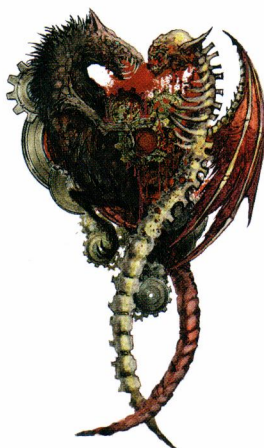
BLADES OF THE KING

At the height of the reign of King Ampolos Durenstein, a fissure in reality cracks open to the north of the Crystal Isle. A horde of daemonic entities spills forth to ravage the countryside south of Durenberg. With refugees streaming north and the southern wolds in flames, King Ampolos personally leads a mighty host of warrior-smiths into battle.

Though casualties are high, the remarkable magical heirlooms wielded by the Durensteins turn the tide of the battle, and when a duardin throng from Kharz'Naghad joins the fight from the east, the daemons are utterly annihilated. In the wake of the incursion, King Ampolos orders his court sorcerers to turn their attention to the growing threat posed by the followers of the Ruinous Powers.

● THE WAR AGAINST CHAOS ●

Sigmar's Pantheon of Order fight numerous battles against the ever-encroaching forces of the Dark Gods. Metallurgica contributes numerous armies to the ongoing wars, Queen Argentis despatching her warrior-smiths to fight at the Siege of Metraphos, the third war for the Shivered Veil, and the desperate naval engagements against the rotfleets of Bladebreaker Bay. It is during this period that the queen greatly reinforces the defences around the Metallurgican Empire's two Realmgates, wary of Chaos forces seizing control of them and using them to stage an invasion of her domain.



● THE BATTLE OF BURNING SKIES ●

Disaster strikes when, at the height of the apocalyptic Battle of Burning Skies, Sigmar loses his matchless warhammer, Ghal Maraz. Worse is to follow as Nagash betrays the forces of Order and leaves their fractured pantheon in tatters. The hordes of Chaos surge into battle all across the Mortal Realms, but Sigmar is so consumed by the furious need for vengeance that he chooses to pursue Nagash and seek revenge instead of aiding his beleaguered peoples. So it is that countless kingdoms fall into ruin.

● THE AGE OF CHAOS ●

RESISTANCE

King Thyador Durenstein makes the fateful decision that Metallurgica will stand its ground. The finest engineers and alchemists in the land are set to the task of enhancing the artifice-engines so that more and better magical weapons and artefacts may be produced. Brave sorties are launched into neighbouring kingdoms that are themselves in the process of violent collapse. The aim of these raids is to seize whatever materials can be acquired to help feed the artifice-engines of the palace and the war factories of the wider kingdom. Many who march out beyond Metallurgica's borders never return, and those who do come back with harrowing tales of madness and slaughter.

CHAOS DENIED

One after another, warbands of Chaos worshippers test themselves against the defences of the Metallurgican Empire's borders. One by one, they are hurled back in disarray. The Bloodbound hordes of Shakhar the Slaughterer, the wolfshead raiders of Ulgar Foesbane and the suppurating Cysts of Blorgbhol the Putrifier are all defeated by the martial skill and ensorcelled might of Metallurgica's armies. At the same time, several deviously hidden Tzeentch-worshipping cults are uprooted inside the empire's cities and ruthlessly put to the sword. For several years, by the Metallurgican calendar, the hordes of Chaos fling themselves at the empire to no avail. For a time, it seems as though King Thyador's choice to stand and fight was a wise one. This is fortunate, as the last of the Realmgates that grant passage to Azyr are now sealed, and so there is no chance of escape.

NIGHT TERRORS

Upon a pitch-dark night when all the moons are extinguished in the

sky and black cloud hangs over all, the armies of Nagash rise from their graves to assail the Metallurgican Empire from within. By dawn's first light, thousands upon thousands of Deadwalkers, Bonerattle legions, howling gheists and terrifying undead constructs roam the lands. From several of the empire's largest cities rise dark palls of smoke that bespeak disaster on a terrible scale. Desperate messengers pelt across the haunted countryside, bearing word to the king of all that has transpired. The War of the Risen Dead has begun.

FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL

King Thyador Durenstein and his armies march out against the deathless invaders. Before the walls of Forgespear, Thyador leads his elite Arcasanctorian Guard against the Wight Lord Mortallacht, and shatters the revenant's armies. The Shamblehorde that devoured the people of Obsidian are culled by the combined forces of duardin lord Lothgrimm and Countess Isabel Durenstein during a three-day battle of attrition. Transmutoria is overrun by ghoulish hordes, only to be put out of its misery by the blinding sorcerous light of the unleashed Sirenstone.

A thousand tales of heroism and desperation play out as the Metallurgican Empire writhes in the grip of the risen dead, and with every passing hour the ghastly truth becomes clearer. Though Metallurgica's armies have fought and won for weeks on end, their enemies' numbers appear inexhaustible and their resolve impossible to break. If they are not overrun by the dead, their empire will surely be so terribly weakened that the next Chaos horde to fall upon them will prevail where those before have failed. In short, the Durenstein dynasty cannot win this war by conventional means, even with all the might of their sorcerous arsenal at their disposal. Other routes to victory – and survival – must be explored.

THE CURSE

Following his ill-fated use of the Mirror of Distant Things, King Thyador attempts to hurl one of

Nagash's sacred books into the reality forge at the heart of his Arcasanctum. So are the book's ancient wards triggered, and so does an aspect of the Great Necromancer find its way into the heart of Metallurgica to unleash the Flesh-eater curse.

Even as madness surges through the kingdom and its peoples tear themselves apart in a psychotic orgy of cannibalistic bloodletting, so Nagash's legions march into the heart of the realm. Yet in a final irony, the Great Necromancer is denied, for it is at this time that a vast Bloodbound Warhorde sweeps into the kingdom of Metallurgica from the south. Nagash's legions are shattered in the resultant fighting and the Bloodbound rampage onwards, leaving the degenerate peoples of Metallurgica to sink deeper into madness by the day.



Centuries of creeping rot and tragic subsidence follow. Archregent Thyador continues his endless reign over his debased subjects, all of them secure in the ironclad delusion that they defeated Nagash and have held out, an unassailable empire of courage and loyalty to this day. All the while they snatch up any luckless enough to wander into their domain's ruined borders, tearing them limb from limb and feeding their choicest flesh and bones into their clogged and ruined machines.

THE AGE OF SIGMAR

A NEST OF NIGHTMARES

Over a century into the wars of reclamation, an ill-fated attempt is made by the Anvils of the Heldenhammer to capture the Starspiral Realmgate on the southern edge of the Lackshelter Peaks. This is meant to be the first step in establishing a new city of Order in the northern Kairic Heartlands. Instead, the Stormcast Eternals are overrun by hissing packs of ghouls and torn apart. Meanwhile, several of the Ironweld engineers who accompanied the expedition are snatched by Clan Eshin operatives and spirited away before the outbreak of violence. Under vicious interrogation, they reveal Sigmar's hopes of recapturing a mighty kingdom of arcane engines and magical artefacts. Swiftly the operatives scuttle into the shadows, bearing word back to Blight City.

GNAWBREACH

Mere weeks after the annihilation of the Stormcast expeditionary force, reality is shred asunder and a massive gnawhole opens up beneath the ruins of haunted Durenberg. From within emerge swarm after swarm of skaven, several powerful Clans Skryre leading hordes of lesser Clans Verminus and Eshin into the twisted underworlds of Metallurgica.

Almost immediately, King Thyador's loyal subjects gather to fall upon these skittering invaders. They cannot understand how so powerful a force of monsters could have broken into their kingdom, but their determination to hurl the foul creatures back is absolute. Their devotion to the mighty Archregent Thyador Durenstein has only increased as the years have passed, and through their efforts the artifice-engines are larger and more powerful than ever before. Absolute in the belief that they cannot be defeated, the Crypt Ghouls clash with the skaven in ever more violent battles across and beneath the riven surface of Metallurgica. Meanwhile, Archregent Thyador broods within his Arcasanctum, unaware of the Warlock Engineer sneaking ever-closer to steal his ancient secrets.





Beneath the fractured skies and towering ruins of Metallurgica, the mordant hordes of Archregent Thyador poured from their cracks and crevices to fall upon the piston-driven ratmen of the Clans Skryre. The snap of gunfire and the screams of dying monsters echoed through that sepulchral realm, shattering the quiet of ages.



FLESH-EATER COURTS

Hidden amongst the ruins of the Mortal Realms, the Flesh-eater Courts thrive. Bound by the madness of their vampiric abhorrant rulers, throngs of mordants live out their pitiful lives feasting upon the corpses provided by the endless war and strife of kingdom after kingdom.

ABHORRANT ARCHREGENTS

Abhorrant Ghouls are vicious vampiric abominations that believe themselves to be noble kings. Whether scrambling across the ground with impossible speed or riding into battle upon the backs of undead monstrosities, Abhorrant Ghouls are death incarnate to their foes. Time, and the curse of Ushoran the Carrion King, have given the abhorrants a hideous appearance far removed from the ageless beauty of other vampires. Yet in their mind's eye, these berserk creatures are the epitome of gracious

nobility and martial heroism, clad in shimmering suits of armour and comporting themselves with gallant chivalry at all times. The flesh-devouring, blood-smeared horror of their true selves is somewhat removed from this delusion, of course.

The longer that a Ghoul King exists in its state of madness, the more powerful it becomes. Some believe that this is simply the curse of Ushoran replicating belligerently in the vampire's clotted veins. Others have suggested that it is the power of the abhorrant's own madness that

bolsters the will and martial might of the creature. As the centuries creep by, the abhorrant becomes increasingly corded with iron-hard muscle, its hide ever thicker and more leathery. The vampire's madness deepens, its conviction in its own supremacy reaching such fanatical levels that it leaves traces of itself superimposed upon reality. Not only do the abhorrant's courtiers become ever more dedicated and loyal to their master, but even those who battle the Flesh-eaters begin to perceive flashes of the abhorrant's delusions, flickering like half-seen flames about the edges of their vision. It is a deeply disorienting and frightening experience, a supernatural projection of insanity that becomes increasingly pronounced as the abhorrant continues its ageless existence.

Eventually, such vampiric overlords ascend beyond the ranks of the Ghoul Kings to become Archregents. There is no formal ceremony or official recognition of such a thing, save that where an Archregent prowls, lesser abhorrants bow to its will. Where a Ghoul King requires the aid of its courtiers to rally the masses and command its armies into battle, an Archregent has such far-reaching and indomitable will that it can achieve this feat all by itself. Some amongst the Flesh-eaters believe them to be mouthpieces of Ushoran, the near-mythical primogenitor of the cursed abhorrants, with some Archregents even claiming to have attended the court of the Carrion King.

Where Abhorrant Ghoul Kings are ferocious hunters that lead their armies from the fore, Archregents become brooding and reclusive. Though they possess the raw strength to punch through a castle gate, or tear an armoured knight of Chaos in two with their bare talons, it takes a great deal for an Abhorrant Archregent to bestir



themselves to action. More often they retreat to the inner sanctums from which they once ruled their damned kingdoms, settling into a state of virtual self-hypnosis as they dwell upon the glories of their realm. The running of said empire is left to petty Ghoul Kings, who maintain the flesh harvests and carouse at the head of bloody feasts in the Archregent's honour.

Only when a truly mighty threat to the kingdom arises does an Abhorrant Archregent take to the battlefield, and then they are a force to behold. Sprinting fast as the wind, the Archregent tears through their enemies as though they were scads of wet parchment. Blood flows in rivers as the ancient abhorrant slakes its deranged thirst, before summoning its elite warriors to its side and shattering the enemy's strength with a single, almighty charge.

CRYPT GHOULS

Ghoul is a word known and despised in almost every corner of the Mortal Realms. These vile creatures make up the majority of a Flesh-eater Court's degenerate armies. They have an appetite for flesh that is both repulsive and insatiable. Infected by their abhorrant ruler's insanity, the Crypt Ghouls see themselves not as monsters, but as loyal footmen and eagle-eyed scouts that serve their noble master's will. Nor do they see the corpse-flesh they feast upon for what it is; to the ghouls, every goblet of bleeding meat and shard of splintered bone is a hearty mouthful of well-prepared food fit for a king's table. The ghastly truth is that Crypt Ghouls form hordes of ravenous cannibalistic monsters, and anyone caught in their path has but two choices: fight or be devoured.

Utterly devoted to their abhorrant master, Crypt Ghouls brave death without hesitation. Any craven parts of their soul have been extinguished by the madness of their king, and they fight like rabid beasts, often dying to the last rather than failing their lord. In those rare instances when a ghoul does turn to flight, their kin swiftly drag them down. Cowards are perceived as traitors,

after all, and deserve naught but an ignoble death.

CRYPT HORRORS

Despite their hunched forms, Crypt Horrors loom above their smaller brethren. Each is a towering monster of pale flesh and twisted bone. Hideously strong, they rip organs right out of their screaming victims, stuffing steaming handfuls of viscera into their dripping maws even as their ruptured prey writhe in agony at their feet. Crypt Horrors were once ghouls, who have been fed vampire blood by their abhorrant ruler and emerged from their twisted metamorphosis stronger, faster and even more monstrously ravenous than before.

In the depths of their delusion, Crypt Horrors believe themselves to be heroic knights charging into battle clad in shining plate. As befits their role within the court, they are often the first to the fight, sprinting out ahead of the king's foot soldiers to crash into the midst of their enemies. Here, their supernatural resilience and prodigious strength are put to good use, each sweep of their claws opening throats and shattering shields. Return attacks have little effect, the Crypt Horrors' bodies quickly healing even the most grievous of wounds. At times their sucking flesh even closes around their enemies' blades, leaving the horrified foe trapped and soon to be torn limb from limb.

These regenerative powers are a gift of the abhorrant's blood that runs in their veins, though it comes at a price. The Crypt Horrors' muscles and bones constantly twist and grow, jagged spars from their ribs and backs forcing their way through their flesh just as their teeth and talons push their way free of gums and fingers. Only the attention of the abhorrant's Abattoir keeps their growth in check, the bone spurs regularly harvested to make trophies for the king's men.

CRYPT PLAYERS

Crypt Players haunt the night, dark shadows against a moonless sky.

With grasping claws, they snatch hapless victims off their feet, sinking their fangs into their captives even as they soar back into the sky, leaving nothing behind but spilled gore.

When the blood of monsters flows freely upon the feasting table, an abhorrant might bestow a horrific transformation upon his servants. On these fell nights are the Crypt Players born. As the blood of the king mingles with a concoction of Terrorgheist flesh and necromantic fluids, ghouls are twisted into new and terrifying shapes until, like monstrous moths, they emerge into the world. Growing huge and twisted like Crypt Horrors, Crypt Players gain the added nightmare growth of leathery wings. Their claws elongate, spines burst from their backs and their eyes glow to pierce the dust and gloom of battle. No longer bound to the earth, they take to the skies as airborne scouts and warriors of the court. Ferocious killers, Crypt Players wheel through the air above the Flesh-eater Court's domain, sniffing the wind for juicy hunting grounds.

Crypt Players are regarded with awe and adulation by their mordant kin. It is viewed as a good omen to see one or more of these winged beings circling above an expedition, and their shrill screams in the darkness fill each ghoul with pride to be in their king's service. The Crypt Players believe themselves to be warriors borne aloft on enchanted pinions, thanks to the blessings of their sovereign. The noblest of their number are the Crypt Infernals – taller and stronger than the rest, they lead from the front as shining examples to their 'men'.

Crypt Players are darkly blessed by the tainted Terrorgheist flesh they have ingested, and have gained the ability to unleash an echo of that monster's mind-shredding shriek. Opening their mouths impossibly wide, they let loose a chorus of chilling howls, as if the gates to a dozen underworlds had been flung wide at once, and freeze their enemies to the spot with terror in the instant before they strike from above.



THE SKAVEN CLANS SKRYRE

The Clans Skryre derive their power from warpstone-infused techno-sorcery of the darkest kind. Led into battle by the same deranged engineers who fashioned their potent weapons of war, the skaven of the Clans Skryre delight in annihilating their enemies with a bewildering arsenal of unstable but deadly wonder-weapons.

WARLOCK BOMBARDIERS

The notorious warlocks of the Clans Skryre are the artificers of skaven society. They blend arcane sorceries with technology in an insane and mind-boggling mix. There are many different schools of engineering scattered throughout the Clans Skryre, with each individual warlock being left to choose his own favoured specialism. Many become Warlock Engineers, whose areas of construction and sorcery are broad and varied. Others become slowly more obsessed with particular areas of arcane death-dealing, from the

gas-jetting Warlock Fumigators to the esoteric sciences of the Warlock Geocumancers who guide the drill-engines that fashion skaven gnawholes. Meanwhile, Warlock Bombardiers become ever more fixated on long-ranged explosive death.

Just as with their more generalised Warlock Engineer counterparts, Warlock Bombardiers are able to use the complex arrays of warp vanes and power accumulators on their armour to channel and unleash sorcery in the form of warp lightning. These crackling bolts

obliterate anything unlucky enough to be caught in their paths.

Beyond this, however, Warlock Bombardiers practise a far more specialised form of slaughter. Theirs is the field of long-ranged fissile devastation, and their favoured weapons are the so-called doomrockets that they build in their precarious workshops.

In essence, a doomrocket consists of a long brass pole fitted with a trigger and warp-volt sparking mechanisms, upon which is affixed a sizeable warhead. When the Warlock Bombardier points his rocket in the general direction of the foe and squeezes the trigger, a shock of warp lightning runs up the insulated pole and sparks off the propellant in the doomrocket's base. There comes a roar and an intense blast of flame as the doomrocket leaps from its launcher and races off through the air towards the foe. Corkscrewing down on a dirty trail of smoke, the warhead slams into the enemy's midst and detonates with a ferocious green flash. When the smoke clears, hideous devastation is revealed in the explosion's wake.

Different Warlock Bombardiers prefer to fashion alternative types of warheads for their weapons. Often this preference is dictated by their Enginecoven allegiance. Thus, those Bombardiers belonging to Whyrlblade Threshik tend towards flechette bombs, while Gascloud Chokelung Bombardiers create long-range poison-wind bombs, and those of the Gautfyre Skorch fashion bombs that explode in sprays of corrosive warpfire.

STORMFIENDS

Rat Ogors are hulking beasts stitched together out of component parts assembled or grown by the Clans Moulder. When these psychotically violent war beasts are



combined with the arcane sciences of the Clans Skryre, something truly abominable is created.

Larger still than a normal Rat Ogor, clad in hunchbacked armour that mounts crackling warpstone generators for extra power, Stormfiends are amongst the most terrifying weapons to emerge from Blight City. Moreover, Stormfiends overcome the greatest weakness suffered by unaugmented Rat Ogors – that of a very small brain. This is achieved by the gruesome expedient of suturing their packmasters directly to their backs. These luckless ‘volunteers’ are fused to their monstrous charges with wires and tubes, their own bodies atrophying until they become little more than auxiliary brains whose only purpose is to guide the Stormfiends and direct their fury.

As if their phenomenal resilience, virtual immunity to pain and shield-crushing strength were not enough, the Clans Skryre further arm Stormfiends with an arsenal of spectacularly destructive weaponry. This transforms them into either walking artillery pieces or line-breaking assault units with few equals. Moreover, directed by their vestigial packmasters, they stomp forwards with beady-eyed determination, holding to their simple but destructive purpose no matter the odds ranged against them.

Stormfiends armed with ratling cannons can lay down screaming hails of hot warp-lead bullets that reduce swathes of the enemy to red mist in moments. Those with warpfire projectors shoot goutts of green-black caustic flame over great distances that dissolve anything they hit, while those armed with windlaunchers hurl poison-wind globes into the foe’s midst, where the corrosive gasses swiftly render flesh and metal alike into bubbling goo.

By comparison, Stormfiends with doomflayer gauntlets annihilate their enemies in hand-to-hand combat with huge motorised iron balls and arrays of whirring blades. Those bearing shock gauntlets

are transformed into walking lightning-generators, lethal energies arcing off them in all directions to annihilate anyone luckless enough to be stood nearby. Then there are the grinderfists, which combine the ability to tunnel through the bedrock of the battlefield and attack from unexpected quarters with the capacity to churn through armour, flesh and bone with hideous efficiency.

DOOMWHEELS

Few devices sum up the sheer inhuman ingenuity of the skaven better than the infernal war engine known as the Doomwheel. At first sight, the Doomwheel might seem ludicrous to those who have never seen one in battle. This delusion is soon shattered as the war engine ploughs into the enemy lines, spitting bolts of coruscating warp lightning while crushing everything in its path to bloody paste.

Rats scampering on twin treadmills inside an enormous wheel provide the primary motive power of this bizarre machine. This, in turn, sparks the warpstone generator that, if all goes well, powers bolts of lethal warp lightning. If the green and purple bolts that arc out from the warp conduits do not slay the foe, then it will be up to the great iron-reinforced wheel to crush all who dare to stand before the Doomwheel’s creaking but mighty track. At the centre of the contraption sits a Warlock Engineer who pilots the mad creation. Occupying this mighty death-dealing artifice of destruction leaves the Warlock Engineer so full of bold reassurance that the otherwise dubious courage of his race is, at least partially, offset. Doubtless the wafting fumes from the warpstone generator bolster the engineer’s confidence as well.

Of course, there are always teething problems that make the Doomwheel dangerously haphazard. For instance, the rat propulsion system of the Doomwheel might, on occasion, produce results that veer between disappointing and deeply lethargic. At the same time, it is

not uncommon for an overstressed warpstone generator to fire wild arcs of lightning at random, or to simply detonate in spectacular fashion. The Warlock Engineer who pilots the Doomwheel also has much to attend to, ensuring that the warpstone generator is not overloading or goading the rat propulsion with a shock-prod. Sometimes, steering is a duty that cannot take priority, and it is not uncommon to see Doomwheels plough through a swarm of allies or two before they slam into the enemy lines. Random, cruel and undeserved death is nothing new for the skaven, however, and so long as Doomwheels continue to rip through the foe’s formation with such breathtaking effectiveness, they will continue to be built.

WARP LIGHTNING CANNONS

The Warp Lightning Cannon is a contraption built by the fiendishly clever Warlock Engineers of the Arkhsark Voltik Enginecovens and is powered by an enormous hunk of raw warpstone. This wonder-weapon generates unearthly energy, which is directed along a rune-etched barrel forged and enchanted to channel such destructive fury.

When fired, the Warp Lightning Cannon emits a sizzling ball of warp energy. Any skaven near the shock are rocked in its wake – their fur stands on end while sickly green after-images sear across their vision. The bolt arcs groundwards, punching through anything in its path and then erupting in a crackling cloud of pure warp lightning. The shot flashes too quickly to follow, but its trail, once it hits the ground, is easily marked. Blackened corpses twitch in its wake, and anything large enough to interpose itself is left with a smouldering hole several feet wide punched through it. Naturally, Warp Lightning Cannons make excellent siege weapons, for few and far between are the gates or walls that can long absorb such punishment – at least so long as the crew-rats do not overload their weapon and blow themselves sky high.





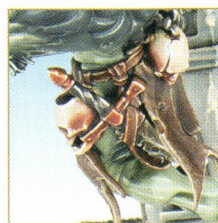
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THE FIENDS BELOW

The Flesh-eater Courts and Clans Skryre are both verminous and foul, yet where one is a teeming mass of corpse-eating monsters, the other is a chittering horde of brass-clad war engines and monstrous war beasts. On the following pages are images of these hordes and the colours they bear into battle.



Abhorrant Archregent





Crypt Horror



Crypt Hunter



Crypt Horror



Ghouls and weapon-beasts engage in vicious battle amidst the echoing ruins of Metallurgica.



Archregent Thyador sends his Crypt Horrors into battle.



Crypt Flayer



Crypt Infernal



Crypt Flayer



Crypt Ghast

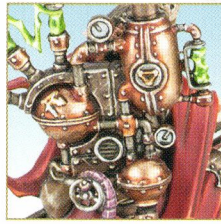


Crypt Ghouls



Crypt Horrors surge into the blazing gunfire of the Stormfiends.



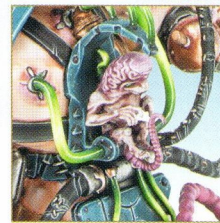
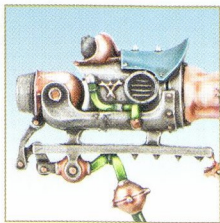


Warlock Bombardier



Stormfiend with shock gauntlets and warpstone-laced armour





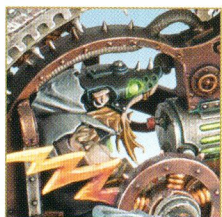
Stormfiend with windlaunchers



Stormfiend with ratling cannons

The verminous wonder-weapons of the Clans Skryre advance into the stygian depths of Metallurgica.





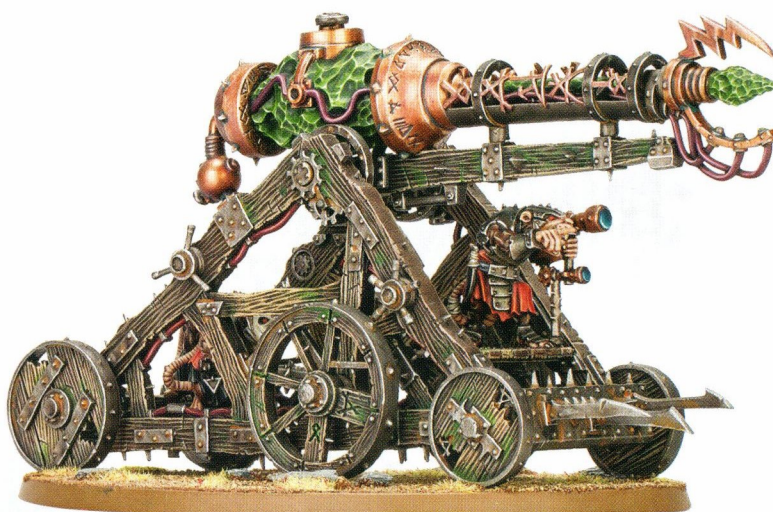
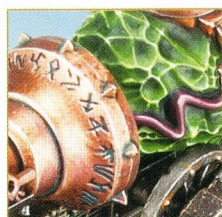
Doomwheel



The Doomwheel leads the charge into the Crypt Ghouls horde.



The Warp Lightning Cannon crackles with power as it prepares to fire.



Warp Lightning Cannon



WAR IN THE DARKNESS

This book contains all of the rules you need to field the Citadel Miniatures included in *Carrion Empire* on the battlefields of the Mortal Realms in games of Warhammer Age of Sigmar. The rules are split into the following sections.

BATTLEPLANS

This section includes three new narrative battleplans that can be played with the Citadel miniatures included in *Carrion Empire* (pg 26-31).

WARSCROLLS

This section includes all of the warscrolls you will need to play games of Warhammer Age of Sigmar with the models in this box. The warscrolls are divided into warscrolls for battalions and warscrolls for units.

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

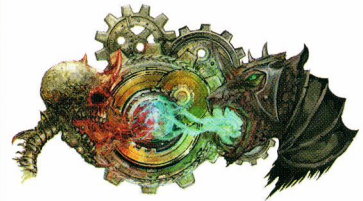
These are formations made up of several units that combine their strengths to gain powerful new abilities (pg 32-33).

WARSCROLLS

The rules for using a unit, along with its characteristics and abilities, are detailed on its warscroll (pg 34-40). A warscroll for each unit in *Carrion Empire* is included here.

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

This section contains Pitched Battle profiles for the units and warscroll battalions in this book (pg 41).





Amidst the gloomy ruins of Metallurgica, flesh-eating ghouls fall upon the invading skaven.

TO SUNDER THE SUNKEN WALL

Scurrying far ahead of the main skaven invasion force, Warlock Bombardier Skatchnik and his Warpcoven made their way along sunken roads and through part-exhumed grave-fields. Eventually they found themselves before the high walls of the Palace of Miracles, which had sunken into a noisome grave-pit.

Crouched amidst the rubble of a collapsed tower, Skatchnik peered through his long-see goggles and muttered to himself. At his back, his Stormfiends gave rumbling growls as they prowled restively. The beasts wanted to kill something, Skatchnik knew, and their wizened packmasters would only be able to hold them in check for so long. Engineer Vritch leant against his idling Doomwheel, managing to look both bored and disparaging all at once. The Warp Lightning Cannon's crew-rats fussed over their machine, making ostentatious and unnecessary adjustments.

Skatchnik ignored them all. He had to think. Just as the Eshin operative had sworn, here lay the carcass of a palace. It sat in a sinkhole many miles across, whose jagged slopes were littered with the slumped remains of streets and structures like the one the Warpcoven hid in. The mouldering palace was partially

collapsed; to Skatchnik it looked like some huge beast that had fallen from the skies and had been broken upon the rocks below.

For all that, the place was far from undefended. From his vantage point, Skatchnik could see that the walls of the inner palace complex were more or less intact. Any rents had been patched with clots of splintered bone and rubble that looked to have been mortared in place with a gory flesh-paste. Pallid, humanoid figures scrambled and loped through the ruins around the walls. They moved in packs, and after a short period of intense observation Skatchnik had determined that the ghouls weren't moving at random. They were patrolling, a twisted parody of men-at-arms marching the bounds of their lord's castle.

Skatchnik had to admit that the idea of stand-up fight against an entire palace of Crypt Ghouls was unlikely

to end well. No, he mused, this would require cunning and subtlety. That said, he was an engineer of the Clans Skryre and had a mind of whirring cogs and a grasping acquisitiveness. His temperament didn't lend itself to patience. Besides, Vritch's pointed sneer was getting on his nerves.

Scanning along the base of the wall, Skatchnik finally settled upon a rather tumbledown-looking stretch of stonework where the patrols appeared to be less frequent. He chattered a quick string of instructions to his underlings and they scampered into motion. They would force a breach, as quickly and quietly as his battery of crackling Skryre weaponry allowed, then scurry inside the palace before the ghouls could react. It was a plan of masterful simplicity. Skatchnik congratulated himself as he hefted his doomrocket and prepared to advance. What could possibly go wrong?



BATTLEPLAN BREACH-BREACH!

THE ARMIES

One player is the Clans Skryre player and their opponent is the Flesh-eater Courts player. Their armies must consist of the following units:

Clans Skryre Army: 1 Warlock Bombardier, 1 Warp Lightning Cannon, 1 unit of 3 Stormfiends

Flesh-eater Courts Army: 1 unit of 3 Crypt Players, 2 units of 10 Crypt Ghouls

SET-UP

The Clans Skryre player sets up their army first, wholly within 12" of the breaching point shown on the map below. All of the units in the Flesh-eater Courts army are set up off the battlefield as reserve units.

FIRST TURN

In this battle, the Flesh-eater Courts player must take the first turn in the first battle round.

ROVING PATROLS

At the start of their hero phase, the Flesh-eater Courts player can pick one of their reserve units that is not on the battlefield and roll

a dice. They must set up the unit wholly within 6" of the Flesh-eater Courts edge that corresponds to the dice roll. The reserve unit can move normally on the turn in which it arrives.

In addition, if any units in the Flesh-eater Courts army are destroyed, they are replaced with an identical reserve unit that can arrive on a future turn as that turn's roving patrol.

MAKING THE BREACH

The Warp Lightning Cannon in the Skryre army can be used to make a breach instead of shooting in its shooting phase. To do so, it must be within 6" of the breaching point, and more than 3" away from any enemy units.

The first time the Warp Lightning Cannon makes a breach, place a Breach marker showing a 1 at the breach point. The second time the Warp Lightning Cannon makes a breach, replace the marker with the Breach marker showing a 2. The third time the Warp Lightning Cannon makes a breach, replace the marker with the Breached! marker – the breach is now wide enough for the skaven army to pass through it.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

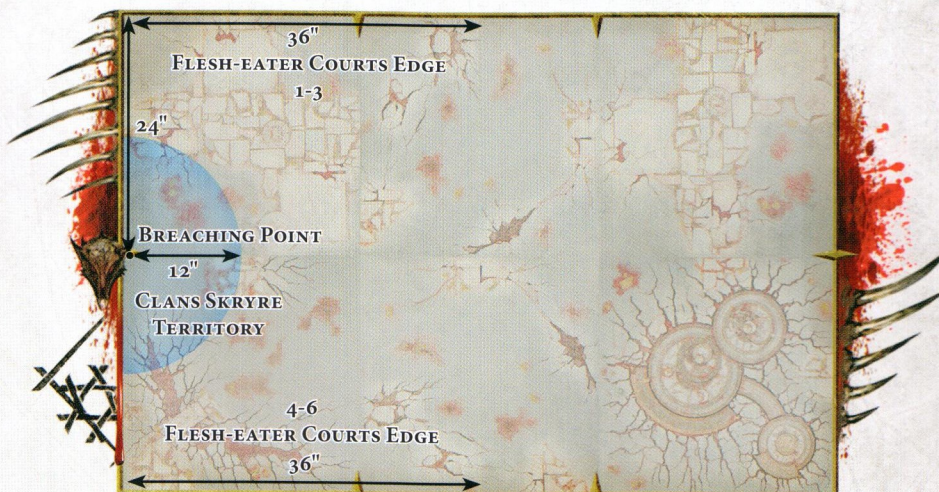
The battle ends when the Warlock Bombardier is slain, or if the breach is wide enough for the skaven army to pass through and the Warlock Bombardier is within 3" of the breaching point.

The Clans Skryre player wins a **major victory** if the Warlock Bombardier has not been slain, and he and the Warp Lightning Cannon are within 3" of the breaching point when the battle ends.

The Clans Skryre player wins a **minor victory** if the Warlock Bombardier has not been slain, and he is within 3" of the breaching point when the battle ends.

The Flesh-eater Courts player wins a **minor victory** if the Warlock Bombardier has been slain but the breach is wide enough for the skaven army to pass through when the battle ends.

The Flesh-eater Courts player wins a **major victory** if the Warlock Bombardier has been slain and the breach is not wide enough for the skaven army to pass through when the battle ends.



THIEVES IN THE NIGHT

It was the sound of distant explosions that stirred Archregent Thyador from his brooding. At first he thought perhaps it was thunder, a storm rolling in over his fair kingdom from the benighted world beyond. But no, he knew the sound of cannon-fire when he heard it. The King scowled. This was a new and unwelcome development.

Archregent Thyador sat on his towering throne. The magnificent metal seat dominated the heart of the Arcasanctum, the better for him to oversee the workings of his artifice-engines as they took precious metals and refined realmstone, and transformed them into magical artefacts.

Machines groan, grinding bone, rusted gears spitting gobbets of rotten flesh, leering skulls cracking and blackening in stinking furnaces as carcasses are transformed into just so many mangled scraps of misery and horror.

The crack of cannon fire came again, echoing down the palace corridors. It sounded strange to Thyador's sharp ears, but then the weapons used by the Great Necromancer always were. How long now had Nagash been trying to steal the bounty of Metallurgica? It seemed like centuries, though of course such

a notion was preposterous. Still, Thyador couldn't help but wish his foe would just capitulate – the war had ground on for years, and though his people had defeated Nagash at every turn, still it was a drain upon resources and morale. Heaving a sigh, Archregent Thyador motioned his courtiers close. Wise old advisors and bold young knights looked up at him expectantly. He placed one hand on the Book of Heirlooms, where it rested on the arm of his throne. He felt his chest swell with pride at the sight of these brave souls, and the magnificent artefacts they bore.

Upon the throne of rust, the worm-skinned abhorrant leans forward with a guttural snarl. Gibbering and hissing, monsters from nightmares throng about its feet, crawling on hands and knees, clutching foul bone clubs and gore-matted metal spikes.

Thieves, reported the Duke Bilechewer. This was no true

invasion. Instead, Nagash employed slinking mercenaries clad in bizarre animalistic garb. It seemed they were making a dash for the Arcasanctum in the belief that the war around Durenberg would have the King suitably distracted.

Thyador scoffed. Old Bones was growing desperate, it seemed! He issued his commands, and his soldiers leapt to it, spreading out through the palace grounds in search of the thieves. They wouldn't get far, thought Thyador. Indeed, he was so unconcerned that he felt a little breakfast might be in order before he took a personal hand in matters.

The monster on the throne snatches up a mangled arm from the carrion heap by its throne and begins to worry at the decaying flesh.

Truly, thought Thyador, the Master Victualler had excelled himself with the pork today.



BATTLEPLAN SNEAK-SNEAK!

THE ARMIES

One player is the Clans Skryre player and their opponent is the Flesh-eater Courts player. Their armies must consist of the following units:

Clans Skryre Army: 1 Warlock Bombardier, 1 Doomwheel, 1 unit of 3 Stormfiends

Flesh-eater Courts Army: 1 unit of 3 Crypt Horrors, 2 units of 10 Crypt Ghouls

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battlefield represents an area of corridors within the Abhorrant Archregent's Arcasanctum. The thick black lines are walls that block movement and visibility.

SET-UP

The Clans Skryre player sets up their army first, wholly within 6" of the entrance edge of the battlefield.

The Flesh-eater Courts player sets up their army second. One unit must be set up wholly within 3" of each of the guard posts shown on the map. Place a Guard marker beside each unit after it is set up to show that the unit is on guard duty (see opposite).

DARK HALLWAYS

Before the battle begins, and then at the start of the Flesh-eater Courts player's hero phase, roll 2D6. The roll determines the maximum distance at which enemy units can be seen until the Flesh-eater Courts player's next hero phase.

GUARD DUTY

Units in the Flesh-eater Court army that have a Guard marker cannot move or attack. A unit has its Guard marker removed if:

1. One or more enemy units are visible to the unit on guard duty at the end of the Flesh-eater Courts player's hero phase.
2. An enemy unit attacks the unit on guard duty.
3. An enemy unit moves within 3" of the unit on guard duty.

In addition, if any attacks are made in a shooting or combat phase, the Flesh-eater Courts player must roll a dice at the end of that phase for each unit that is on guard duty. On a 6 that unit's Guard marker is removed.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

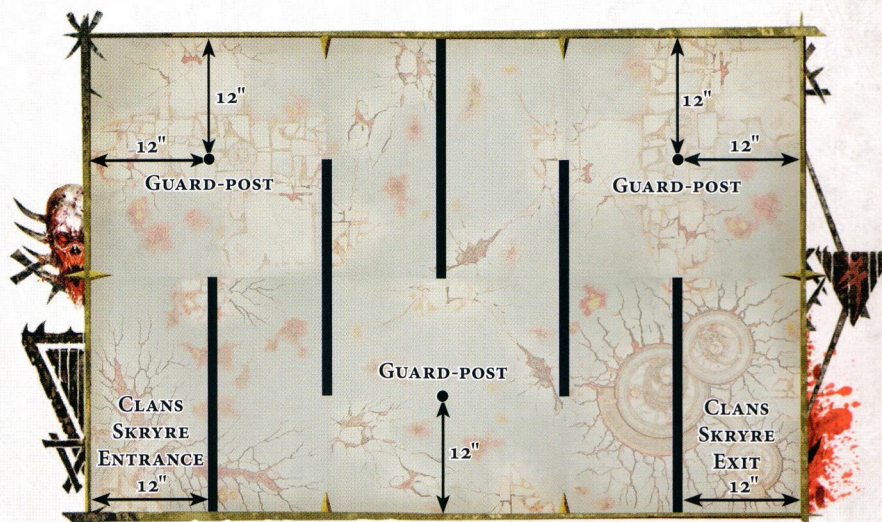
The battle ends when the Warlock Bombardier is slain, or if the Warlock Bombardier is within 6" of the exit edge at the start of any of the Clans Skryre player's turns without a wall being between them and the exit edge.

The Clans Skryre player wins a **major victory** if the Warlock Bombardier has not been slain and at least one Flesh-eater Courts unit is still on guard duty when the battle ends.

The Clans Skryre player wins a **minor victory** if the Warlock Bombardier has not been slain and no Flesh-eater Courts units are still on guard duty when the battle ends.

The Flesh-eater Courts player wins a **minor victory** if the Warlock Bombardier has been slain and no Flesh-eater Courts units are still on guard duty when the battle ends.

The Flesh-eater Courts player wins a **major victory** if the Warlock Bombardier has been slain and at least one Flesh-eater Courts unit is still on guard duty when the battle ends.



GOING FOR THE THROAT

Dodging patrols and cutting down those ghouls that had tried to intercept them, Skatchnik's Warpcoven had made it to the very gates of the enemy's inner sanctum. There had been casualties, of course, but their lives meant less to Skatchnik than spent warpslot casings. All that mattered was the prize.

Engineer Vritch goaded his wheel-rats and sent his Doomwheel careening through the cavernous archway ahead. Skatchnik followed with a curse. Vritch couldn't be allowed to beat him to the glory!

The Warlock Bombardier burst through the archway, Stormfiends lumbering at his heels. The Warp Lightning Cannon crew-rats gasped with effort as they wheeled their weapon into position. Skatchnik's gaze took in a vast chamber, its ceiling partially caved in and its walls ruptured. Huge engines and cog-festooned machines took up much of the chamber, crackling energy-vanes and arcane mechanisms jutting from them at strange angles. The engines must have been incredible things, once – now they were rusted beyond repair, their gears turning fitfully as they tried to chew through the wads of corpse-matter and filth that had been rammed into their workings.

Dominating the space was a high throne constructed from corroded metal. Rising from this seat of power was a towering monster, its fanged face contorted in outrage. A hissing tide of cannibalistic creatures spilled from the innards of the machines, loping on taloned limbs or flapping through the air on tattered wings.

Travelling too fast to swerve aside, Vritch's Doomwheel ploughed into the charging mass of Flesh-eaters. Blood sprayed and warp lightning leapt in crackling arcs, sending blackened mordants bouncing and rolling away aflame. Then the abhorrant on the throne tensed and sprang, sailing through the air like a bolt from a ballista. It hit the Doomwheel and – to Skatchnik's horror – smashed the war engine sideways in an explosion of sparks and arcing lightning.

Squirting the musk of fear, Skatchnik reflexively swung his doomrocket

up and squeezed the trigger. There was a spark and a roar as its warhead shot away, ploughing into the ghouls massed around the upended Doomwheel. Skatchnik took a moment to appreciate the terrific explosion that followed, and the impressive rain of flechette blades and ghoul viscera it created. He grinned despite himself.

There would be time for self-congratulation later. Monstrous shapes stirred amidst the smoke that had filled the chamber. Skatchnik ordered his Stormfiends forwards and screeched at his cannon crew to get their weapon firing. Then he scanned the throne room with his multi-spectral goggles. Somewhere in here lay the tome he had come to steal. As the abhorrant's red eyes blazed in the gloom, and fresh waves of hissing ghouls burst from darkened corners, Skatchnik felt his first moment of doubt. He still had to stay alive long enough to claim his prize...



BATTLEPLAN STEAL-STEAL!

THE ARMIES

One player is the Clans Skryre player and their opponent is the Flesh-eater Courts player. Their armies must consist of the following units.

Clans Skryre Army:

Skatchnik's Warpoven (pg 32).

Flesh-eater Courts Army:

Arcsanctorian Guard (pg 33).

SET-UP

The Flesh-eater Courts player sets up their army first. The Abhorrant Archregent must be set up first, within 3" of the objective. Each other Flesh-eater Courts unit is then set up more than 12" from any other friendly unit, and more than 12" from Clans Skryre territory.

The Clans Skryre player sets up their army second, wholly within their own territory.

FIRST TURN

In this battle, the Clans Skryre player must take the first turn in the first battle round.

TAKEN OFF GUARD

The Flesh-eater Courts player cannot spend any command points in the first battle round. In addition, Flesh-eater Courts units cannot run or charge in the first battle round.

TAKE-TAKE!

The Warlock Bombardier can steal the objective if he is within 3" of the objective at the start of the Clans Skryre player's hero phase.



GLORIOUS VICTORY

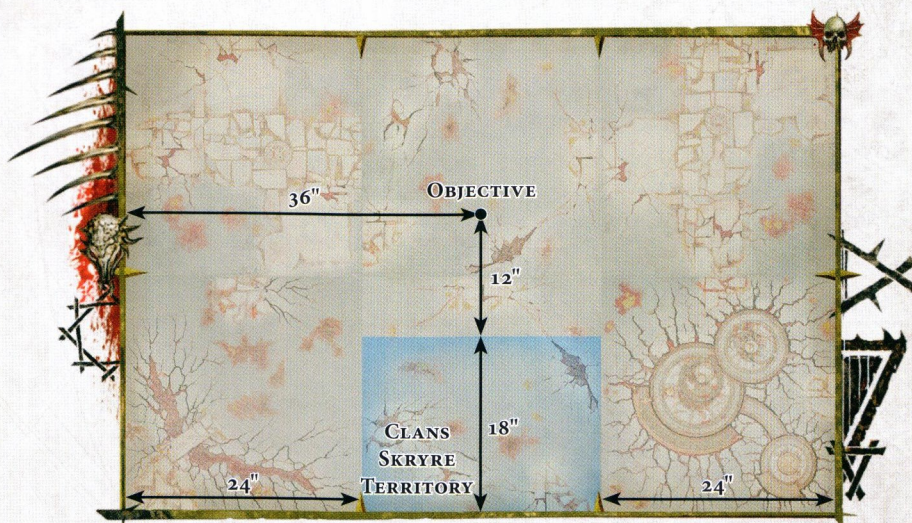
The battle ends at the end of the fifth battle round.

The Clans Skryre player wins a **major victory** if the Warlock Bombardier has stolen the objective and has not been slain when the battle ends.

The Clans Skryre player wins a **minor victory** if the Warlock Bombardier has stolen the objective but has been slain when the battle ends.

The Flesh-eater Courts player wins a **minor victory** if the Warlock Bombardier has not stolen the objective when the battle ends, but has not been slain.

The Flesh-eater Courts player wins a **major victory** if the Warlock Bombardier has not stolen the objective and has been slain when the battle ends.



WARSCROLLS

This section includes new Skaven Skryre and Flesh-eater Courts warscrolls and warscroll battalions. Updated February 2019; the warscrolls printed here take precedence over any warscrolls with an earlier publication date or no publication date.

WARSCROLL BATTALION SKATCHNIK'S WARPCOVEN



Warlock Bombardier Skatchnik has gathered a compact but powerful raiding party that boasts weapons from his own Whyrlblade Threshik Enginecoven, as well as a Warp Lightning Cannon bartered for slaves from an engineer of the Arkhsark Voltik. It is a potent combination, made more so by Skatchnik's heightened cunning.

ORGANISATION

Skatchnik's Warpcoven consists of the following units:

- 1 Warlock Bombardier
- 1 Warp Lightning Cannon
- 1 Doomwheel
- 1 unit of 3 Stormfiends

ABILITIES

Sneaky Cunning: *Skatchnik is deeply cunning, and appreciates well the value of an (often explosive) surprise attack. He always ensures that he catches a foe unawares, so that he and his followers suffer as little harm as possible in the vital opening moments of a battle.*

In the first battle round, roll a dice each time a wound or mortal wound is allocated to a model from this battalion. On a 5+ that wound or mortal wound is negated.

THE ARCASANCTORIAN GUARD



Archregent Thyador prizes the wondrous engines of his Arcasanctum above all the other glittering jewels of his kingdom. Accordingly, he has gathered the finest of his warrior-smiths into a noble brotherhood known as the Arcasanctorian Guard, who would gladly give their lives to protect the divine machineries of their craft.

ORGANISATION

The Arcasanctorian Guard consists of the following units:

- 1 Abhorrant Archregent
- 1 unit of 3 Crypt Flyers
- 1 unit of 3 Crypt Horrors
- 1 unit of 20 Crypt Ghouls

ABILITIES

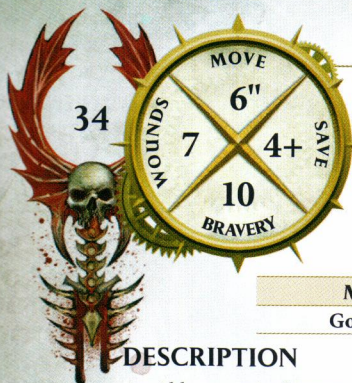
Sanctum Guardians: *The Archregent and his chosen warriors believe that the machineries they defend represent the heart and soul of a dynasty that stretches back to the Age of Myth. They will fight like savages to protect them, no matter the cost.*

You can re-roll failed charge rolls for units from this battalion. In addition, units from this battalion do not take battleshock tests.



ABHORRANT ARCHREGENT

Archregents are Ghoulish Kings that have ruled for hundreds upon hundreds of years and have grown terrifyingly powerful. They are supremely mighty vampiric warrior-kings, and are accustomed to the instant obedience of all around them.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Gory Talons and Fangs	1"	7	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

An Abhorrant Archregent is a single model armed with Gory Talons and Fangs.

ABILITIES

Imperial Blood: *An Archregent has an unnatural vitality that heals horrific wounds in moments.*

In your hero phase, you can heal up to 3 wounds allocated to this model.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast two spells in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind two spells in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Ferocious Hunger spells.

Ferocious Hunger: *The Archregent's dark sorcery raises the cravings of its minions to extraordinary new heights.*

Ferocious Hunger has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick a friendly **FLESH-EATER COURTS** unit wholly within 24" of the caster and visible to them, and roll a D3. Add the roll to the Attacks characteristic of melee weapons used by that unit until your next hero phase.

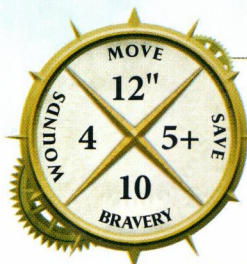
COMMAND ABILITY

Summon Imperial Guard: *With a snap of its fingers, the Archregent summons some of its most trusted warriors to the battlefield.*

You can use this command ability at the end of your movement phase. If you do so, pick a friendly model that has this command ability and has not used it before in the battle. That model summons 1 of the following units to the battlefield: 1 **COURTIER**; or 1 unit of up to 3 **KNIGHTS**; or 1 unit of up to 20 **SERFS**. The summoned unit is added to your army, and must be set up wholly within 6" of the edge of the battlefield and more than 9" from any enemy units.

KEYWORDS

DEATH, VAMPIRE, FLESH-EATER COURTS, ABHORRANT, HERO, WIZARD, ABHORRANT ARCHREGENT



CRYPT FLYERS

Monstrous predators of the sky, Crypt Flyers flock together in a beating of dark wings and hissing maws. Enemies are snatched up by their sudden strikes and torn asunder, while the creatures' keening call is enough to break a warrior's spirit.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Death Scream	10"	1	See below			
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Piercing Talons	1"	4	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Crypt Flyers has any number of models, each armed with a Death Scream and Piercing Talons.

CRYPT INFERNAL: The leader of this unit is a Crypt Infernal. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of a Crypt Infernal's Piercing Talons.

FLY: This unit can Fly.

ABILITIES

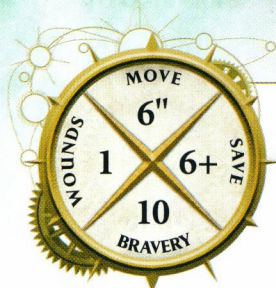
Death Scream: *Crypt Flyers can unleash an ultrasonic cry that can kill or debilitate their victims.*

Do not use the attack sequence for an attack made with a Death Scream. Instead roll 2D6. Subtract 2 if the target unit is more than 3" from the attacking model. If the result is higher than the target unit's Bravery characteristic, the target unit suffers a number of mortal wounds equal to the difference between its Bravery characteristic and the result.

Skewering Strike: *Sometimes a Crypt Flyer will strike with such force that the victim is skewered upon its piercing talons.*

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with Piercing Talons is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.

KEYWORDS DEATH, MORDANT, FLESH-EATER COURTS, KNIGHTS, CRYPT FLYERS



CRYPT GHOULS

Filled with a dark hunger, Crypt Ghouls pounce upon their prey. They are ferocious in great numbers, as each mordant competes with its kin for food. Should a ghoul catch a glimpse of their king, they will fight all the harder, eager to prove their worth.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Sharpened Teeth and Filthy Claws	1"	2	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Crypt Ghouls has any number of models, each armed with Sharpened Teeth and Filthy Claws.

CRYPT GHAST: The leader of this unit is a Crypt Ghast. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of a Crypt Ghast's Sharpened Teeth and Filthy Claws.

ABILITIES

Boundless Ferocity: *When Crypt Ghouls gather in large numbers their ferocity knows no bounds.*

Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this unit's Sharpened Teeth and Filthy Claws while it has 20 or more models.

Royal Approval: *Crypt Ghouls will always do their utmost to attract the attention of their sovereign.*

You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made by this unit while it is wholly within 18" of a friendly **ABHORRANT**.

KEYWORDS DEATH, MORDANT, FLESH-EATER COURTS, SERFS, CRYPT GHOULS

CRYPT HORRORS

Each sweep of a Crypt Horror's claws ladles heaps of dripping meat into its gaping maw. Blessed by the abhorrant's blood, their own flesh heals quickly, and even mortal wounds close over as if they never were.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Club and Septic Talons	1"	3	4+	3+	-	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Crypt Horrors has any number of models, each armed with a Club and Septic Talons.

CRYPT HAUNTER: The leader of this unit is a Crypt Haunter. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of a Crypt Haunter's Club and Septic Talons.

ABILITIES

Chosen of the King: *Crypt Horrors are the most devoted servants in a Ghoul King's army.*

You can re-roll failed hit rolls for attacks made by this unit while it is wholly within 18" of a friendly **ABHORRANT**.

Noble Blood: *The blood of their liege grants Crypt Horrors a supernatural ability to heal any damage that they suffer.*

In your hero phase, you can heal 1 wound allocated to this unit.

Warrior Elite: *Crypt Horrors are amongst the most deadly warriors in a Flesh-eater Court.*

If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with a Club and Septic Talons is 6, that attack has a Damage characteristic of 3 instead of 2.

KEYWORDS

DEATH, MORDANT, FLESH-EATER COURTS, KNIGHTS, CRYPT HORRORS



A tide of mordants spills forth at the urging of their master, the Abhorrant Archregent.

WARLOCK BOMBARDIER

Warlock Bombardiers are those engineers who develop a particular penchant for weapons that deliver explosive death from extreme range. Their alchemical armaments cause substantial devastation wherever they strike home.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Doomrocket	18"	1	4+	3+	-1	D6
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Firing Pole	1"	1	5+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Warlock Bombardier is a single model armed a Doomrocket and Firing Pole.

ABILITIES

More-more Doomrocket!: *An engineer can overload a doomrocket's warhead if they dare.*

Before you make a hit roll for an attack with a Doomrocket, you can say that the engineer has overloaded the warhead. If you do so, the Damage characteristic for that attack is 2D6 instead of D6. However, if you do so and the

unmodified hit roll is 1, that attack fails and this model suffers 2D6 mortal wounds.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast one spell in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind one spell in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Warp Lightning spell. Any number of **WARLOCK ENGINEERS** can attempt to cast Warp Lightning spells in the same hero phase.

Warp Lightning: *The engineer points his claw and bolts of warp lightning arc outwards.*

Warp Lightning has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick one enemy unit within 12" of the caster and visible to them. That unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. Before making the casting roll, you can say that this model will use its warp-power accumulator to augment the spell. If you do so and the casting attempt is successful and not unbound, the spell inflicts D6 mortal wounds instead of D3. However, if you do so and the casting attempt fails or is unbound, this model suffers D6 mortal wounds.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, SKAVEN, SKAVENTIDE, CLANS SKRYRE, HERO, WIZARD, WARLOCK ENGINEER, WARLOCK BOMBARDIER

WARP LIGHTNING CANNON

The Warp Lightning Cannon channels energy from a huge chunk of refined warpstone in order to send roiling blasts of green and black lightning hurtling across the battlefield.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Warp Lightning Blast	24"	See below				
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Teeth and Knives	1"	D6	5+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Warp Lightning Cannon is a single model armed with a Warp Lightning Blast and the crew's Teeth and Knives.

ABILITIES

Warp Lightning Blast: *A warp lightning cannon fires bolts of pure warp lightning that disintegrate any who are caught by them.*

Do not use the attack sequence for an attack made with a Warp Lightning Blast. Instead roll a dice; that roll determines the power of that

attack. Then roll 6 more dice. The target suffers 1 mortal wound for each of those rolls that is equal to or greater than the power of that attack.

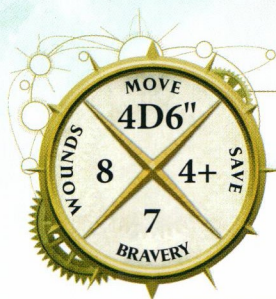
More-more Warp Lightning!: *A Warlock Engineer can increase the power output of a warp lightning cannon, but at the risk that it will harm the weapon and its crew.*

Before you roll the dice that determines the power of a Warp Lightning Blast for this model, if there is a friendly **WARLOCK ENGINEER** within 3" of this model you can say that the engineer will increase the weapon's power output. If you

do so, roll 12 more dice instead of 6 more dice for that attack. However, after the attack has been resolved, this model suffers D3 mortal wounds for each unmodified roll of 1 on those 12 dice. A single **WARLOCK ENGINEER** cannot be used to increase the power output of more than one Warp Lightning Blast in the same phase.

KEYWORDS

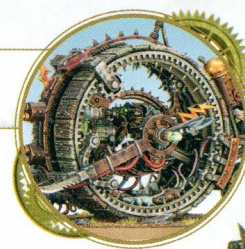
CHAOS, SKAVEN, SKAVENTIDE, CLANS SKRYRE, WAR MACHINE, WARP LIGHTNING CANNON



• WARSCROLL •

DOOMWHEEL

Amongst the most deranged inventions of the Clans Skryre, the Doomwheel is a rumbling war engine that crushes enemies to a bloody paste while spitting bolts of warp lightning into their midst.



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MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Warp Bolts	13"	D6	3+	3+	-1	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Grinding Wheel	1"	D6	3+	3+	-1	1
Teeth and Knives	1"	6	5+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Doomwheel is a single model armed with Warp Bolts, a Grinding Wheel and its crew's Teeth and Knives.

ABILITIES

Rolling Doom: *A Doomwheel will mercilessly crush anything in its path.*

When this model makes a normal move, it can pass across models with a Wounds characteristic of 3 or less in the same manner as a model that can fly. In addition, after this model has made a normal move or a charge move, roll a dice for each unit that has any models it passed across, and each other unit that is within 1" of this model at the end of the move. On a 2+ that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

More-more Speed!: *The Warlock Engineer that pilots a Doomwheel can goad the rats that propel it in order to make it move faster, but at the risk that they will turn and attack their tormentor.*

When this model makes a normal move, you can re-roll the 4D6 roll that determines its Move characteristic. However, if you do so and the new roll includes any dice with an unmodified roll of 1, then your opponent carries out that normal move for that model instead of you.

More-more Warp Bolts!: *A daring or foolhardy engineer pilot can overload their Doomwheel's warp lightning generator.*

Before you determine the Attacks characteristic for this model's Warp Bolts attack, you can say that the engineer is overcharging the warp lightning generator. If you do so, the Attacks characteristic for that attack is 2D6 instead of D6. However, if you do so and you roll a double, this model suffers 2D6 mortal wounds after all of the attacks have been resolved.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, SKAVEN, SKAVENTIDE, CLANS SKRYRE, WAR MACHINE, DOOMWHEEL

STORMFIENDS

Stormfiends are monstrous fusions of vat-bred Rat Ogors and Clan Skryre contraptions. They are the lumbering shock-troops of the Clans Skryre, and can sweep away entire enemy units in a heartbeat with their vicious wonder-weapons.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ratling Cannons	12"	3D6	4+	3+	-1	1
Windlaunchers	24"	3	4+	4+	-3	D3
Warpfire Projectors	8"	See below				
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Doomflayer Gauntlets	1"	2D3	3+	3+	-2	D3
Grinderfists	1"	4	4+	3+	-2	2
Shock Gauntlets	1"	4	4+	3+	-1	2
Clubbing Blows	1"	4	4+	3+	-	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Stormfiends has any number of models. Up to one third of the models in the unit (rounding up) can be armed with either Warpfire Projectors or Windlaunchers. Up to one third of the models in the unit (rounding up) can be armed with either Ratling Cannons or Grinderfists. Up to one third of the models in the unit (rounding up) can be armed with either Doomflayer Gauntlets and Warpstone-laced Armour, or Shock Gauntlets and Warpstone-laced Armour.

ABILITIES

Doomflayer Gauntlets: Whirling gyroscopic gears make doomflayer gauntlets especially deadly when the bearer charges at a foe.

Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with Doomflayer Gauntlets if the attacking model made a charge move in the same turn.

Grinderfist Tunnellers: Grinderfists can be used to create underground tunnels.

If a unit includes any models equipped with Grinderfists, instead of setting up that unit on the battlefield, you can place it to one side and say that it is set up underground as a reserve unit.

At the end of each of your movement phases, roll a dice for each underground reserve unit. On a 1 or 2, that unit remains underground in reserve (roll for it again in your next movement phase). On a 3+, set up that unit on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy units.

Any underground reserve units that are still underground and which fail to arrive at the end of your third movement phase suffer D6

mortal wounds. Any surviving models are then set up on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy units.

Shock Gauntlets: Sometimes the electrical discharges created by a pair of shock gauntlets create a series of linked explosions.

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with Shock Gauntlets is 6, that attack inflicts D6 hits on that target instead of 1. Make a wound and save roll for each hit.

Warpfire Projectors: These horrific weapons engulf the target in searing gouts of warpfire.

Do not use the attack sequence for an attack made with a Warpfire Projector. Instead, roll a dice for each model in the target unit that is within 8" of the attacking model. For each 4+, the target unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

Warpstone-laced Armour: Stormfiends armed with doomflayer gauntlets or shock gauntlets are protected by heavy plates of warpstone-laced armour.

A model wearing Warpstone-laced Armour has a Wounds characteristic of 7 instead of 6.

Windlaunchers: The gas clouds unleashed by a windlauncher engulf even the largest enemy formations in choking poisonous fumes.

Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with Windlaunchers if the target has 10 or more models. In addition, a Windlauncher can target enemy units that are not visible to attacking model.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, SKAVEN, SKAVENTIDE, CLANS MOULDER, CLANS SKRYRE, STORMFIENDS

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

The table below provides points, minimum and maximum unit sizes, and battlefield roles for the warscrolls and warscroll battalions in this book, for use in Pitched Battles. Spending the points listed on this table allows you to take a minimum-sized unit with any of its upgrades. Understrength units cost the full amount of points. Larger units are taken in multiples of their minimum unit size; multiply their cost by the same amount as you multiplied their size. If a unit has two points values separated by a slash (e.g. '60/200'), the second value is for a maximum-sized unit. Units that are listed as 'Unique' are named characters and can only be taken once in an army. Updated February 2019; the profiles printed here take precedence over any profiles with an earlier publication date or no publication date.

FLESH-EATER COURTS WARSCROLL	UNIT SIZE		POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
	MIN	MAX			
Crypt Ghouls	10	40	100/360	Battleline	
Abhorrant Archregent	1	1	200	Leader	
Crypt Flayers	3	12	170		Battleline in Flesh-eater Courts army if general is a Crypt Infernal Courtier
Crypt Horrors	3	12	160		Battleline in Flesh-eater Courts army if general is a Crypt Haunter Courtier
<i>The Arcasanctorian Guard</i>	-	-	110	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	

CLANS SKRYRE WARSCROLL	UNIT SIZE		POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
	MIN	MAX			
Warp Lightning Cannon	1	1	180	Artillery	
Doomwheel	1	1	160	Behemoth	
Warlock Bombardier	1	1	100	Leader	
Stormfiends	3	9	260		Battleline in Clans Skryre army
<i>Skatchnik's Warpcoven</i>	-	-	140	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	



*'Hidden deep-deep beneath the rotted
lands they lie, in the corpse-gnaw
burrows and the shatter-ruined castles.
Engine treasures so rich-rich that he who
holds them in his claw shall surely claim
his place amongst the Lords of Decay.
Let the other fools fight their pointless
war. This prize will be mine...'*

- Warlock Bombardier Skatchnik