

FANTASY ROLEPLAY

OLD WORLD BESTIARY



A COMPENDIUM OF CREATURES FAIR AND FOUL



 FANTASY ROLEPLAY

TM

OLD WORLD BESTIARY

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— INTRODUCTION —

From the north come raiders in their long ships with wild howls and burning eyes, seeking to sweep the civilised kingdoms of Men before them, drowning all in blood and darkness. From the mountains and the plains beyond come the Greenskin races who live only for war. In the shadows the dead stalk, unseen by living eyes. In the sewers Mutants vie with Ratmen to determine which will be first to overthrow the Empire.

Welcome to the *Old World Bestiary* for *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*.

The Old World is a dangerous place and knowing a thing or two about your foes may help you live a little longer. However, it wouldn't be in keeping with the secretive nature of the Old World if she were just to lay forth all her wares, open to any with an interest. While this volume contains accounts of a great many creatures, it is not a book of definitive answers; it is more a tome of pretty lies with glimpses of truth wedged in between.

Determining which is which, that's the trick.

The *Old World Bestiary* was written for both players and GMs. This tome is packed full of stories, pictures, rumours, knowledge and, of course, the game stats for a wide variety of foes. The structure of the Bestiary was specifically designed with an eye toward what every character (as well as his or her player!) should know, the idea being to help make the Old World come to life for everyone that plays *WFRP*.

The Old World Bestiary is divided into two sections. The first section is a transcription of Odric of Wurtbad's suppressed work *Perilous Beasts: A Study of Creatures Fair and Foul*. Odric was a wizard and scholar who spent decades travelling by land and sea, collecting information and testimony about the monsters of the Old World. His entries on various types of creatures are both fascinating and contradictory. The first part of each entry is called the *Common View*. Here Odric tells the tales of peasants and soldiers, of hunters and herdsman. This is what the ordinary folk of the Old World, and more specifically the people of the Empire, have heard about these creatures. The knowledge contained in the *Common View* sections is seldom very specific, nor is it necessarily accurate, but it is the kind of information that the majority of Empire citizens think of when a given creature is brought up in conversation.

The second part of each entry is entitled the *Scholar's Eye* and here Odric gathered the opinions of far more erudite individuals with greater knowledge of what they speak of than the comments made by those under the *Common View*. The *Scholar's Eye* holds a lot of information useful for GMs in figuring out what place a given creature holds in the Old World.

The third part of each entry is only present in the entries of sentient creatures, for reasons that will become obvious. *Our Own Words* is exactly that: comments from members of the race in question that reflect their philosophy and outlook. How Odric compiled these quotations is a matter of much debate. It is nonetheless invaluable, since it helps give the GM an idea how a given being may react to others, though where sentient beings are involved, one must always take individuality into account.

The second section of the *Old World Bestiary* is the purview of the GM alone. It contains all the game information a GM needs to use these creatures in his *WFRP* campaign, including some new talents and an expanded table for Chaos Mutations. The monsters are alphabetized for easy reference and each entry contains a description of the creature and its game statistics.

So settle back in your chair, turn your lights low and prepare for tales both grim and fair.

And remember, there are no such things as Skaven.

WHAT PCs KNOW

Players should be able to learn the information in the *Common View* sections, as it represents examples of what their characters would've heard growing up in the Old World. When appropriate, such information can be related to them in return for successful **Common Knowledge Tests**. Characters with the appropriate **Academic Knowledge** skills can make a Skill Tests to see if they know the information contained in the *Scholar's Eye* entries. Generally, the difficulty of such tests varies with just how obscure the information the character wants to know is. If a player rolls three or more degrees of success on such a test, the GM may wish to simply let the player read the entry in question.

TOMAS WANDERER

Oot in shaden wodespan, dwelt the murdrus beaste,
Vittaling on the sack-for-homes, gorge-laden
with his feaste,
Stalking 'tween the leafen glade, preying 'pon
the weake,
Glutting the hardy and the poor, e'en
dinning on the meake.

And noth there was, that brave the woode,
Noth amidst the sword-handly and the goode,
'cept a gallanting Knacht from far Breton,
Who trot a-quest to lay sword on.

And kinder Tomas Wanderer, 'nored his
mother's tonge,
For Tomas he listened nither, much so for
kinder yonge,
He hitched up sweepstik ponie, waving woden
sworde,
And sleeked out to the wodespan,
footestepping Breton Lord.

The snilvin Foole pranced at the bridge, and
cry cackle at the boye,
Go sleeekin not with Beast of Teeth, not
sliitblood with some toy.
But he was the Fool and none to mind, and
Tomas heeded not,
Slug saddleshrag on destrier and westered at
the trot.

Yonge Tomas spired the girthen oake and
tarried there a while,
Then 'stead of easting back again, Tom rid
another mile.
He cleft the black leaf shabbery and swaydin
blood-daubed vine,
Carefree took forth his knapper-foode and
fettered there to dine.

The wodecutman found Tomas there, thrice
spanned him 'round the ear

"Be fangs and claws for you, my ked, if
sunfall shrouds you here"
With axehaft brunting younge man's hide,
the wodesman bade Tom home,
But Tomas mere a squallsome ked, and so he
bide to roam.

Onnerin and inneron, through garbled bole
and threshy twine,
Tomas goaded stick-horse on, as ruddy sun
wed pale moonshine,
And there aminst the sprickly bushe, he spied
the lairing of the brute,
Stepped out brightly 'pon his steed, thru'
graping branch and scraping root.

And there bale-eyed the spiten Beast, all
goried hornes and slives and fangs,
Yet brisky Tomas ventured on, he couched no
dread, nor homeward pangs.
Though brave Knacht bidden to the grave,
with woden sworde aloft
Plucky Tom brandished at the Beast, who
marred him with a scoff.

"What mires you here, younge smoothskin-
born?
Did you mother about me warn?"
"I have no fear!" Tom cried aloud,
Horsing forward 'til Beast he growled.

"I shall wolfe you flesh and snap your bones,
Skrind your folkland burne their homes.
For mocking ked to dare my rage,
Your jibe it traps me like a cage.
The unclaimed ones must dread my kinde,
Can never squander fear behind."

So Tomas Wanderer was no more, who
never did no goode,
So remember poor Tomas, and roam not in
the woode.



Perilous Beasts

A Study of Creatures
Fair and Foul

Being an account of beasts many and
varied as witnessed by scholar and
Magister Odric of Wurtbad.

Greetings Seekers!

You hold in your hand the work of a lifetime. To compile this tome I travelled thousands of miles, learned dozens of languages, fought to save both my life and my soul, lost my left hand and nearly my tongue! Though age now dims my eyes, I can go to Morr's Realm content that no finer study of the monsters of the Old World has yet been written.

The greatest irony of all is that I had no intention of writing a book such as this when I first became of a man of letters. When I was young, I had just graduated from the University of Altdorf when I had my first run in with a true monster. I was riding to Wurtbad to see my family when I came upon a scene of carnage in the forest. A war herd of Beastman had attacked a group of pilgrims and killed them to a man. It was a gruesome sight, more so because a lone Beastman had stayed behind to feed on the rather large corpse of a cheese maker. When I came upon the scene, the creature looked up from its meal. I can still see its goat head and horns and the bestial cast of its features. I can see the way its bloody mouth foamed when it realised there was fresher meat on the road. I can see the black depths of its eyes and the cruel barbs of its blade. I drank in this scene, dumbstruck, as the Beastman leapt over corpses and raced for my horse. After years at the university, I was so used to studying things objectively that it took me precious seconds to realise that this was not the moment for detachment. This creature meant to kill me and I needed to do something about it before the Beastman used my vitae to wash down the cheese maker.

I managed to draw, cock, and fire my pistol and just in time too. The Beastman was in mid-leap when my pistol ball caught it in the chest and ended its life. As it lay dying, the creature spoke, or so it seemed to me. It was no language I had heard before, however. Fascinated, I dismounted and approached the dying Beastman. It looked at me with those eyes and seemed to curse me as it died. I stood there for a long time, staring at the corpse. The Beastman was a monster, clearly, but what more did we know about such creatures? It had language surely and the Beastmen seemed to have a society of sorts. What was it that made them monsters, I wondered? And what could Humanity learn of such creatures to safeguard itself against further depredations? To unearth such truths and to expand the knowledge of our glorious Empire—that would be a worthy undertaking, I decided.

And that is how it began. My curiosity blossomed into a series of journeys, each more perilous than the last. Fifty years I spent on the road, gathering up all the information I could find. I should have died a hundred times over but Fate was my guide. I persevered and over the years the Work took shape. The result of these decades is *Perilous Beasts: A Study of Creatures Fair and Foul*.

You will no doubt notice, gentle readers, that much of this book consists of quotations or transcribed testimony from witnesses, experts, and even the witless. It was my intent to show the breadth of opinion and thought on these creatures, with words from the most ignorant peasant to the most eminent scholar. I have also added my own thoughts, based on my research, interviews, and findings. Should Shallya grant me more years, I may yet write of my own adventures compiling this book, but such details are not germane to the work and my hubris is not such that I must make this book into my story.

I began this tome as a search for truth and while I'm certain there is truth in these pages, even I can't tell you exactly where it lies. I have sought to illuminate the threats that face the Old World but only Lord Sigmar can protect us from the machinations of evil and the enemy within. May he guide and watch over us all.

— ODRIC OF WURTBAD

The Forces of Chaos



Chaos. Of all the many threats that the Old World must face, none strike fear into the hearts of Men like that of the Followers of Chaos. Slaves to darkness all, they have given their allegiance to the Ruinous Powers, some willingly, some because they felt they had no choice. Their forms are many and terrible, from twisted Beastmen to the Daemons of the Chaos powers themselves. Worse still for the folk of the Old World are the many Mutants and willing followers of the Chaos Gods that came from their own race before joining the Lost and the Damned.

Chaos Cultists

COMMON VIEW

"It has never been proven that Chaos cultists are anything more than the product of the fevered imaginings of certain of the more zealous Witch Hunters. Why they have to go on and on about 'corruption from within' and 'debased orgiastic sects of the Lord of Pleasure' when the real danger is the Marauders of the north, I'll never know. I ask you, what motivation could these successful merchants, nobles, and scholars have for allying with Chaos, when they already hold positions of such eminence within the Empire? It would be like a queen bee poisoning her own hive."

— ALBRECHT KINEAR, PROFESSOR EMERITUS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NULN, SPEAKING AT A COMMISSION TO ADVISE THE ELECTOR OF NULN ON THE THREAT OF CHAOS.

"They are worse by far than the Marauders or even the Daemons. At least the Chaos armies that come out of the North give you a straight fight, or something close to it. Chaos cultists undermine everything we fight for, make a mockery of our brave lads dying for the Empire. Those Witch Hunters often overreact when they deal with some of the ignorant peasants in the villages, most of whom wouldn't know a Daemon if it bit them, but they're absolutely right to come down hard on the decadent scum who claim to be our betters then sell us down the river to Chaos. Burning's too good for that carrion."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER

"It bain't be natural."

— OLD HOB, PEASANT FARMER

"Give me an enemy I may meet with strong steel and stout oak in my hands, not a dagger in the night and an accounting-book."

— COUNT BORIS TODBRINGER, ELECTOR OF MIDDENHEIM.

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

Hidden just beneath the surface, Chaos is everywhere in the Empire. From the decadent cults of Slaanesh in Altdorf, to the secret temple of Khorne beneath the Imperial Barracks in Nuln, among the plague survivors who turn to Nurgle in thanks and supplication, to the power-hungry merchants making sacrifices to Tzeentch, there is almost no section of society that is untouched by the corruption of the Ruinous Powers. They have something to offer anyone who is not completely satisfied with his or her lot—and that is almost all Humans, whether in the Empire or without.

"Albrecht Kinear, former Professor of the University of Nuln, this court finds you guilty of trafficking with Daemons and selling your soul to Chaos. You profaned the high office and renown with which you were entrusted when you joined the Silver Wheel Society here in Nuln, and you compounded your damnation when you steeped yourself so thoroughly in its dark and sorcerous teachings

as to be made its leader. Your already unforgivable crimes are made still worse by your continual deliberate misdirection of legitimate authority with your false pronouncements on Chaos and many another matter. Gunther, Hans—take him outside and burn him. Now."

— VORSTER PIKE, WITCH HUNTER, SPEAKING AT A COMMISSION TO ADVISE THE ELECTOR OF NULN ON THE THREAT OF CHAOS

The cults vary enormously in size, strength, purpose, and membership, from tiny conspiratorial cells in the heart of the Empire to whole villages that have secretly given their allegiance to Chaos. Scholars, politicians, priests, craftsmen, farmers, soldiers, and members of almost every other profession have come under the sway of Chaos in their time, and often recruited their fellows. Indeed, a number of clandestine groups have a charitable public face that they hide behind and many have joined a Chaos cult without realizing just what they were getting into. Some sects are dedicated to the overthrow of society, attracting revolutionaries and agitators in great numbers, whereas others are solely concerned with the pursuit of personal power, or simply the endless pleasures that can be found in the worship of Slaanesh.

"They are weak and foolish, but they will help us achieve the victory we crave. With us attacking the Empire's borders, the Beastmen and Mutants sweeping out from the forests, and the cultists undermining and corrupting from within, we will soon have dominion over this once-great Empire, finally banishing the name of Sigmar from the annals of history forever."

— DRAKAR NETH SHYISH, THE FIST OF CHEN, ALSO KNOWN AS DRAKAR THE QUESTIONER

The one thing all cults have in common is that their existence is concealed from the common eye, so that Witch Hunters and templars are not immediately alerted to their existence. Since the Empire has a number of different secret societies that have nothing to do with Chaos, this makes discovering actual Chaos cults to be a far more daunting task for those that seek to destroy them. Due to this necessarily widespread tendency towards secrecy and the relative independence of each cult, it is often the case that cults have wildly varying objectives, even ones that are in direct opposition to another cult. This sometimes leads to a cult fighting another cult, with or without realizing it. The Chaos Gods do not seem to mind, and even support such behaviour, just as they encourage the Chaos Marauders to raid each other's villages.

"Hemlock."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

OUR OWN WORDS

"Is it so wrong to want to be on the winning side? Year by year the Beastmen grow bolder and the Marauders stronger. Year by year there are more Mutants, and worse, within the borders of the Empire. The Emperor is fighting a losing battle. I am a pragmatist first and foremost; the Empire has made me rich, but Chaos will help me survive

when Middenheim is in flames and its people are food for Beastmen or sacrifices to the Blood God. Survive and even prosper. The Master of Fortune is good to those who revere him."

— KLAUS GOETHE OF THE MERCHANT'S GUILD HIGH COUNCIL, MIDDENHEIM; TZEENTCH CULTIST

"Truly I thought I had experienced every pleasure known from the flesh pits of Araby to the boudoirs of Marienburg. Yet they never quite satiated me. Always I sought for more; more intensity, more divine madness, more ecstasy. As I lolled in bawdy-house after bawdy-house, gambling den after gambling den, so I heard more and more whispers of vices so salacious even the most decadent of libertines became hushed and withdrawn when I tried to press for further information. This of course only roused in me a greater thrill of anticipation, a greater determination to uncover such utter depravity as might be offered me could I but track down the Disciples of Lanshor. Yes, I knew that if I were to find them, I may be putting soul and body alike to the greatest of risks, but it seemed like it would be worth those risks. Indeed, the thought that at last I might have found a pleasure regarded as truly abhorrent by the fools who make our laws only enhanced my fervour. That was twenty years ago, and my only regret is that I did not give myself up

to the Aesthete a decade before instead of wasting my time with mere earthly desires."

— RUPERT VON EPSTEIN, HEIR TO THE VON EPSTEIN DYNASTY; PRIEST OF SLAANESH

"The village boys never liked me, said I was plain as a pikestaff. They all fancied that Elena as their sweetheart, her with her blond ringlets and—how was it they put it—her mischievous eyes. I showed that bitch, and her little bunch of drooling admirers. The followers of the Lord of Corruption didn't care how I looked, they were all covered with sores and boils and buboes anyway. All I had to do to get the plague-maggots was devote myself to the Great Decay. It's not like I was giving up anything, other than the chance to grow older and uglier alone in the village till one day some zealous Witch Hunter would like as not have burned me anyway, Chaos or no Chaos. It was worth it, knowing what would happen when I shoved the maggots under her door. Took about a week for the flesh to start rotting off her pretty face, and all of the handsome boys of the village had the same thing happen to them a day or so after her. The hardest part was keeping the smile off my own face as I walked about my business through all that suffering, seeing the mute expressions of horror on them all as they became so much less beautiful than I."

— OLGA LANGENSPIESSE, MILLER'S DAUGHTER IN THE VILLAGE OF FRUNDSBERG; NURGLE CULTIST

Chaos Marauders and Chaos Warriors

COMMON VIEW

"Is there one single greater threat to civilization than these savages? Physically powerful, armed and armoured with both steel and sorcery, filled with evil intent. Are they even Human? All the evidence is that they are not; rather, these creatures are spontaneously generated deep within the Pits of Chaos in the Icy Wastes north of Norsca, born from the cosmic flux of creation that is primal Chaos..."

— ALBRECHT KINEAR, PROFESSOR EMERITUS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NULN

"They know how to fight. That's what you have to remember about them. People talk about the strength of their armour, or the ferocity of the Blood God's worshippers, or the intimidating look of the horns and the spikes. It's their sheer skill at war that wins them their battles though. They've been fighting since they were born—fighting, mind you, not just practicing, and often to the death. Oh, the Bretonnian knights have been trained since they were children, but they don't have the sheer depth of experience that even the younger Chaos Warriors do. As for the older ones... some of them have pacts or gifts from the Ruinous Powers that mean they live for hundreds of years, if they remain undefeated on the field of battle. So, yes, they're good. Very good. If you come up against them, defend yourself as a first priority, and hope one of your mates can get behind him with a mace or a warhammer or something—because it's true, that armour is damnably strong too."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER



"I saw a northern village they'd passed through, and oh, it was a charred ruin just as you'd expect—but no worse than after an Orc attack or something. Far as I could see, they're no different from any other marauders. Bad for you if you get caught by them, bad for business if you wanted to trade with someone they've marauded, but otherwise no different to Orcs, or even foreigners like those Tileans and Bretonnians. A nasty lot, those Tileans. One of them married my sister, and a right tricky charmer he was."

— KASTAR HANDLIN, TRAVELLING MERCHANT

"Am glad we've got t' Emperor and t' armies, that's all am sayin'."

— YOUNG HOB, PEASANT FARMER

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

In Norsca and the other northern lands close to the Chaos Wastes, the Marauders are born. Savage, war-like Humans who revere the Chaos Gods above all others, these raiders sweep into the civilised countries to the south, reaving and slaying. As might be expected of folk with such an affinity for Chaos, they are split into uncountable tribes, with those who live closest to the Wastes being the most affected by the Chaotic energies that pulse out of that blighted land. Scholars divide the Marauders into three main cultural and ethnic groups, the Norse, Kurgan and Hung.

"Three parts warpbane root, one deathvine. Armpit, back of knee or through eyeslits."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

Chaos Marauders from Norsca are predominantly white-skinned, with blond or red hair. Folk of the Empire know the

Norse for those who sail their longships to attack the southern lands, clad in fur and steel, a fierce race whose sons love nothing better than to charge into battle wielding sharp axes.

Beyond Norsca to the East are other Marauders, little known in the Empire save when rumours of another Kurgan raid on Kislev come filtering down. The dreaded Kurgan are darker-skinned nomadic raiders who attack with swift mounted charges, riding down their terrified foes. Occasionally they do raid as far as the Empire's borders, either as a massive horde riding south through Kislev, looting and burning as they go, or as temporary allies of one of the Norscan tribes.

The Hung are the third great grouping of Chaos Marauders, a short and oriental-looking people just as fierce as and more deadly than their larger counterparts. The Hung dwell just to the north of Naggaroth and Cathay, in some of the most inhospitable lands known. Like the Kurgan they are expert horsemen, though they ride small, hardy steeds rather than the great war-horses favoured by folk who dwell among abundant pasture.

"The Blood God is often seen as the most terrifying threat by those who have faced Chaos in Norsca or in the Wastes beyond. The Drinker of Souls, after all, makes his worshippers powerful and fearless in battle. Yet those favoured by the Great Decay are perhaps more dangerous still to the common folk of the Empire, for the diseases of Chaos cannot be fought by strength of arms alone. The Despoiler, also, is often gravely underestimated; those in power who dismiss its seductive cults are but one step away from being absorbed within them, and giving over much of the strength of the Empire to the Dark Powers. None of these three is truly the most deadly threat to us, though. That is Changer of the Ways. He has not the sheer destructive power of the gore drenched dog,



nor the devastating plagues of the rotting one, nor the insidious temptations of the harlot's lord, but he has a willingness to wait that belies his Chaotic nature. Fight the machinations of the others howsoever you can, but watch always for the hand of Tzeentch, for he has been waiting since time immemorial for us to make one mistake, and the moment we do, we are lost forever."

— VORSTER PIKE, WITCH HUNTER

OUR OWN WORDS

"What is death, but the ultimate change, the ultimate expression of Chaos? When I bring you death, I sanctify

your meagre existence, change your formerly worthless life into something far more grand and magical..."

— DRAKAR NETH SHYISH, THE FIST OF CHEN,
ALSO KNOWN AS DRAKAR THE QUESTIONER

"War. There is only war."

— KARDOS AQSHYASH PHAOS'Y, SLAVE OF KHARNATH,
ALSO KNOWN AS KARDOS BLOODHELM

"Step closer, and taste my blade... just a little touch, not enough to slay you outright, just sufficient that you carry my plagues back to your homes, your families, your tribes..."

— BELMOTH DHA ULGU'Y, KNIGHT OF NEIGLEN,
ALSO KNOWN AS BELMOTH BLACKSWORD

Beastmen and Mutants

COMMON VIEW

"I wish I'd been born with horns and a tail, like my sister—at least I wouldn't have ended up here."

— RUDI, GREAT ALTDORF ASYLUM INMATE

"Pity them? Yes, gentlemen, we must pity them. For many were once Human, born to good citizens of the Empire and brought up as Human until their mutations became apparent. Many, indeed, are tragic in both their origins and their eventual fate. Yet they represent one of the most dangerous and insidious threats to the Empire that we will ever face. It is common practice among the rural areas for peasants who give birth to mutated children to abandon them in the forests, leaving them to be found by their own kind in the hope that this way they will at least have some kind of existence. This attitude is weakness, a pervasive, perfidious weakness that could be the downfall of our great land; we must deal with any who practice it just as we would deal with a gang of Chaos Marauders come down from the north or a nest of Beastmen themselves, for thus and so are the numbers of the Beastmen replenished. According to my own researches, most adult Beastmen are sterile; thus many of the outlying Imperial villages must be heavily tainted by Chaos, acting as breeding grounds for these abominations. Our pity must not stay our hands as we strike to destroy all Beastmen—indeed, our pity must give us strength in battle against these foul minions of Chaos, for by slaying the swiftly and mercilessly we both protect the Empire and bring an end to their miserable, tormented existence. Likewise, we may pity their Human parents even less; the parents were knowingly complicit in evil, while Beastmen themselves cannot help their innately Chaotic nature. I hereby call upon all right-thinking witch-finders and knights of the Empire to be extra-vigilant in seeking out and destroying both Beastmen and those who give birth to and shelter them, for without these Chaos-touched Human parents the threat of Beastmen would be very much reduced."

— ALBRECHT KINEAR, PROFESSOR EMERITUS
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NULN

"They're in the woods, you know. Always there. Any time you go in the woods, chances are you're no more than a

few leagues from a Beastman camp. Mostly 'ey just takes foresters and charcoal burners, but every so often a band of 'em will come out of the trees and take a village or a town, burning and killing and looting. They's not so thorough as t' Ratmen, you'll usually find one or two folk o' the village—either hid, or fled an' come back, or sometimes left by t' Beastmen to tell t' tale to t' other villages."

— OLD HOB, PEASANT FARMER

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

It is true that many Beastmen are born to apparently ordinary Humans in the Empire, but in fact the Beastmen of the forests breed virulently too. Around the edges of the civilised world, and deep within the most ancient woodlands, the taint of Chaos is strong. Here whole new Beastmen armies are born, live, and often die fighting against each other before they ever pose a threat to the stability of the Empire; but those who survive always emerge eventually, stronger than ever before.

"Baletoad dorsal secretion."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

No scholar can say with certainty where a Mutant ends and a Beastman begins. There is no absolute dividing line between Human and Mutant, or between Mutant and Beastman, or between Beastman and Daemon; rather, there is a spectrum of taint. The Old World and particularly the surrounding countries are all affected by the Gates of Chaos deep within the Wastes, and some scholars support the near-heretical belief that almost every Human is tainted by Chaos, even if only a little. As a general rule, Beastmen all have obvious mutations that render them more animal-like in appearance; "true" Beastmen, also known as Gors, always have horns of some kind.

"In many respects, the society and hierarchy of Beastmen are almost as sophisticated as those of Humans. Its structure is rigid, so that every member of a tribe knows his or her place, is completely aware of which other Beastfolk are higher and which are lower in the hierarchy; very un-Chaotic, you might think! Yet movement within that hierarchy is always possible. Any member can challenge the leader or any other member at almost any time, whether

"First time I served under General Krugmeister, I was barely more than a boy, fourteen years old and with a sword nearly as big as I was. He'd forgotten more about fighting Beastmen than I've ever learned, but one of the things that stuck in my mind was his tactic of getting their leaders to fight amongst themselves. I saw him use it half-a-dozen times, and it only failed once.

"He did the same thing every time, no matter the size of the Beastman gang—even if there were only two or three of them, they'd always have a hierarchy of some kind. The Beastman leader was always easy to spot, but the real trick was spotting the Pretender, as he called it, the next-most-powerful Beastman, always looking to take down the leader, to pounce on any moment of weakness and tear him apart. If he could communicate with the Pretender, get him riled enough to attack the leader... well, all their discipline was shot to hell, they'd be too busy watching the two hard cases fight, they were barely capable of defending themselves—not that we ever attacked till both were near-dead anyway.

"The day it failed, the General had ordered me and half-a-dozen of the younger, fitter men to give chase to a Beastman band in hopes of finding where they laired, because they were carrying off a score of captives they'd taken in a skirmish with our foragers. The idea was we'd pursue at full speed to keep them in sight, while Colonel Schmidt gathered the rest of the army and followed. The General himself came with us, nigh as fast on his feet as the best of us, even with the grey hairs peppering his beard, yes, even more than in my beard now, lad.

"We'd expected to find one of their temporary camps, the sort they use just as a base for raids, then abandon a few weeks later, but the place they carried the foragers to was in the darkest depths of the forest, marked out by one of their great stone monuments. I'm not one for superstition but you could feel the reek of Chaos coming off that thing. We watched and waited, concealed in the trees. All their attention was on the captives, whom they were dragging towards this heap of wood on a big flat section of ground stained with blood and ashes.

"Krugmeister hissed 'Stay put here, whatever happens.' Then he circled round and stepped into the clearing, bold as a Marienburg merchant collecting on a bad debt. He nodded at the beast leader, a huge thing it was, twice the height of a tall man with horns like sabres, but his eyes were on this misshapen great Beastman with crusted black pincer-tipped tentacles where its arms should be.

"You going to let him have the glory of sending them to the Dark Gods, when you did all the hard work capturing them?" he calls. A look passed between the two Chaos-spawned monstrosities, and then they both stared at the stone, stared back at each other with a gaze that said 'We'll settle this later.'

"Without a word they turned on the General. Oh, he fought—fought like a maddened badger he did. He had his war-sword out in a blink, sliced deep into the beast leader's neck as its first charge shattered his shield. In the hollow we all tensed, frozen in place by the spectacle, the instinct to flee warring with our loyalty to Krugmeister. Before we decided what to do, he'd spitted the black-pincered beast on his blade, but the leader—ichor still oozing from the gaping wound in its neck—had its arms round him and was biting at his head. Last we saw of him, he was struggling to pull his sword out from black pincer's corpse. An instant later he vanished under a mass of roaring Beastmen. We heard a last yell of defiance and pain, carrying over the bellows and grunts of his attackers, a moment before they tore off his arms and head and hurled them into the air."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER

formally or informally. The only exception is the Ungors and Brays, those Beastmen or other mutants who are not graced with the horns that are the most distinctive feature of this race. No Gor, or horned Beastman, would consent to being ruled by an Ungor or Bray, however skilled or powerful that lesser Beastman might be. In any case, such a situation never occurs in practice; Ungors and Brays are simply weaker and less physically imposing than Gors. The occasional spirited Ungor who might step out of line is quickly torn to shreds by the Gors of the tribe. Mutants who do not have at least one animalistic feature, even if it is so minor as enlarged, fang-like teeth, are rarely accepted into Beastmen bands even as Ungors, but sometimes form their own tribes, sometimes led by outcast Gors or other powerful Chaos creatures.

"Above the ordinary Gors of a beast tribe are the Bestigors, who tend to be larger, stronger, better-equipped, and better-disciplined than most Beastmen. When a group of Beastmen carries out an ambush or other attack, the Bestigors are typically the front-line troops, closely supported by the Gors, with the Ungors harassing the enemy's flanks. Some

powerful Gors have too much ambition to be willing to serve as a Bestigor, and force their way up the hierarchy still further. At this point my knowledge of the hierarchy falls down somewhat, but these Gor leaders are known variously as Beastlords, Foe-Renders, Gouge-Horns, Wargors, Banebeasts, and Banegors. Even here the hierarchy seems complex; these different names are not merely local affectations, but precise statements of rank. These various Gor leaders will work together, each with their own smaller warband, banding together under one supreme leader of each horde. Fortunately, such co-operation is relatively rare, and the typical traveller would be most unlucky to be attacked by a Beastman herd that included more than one powerful leader."

— HEINRICH MALZ, HIGH PRIEST OF VERENA, NULN.

Children born with obvious mutations are either hidden away by their parents, abandoned in forests (where many of them come to the attentions of Beastmen clans, either as prey or as brothers), or killed by the superstitious or divine. Many people

develop mutations much later in life, perhaps because they always carried the taint, perhaps because they became exposed to warpstone or some other source of Chaotic energy. If they are capable of concealing their mutations, they will doubtless do so, allowing them to function almost as though they were normal members of society. Those with obvious physical changes that manage to not be killed immediately usually end up joining other groups of Mutants, or occasionally a particularly lenient Beastmen warband.

"A whole eye and half a life I have spent fighting these things. Vicious, powerful creatures they are, the more terrifying because some have Human intelligence to work with their animal cunning and Chaos-spawned savagery. Yet the worst of it is not that some of them used to be Human—the worst of it is never knowing which apparently normal, pious Human is a Mutant in disguise. They act as the Beastmen's spies; aye, and sometimes as their assassins too."

— COUNT BORIS TODBRINGER, ELECTOR OF MIDDENHEIM

"The Spawn of Chaos are the most horrific of all the Chaos-tainted Humans, for in appearance at least they live up to their name, seeming to have been created from an eruption of the raw stuff of Chaos into the world. Yet as I say, these too were once Human, belying their current vile and misshapen form. For many, the transformation may have begun with the growth of a single extra finger on one hand, or a patch of fur between the shoulders. Thus and so does Chaos gain its first handhold upon mortal man. If he embraces his newfound mutation, seeking out the dark corruption of the Chaos Gods by one means or another, he will gain more mutations, and thus the road to Spawndom continues. Pure chaos is the most addictive and evil drug imaginable, far more so than any potion or herb of the Unspeakable One, for pure Chaos promises prolonged life, personal power, and dominion over others. . . Every one of the basest of Human emotions is catered to. Many think that by begging their dark masters for mutation after mutation, they will some day be godlike themselves, and perhaps this is true for a tiny minority. For most of those who strive to achieve such a destiny, though, the taint of Chaos will one day overwhelm not merely their conscious wills, but their very bodies, transforming them into those gibbering, swollen, amorphous blobs known as the Spawn of Chaos. Not only do they no longer look Human, they no longer even look like they might once have been Human, as most Beastmen or other Mutants do."

— VORSTER PIKE, WITCH HUNTER

Of those Mutants who remain a part of normal Old World life, hiding their true nature from friends, family and neighbours alike, many are horrified by what they are, or have become. Often they make every effort to lead normal lives, denying the taint of Chaos, convinced they are normal in every other respect than their one physical peculiarity. Others, though, revel in their newfound status as Mutants, seeking out and joining Chaos cults then working from within the Empire to corrupt it. The number of Mutants among the ranks of major nobles, heads of merchant houses and guilds, and even priests of the approved Gods, is unknown, but it would be no surprise to find secret warped Chaos cultists in the highest chambers of Imperial power.



OUR OWN WORDS

"You have to remember I didn't choose this. I would never have chosen this. It's not my fault I have cloven hooves instead of feet, and it didn't make me a bad person. It was you, you and your kind; you made me a bad person. You fear anything that's different. My own village feared me once they found out, called me tainted by Chaos, drove me out of town with torches and pitchforks they did. Well. I'm not one to argue with my old neighbours, especially when they outnumber me fifty-to-one. If they thought I was some kind of Chaos Beast, well, I felt it would be only fair if I lived up to their fears. I fled to the woods, and there I found more Mutants, more of my kind. We lived by scavenging and raiding, mostly, till we ended up fighting the Beastmen. Yes, they killed most of my companions, but they took me among them when they saw I was part Beast myself, and when they saw how well I fought. That was when I had to make the decision. It was clear I was never going to make much of a name for myself among them just for what I was—the lack of horns soon put paid to any illusions I might have had about that. So the best way I could make myself useful to them, make sure I didn't end up on a cooking spit myself, was to lead them to the village and tell them what it had in the way of defences and loot. Turnabout is fair play, after all. It had been made quite clear to me that I was no longer welcome there myself, so what were the people to me? Nothing. Nothing but tasty meat and good loot. Yes that's right, I ate my own erstwhile neighbours when the fight was done, or bits of them anyway... Bov

the Butcher's shoulder was particularly good, fat and succulent. Yes, I'm a monster. A monster made by you. You and your kind."

— KARL SCHULMAN, MUTANT,
FORMER SCHOOLMASTER OF DANNENBERG VILLAGE

"Chaos strong. Gors strong. Humans, Elves, Dwarfs — weak, weak, weak. We win. We fight, we kill, one day we win. One day soon. You—if you lucky, we eat you, make you into part of us, make you better than you are now. See this arm? Strong. Stronger than you, stronger than any of you, stronger than all of you. Once this arm

weak, like you. I eat many of your kind, now strong, strong, strong."

— KARZOG, BESTIGOR CHARIOTEER, MEMBER OF GORTHOR'S
HERD.

"Yes, we resemble beasts. Yes, we are savage. Neither of those things makes us stupid. That often comes as a surprise to Humans. Invariably it is the last thing that ever surprises them."

— BEASTLORD GRAKKLE, AS TRANSLATED FROM THE BEAST
TONGUE BY KELDAR MOUTH-OF-CHEN

"Grrrraaaaawwwrrrrrrrr!"

— UNIDENTIFIED BEASTMAN

Minotaurs

COMMON VIEW

"Would you like to hear tell of the day that Lord Sigmar saved my life? It was many years ago, when I was just a boy. I was far more adventurous back then, prone to getting into all sorts of mischief. My mother was continually after me to stop straying into the woods, telling me that all sorts of terrible monsters lurked there. I wasn't afraid because a house of Knight's Panther had a small fortress near where we lived and I didn't think any beasts would be foolish enough to come near them. Like I said, I was very young. My explorations had grown more and more bold, as I went further and further into the recesses of the wood. Now forests can be dark places and overgrown ancient forests can be very near pitch black even at noon. So it was that one day, I went too far and became lost unable to find the path back in the dim light. I wandered for hours, growing more and more afraid until I stumbled onto a rock-strewn path. At least, I thought it was rocks. After a time, I passed into a lighted clearing where I discovered that the path I was on was actually lined with broken shards of bone. Before me rose a massive black rock, covered with runes that hurt my eyes when I looked at them. About the base of the rock were piles of armour and rusted weapons. I started to flee but the dull crunch of a heavy hoof landing on bone stopped me. I turned and looked up and up and up at the head of a bull which towered above me. A Minotaur, for such it was, looked down at me with dark eyes that showed no emotion that I could see. His body was as muscled as a warhorse's. He was covered with tattoos and scars. In one hand, he clenched an axe with a blade as long as I was tall. He snorted once and the air from his nostrils almost knocked me over. One huge arm rose from his side and I did the best that I could to prepare for death. When no blow fell, I slowly opened my eyes. The Minotaur was pointing to an arch in the trees that I had not seen. He spoke then, his voice deep as a well and strangely melodic. That way, young one. Return when you have more meat on your bones. You'll make for a worthier challenge and a better meal.' I fled without looking back and it was surely Sigmar's grace that saved me."

— JONAS, TRAVELLING MINSTREL

"They are fell beasts, true, but you will always have the advantage against them if you keep your wits about you.

If they are swift of axe, they are also slow of thought and easily tricked. You can use their great hunger for blood against them by pulling them into your traps and ambushes. Be careful, though. For every ten Minotaurs you face, you will find one that is different than the others, one highly favoured by the Ruinous Powers. These may have foul or mysterious powers at their disposal, which you will have to combat. Do not despair though. In the end, Chaos tainted or no, they are still just beasts."

— RUPRECHT TORE, WITCH HUNTER

"The Minotaur bellowed as it charged into the midst of our squad, heedless of the spears we'd set against just such an event. It smashed through them, taking no notice of the points that ripped into its flesh, so eager was it to come to blows with us. With a single swing of one of its paired axes, it cut my friend Eli from shoulder to groin, then took off Alric's head with its other blade. We hamstrung it and still it fought on, swearing in its dark tongue until Morlen but two bolts into the back of its neck. Only then did it slump over, falling heavily to the ground. In well less than a minute, a single Minotaur had killed three men and wounded four beyond recovery."

— STEMMAHR HOLST, EMPIRE SOLDIER

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"I have seen many bad things happen in war, but that is the way of the world, yah? The strong prey upon the weak and the weak must become cunning or not survive. The battle on the Ice Field of Drergen Mort though, was like no other that I have fought. I was part of a grand raiding party, seeking to test our blades against the Gharhars, one of our traditional foes. Long time it had been, though and the Gharhars had changed. I tink they gave too much of themselves to the Gods. Their champions all had the marks of the Were and there line was filled with the Stormbulls. You call them Minotaurs, yah? They came roaring and snorting at us, but the proud sons of the north not run so easily and we held against them. Great was the blood letting that day! The ice became red slush for a league or more. The Stormbulls went mad with it, shrieking at the sky. Some of them, they drop their axes and leap on my fellows, biting off limbs and heads with their teeth. We

cut them bad, sliced them open and still they would not stop eating the spilt gore. Dere is no wit in their heads when the blood song sings, only the desire to maim and eat. Several of my cousins and one of my brothers he died like this. He died screaming. It was not a good death."

— HOLGER ALGERSSON, NORSE MERCENARY

Minotaurs are frequently the keepers of shrines to Chaos and the tombs of fallen champions. They pile all of their trophies, including armaments and skulls, from the enemies they've vanquished into vast mounds that can eventually obscure the site they are actually guarding. Why the Chaos Gods regard them with such favour or mark them for such a duty is unknown.

"There was a sign there, that my eye could not, would not, discern. It twisted beneath vision, seeking to overflow where it had been carved into the surface of the rock, through from another angle, it moved not at all. The guardian of the sign, its keeper and slave was a bull-man, a Minotaur, who sought to prevent the unworthy from crossing beyond the threshold. Why he had been chosen for the duty, I cannot say. His fervour perhaps. Yet, it seemed fitting to me that a Minotaur should guard the entrance to that twisted maze for somewhere in my thoughts I knew, or have not yet learned, that there is a connection between the two. Regardless, he let my bodiless form pass him by unopposed, but only when he snorted the air of my passage and found no scent of blood."

— LIBER MALEFIC, THE BOOK OF CHAOS FORESEEN
BY MARIUS HOLLSEHER

Not every Minotaur is destined for a life of guardianship. The greatest among them catch the eye of the Chaos Powers. These are favoured just like Human champions of Chaos, exalted in the eyes of their fellows and given one of the Great Marks of Chaos. These Minotaurs are called Doombulls and they are dangerous in the extreme.

Those that have been favoured by one of the Ruinous Powers usually have traits that their God finds pleasing or abilities in keeping with their lord's influence. Thus, the Doombulls of Khorne are often covered in blood red fur, whereas the Tzaanbulls of T'zeentch are actually skilled sorcerers. Doombulls often rise to lead entire armies of Chaos followers, beast, man and demon.



OUR OWN WORDS

"We is strong. Strong like the mountains. Strong like the tide. Great Ones know this, like well our strength so they set us to guarding the special places. Holy places. Prey comes to us there. Mostly not worthy prey, but still tasty. The little ones call on us to make war for them and sometimes we do.

But they also fear us and that is good. They should fear us. Their blood smells good, too."

— KARTUSH, MINOTAUR

"I hear it always. The sweet, sweet song of blood. Oftimes I must use Tchar's gifts to scorch the meat, which destroys some flavour. Always more, though. The feast never ends."

— LILIOG, TZAANBULL

Dragon Ogres

COMMON VIEW

"This happened back during that bad winter, seven years ago or so. I was up near Ice Break Ridge searching for a cluster of griffon nests that I knew was round those parts when a big storm forced me to take shelter in a cave. Now it was one of those grand beauties of a storm, mind you. The World's Edge was shaken to the very core with the force of it and I thought I was going to go deaf from the echoes in the cavern. Even with my hands pressed against my ears I could still hear it. I was crouched against the floor, hoping it would end, when I heard a very different sort of sound, and that close by. A kind of snuffling sound. I felt the hair on the back of my neck rise and I figure I'd picked a bear's cave. Wasn't no bear, though.

As I looked back into the darkness, two luminous eyes like kindled fires lit up and looked about. In the flashes of lightning, I saw scaled legs scabble against the rock as the thing stood upright. It walked past without even bothering to glance at me. Last I saw it, it was scaling straight up a cliff. I saw others like it waiting at the summit of a mountain, their forms throwing massive shadows across the mountains as they fought amidst the lighting. I've never been back to Ice Break Ridge since."

— BARTHELM VANDER, HUNTER

"Attend my story well and you may learn why I deem that above all things knowledge is power. Many years ago, back when I was naught but a freshly graduated journeyman, there was a terrible incursion of Chaos from the north. A

series of swiftly moving war bands were decimating the towns and making travel all but impossible. The Emperor called for volunteers to stand against the brigands and specifically asked for members of the Wizardly colleges to join the crusade. I fell in with a rowdy bunch, each of us eager to prove ourselves and represent our orders well. Among my companions was an arrogant third son of a noble named Ulamar von Carroburg from the Celestial Order. Ulamar made a point of snubbing the rest of us, declaring that the stars foretold that he would play a most significant part in our upcoming struggle, which was eventually to prove all too true. At first we fought in a number of small skirmishes, acquitting ourselves well, until the day that our General finally brought the foe to battle on an open plain and we learned that we were indeed dealing with far more than mere raiders. A group of armoured Chaos knights stood alongside countless Beastmen and on their flank stood a group of those legendary beings known as Dragon Ogres. Those with a greater taste for conflict than I could tell you more of that terrible battle. I remember it as being an appalling

affair that I only wished to survive through. At the height of it, the Dragon Ogres ploughed into General Kromach's bodyguard and Ulamar sought to stop them by unleashing lightning from the heavens, proving that he had never bothered to study our foe. Dragon Ogres consume naught but lightning. They went absolutely berserk as the energy from Ulamar's spell coursed over them. They slaughtered the General, all of his men, and Ulamar in less time than it takes me to tell it. I obviously managed to survive the battle, if only just. Keep to your studies and think before you act my lads or you will never live to tell such tales."

— APONYMOUS RONE, MASTER WIZARD OF THE COLLEGE OF LIGHT

"There is nothing subtle about the threat represented by Dragon Ogres. You will likely learn of their coming days, or even weeks, before they reach you. They never bother to conceal their movements; it is a point of pride with them, I suspect. We are all lesser beings in their eyes, why would they bother to hide from us? The presence of Dragon Ogres in any Chaos Host is a grim omen for it

signals the importance the forces of Chaos place on the venture. They will not commit those ancient beasts unless there is much to be gained in the venture, though as always, it is difficult to determine what they believe is important as the followers of Chaos do not reason as sane men. As to fighting those fell creatures, consider fighting one in the same light you would regard struggling against a fully armoured knight with several thousand years of experience. Daunting? Perhaps. Yet still they bleed, if blood is what you call the black ichor that runs through their veins and that which bleeds can die."

— COUNT MATTHIAS OSTERMARK

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"Of all the creatures of this world, they are the eldest, predating even the mighty Dragons. The first of their kind to draw breath was Krakanrok the Black, who arose from a primordial swamp over a thousand years before the Old Ones found this sphere. I have not had the honour of meeting him, but I'm reliably told that each of his foreclaws is as large as a warhorse and when he takes a full breath, all within a hundred paces fall unconscious due to the lack of air, as it is all sucked into his titanic lungs. There has never been a new Shartak born since the dawn on which they successfully bargained for their 'immortality' with the Gods. The very lighting that fuels their bodies has rendered them infertile. Knowing my Lord as much as any mortal can, I suspect he deemed it a grand jest, forcing them to trade one sort of longevity for another, but I digress. What is important to know is that they are



ancient beyond Human reckoning and their wisdom is vast. Even as they dream down the long ages, their spirits wander learning much of the world. When they finally rise at the thunder's call, they are often amazingly well informed of current events before being told. My fourth tutor, a being I honour before all others save one, was a Shaggoth named Tirsoknaia. He told me that his people hold their dreams to be their reality and regard the brief years they are forced to stay awake as their dreams. They are capable of committing horrifying deeds and legendary feats without hesitation as they go about our world, for the rest of us are deemed to be mere figments of their imagination."

— DR. ATHREN ABOLAS, FACILITATOR OF CHANGE

Dragon Ogres never cease growing as they age, so the eldest are very large beings indeed. These massive creatures are known as Shaggoth and a few of them have lead armies against the Empire. Like other Chaos champions, they sometimes bear one of the Marks of Chaos. While all Dragon Ogres are sworn to follow the dark powers, they are fiercely independent and resent being called on to often.

OUR OWN WORDS

"Another age turns and once more, the world is hung in the balance. Once again, my brethren must fight and die for a cause that means little to us. Long ago we made our decision and there is no changing it. But the long years have worn me, as the tide shatters the shore, and sometimes I grow weary of the endless battle. What is more, I now wonder if it truly was our decision. I've seen enough to know how manipulative the Architect of Fate can be. I suppose it matters not. In truth, the only time I truly feel alive is when I face a foe capable of killing me."

— ENRINSORGA, DRAGON OGRE SHAGGOTH

"You have new toys since last I strode the world. New devices to deal out death. How wonderfully inventive you Humans are. Now let me show you some old fashioned slaughter and we will judge between the two."

— BROZAK, DRAGON OGRE

Chaos Dwarfs

COMMON VIEW

"They wish to make the world a place of smoky darkness where hope and cheer are crimes punishable by immediate slavery and slow torture. Theirs is an endless greed that neither time nor wealth can ever abate. They committed blasphemy by turning away from the Ancestor Gods and practicing magic. Magic, I tell you! They are our greatest shame and they will be dealt with, in time."

— CRANNAG ENLAGSSON, DWARF LOREKEEPER

"While I had not seen the markings of many Dwarf clans, I knew theirs were like no other. Twisted images of a red bull trampling upon the mountains and blood soaked banners didn't seem like any Clan Dwarfs I knew. The fact that skinny wolf mounted Greenskins were among them pretty much settled the matter. We drew up our lines and prepared for a charge, but to our surprise, there wasn't one. We waited for a time, trying to figure out exactly what was going on. They regarded us impassively, their lines silent and unmoving. Finally, a captain ordered us forward and we charged across the field. When we were about half way across, the shelling began. They had ranged the entire field before the battle. Their cannons were phenomenally powerful. Their shells shook the land so hard, it moved like it was water. Many horses fell and broke their legs. As to the Kislevites and my fellow mercenaries, it was a slaughter. I managed to survive only because the unit I was with routed early. I later learned that those they didn't kill were taken away in chains, Sigmar alone knows where. I left Kislev soon after, with the taste of ashes in my mouth."

— ERNST WOLFENBURG, MERCENARY

"The Dwarfs would have you believe that they are immune to the taint of Chaos, but it is not so. It is true that their

hardy constitutions resist the effects of the warping longer than Humans and Mutants are fairly rare among them. However, those that fall go far indeed. Their Mutants often have skin that seems to be made of metal or stone. A number of them have the shape of centaurs, like the Centigors that run with the Beastmen hordes, only they have bodies that resemble stunted bulls. When I've tried to discuss this with Dwarfs, reassuring them that I only wish to help them stamp out the taint of Chaos among their people, their reactions have been somewhat... extreme. Several times, I was told my head would be parted from my shoulders if I ever brought up the subject again, which leads me to believe that there must be more to the story. It is a shame really, their taciturn nature prevents them from employing my expertise to their advantage."

— ALBRECHT KINEAR, PROFESSOR EMERITUS
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NULN

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

Chaos Dwarfs are estranged eastern kindred of the Dwarf Kingdoms that surround the Empire. Many thousands of years ago, exploring Dwarfs left the northern edge of the World's Edge Mountains in search of gold and other precious metals. They found a vast inhospitable plain that was rich in minerals, which they named Zorn Uzkul, the Great Skull Land. Many despaired of the bleakness of that realm and returned to the southern kingdoms but a hardy, or perhaps, greedy few pressed on through the Mountains of Mourn. When the Realm of Chaos swept down from the north, the other Dwarf clans thought their kindred dead, but Dwarfs do not die easily, nor do they readily submit to Chaos. They did not fall, but they were irrevocably changed by exposure to the taint.

"Picture everything that is admirable in the Dwarfs; their great skill in war, their iron resolve, their dedicated



craftsmanship, and their unwavering determination to survive and achieve their goals. Now take all of those traits and shudder as you see them employed at the service of Chaos. That is the horror of the Chaos Dwarf host. They are Dwarfs, but twisted into a foul parody of the noble warriors who have gallantly stood for so long at the side of the Empire. They have embraced the dark powers, willingly delving into the secrets of foul magic and losing much of what they once were in the process. As to what they've gained, who can say? Knowledge, perhaps, but many things are best left unknown."

— ECKHARD, NULN SCHOLAR, BURNED AS A HERETIC

To survive the Realm of Chaos, the Chaos Dwarfs turned to the evil bull God, Hashut, whom they call the Father of Darkness. Hashut laid his "blessings" upon them and for the first time, magic users arose among the Dwarf race. The Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers now rule the rest of their people with absolute authority, for they are not only powerful mages, they are also the priesthood of Hashut. They are strange and tortured beings, greatly skilled at the blending of magic into their ingenious engineering, but cursed. Dwarfs were never meant to wield the magic of Chaos and the price they pay is the Curse of Stone. Each Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer will, inevitably, one day slowly transform into an immobile stone statue. The change starts with their feet, which turn grey and useless, before progressing throughout the rest of their body. Many of them use their sorcerous engineering to construct new steam driven bodies for a time, but they too eventually succumb to the curse. Their immobile forms now line the road leading to the centre of their mighty empire, the Tower of Zharr-Naggrund, City of Fire and Desolation. The tower is a terrible obsidian

ziggurat that constantly throbs with the pounding of hammers and the screams of victims sacrificed in molten cauldrons to Hashut's greater glory. It is the labour of generations of slaves, surrounded by mountainous piles of displaced rock from the mines that gouge the landscape surround the tower and slag from the countless forges of the Chaos Dwarfs. At the apex of the tower sits a vast temple dedicated to Hashut, which is watched over by the fierce Bull Centaurs. Bull Centaurs long ago mutated from Chaos Dwarfs, doubtless after Hashut had an influence on the race. They have the lower bodies of bulls and the upper bodies of heavily muscled but fanged Chaos Dwarfs. They are fearless and terrible, revelling only in the spilling of blood and glorifying the Father of Darkness.

The Chaos Dwarfs are relatively few, deeply arrogant and utterly selfish. Their many projects require a great many labourers and Hashut's sacrificial fires are never quenched, so their need for slaves is constant and overwhelming. All of their interactions with other races are either raids for slaves, or payment for the same. The Chaos Dwarfs use Hobgoblins to fill out their ranks, a curious arrangement that was not originally their idea though they've adapted to it.

"Where then do they come from, these iron savages who frighten other Orcs into awestruck obedience, these 'Black Orcs'? That is a grim tale best suited for long winter nights, but I will impart the substance of it. Long ago, the fell Chaos kindred of the Dwarfs needed a steady source of reliable troops. The Greenskin races that they had to deal with at the time they deemed less than adequate, so using their sorcery and a carefully applied breeding program, they set about creating a new strain of Orc. They sought to make them stronger,

hardier and more intelligent that they could better carry out the will of the Chaos Dwarfs. They succeeded far beyond their expectations and desires. Black Orcs were the result of their labours and within a few short years of their creation, they began rebellion after rebellion in an unbroken line. At first, all of their revolts were easily crushed, as they were only a few Black Orcs leading hordes of lesser Orcs and Goblins, but as the numbers of the Black Orcs multiplied, the danger grew. Finally, they all but succeeded in taking Zharr-Naggrund and would've if not for a last minute betrayal by the Hobgoblins. Exactly what the Hobgoblins did to betray their cousins has never been verifiably recorded, and there are many versions of the tale. Suffice to say that the rest of the Greenskin races seem to hate the Hobgoblins with a passion and that the Black Orcs were finally driven en masse from the City of Fire and Desolation, never to return."

— WALDEMARR, SCHOLAR OF NULN

OUR OWN WORDS

"Where was Grimnir when our warriors were dying?
Where was Valaya when our children sickened? When

we called out for aid in the deep places where we delved, it was not Grungni who answered our call, but mighty Hashut who delivered us in our time of need. Who are the real traitors here? Our kin who abandoned us to madness and death or we who only sought to survive against the forces of Chaos? One day there will be a reckoning and it will be the Sons of the Father of Darkness who will have the victory, not the weak willed spawn of the pathetic Ancestor Gods."

— MORDIAN SLAGFIST, CHAOS DWARF WARRIOR

"Fools all. They know nothing of our great work, of what we have accomplished. Our kin will never progress while they continue to look to a meaningless past for guidance. The old Dwarf empires all fell, doesn't that seem like a significant sign of their weakness? Their adherence to 'tradition' will be their downfall. I have accomplished feats with cannons, steam, and magic that they can only dream of. My people are prepared for the coming times, aligned with those who will be the final victors. We will have slaves in abundance for our aid to the forces of Chaos and that is well for it is blood that greases the cogs of Hashut's sacred machines."

— VIKRAM FLAMETONGUE, CHAOS DWARF SORCERER

Daemons of Chaos

COMMON VIEW

"Terrifying, and rightly so. All Chaos is terrifying, even to those whose destiny it is to confront this most dreadful threat to our society. Yet even the greatest of the Daemons, the Daemon Princes, are unstable when in our world; their unearthly hearts beat with a desperate urge to flee back to the hellish realm that spawned them, to return to the bosom of the Dark Gods. Fight them. Hold fast to your courage and fight them, for their urge to leave our world is strong, but they will need some pointed encouragement."

— RUPRECHT TORE, WITCH HUNTER

"The only hope you have against this lot is to stand firm, all of you. Problem is, the very sight of the things makes your bowels quail and your knees shake. If you run, though, you're dead—just as soon as it's killed your mates who didn't run. You have to stand firm. You only have a chance if you work together."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER

"I've never seen so much carnage. It's good for us, though—the lads in the army are always that much more eager for companionship when they've seen so much death, and you never get such good loot from corpses as when your army's been facing Daemons, just because there are so many dead. As long as your lads win in the end, of course. It's a fine balance."

— ELKE RABE, CAMP FOLLOWER, ATTACHED TO THE BAGGAGE TRAIN OF THE IMPERIAL STIRLAND GUARDS

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

Daemons are otherworldly entities, either created or harnessed by the Chaos Gods and sent forth by those dark powers to achieve their evil purposes in the Old World. They can be summoned by sorcerers or simply granted as minions by the Dark Gods to their most devoted followers. As Daemons are not from the Old World, they are unable to stay there for long, and a sufficiently mighty hero can beat them back to whatever hellish place they came from.

"Powdered mithril suspended in oil of hellflowers."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

"Nothing else more personifies the deadly threat posed by Chaos to the Empire. Should you ever have the misfortune of encountering a Daemonette of the Lord of Pleasure, you can quite understand—if not forgive—why so many otherwise upstanding citizens allow themselves to be corrupted by the forces of Chaos. All of us have our secret desires, and the Daemons know how to draw those desires out into the open: those of the Keeper of Secrets playing on hedonism and lust, those of the Blood God offering martial prowess and the power of revenge, and those of the Changer of the Ways granting mastery of sorcery. The Father of Corruption is somewhat different, appealing to those who have seen the horror of plague and would prefer to embrace it rather than suffer it themselves. The only way to resist the corrupting power of Chaos is to scourge out our secret desires by whatever means we can; a life of asceticism and contemplation or a life dedicated to warring on Chaos wherever it is found are the two best

methods. If you cannot cast out your secret desires, if you do give in to the dark temptations of They that are not Named, rest assured that we will find you and stamp out your corruption by our own methods."

— VORSTER PIKE, WITCH HUNTER

"Flamers have many uses, from burning down orphanages to rousing lazy Beastmen out of the woods with a forest fire. Nothing is so elegant as Horrors, though, because Horrors do not merely kill; they can transform what was once mere flesh into more Horrors, expanding our forces and spreading true Chaos throughout the land."

— DRAKAR NETH SHYISH, THE FIST OF CHEN, ALSO KNOWN AS DRAKAR THE QUESTIONER

OUR OWN WORDS

"What are we? Your scholars claim we exist only to tempt you, yet in a very real way we are you. We are your own desires, your own fears, your own ambitions and rages, given form (if not flesh). How can you fight us? Only by fighting your own Humanity, and why would you want to do that? You would be fighting against life itself. For what is Chaos but life?"

— TZAAL, MOMENTARILY LUCID HORROR

"Cher-holera, tie-eye-phoid, cern-sum'shun, hally-toxe-iss!
Black plague, white plague, bloody red 'n' brarn plague!

Can-ker, way-ster, foot-an'-marf, fester!

New-moniaaa, bu-bonicaaaa, neeeew-mo-niaaa, beeeew-boney-caaa!

Runnin' sores, seepin' sores, rottin' sores, weepin' sores!

Eh-emfer-seemer, die-eye-a-rear, nasty caser wax in yer ear!

Lerr-ustrian runs, Cathay tum, Tilean sick-nerrse of ther thumb!

New-moniaaa, bu-bonicaaaa, neeeew-mo-niaaa, beeeew-boney-caaa!

Small pox, big pox, chicken pox, pig pox!

Diseases of the eller-ment'ry kind, unease of the alley-ment'ry kind!

Common cold, infler-wenzer, nasty rash, dis-temper!

New-moniaaa, bu-bonicaaaa, neeeew-mo-niaaa, beeeew-boney-caaa!"

— WORMFINGERS, PLAGUEBEARER

"Come to me. Come to me! You know it is what you have always desired. All your life till now has been a desperate dream of me... awaken! Awaken, and come to me, for your reward awaits in my arms..."

— LESHTRIGELL, DAEMONETTE

"Blood for the Blood God!"

— FELKANE, BLOODLETTER



The Greenskin Races



From the mightiest Orc to the feeblest Snotling, the Greenskin races live only for war. All other activities are but a prelude to their next battle. When an Orc Warlord of sufficient strength and cunning arises, he gathers as many tribes under his banner as he can before launching a massive Waaagh! against the rest of the Old World, a thought that fills even the bravest warrior of the Empire with unease, for the hordes of the Greenskins are nearly endless.

COMMON VIEW

"Bigger, tougher, and scarier than us, but we can beat them. We have a lot of advantages over them, and we just have to play to those advantages and do what we can to prevent them using their own advantages. Our advantages are missile fire, quality of armour and weaponry, skill at arms, and most importantly, discipline. Discipline is the key. Most of you lads have heard me tell of General Kriegmeister and his tactics for getting Beastmen to fight amongst themselves. Well, Orcs are even more prone to that than the Beastmen are. There is conflict not just the between leaders, but at every level in Orc and Goblin society. Even if there are just three of you out there in a foraging or scouting party and you meet four Orcs, you can beat them, because they will fight among themselves given half a chance. The most simplistic ploys can be used — just tell one of 'em his mate was making a rude gesture behind his back, and before you can say 'What's green and covered in blood?' they'll be battering each other. While they're fighting among themselves, you either run and get the rest of us, or just charge right in there and hack 'em up."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER



"They don't farm, they don't craft 'owt but clubs 'an cleavers, an' they don't trade. They just murder an' rob an' burn. What use are they? The Emperor should send out t' army to kill 'em all."

— OLD HOB, PEASANT FARMER

"Don't tell anyone this, but they aren't so bad as is made out sometimes. Goods that come out of Araby are pricey because the merchants who run the caravans have to pay tolls and bribes to the Greenskin leaders, not because they have to fight every step of the way through Orc country."

— KASTAR HANDLIN, TRAVELLING MERCHANT

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"Though Orcs are in rare cases capable of considerable intellectual maturity, with some of the more cerebral leaders and shamans approaching the intellectual abilities of an average and ill-educated Human, even these specimens have nothing of emotional maturity. All Orcs, even the cleverest, resemble nothing so much as squabbling Human toddlers that have been magically granted enormous size, horrendous strength, and a variety of barbaric weapons."

— HEINRICH MALZ, HIGH PRIEST OF VERENA, NULN.

Orc culture is based on the idea that it is the right and indeed duty of the strong to oppressively rule the weak. Larger, stronger Orcs are accorded higher status, and indeed an Orc can potentially keep growing throughout his adult life. This growth only stops when the Orc reaches his natural stopping-place in the Greenskin hierarchy, just below an even larger and tougher Orc. Orcs venerate the twin Gods, Gork and Mork, which are basically idealised versions of everything they aspire to be: strong, unstoppable, fierce and lucky. Only the Savage Orcs pay more than lip service to their Gods, as most Orcs are aware that praying to either Gork and Mork is futile, seeing as they don't answer the prayers of cowards, and who but a weakling would need to beg for their help anyway?

"Nightshade, double the dose you would use for a strong Human. Increase the dosage further for a particularly large Orc, as necessary."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

Orcs literally live to fight. The sophistication of their tactics varies enormously according to who is in command of them and how effectively a given Boss is able to communicate with his troops. Orcs become Bosses through being bigger and tougher than other Orcs, not necessarily through being more intelligent, and many an Orc Warlord or Boss simply sends his

troops at the enemy with little thought for tactics, trusting to their innate strength and ferocity to win the day.

That said, those Orc Bosses who are either naturally smarter than the rest, or who simply have the kind of low cunning that can observe another race's tactics and borrow from them, will often be the Orc Bosses whose tribes survive and prosper. So, it is certainly possible to see quite sophisticated Orc tactics at work, with Bosses using the various forces they have available as optimally as possible. For example, rather than sending in Boar Riders as soon as the enemy is sighted and seeing them cut down by overwhelming numbers of foes, the Boar Riders will be sent around and timed to arrive on the enemy's flanks or rear a few seconds after the main forces hit their front line.

Of course, Orcs being Orcs, some of a Boss's main enemies are often the stupidity, bloodthirstiness, and animosity of his own troops. If the Boar Riders decide they want the glory of getting to the enemy first, or if they follow the plan but get lost on the way, or if they stop to take a swipe at a couple of rival Orc warriors... well, no plan ever survives contact with the enemy, and for an Orc Boss few plans survive contact with his own troops either!

"From the deepest, darkest tunnels they came, burrowing and banging, shouting and smashing. We soon learnt not to try to negotiate, save with axes and cannon. For thousands upon thousands of years have we fought them, and many think we will soon be defeated. Yet we have our plans, and some day we will take back our ancestral

holds—or else destroy both those homes and the foul Orcs who now pollute them."

— GIALAR KUNST, DWARF LOREMASTER

OUR OWN VIEW

"Humies are a bit like big pigs, they squeal like 'em too. Stunties are coarse and gritty, nasty things, best avoided, but they do scream good if yer can be bothered to keep 'em alive when you roast 'em; they'll keep yer goin' if yer can't get nuthin' else. Elveses are a bit strange too, bit of an acquired taste, I like 'em but a lot doesn't. Halflings though, not a lot of eatin' on 'em yer might think, but that big fat gut makes for great steaks."

— FLABGASK, COOK TO WARLORD GRUBNASH

"Oi! Snebber! Woz you lookin' at my choppa? Wot? Howzabout you looks at it a bit closer eh? Yeah? Yeah? Eat dis!"

— GABBER, ORC

"We ix strong an' tough. Da strong onez win, an' then eat the weak. Some of dem Gobboes is awright to keep for slaves or ter catch Humie cannonballs in the heads, but most is best fer the pot. One day we eats all of youse. One day soon."

— GALNAST, ORC BOSS

Goblins and Night Goblins

COMMON VIEW

"Little pests. Our armies should be able to clean them up with ease, then get on with the real business of fighting Chaos."

— ALBRECHT KINEAR, PROFESSOR EMERITUS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NULN

"Night Goblins are the worst. They're so unpredictable. You get used to uncertainty in war—you know that as soon as a fight starts, plans and orders are going to fail and disintegrate anyway. You never quite get used to Night Goblin Fanatics or Squigs hurling themselves around the battlefield though. What we should do is talk to them Dwarfs about maybe clearing them out from all the caves they're in; if we could kill all the Night Goblins this world would be much improved."

— STEMAHR HOLST, EMPIRE SOLDIER

"You've never seen anything crueller than three Goblins torturing a wounded deer that had caught its foot in their crude trap. I've nothing against trappers, I've set snares myself you understand, but the thing to do is check the traps often, then put the critter out of its misery soon as you can. Easiest way for me to do that in this case was to stick three arrows in the Goblins then one in the deer. I'd have done the deer first but I wanted to finish the Goblins while they still didn't know I was there. Ah, but the venison

tasted good that night, and I got a bounty on the Goblin heads too."

— FRITZ BODGER, FORESTER

"They trampled my herb garden, just for sheer devilment. I think they're even worse than Orcs—getting bullied all the time by bigger Greenskins gives them a real vindictive streak. I wanted to run out and show them the error of their ways with my staff, but there were a dozen of them and only one of me so I stayed hid in my cave."

— KARL GLOGAUER, HOLY HERMIT

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"Their character is universally reprehensible. There is no depth of casual cruelty or random violence to which a Goblin will not sink, if it senses that it has the power to do so. Yet in the presence of an Orc or even just a larger Goblin, it will become suddenly servile and fawning, a slinking cur in fear of its master's stick."

— HEINRICH MALZ, HIGH PRIEST OF VERENA, NULN.

"Greenbane, mashed to a pulp with birch sap."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

Goblins live on the cast-offs of other races and frequently thrive in the shadows of their larger green skinned cousins, the Orcs. They are, in general, a miserable treacherous race of petty

thieves and vicious cutthroats. Goblins can be found just about everywhere, though they tend to favour the mountains. Night Goblins live in cave systems deep underground, and have a strong aversion to sunlight. This leads them to wear dark hoods and cloaks to keep off the rays of the sun. Other than this, Night Goblins are essentially very similar to ordinary Goblins, though they are even more vicious. Their equipment and fighting style is somewhat different, incorporating the infamous Fanatics, highly trained net-fighters, and savage Squig Herds.

"Gork and Mork made da Goblinz for us to kick, kill, and eat. Dey iz nothing. Dey iz less than nothing. Even dere magic iz weak an' pointless. Only use Dey got in a fight iz catchin' Humie arrows. Wiv der 'eads."

— SHEGLAK, ORC GREAT SHAMAN

OUR OWN WORDS

"Yerz got to make yer mark summhov. See as a Goblin, yer'll get killed an' et by Orcs or even other Goblinz if they's not scared of yer or if yer not useful to 'em. I wozn't all dat big but when an Orc tried to pull me arm off I made 'is 'ead explode. Then they woz a bit scared of me, an' they knew I'd be useful too."

— BOZFAG, GOBLIN SHAMAN

"Da humies look at yer, an see a big joke. Orcs, too. Let 'im laugh while yer tick'lin dere guts wit yer sticker. 'member always dat yer smaller, so's ya got's to be smarter, eh?"

— GITSNIKER, GOBLIN BOSS

Squigs

COMMON VIEW

"When you first see a Squig herd being forced onto the battlefield by their Night Goblin herders, you don't know whether to laugh or soil yourself. They bounce all over the place like some kind of mad circus act, the Night Goblins adding to the weird carnival look of the thing by capering about and screaming themselves. Then one of those things just bounces right through your regiment like a giant cannonball, and you know that laughter is not the right response."

— LEONHARD, MERCENARY

"Considering they're Night Goblin food, they taste surprisingly good. We were fed with spit-roasted Squigs one time we did a bit of business with the Crooked Moon Goblins. They were moist and flavorsome, with all the taste of a smoked ham but the lightness of a young chicken. Ever since then I've offered soldiers a bounty on fresh-killed Squigs, because I can always find customers to buy them, a lot of the inns round here serve up Squig regularly. No, I never tell them what they're really buying, of course not—do you think I'm stupid or something?"

— KASTAR HANDLIN,
TRAVELLING MERCHANT

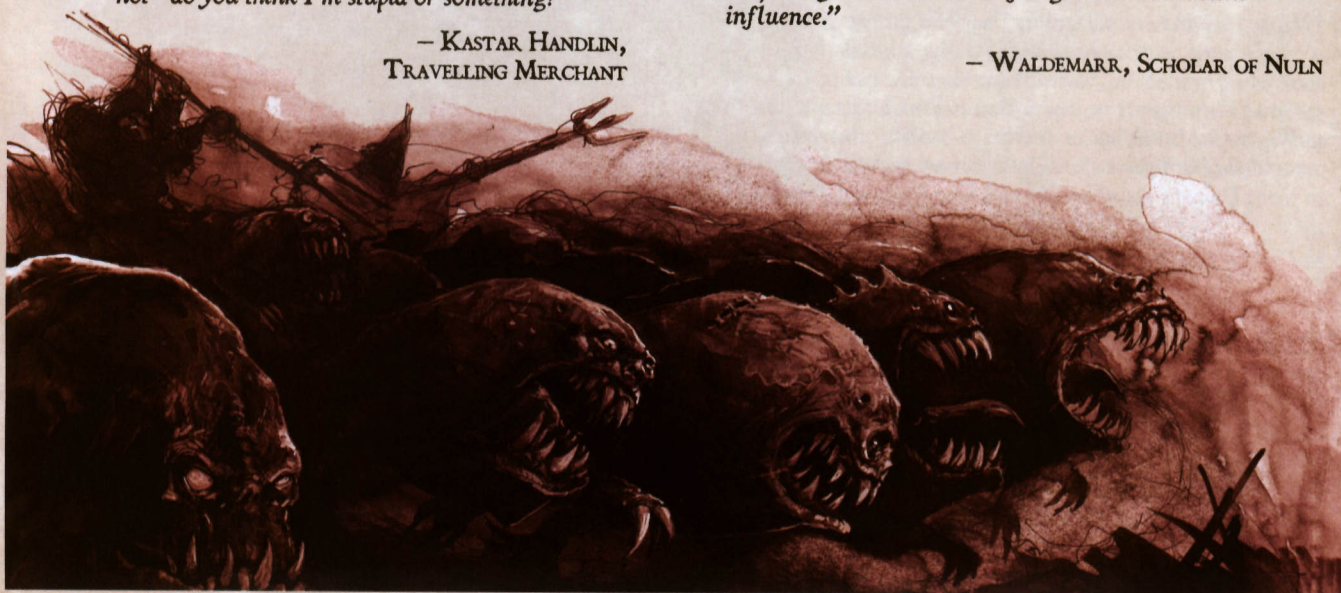
"Fast and vicious, you don't want to get caught by them. Still they're not too hard to slay—a good downright blow will kill one of them. You have to be quick, though, or they're past you and gallivanting all over the battlefield."

— ALPHONSE, BRETONNIAN MAN-AT-ARMS

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"I believe them to be creatures of Chaos. Essentially, gigantic Chaos mushrooms that detest sunlight, with fangs. There is no other explanation for their immense variety in form, size and colour. They generally come from the caverns beneath the World's Edge Mountains, though I've heard tell of green 'Leafy Squigs' that roam through the perpetual darkness of the older forests, as well as 'Spitter Squigs' who plague the rivers that come down from the mountains. Still, it is the Night Goblin tribes who seem to continually bring forth bizarre new forms of Squig in their raids. I suspect that a great store of warpstone must rest within their caves, continually subjecting the natural cave fungi to its malevolent influence."

— WALDEMARR, SCHOLAR OF NULN



Squigs seem to be extremely simple in terms of their motivations. So far, they have only ever been reliably observed exhibiting two behaviour patterns: eat anything edible that is nearby, then move more-or-less randomly until there is something else to eat within range and wandering about aimlessly.

"Typical Goblin weapon, a great bouncing mouth that will eat anything it happens to land on. No subtlety to it, no innovation, no invention. Still, a crossbow bolt or two will see to them all right."

— GIALAR KUNST, DWARF LOREMASTER

A number of bizarre offshoots of Squig have been seen in various places within the Old World though they inevitably favour lightless areas. They generally seem adapted to whatever environment they grew up in. Humans unfortunate enough to

encounter a Squig generally meet one of the variations on cave dwelling Squigs kept by the Night Goblins. The Cave Squigs move by launching themselves into great leaps with their powerful legs, then bouncing upwards again as soon as they hit the ground. They seem to be quite shortsighted, presumably on account of their upbringing in the darkness of underground cavern systems. Their movement has no discernible pattern; they will bounce in a random direction in the hope of landing near food.

"Suntree sap, smeared onto caltrops."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

"It's sort of a symbio—a symbeer—a connection 'tween us and da Squigs, dat means dey eat us sometimes and we eat dem, too. A bit like humies and us. Whaddya mean ya don't eat us when you catch us? Why not?"

— FIGLAK, NIGHT GOBLIN SHAMAN

Hobgoblins

COMMON VIEW

"Their war cries came to us first; shrieking calls and piercing whistles mixed with the baying of wolves echoed over the ridge. We smelled them next, their stench carried on the foul winds that blew from their steppe homelands far to the east. A gaunt lone figure came over the rise, mounted on a massive wolf. He paused at the crest of the hill to stare down at us for a time. Finally, he raised a horn to his lips, sounded one echoing blast, and then charged our lines without hesitation. When his mount had loped perhaps a dozen paces in our direction, his troops flowed over the horizon like a wave. Their battle line stretched as far as I could see in both directions. Hundreds of Hobgoblins riding hundreds of wolves. They fired arrows as they came and such was their skill that far too many found their mark even though they raced forward over uneven ground as they shot. I have stood against many foes, but few as fell as the Hobgoblin troops of Zhorag Khan."

— OTMAR ESSEL, KISLEVITE WARRIOR

"Oi! Dey's not propa Greenskins a'tol are dey? Deys an alright shade 'o green I'll grant and dey's shifty enuff fer gobos, but dat's all dat's right about 'em. Dey use poison! Poison! Like one 'o dem stink'n Ratmen! Da miserable gits sneak about and always go in fer two quick shivs in da dark. Never a propa scrap has ever come from dem Hobs, I'll warrant. Dey play at being stuntie lackeys and dey cheat at dice. Still, dey's handy fer soaking up arrers when no others are 'round."

— WARBOSS CLANGOR GORESPILLER

"Foul, duplicitous wretches. While I despise the Greenskin hordes, at least there is some honesty to their savagery. They are as they are and while they all must surely be annihilated one day, they've not committed the greatest sin of joining the dark powers. Not so the Hobgoblins, for they are the willing minions of Chaos. They march under the cursed banners of the host of Zharr Naggrund, enslaving other races at the behest of their cruel and

twisted Dwarf masters. Could there be anything more unnatural than Greenskins working for Dwarfs?!"

— ALBRECHT KINEAR, PROFESSOR EMERITUS
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NULN

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

Hobgoblins are one of the numerous Greenskin races that infest the Old World; however, distinct from their many "cousins" the Hobgoblins are estranged from their kin. They do not march to war with Goblins, nor join in the great Orc Waaags, though they've been known to do it a bit of opportunistic looting alongside their brethren if the circumstances are right. Rather, the Hobgoblins have their own kingdom on the Great Steppes east of the World's Edge Mountain range where the legendary Hobgobla Khan rules them, after a fashion.

"Ahh, the shifting loyalties of the Hobgoblins. Of all the green races, they are surely the most slippery. Orcs are nearly always predictable. If you learn the tactics of one Orc, you are likely to know them all, though the exceptions are always warlords who rise to lead the biggest hordes. Goblins and their ilk are far cagier and the Goblin tribes that venerate the moon are downright evil. The Hobgoblins, though, are firm believers in keeping what they view as an entirely practical outlook, namely that those in power only get to stay that way by continually proving themselves. Hobgoblins respect strength and cunning alone, differing to those that they believe have both qualities in abundance. First time I had to command a Hobgoblin squad, I decked the first one that cheeked me and killed his wolf with my bare hands. That set the lot of them straight and I had no problems with them the rest of that campaign. Still, they constantly search for weakness in those around them and if they ever find it, they will pick on such an individual mercilessly until the target of their ridicule stands up for himself or dies. You can never entirely trust one of the squinty blighters, excepting that you can always trust him to do what he feels is best for his own interests at any given moment. This attitude must make ruling the Hobgoblin hordes of the Great

Steppes harder than keeping an Ogre on limited rations, for they are an eternally fractious race. I've lost track of the number of scraps I've had to break up amidst Hobgoblins and, well, just about everybody else. Scarred old mate of mine named Shores, least whys as close to a friend as I've ever had among them, seeing as he didn't stick me when he had the chance, told me there have been many Hobgobla Khans over time. Most fall in battle or are sorted out by assassination with great regularity. Only the infamous Morcar Kahn the Cunning managed to die of old age. I reckon it was the truth 'cause Shores was drunk when he told me, but you can never tell with a Hob. Sneaky bastards the lot of 'em. Why they fit in so well with us mercenaries, eh?"

— SERGEANT UHLER CARROBURG, WAR DOG

The Hobgoblins have learned a great many unusual skills out on the Great Steppes. Their exposure to the far eastern empire of Cathay has made their elite fighters deadly in close combat. Their favour pairs of twinned curved knives and quick poison.

"I kind of like these green-things. They show... promise."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

Not long after the Realm of Chaos finally swallowed the northern Dwarfholds, corrupted Dwarfs emerged in the east to make war on the Hobgoblins' most northerly tribes. After a great deal of blood was spilt on both sides, an accommodation was eventually reached with the tainted Dwarfs and when they march to war now, there are always Hobgoblins in their vanguard. That story, though, is but one version of the tale, the one the Hobgoblins tell other races. There are other descriptions of duplicity and betrayal involving the Black Orcs which none now speak of.

"They choose wisely, in the end. The Black Orcs never would've treated them as we do. I think they make for the finest cannon fodder. Indeed, they have been fodder for the Hellcannons. Their speed is unquestionably the most impressive trait about them. Certainly not the speed of their thoughts, of course, but of their mounts. We often range our cannon by gauging the movements of their forward lines. If a few of them get annihilated in the initial ranging shots, no great loss. None of us are under any illusions though. We regard them as eminently expendable. They betrayed their own, they will certainly betray us. In fact, many of their boldest Khans have made it quite clear that they will happily flee allowing us to be overrun if a battle ever turns against us. The arrangement is more than suitable. We detest them, they detest us, but all of us hate everybody else more."

— HALGIR ASHBREWER,
CHAOS DWARF
ENGINEER

The Hobgoblins seem to have resisted the full mutating effects that exposure to Chaos can bring. Their shamans are rumoured to be capable of binding wind demons that sweep down from the north. Unlike the other Greenskin races, Hobgoblins seldom pursue war simply for the sake of battle. Their pragmatic nature applies in all things and the Empire holds little interest for them as anything other than a place to acquire loot and perhaps increase their personal glory, hence their relative rarity in the west of the Old World.

OUR OWN WORDS

"Dere's nuthin' in life as proper as hunt'n from da back of a 'ard taught wolf. Dere speed n' grace makes da world flow by as a dream. Prey who manage ta give a good fight n' die with some dignity are way better dan dose wot scream and soil der britches, but I take whatever I catch all da same."

— BRODAI, HOBGOBLIN WARRIOR

"Aye, some of us speak better than our uncouth brethren. Indeed, we do most things better than the others, except perhaps, die in droves. We leave that to the Goblins and the Orcs. My lads aren't particularly interested in falling on fields far from our beloved steppes, though we may be willing if the price is right. What are you offering?"

It will cost you extra if we have to leave anyone alive."

— CHOKNECH, HOBGOBLIN
MERCENARY



Trolls

COMMON VIEW

"Vile creatures, and tainted by Chaos every one of them! Burn them! Burn them! Burn them all!"

— ALBRECHT KINEAR, PROFESSOR EMERITUS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NULN

"Them River Trolls is the worst. If they ever move into a lake or river you're fishing, there's no getting them out again, leastways not without my help. They pull folks out of their boats and down to their dooms. Worse than that, they eat all the fish. One of them comes to my lake, but I fixed him good and proper. It weren't easy. First I cursed him. That weakened him a bit. Then I got the whole village together and we cleaned up the lake—dragged it for bodies and junk, stopped people using it to throw rubbish in, even picked out the bits of weed and twig from the surface. After a few weeks of that he moved downriver to the smellier lake by the next village. If that hadn't have worked I'd have had to stick my knife in him. Everyone's scared of my knife, even Trolls."

— PETRA LANGENMESSER, VILLAGE FISHWIFE

"They stink worse than Sergeant Strauss after two months on the road, and they're almost as ugly too."

— ELKE RABE, CAMP FOLLOWER, ATTACHED TO THE BAGGAGE TRAIN OF THE IMPERIAL STIRLAND GUARDS.

"You know how charcoal burning's done, right? You make yourself a big low bonfire in the forest, then heap earth atop it so it just smoulders away by itself for days, never quite burning out. Then you pull the earth off the top and you're left with charcoal underneath. Troll leapt out one time when I was in the woods with Wilhelm the charcoal-burner. The Troll grabbed Wilhelm from behind, its hand round his throat like an iron collar. I was scared out of my skin, but I knew a Troll was probably stupider than me so I thought fast. Hoping to save us both I told it I could get it some tastier food. I'd heard that a Troll will eat anything, see, so I told it that the mound of earth we were tending was a creature we were farming, an earth monster that was a particularly tasty dish. It dropped Wilhelm onto the forest floor and just knelt down to take a great big gulp of earth, not realizing it was swallowing a load of burning wood in the same mouthful. It dropped to the ground clutching its belly, smoke pouring out of its mouth, and I cut its



head off with my axe before it could recover. I looked to Wilhelm, but he was gone; the Troll had crushed his throat to a pulp before it dropped him."

— FRITZ BODGER, FORESTER

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"Some authorities hypothesise that all life is inherently Chaotic, inherently tainted by that dark force. Whether this is true or nay I cannot say. It is clear to me however that all life has the potential to be so tainted, and that certain creatures are Chaotic by their very nature, such as Beastmen and Minotaurs. Trolls are not quite so marked by Chaos as are those creatures, though it is often said that their adaptability and variety are strong indicators of their truly Chaotic nature. That may be so, though if it is perhaps we Humans should also have cause for concern, for their can be few creatures, Chaotic or not, quite so adaptable and various as Humankind. Whatever the truth, it is clear that many Trolls do fall under the sway of Chaos, bearing much the same Marks of Chaos as do the Chaos raiders the North. These Chaos Trolls are no larger than their ordinary counterparts, but are frequently even uglier and more deformed, and universally more vicious and aggressive in their depredations."

— KLAUS ZWOLFERHORN, FROM ON CHAOS AND ITS DREAD WORKS: OR, A GUIDE TO THE COMING APOCALYPSE.

"A mix of everything you have, and plenty of it."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

"Chaos Trolls are highly honoured in the eyes of the Changer of the Ways, for rarely does any creature combine mutation with such natural size, power, and sheer vitality. Yes, a Chaos Giant may be larger, but a Chaos Troll is so brim-full of life and energy as to be

almost impossible to kill. Knock it down, and it comes back stronger and angrier than ever. Much like Chaos itself."

— DRAKAR NETH SHYISH, THE FIST OF CHEN, ALSO KNOWN AS DRAKAR THE QUESTIONER

Snotlings

COMMON VIEW

"Just don't make the mistake of laughing so hard they stab you in the ankle."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER

"It is a well-known fact that all Greenskins reproduce by parthenogenesis, bringing forth precise copies of themselves, which is why they all look identical save for size. The Snotling is but the infant form of the Goblin, which in turn is the adolescent form of the Orc; the Orc, if it survives for long enough, will one day become a Black Orc, the middle-aged form, and later a Troll of some variety. Those, gentlemen, are the simple facts of the situation, and any who claim differently are mere liars, or worse, ill-educated buffoons."

— ALBRECHT KINEAR, PROFESSOR EMERITUS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NULN

"Ahhhh, baby goblins! Cuuute!"

— ELKE RABE, CAMP FOLLOWER, ATTACHED TO THE BAGGAGE TRAIN OF THE IMPERIAL STIRLAND GUARDS.

"Vicious little things. In case it's true that they're the next generation of Greenskins, kill them whenever you get a chance."

— LEONHARD, MERCENARY

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"Whether Snotlings truly are infant Goblins and Orcs, or whether they are simply the smallest and most degenerate of the Greenskin species, is still a matter that is very much open to debate. Certainly they closely resemble the larger Greenskins, but that could be the case whichever theory is true. The Orcs and Goblins barely acknowledge their existence other than to give them a beating every now and again, and certainly have no interest in debating where they come from, but once more, for a Greenskin that might be an equally appropriate attitude to have towards one's own children as towards a related but essentially inferior species. The only way to resolve the matter with any certainty is to capture a swarm of Snotlings and keep them well fed, watching over the years to determine if they grow into Goblins and perhaps even into Orcs."

— HEINRICH MALZ, HIGH PRIEST OF VERENA, NULN.

Snotlings are found wherever Orcs and Goblins live or travel, getting underfoot, attracting cuffs and slaps from their larger counterparts, running about all over the place with their interminable mindless chattering, and eating anything that is too disgusting even for an Orc or Goblin to want to touch.

"It would be a waste of perfectly good venom. The wound you would inflict to deliver the toxin would in itself be sufficient to slay the thing."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

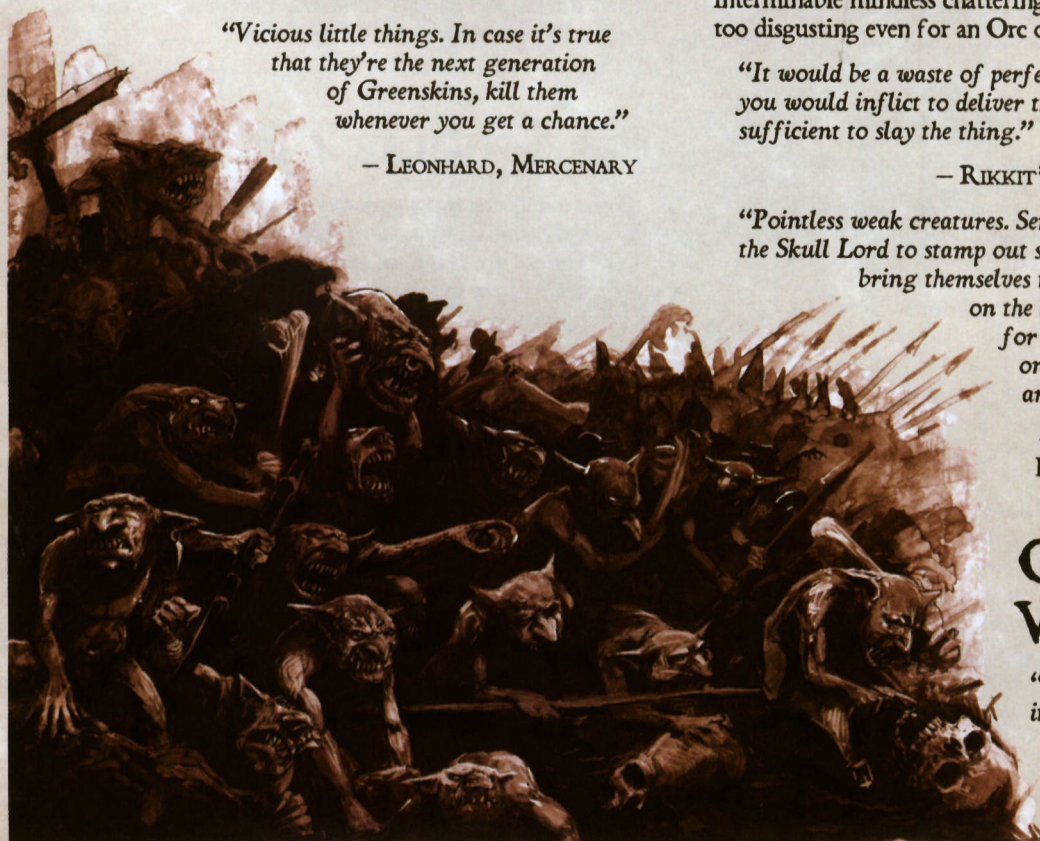
"Pointless weak creatures. Send our brothers who revere the Skull Lord to stamp out such creatures, if they can bring themselves to do it. They have no place on the battlefield, or in the world for that matter. Only the strong ones will survive, and Snotlings are the antithesis of strength."

— DRAKAR NETH SHYISH, THE FIST OF CHEN, ALSO KNOWN AS DRAKAR THE QUESTIONER

OUR OWN WORDS

"Look! Humie! Fight it fight it fight it! Jab jab jab! Get it get it get it! Yarrggg!"

— ASSORTED SNOTLINGS



Denizens of Athel Loren



The ancient forest of Athel Loren sits on the eastern edge of Bretonnia, bordering the Grey Mountains. It is a wild and fey place, one of mysterious power and terrible danger. The kingdom of the Wood Elves lies somewhere under the forest's vast green canopy, as do countless strange creatures all but unknown to the rest of the Old World, for few that go there ever return.

COMMON VIEW

"When I was younger, I had a friend named Hugo who fancied himself a woodsman. Hugo wasn't the sharpest arrow in the quiver, but he had a good heart. He often strayed too near the woods, far beyond the boundaries that our village elders had set for us and he had no fear of the strangely marked stones that the fey guard so fiercely. One spring night, we were heading home from fishing when a beautiful girl stepped out of the shadows of the trees and beckoned to us. I was afraid, but Hugo went to her without hesitation. When Hugo didn't return the next day, the elders asked me what had happened, but I told them I didn't know. Eventually, they gave Hugo up for dead. I didn't see my friend again for nearly three decades, until a certain spring night, when I chanced to be near the trees where last I'd seen Hugo. A young man came walking out of the woods and to my astonishment, I realised it was he, but that he hadn't aged a day. He started to speak to me, but then his eyes widened, as if from fear. Whatever his final words were, they were lost as he crumbled to dust before my eyes. Out of the darkened trees a beautiful girl beckoned me and I fled with her mocking laughter speeding me on."

— ANTON, BRETONNIAN PEASANT

"Foul harlots. Demonic temptresses. Be not fooled by their beautiful guises, nor their attempts to cloak themselves in the trappings of the natural world to throw off suspicion as to their true nature. I know the minions of Chaos when I see them and Dryads are one of the perverted Pleasure Lord's more exquisite toys but they can damn a man's soul as surely as any other Daemon. The Despoiler crafted them to dissemble and that they do. Fortunately, their choice of form makes them quite susceptible to fire, a weakness I've had the privilege of exploiting on occasion."

— VORSTER PIKE, WITCH HUNTER

"My Mother always said my odd sense of humour would one day get me into trouble. As ever, she was right, but I know she would've been surprised to hear it also once saved my life. A few years ago, my unit was serving with one of the western Empire lordlings to fill out his ranks while he made a little 'expedition' into Bretonnia. Word of our coming preceded our force as a group of knights were awaiting us on a fair green field as we came down out of a Grey Mountain pass. The woods of Athel Loren lay just to the south of us and somebody got the bright idea of having some lads go off through a few large copses of trees so that we could flank the Bretonnians. As ever, us mercenaries got the short straw and off we went. Well we got no more than a hundred or paces or so when these beautiful girls came wandering out of the trees right in front of us. Some of them were dressed in the sheerest cloth I'd ever seen, so much so that they might as well have been naked. Now I can't really say why, but something about their appearance or the way they swayed forward grinning, or maybe

my companion's reactions set me off and I started laughing, which is why I'm alive to tell you this story. When the Dryads, for such I later learned they were, got within about ten paces of us, their pretty features twisted into horrible leering visages and they proceeded to annihilate some of the most hardened soldiers it's been my pleasure to serve with. Their limbs grew long and sprouted dagger-like thorns, then they charged. One of them smashed me aside with a blow aimed to knock me unconscious. I woke up several hours later, surrounded by the corpses of my fellows and one of those fey women winsomely smiling down at me. When she saw that I was awake she leaned forward to press against me and run a finger along my jaw line. 'Tell your fellows, Laughing One,' she whispered huskily, 'that we'd rather they stay out of our woods, hmm?' Her breath smelled of loam, hyacinth, and blood. There isn't enough gold in this world to ever make me return to Athel Loren."

— EMMERICH, MERCENARY

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

Dryads are capricious female nature spirits that seem to dwell almost exclusively within the ancient forest realm of Athel Loren, a fell place of mist and shadow that stretches over hundreds of miles, dominating much of the western edge of the Grey Mountains. While Athel Loren is nominally a part of Bretonnia, no Lord of that realm has ever seen fit to claim the place and with good reason. It is the kingdom of the Forrest Elves, estranged kin of the folk of Ulthuan who keep their own counsel under the leafy canopy.

"There are tales throughout the Old World of beautiful enchanted forest maidens. In Norsca, they are the named Woodwose, in Estalia, the Arumae and in the Empire they are called Dryads. Whatever their name may be, they are described the same: dangerous feminine forest spirits who delight in tempting men. However, despite the great range of the tales, Dryads have only ever been verifiably sighted in the primordial forest of Athel Loren. Why this should be is unknown. Perhaps they are magical constructs, crafted by the mystical Elf witch who is said to rule that realm, or maybe they are actually female Elves who have been somehow transformed by exposure to Athel Loren. I subscribe to another theory. I believe that they are an extension of the forest itself, which explains why they have never been sighted elsewhere. They are a defence mechanism, if you will, for the trees of that magical wood. I have no proof of this; it is merely conjecture on my part for none of the very few Elves who have ever travelled out of Athel Loren have been willing to discuss the matter so the mystery remains."

— WALDEMARR, SCHOLAR OF NULN

The Dryads of Athel Loren frequently accompany the Wood Elves when they march to war, though they always act on their own dictates, largely ignoring any but the most vague of orders. They often accompany the great Treemen into battle, acting as a sort of honour guard. The connections between the two,

other than that they both seem to be types of nature spirits, is unknown. Dryads are disturbing opponents for their generally beautiful features flow and twist into hideous shapes as they charge into battle. Their skin continually shifts into different forms reminiscent of the various trees of Athel Loren and their fighting style alters to accompany it.

"They are fluid as a stream and just as ever changing. No one shape can contain their essence for long, so they shift from one form to another, dancing even while they are standing still. They are the pulse of the forest, wild and fierce by turns, followed by pensive calm. One moment they are as hard as an Ash, shrugging off blows that could fell an Ogre, the next they are as supple as a reed, bending around their opponent's weapons as they giggle or mock his discomfort. My fellows and I have often

talked about why they never hold to one form for long. The general consensus is that they easily grow bored."

— MYLABURR, ATHEL LOREN SCOUT

OUR OWN WORDS

"You're sap flows pure and strong through your limbs. I would feel its warmth upon me. Share just a little of it with me, won't you?"

— KAYANORA, DRYAD

"The four legs have their teeth, their claws or their speed to protect them. The Shining Ones have their bows and blades. What do the trees have? They have us and the Forrest Lords."

— WHISHIRA, DRYAD

Treemen

COMMON VIEW

"I knew it was a bad idea from the start, but his Lordship insisted on having his trebuchet and the only suitable source of wood nearby was Athel Loren. A number of peasants from the east refused to have any part of it, several stating that they would face any punishment rather than go near the forest. A round of whippings and beatings had no effect on their resolve. My Lord was absolutely enraged. After he calmed down, his nerves doubtless soothed by the beheadings, he put some small sum of silver on the project and declared that he would personally lead it.

That led to enough volunteers to create a proper work force. More's the pity. Lambs to the slaughter. He took us to the edge of the wood and didn't listen when one of the braver commoners insisted that we should take only naturally downed wood, ordering us to cut down several trees in their prime. An hour or so after we felled the first tree, we heard an eerie cry echo through the woods that set all of us to shivering. My Lord declared it a wolf, or some other fell beast, and bade us press on. All work stopped though, when the trunks of the forest parted and shifted before us as if they were made of water.

From out of the forest's eaves, a creature I thought was mere legend stepped. He was like an oak and he was not. I can't explain it better than that. The Treeman stalked forward and thundered a single word with a voice like a hundred boughs breaking at once, "WHY?" His Lordship searched for a proper response and finally managed something along the lines of, "By right of parley, I..."

Whatever else he was going to say was lost in the muddy ground as the Treeman hit him with an overhand smash so hard that both my Lord and his horse were killed on the instant, felled by that single blow. As the



Treeman wrenched his massive wooden fist out of the ground and the ruin of my former Lord and his horse, the rest of us fled."

— ROCH-OLIVIER, BRETONNIAN YEOMAN

"While noble Magnus rode to the north, I marched west against a horde of Beastmen that were passing, I thought unopposed, through the passes of the Grey Mountains. Swift was our ride and hard was the journey, but its end brought a sight that I never expected to behold in the years of this life and a victory unlooked for. At the foot of the mountains, we came upon an encampment of Beastmen greater than any I had ever seen. While I had a company of over a hundred, we were outnumbered by at least ten to one. Still I chose to give the order to charge, knowing that it would be my last. As I prepared to lift my voice, I heard the clarion calls of silvery horns echoing down the mountainsides. To my wonderment, the woods began to move, as if they were marching in time to the horns. As the trees reached the Beastmen's hastily assembled lines, massive forms rose up out of them, looking for all the world like trees that were playing at being men. At their feet ran lithe maidens who changed before our eyes into howling daemons that tore into the Chaos horde before shifting back to laughing girls once more. My men looked to me, to see what my reaction was going to be. My thoughts were lost when I noticed a large group of Beastmen lighting torches. I gestured towards them calling 'There, the ones who seek to set the wood ablaze,' and charged. We took the Beastmen, unaware, from behind and we were victorious. As the battle was ending, one of the largest of the tree men walked forward casually stomping still struggling Beastmen as he strode towards me. His eyes were the size of bucklers, but I detected no malice in them and he seemed to regard me with interest. We studied one another for a time, till at last he spoke. His voice was like the creaking of an old house laced with the burbling of a stream. 'Well met, sir knight. Thank you for removing the flame bearers. They may have been... difficult to manage.' I thanked him in turn for destroying the Chaos troops. 'Harrumph. Despoilers. Foul creatures. Unnatural they are, not part of the turnings of the wood at all.' He gestured north with a long wooden arm. 'An hour's journey, a camp of the Bright Ones, whom you call Wood Elves. Tell them you come with Durthu's blessing. Food and safe rest for you and your men.' He turned and walked away almost as fast as a horse can run, his long strides swiftly carrying him into the shadows of the trees. A storyteller later told me that I had been granted the rare privilege of meeting one of the legendary Treemen of Athel Loren and surviving to tell the tale. By Sigmar, those were interesting times."

— ROLAND CALTHRACT, GRAND MASTER OF THE ORDER OF THE BROKEN SHIELD, TAKEN FROM TALES OF THE GREAT WAR AGAINST CHAOS

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"Presuming that you all are willing to indulge me for a moment and believe in things beyond your ken, believe that the Treemen of Athel Loren actually exist,

the question before us is are they an actual race or a particular kind of forest spirit? If they are a separate race, then they are more wholly suited to their land than any species I've ever heard of and the naturalist in me wishes it were so. The scholar says otherwise, for there are the elusive Dryads. What then, is the Treemen's connection to those dangerous fey lovelies? Blagmort suggests that they are attended by the maids, ascribing some sort of harem-like arrangement, a notion I find ludicrous. If, as I have suggested in the past, the Dryads are Athel Loren's defence mechanism, then the Treemen could be, in a very real sense, the consciousness of the forest. They are the caretakers of that mystic wood, the generals who direct the efforts of their Dryad troops from the safety of the trees, only taking to the fray when there is no other choice. I don't know what their relationship is with the Elves of the woods, but I suspect it is one of mutual alliance."

— WALDEMARR, SCHOLAR OF NULN

The Treemen of Athel Loren seem concerned only for the affairs of their wood and little else. They have only left the safety of the forest less than a hand's count of times in the last few millennia. When they have done so, they have inevitably been marching alongside a Wood Elf host. The Treemen's relationship to the Wood Elves and their mystical rulers, Orion and Ariel, is a mystery known to none save those involved. Some speculate that Orion is in fact an Elf-Treeman hybrid, perhaps a living symbol of the "truce" between Athel Loren and the Wood Elves. Whatever the nature of the arrangement, it is closely guarded secret and only those who are directly involved know the truth of the matter. Inquiring too deeply into such affairs is to court death, not only because of the insular and oft-times paranoid nature of the Wood Elves, but also because there are legitimate reasons to believe that their enemies, including the forces of Chaos, may try to disrupt the bond that they have with the Treemen. The Wood Elves, for their part, are deeply respectful of the Treemen and cautious in their dealings with them.

"Do not lightly rouse the Forest Lords, for they are slow to anger, but when they finally decide to unleash their wrath, all the wood rages with them. The warhawks grow restive as the shadows stretch longer. Creatures who were once prey turn on their predators and we have to guard against the fiercer beasts who suddenly become bold enough to attack our villages. Woe then to any that creeps uninvited under the grand canopy of the Dark Green for never shall they emerge again."

— ELTHIAS, GLADE GUARD

OUR OWN WORDS

"How could you ever understand us? You are not of the forest; you do not follow the Green Way. Yours is the scurrying of badgers, the flight of the starlings, but without meaning. You are never still, never at peace. Always taking without thought, never giving back. You anger me sorely. I wish your kind would find your proper place in the world, then all would be better."

— MOSSBACK, TREEMAN

Unicorns

COMMON VIEW

"There was a stir amidst the bracken ahead of us and we prepared for a wolf or a boar. But that isn't what stepped from the thicket. Like a single ray of sun on an otherwise overcast day, her horn emerged first, gleaming so brightly that the shadows of the forest were thrown back and then she followed. She was a song cast in flesh, a poem without words. I tell you without shame that I wept as she regarded me with her ageless eyes. I tried to speak, but my words were lost as my companion, Turbretz, a singularly dense man, shot an arrow at her. I spun as swiftly as I could and struck his bow in twain, but by the time I'd turned back around, she was already gone."

— METRIOUS NULL FROM HIS BOOK BITTER PARTINGS

"Slightly magical beasts and nothing more. Oh, I suppose their pretty enough, with their gleaming hides and their shining eyes, but most of the stories are just talk. Unicorns are skittish creatures that shy away from Man, which I grant, shows they have some sense. Most lay all sorts of twaddle at their door, saying they're holy beasts and other such drivel. It's all pretty lies so minstrels can earn their keep and charm the young girls with the thought that one day a Unicorn will lay its head on her lap."

— ANTON MOORS, HUNTER

"They are one of the most beautiful themes in the song of the world and sacred in Loec's eyes. They are a reflection of all that is good. As they fare, so do we all. If the day should come that our people falter and the last Unicorn falls, then Chaos will sweep over all lands and madness shall rule this world until its end. It is no accident that their purity can hold evil enchantments at bay, nor chance alone that leads some of our most honoured maidens to ride them into battle."

— LITHARIN, WARDANCER

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"There is no trainer in this world, no matter how skilled or cruel, that can break a Unicorn or get one to accept a saddle. Unicorns are proud creatures; they will literally lie down upon the sod and die before carrying a rider without their willing consent. Legend states that they will only suffer the 'pure' to ride them, which many suggest must mean only those whose chastity remains intact, yet there are tales of Unicorns bearing brave wounded knights to safety, knights who were certainly not innocent. I suspect that Unicorns judge each by their own merits, which suggests to me that they are far more than merely unusual animals. But whatever else they may be, they are always wild."

— EDGAR NOLBRUN, SCRIBE

While unicorns are said to dwell in many of the forests of the Old World, the only people known to have ridden them into battle are the Wood Elves of Athel Loren. How

the maidens of Athel Loren go about acquiring their mounts is unknown, though every witness to their battle prowess has claimed that they rode without bit, bridle or saddle. Regardless, even amidst the Wood Elves there are only one or two maids in a generation that can claim to have ridden a Unicorn. The Unicorns' resistance to magic is exceptional, so much so that even master mages have trouble affecting them with all but the most powerful of enchantments. They even convey their resistance to the rare few that they allow to ride them. Scholars generally believe that the source of this powerful ability is their single horn.

"Much has made of the Unicorn's Horn. Indeed, if one believes even half the tales, a horn can staunch bleeding, dispel the minions of Chaos, increase potency, cure diseases and halt flatulence. I suspect that such a horn may indeed carry some measure of protection against evil magic, but the rest is mere wishful thinking. Not that this has stopped hunters from doing their best to drive the unicorn to extinction so that they can sell their horns to the gullible. If you ever seek after such, know that the majority of such horns that you ever find for sale in the Empire's markets originally came from a goat not a Unicorn. A real Unicorn's Horn is luminescent, glowing faintly yet visibly even during the day and I can tell you from personal experience that should you ever handle a true one, you will feel in some small way that you have taken part in a desecration. Not an experience I would recommend to anyone."

— APONYMOUS
RONE, MASTER
WIZARD OF THE COLLEGE
OF LIGHT



COMMON VIEW

"Have faith," the Enchantress had said to me, "have faith that they will come, for their memories stretch longer than the minds of Men can reckon and they owe debt to your family." Easily said in the long hours of the eve before a battle, but hard to hold onto in the midst of the fray when your comrades and followers are being slaughtered all about you. My duty lay in defending our land against the incursion of the Sigmarites, but my men were few and the Empire's army vast beyond easy reckoning. My scouts could not even give an accurate count of their horde, telling me they numbered as the stars. Still, my obligations were clear and so I prepared my troops to go to their deaths. The night before I engaged the invaders the Enchantress Ciara came to me and spoke of old debts between my line and the denizens of Athel Loren, telling me to send to them for aid. I had always been taught that it was unwise to rouse the People of the Wood, but then again, it is also foolhardy to disobey the advice of an Enchantress. I sent three of my bravest hunters, knowing in my heart that they would never return and even if they could get my plea through, there could be no response that would arrive in time to make any difference. That day I rose to watch the dawn, expecting it to be my last. When we finally engaged the enemy, the battle went as I expected. My men fought bravely, singing psalms to the Lady all the while, but they still fell all the same. In combat, there are tides that only a veteran can know and sometime past noon, I felt a change unlooked for in the current of that day. I heard a sharp, piercing cry resound even over the din of battle and the cries of dying soldiers. A black and white raptor as large as my horse sped past overhead, bearing an archer whose arrows did not miss, followed by a host of his fellows. The People of the Wood had come at my call and they came on swift wings."

— GERARD DU LACAREN, KNIGHT
OF THE REALM

"They are, of course, touched by Chaos, as are all things from that cursed wood. Warhawks appear as normal members of their species other than their great size, but be not deceived, for all too often a fair mien conceals the corruption lying within. I've heard men that were exposed to them on the battlefield

say disturbing things such as, 'they are beautiful, so fierce and free' and other such drivel that lead me to believe that exposure to them can have an ill effect upon the weak minded. Their deviant Elven riders are invariably craven in battle, striking from stealth and swiftly flying off without giving an honest accounting of themselves. Fortunately, for all their size, a well-placed shot will still put a just ending to them."

— ALBRECHT KINEAR, PROFESSOR EMERITUS AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF NULN

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

Warhawks carry Wood Elf riders into battle, a purpose they were not bred for, but one they adapted themselves to. They are not an ancient race like the Great Eagles, though they are a particularly intelligent one and far more clever than any 'normal' bird. They originated in the forest of Athel Loren, where the greater bulk of them still reside, though some tales hold that a few of them have travelled farther a field to seek

eyries elsewhere and a few of them have been spotted in the World's Edge Mountains. Their long association with the Wood Elves is well known of outside of Athel Loren, though few guess at the nature of the relationship.

"When first we strolled amidst ash and elm, they were already here, watching us with their sharp gazes. For a long time there was strife between our two kindreds and our children could not walk abroad in the day without fear of being swooped down upon quicker than even an Elven arrow can fly. To our lasting shame, we scaled their great trees, smashed their eggs, and killed their chicks. So it was until the coming of Kirada the Beast Caller. She it was who first made peace with the Shy-gwythiar, the Keen Ones, the Wind Riders. Those who had the guiltiest in destroying their young offered themselves up, but the Shy-gwythiar knew that vengeance was useless, instead saying that they would raise our children as their own. These were the first of the Warhawk 'riders' a clumsy Human term that doesn't begin to properly describe the bonds between Wind Rider and Elf. They are not just loyal mounts; they are brothers and sisters."

— ELTHIAS, WAYWATCHER



Children of the Sorned Rat



They gnaw at the roots of the world, plotting the downfall of all other races. They are the Skaven, a race of rat men bred up from rodents long exposed to the mutating effects of the strange Chaos material known as Warpstone. From the blighted, marshy hollows of Skavenblight, they spread out across the Old World, forever seeking an advantage that will allow them to topple their many enemies and claim the surface world as their own...

...Or not, as there are more than a few that say the Skaven are nothing more than a hoax, an elaborate fiction given voice only by madmen. Which is, if they did exist, exactly as they would have it.

COMMON VIEW

"They are terrible, terrible! Red eyes, chitters from the shadows, and clawed feet running, running ever through the darkness. They dredge gold up from the depths and bribe the nobles to look the other way as they steal our wives and children. They traffic in the darkest arts and summon Chaos Daemons to do their bidding. Most of our cities are ruled by their agents and we are all kept ignorant so we don't panic or flee for a slave who is ignorant of his slavery is easily controlled. When you try to fight them, they'll arrange for you to be found insane and you'll end up in here with Me."

— RUDI, GREAT ALTDORF ASYLUM INMATE

"Time and again, this ridiculous farce has arisen to plague our deliberations. I have confronted this lie here in the Grand Hall before, and doubtless I shall be forced to do so again as long as this foolish hysteria holds sway over our people. Know this then: I have questioned soldiers, peasants, nobles, labourers, priests, knights, merchants, witch hunters, and a few of those hardy souls most often called 'adventurers'. I have struggled amidst catacombs and sewers, risking infection or worse. I have ignored no avenue of research, and I can tell you with certainty, not one shred of proof exists that attests to the existence of these so-called 'Skaven'. Oh, there are dozens of clever forgeries to be sure, many mass-produced by clever rogues seeking to turn a quick profit by selling 'genuine' rat-men artefacts to the gullible. But of hard evidence, there is none. To think that there is an entire race of insidious

rat-men running about under our streets, attempting to undermine the Empire or as the mad would have it, the world entire, yet, has managed to go completely undetected for millennia, why, the very notion is absurd. Chaos, gentlemen, is a real and dire enough threat without embellishing our problems with Skaven."

— ALBRECHT KINEAR,
PROFESSOR EMERITUS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NULN

"I know they exist, I've fought them. Well, least wise what the common folk think of as Skaven. I spent a time taking Kislevite coin a couple of years ago. It paid well, but it was a nasty business. There was only one day in four when I didn't have to ride out to stop a Beastmen raid, or worse. Now Beastmen, they come in every shape you can think of and a number your worse nightmares would never have produced. I fought rat like ones on several occasions. Vicious sorts, like all their kind. Not really clever, but very, very cunning. I didn't notice anything all that different about them. They died as easily as other Beastmen, they just squeaked louder."

— ERNST WOLFENBURG, MERCENARY

"I know what our betters believe: that the Skaven are just one more peasant superstition. I truly wish tha' twere so, but it isn't. Used t' be a village a day's journey from here, lovely place twas. Now Orlin's son, Boris, he fancied a girl from there he'd met at market. One summer, e' comes running through t' fields, saying that the village entire was gone without a corpse to show for it. I was younger then, and a lot more foolish, so I went with a group of men to give the place a look. All we found were in the village square, where



it looked like a struggle of sorts went on. In the side o' the village well, there was a single star shaped piece of strange metal, a throwing blade of some kind I suspect, that had somehow melted right into the very rock. Had a symbol on it, a marking of three overlaid lines. Georg the Younger was the only one with the courage to touch it. He said the metal felt slippery to the touch. Poor sod died a few days after. Years later, a priest told me, when I described the symbol I'd seen that day, that it was supposedly the mark o' the Skaven, and then he laughed about it, said twas nonsense. Sigmar save us all from such nonsense."

— OLD HOB, PEASANT FARMER

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"The Skaven? Aye, they are very real, as real as the stones beneath your feet. Filthy rat-men. A treacherous, conniving race without morality, conscience or honour. They burrow through the darkness, awaiting the End Times when they intend to rise and destroy us all, that is, if they don't kill one another first. No Karak bears a Book of Grudges that doesn't have many a line devoted to those foul creatures. They fight with poison and plague, with treachery and malice. So why have you never heard of them? Because truth is a commodity you Humans seldom traffic in. Sigmar's Hounds, your witch hunters, they know of the Skaven. So why do they not speak of them? Why would they tell you? What could you do about it? Can you imagine the panic that would arise among the members of your weak-willed race if they learned there were Chaos spawned rat-men plotting their downfall, living under the cities of the Empire? The bravest of your kind deal with the Skaven the best they can and the rest of you are gifted with ignorance."

— THINGRIM BRADNISSON, DWARF MINER

The Skaven are commanded by the insidious Lords of Decay, a collection of aged and terrible beings that sit upon the Council of Thirteen, the ruling body of the Skaven race. Their capital city, Skavenblight, is an ancient ruin that supposedly resides near the centre of the cursed marshes that lie on the western borders of Tilea. From the mouldering halls of Skavenblight, the Lords of Decay conspire to expand their influence and power, usually by seizing the underground kingdoms of the Dwarfs and Goblins.

The Skaven are divided into a series of clans, all of which constantly jostle for position and influence with the Council of Thirteen. The bulk of their clans consist of warriors and slaves they've captured from rivals that they've eliminated; however, all of the greatest clans among them have developed specialties that set them apart, allowing each to carve out their own niche which they ruthlessly cling to, destroying any threats to their position. The Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre presently have the most power and thus, the most influence with the Lords of Decay. They specialise in the creation and utilization of strange sorcerous machines powered by a variety of Warpstone based devices, some of which they've taken from other races for "modification" others being entirely original to them. Ultimately, all of their machines are designed to kill others and occasionally, their wielders.

"The workmanship is unlike anything I've seen. While it greatly resembles one of Von Meinkopt's devices, the scale at which it was built is astounding. I'm uncertain how the

steam apparatus or the odd vented chambers play a part. Tomorrow, Roderick and I will try it on the test range."

— IMPERIAL ENGINEER HULTZ, TAKEN FROM HIS NOTES AFTER HIS UNTIMELY MULTIPLE PERFORATION

The twisted Skaven of Clan Moulder specialise in the breeding and mutating of beasts to fight in the Skaven's battles. Conscience plays no part in the experiments of this clan's Master Moulders as they seek the key to creating the deadliest fighting beast possible. With Warpstone laced unguents, revolting medical experiments and unholy crossbreeding, they often succeed in creating effective, if debased, monstrosities.

The black clad assassins of Clan Eshin specialise in stealth and poison, acting as the silent enforcement arm of the Council of Thirteen. Once, long ago, their clan left the warrens of the Skaven and journeyed East. When they returned many centuries later, they brought new and terrible skills with them. Their fees are high, but their prowess is legendary. There is no Skaven, no matter how fierce, that doesn't secretly fear a visit from the disciples of Clan Eshin.

The last of the great clans is the dread Clan Pestilens. Loathsome worshippers of disease and decay, Clan Pestilens hails from the jungles of Lustria, where their ancestors managed to survive a series of virulent tropical diseases by learning to venerate and accept their illnesses. Eventually, they began utilizing them against their enemies to deadly effect. They now specialise in the creation of new diseases with which to torment the populace of the Old World, some of which manage to mutate and swiftly rage beyond their meagre control. Even other Skaven are highly wary of the fanatics of Clan Pestilens.

"Oh, but they are delightful, jolly lads. They come up with the most pleasant of diseases, why that lovely little plague they gifted to those stuffed shirts in Bretonnia was truly inspired. Of course, they get a bit carried away sometimes, but for a race of jumped up vermin I, for one, think they've come quite a long way."

— SCABROUS POX, SENESCHAL OF ONOGAL

Skaven are usually fairly cunning and always malicious, but they're prone to cowardice. They are confident only in large numbers, when they greatly outnumber their opponents. They're obsequious to those they consider stronger than themselves, though they will seldom hesitate to plant a dagger in the back of a superior if they think they can get away with it. Assassination is a commonplace and accepted way to advance one's fortunes in Skaven society. The Lords of Decay believe infighting makes the Skaven race stronger as a whole. Conveniently enough, it also means most of their inferiors don't have time to plot against them. Skaven workmanship is fairly shoddy by Human standards, and reprehensible to dwarfs, but it is usually crudely effective. The majority of Skaven have a lifespan of a mere thirty years, with few indeed getting to die of natural causes. However, repeated exposure to Warpstone can have a large variety of effects on the Skaven, not least of which is a greatly extended lifespan. Several of the Lords of Decay are supposedly well over a thousand years old. When Skaven communicate, they use a great deal more than words to convey meaning. Their gestures and more importantly, their smell, helps to accurately convey their mood to other Skaven. A furious Skaven smells of heated iron, whereas the acrid stench of the musk of fear commonly shrouds a rat-man who expects to die.

The Skaven worship an entity known as the Horned Rat, a malevolent being served by the Grey Seers, a group of powerful wizards and prophets who preach the ascension of the Skaven. While they are nominally subject to the dictates of the Council of Thirteen, their personal power makes individual Grey Seers a constant wild card in Skaven politics. Grey Seers frequently consume Warpstone to fuel their sorcery, a practice that does little good for their sanity and other Skaven rightfully fear them. The Horned Rat's symbol, which has effectively become the defining mark of the Skaven race, consists of three overlapping lines roughly sketched in a vaguely triangular pattern.

"There are those among my order that believe the Horned Rat is a lesser God of Chaos. Many contend that he must be somehow associated with the Rotting Lord. Yet in the struggles of the Skaven, in the waxes and wanes of that twisted race, all I see is constant change. It is my belief that if they are the brood of any of the Old Ones, than they are surely the children of the Great Conspirator."

— VORSTER PIKE, WITCH HUNTER

OUR OWN WORDS

"Ahh, man-things. Fools, fools all. Perhaps their lack of fur makes their brain go cold and soft-soft? Easily bought they are. Believe whatever you tell them, they do, if shiny-shiny gold is in it for them. When they fight, which is seldom for they are all cowards, their idiot leaders march to the front, eschewing the traditional proper place towards the rear of the line where they can better survey the whole battle and thus make the best decisions on how to win or lead a retreat, not that you will ever need to run from man-things. Their pale furless skin will not even slow a Skaven blade. I can tell you for true, man-things are weak. What of dwarf-things you ask? Always-always avoid orange furred dwarf things or die-die you will, and that right quick-quick."

— GREY SEER THANQUOL

"Most precious of all substances, the pulse of our life. If the Horned Rat is our father, then surely, Warpstone

is our mother. Its uses are infinite. Like the heart of an endless fire, it is. Even the smallest of pieces will continue to give power indefinitely, allowing many of our devices to become somewhat portable. Warpstone fire can not only consume a substance, but actually change it's structure to far more than just 'burned' due to exposure to it's holy flames. Weapons made from Warpstone produce their own poison. A Warpstone charm brings real luck, changing what 'was to be' to what 'might have been' with none the wiser. So where does it come from? There are those among the more superstitious of our folk and a few foolish Grey Seers that believe Warpstone is the leavings of the Horned Rat. I subscribe to the secular view — that it is chunks of the dark moon, Morskrit, which has managed to gift us with pieces of its essence. Dangerous it is, to touch Warpstone often. But that's what slaves are for, yes-yes?"

— NARSHIFT, WARLOCK ENGINEER OF CLAN SKRYRE

"Arsenic."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

"No sense, there is, in the man-things' world. They take their best and strongest, those touched by the Horned Rat and either kill-kill or turn them out as unclean. No wonder glorious Skaven will one day take all they have! Still-still, good for us. More meat for the larder."

— BRO'KUT, CLAN MOULDER

"Long time we've dwelt in darkness, studying ever the turnings of the surface. We were here before the Empire, watching the dwarf-things carve their stone halls. We were here amongst the shadows when the God-thing Sigmar stalked the world and scattered the green-things before him. We pitted our wits against the Great Necromancer, he who's name I shall not utter, and won. We watch, we wait, we plan. The endless subtle games the Decay Lords engage in are merely a way to pass the time. We have no need to conquer the surface world by force. We need only wait long enough for others to do it for us, allowing us to seize the spoils of your Empire's ruin, for we are the Children of the Horned Rat, survivors all and as we we're here before you, so shall we be present to see you fall."

— GREY SEER AKITVERE

Rat Ogres

COMMON VIEW

"Nothing so large should move so fast. All these years later, more than anything else, it is the things' speed that I remember. My sergeant had told me, in terms that brooked no argument, that forces of the legendary Skaven were invading our fair city. They were no myth, but very real and they would kill us all if we didn't act swiftly. We barricaded a street, making certain to plug the sewers, and waited. I expected, well, just rat-men I suppose and I got them, but they weren't alone. A group of Skaven wielding whips came running down the street, driving massive creatures before them with their lashes. When they saw us, I could hear them shriek 'kill-kill' to their huge beasts as they pointed toward us. I caught a glimpse of

stained bandages and distorted bodies. A few of the creatures actually had rusted metal blades in place of misshapen limbs. I didn't have long to gawk at them, though. They roared and the stones shook with it. And then they charged across the courtyard so fast that several of my friends died before they could clear their swords from their sheaths."

— WOLFGANG BALEARIC, NULN WATCHMAN

"You know, it makes sense in a way. All the tales we hear of Beastmen, there's always a few stories about bigger ones, like Minotaurs and Dragon Ogres and such. Well, it stands to reason that when people started making up stories about the Skaven, they figured there ought to be some bigger ones to sell the tale. So, they created these Rat Ogres, which get bigger and more twisted with every telling. It'd

make me laugh if it wasn't so obviously a distortion of some all too true tales about the forces of Chaos."

— JONAS, TRAVELLING MINSTREL

"They are wonders, not monstrosities. To think that such unlikely creatures could roam the surface of the Old World is a testament to the power of Chaos. I once had a rare opportunity to visit the Skaven strong hold known as Hell Pit and talk with a few of Clan Moulder's Master Mutators. They are droll fellows, very imaginative, and surely favoured by my Lord. We discussed many topics and they learned quite a bit from me on easing the pains of mutation, but when it came to the subject of breeding, their knowledge surely outstripped mine. They proudly showed me the dens where they kept their most favoured beasts, some vicious looking brutes that vaguely resembled massively oversized Skaven. They explained in excited chitters that these particular specimens had all managed to survive three or more battles. Each one was unique, their only uniting factors being their ferocity and absolutely loyalty to their creators. Impressive, I must say."

— DR. ATHREN ABOLAS, FACILITATOR OF CHANGE

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"They's not Ogres, not Ogres at all. Smell different. Tastes different too. Bad. Like all Skaven things, they tastes o' rat. Had more'n one belly full o' rat in me life enuff to knows. Oi, but they's strong. Strong enough to sort one of us proper. Maybes how they got dat name? Thing is, tho, they's stupid. I means real stupid, dumber than a Troll even. Keep dat in mind, maybe you can beat 'em. Don't run from 'em, tho. They's real quick on their feets."

— KROAG, OGRE MERCENARY

While the Moulder clan certainly succeeded in creating deadly war beasts, Rat Ogres are arguably flawed creatures, bereft of reason and nearly devoid of sanity. Their unlikely genesis has left them utterly dependent upon their creators for any kind of mental faculty and they are literally incapable of functioning without the direction of another's will. Without a handler to direct their efforts, they operate entirely on instinct, which varies radically from creature to creature. Whereas one may proceed to tear into nearby foes another may begin to ceaselessly drool, or lay down for a nap. Whatever shreds of intelligence that any given Rat Ogre managed to retain from birth will most certainly have been destroyed by the endless tests that the Moulder perform on the beasts. They are regularly subject to radical surgical experiments using Warpstone, which frequently involve amputation, vaguely directed mutations, unnatural grafts of flesh, and the implantation of metal plates or blades. Young Rat Ogres are continually forced to fight in "survival of the fittest" style contests where several are tossed into a pit, with only the last one alive being allowed to leave. Rat Ogres near inability to function without a Moulder handler present is widely suspected, by the other clans and the few scholars with knowledge of such things, to not be an accident. If they were ever to rebel against Clan Moulder, the results would be devastating.

"Our greatest triumphs they are. Advance the Skaven ever on they do. What battles do the Children of the Horned Rat fight of any importance without the favoured children of Clan Moulder? Not one, not one! Man-



things fear them more than the toys of Skryre, more than the blades of the Eshin, more than the poxes of Pestilens and fear they should. Toys can break, all stealth thwarted, sickness be overcome, not so easily dismissed are the claws of the Rat Ogres. Wealth they are, yes-yes. The least is worth hundreds of warp tokens, the greatest priceless. The foundations of our great clan! Train them from runtlings, love them one and all we do. We only hurt them to make them strong. Strong and properly... respectful. It would not do for the masterwork to ever turn against the artist, no, not at all."

— ESQUEG, MASTER MUTATOR

Their brutal upbringing has served to make Rat Ogres incredibly deadly foes, though they can swiftly become confused or disoriented if their opponents engage in hit and run tactics. Their ability to both withstand and deliver punishment is well known and frequently lamented fact by the foes of the Skaven.

"They know nothing of pain and they will not die easily. Hack off their limbs, strew their guts about their clawed feet and still they will struggle on. My sire fought them in the depths below Karak Eight Peaks and always he swore by his beard that even when mortally wounded, they were simply too stupid to know that they had been killed. Such terrible ignorance can be perilous, for many a young Tunnel Fighter has been slain by a Rat Ogre he 'knew' to be dead."

— RUNGRI KETTRISSON, DWARF SOLDIER

Reliable information on Rat Ogres is hard to come by, especially since so many citizens of the Empire refuse to acknowledge the existence of the Skaven, much less that they could've had a clawed hand in creating a new breed of life. Their

peers generally regard the few scholars that have managed to uncover any useful information on Moulder's creations as mad men. For the few that have knowledge of the Skaven, though, the ongoing existence of Rat Ogres is unusual. The Council of Thirteen is loath to allow any group of such powerful beings to exist in their society that they can exert so little control over. Unless, of course, the Rat Ogres serve another purpose...

"There are times when no mere exodus will serve; times when weaker members of the populace must be sheared away, lest the whole falter. Only then does their ruling council turn to the twisted creations of the Moulder and their mindless fighting beasts which will happily consume all those deemed too feeble to advance the Skaven cause."

— LEIBER, THE LOATHSOME RATMEN AND ALL THEIR VILE KIN

Giant Rats

COMMON VIEW

"At first I thought it was a wolf, come to feed on the dead, but it was no get of Ulric. It hissed as I came near, but instead of running as any natural creature might, it gathered itself and charged me. Yellowed incisors the size of daggers and mad red eyes gleamed in my torch's light as it rushed across the battlefield toward me. I barely had time to ready my sword before it was upon me. It fought heedless of its own life and even though I managed to cut it deeply several times, I don't think it was the wounds that caused it to drop, just the loss of blood. It its dying throes it had managed to bite my leg, even though its teeth had to pierce chain to do so. The wound went bad so swiftly that I almost lost the leg. If not for a daughter of Shallya, I might have lost my life."

— STEMMAHR HOLST, EMPIRE SOLDIER

"Vermin of any stripe are bad. They devour the grain stored for lean times or get into the seed. It's natural for farmers to make up stories about the worst vermin, just like fishing stories they are. Each one gets bigger in the telling and a rat that was once the length of a forearm grows to pony size in the end. I've heard tell of rats bigger than wolves and twice as mean hunting down villagers and such. Rubbish. Oh, there's big rats aplenty in the north,

and I'd allow that one or two may have been touched by Chaos, but how many could there possibly be?"

— KASTAR HANDLIN, TRAVELLING MERCHANT

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

While countless rats skulk through the sewers of the Old World, there are very few capable of killing grown men without help, but such do exist. While a few of them have crept down from the north, where the Chaos Powers twisted them beyond their natural size, the majority are the result of generations of Skaven breeding experiments designed to combine size, ferocity, and any other traits the foul experimenters of Clan Moulder found desirable. Other Skaven clans frequently purchase them from Clan Moulder, as they are the cheapest war beasts that Moulder has to offer.

"Yes-yes. Passing troops they can be. No loyalty, of course. Cheap-cheap they are though and when they fall, no one to care, which is useful. They make man-things scared, which is good. They don't die-die easily, which is better."

— WARLORD GNAWGLOOM

While individual giant rats are deadly enough, it is in packs that they truly come into their own. They swarm over an opponent, biting or clawing at any exposed flesh as they madly seek to devour their prey whole. A determined foe can drive "naturally" occurring giant rats back with small effort, as for all their ferocity, they're still rats, albeit big ones, and easily frightened. Those who've had the unfortunate privilege of fighting the creations of Clan Moulder are not so fortunate. Moulder's Packmasters are experts with whips, coaxing their charges forward with sharp stings should they even consider shying from the fray.

Giant rats are usually around five to six feet long, with dirty, matted fur and sharp teeth. They're frequently disease carriers and the wounds they inflict have a good chance of becoming infected if not promptly treated. Those that know the most about them in the Empire frequently hold their tongues so as not to be thought mad.

"Down there, in the darkness, if you ever face one of the great ones, know that neither sling nor dog will serve. Carry a sharp dagger and know how to use it, as swords are no good in the tight confines of a sewer. Put your torch to their noses if you can, as that's death for 'em and they'll shy from the fire. You'll have to learn not to fear them, as they'll smell it on you, or its lack. Remember always, what occurs below, stays below."

— TOBIAS DRAK, RAT CATCHER EXTRAORDINAIRE



Brigands and Beasts



Cunning raiders and voracious beasts beset the Old World. The forests teem with deadly enemies; the mountains swarm with creatures that regard all other races as prey. A few were once natural creatures, now twisted by the Taint of Chaos into something else. Some are regarded as mounts for the brave; others are dangers to be avoided. Beyond the cities of the Old World, the dangers are many and the nights are dark, indeed.

Elven Corsairs

COMMON VIEW

"There are stories, but of course, there are always stories. Tales of whole villages that go missing, their folk never seen again. These missing towns are invariably located near the sea, which seems to be the only trait they all share in common. Never mind that the storms of the north are fierce, forcing people to move on. No, it always has to be 'phantom' raiders who no one has ever seen that did the deed, carrying off whole villages to who knows where. I say it's all nonsense to frighten children into behaving. 'Be still or I'll give you to the Dark Ones,' has hushed more than few unruly brats I'll warrant."

— EMMERICH, MERCENARY

"There are not enough words in your simple tongue to express our hatred for them, Human. Killers, despoilers, slavers and thieves we name them, but not one of these oft-earned titles begins to describe the depths of their depravity. They have neither mercy nor honour. They roam and kill in darkness called up by their foul sorceries. They are so base as to specifically target children for their depredations. The capricious folk of Ulthuan claim that they are their despised kin, exiled long ago, but truly, can one ever trust the words of an Elf?"

— HARGRIM FURGILSSON, DWARF TRADER

"I saw them once, years ago. If they have a name, I don't know what it is. I don't even want to know what it could be. They came in their dark ships and took my family away. The only reason I'm here today to tell you this tale is that I was out tending our flocks when they slipped at night into our village. I saw many more of them than I could count, yet not one of them made a sound. They stole everyone, young and old. Those that wouldn't be silent were slain, but they took all the bodies with them."

— PIETER, SHEPHERD

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

From the distant Land of Chill come raiders to the shores of the Old World, depraved warriors bent on slavery and conquest. Little is known of them in the Empire and the few Elven envoys that come from Ulthuan are loath to speak about them, ever preferring to avoid the subject when they can or answer tersely when they cannot.

"Who are they? They are sorrow. Pain. Misery. Misguided souls bound to darkness led by a damned prince who refused to accept his true destiny and will one day suffer as no other because of it. They embrace Chaos with open arms and much of their debauched society is given over to worship of Khaine, the Lord of Murder. They live in fear, comforted only by the lies they repeatedly whisper to each other as they nurse old wounds. They are terrible, seek them not. I will say no more."

— LORD ALASIR, ELVEN AMBASSADOR

The largest vessels that the Elven Corsairs command are the infamous Black Arks, vast floating fortresses capable of carrying thousands of warriors and slaves. Their sorcerers summon beasts up from the deep which fortifications are then built on. These

'living ships' always travel with a Black Ark, and drive fear into the hearts of all the corsairs would prey upon.

"I'd seen eighteen winters when first I took a berth on the Fortune's Kiss. A sturdy ship she was, speed rigged and expertly manned. Her master was Captain Reiner, a Marienburger with sea spray in his veins, if not for his skill, you wouldn't be hearing this tale. Through some secret yet doubtless epic feat of bravery, betting on exactly what it was being a favoured pastime of the Kiss' crew, the Captain had managed to secure a full deck of Dwarf cannon and an engineer to oversee them. Logan Druminsfind was not fond of the ocean, but he'd have given his life in a second for his beloved cannon, or so I thought soon after being introduced to him. Captain and Engineer both surprised us all before the end. On a trading voyage off the coast off Bretonnia, I saw my first, and I hope by Sigmar's grace my last, Black Ark of the Dark Ones. Sometime during third watch the entire crew was roused and called to quarters. As we stumbled to our posts, we saw it picked out by moon's light on the horizon. It moved like a mountain with sails. We could feel the swell of its passage though it was still long leagues from us. Closer by far were strange castles that sped across the surface of the deep, drawn by hideous sea serpents that still give me nightmares. They roared as they came on, their bellows echoing across the



waves, and I think many of the crew gave themselves up for lost but Reiner would hear none of it. He took the wind and held it, giving them a running battle that was to last till dawn. Time and again they would draw near and Druminsfind's gunnery would drive the beasts off. I've never seen such sailing or such shooting, yet always, they remained near us. As the sun touched the horizon, Druminsfind left his guns to speak with the Captain. I don't know what he said, but Reiner obviously didn't like it. Nevertheless, to our astonishment, four cannon and most of the ship's powder were placed in a long boat along with the Dwarf. He looked all of us in the eyes, one by one as he prepared to set off, and his final words are still etched in my heart. 'Better this, lads, than ever being caught by them.' As he rowed off, he began to sing in the hard secret language of the Dwarfs and though I didn't know the words, I knew it was a martial song. When the serpent ships drew near him, he set fire to his beloved cannon. The explosion killed one at least and caused the rest to scatter. That was all that Reiner needed to bring the Fortune's Kiss out of danger. I've never seen a Dark One, only their damned ships, but that was more than enough."

— KURLASS, SAILOR

"Poisoning a poisoner is no small feat. I suggest Black Lotus for the irony."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

OUR OWN WORDS

"To sail with a Black Ark is one of the greatest honours that any Druchii could ever aspire to. I trained long and hard to earn my berth upon the Wind of Damnation, slaying several undeserving rivals to the post along the way. It is a worthy life. I get to regularly practice my skills upon our many enemies and one tenth of the plunder that I seize is mine to keep. Slaves, gold, and fame, these too can be yours if you are bold."

— TEILANCARR, DRUCHII CORSAIR

"We dominate the seas of the world because they are ours to do with as we will. Our weak willed cousins once held all the oceans in their grasp, but allowed them to slip away as they declined into decadence. Not so, our forces. We strike where and when we will, leaving no doubt who are the true masters of the seas. We make slaves of the lesser races because they are fit for nothing else. It is only just that they should strive for their betters. What is truly insulting is how seldom any of them realises the honour we do them by enslaving them. Those we take are privileged to join something far greater than they ever would've been able to if we left them to lead their pathetic little lives. To serve the Witch King Malekith is to serve the greatest ruler the world has ever known. It is a shame that the wretches cannot see that, but what can you expect of such animals?"

— TULLARIS OF HAR GANETH

Sarpies

COMMON VIEW

"I've heard tales o' their entrancing beauty. Sure'n what sailor has not? They dance among the winds ranging o'er strange isles that appear on no map, their beautiful voices calling honest sailors to forsake their shipmates and swim out to join them. Join them they do, I reckon, when they drown or get dashed to pieces on the sharp waiting rocks. Either way, they're meat for the Harpies. When you hear strange sounds at sea lads, stuff yer ears with cotton or wax and heed not the Harpy's song, for there's nothing but death in it for ye."

— EDGAR, SHIP'S MATE

"There is an ancient song from the dawn of the world that is still sung by my people. It is called the Lay of Nashara, the Mistress of Wings. Like most of our oldest songs, it is sad though fair to hear. Nashara was a priestess who attended a temple by the sea, where she fed the great sea birds that her lord loved. Though he roamed the ocean on many a trip and was gone for years at a time, she was ever faithful to him. After long years of awaiting his return, when his ship finally came into port, she rushed down to meet her love, but on his travels, he had found another and spurned her. She hid her pain, went back to her temple and began to instruct the birds as to her will. With subtle enchantments she bound them to her and she to them, mixing her very blood with theirs.



When she was ready, she summoned her lord with honeyed words, saying that she bore him no malice and would give him and his new bride tokens of her affection. Not understanding the danger they were in, they came unto her temple. There on the edge of the sea, they were torn to pieces. But seeing her lord, whom she still loved, slain before her by her own will, Nashara went mad with grief. Wailing and screeching like the birds she had chained to her will, she flung herself into the ocean. Harpies are the descendants of the Mistress of Wings and they share in their ancestress' feelings towards sailors."

— THENUROS, ELVEN MINSTREL

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"They are beasts, nothing more or less. The apparent similarity to feral Elvish maidens is a cruel hoax, perpetuated no doubt by one of the twisted Gods of Chaos, or perhaps the Lord of Murder. Harpies have neither the ability to reason nor the capacity to engage in any sort of battle tactics. They simply sweep down on their prey and rip it to pieces. Their occasional collections of treasure from their victim's bodies are not unlike a bird's fascination with a bright or shiny object. They follow the ships of the Dark Ones because they know the pickings will

be good, not unlike the great gulls that follow the vessels of the Marienburgers. Do not be beguiled by their looks, kill them when you can for they're voracious nature will lead to them harrying a ship for days."

— WOLFGANG ALDHELMSON, WITCH HUNTER

The other tales of Harpies are of an entirely different nature. There are sailors who swear that Harpies can sing with beautiful voices, belying the thought that they are nothing but beasts. Their songs can supposedly drive a man mad with longing, enough so that he will risk his life to get to them. The Elves of Ulthuan speak not of the Harpies, often quietly refusing to discuss them at all, though this may be due to the number of noble Elven warriors that were torn to pieces by the beasts. Other Elves are not always so reticent.

"They are gorgeous, are they not? I suspect that they are indeed the favoured daughters of Khaine. For myself, I cannot speak to their connection with the Witch Elves, but I can tell you with certainty that they are not mere beasts. I once saw a flock of Harpies torment a sailor for several hours, savouring his terror and pain before they finally ripped him to pieces in an orgy of blood. A beast cannot delay its pleasures in such fashion."

— LAKROTH MAL, DRUCHII CORSAIR

Manticores

COMMON VIEW

"It was cold that day, not the blessed cold of Ulric, which invigorates the limbs and makes a man know he's alive, but the cursed cold that blows off the northern wastes, carrying with it a hint of ash and taint. Our patrol was roaming through the lowlands of the Middle Mountains, searching for a band of Beastmen whose trail we'd stumbled upon. We thought to catch them before they could make their way through the high passes and trap them in the deep snows. When first we heard it, we thought it was merely a trick of the winds, but the closer it came, the louder its cry. It was like nothing I've heard before or since. Its roar is the death of

hope mixed with the wail of babes torn from their mothers' breasts. It bellowed as it came upon us; the winged death, the Manticore and our steeds, though war trained and battle tested, tried to flee before it. My brother knight Holger and his horse became naught but red ruin as it fell upon them, greedy for their warm flesh, which it ripped, steaming, from their bones as we looked on in horror. Oktar charged it and received a tale slap for his efforts that bent his breastplate in twain. The beast looked about at us, its mockery of a Human face bloody with its kills, and seeing that we weren't afraid, tried to take to wing, perhaps to flee, perhaps to come at us from another angle. We were never to know, for as it stretched forth its massive leathery pinions and began to take flight, Captain Reinwald dealt it such a fierce blow with his hammer that its joint gave way with a resounding crack and it plummeted, screaming all the while, into the valley below us. Ulric was with us that day and if I was ever to hear that cry on the wind again, I believe I'd ride in the opposite direction."

— ALEXEI DRONAL,
KNIGHT OF THE WHITE WOLF



"They are Chaos' dark reflection of the Griffon, for Chaos must, by its nature, mock all that we hold dear. For where a Griffon is a noble beast, his wild nature indicative of a fierce and free heart, the Manticore is an unwholesome fiend of vile appetites. Griffons only hunt to feed or provide for their young. Manticores hunt whenever the whimsy strikes. While Griffons typically cull only the weak or old, Manticores will inevitably prey on the young and innocent. Kill them mercilessly if ever you have the opportunity, or they shall certainly kill you."

— EDGAR NOLBRUN, SCRIBE

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"There are those that say they can speak in the tongues of Men, or at least, the dark tongue of the Beastfolk. I once gave little credence to such rumours, but the tale of Marienburg sailor has since given me pause. He claimed to have fought in a desperate sea battle with the Marienburg navy against a ship that supposedly rested upon the back of a sea serpent. As outlandish as that tale itself may seem, many others have confirmed it. During

this battle, a Manticore supposedly flew out from one of the high towers of the odd serpent vessel. As it flew over the navy's ships, it supposedly roared out insults in its foul tongue. I have no idea what a Manticore was doing at sea, but there it is."

— KIRSTEN HULTZE, MERCHANT

There are rumours that certain Elves practice the breeding of Manticores amidst the black obsidian peaks of the mountain ranges that dominate the Land of Chill, far to the west of the Old World. How they manage to tame such vicious creatures is unknown, though many stories indicate that the Elves of that land are every bit as fierce as the Manticore they raise. Scholars that ask too many questions about such matters tend to find few answers or a messy death.

"Mounts for our dark kin. Their blood lust is the reflection of the dark lord of Murder to whose service they are consecrated. Fear the Manticore not merely for what it is; fear it because the presence of one signals the approach of our estranged brethren. Sooner face a dozen Manticore than the one who would dare to ride one into battle."

— FILANAS, ELVISH VAGABOND

Hydras

COMMON VIEW

"I have never faced a dragon, but I cannot see how one could be any worse than the Hydra I fought. It was enormous, each head more than capable of biting a man in half or swallowing him whole down one of its long snaky necks. I was fighting for a Merchant Prince of Verezo, one of Tilea's grand cities and we'd been forced to cross through a swamp on the way to an engagement with one of the prince's rivals. I suspect it was only bad luck that we came upon the Hydra. It didn't roar, so much as make a bubbling hiss, like a grand cat, which issued from all of its heads at once. Some of my fellows soiled themselves at the sound. Old Loci even drowned in the swamp mud as he fell shrieking to the marsh at the mere sight of the thing. It started to charge us but stopped when one of the lads put a couple of bolts into it. This seemed like a good idea till it spat a column of fire at him, which roasted him on the spot. I'd like to say we put on a brave show and slew the beast, but it isn't so. It waded in and tore us to pieces. The battle didn't last long and I think it only ended because the Hydra became bored with the little sport we offered. It snatched up three men and carried them, screaming, off into the swamp. We didn't try to save them, we just ran."

— BENGT, MERCENARY

"They are wondrous strange are the Hydras. Their fearsome aspect and multiple heads are legendary though few indeed have ever met one or lived through the encounter if they did. I've heard rumours that certain tribes of Swamp Goblins worship the hydras and leave them offerings to divert their wrath. More likely to appease their hunger, I should think, but still it goes to showing just how powerfully a Hydra can affect those

who've encountered it. This is no surprise, as Hydras are nearly immortal beasts, living down through the long years untouched by time's ravages. The Crimson Scourge of Zhufbar, a particularly large red Hydra, has been periodically terrorizing the region around that city for well over a thousand years. Every time some courageous warrior gets set to slay it he's either killed or only manages to wound it. After a few decades sleep in the deep caves around Black Water the Scourge once again emerges, its injuries regenerated and its fury unabated. I've lost track of the number of tales I've heard about Hydras, but Hydra slayers? I know only one such story and the hero died along with the Hydra."

— HARTWIG TURNS, ALTDORF MERCHANT

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"Yes gentlemen, I think it worthwhile to consider the Hydra as a foe. You say no creature of Chaos is predictable, yet I submit that they are as stable as any beast so subject to mutation can be. Times being as they are, our brave soldiers may soon face one or more of them on the field of war. You have asked me to uncover the weaknesses of that which you may fight; should you confront a Hydra, your target lies within its torso. Every parcel of information that I've discovered convinces me that their large central trunk is what truly holds the Hydra's brain. How else could its many heads function in concert, with no great loss of function if several are destroyed? Each may certainly have a vestigial intellect, but the central controlling mind is in the body. Unfortunately, the organ that ignites their fiery breath lies as the junction of their necks, close to the brain and the spot is, naturally, very well armoured in scales. I strongly suggest that our artilleryists aim for the front and centre of the torso, as nothing else

short of a full charge by an armoured knight will penetrate that armoured hide over that most crucial of spots."

— MARIANNE SOSBER, ANATOMIST

Hydras are rampaging and voracious monsters. No matter how much they consume, they seem to always be hungry for more. Their presence will swiftly level most natural surroundings, reducing them to barren waste within a month or so of their taking up residence which forces them to move on or starve. While Hydras are mighty beasts their continual destruction of their environment inevitably leads to their death as more and more enemies oppose them. There are but a scant few left in the Old World outside of the Chaos Wastes and of those, perhaps only one or two within the borders of the Empire. However, no Hydra has ever been reported to have died of old age, leading many to believe that if they aren't ageless, they are at the least incredibly long lived. A number of hunters that go seeking after Hydras do so in the hopes of discovering the key to their longevity.

Over the years, a disturbing new source of tales and information about Hydras has become evident to the scholars of the Empire. Rumour holds that one of the Elven tribes of the Land of Chill has taken to breeding Hydras as war beasts. This is a fairly staggering revelation in the Old World, as many learned men would've sworn that such a thing was impossible, a Hydra being too fierce a beast

to tame in such a manner. The few that know anything of such matters often suspect that sorcery must be involved.

"We had drawn up our battle lines and waited for their coming, those dark raiders from across the sea. There was a stirring amidst their forces and when first I saw the beast, I thought it was simply a larger version of the hideous reptiles that they favour as riding animals. Only when it stalked forward could I discern the swaying of its numerous heads. My squire gasped 'Hydra!' and I knew he was right. Two raiders dressed in black armour drove it forward with razored whips and what I presume were foul curses in their dark tongue. I remember being surprised that the beast didn't just consume them for their temerity, so massive did it seem when compared to their slight forms. Cruelty knows no frame, I suppose. Some of the peasants lost heart at the sight of it, but knights live for the privilege of facing such a foe. It did not die easy, but in the end it did fall, though it took many brave souls with it. If you should ever have to face such, see to it that you kill its handlers quickly. After they died in a volley, the Hydra was confused for a time and attacked a few of the raiders that strayed too near it."

— GERARD DU LACAREN, KNIGHT OF THE REALM

Fenbeasts

COMMON VIEW

"Blue paint. I remember that the most, I do. His blue inkings. Well, that and his thing, of course. See, this fellow was passing through the village I was trading in, not the biggest market, it being out of the way and all, but the Stout Boar is as fine as tavern as you'd ever want. Anyway, this young traveller was covered in the most intricate blue marks I'd ever seen. I've been to Marienburg, so I know a thing or two about sailor tattoos, but the symbols that adorned that one put them all to shame. He had this... thing with him. It was taller than a draft horse and covered about in a stained robe that could barely contain it. Fortunately, he had it wait out in a stable, or there would've been trouble. Why, as it was, some of the locals were fixing to send him on his way. Fortunately for them, his calm words talked them out of it. Yes, I said them and me, too, for that matter. See, that night foul Beastmen attacked the village and the blue inked wanderer and his, er, travelling companion, put them to rout almost by themselves. Why, I even saw the thing uproot a tree and impale a bull headed creature with it!"

— JOACHIM, PEDDLER

"Oh, aye, I've heard of them, but it is all a big lie. See, some uncommonly bright Ogres got it into their head that if they draped themselves in sludge and acted like "swamp monsters" they could easily waylay travellers and scare them out of their goods. Just goes to show you how gullible the country folk are. Me? I'd never fall for such a trick. 'Course, why Ogres feel the need is beyond Me."

— ERICH THE SLIPPERY

"It smelled of decay. Like stagnant water or loam from a foul bog. It didn't walk so much as roll forward, rancid sludge continually dripping from its hide, corrupting the ground were it walked. Peter soiled



himself and ran at the sight of it. I've never thought the less of him for it; most of the strength left my limbs when what passed for its gaze fell upon me. Still, I managed to get in a swipe or two, but my sword had about as much effect as it would have if I poked it into a swamp. It wasn't until Thiokol gave it a taste of his warhammer that it really took notice of us. It killed four men before we took it down. Even when it was on the ground, it kept trying to get back up. Only when Diehl stuck a length of fine Tilean steel through its master's backside did it stop twitching."

— LEONHARD, MERCENARY

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

Fenbeasts are said to have originally come from the mist-shrouded island of Albion, an ancient land thought to have been naught but legend until a few years ago, when chance allowed for its rediscovery and word of the rich prizes that it held spread throughout the Old World. Adventurers, expeditions and raiders from every race and nation found their way to Albion's fog covered shores where they fought to claim some of the island's "vast riches" for themselves. Rumour has it that most of them found nothing but a painful death amidst the age-old Ogham stones that cover the isle. Ogham stones are rune-covered rocks that supposedly channel mystical power. Empire sages believe that it is with these Ogham stones, in conjunction with a couple of groups of secretive mystics, that Fenbeasts come into being.

"They are foul creatures, crafted by sorcerous rituals at forlorn spots deep in the trackless swamps of Albion, where a previous wayfarer has lost his life. Their forms are typically made up of swamp mud and the detritus of bogs. Their cries are strange and mournful. A spell caster of sorts often accompanies a Fenbeast, but not always. The spirit that inhabits them continually seeks revenge

against the living and so they kill, unabated, unless their dark master bids them otherwise. A Priest of Morr can lay one to rest, but it is no easy feat."

— METRIOUS NULL FROM ON THE MISTY ISLE

Fenbeasts have been spotted in the Empire for several years now. Indeed, there are some sages who speculate that the first appearance of a Fenbeast was several years before the rediscovery of Albion. Regardless, a small number of them now roam the Old World. Reason would suggest that they would stick to the swamps, but they've been seen in the forests of the Empire as well as the mountains. What they want, or even if they want at all, is a topic of some debate among sages.

"I tell you they are sorcerous constructs, lacking volition of their own. Without another's will to drive them, they would stand nearly motionless for hours, though I grant their oozing forms may continue to churn slowly, but that is only indicative of their natural state. They are mindless killers, not unlike certain of the lower forms of the undead. However, I think their elemental nature makes them far more dangerous than any mere skeleton. Their recuperative properties are said to rival a Troll's and this makes sense, though I suspect they would require emersion or at least exposure to a swamp to effectively replace lost 'tissue'."

— WALDEMARR, SCHOLAR OF NULN

Some witch-hunters are concerned with the ongoing appearance of Fenbeasts in the Empire. While there are a few ancient Ogham stones in parts of the Old World, they are dissimilar to those of Albion and all of them lie far from the few marshes of the Empire. Seeing as the majority of Fenbeasts seem to have some sort of master that drives them, this suggests that a sorcerer or more likely, a necromancer, has discovered a new way to create Fenbeasts — a dark prospect that neither the witch-hunters nor the priests of Morr like at all.

Ogres

COMMON VIEW

"Bloody great things they is. Feet big as a horses trough. I should know, a whole load of 'em stamped over the field yonder not two week's hence. That's a half hunnard's weight of cabbages I shan't see again in a hurry. Work 'fer the army so I hear. Pretty thick, but you point 'em at the enemy and say go...well, I hear the crows don't get no look in if you catch my meaning. I hear's they'll dig up the dead and eat them you know. Old Hob from down the way says they eat dogs! Dogs I tell you! It comes to somethin' when our Karl Franz sees fit ter offer these lunks work in the Imperial ranks. I tell you, I ain't having one round here—no way! They smells like a sheep's dag end and they'll eat out out of hearth and home."

— RILKER KOHL, PEASANT FARMER

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

Ogres are big, ugly, brutish monsters that excel at two things: eating and fighting. An Ogre is easily recognized by this

massive frame and boulder-like gut. Some have been reported at ten feet tall, though given the Ogre's intimidating look, this could easily be an exaggeration. Their grayish, flabby skin conceals tough muscle and alarming endurance. Amongst most folk, this combined with their bristle-like hair and poor personal hygiene is enough reason to shun these crude beasts.

"Now, no one who has ever smelt and Ogre will believe this, but they are an exceedingly proud race, and none more so than the mercenaries that have ventured to the land of men for money. To an Ogre, his status is everything. It will dictate whom he might 'marry'(if one can call it that) where in the Ogre Lands he will live, when he gets to eat, what his God will think of him- in short everything that is important to an Ogre. To this crude race, might is right. A large Ogre, with a huge gut, battle scars, trophies and battle paint is clearly a high status beast—one not to be messed with! If challenged, an Ogre will rarely turn down any sort of contest, be it belching, and Gut barging, Pit Fighting or eating. To turn these down is to loose face. Better to take part and loose than refuse!"

— WALDEMARR, SCHOLAR OF NULN

"Oh, people say they're stupid, but I'll tell you this—they know the clink of Gold right enough. Strong as bulls they are, and seem to know little fear. I've certainly seen them face things that would make most ordinary troops soil themselves. Yes, they're often underestimated. Yes, they drink and eat and bellow, but until you've seen them punch through and flank a line, well, lets just say you learn a little respect for those flabby heads of theirs. Stout mercenaries, but don't deny them rations. They'll nod and agree and two hours later you'll be saying 'where's the horses?'"

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ

Ground glass, Mandrake and essence of Nightshade. In the food. There's always food.

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN
"SCHOLAR"

Thing with Ogres is they're a bad mark see? They don't have much but for them great big belly shields and maybe a few earrings. Them that's got Gold from Soldiering, they tend to be pretty good at keeping hold of it, you get me? Now, if on the other hand, you're after a merchant that's guarded by an Ogre, well then, that's a different case. Now, I recall I was in Altdorf one time, on...ah...a little spot of guild business shall we say? Yeah, I can see you get my meaning, well now—The gent in question had been a little carefree with his information. A couple



of associates of mine were spending some time on the Emperor's sufferance due to his loose lips. He'd got wind I was after him and hired a great mountain of an Ogre to guard his person. Silly fool offered him gold.

Talk about not knowing Ogres! I'd met a couple before, due to a little time spent in some of the, ah, 'correctional' regiments maintained by Ole Todbringer you see? Anyhow, seeing the state of play I got hold of the biggest hunk of beef you've ever seen, Big as Ranald's debt it was. I hired me three Halflings to cook the damn thing, right there, in the street outside his house. Gods! There was beggars and Urchins from miles around a-dribbling over the smell of this joint. I was waiting just two hours afore he came charging out of the house and tore into the thing. I was able to slip in, attend to me 'business' and get out in a trice. See to an Ogre, it'd be irreligious and disrespectful to their God not to eat something before you. You know that, and you knows all you need to know about 'em."

— ERICH THE SLIPPERY

OUR OWN WORDS

"Why bouver with the grindin' and the bread bit I sez. Jest get straight to the killin' an' the eating an' the money. That an' a dog onna stick...crunchy an' wiggly all at once."

— GRENTH BULLGUTS

Pray hark! To brave Sir Baldrin's tale
Who traveled far to mountain vale,
To slay an ogre, fiend or drake
And meet his 'Lady of the Lake'
Dismounting now, Sir Baldrin strode
Further still up mountain road,
From nook and cranny, hungry eyes
Did stare, then widen in surprise
And thus it was that Ogre foul
Stepped out, and gave a fearsome growl:
"I'll grind yer bones to make my bread"
The Knight replied "I'll have your head!"
Sir Baldrin charged, with greatsword raised
His downward stroke the Ogre grazed,
The monster's club came arching down,
And landed hard on Baldrin's crown
There came a grisly snapping sound
The Knight was pitched unto the ground,
But here Baldrin's tale does not end,
What awaits our Brettoni friend?
His guts were gobbled then and there
The rest dragged back to Ogre's lair

Sir Baldrin's heart, so stout and true
Took pride of place in wholesome stew
His legs were chewed, his fingers stewed
His lungs with Garlic butter filled
Bones were snapped and marrow bled
Then powdered into Ogre bread
Chain-mail fitted Ogre's arm
(Tho not with Baldrin's dandy charm,)
His great sword, once a weapon dire
Spitted meat on open fire
His icon—thrown into the hearth
His breastplate—now a goblin's bath
His blanket—used to stuff a hole
His skull—a hollow drinking bowl
And so then this Brettonian's fate
Was met upon an Ogre Plate
Let ye be warned: when eastward bound
Pray take some friends, let ye be found

QUEST'S END—PARODY OF A BRETTONIAN FOLK STORY.
POPULAR THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE, IT IS SUNG TO THE TUNE
OF CARROBURG FAYRE

COMMON VIEW

"Oh, I've seen one all right. Even spoke with him. Came down from the World's Edge, he did. 'Was half again as big as Kaspar's barn and almost as wide. Moved swifter than a running horse, though I don't suppose he was trying to, it's just that his stride was so long, each step took him half a furlong. I was out on the fields and everybody else ran away, but I've never been any too quick, so I whispered a prayer to Sigmar and stayed put. Well, this Giant, he stops and gazes down at me. He looks a little unsteady, weaving in place and I caught a hint of ale. 'HUMAN,' he says, and I think my bones are going to break with the force of his voice, 'IS THAT THE ROAD TO TALABHEIM?' he asks, vaguely waving one great arm towards the west. I allowed as it was. 'THANK YOU,' he rumbled, then he was off and away over the horizon so quick he was out of sight before the echoes of his final 'YOU' had ended. Polite enough sort, though I wish he hadn't stepped on my cow."

— OLD HOB, PEASANT FARMER

"Above all tings, even dere vast height, you vill remember dere stench. Each one reeks so strongly of liquor that the fumes will set your eyes to watering. I've seen a Giant carcass lie for five days, unrotting, as the carrion slowly stripped the flesh off his alcohol preserved hide. And dere breath, ye Gods! Dere breath. Rancid and foul, dere huge teeth strung about with decaying remains of dere last four or five meals. Ya, I have fought alongside dem, so I know more than most wot still can talk, eh? Dere are many in my homeland, always have been, for they love the cold places, though I cannot say why. Sometimes they fight for the Northern tribes. Sometimes against us. But always they want hard drink and food for pay and they aren't particular for either. Once, long ago, dere were many across all the lands, but Man drove dem to the mountains where they couldn't be followed easily, for they have always been few. Your great Sigmar killed some in his day I tink and the Long Beards have claimed countless over the years. They are terrible foes. Dere clubs are made from whole trees, set with swords, and they can smash three men in a single blow, even more with a good sweep. They don't feel pain as we do, or maybe it's all the liquor they drink, but they'll fight on long after they should be dead. They aren't so smart, but when you're so big, you don't really need to be, do you?"

— HOLGER ALGERSSON, NORSE MERCENARY

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

Giants are some of the largest creatures to still stride the surface of the Old World and their battle prowess is justly feared. Indeed, if they were even vaguely organised, their scattered tribes could still offer a terrible threat to the Empire. Fortunately for all the "little" races, conscious thought seems to be somewhat painful for Giants and they prefer the oblivion of alcohol to dreams of revenge. Various scholars have offered

opinions on why this should be so over the centuries and there is no definite answer.

"The key, gentlemen, is in their height, that very essence that makes a Giant, giant. The world cannot abide such bulk; from the moment they first draw breath they are in pain. Growing pains, surely, but more, so much more. The world claws at them, drags at them always, whispering 'lie down, lie down, rest upon the earth and rise no more'. They drink to blot out this endless pain."

— WALDEMARR, SCHOLAR OF NULN

Regardless of the reason, Giants drink to excess and they're constantly inebriated. Even the most sober of Giants is usually a bit tipsy. Being caught under a stumbling Giant will lead to broken limbs at best and more than likely result in one's being pulped. Giants consume prodigious amounts of flesh and if they are conscious, they are either eating or thinking about their next meal. A single Giant can devour the equivalent of five whole cows a day and still have room for more. This incredible need for sustenance is often thought to be the primary reason why Giants turned to a mercenary lifestyle. The high unassailable peaks of the Old World mountain ranges where they dwell are unsuitable for farming, not that any Giant would be inclined to do so, which meant that they had to find their food elsewhere. Fighting as a mercenary offers a constant supply of meat and drink, seeing as they have no compunctions about eating other races, or for that matter, other Giants and since gold has little use for a Giant other than as ornamentation, they are often willing to fight for the spoils alone. The frequent presence of Giants amongst the forces of the green skinned races is thus easily explained: the Orcs and Goblins lives of constant warfare results in a steadier food supply. In addition, the Greenskins are fond of Giants. Orcs because Giants are everything they aspire to be: large, strong and unburdened by thought. Goblins because Giants are exactly what they need them to be: dumb as a post and relatively easily managed.

Then again, maybe Giants just like to kill.

"So Bargrub's Ladz are take'n a proper thump'n and all getting dead right fast. I's cant have dat, 'cos I need the sod's gruntas, but I's hav'n a bit o' fun, all stuck in an such. So I see Lagruemorgt, hav'n a lot of drool on 'is gob and not much else ta do and I says he should take hisself over to where Bargrub is and sort out da humie knights wot are vex'n 'im. So Lag's game, an 'e trots over to get stuck in, an sharpish, humie knights are learn'n fly'n less'ens wit no wings. Lag gets a bit carried away tho, an 'e starts holler'n an leap'n around and pretty soon 'e fell over. Kilt most of da humies, an Bargrub, an a few 'o da gruntas, too. I laughed so 'ard I 'bout soiled meself. Da biggest big un's are always good fer a laugh."

— WARBOSS FLAYGIT BONESHAKER

"Whatever you use, use a LOT of it."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

"It seemed like a grand opportunity. He was producing such thunderous snores that even if I didn't have one

of the lightest steps in Altdorf, he never would've heard me. So what did I find in that vast purse, that most legendary of treasure troves, the Giant's sack? I'll tell you what I found: two live sheep, one dead goat, several leaky buckets, a bushel and a half of crushed apples and one half-eaten Halfling. Still, wasn't a total loss: the Halfling had eight Crowns on him."

— ERICH THE SLIPPERY

OUR OWN WORDS

"I drink to ease the cold. Why should that surprise you? Don't your kind as well? I have far more skin exposed

to the wind and it takes a far greater amount of liquor to keep my joints limber. I don't always gauge just how much I need very well though."

— NARNTHANSOROK, GIANT MERCENARY

"Lost and done. Our empire is no more, lost in the sands, trampled by insects. Ours is the long slow fade to quiet. Ironic for we whose voices once shook the mountains' roots. Not many left to mourn our passing now, not that you scurrying parasites would bother. Of course we turn to drink... or to the darkness in the North. Both are ways of forgetting what we've lost."

— AMORGBRANDION, GIANT RAIDER

Great Eagles

COMMON VIEW

"They can be as fierce as a northern storm and just as swift if they've a mind to. When they dive, if you blink, you'll lose sight of them. They don't feel fear as we do, or if so, they hide it well. I saw one take on a griffon without hesitation when it came to close to his eyrie, and I've heard tell that the mothers will even assault a dragon if their chicks are threatened. Now whether that is so, or only regarded as such, doesn't really matter. It says a lot about them that most believe it without questioning."

— LORENZ, MOUNTAINEER

"Bah! Miserable creatures. They steal from our herds and spy for the damned forest Elves. Whenever we go on a lumber run, one or two of the accursed things is often already hovering high overhead, just out of crossbow range. Humans always go on about how they think they're so 'noble'. Rubbish. They're scavengers who'll feed on anything that they can catch and carrion if they can't. I only have one good thing to say about them: if you do ever manage to bring one down, they make fine eating."

— HAAKON SKALLISON, DWARF RANGER

"For years I'd only seen them way up high, gliding on the wind. I never hoped to see one up close, but the Lady heard my wish I think. My lord and I were travelling on a hunt when I heard what I knew was a bird's cry, but unlike any I'd ever heard before. I've been near falcons many a time, but this was to a falcon's cry as a lion's roar is to a kitten's. It pierced us to the quick and scared Sardin, my horse, something fierce. My lord's armour rung with the echo of it. We galloped over to where we'd heard the sound and what was there, I ask ye? The most wondrous large eagle I've ever seen, tearing a mass of Orcs to shreds. They were milling about and yelling as they do. My lord charged in without a second thought, as is his way. We'll we handled them rightly enough, but we saw that they had been laying in ambush and without our feathered benefactor, it wouldn't of gone so well with us. My lord, to his great credit, realised this and when we finished sorting them out, he bowed to the Great Eagle and offered his thanks. The bird nodded once, as regal as you please, then leapt into the air and was gone with two beats of his mighty wings. That, my friend, is why my lord's crest has a Great Eagle on it."

— PIERSON, BRETONNIAN MASTER SQUIRE



THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"They are indeed a proud race, pitying all others who are wingless and thus cannot experience the joys of flight. They can be kindly, after their fashion, though they do not understand most of our ways. They detest all the green skinned races as Orcs slaughter or drive off the herds of mountain goats they naturally prey upon and Goblins find Great Eagle eggs to be a rare delicacy. Ethelior the Cunning has lived long in their whistling songs for his devious trap whereby he destroyed a massive Orc horde by shrieking through the mountain passes in such a way that he set off an avalanche. Once, long ago, even as we count time, Asur heroes rode upon their backs into battle. I have heard that at this, what looks to be the beginning of the Ending of Days that the old ways have returned and once more, the Great Eagles carry some of the heroes of the Asur to war."

— NETHLAREIL, ELF MERCENARY

The Great Eagles have long fascinated the scholars of the Empire for another reason: they seem to be immune to the taint of

Chaos. All other natural creatures, when too long exposed to the warping effects of Chaos eventually mutate. Not so the Great Eagles.

"For there is a secret here, one of great and powerful purpose. There has never been a report of a mutated Great Eagle, not in all the days of the Empire. Considering the affinity that the Changer of the Ways has for birds of prey, one would think that twisting some of them to his will would be almost inevitable, yet it seems to never have happened. I know of only one explanation and it is old indeed. Several engraved plaques taken from Lustria I believe, rest within the Imperial treasury. They are inscribed with an ancient tale regarding the Great Eagles and a group of beings that supposedly predate Men. The eagles were supposedly the heralds of these 'old ones' entrusted to carry their words to the far corners of the world. They were given many gifts in order to aid in their task as well as, and this is a rough translation mind you, 'great power against dark forces'. A child's fairy tale, perhaps, but someone thought enough of the tale to inscribe it upon solid gold."

— WALDEMARR, SCHOLAR OF NULN

Giant Spiders

COMMON VIEW

"Giant Spiders? Yeah, I seen one once. I was tracking this old dog fox through Count von Richter's forest one time. Beast had gotten cocky and had started taking some of the count's best game birds, or so we thought. I'd picked up a trail of feathers leading into a part of the forest I didn't normally have cause to go in: all overgrown it was, and coated in this sort of sticky stuff. I was covered in it after just a few minutes. Well, I found the bird, and the fox. Poor animal had had its head severed by something, and I could hear this sort of ticking noise above my head. Well, I looked up, but I wish I hadn't. Biggest darned spider I ever seen. Must have been about 5 feet long in the body, and the legs, well, the thought of them long hairy legs still makes me go cold, know what I mean? I let fly one arrow, and I think I got it in the eye, but I didn't stop to check."

— FRITZ BODGER, FORESTER

"Oh yes, I remember the summer when we had the plague of Giant Spiders. No one knows why they swarmed down out of the hills that day, but we was overrun! Most decent folk locked themselves in their root cellars. They trampled on everything and carried off every sheep, goat and pig in the village. I heard tell that they took the mayor's daughter as well, and her only babe in arms too. Mind you, they said some funny things about him and his goings on. His house got burned down a few years after that, and not by accident neither. Funny business. But like I said, I was no' but a little'un."

— OLD HOB, PEASANT FARMER

"Well, let me tell you, I was running with a company near the Drak Wald forest. We'd made camp for the

night near this old ruin. Just a couple of walls it was really, but it gave some shelter from the wind. Anyway, I was on second watch along with three others, when these things came boiling up out of the ground. I've never been good with spiders, but these were monsters. Ten feet tall on these long hairy legs. There must have been twenty of them at least! Those of us who were still asleep didn't stand a chance. They were bitten before they could defend themselves, bitten and dragged away. I just grabbed the nearest thing I had to hand which was a brand out of the fire. Well, they didn't like that, did they! They were backing away with their mouthparts clacking, and we beat them back down into the pit they crawled out of. Then we retreated. I still have nightmares about that night, and what happened to the men we had to leave behind."

— LEONHARD, MERCENARY

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"The Forces of Chaos seek to tamper even with creatures of Nature such as the humble spider, warping them into huge horrors such as that slain by the great warrior Georg von Hof. This affront to the natural order stands mummified in the entrance hall to the Rathaus in Hof, as a symbol of the stand made by the town and its greatest son against the constant danger of Chaos. Chaos which never ceases to threaten to engulf us the moment our vigilance is relaxed."

— VORSTER PIKE, WITCH HUNTER

"Spears and arrows tipped in wyvern venom mixed with salt. Remove the poison sacs from just inside the lower mandibles, and bring them to me."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

Dragons

COMMON VIEW

"Ne'er seen one, though oi've 'erd tell of 'em. Me Gran' swore that he'd seen one wing'n o'er t' fields one night. Twas bigger than Jakob's barn, w' eyes like to two bonfires. Swooped down 'en gulped a 'ole cow like twas a bit o' sweet pastry, it did. Or so Gran' said, liked his drink, did Gran'."

— GEBHARD, PEASANT

"Magnificent beyond my flawed words, I'm just an old soldier; it would take a poet to capture the majesty of a Dragon. I certainly never expected to even see a firewurm much less fight alongside one, but a mercenary's road takes him to strange camps. So it was that I found myself in the employ of the Prince of Remas and at my side stood the Elf Lord Asarnil and his Dragon mount, Deathfang. Asarnil told me that 'Deathfang' was but a crude translation of the Dragon's real name. Maybe so, but it was certainly an apt description. I've lost track of the number of foes I've seen him rout or destroy with his fiery breath, to say nothing of his fangs and talons. Deathfang is larger than a townhouse, more solid than a fortress. I once saw a cannon ball glance off his hide. But what surprised me the most about him was that he had a sense of humour. In a battle with some black and yellow clad Greenskins that the lads call 'Night Goblins' one of their ball and chain wielding maniacs almost slammed into our lines. Just before he reached us, Deathfang swept by, grabbed the little

shrieking runt by the scruff of his neck and lobbed him back into his own lines. The resulting anarchy sent Goblins running screaming in all directions. From the air I heard this giant repeating 'hruff-hruff' sound and I realised Deathfang was laughing as he watched them scatter. So did the Goblins. A Dragon's amused contempt pretty much broke them and they all fled."

— SERGEANT UHLER CARROBURG, WAR DOG

"Foulest of beasts, treacherous and evil. For all their depredations, they are nothing but glorified thieves. They cannot create and so they destroy, burning out villages and sacking our halls. Always, they wait till we are weakest, when grobbi and foul rat men beset us. Only then do they sweep in and attack. Gromril armour can stand up to Dragon breath and no Dwarf is a stranger to fire, but even the Sons of Grungni still need air to breathe. Dragons know this and seek to catch us in the halls and fill them with flame. There is no Book of Grudges without a few lines dedicated to the Drakk and many have whole chapters devoted entirely to them."

— KARGA FENNASDOTTIR, DWARF TRADER

"Of all the titles that the brave may aspire too none are as honoured amidst the races of the Old World, or as rare, as that of 'Dragon Slayer' and with good cause. Dragons are nearly unkillable; their iron hides can deflect even the mightiest weapons. Sigmar himself, wielding Ghal-Maraz only managed to wound the Great Wurm, Abraxas.



Should a hero actually manage to land a killing blow then he still must contend with the beast's spite, for all Dragons would fane take their slayers with them into Morr's realm."

— AXEL WISSENBURG, WANDERING MINSTREL

"Our brethren from the oldest times, the purest and truest expression of the power of life that this world has to offer. Once the skies were filled with their graceful forms and they danced about the thermals that flow over the mountains in intricate mating rituals that were a joy to behold. They sat at the feet of Vaul and set their fiery breath to heating his forges. When we went to war against the forces of Chaos, they carried the greatest of our heroes upon their backs and they were ever the first to engage the enemy and the last to withdraw from the field. Now they dwindle, as do we all, and their song is fading to memory. When they perish entirely so I think shall we and perhaps that is only proper."

— SITHAEBRON, DRAGON LORD OF CALEDOR

"It was the largest living creature that I've ever encountered and I've travelled farther than most men can dream. It was all muscle and scale; none of its mass was given over to fat in any way that I could discern. It moved with such deadly grace that, even though Varek's valiant final attack had deeply wounded it, it still slid across the floor of the cavern with a smooth undulation that knew no pause. Its leathern wings were held fast against its body in the close confines of the cave, though they flexed a little as it reared to face us. Its claws were longer than a man is tall, the smallest of its teeth the length of a forearm. Its tail was a razored weapon of flesh and serrated bone. I could smell the stink of Warpstone on its breath, the whole of its lair reeked of it. Its eyes glowed with madness and hatred. Every instinct that I possessed told me to flee screaming, away from it. Had I not the misfortune of once facing a Greater Daemon of Chaos, I would've sworn to Sigmar that it was the most frightening creature I have ever fought. As it was, it came in a very close second."

— FELIX JAEGER FROM MY TRAVELS WITH GOTREK, VOL III
(ALTDORF PRESS, 2505)

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

While the great size of Dragons' teeth and talons are well known, the most famous of all Dragon attributes is their fiery breath. Capable of levelling villages and reducing a fully armoured knight to cinders in an instant, Dragon's breath is widely feared, though how they manage to produce flames is widely speculated in scholarly circles.

"They would seem to be able to ignite the very air itself, which gives rise to conjecture that their breath is, in fact, of magical origin. This is certainly supported by the fact that no tale suggests that a Dragon ever 'runs out' of fire. If they had an internal organ that was producing fuel of some kind they could, presumably, lose their flame. I know of no natural source of heat, save the molten rock of volcanoes, which is capable of readily melting stone like a Dragon's breath can. I've also heard tales of Dragons that have been touched by Chaos in such a way that their breath

is somehow corrupted by the contact and carries the stench of Warpstone. I must confess that I'm not certain whether that argues for a natural or magical origin for Dragon fire, but it's interesting all the same. Why is this important? I'll tell you why. If you should ever have to face Dragons on the field of war and their breath is of magical origin, you may be able to dispel it as you would any other enemy enchantment. Something to consider, eh?"

— ANONYMOUS RONE, MASTER WIZARD OF THE COLLEGE OF LIGHT

Whether it is a side effect of their breath or their great need for sustenance the area surrounding a Dragon's lair typically becomes a desolate wasteland, devoid of all life save for a few stunted plants. No sound disturbs such places for all animals and birds flee the area leaving it silent and empty. Those that would dare to seek out dragons in the Old World typically do so because they are either Dwarf Slayers seeking a noble death, or foolish treasure hunters hoping to acquire part of the grand hoard of treasure that every Dragon seems to acquire.

"Dragons collect treasure to acquire a mate. The greater the size of their hoard, the better a given Dragon's prospects are for attracting a breeding partner. Large hoards are typically gained either through might of arms or earned. Yes, I did say earned. It is true that many Dragons seized their hoard through brute strength, most often stealing it from our people, but long ago the Dragons were our friends and allies. They helped carved out some of our halls and helped the Rune Smiths forge a number of the Master Runes and in exchange, we crafted treasures of surpassing beauty that were pleasing to their kind. You will have doubtless heard that we Dwarfs lost the knowledge of how to make some of the most powerful runes of old? Rubbish. When did a Dwarf ever forget anything of value? No, we know how to make them still, but some of the greatest runes require Dragon's Fire to set them into Gromril and after the many betrayals we've suffered, we trust the drakk no more."

— ULTHER HARGINSSON, DWARF LOREMASTER

Dragons seem to be a highly malleable race, adapting to their surroundings with time. There are tales of forest Dragons with thin, sinuous bodies that allow them to readily move amidst dense tree trunks and scales that resemble fallen leaves. The Dragons of the Land of Chill have changed so far from their origins that their breath has lost its fire, instead becoming a corrosive mass of black vapour that can melt flesh from bone. Those that have changed the most are, of course, those that have fallen to Chaos.

"All of the two headed Dragons of Chaos are the descendants of Galrauch, though not every Dragon that has turned to Chaos is of his line. The rewards of Chaos are many, why should not Dragons be tempted as surely as Men? Such drakes as turn to the darkness are wicked and clever beasts that delight in the pains of others. I have, on occasion, allied myself with their kind, but I've never trusted any of them as all others are lesser and expendable in their eyes. A view, I must admit, I admire."

— DR. ATHREN ABOLAS, FACILITATOR OF CHANGE

There is another type of Dragon that even the bravest men shudder to speak of: the Undead. In the eldest days, when a Dragon had grown weary of the world, they would take

themselves far beyond the World's Edge Mountains, to a vast desert in the south known as the Plain of Bones. There they would lie down amidst the remains of their ancestors and will themselves to die. When the Great Necromancer Nagash cast his terrible Ritual of Awakening, a mockery of life crept into the dead Dragon's bones and they rose on tattered wings to seek out prey. With Nagash's defeat, they collapsed again, but some powers once unleashed cannot be easily banished. Necromancers and Vampires with great will and the right knowledge can still command the dead Dragons to rise and do their bidding.

"I thought there were few pleasures left in the world that I had not already experienced, certainly none that were worth expending any effort towards. I must confess, though, to the great thrill I felt when first I bound Agorak the Silent to my will. As delicious as it was, it paled in comparison to the joy I felt when I finally had the opportunity to unleash him on my enemies. Nothing quite like a Dragon to put fear in the hearts of men. So much the better if he's Undead."

— CONSTANTIN VON CARSTEIN, VAMPIRE LORD

For thousands of years now, only a handful of Dragons have been active in the world at any one time. In the Old World, only two or three are awake at any one time and usually they are content to stay near their lairs. But there are whispers on the wind that these are the Twilight Days and there is an age-old prophecy that says all the sleepers will arise for the last battle against Chaos.

"I walk through the Dreaming Halls and I feel change in the wind. In the rhythm of their slumber, I see omens. Minathnir tells me that he, too, feels his brethren swimming towards consciousness. I dwell in hope and

fear. Hope that my Dragon brothers and sisters will shake off their grand slumber to rise again and that once more all the Lords of Caledor will ride to battle on the backs of Dragons as of old. And fear that if we do, when we do, it will be our last ride."

— IMRIK, DRAGON PRINCE OF CALEDOR

OUR OWN WORDS

"When the Old Ones first crafted their Gates from the substance of stars, I was there to assist their labour. Down the long ages I have come, watching the rise and fall of you lesser races and your civilizations. I've laid waste to knights and cities, burned fields and routed armies in my years. I could tell you much of the world that you have forgotten and more that you never knew, but I think not. You and yours are suited for nothing more than to provide me with amusement and the occasional graceful bauble for my lair. I see little else worthwhile about you."

— BRINRAIRDIH OFT-CALLED 'THE STORM THAT ROARS', ANCIENT WYRM

"Your lives to ours are as brief sparks to raging fires, yet some of you dance in the darkness with such grace that I cannot help but notice. I have seen wonders flow from the forges of the Dwarfs, the skill of the Elves, and even from the courage of Men. I suspect the admiration is quietly mutual. I've observed the images that adorn the shields of your mightiest warriors and grace your standards. I think that when my kind are gone, you will miss us."

— TINAIRATH THE WIND, DRAGON

Griffons

COMMON VIEW

"We were outnumbered by at least eight to one. The horrible little wretches kept chanting their inane songs and cutting into my brave lads with their nasty rusted blades. They knew they had us, I could see it in their loathsome red eyes. Even so, we set to and gave better than we got. It would've been a worthy last stand, but then this shadow fell over us. I felt the hairs on the back of my neck stand straight up as a cry that made my armour ring sounded from above. Then the Count and his mount Steelwing were upon the Goblins. They didn't even have a chance to break before they were torn to pieces. My armour was coated with the gore that sprayed from the ones Steelwing mangled. The beast moved so fast, I couldn't even follow his claws. When it was over, we all cheered and Sigmar's Truth, as the Count raised his Runefang in salute to our bravery, the Griffon nodded to us as well before leaping back into the sky."

— ERNST WOLFENBURG, MERCENARY

"Oh, aye it's all fancy talk and great airs about what noble beasts they are, but it's rubbish. I've scaled the World's Edge near 20 years to bring back their chicks fer the gold and I've yet to meet a single one that isn't as dumb as a post. Those bird heads o' theirs hold nothing but a bird's brains. Toss them a large enough piece of

meat and ye can walk right past, kick 'em in the arse if you've a mind as you go, and they'll take no notice of ye."

— BARTHELM VANDER, HUNTER

"They scare me. More than all the other beasts, even that lizard from Lustria in the zoo. They're always watching you, with their glowing eyes. Watching, waiting for you to slip up, to get a little too close. Then SNAP, you're done. We draw lots, you know. Lots to see who has to feed them each week. We lose four or five boys every year to them. Deathclaw? None but Karl Franz himself feeds that one."

— PIETER, IMPERIAL STABLE HAND

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"They are the finest of mounts, but never forget how dangerous they are. See these scars? They weren't given to me by an enemy. As a boy, all I dreamed of was a chance to show my worth, to test my mettle on the field of battle. All the courage I mustered for my first combat was but little compared to what it took for me to climb onto a Griffon's saddle. Astride the back of a Griffon, you know what it is to be in command, both the sweet and the bitter. You can see the sweep of the entire battlefield and know

how your cause fares at all times. You can watch your enemies fall and see your men die. With a Griffon, you can turn the tide of war... but never forget that they resent the saddle and the one who sits upon it."

— COUNT MATTHIAS OSTERMARK

Other than depictions of the mighty Warhammer of Sigmar, no symbol holds as high a place in the Empire's esteem as that of the Griffon. The renowned Griffon Standard of the Empire rests in the Cathedral of Sigmar and it is said that no unit that ever carries it in good cause can be broken. The Grand Theogonist of Sigmar's badge of office is carved from green jade in the likeness of a Griffon. Indeed, to the citizens of the Empire, the Griffon is a sacred beast.

"There can be little doubt really: they are clearly creatures of Chaos. No wild beast was ever born with such a bizarre amalgamation of parts. A raptor's head does not find itself on the body of a lion without the most unnatural of influences being brought to bear. Oh, I grant that they are a stable mutation now. I daresay they have been for thousands of years. But once, long ago, they were born of Chaos, and to Chaos' purposes they may yet be turned."

— ECKHARD, NULN SCHOLAR — BURNED AS A HERETIC

Griffons prefer their meat raw and screaming, though they'll scavenge if no other prey presents itself. This is fairly rare, though, as their hunting grounds tend to range for hundreds of miles around their chosen mountain aerie. Their eyesight is as sharp as the raptors that they resemble and they can see motion from miles away. Their war cry causes fear in all but the hardest souls and Griffon mounts must be forcibly restrained from hunting down fleeing opponents, as it is in their nature to rend all foes that flee from them.



Pegasi

COMMON VIEW

"Make no mistake, they are not swift light cavalry just because they have wings. They are warhorses with great intelligence and just as dangerous as any battle trained steed can be, perhaps even more so for they are cunning. A Pegasus will ride down a fleeing man as readily as a horse does, but he will place his blows for maximum effect, leaving a trail of corpses in his wake. They don't fear fire and they won't shy away from blood. In fact, I've heard tales of Pegasi feeding on the dead. Me, I stay away from them. I like to fight with both feet on the ground and I like my foes the same."

— LEONHARD, MERCENARY

"They are the most wonderful horses imaginable! They race about on the wind and play with the lightning around thunderstorms like it was a toy. My mother says that Lord Sigmar sent the Pegasi to watch over the mountain passes and ensure that the evil ones can't cross without battle."

— CARMILLA, EMPIRE PEASANT

"Give me a Pegasus over a Griffon any day. They are far more loyal, just as noble, and easier to control. Spur

a Pegasus and he'll do as you wish. Spur a Griffon and you're liable to be torn to pieces at the beast's earliest convenience. It is true that they don't have quite the same impact on a foe's morale, but what of it? I would rather rely on my sword arm than my mount's ferocity, not that I haven't seen my Calypsan down more than a few Greenskins since his foaling."

— LORD ALBRECHT VON HELMGART

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"The first thing that you must understand is that they are not merely horses with wings. Appearance does not denote fact whatever the common folk may think. Indeed, their entire internal structure is completely different from that of any horses that I've examined. Pegasi are omnivorous creatures, capable of eating both flesh and vegetable matter whereas horses are strictly grazers. Those corrupted by the Taint are frequently entirely carnivorous, their normally flat teeth often sharpening into vicious fangs. Their bone structure, unsurprisingly, is far more similar to that of birds than those of horses, which is part of what allows them flight. I must confess however, that I do not think their ability to fly is entirely explainable by natural law. I

know of a Pegasus that carried a heavily armoured knight upon her back with no sign of strain even after twelve hours of sustained flight, a feat that seems impossible. An acquaintance of mine from the College of Light suggests that Pegasi may somehow be able to literally 'ride' on the Winds of Magic that blow from the north. While I don't feel qualified to confirm or deny such speculation, I put it forward for your consideration."

— MARIANNE SOSBER, ANATOMIST

Pegasi make their nests about the peaks of the Grey Mountains in the Old World. Hunters from both the Empire and Bretonnia brave the dangers of the mountain passes to secure Pegasi foals which they can sell for a high price to nobles. Several of the knightly orders of Bretonnia have become exceptionally fond of the Pegasi and a few lords have even begun to field whole units of Pegasi riding knights.

"Breeding the foals of the Pegasi has proved exceptionally difficult. Well, that is to say, it's difficult to get them to fly. Let me explain. Several of the foals that we've reared

have never learned to fly, their wings atrophying, as they grew older. Even those that had mothers who actively participated in their flying lessons didn't always take to it. I suspect that without the inherent danger of the high mountain nests that a more naturally reared Pegasus grows up with, they are smart enough to realise that they don't truly have a 'need' to fly. Thus, we are still at the mercy of the mountaineers and the Dwarf rangers who specialise in acquiring Pegasi foals. Something I find fascinating though, the Pegasi that never learn to fly are the swiftest runners that I've ever heard of outdistancing any other mount, save perhaps a Pegasus on the wing."

— JEAN-MARC, BRETONNIAN HUSBANDER

There are other enclaves of Pegasi scattered about the world. Several of them, especially those in the Land of Chill, are deeply tainted by Chaos resulting in the beasts known as Dark Pegasi. The Dark Pegasi have leathery wings instead of the feathered ones normal Pegasi sprout and they often have misshapen horns that they wield with surprising accuracy. Dark Pegasi actively crave the flesh of men and they're avid hunters.

Hippogriffs

COMMON VIEW

"Greatest creature alive and do you know why? They were my ticket to a better life. I was born in a filthy hut in a village in southern Bretonnia that doesn't even have a name. I was the eighth of my parents' children and went generally unnoticed, for the most part. Some of the village elders figured out early on that I had an agile mind, but other than that, I was unremarkable. I've heard tell that many of those chosen to seek the Grail feel a call that they cannot explain. I felt a similar call the day Sir Barlois Giraud offered a fair purse and a free man's place in life for a Hippogriff chick. I knew nothing of the mountains and less of Hippogriffs, but I was determined to free myself from a life of drudgery. I'll not bore you with the details of the journey. It was longer than I had imagined and tougher as well. In the foothills of the mountains, the Lady took pity on me and I met a sympathetic hunter who told me what to do. Correspondingly, I waited in the woods till another had managed the near impossible task of bringing a live Hippogriff chick down from the mountains. As that brave and lucky soul rested, I slit his throat and claimed the chick as my own. I still know little of mountains and less of Hippogriffs, but I know what it means to leave a life of drudgery behind and it is sweet. Three cheers for Hippogriffs and the vanity of knights."

— SEBASTIAN, BRETONNIAN CUTPURSE

"Many of my fellows would say that the Pegasus is the grandest mount that any knight could ever aspire to. They speak of the Pegasi's grace, beauty and speed, extolling these as the greatest virtues to be had in any beast. But the only virtue I see in speed is if it gets me to the battlefield quicker, there is grace enough for me in the clash of arms and I forgot how to perceive beauty years ago. I don't expect tricks from my mount, I expect carnage and I get

it from Eliaos, my Hippogriff. Let other knights have their elegant winged horses, I prefer my savage friend."

— LORD GILDAS FRANGEAU, BRETONNIAN NOBLE

"Bah, vicious scavengers. They have all of t' savagery of a Griffon, but none of t' nobility. They'll eat any meat they manage t' come across. Why, living or dead, it just don't make no difference. Surly beasts, too. Even those who've been up an' broke fer the saddle will snap at ye if ye come t' close. The Bretonnians only took t' 'em cause they were jealous of t' Empire's Griffons. 'Course you tell one that, you'll likely as not get skewered on his lance."

— OLD HOB, PEASANT FARMER

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"Like the noble Griffon, the Hippogriff is a creature of Chaos. Indeed, I suspect they are offshoots from the same ancestor. Certainly our forbears thought so, why else the similarity of the names? Unsurprisingly, considering the extremely territorial and predatory nature of both races, they cannot stand one another. The Griffons dominate the World's Edge Mountains, whereas the Hippogriffs have claimed the Grey. A meeting between the two almost certainly results in a duel to the death. I suppose there is some unique symmetry to be found in two beasts derived from Chaos destroying one another. I suspect however that their riders, if they should happen to have any at the time, would not appreciate it, especially considering that most such battles occur in the air with the loser plummeting to his death."

— ECKHARD, NULN SCHOLAR - BURNED AS A HERETIC

Hippogriffs are a favourite mount of Bretonnia knights who want a creature with a more vicious nature than the gentle tempered Pegasi. Since acquiring Hippogriffs is such a daunting task, they will often offer great rewards to any of their

peasants that manages the feat. His eventual rider must raise a Hippogriff by hand from a very young age, for he will never accept any other in his saddle. Hippogriffs constantly hunger for meat, which they prefer raw. This constant hunger can cause an incautious master trouble.

"The day I had to put Bloodwind down remains both the greatest and saddest day of all my years. I tried to explain to my Lord that he hadn't meant it, that if the miserable peasant brat hadn't run, all would've been well. But once the squalling peasant sped away in fear, Bloodwind thought he was prey. That is perhaps, my fault. I allowed him to hunt one too many criminals I suspect. Ah, well. My Lord's lady was deeply offended, tender soul that she is, and I was forced to make recompense to the family with a small purse. She stated that it was not enough and that I had to give them Bloodwind's head. Sorrowing, I agreed. I took it myself and fairly, too. He saved my life so many times on the battlefield, I thought it only fit that he be given one last chance to fight for his life. I covered my features in another's helmet and doused my armour in Pegasus' blood so that he wouldn't hesitate upon realizing it was I. The fight was as no other I had ever been in. Only then, as he ripped at me with an arrow's speed, did I feel a hint of what my foes must have felt for all the years that I rode them down upon his back. It was glorious. But still, I had the mastery for as magnificent as he was, strategy is not a Hippogriff's fine point."

— SIR FLORIAN LAMARTINE



Wyverns

COMMON VIEW

"If there be one thing worse than Orcs, it be flying Orcs. Them Wyverns are ill-omened beasts, 'an even without Orcs it be bad luck if ye see one of 'em flyin' in the distance. Jurgl from the Ruming Mill saw one last year, an' all 'is flour spoilt. Then 'e dropped 'is millstone on 'is foot. Bad do that were. Can't be a miller with one foot. Has to get 'is son to carry bags of flour for him now. What's 'e to do if 'is son moves away, or marries, or just plain ups an' dies on 'im? Eh? Just you stay away from them Wyverns in them hills, I don't want you stirrin' 'em up an' makin' 'em go a-cursin' more millers, we'll have no bread left to eat if you does. An' then where will we be? Eh? Eh?"

— OLD HOB, PEASANT FARMER

"Why, as far as I can see it's a Dragon. What would you call a big mean lizard with wings? What do you mean, Sir? No, I wasn't trying to set up a joke, I was talking about Dragons."

— JOACHIM, PEDDLER

"What can I do for you then dearie? Saw a Wyvern did you? Ooh, bad do that. You're cursed with ill luck. Something horrible's bound to happen to you now. Ooh, yes, there is a way to break the curse, but you're not going to like it. Give me your hand. Yes, your left hand dearie, you use your sword with your right don't you? Well, you can still hold a shield with three fingers can't you? It's the only way dearie. We have to get the bad luck out of you

by something horrible happening to you. Better a maiming than a drowning, says I, and better a finger than a hand. Let's have that left little finger then. Now hold still while I get my knife out. Hurts does it dearie? Now you just be a big brave boy and Petra will kiss it better for you..."

— PETRA LANGENMESSER, VILLAGE FISHWIFE

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"You will likely not ever have to fight a Wyvern unless you are foolish enough to venture into one of their mountain caves — or unless there is an Orc warlord atop its back. You should certainly never regret not fighting one.

"As soon as you look at a Wyvern you know that here is a beast built for one purpose only—battle. From the solidly boned, horned head to the great barbed blade of a tail, there is no part of the creature that is not either armour or weapon. It will gore and rip with the horns; bite, chew, and swallow with the fanged maw; slash and rend with its claws; impale with the spiked wing pinions; buffet with the wings; crush with its torso; slap, slice, and stab with the tail. Its head and back are covered with wide thick scales that cannot be hacked through with anything less than a hard and lucky blow from a poleaxe. Its belly scales are softer, but to get to them you must get past all its weapons..."

"When we battled Azhag the Slaughterer at Osterwald, I saw a unit of knights charge him early in the fight, hurling themselves into the fray with the desperate urge for glory



that comes over so many of noble blood. They charged too early, but they at least had the sense to attack the Wyvern first; few Orcs ever lived who were more dangerous than a Wyvern, even Azhag. You had to admire their valour, and their sacrifice was probably what broke Azhag's horde in the long run. Half a dozen lances stabbed home deep into its body, but it was fighting back even as they pierced it, biting a head off here, slicing a cavalier almost in half with a backhanded claw attack there. Azhag of course was laying about him to, like I say not quite as deadly as his mount but still slashing through harness and into the flesh beneath with his axe. Only

one knight survived more than a few seconds past the initial charge, leaping off his dead horse and unlimbering the heavy war sword he carried at his saddle. He hacked and hacked at its neck as it fought back furiously. I've never seen a man move so fast and lithe in full plate armour, but there it was, he evaded almost every attack from Wyvern and Orc alike, or lessened their force so they only struck him glancing blows. With one final shout of effort he cut its neck almost right through, its head hanging limply to one side. I think he was about to try to plant his foot on the neck and clamber up to battle Azhag directly, when the dead Wyvern's tail shot forward like a ballista bolt, straight through the centre of the breastplate and out the backplate. He must have died almost instantly. I never found out who he was, but without him the rest of us might never have got to Azhag to battle him directly. Once Azhag was dead—and that is very much another story, and was no easy task to accomplish you can be sure—his forces fled and scattered. He had been the only thing holding them together."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER

Today, Wyverns are found only atop the Worlds Edge Mountains. Brave or suitably bullied Greenskins clamber up the mountains hoping to find an unattended nest with an egg or young hatchling to steal. The Wyvern youngster is then raised as a war-mount by the more powerful Orc Warlords.

"Squeeze wyrmcaps till a milky white fluid issues from the gills. Apply to long spears or preferably missile weapons. After the Wyvern's death the tail is to be slit open and the venom sac brought to me."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

"I tell you, the comparison with Dragons is a highly misleading one. Wyverns are clearly a different order of beast entirely, being as it were four-limbed rather than six-limbed. Furthermore, Wyverns have none of the redeeming qualities of Dragons. They swap pride for arrogance, and nobility for cruelty. There is probably no creature quite so vicious as a Wyvern, which of course is why they ally themselves to Orcs so frequently."

— WALDEMARR, SCHOLAR OF NULN

Giant Wolves and Dire Wolves

COMMON VIEW

"A Goblin mounted on a Giant Wolf is fast, believe me. We faced what must have been over a hundred of them. They came straight at us downhill, all teeth and fangs and foul breath, and the wolves were pretty horrible too, I can tell you! Well, it was a tough fight. The mounted knights were almost useless. Those wolves terrified the horses, and those that didn't turn and stampede got bit in the legs and went down. It was the foot soldiers who held the day that time. Even wolf hide isn't so thick you can't stick it with a good sharp halberd. Suren, you can kill 'em all right. Just have to hit them hard enough!"

— ALPHONSE, BRETONNIAN MAN-AT-ARMS

"Ooh, we had trouble a few years back with a pack of Giant Wolves. They would come and try and take cattle, so we had to keep them penned in, which isn't good for the milk, you know. Them pesky Greenskins then tried to herd this pack. I seen some of them trying to ride these wolves like you might ride a bloomin' horse. Well, I wasn't going to stand for that, so I rounded up the village and we cut 'em all down like wheat. I got the skin of one of them wolves on the floor of my hut. Blunted one of my best knives trying to get it off 'is back, mind. D'you want to come in and see it, dearie?"

— PETRA LANGENMESSER, VILLAGE FISHWIFE

"There's the right sort of wolves, and then there's the wrong sort of wolves. You never can tell with wolves."

— RUDI, GREAT ALTDORF ASYLUM INMATE

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"Warpstone and redcap in equal measure for the Dire Wolf, wolfsbane for the giant."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

In the Old World, whole villages have been destroyed by the depredations of Giant Wolves. They are swift and cunning beasts, seldom falling for the same trick twice which makes them difficult to root out. The land of Sylvania is particularly overrun with them.

"It is written in certain scrolls that the Dire Wolf and the Giant Wolf are two separate species, but I subscribe to a different view. Giant Wolves are clearly Chaos tainted, though so long ago that they have since become almost entirely natural creatures. Dire Wolves, on the other hand... I have been studying the writings of Orthin the Old, who in his quintessential treatise on Sylvanian fauna seems to suggest that the body of the Giant Wolf rises from the accursed earth after burial having been transformed into the undead Dire Wolf."

— WALDEMARR, SCHOLAR OF NULN



"Ah, the children of the night, their howls are music to my ears! The thrill of the hunt as the pack spread out ahead, with the Doom Wolf leading them. Nothing can stand before us!"

— CONSTANTIN VON CARSTEIN, VAMPIRE LORD

Werereatures

COMMON VIEW

"I'd heard tales of the Norse Berserkers and their ways, but not one story prepared me for facing them on the field of battle. The Kislevites I'd taken up with were some of the strongest and most taciturn warriors I've ever had the honour of serving alongside, so I was somewhat surprised when I found out that they were quietly nervous about the morrow's engagement. We were all set to fight a raiding band from a tribe called the Baersonlings. I didn't really believe even half of what the Kislevites told me. But the following morning, I stood on the edges of the northern pack ice and watched the fur clad barbarians chew on their shields, some of them while foaming at the mouth. That was endurable, I'd seen stranger in my travels. But as the battle began, as their features melted and twisted, the muzzles of bears emerging from beneath their helms, claws unsheathing from their flesh, I knew why the Kislevites feared the Norsemen. It was a long struggle and I'll not pretend it was an easy victory, but as fierce as they were, the Chaos touched bastards fell in the end as any other men."—Ernst Wolfenburg, Mercenary

"They come with the darkness to steal children away for their foul larders. The moon calls to them and they fear the kiss of silver, for its cold purity burns their unclean flesh. They are merciless hunters, ever driven to kill in the most terrible of fashions. Werewolves don't merely put their prey down as a natural beast; they tear it asunder, strewing organs about in wild fashion. Pity the poor soul that is cursed with lycanthropy but knows it not. Pity them

I say, but still you must kill them, for there is no cure for their condition save the peace of the grave."

— RUPRECHT TORE, WITCH HUNTER

"I once stayed with a woodcutter's family on a fierce winter's night and heard the story of the Children of Ulric. It is a very old tale that I've never heard any Priest of Ulric mention in a sermon, but it has lived long around the hearths of the peasants. Long ago, when the world was young, Ulric raced through the northern woods hunting, though he could not describe what prey he sought after, he knew only that he needed. The story is long in the telling, for it is meant to pass a long night, but Ulric, after learning more than a few cautionary lessons along the way, found what he sought in the person of Birgit, a fierce Northern maid that he took as his lover. They were happy for a brief time. She died bearing Ulric's child and his howls of grief still ring on the northern wind. Their son was the first of the Shape-strong, the Were, those who can walk as both wolf and man. Make of it what you will, but I have found that the tales of peasants often carry the echo of truth."

— ALEXEI DRONAL, KNIGHT OF THE WHITE WOLF

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

Stories about Werereatures are common in the Old World, though not many of those tales portray them as anything but evil beasts. Werereatures are men and women with the ability to take on some of the attributes or even the full shape of an animal. Some of them have been cursed to do so, whereas

others seem to have the ability as a birthright. Empire scholars frequently argue about where the line is drawn between what constitutes a Wercreature and a Mutant. There seems to be no clear or easy answer, which is why the debate has gone on for centuries. The Norse call their shape shifters 'Were' and indeed, the term 'Wercreature' is obviously drawn from their language.

"The Norsemen have no word for 'Mutant' in their native tongue. The closest roughly translates as 'gifted' or perhaps 'chosen' would be a better fit. Chosen by the Dark Powers, gifted by their Gods. There are whole family lines that have been touched from as far back as their oral history goes with the power to take on the likeness of certain animals, most often bears or wolves though I heard tell of other beasts... and things best left undescribed. The majority of those so 'gifted' only partially take on the form of their 'totem' beast in combat, but those they deem the greatest among them, their leaders and nobles, fully transform when the battle rage is upon them."

— WILHELM BIEL, FAR TRAVELLING MERCHANT

The argument is complicated by the fact that many Norsemen are clearly tainted by Chaos, though they would say 'blessed' and many of those that may have once been deemed Were may possibly be well on their way to actually becoming Chaos Spawn. Away from the North, the story changes. Wercreatures seldom give any indication that they are anything but a Human. Indeed, those cursed with the "change" may even be unaware of their nature, shifting forms only when triggered to do so, such as by the moon, personal injury or the command of a sorcerer, indicating that the taint of Chaos may not touch all Wercreatures in the same fashion.

"It is no disease, it is a birthright or, some might say, a curse. Peasants will tell you that the bite of the Werebeast is infectious, carrying with it the possibility of becoming a changer as well. Less informed scholars refer to this so-called affliction as 'lycanthropy' and seek to treat it with various herbs, including the poisonous wolfsbane. Rubbish, I say. Those who manage to survive the attacks of a Werewolf and then go on to become one themselves already had the blood of shifters in their family line.

The attack merely awakens what was already within them, stirring it up to the surface. I don't believe there is necessarily anything inherently evil in being shape strong; I think it hearkens back to older times and perhaps earlier faiths. In the legends surrounding the time of Sigmar, there are references to the Cherusens, one of the original twelve great founding tribes, as not only being master

hunters, but also having the ability to 'run with wolves'. Conservative thinking states that this is merely a veiled allusion to their skill as beast tamers, but I think not."

— ECKHARD, NULN SCHOLAR — BURNED AS A HERETIC

OUR OWN WORDS

"To be chosen by Tchar to receive his blessing and thus becoming one of the Were is not a thing to be taken lightly. It is an honour beyond all others, though at times a heavy burden. Those marked with the strength to fully transform are always destined for lordship and greatness among my people. I received Tchar's touch upon me two winters after my beard had filled in. During a battle with some Graelings, I felt the urge to bury my teeth in my foe's throat and so I did. His warm blood coursed over my tongue, pouring down onto my armour and I howled my victory to the skies. It was only after he fell lifeless at my feet that I realised my jaw was a foot longer than it had been at the start of the fight to say nothing of the brown fur on my muzzle. The changes receded as the battle faded, but now they come at my call. Some of the other Were have lost the ability to still walk as men, but not I. At least, not yet. Were who hear the call of the beast too strongly must be confined until they are needed. Perhaps one day I too will howl for blood from the high caves and await ever the chance to kill for my people, but not today."

— SORGRIM OLAFSSON,
BJORNLING WARRIOR



c. cleland '05

"The first time I changed, I was looking up at one of the moons. It seemed so perfect, so peaceful, that I wanted to sing my joy for all to hear. I threw back my head and my cry changed from a scream to a howl in mid-note. I was astonished, but not frightened because it felt... right. I ran through the forest that night, my sharp new senses opening up a whole new world to me. The Witch Hunters say that I must be wicked, that I've consorted with Chaos. I have done no such thing. I pray to Sigmar. I have never harmed anyone who did not try to harm me first. When the forces of the Vampire Count Manfred came to attack a village that I had been staying at, my abilities allowed me to know about it far in advance and I raised an

alarm that saved many lives, yet the Empire's authorities would call me a mutant and kill me if they could. Do you know what has changed the most about me? I'm now glad I'm not a Human for a small and petty race you are."

— RENATA, WEREWOLF IN ENTERTAINER'S CLOTHING

The Restless Dead



No pulse, no breathe, no life, yet still they stir. Dead, but dreaming, they exist to plague the living with thoughts of their own mortality. With tongue-less mouths, they whisper a single name: Nagash. Nagash the Black, first and greatest Necromancer to ever stride the Old World. So great was his fear of what lied beyond the realm of flesh that he was willing to commit any blasphemy, if only he could master death. From his researches and his rituals arose the Undead. In the Empire, talk of the Restless Dead turns all eyes to the east, towards Sylvania, a cursed land and once the strong hold of the great Von Carstein Vampire Counts who have all, supposedly, been destroyed. There are few that truly believe that, for those that have returned from the grave once can surely do so again.

Skeletons

COMMON VIEW

"Quicker and meaner than Zombies, and just as hard to kill. I'd still sooner face Skeletons though. At least you don't have to look at so much rotting flesh that way — they're cleaner, somehow. Yes, they look fairly horrific, but the lads seem more like to flee from Zombies if they flee at all."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER

"They should stay down in their graves, in the earth, where they belong, 'stead of bothering living folk with their clacking and rattling about."

— OLD HOB, PEASANT FARMER

"Horrid enough things, but you can sometimes get a good price for them if you grind them up with a big pestle and mortar. The farmers say I sell the best fertilizer for miles around, but I don't tell them what goes in it. They would be worried about Undead crops or some such nonsense. If you know one of the Imperial armies is going up against a Vampire Lord or something, though, it's well worth seeing if you can pass by the battlefield half a day later and collect those Skeleton bones. No need to bleach the flesh off or prepare them, like with bones from corpses—just gather and grind."

— KASTAR HANDLIN, TRAVELLING MERCHANT

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"Fascinating. If I could but have one captured for study, I might finally make sense of the mystery of life — discover what vital spark animates living Humans and the Undead alike. So far as I can gather from dissecting dead, or should I say re-dead, Skeletons, they are no different physically from the merely dead, never-Undead skeletons

that are strewn over so many battlefields in the Empire and beyond. I had half-expected their bones to be joined by wires and operated by complex mechanical machines, as though automata; or perhaps, if they truly were created by sorcery, they might have had new sinews and nerves connecting each bone to its neighbours. Yet there was nothing; clearly the vital spark is entirely non-physical."

— LUDOLF TRAUGOTT, PRIEST OF VERENA, ALTDORF

"Powdered warpstone in a linseed oil base."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

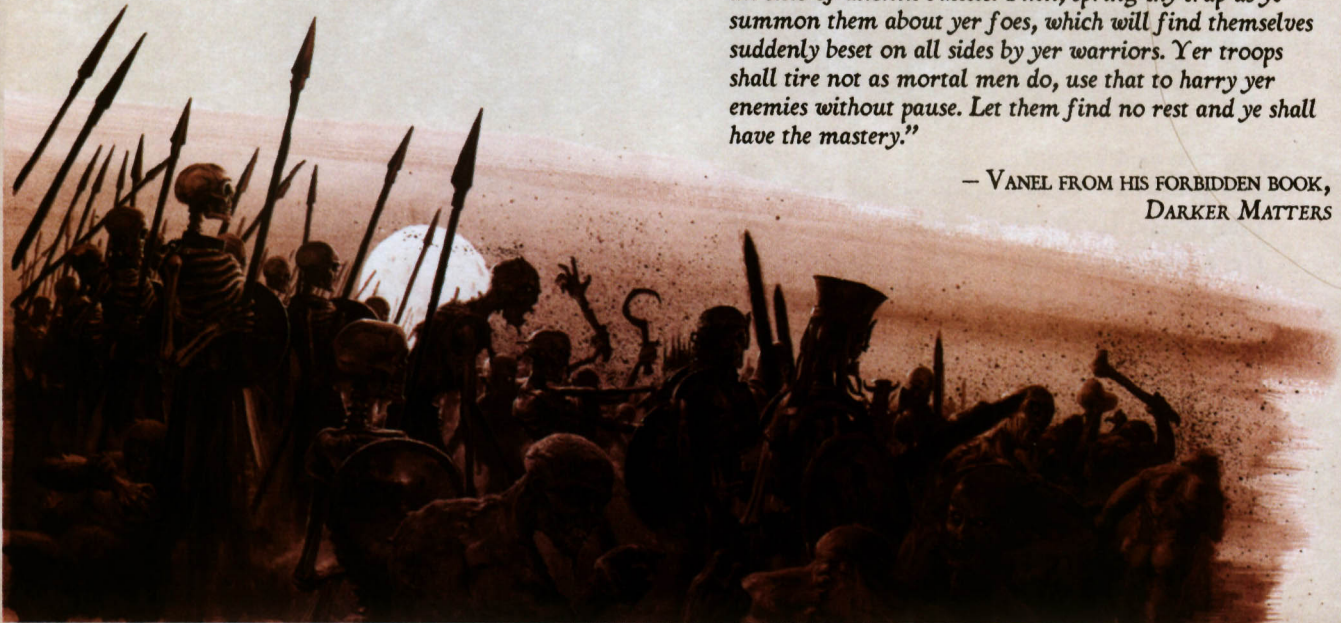
Skeletons are animated by powerful Necromantic magic, outlawed throughout the Empire for its ability to create a crude and evil mockery of true life. Unlike the more powerful corporeal Undead such as Wights and Mummies, Skeletons do not retain any trace of the spirit or essence of their former "owners." They are kept animate purely by sorcery.

"The ultimate emblem of Death. You will find its head on flags and banners and bottles of poison. Or take the whole body, grant it a scythe as a reaper of men not grass... astonishing how well that image scares your warriors when it is returned to an unnatural mockery of life. However you look at it, the Skeleton is a perfect symbol of both Death and Undeath; that part which endures after the rotting of the body and the departure of the soul... Fitting then, that these are among our most feared and numerous soldiers. What Human could hope to resist Death? You might flail and flounder against Him, but sooner or later He will claim you. If you are lucky, I may even allow you to live again in my service..."

— CONSTANTIN VON CARSTEIN, VAMPIRE LORD

"Skeletons know not of stealth, but neither do they draw breathe and from this, ye can profit. Choose thy battleground long before ye engage and sew it with your troops, or bring thine enemy after ye into graveyards or the sites of ancient battles. Then, spring thy trap as ye summon them about yer foes, which will find themselves suddenly beset on all sides by yer warriors. Yer troops shall tire not as mortal men do, use that to harry yer enemies without pause. Let them find no rest and ye shall have the mastery."

— VANEL FROM HIS FORBIDDEN BOOK,
DARKER MATTERS



Ghouls

COMMON VIEW

"Not as scary as they look, but you have to be careful of those poisoned claws. I could never work out whether they were really Undead or not either. Not that it's too important—you can kill them easy enough with cold steel, no need for magic weapons or spells."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER

"They're not really monsters, just people with bad breath. What do you expect from a lifetime of eating corpses?"

— ERICH THE SLIPPERY

"My sister's husband was set upon by some of them one time when he was returning late from the tavern and took a shortcut through the graveyard of their village. Why, he was lucky to escape with his life! They pounced on him like mad dogs, tearing at his flesh with their filthy teeth, latching themselves onto him like clamps. If that weird-haired Dwarf hadn't been passing through and launched himself into the fray, poor Walther would have been a dead man. As it is he's never been the same since, and poor Helga is quite distraught. He should have bought one of my lucky charms — oh, did I already show you them?"

— JOACHIM, PEDDLER

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"It seems likely that these creatures were once Human, just as the storytellers say. Contemporary accounts from Sylvania indicate that even prior to the coming of Vlad von Carstein, and his introduction of the curse of Vampirism to Sylvania, the first Ghouls were already abroad. Even before the days when the nobility of the land were predominantly Vampires, the local Lords still abused and neglected their peasants. Many ordinary folk preferred to eat Human flesh rather than starve. Almost certainly they were wrong to do so, but they were desperate. They and their descendants paid their price for their folly, their lineage cursed forever, their

forms degenerate and their eating habits as abhorrent as ever. Some of them took service with the von Carsteins when Vlad took Sylvania as his own; others follow Vampires and their retainers unbidden, anticipating good eating when the Undead are abroad. Still others skulk in the shadows, retaining a complete independence from the Vampires who rule Sylvania. It is perhaps those independents that have been at the vanguard of the Ghoul migration out from Sylvania and into the rest of the Old World. However it occurred, the Empire is now plagued by these most unpleasant creatures."

— HEINRICH MALZ, HIGH PRIEST OF VERENA, NULN.

Despite their emaciated, almost skeletal appearance, their nocturnal nature, and their association with Vampires, Ghouls are not in fact Undead. They associate with powerful Undead because they know that where such masters of life and death go, carnage is sure to follow—and Ghouls are scavengers by preference. They will sometimes fight to get fresh Human meat, but they are quite satisfied with second helpings or even partially rotted flesh.

"Powdered warpstone in a linseed oil base."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

"These creatures always amuse me. Oh, certainly they can be useful — having minions who can go out in the daylight, however much they might not want to, is not to be underrated. Yet the irony is not lost on me, that I have some Humans (or former Humans, if you want to be precise) who are so desperate for the scraps from my table that they will even fight the rest of you for the chance to bite on a few corpses."

— CONSTANTIN VON CARSTEIN, VAMPIRE LORD

OUR OWN WORDS

"Oooo, tha's lovely. I like's my marrow gamey, but raw and wet's fine here and there. Pass on some more of his shoulder, eh?"

— UNNAMED (AND UNUSUALLY INTELLIGENT) GHOUL

Zombies

COMMON VIEW

"It's bad enough that you have to kill Sylvanians the first time — taking on their reanimated corpses is no picnic. If you can, try to kill the Necromancer or Vampire first, before he raises them. Even if you can't get to him till after they're up, it's often worth having a go at him anyway, that tends to make most of his army fall right down dead again. Otherwise... well, I don't ever advocate fleeing, because once some of you break and run you may as well have signed a death warrant for the whole army; but it's rarely a winning proposition

going up against Zombies in close combat. If you can, stay just out of range of their weapons, and take them down with missile fire — you want siege engines if you can get them though, they don't die easily the second time around."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER

"I suffered most grievously when I first fought them. They were slow enough in reacting that I saw an opening to cut the first one almost in half with my sword. I moved in and delivered him a hard stroke, but the blade barely bit deeper than a hand's width into him,



and I'd only sharpened it that morn. I was expecting him to drop to the ground, and that's how he got his own sword into my shoulder. I fought on, but by the time we beat them those of us who lived were all bleeding, most of us from several wounds. It wasn't enough to out-fight them — we had to try to out-last them, too."

— STEMAHR HOLST, EMPIRE SOLDIER

"Horrid scary things. They say that when you hear something go 'bump' in the night, it's probably something that just dropped off a Zombie."

— KASTAR HANDLIN, TRAVELLING MERCHANT

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"Powdered Warpstone mixed to a thick paste with extract of deadbane."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

"They should not be feared so much as they are, for they are created by little more than conjuring tricks at root. Without the Necromancer's foul spell, they would be nothing but rotten corpses. There is no powerful, inherent evil in them, as there is with a Daemon or Vampire; indeed, I have no doubt that they are no more alive nor intelligent than a lump of river clay. Wizardry could as easily animate the river clay to do its master's bidding, too, but Necromancers and Vampires have more of an affinity with the dead and so use that which they are best at."

— WALDEMARR, SCHOLAR OF NULN

Zombies are created by much the same process as are Skeletons, but if anything Zombies are even less effective. Their rotten flesh is a hindrance to their movement, and there is nothing quite so lacking in agility and speed as a Zombie. However, they are slightly easier to create than a Skeleton, and so are often used in incredible numbers as servitors and soldiers for Undead lords or Necromancers.

"What better reminder to the living than this? What better reminder of the fate they will soon share?"

— CONSTANTIN VON CARSTEIN, VAMPIRE LORD

OUR OWN WORDS

"Uuhhhhhh."

— UNNAMED ZOMBIE

Spirits

COMMON VIEW

"Creepy horrid things. At least you can fight Zombies or Ghouls and such. Something about Spirits just sets my teeth on edge."

— STEMAHR HOLST, EMPIRE SOLDIER

"Most of you can't see them, but they're all around. They come to my window at night and whisper through the bars. All sorts of strange things they whisper, secrets and stories. They tell me all about my destiny. You'll see, when I get out of here. I like them. It's all dark in here, but when they come to the bars their little dead heads glow, lovely as fish they are."

— RUDI, GREAT ALTDORF ASYLUM INMATE

"It's the silence, the implacable silence, that scares me most of all. I don't really like fighting any of the

Undead, it has to be said — give me the honest savagery of a Greenskin invasion or the naked greed and cruelty of a Chaos raid any day. Ghosts and Spectres, though... they're too much of a reminder of what might be my fate someday. Zombies or Skeletons, they're not quite so bad because I don't think of them as still being the person they once were, even if it's an old comrade — it's just his body wandering about there, forced into motion by the Vampire that's animating him. But Spirits are, well, they're Spirits, aren't they? The real thing, the real person, unable to rest; a tormented soul that wants to leave this world and go to... wherever it's supposed to go. With Sigmar maybe. I don't know I'm not a priest. I just know that I don't want to die somewhere where a damned Necromancer or something can stop my Spirit from going to... wherever. You know. Damn it, I need a drink."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"Are they in truth the souls of the departed, bound yet to our world by the evil Necromancy of these Vampire Counts, or are they no more than echoes of the people who once walked these lands, echoes given power and form and some kind of twisted life? It is impossible for any scholar to be certain. My own church insists that any Spirit is no more than an echo; the final remnant of the deceased even after the actual soul has passed on to the next world. As a scientist and scholar, I cannot be so certain. I have seen these things in Sylvania, even attempted to speak with them, but the response was nothing more than an incoherent gabble. My conclusion is that they are most likely to be no more than echoes, for that reason; after all, one would expect a soul to be more intelligent and useful. Still, it is certainly not completely implausible that a more detailed study will discover the true perspicacity of Spirits; perhaps their souls have been damaged in the process of becoming one of the Undead, in which case it is eminently plausible that there is nothing more than this; that once we die, we go to nothingness, if we are not kept chained to our earthly life by these wicked necromancers."

— HEINRICH MALZ, HIGH PRIEST OF VERENA, NULN.

Spirits are ethereal Undead that seem to resemble various once living beings, though whether they are actually the souls of the departed or something other is open to speculation. A Ghost, the most commonly seen Spirit, arises when the circumstances surrounding a person's death cause some part of his or her soul to remain near the place of death. The most common reason is that the person was not buried properly — either not in consecrated ground, without the correct funerary rites, or both. Sometimes a Ghost may also arise because a person died with some great task unfulfilled, or was murdered by a killer who is still at large.

"It is your solemn duty to seek out those that have fallen, but cannot find their proper rest, and give them succour."

— ALBRECHT KINEAR, PROFESSOR EMERITUS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NULN

"Sigmar is just. It is only fitting that such vile women should suffer such a terrifying fate. If ever you need proof of the existence of divine justice in this world, the agonised grimace of the Banshee is quite sufficient."

— VORSTER PIKE, WITCH HUNTER

"There's just something about them that's more terrifying than almost anything else, even Daemons — and it's not just that they all seem to remind me of my ex-wife."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER

Most times, the proper rites should handle the needs of the departed, but if you find an injustice that you believe needs to be righted, contact our nearest church and we shall see if the Raven Knights can set things to right."

— ALMALA SULL, PRIESTESS OF MORR

One of the more mischievous types of Spirit are the Poltergeists. They generally seek to frighten the living by tossing objects about and making a nuisance of themselves. The most frightening, though, are the Spectres. Spectres are in many ways the malevolent counterparts of Ghosts and they seldom wish the living any good. The majority of Spectres remain behind due to being the victims of a horrible curse or by being an oath-breaker or other form of traitor. They are angry beings, full of malice for the living and despair at their own state.

"Powdered warpstone, blown through a tube."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

Spirit Hosts are sometimes raised for war by powerful Vampires (and certain particularly evil Necromancers). These are made up of a mixture of Ghosts and Spectres. Spectres are particularly favoured for this task, since they can inflict significant damage on the enemy, but most Spirit Hosts are rounded out by a fair number of Ghosts. Although Ghosts cannot harm the living directly, they are capable of forcing their enemies to flee in fear, and that can be almost as useful on the battlefield.

Many Spirits are unable to stray far from their place of death, though the precise distance they can wander is enormously varied, depending on such factors as the Willpower of the Spirit when alive, the number of years since its death, and how determined it is to achieve its release.

"You cannot deny that our ways are efficient. Often I find that after killing and draining one of your kind, I can bring his body back as a Zombie and set his Spirit to haunting or spooking too."

— CONSTANTIN VON CARSTEIN, VAMPIRE LORD

Banshee

COMMON VIEW

"If we leave the Undead alone, they will leave us alone. The real threat is Chaos, I tell you, Chaos!"

— ALBRECHT KINEAR, PROFESSOR EMERITUS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NULN

"Sigmar is just. It is only fitting that such vile women should suffer such a terrifying fate. If ever you need proof of the existence of divine justice in this world, the agonised grimace of the Banshee is quite sufficient."

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"There's just something about them that's more terrifying than almost anything else, even Daemons — and it's not just that they all seem to remind me of my ex-wife."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER

"Oh, there's one of them lives in our woods. She don't harm nobody, unless it's your time to die of course. She appeared to that mad old Marienburger, Frans, who used to live in the village. Saw her washing bloody clothes at the ford he did. She took one look at him and opened her mouth to wail, that's the way he told it. Then she carried on washing. He came back to the village and all his hair had turned white, petrified with shock he was. He said he knew it had been an omen—that once she'd laid her eye on him and given him that wail, he knew his time was up. He took to his bed that same day and never got up again. Yes, he died in that same bed, five years later. I said he started out a little mad—eccentric, you might say, if he'd been slightly richer—well, once he'd seen her, he was as mad as can be. There was no going back for him from that moment on. He knew he was going to die, and he just lay in bed the rest of his life waiting for the end."

— FRITZ BODGER, FORESTER



THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"Ahh, Banshees. Exquisite. There is nothing quite so elegant as the combination of death, beauty, agony, and absolute terror."

— CONSTANTIN VON CARSTEIN, VAMPIRE LORD

"A Banshee can best be classed as a variety of Ghost, being a non-corporeal form of Undead rather than an animated corpse. The Banshee is far more malign than the Ghosts and Spectres who are sometimes gathered by Necromancers or Vampires into a Spirit Host, and marched to war, since a Banshee will attack the living without any prompting or cajoling; when a Banshee is found as part of the retinue of a powerful Vampire, it is because she knows she will have a chance to inflict a great deal of pain and death on the living, not because she has been commanded to do so. Her main weapon is her ghastly, shrieking howl, sometimes erroneously called a wail. Even if this does not frighten a man to death, it is still a powerful reminder of his own mortality, powerful enough to make a strong man quail."

— HEINRICH MALZ, HIGH PRIEST OF VERENA, NULN.

"Warpstone weapons."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

Wights

COMMON VIEW

"There's a valour to them, despite their evil. You get the feeling when you face one that he's fighting you for the thrill of battle as much as anything else, not just because he's been ordered to attack by some master. There are few foes as deadly, though. Most of my lads are tough old veterans—hard to kill, because they know how to use their shields and armour to best effect as well as their blades. After a fight with Wights, though, I know I'll have lost good men."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER

"King Genann o' the Mound? Long's you durstn't go traipsin' round his old barrow, he'll not hurt you. Like a ghost he is, only colder, nastier—but you leaves him along, happen he'll leave you alone too. Though I'd not go a'wanderin' around Blackley Plains at t' time of a dark moon neither, if I was you."

— OLD HOB, PEASANT FARMER

"Why, there's two things I find scarier than anything else: warriors and the Undead. Warriors are unpredictable, touchy, surly, always concerned for some supposed honour—and yet half of them would rob and loot just for the fun of it if there was nothing better to do. The Undead are terrifying because they keep coming even if you hit them with a rock or a quarterstaff, and of course because they're unnatural and should be dead in their graves. Wights are Undead warriors. I've only ever seen the one, when he came out of his grave-mound to slay a villager as

had offended him somehow. He had all the worst of both worlds, just as full of anger and danger as a live warrior but with that unstoppable evil of the Undead too."

— JOACHIM, PEDDLER

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"Clever, fast, cunning Zombies, that's all they really are. It is a fine thing to know that the greater one of your hero's powers as a mortal, the greater will be his prowess once he has become one of the Undead. Some corpses would be wasted as mere Zombies or Skeletons; they have the fighting instincts of a hero, still, deep within their dead muscles and nerves. I can use that. I can use that to smash more of your heroes to their deaths, but at the end of the night, a Wight can be thrown away as easily as any other minion. There are plenty more where they came from. This world will never be short of dead heroes—a heartening thought, no?"

— CONSTANTIN VON CARSTEIN, VAMPIRE LORD

Although Wights usually prefer to inhabit the ancient grave-mounds in which they were buried, they are not magically tied to those places, unlike Ghosts or Spectres. Wights who are given an opportunity to go to war at the hands of a new overlord, such as a powerful Vampire, will often do so gladly, forsaking their beloved graves for months or even years to follow on campaign one more time.

"Smear crossbow bolts with powdered warpstone and grease. Stand well back."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

"It is clear that these are a step or two above the level of the most common Undead, the Zombies and the Skeletons. Wights are driven by a malign intelligence all their own, not the unquestioning allegiance of their lesser counterparts. Just as a powerful Necromancer will some day die and rise again as an Undead, all his vile powers intact, so can the greatest of the warrior heroes. Many of them are truly ancient, the remnants of an aboriginal, tribal people who once occupied the lands of the Empire thousands of years before it was so known. Many more, though, are of far more recent vintage, and it is truly said that one of the gravest dangers of any Imperial foray

into Sylvania is that not only will we be providing the von Carsteins with the corpses of the rank and file soldiery to animate as Zombies and Skeletons, but also that if any of our true champions fall on the cursed soil of that land they will rise once more as Wights."

— WALDEMARR, SCHOLAR OF NULN

Wights most often wield cold iron swords, enchanted to slay mortals by the ancient runes set along the blade. Many favour greatswords or huge axes instead, again inscribed with runes of ancient power.

Mummies

COMMON VIEW

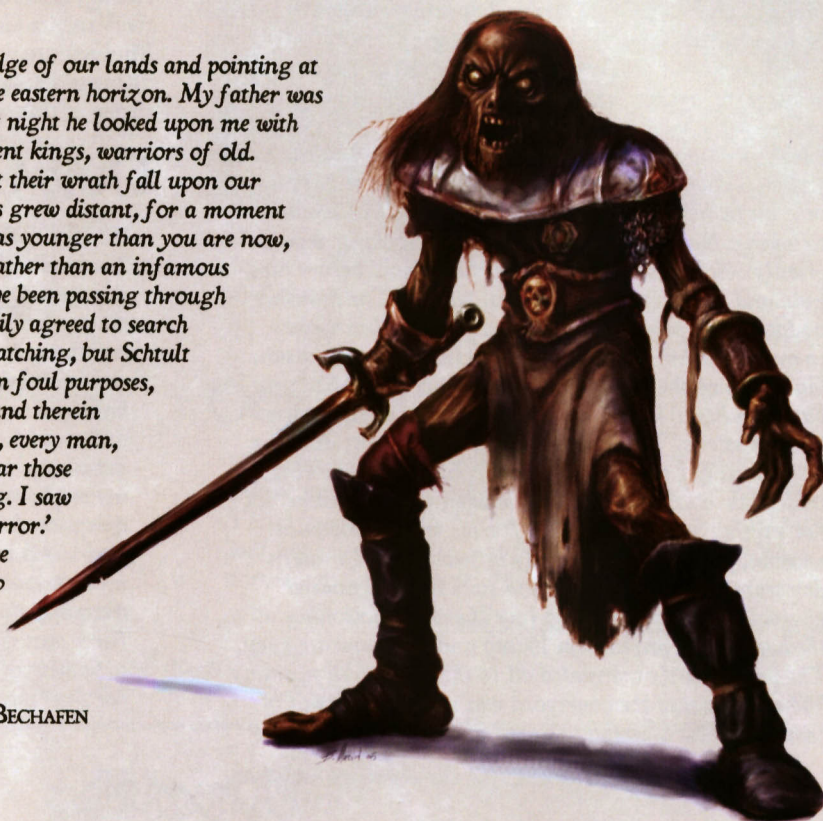
"I remember my father taking me to the very edge of our lands and pointing at the distant mounds that still lie there, against the eastern horizon. My father was ever a jolly man, much given to gaiety, but that night he looked upon me with his sternest expression. 'There, my son, rest ancient kings, warriors of old. Disturb them not, nor suffer others to do so lest their wrath fall upon our lands.' I asked him how he knew this and his eyes grew distant, for a moment I thought he wouldn't answer. 'Once, when I was younger than you are now, a priest of Morr brought word to your grandfather that an infamous necromancer, one Tobias Schult, may soon have been passing through our lands. My father was a pious man and readily agreed to search for the fiend. True to his word, he set men to watching, but Schult used his dark arts to pass undetected. For his own foul purposes, Schult opened up one of the ancients' mounds and therein found a well-deserved death, but for his trespass, every man, woman and child of the village that once lay near those mounds was found dead the following morning. I saw some of them. Their expressions. They died in terror.' My father would say no more. As for me, I have standing orders that anyone who seeks to disturb those mounds must immediately be brought to me for questioning before I sentence them. I usually have them put to the sword."

— BARRON CAROLUS VON BECHAFEN

"Go not to the mounds on moonless nights,
seek not the dead to rise.
Risk not the wrath that sleeps and dreams,
heed the words of the wise."

— CHORUS FROM A TRADITIONAL EMPIRE PEASANT SONG

"Time there was in the long dusty ages of our history, after the fall of the Dwarfs' kingdom, but before the rise of Sigmar and the Unberogens, when strange tribes now all but lost to memory roamed the forests and plains of the Old World. Whence they came, none now can say, though most scholars of my acquaintance look ever towards the south in such matters, preferring that cardinal direction to the Darkness in the north. Regardless, they did come, building monuments of stone to mark their passage. Their noble dead they buried in great earthen mounds set about with protective symbols to deter grave robbers. We know little else of them, for they are gone now, with only a few of their works remaining to us. Skilled, they were, in the working of bronze for the few artefacts that we have of there's



remain unsullied, despite the long years since their forging. Rumour holds that they were also skilled in the dark arts of necromancy, but whether that is so or merely peasant superstition I cannot say."

— WALDEMARR, SCHOLAR OF NULN

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

Fortunately they may retain other traits as well...

"I had not come so far to fail so near my goal, but it was difficult to persuade any of the natives as they said my quest was madness. The guide I finally secured answered to the name of Razim and I found him to be of a singularly untrustworthy sort, but I had little choice in the matter as he alone showed any willingness to escort me to the

fabled ruins of Bel Aliad. Our journey was long and monotonous, the only constants that I can recall being sand, wind and relentless heat by day followed by bitter chill at night. Many times Razim suggested that we turn back, stating that it was foolhardy. He thought that I meant to loot the ancient city; an irony considering what was yet to come. After two hard weeks we arrived at the outskirts of what remained of the City of Healers. Razim stated that he would go no farther, but would wait for me for two days before returning to the port of Zandri. Poor fool, if he had stayed true to his words he might've seen old age, but I curse him not as his dishonesty benefited me in the end.

The first day, I found no trace of the wisdom I sought, nor could I decipher the location of the Library of Horeptis. On the second day, I awoke to the prodding of a bronze headed spear, clutched in the hand of an armoured skeletal warrior. I've have seen such sights in my days that I'm all but jaded to terror, but being awoken by one of the undead surely took another year or two off my life. A group of similarly armed skeletons allowed me to dress, then forcibly lead me to a gilded courtyard. At the centre of the square stood a massive marble throne, upon which sat a magnificently arrayed being, resplendent in jewels and rune inscribed bandages. His eyeless gaze bore into me as I stood before him and I bowed as I would to a king. Next to him stood a withered looking man in priestly vestments, Razim sat on the ground before him, gold and jewels lying clustered at his feet. The mummy nodded at the priest who looked at me and then spoke, to my astonishment, in Reikspiel. 'His Radiance Sutekh, Guardian of the Waters of Life, Prince of the Shifting Sands wishes to know why you have come so far to loot his possessions.' I looked at Razim and saw my doom in his actions if I was not very clever. But kings are kings, undead or otherwise and I knew what to say. 'I came not for mighty Sutekh's gold but for his world renowned wisdom, for Bel Aliad is a city of healing and I am in desperate need of a healer.' And so, I told the undead pharaoh of my woes, of my love Karelia's poisoning at the hands of Heinrich von Bruno and my desperate quest. The priest quietly translated all to the unmoving mummy. When I finished the courtyard was still for the span of three heartbeats. Sutekh gestured and Razim's head was

struck off his shoulders. He spoke and then, amazingly he smiled, nodding to me once before he rose and departed, his armoured guard smoothly withdrawing to surround him. The priest walked to me and said, 'My lord commands me to tell you that he too, loved once. He too, would've gone to the ends of the world to save his love. I am to show you the wisdom you seek.' If not for Razim's greed, I would never have found the hidden place that the wizened priest took me to and my Karelia would've been lost to me forever. Strange are the turnings of the world."

— METRIOUS NULL FROM THE QUEST FOR MY HEART

There are few Mummies to be found in the Empire, but the early migration of the tribes of Man has lead to some such being found in ancient burial mounds. Additionally, certain necromancers occasionally attempt to create a Mummy for their own dark purposes. Such attempts often lead to ill, but fitting, ends for the magicians in question. Finally, some of the Vampire Counts of Sylvania have sporadically tried to force Mummies to do their bidding, but such endeavours have always ultimately failed, the will that binds a Mummy to life being as strong as that of many Vampires.

OUR OWN WORDS

"Once I rode over these fields as lord and master to my people. The land was ours for as far as the swiftest horse could travel in a three day run and it was good. When the fierce ones from the north came upon us, I was ready for their savagery and beat them soundly. When the Greenskins sought to despoil our lands I drove them back. There was no tree that I did not know, no rock that I hadn't trod over. My people prospered and so did I. All things wax and wane, in time. My beard grew long and grey. I lay down to rise no more, content that my people would be well without me, yet I told them with my dying words that if they or our land had need of me I would return. My people are gone now. The land has changed beyond my recognition. I do not know this place, these fields, these trees; only the rocks of my tomb remain as they were. But the fierce ones still come from the north, there are still Greenskins to be driven forth and I find that I have no mercy left in me for those that have disturbed my rest."

— SHARU, BARROW KING

Wraiths

COMMON VIEW

"Silly peasants' tales, like Ghosts and Spectres. There's simply no such thing as Wraiths. The very idea of a powerful Necromancer or Wizard somehow surviving beyond his own death is patently ridiculous."

— ALBRECHT KINEAR, PROF. EMERITUS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NULN

"You can't fight them, and it's a struggle not to flee in horror from them. You just have to hope your commander and his champions really are the holy knights they aspire to be, and that maybe they'll be able to hurt the creatures."

— ALPHONSE, BRETONNIAN MAN-AT-ARMS

"The Marquis of Mullyn, he called himself. Said he were a noble, but I never heard of no place called Mullyn. He were staying here to 'pursue some particular researches', so he said. Paid for three months in advance, kept himself to himself, never caused no bother. Next thing we knew the Constables was calling round wanting him, said he'd been grave-robbing. He'd fled town by then and we didn't hear of him again till word was he'd occupied the old Jagdhof lodge on the other side of the lake. Well of course we rounded up some stout lads with pitchforks and torches to run him right out of the area. We soon found out what he'd been using them bodies for—place was thick with Zombies, and a lot of the lads legged it, but we fought them back with flames until we could put the place to the torch. You can see the blackened ruins from

here on a clear day, when the mist hasn't rolled right in from Mount Schober there. On a clear night you can see it even better, and see the old Marquis still flapping about in his big black cloak, waving his arms and still doing his 'particular researches.' My own cousin Hans took the Priest of Sigmar out there on his boat to drive away the evil spirit, but the Priest never come back and Hans has never been the same since, floated up on our shore a week later half-drowned and half-terrified to death he did."

— JURGEN WEISSBRAUER,
TAPMAN AT THE PRINZ LUITPOLD INN

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"They appear to cling to their Undead status by sheer willpower. Their magic is irrelevant; whatever petty dabblings they may have indulged in during their lives have clearly failed, or else they would still have a corporeal form. It is only their twisted spirit, wracked with hatred and pain, that keeps them in this world at all, and only by the most tenuous threads. Without their desperate clinging to whatever cursed form of immortality they have, without their conviction that either they have succeeded or else have a chance still to succeed in their quest to become Undead Necromancers, it seems they would simply wither away to nothingness, their last fragmentary existence scattered to the four winds."

— HEINRICH MALZ, HIGH PRIEST OF VERENA, NULN.

"Avoid."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

"So tragic, to have gained immortality yet forever lost the pleasures of the flesh. Better by far to remain forever young and vital, able to interact with the living without them fleeing in terror. Your Wizards and Necromancers who want to live forever should come to me—I could help those who were worthy. That does not mean, of course, that I do not regard Wraiths as useful minions; I do, of



course I do, but one cannot help but find them awfully dull company."

— CONSTANTIN VON CARSTEIN, VAMPIRE LORD

OUR OWN WORDS

"Passing cruel thiss world iss that you still breathe and I musst rot. Crueler still am I, for I will rectify mattersss. Thiss iss your death. Say prayersss if it pleasess you; they will not save your life, not protect your soul from the tormentss I plan for it..."

— THE SO-CALLED MARQUIS OF MULLYN

Vampire Bats

COMMON VIEW

"In dangerous regions I always try to join up with other merchants to form a caravan—we're all much safer that way. This time I was with Marina Werfen and Wolfgang Dachstein, but we'd hired six guards too, rough-looking army veterans by the look of them. We had camped for the night, close to the borders of Sylvania. The guards were wary, and half their number agreed to be on watch at a time, planning to catch a catnap or two on the road the next morrow. The survivor, Alexander, told me afterwards that it was only chance that saved him, and probably we sleepers too. The Vampire Bats had attacked Heinrich and Franz in the night, striking simultaneously and silently from opposite sides of the campfire. Alexander had been off to one side, relieving himself, and was able to shout an alarm an instant before the monsters realised there were three guards not two. Fortunately for us they flew off with their prizes rather than pressing the attack,

or I fear we might all have lost our lives before we beat them off."

— KASTAR HANDLIN, TRAVELLING MERCHANT

"I have seen them, at night, flapping their mighty wings across the moon. They call to me, tell me I will join them soon. Herr Doktor Leberknoedel says that I am bats, but I know that is not true. One day I will be bats, like my friends. They will carry me off to my new home, and we will dance round the moon together. Oh yes."

— RUDI, GREAT ALTDORF ASYLUM INMATE

"You hear the tales, but you never quite believe they're true till you see one of the... one of the things. You just assume it's all peasant exaggeration, someone who saw a big bat or even an owl. This one, though, with its wings spread it was bigger than one of the supply wagons, great fangs like a pair of poniards. It swept out of the sky and carried off Serjeant Vogt—horse and all. We saw them

again the week after, Vogl's corpse dry and white, the horse a walking carcass too, but both still marching, still fighting, fighting for the other side now..."

— LEONHARD, MERCENARY

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"I believe them to be related to the Strigoi somehow, though Vampire Bats are certainly more physically appealing and socially adept than the average Strigoi."

— CONSTANTIN VON CARSTEIN, VAMPIRE LORD

"The history of these creatures is obfuscated by the centuries and by the inherent stealth and secrecy of the Undead, but two main theories prevail as to their origin. The first is that even when alive they always fed upon others, much like larger cousins of the gnats and mosquitoes that plague travellers in the summer twilight.

In this version of events, the first Vampire Bats fed upon a sleeping Vampire by accident, assuming him to be a living Human; perhaps he had recently fed himself, and still glowed with the warmth and blood of his victim. The other theory posits that they were the creation of a powerful Necrarch Vampire or perhaps a Necromancer, who desired a powerful flying strike force to supplement his Undead legions. In either case, the biggest mystery is whether they reproduce like living animals—making them the only known Undead to do so—or whether they may only be created by some other means, perhaps the sorceries of another powerful master of Undeath."

— HEINRICH MALZ, HIGH PRIEST OF VERENA, NULN.

"Treat as any other Vampires. Or feed powdered Warpstone to a subordinate, then offer him to the Vampire Bats to feast on."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

Vampires

COMMON VIEW

"Those von Carsteins are very handsome! I don't think I'd mind being bitten by one of them. Did you see the one with the black hair and the scowl?"

— ELKE RABE, CAMP FOLLOWER, ATTACHED TO THE BAGGAGE TRAIN OF THE IMPERIAL STIRLAND GUARDS.

"I wouldn't mind being able to make people do exactly what I said just by looking in their eyes. Now that would be handy."

— ERICH THE SLIPPERY

"I won't sell in Sylvania no more, it's too risky for anyone who isn't dead. In fact even if you are dead you can't escape them. Used to do a good trade in fresh garlic there though."

— KASTER HANDLIN, TRAVELLING MERCHANT

"It is said they are of an ancient and noble lineage. I have no more objection to burning ancient and noble Undead than any other kind."

— VORSTER PIKE, WITCH HUNTER

THE SCHOLAR'S EYE

"The Priest Kings of Lahmia, in old Nehekhara, experimented with dark forces to keep themselves alive forever. So it was that the first ever Vampires were created, then began to feed and spawn. Fortunately for Humanity, those first Vampires were by far the most powerful, with each link in the chain growing weaker and weaker as the lineage stretches through Vampire to Vampire and down to the present day. Most of the first group of Vampires were slain in war with the Priest Kings of the other cities, and so we now know that even the most powerful Vampires can be killed by mortals who are pure of heart and strong of arm."

— WALDEMARR, SCHOLAR OF NULN

"Powdered warpstone and ground silver, in a base of garlic oil."

— RIKKIT'TIK, CLAN ESHIN "SCHOLAR"

Most of the Vampire lines appear much like extremely well formed Humans, with only their pale skin, sharp canine teeth and sometimes glowing eyes giving tell-tale clues of their true natures to a knowledgeable observer. The exceptions are the Strigoi, whose monstrous size and deformed strength are clearly inhuman, and the Necrarchs, whose bodies have wasted away to a far more extreme degree than those of the typical Vampire.

"Death is but another form of Change, and Change is sacred to Tzeentch. These Vampires are forcing their own and others' bodies to be Undead when they should die. Vampires are the very antithesis of true Chaos, forever unchanging, resisting anything new."

— DRAKAR NETH SHYISH, THE FIST OF CHEN, ALSO KNOWN AS DRAKAR THE QUESTIONER

Vampires are notorious for their urge to drink the blood of the living, which they must do regularly if they are to continue in their Undead existence. For most Vampires, this frenzied desire for blood is their main concern, and many of their other actions can be seen in this light. Even the Vampire control over Sylvania is more about ensuring a continuous supply of blood than it is about politics.

"The most well-known Vampire bloodline is that of the von Carsteins, but that is not to say that the other lineages are any less powerful. The von Carsteins are very much the 'standard' type of Vampire, if such a claim is reasonable; not because the other bloodlines are derived from them or subservient to them, but simply because we scholars know far more about the von Carsteins, historically a major foe to the Empire, than we know about the rest. Scholars know of four other major Vampire bloodlines.

"The most powerful sorcerers, particularly in the realm of Necromancy, are undoubtedly the Necrarchs. Though



they do not have quite the same physical strength and martial prowess as some of the more warlike lineages, the Necrarchs more than make up for it in the realm of magic. Their origins lie in the sultry city of Lahmia, at the very birth of the Vampire race. Necrarchs stay hidden from the sight of men, in catacombs deep beneath the earth or ghost-haunted castles far from civilization. There they plot and wait, contemplating some long-term plans, which are rumoured to include the slaying of everyone in the world and raising them all as undead slaves. Supposedly, they would create an unchanging, mist-laden land, heavy and dolorous with the eternal servitude of their thralls.

"The Lahmias are as renowned for their charms and seductions as are the Cultists of the Lord of Pleasure; perhaps more so, for the Lahmias have had half an eternity to perfect their dark and beguiling arts. Just as the Necrarch's minions are the Undead legions at their command, a Lahmia Vampire's tools are Humanity. Their beauty is quite literally captivating; many a bold knight that set out to slay a Lahmia found himself a part of her retinue by sunrise, held enthralled by her languorous beauty, willing to fight and die for his new Lady. The Lahmias are also renowned for their quickness and deadliness on the field of battle, should they ever have cause to fight.

"The Blood Dragons are an intriguing lineage. On first investigating them, they might appear to be merely the most skilful warriors of the Vampire clans. This in itself would be a significant insight, but perhaps just as significant is the realization that they have a bizarre parody of a chivalric code. Just as Zombies who have not been given orders by their controller sometimes revert aping what they once did in life, so a Blood Dragon Vampire attempts to live his Undead life according to a warped version of the code of conduct he might once have

had as a living knight. They even claim to have honour, of a sort. How much of this is self-delusion, and how often they genuinely strive for and achieve a virtuous life (in so far as a Vampire can be virtuous at all) is a matter still very much open to debate.

"Finally we come to the most degenerate of all the Vampire bloodlines, the Strigoi. Outcast from their more civilised brethren, these slaving creatures more closely resemble Ghouls or Daemons than the idealised Human forms of the von Carsteins, Blood Dragons and Lahmias. They are consumed by hatred for almost all living things, but particularly for the other Vampire bloodlines. Interestingly the name Strigoi hints at an association with the travelling caravans of the Strigany, wandering hither and yon throughout the Empire and beyond with no kingdom to call their own. The Strigany have long since been rumoured to harbour the evil Strigoi within their ranks, but nothing has ever been proven. Yet still the Witch Hunters and vengeful mobs attack Strigany wherever they go, solely out of this confusing similarity of names.

"It seems likely that other Vampire lineages also exist, lesser-known ones that have remained so secretive or so small that they have never come to the attention of Vampire experts."

— LUDOLF TRAUGOTT, PRIEST OF VERENA, ALTDORF

OUR OWN WORDS

"It is the natural way of things. The strong prey on the weak, in the wilderness and in the stone cities of men and Emperors. Yet we are careful not to take too much from you, for that way would lay our own starvation. You do the same with your kine and your sheep — you even protect them

"We were hired to head into Sylvania and rescue some merchant's daughter, she'd supposedly been kidnapped by a group of Sylvanian nobles so one of them could take her to wife. Now, you'd have thought any merchant would be pleased to have his child marry into the nobility, but seemingly she was a real beauty and he had high hopes for her—thought she could marry a Duke or something a bit closer to one of the bigger cities, so as the merchant could see plenty of her and keep up his business. He didn't much fancy moving to the darks of Sylvania, so when the noble and his knights first came to court her, the merchant rejected them. Count von Bierstein—that was the name he used—didn't take things too well, stormed out of the place swearing the merchant would be sorry. He and his men came back in the night. No one even heard the girl scream—maybe she was sweet on him even then.

"That was where we came in. Usual daily rate applied, plus we negotiated a good bonus if we brought her back. It was clear he meant 'brought her back alive,' but I didn't want to worry him too much—just enough to want to pay us well. Most of the lads were happy enough with the deal. Sure, we were off to one of the most squalid backwaters of the Empire, but it was still the Empire; still safe, still civilised, or so we thought.

"Of course, Sylvania isn't really the Empire, even now. Oh, the Emperor may claim it as his own, but ever since the Wars of the Vampire Counts and maybe even before, the common people have known that they were better off begging the local von Carstein vampire for mercy than expecting any protection from the Empire. That was what we realised as we rode and hiked through the villages—that we were the outsiders here, we were the foreigners, even more than when we'd campaigned in Tilea or Norsca. People were wary of helping us because their Undead masters might call them traitors.

"We found von Bierstein's manor house on the afternoon of the fourth day, a grim and desolate building set atop an equally forbidding hill in the centre of a wasteland. The village beneath it was dark and stinking, half-deserted; we could hear doors being barred as we came through, and we knew we'd get no succour there. This manor house was fortified, but it wasn't what you would call a castle; we knew there would be no need to besiege it, just attack from all sides and there was no way the garrison would be big enough to stop us all from getting over the walls. We figured we could negotiate for the girl's release, because von Bierstein must have known it too.

"That was the plan. Von Bierstein didn't co-operate though. One of his servants said he wouldn't come out to even parlay until sundown. We thought he was just delaying the inevitable, trying to come up with a scheme of his own that might stop us doing what we came to do. We were wrong. I should have seen the signs by then, and part of me had done—but you like to tell yourself you're above the fireside yarns and soldiers' tales, that it would be paranoia to see Vampires everywhere just because you were in Sylvania. I had convinced myself this would be an easy job.

"When he finally came out to talk to us, he had a counter-proposal of his own. He was one of the von Carstein vampires, he told us; his knights waited at his back, silent and malevolent. He raised his hand and the earth erupted outside the manor house, Zombies and Skeletons spewing forth from shallow graves. His knights raised their swords, and a cold grey glint in their eyes told me they were Wights. There was no way we could fight and win here, not without losing half our men or more. The Vampire told us we had till the following sundown to get out of Sylvania, or he would personally hunt us down—along with all the other von Carstein he could contact, and all their armies and minions. Then he brought the girl out. She smiled, and I saw the size of her canines, the pallid skin, and the red glow to her eyes; she was one of them now, and she said she would look forward to joining the hunt.

"That decided us. No way the merchant would pay us any bonus for bringing that thing back home to Daddy. We marched all night and all day. Old Boris twisted his ankle, and the lads were all for leaving him to fend for himself—he had his dagger out and was about to slit his own throat so the Vampires couldn't take him. I gave him my own horse. I won't see one of my men die without reason. The archers were loosing at shadows by the time we crossed the border back into the rest of Stirland, but we made it. I still don't know if von Bierstein really would have hunted us down, but I had no wish to find out."

— CAPTAIN SCHULTZ, MERCENARY COMMANDER

from other predators, just as I do with the people of Sylvania. Am I not a caring and gentle shepherd to my flock?"

— CONSTANTIN VON CARSTEIN, VAMPIRE LORD

"A Blood Dragon should strive for excellence in all matters, but especially in the martial pursuits. Countless knights and warriors have I bested in battle, and many more come in hopes of slaying me each year. Unlike them, the passage of the ages strengthens me. You can never know what it is to know with certainty that one's skill with blade and bow increases year upon year, instead of deteriorating into middle age, dotage, and eventually

death. That in itself is reason enough to give up mortal life and take up the eternal challenge of immortality."

— SIR HOLBEIN OF BLOOD KEEP, BLOOD DRAGON CHAMPION

"You would be nothing without us. Have you any idea how many of your highest leaders have spent their lives in thrall to us? How many of your laws would not exist without us, how many of your peasants would have starved without us? Humans are too weak to be permitted self-governance. With our guidance, the Empire can and will achieve great things. Without us, you fall to Chaos and worse."

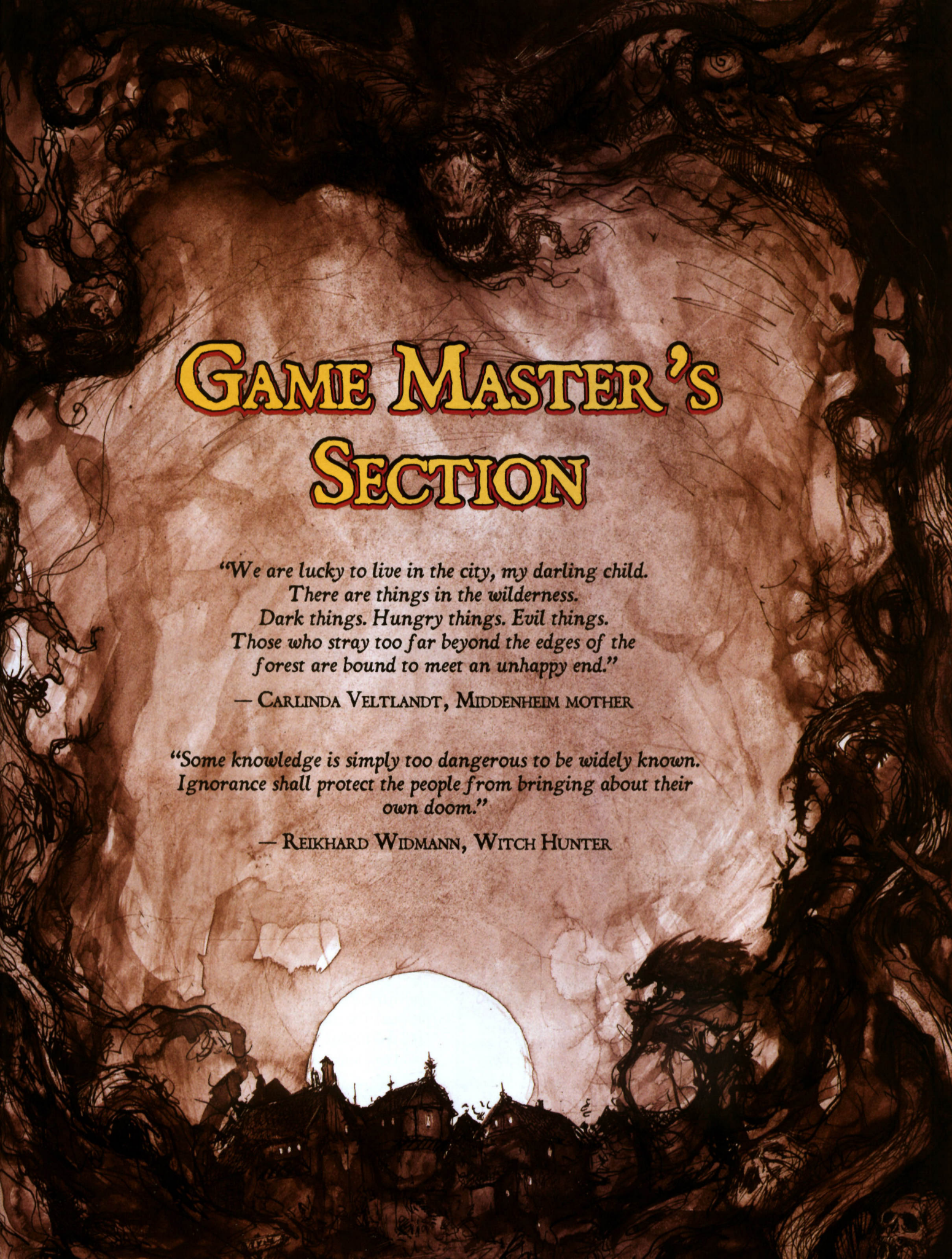
— UNNAMED IMPERIAL NOBLEWOMAN, LAHMIA LINEAGE

Lord Protector,

As you requested I have read over Odric of Wirtbad's *Perilous Beasts: A Study of Creatures Fair and Foul*. While he is correct that there is some truth in these pages, the book as a whole goes far beyond the accepted lore of this field. Are we to seriously believe the man talked to a Dragon Ogre and lived to tell the tale? Or that he interviewed Chaos Warriors and was not spitted and roasted over a fire made from his own scrolls? Such assertions are clearly mad. I suppose it is possible that he found a lost Aven work and simply claimed this lore as his own. Since we cannot know his sources and many of them are surely heretical in any case, it is my belief that this work must be suppressed. Odric pays lip service to the Heldenhammer but his work does as much to undermine Sigmar's Church as support it. I therefore must officially recommend that *Perilous Beasts: A Study of Creatures Fair and Foul* be banned by your order and that all copies be found and burned.

Your Faithful Servant,

Maximilian
Kimmel
Priest of Sigmar



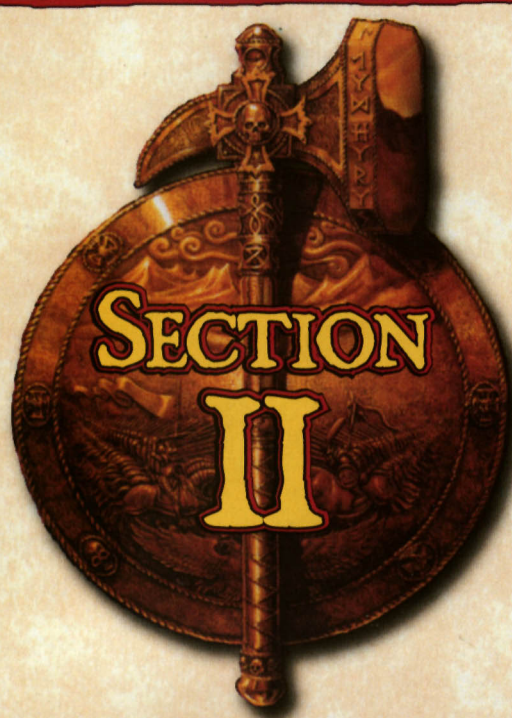
GAME MASTER'S SECTION

*"We are lucky to live in the city, my darling child.
There are things in the wilderness.
Dark things. Hungry things. Evil things.
Those who stray too far beyond the edges of the
forest are bound to meet an unhappy end."*

— CARLINDA VELTLANDT, MIDDENHEIM MOTHER

*"Some knowledge is simply too dangerous to be widely known.
Ignorance shall protect the people from bringing about their
own doom."*

— REIKHARD WIDMANN, WITCH HUNTER



CREATURES OF THE OLD WORLD

"I leave it to scholars to decide whether a given monster is natural or tainted by Chaos. Either way, they burn the same."

— Reikhard Widmann, Witch Hunter

The rest of this book is given over to game info for the GM. The bulk of this section is stat blocks for the various creatures, which have been arranged alphabetically. But before we get to the statistics, a few additional rules are provided to help give your monsters more dimension.

— THE SLAUGHTER MARGIN —

The monster statistics given in this book are in the same format as those of **Chapter 11** of *WFRP*—with one exception. The final line of every entry is a benchmark indicator of how dangerous a given creature is, which we've taken the liberty of calling the *Slaughter Margin*.

The Slaughter Margin follows the standard Test Difficulty chart, with one addition ("Impossible"). The Slaughter Margin is based on a straight up fight between a single average Human soldier with good equipment, who has taken half the advances of the soldier career, and one of the creatures in question. It takes nothing else into account, not ambush, not luck, not magic, not Fate, nothing.

Correspondingly, when using the Slaughter Margin as a gauge a GM should think about how many PCs are in his party and just how dangerous they are. Remember that creatures can always be improved by adding appropriate careers from the core rulebook. For some creatures, it can be appropriate to use careers from **Chapter 3** of *WFRP*. You may want to make an Elf Corsair, for example, who has entered the Scout career. For most monsters though, the careers in **Chapter 11** of *WFRP* are more appropriate, or the careers featured starting on page 80 of this book.

The Slaughter Margin is defined as follows:

Very Easy

The soldier should be able to kill the creature in a round or two at the most, more than likely without being injured himself.

Easy

The soldier should be able to kill the creature within a few rounds with little more than a scratch.

Routine

The soldier definitely has the upper hand, but may lose a few Wounds if he's not careful. The combat may last for a while.

Average

The soldier faces an opponent on par with his own skill, or one that has unusual abilities that make up for less martial prowess. The combat can go either way, and is likely to last for a few rounds — though a particularly devastating blow could end it quickly, one way or the other.

Challenging

The creature has the edge on the soldier. While the soldier can still win, victory will likely be painful and the combat may last for some time.



Hard

The creature is likely to kill the soldier within a few rounds, often while sustaining little injury from the soldier. It is barely possible that the soldier can hold his own, but only just.

Very Hard

The creature will almost certainly gut the soldier with just a few blows. The soldier has barely a one-in-a-thousand chance of defeating such an enemy. If he even manages to significantly wound it, he has accomplished a heroic feat.

Impossible

The creature in question is immune to the soldier's attacks (most common with Ethereal Undead) or the thought that a single average soldier could kill it is laughable.

— SKILLS & TALENTS —

For the most part, the monsters in this book use the skills and talents described in **Chapter 4** of *WFRP*. Some of the skills have been expanded, however. This book features several new Common Knowledge Skills, for example, such as Chaos Wastes, Greenskins, and Skaven. There are also some new Speak Language Skills. Malla-room-ba-larin is the language of the Treemen, Queekish that of the Skaven, and Nehehkarán the ancient tongue of the Land of the Dead. The only one of these that requires some explanation is Speak Language (Tribal). This skill is used for the various followers of Ruinous Powers that live in the Chaos Wastes. There are dozens of different tribes there, such as the Kurgan and the Hung, and it is beyond the scope of this book to name them all and their languages. When you see the Speak Language (Tribal) Skill, it indicates one of these many languages.

NEW TALENTS

The Old World Bestiary introduces the following new talents to *WFRP*.

DAEMONIC AURA

Description: Daemons are made of the very stuff of magic and this protects them when they are in the mortal world. Any time a non-magical weapon hits a Daemon, the Daemon's Toughness Bonus is treated as though it were increased by +2. Additionally, the Daemon's own attacks are considered to be magical. Lastly, Daemons are completely immune to the effects of poison and suffocation.

ETHEREAL

Description: An ethereal creature is insubstantial and weightless. It can pass through solid objects, including walls and doors. Note that this does not give any

JOHANN SCHMIDT, WELL-TRAINED IMPERIAL SOLDIER

The Slaughter Margin is based on the chances of the average Imperial soldier to take on a given monster. Johann Schmidt is that soldier. As you can see from his game stats, Johann is well-trained and has good equipment. He has the option of engaging each monster with his trusty halberd or sword and shield. The halberd is a flexible weapon and particularly handy against tough creatures. However, the free parry of the shield is not to be underestimated. Johann is not one of the Emperor's elite, but he can hold his own against many of the enemies of his homeland.

— Johann Schmidt, Typical Soldier —

Main Profile

	WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Starting	31%	31%	31%	36%	31%	31%	31%	31%
Advance	+10%✓	+10%	—	—	+10%✓	—	+5%✓	—
Current	36%	31%	31%	36%	36%	31%	36%	31%

Secondary Profile

	A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
Starting	1	12	3	3	4	0	0	0
Advance	+1 ✓	+2 ✓	—	—	—	—	—	—
Current	2	13	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Drive, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Hardy, Quick Draw, Strike Mighty Blow, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Very Resilient

Armour: Medium

Armour
(Helmet, Full
Leather Armour,
Mail Shirt)

Armour Points: Head
3, Arms 1, Body 3,
Legs 1

Weapons: Halberd,
Hand Weapon
(Sword) and Shield



CUSTOMISING MONSTERS

The statistics presented in each entry represent a typical creature of the given type, but every monster is unique. If you need stats in a hurry, by all means flip the book open and use them as is. However, as the GM you have the absolute right to adjust these stats as you see fit. There are two ways you can handle this:

Natural Selection: Each race has members both stronger and weaker than the typical stats presented here. You can adjust the Characteristics of the Main Profile up to 10% in either direction to account for this. Characteristics of the Secondary Profile can vary quite a bit, since they vary in nature. You wouldn't want to change Movement by more than 1, for example, but a creature could easily have 3 less Wounds or 6 more Insanity Points. This is a judgment call, but as always try to keep the capabilities of the PCs in mind. If you want Characteristics beyond these ranges, either use the option below or assign Talents like Fleet Footed or Very Strong.

Careers: The more formal way to account for experienced monsters is to use Creature Careers. Brute, Sneak, and Chief can be found in **Chapter 11** of the *WFRP* core rulebook and three new shamanic careers are presented in this book on pages 80-81. These careers give you an easy way to create unique monsters with a minimum of work. They can have as many or as few advances as you see fit. If you really can't decide, just roll a d10 and give the creature that many advances.

ability to see through solid objects, only pass through them. An ethereal creature partially hidden inside an object gains a +30% bonus on Concealment Tests. An ethereal creature that wishes to be is completely silent, with no need to make Silent Move Tests. An ethereal creature is also immune to normal weapons, which simply pass through its body as if it wasn't there. Daemons, spells, other ethereal creatures, and opponents armed with magic weapons may all injure an ethereal creature normally. An ethereal creature can't normally affect the mortal world, and thus can't damage non-ethereal opponents unless it has a suitable special ability or talent.

SCALES

Description: The creature has tough scales that protect it like armour. This talent provides the creature with a number of Armour Points on all locations equal to the number noted in parenthesis. For example, a creature with Scales (2) has 2 Armour Points on each location.

UNSTOPPABLE BLOWS

Description: A creature with this talent is so large and strong that its attacks are incredibly difficult to parry. Opponents suffer a -30% penalty to parry attempts.

WILL OF IRON

Description: A creature with this talent is immune to fear and terror, as well as the effects of the Intimidate skill and the Unsettling talent.

MUTATIONS

In the core rulebook, **Table 11-1: Chaos Mutations** provides eleven different mutations for creatures such as Mutants and Beastmen. Naturally, the unlimited possibilities of Chaos can provide many more mutations than this. **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** takes the basics of the original table and adds a significant number of new options. You can use this table in place of Table 11-1 if you want more variety in your mutations. Except where noted, each mutation can only be gained once. If a creature rolls a mutation it already has, simply roll again.

Some mutations are noted as being Cosmetic. These have no game effect per se. Like all mutations, however, they should be taken into consideration when assessing the use of certain skills. A Mutant with striped skin (Bizarre Coloration) and a Head Crest is obviously going to have a hard time disguising himself, for example.

Should any Characteristic fall to 0 or below due to a mutation, the creature dies immediately. Its body simply couldn't take the strain of the transformation.

MAGIC

Many of the races featured in this book have their Mown Arcane and Divine Lore, but there isn't space here to provide all the needed expansions of the *WFRP* magic system. Other, more appropriate books will deal with this material. In the short term, however, some advice is offered in sidebars on using the spells from **Chapter 11** of *WFRP* to simulate these various styles of magic. In

addition, this book presents new careers for shamans and one new Divine Lore, the Lore of Spirits. These careers can be used for any tribal cultures and they are particularly suitable for Greenskins and Ogres. Shamanism is appropriate for most of the monstrous tribes and can also be used for less civilised Human tribes.

TABLE 2-1: EXPANDED CHAOS MUTATIONS

Roll	Mutation	Effect
01-03	Animalistic Legs	+1 to Movement Characteristic
04-05	Beak	Can be used to make attacks; SB-1 Damage
06-07	Bestial Appearance	-2d10% to Fellowship Characteristic
08-09	Blood Lust	Creature gains Frenzy Talent
10-11	Bizarre Coloration	Cosmetic
12-14	Emaciated Appearance	-1d10% to Strength Characteristic
15-16	Claws	Creature gains Natural Weapons Talent
17-19	Cyclops	Ballistic Skill is permanently halved (rounded down)
20-22	Eye Stalks	+1d10 on Initiative rolls
23-24	Fangs	Can be used to make attacks; SB-2 Damage; Precise Quality
25-27	Foul Stench	-2d10% to Fellowship Characteristic; opponents with a sense of smell suffer a -5% WS penalty when within 2 yards
28-30	Grossly Fat	-1d10% to Strength Characteristic; +1 to Wounds Characteristic
31-33	Frog-like Eyes	-1d10% to Fellowship Characteristic
34-36	Fur	Cosmetic
37-38	Head Crest	Cosmetic
39-42	Horns*	Can be used to make attacks, SB-1 Damage
43-45	Horrific Appearance	Creature gains Frightening Talent (or Terrifying if already Frightening)
46-47	Hulking	+1d10% to Strength Characteristic
48-50	Large Ears	Creature gains Acute Hearing Talent
51-53	Leathery Skin	+10% to Toughness Characteristic
54-55	Metallic Skin	Creature gains 2 Armour Points on all locations
56-58	Pincer Hand**	Creature gains the Natural Weapons Talent; pincer has Precise Quality
59-61	Prehensile Tail	+1d10% to Agility Characteristic; can wield a weapon with tail
62-63	Regeneration	Creature can make a Toughness Test at the start of its turn each round; if successful, it regains 1 lost Wound; does not work if dead already
64-66	Running Sores	-2d10% to Fellowship Characteristic
67-69	Scaly Skin***	Creature gains the Scales (1) Talent
70-72	Short Legs	-1 to Movement Characteristic
73-75	Snout	Creature gains Follow Trail skill
76-78	Spiked Tail	Can be used to make attacks; SB Damage; Pummelling Quality
79-81	Suckers	Creature gains +20% on Scale Sheer Surface Tests
82-84	Tail	+1d10% to Agility Characteristic
85-87	Tentacle-like Arm**	+10% bonus on all grappling-related tests
88-90	Thick Fur	Creature gains 1 Armour Point on all locations
91-93	Three Eyes	+5% bonus to vision-based Perception Tests
94-96	Warped Mind	-2d10% to Intelligence Characteristic
97-99	Wings	Creature gains the Flier Talent and a Flying Speed of 6
00	Chaos Spawn	-2d10% to Intelligence and Fellowship Characteristics; creature immediately gains 1d10/2 new mutations (rounded up); ignore any further Chaos Spawn results

*A creature can gain this mutation up to three times. The second time they gain Large Horns, which inflict SB Damage. The third time they gain Huge Horns, which inflict SB Damage and have the Impact Quality.

**A creature can gain this mutation once for each hand or arm. A creature so "blessed" is severely limited when performing acts that require manual dexterity. Appropriate tests suffer a -30% penalty.

***A creature can gain this mutation up to five times. Each instance increases the Armour Points provided by the Scales Talent by 1. A creature that had received this mutation three times, for example, would have Scales (3).



APPRENTICE SHAMAN

The touch of magic is rarely a welcome one amongst the monstrous tribes. Those with magical aptitude are often driven mad by unsettling dreams and their strange behaviour can lead to their deaths at the hands of superstitious tribesmen. A few learn to cast minor spells in a manner akin to the hedge wizards of the Empire. The best of these candidates are taken as apprentices by tribal shamans. While this does safeguard them against murder, they become virtual slaves of their shamans and must endure years of pain and humiliation before finishing their apprenticeships. Assuming they survive the experience, they have taken the first step on a path to power among their tribe.

— Apprentice Shaman Advance Scheme —

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	—	+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	+1	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Channelling, Charm, Common Knowledge (any one), Gossip, Heal, Magical Sense, Perception, Performer (Dancer, Singer), Ride, Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Petty Magic (Hedge), Public Speaking, Strike to Injure *or* Strike to Stun

Trappings: Kettle, Instrument

Career Exits: Shaman, Sneak

SHAMAN

Shamans are the key religious figures of the monstrous tribes. It is their job to act as intermediaries between the mortal realm and the spirit realm. They must drive off evil spirits, while placating benevolent ones. They have a special relationship with their tribe's tutelary spirits. Frequently ancestors, these spirits watch over the tribe and protect it, as long as the shamans show proper respect and make frequent sacrifices.

— Shaman Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+20%	+15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+4	—	—	—	+2	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any one), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Channelling, Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Performer (Dancer, Singer, Storyteller), Ride, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic *or* Magick), Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement *or* Meditation, Fast Hands, Divine Lore (Spirits), Master Orator

Trappings: Mirror

Career Entries: Apprentice Shaman,

Career Exits: Brute, Shaman Lord, Sneak

SHAMAN LORD

The most powerful shamans are the shaman lords. They have mastered spirit magic and kept their tribes strong. Tribal chiefs look to them for advice on nearly everything and they treated with something approaching awe. In some tribes, shaman lords become chiefs themselves. A few become powerful enough that they dominate several tribes and have many lesser shamans in their service. Like all powerful figures in the monstrous tribes, however, shaman lords must keep an eye on ambitious subordinates and make examples of those who dare to challenge them.

— Shaman Lord Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	+15%	+10%	+15%	+15%	+20%	+25%	+20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	—	—	—	+3	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any two), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Channelling, Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Performer (Dancer, Singer, Storyteller), Ride, Speak Arcane Language (Daemoniac *or* Magick), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement *or* Meditation, Fearless, Lesser Magic (any two), Mighty Missile, Strong-minded

Trappings: Magic item

Career Entries: Shaman

Career Exits: Chief

THE LORE OF SPIRITS

The Lore of Spirits is the magic of shamanism. Practitioners are skilled at both defeating malevolent spirits like the Ethereal Undead and invoking the aid of their tribes' tutelary spirits.

SPIRIT STAFF

Casting Number: 5

Casting Time: Half action

Ingredient: A drop of blood (+1)

Description: Your weapon, which must be a quarter staff, is imbued with the power of your tribes' spirits. It inflicts SB Damage and counts as magical for 1 minute (6 rounds). If used against an Ethereal creature, it also counts as having the Impact Quality.

FIRE OF VENGEANCE

Casting Number: 8

Casting Time: Half action

Ingredient: 2 copper coins (+1)

Description: You are filled with such anger at the enemies of your tribe that glowing green fire bursts from your eyes and hurtles towards one opponent within 36 yards (18 squares) of you. This is a *magic missile* with Damage 4 (Damage 6 if the target is Ethereal).

SPIRITS' VOICE

Casting Number: 11

Casting Time: Half action

Ingredient: A charm with your tribe's symbol (+1)

Description: You speak with the voice of your tribe's spirits, exhorting tribesman to perform great deeds. You and all your allies within 12 yards (6 squares) add +1 to all your damage rolls and receive a +10% bonus on Fear Tests for 1 minute (6 rounds).

DEFEAT DISEASE SPIRIT

Casting Number: 13

Casting Time: 1 minute

Ingredient: A cupful of freshly melted snow (+2)

Description: You can cure a disease by defeating its malevolent spirit. You must touch the target of the spell to begin the contest and then make a Will Power Test. If you achieve two degrees of success, you defeat the disease spirit and the subject is instantly cured of all effects. This spell can do nothing for those already dead by disease; for them, it's too late. *Defeat disease spirit* is a touch spell.

MESSAGE OF DOOM

Casting Number: 15

Casting Time: 1 minute

Ingredient: A crude doll of the target (+2)

Description: You appear in the dreams of one character and foretell his doom at your hands. You needn't speak the same language, as the dream vividly shows the target his own gruesome death. The next time the target of this spell sees you, he must make a **Challenging** (–10%) **Terror Test**. The receiver of the *message of doom* must be asleep when the spell is cast.

SPIRIT SHIELD

Casting Number: 20

Casting Time: 2 full actions

Ingredient: The tusk of a Wild Boar (+2)

Description: The spirits watch over your tribe and protect it from harm. All your allies within 12 squares (24 yards) of you can re-roll one failed dodge or parry each round. *Spirits shield* lasts for a number of rounds equal to your Magic Characteristic.

— CREATURE DESCRIPTIONS —

The rest of this section contains descriptions and *WFRP* game statistics for the various monsters presented in Odric of Wurtbad's *Perilous Beasts: A Study of Creatures Fair and Foul* — as well as for some things beyond the good scholar's knowledge.

BANSHEES

After the death of a murderess or other woman who has committed particularly evil crimes, it often comes to pass that her shade lingers on to torment the living. It is said that a Banshee's howl means the death of any who hear it. A Banshee's skull-like head pokes up from flowing tattered robes, with an equally emaciated body sometimes glimpsed beneath. Her hair is sometimes like a black halo, sometimes like ten thousand writhing tendrils, and the face beneath it is a study in torment. Banshees are often followed by the ineffectual spirits of the men they slew when alive, which appear in the form of glowing skulls and faces just as agonised as the Banshee herself. Banshees prefer to use stealth to attack an enemy, concealing themselves within a suitable object. A concealed Banshee will periodically peek out, leaning forward and passing her head out of the object to do so. When her chosen prey is close, she will leap forth and attack. The more cunning Banshees may attempt to pick their victims off one at a time, targeting stragglers or lone scouts first before attacking the rest of the party. Most, however, are too driven by fury and hatred to bother with any more subterfuge than hiding before an attack.

— Banshee Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	0%	31%	31%	46%	25%	48%	32%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	18	3	3	6	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +20%, Perception +20%, Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Ethereal, Frightening, Night Vision, Undead

Special Rules:

- *Ghostly Howl:* Once per round, as a half action, a Banshee may emit a terrifying howl of pure evil against a single opponent who is within 16 yards (8 squares). She and her opponent make opposed Will Power Tests. If the opponent wins, he is unaffected. If the Banshee wins, she inflicts 1d10 Wounds on her victim, ignoring Toughness Bonus and armour. Those killed by a Banshee's wail appear to have been frightened to death. Creatures immune to Fear and

Terror Tests are also immune to the ghostly howl. A character who is injured by a Banshee's howl, but lives to tell the tale, must make a Will Power Test at the end of the encounter or gain 1 Insanity Point. Many survivors convince themselves that they are doomed to die, and are unable to shake off the feeling.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Challenging (Impossible without a magic weapon or spells)

BEASTMEN

Beastmen are twisted creatures of Chaos, hideously melding the features of humans and animals. They typically have the head and legs of a goat and the upper body of a Human. These creatures have haunted the forests of the Empire for countless generations, preying on humanity as hunters prey on animals. They travel in small bands known as war herds, which sometimes unite under a strong leader to bring death and terror to the people of the Empire. Beastmen are true servants of Chaos and they hate Mankind above all.

BESTIGORS

The toughest and most experienced Beastmen are known as Bestigors. They are better disciplined than Gors and they take the best armour and weapons for themselves. Beastman leaders almost always come from the ranks of the Bestigors.

— Bestigor Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45%	25%	41%	47%	37%	25%	35%	27%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	4	5	0	0	0

Skills: Command, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Intimidate +10%, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Keen Senses, Menacing, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Animalistic Legs, Bestial Appearance, and Large Horns. There is a 50% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table**

2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate.

- *Silent as the Beasts of the Woods*: Beastmen are naturally stealthy, and most are also very experienced hunters and trackers. They gain +20% to Silent Move Tests and +10% to Concealment Tests.

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Great Weapon, Hand Weapon, Horns (SB Damage)

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

CENTIGORS

Centigors combine the upper body of a man with the hindquarters of a four-legged creature like a horse or ox. They are at home in the forests of the Old World and often join Beastman war herds. Centigors are notorious for their fondness for alcohol and frequently get drunk before going into battle.

— Centigor Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
43%	31%	44%	45%	24%	24%	30%	25%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	4	4	8	0	0	0

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Follow Trail +10%, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Shadowing, Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Keen Senses, Menacing, Natural Weapons, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Throwing)

Special Rules:

- *Armoured Torso*: Centigors wear armour on their torsos but not their lower halves. If using the advanced armour system, 50% of all hits to the Body ignore any armour worn on that location. Centigors cannot wear armour on their legs.
- *Chaos Mutations*: Bestial Appearance and Horns. There is a 50% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Demilance or Hand Weapon; Shield or 2 Throwing Axes; Hooves; Horns (SB-1 Damage)

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

GORS

Gors consider themselves to be true Beastmen because they have the all-important horns that grant them status in their society. They tend to be bigger, stronger, and smarter than the Ungors and Brays. Gors are the backbone of their tribes and the core of each war herd. Since Gors are the most common type of Beastman, sources referencing creatures only as “Beastman” are usually referring to Gors.

— Gor Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40%	25%	35%	44%	35%	26%	25%	25%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	4	5	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Keen Senses, Menacing, Rover

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations*: Animalistic Legs, Bestial Appearance, and Horns. There is a 25% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate.



- *Silent as the Beasts of the Woods*: See **Bestigors** for rules.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon *or* Spear; Hand Weapon *or* Shield; Horns (SB-1 Damage)

Slaughter Margin: Average

UNGORS AND BRAYS

Beastmen with small horns are known as Ungors, whereas those with no horns are referred to as Brays. Ungors and Brays are subservient to their larger, stronger Gor and Bestigor cousins.

— Ungor and Bray Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
30%	21%	31%	35%	30%	24%	24%	20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	5	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Keen Senses, Rover

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations*: Animalistic Legs and Bestial Appearance. There is a 25% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate. If the Horns mutation is rolled, roll again.
- *Silent as the Beasts of the Woods*: See **Bestigors** for rules.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon *or* Shield; Spear

Slaughter Margin: Routine

CHAOS CULTISTS

Chaos cultists are ordinary Humans and have no standard game statistics. A cultist could be a member of any normal career from **Chapter 3** of the core rulebook. Of course, they are as varied as any other Humans too. Chaos cultists who revere Khorne tend to have a high Weapon Skill and Strength. Nurgle cultists are usually lepers and other victims of disease, revering their plague God in the hope that he may spare them; if anything, their game statistics will be lower than the average Human's. Tzeentch cultists are often wizards or necromancers, with Intelligence and Magic scores above the norm. Finally, Slaanesh worshippers often have a high Fellowship but low Will Power, reflecting the ease with which they can seduce others into the dark pleasures of their sensuous God but also the ease with which they themselves were drawn into his worship.

The above can be no more than general rules however. The cults of Chaos come in an almost infinite variety, and many are not at all typical.

THE RED BLADE: CULT OF KHORNE

The Red Blade is a cult whose members are drawn almost entirely from the ranks of Imperial regiments. Only those who have proved that they glory in battle are offered the chance to be inducted into the cult. It is presented to these potential new recruits as a warrior brotherhood rather than a religious group—a secret club for the most elite soldiers. To begin with, members are simply shown new combat techniques that suit their furious fighting style. For full initiation into the Red Blade, two new members must fight one another, supposedly to prove their mastery of the techniques they have learned. Before the fight, they are drugged so that they will become enraged at the slightest provocation. The duels always finish with only one survivor. By this point the new initiate is fully complicit in the evil of the Red Blade; if he tries to leave and inform the Imperial authorities, he will be hanged for murder. Once he realises the trap he is in, he will be initiated into the true mysteries of Khorne. Most new initiates are close to being psychopathic before they even join, so it is rare that any would object to worshipping Khorne, even without the hold the cult now has over them.



In general, members of the cult of the Red Blade are not much different from ordinary Imperial soldiers. They will fight as they are ordered to by their generals, even battling against other Chaotic forces if need be. Khorne and his Daemons have no objection to his followers killing each other; quite the contrary, battle makes his worshippers strong. The cultists constantly await the command from their secret masters to rise up against the Empire, though, either by treachery against their own units during a battle against Chaos Marauders, or by leading a group of dissatisfied soldiers to desert and join Chaos, or by simply founding a mercenary company that is happy to work for Chaotic armies.

THE SWEETEST KISS: CULT OF SLAANESH

The Sweetest Kiss is a local cult of Slaanesh that the GM can place in any small village of the Empire. Its members meet every time Morrslieb is full, on the heath outside the village. Here local Beastmen and Mutants join them from the nearby woods, coming together for wild orgiastic revels in honour of Slaanesh. Roughly 20% of the villagers are members, and though secretive, they are less careful than many other cults when recruiting new members. As ever with cults of Slaanesh, they aim to recruit the most attractive youths of the village to begin with, partly because such youths find it very easy to recruit others. This could lead to the cult's undoing—perhaps the PCs are contacted by a local girl who was dragged along to one of their meetings without realizing the horrific acts she would be expected to perform.

THE SILVER WHEEL: CULT OF TZEENTCH

Tzeentch cultists are often practitioners of magic, and it is said that most of the Colleges of Magic contain highly secretive cabals of Tzeentch worshippers. The Silver Wheel is somewhat more low-key. Its members are the hedge wizards, cunning-men, and village witches familiar to every peasant throughout the Empire and beyond. Most of them have no idea who and what they are truly working for.

These hedge wizards do not have anything so formal as a guild or a College of Magic, but still find it useful to communicate with one another. Each will be aware of his or her neighbouring village wizards, perhaps sending carrier pigeons to keep in touch, sometimes meeting up to swap spells and potion recipes. Most of the Electoral Provinces have annual meetings of their hedge wizards to do the same thing on a larger scale. The organisers of those meetings, and many of the attending wizards, are part of one of the largest but most nebulous Chaos cults in all the Empire. All magic is inherently tainted with Chaos, and the purpose of the Silver Wheel is to increase that Chaos, slowly but surely. Adding the tiniest quantities of warpstone to boost the power of a potion, incorporating a word or two of the Dark Tongue into a spoken

charm, or hiding a Chaotic sigil within the complex designs inscribed onto a talisman, are all ways in which these cultists can achieve their ends. Other hedge wizards, being by nature somewhat empirical in any case, are apt to welcome new techniques without enquiring too hard about their origin.

THE COVENANT OF THE CRIMSON PLAGUE: CULT OF NURGLE

The Covenant was formed five years ago when a group of students at the University College in Nuln performed a drunken ritual and called up a Greater Daemon of Nurgle. Those who survived all became worshippers of the Lord of Decay. Unlike the usual run of Chaos cultists, they are intelligent, educated, and organised. Most are now charlatans, travelling the Empire selling "medicines" which have been infected with far worse diseases than they claim to cure. The Crimson Plague, a gift from the Daemon, kills slowly but surely, deforming first its victims' brains and then their bodies with pestilent red boils.

CHAOS DWARFS

The Chaos Dwarfs come from Dwarf clans that went too far north and were swept up into the Realm of Chaos millennia ago. Twisted and resentful of their brethren, they seek to blot out the light of the sun, eclipsing the entire world in the blackness favoured by their new patron, Hashut, the Father of Darkness. They know little of mercy or compassion, enslaving all other races that they encounter, save their occasional servants, the Hobgoblins. Chaos Dwarfs prefer to let others do their fighting for them but their finely crafted weapons and stout armour serve them well when battle calls.

— Chaos Dwarf Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41%	31%	31%	41%	21%	31%	31%	21%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	4	3	0	0	0

CHAOS DWARF MAGIC

Chaos Dwarf sorcerers favour spells that harness destructive volcanic energy.

Until Chaos Dwarf magic can be dealt with in detail, you can simulate such sorcerers with the various Wizard careers and Arcane Lore (Fire). Their spells are quite similar to the Lore of Fire, but they use lava and ash in addition to flames.

Skills: Common Knowledge (Dwarfs), Drive, Haggle, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Khazalid), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Gunsmith)

Talents: Disarm, Dwarfcraft, Master Gunner, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Stout-hearted, Strike to Stun, Sturdy

Special Rules:

- *Sorcery:* Unlike normal Dwarfs, Chaos Dwarfs can become Wizards.
- *Chaos Mutation:* There is a 25% chance a Chaos Dwarf has a single Chaos Mutation. Roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate it if present and modify stats as appropriate.

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour, Helmet)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Blunderbuss *or* Shield; Hand Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Average

BULL CENTAURS

Bull Centaurs, a hellish hybrid of Dwarf and beast, are fanatical servants of Hashut and provide the Chaos Dwarfs with elite shock troops.

— Bull Centaur Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45%	31%	41%	45%	30%	30%	36%	21%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	4	8	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Dwarfs), Intimidate +10%, Perception, Speak Language (Khazalid)

Talents: Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Stout-hearted, Strike to Injure, Sturdy, Wrestling

Special Rules:

- *Armoured Torso:* Bull Centaurs wear armour on their torsos but not their lower halves. If using the advanced armour system, 50% of all hits to the Body ignore any armour worn on that location. Bull Centaurs cannot wear armour on their legs.

Armour: Medium Armour (Helmet, Leather Jack, Leather Skullcap, Sleeved Mail Shirt)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Great Weapon, Hand Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

CHAOS MARAUDERS

Chaos Marauders come from the Human tribes of the far North. For those who grow up close to the Chaos Wastes, there is little distinction made between a warrior who has been warped by Chaos, and any other fighter, save that the Chaos-tainted one is likely to be more powerful and thus favoured by the Gods. A Chaos Marauder serves Chaos, but is more concerned with the loot he can take and the devastation he can cause while raiding. Chaos Marauders use classic skirmisher tactics. Their main aim is to grab as much loot as possible, leaving a trail of corpses and devastation behind them. Since they are raiders by nature, they favour soft targets. If met with serious opposition, they look for easier prey elsewhere. Chaos Marauders only stick around for a stand-up fight if part of a larger force or if following a strong leader.

Depending on the tribe, Chaos Marauders may or may not be mounted. Many of the Norse tribes use horses only occasionally, perhaps stealing them for transport but not using them in war. In contrast, the Kurgan and Hung tribesmen ride into battle if at all possible, being superb horsemen. Tribes that do field cavalry often arm them with hurled weapons such as javelins.

— Chaos Marauder Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41%	33%	36%	37%	34%	28%	37%	24%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	3	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Norsca *or* Chaos Wastes), Follow Trail, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride +10% *or* Sail +10%, Search, Speak Language (Norse *or* Tribal)

CHAOS ARMOUR

Chaos Armour is worn by particularly powerful Chaos Warriors. It is a dark gift from the Ruinous Powers, and melds permanently with the wearer's body, infusing him with the power of Chaos. It is heavy armour and provides 5 Armour Points like Full Plate Armour, but since it becomes part of the wearer's body it is much less encumbering (Enc. 250). Additionally, a warrior so protected reduces the Critical Value of any Critical Hits suffered by 1. Chaos spellcasters can cast spells in such armour without penalty.

Talents: Orientation, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Flail, *or* Two-handed), Strike to Injure

Special Abilities:

- *Chaos Mutation:* There is a 25% chance a Chaos Marauder has a single Chaos Mutation. Roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate it if present and modify stats as appropriate.

Armour: Light Armour (Helmet, Leather Leggings)

Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 1

Weapons: Dagger *or* 2 Javelins; Flail, Great Weapon *or* Demilance; Hand Weapon; Shield

Slaughter Margin: Average

CHAOS WARRIORS

A Chaos Warrior utterly embraces the power of darkness, dedicating his mind, body, and soul to the Ruinous Powers. Chaos Warriors are terrible foes, having abandoned their humanity for the temptations of the Chaos Gods. They invariably love battle, even those who have not dedicated themselves totally to Khorne. They regard any combat as a chance to prove themselves in the eyes of their patron Gods, and tend to hurl themselves into the fray without a care for their own survival, trusting to Chaos to bring the most worthy of them out alive and covered with dark glories. This makes them extraordinarily dangerous opponents. The most experienced Chaos Warriors ride warhorses into battle and are known as Chaos Knights.

— Chaos Warrior Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
51%	35%	44%	43%	39%	38%	44%	31%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	4	4	0	6	0

Skills: Animal Care, Command, Common Knowledge (Norsca +10% *or* Chaos Wastes +10%), Follow Trail, Intimidate +10%, Navigation, Outdoor Survival +10%, Perception +10%, Ride +20% *or* Sail +20%, Search, Speak Language (Norse *or* Tribal)



Talents: Orientation, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Flail, Two-handed), Strike to Injure, Strike Mighty Blow

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Roll 1d10 to determine the number of mutations: 1-5=1 mutation, 6-10=2 mutations. Then roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate them and modify stats as appropriate.
- *Chosen of Chaos:* Chaos Warriors are the favoured servants of the Ruinous Powers. A Chaos Warrior is allowed two rolls on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** for each mutation and can choose the more favourable result.

Armour: Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5

Weapons: Flail; Great Weapon *or* Lance; Hand Weapon; Shield

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

DAEMON TYPES

Daemons can come in as many forms as the vile imaginations of the Chaos Gods can invent. However, there are certain common types which scholars have identified, used again and again by the Chaos Gods when they have particular purposes in mind. Five of these, grouped by the Chaos God to which they are bound, are covered in detail in this book; these are by far the most likely to be encountered by Player Characters, since the other Daemon types have either fairly specialised uses or are almost unimaginably powerful. These remaining Daemons, along with a Daemon creation system, will be included in the forthcoming Chaos sourcebook.

DAEMONS

Daemons are the only true, pure creatures of Chaos. They are born from the raw power of it and their form is shaped by its merest whim. Their appearance and behaviour always reflect the Chaos God they serve. Descriptions of the most common Lesser Daemons follow, but the servants of the Ruinous Powers are endless in variety and power.

BLOODLETTERS OF KHORNE

Bloodletters of Khorne are tall, muscular humanoids, with snarling bestial faces and great curving horns. Their skin is deep red and runs constantly with thick blood that seems to ooze from every pore. Bloodletters always wield huge axes, and have various armoured metal plates attached to their very skin. Bloodletters exist only for war. They live to prove themselves in battle, or die in the attempt, which means little to them as they can simply return to fight another day when summoned once more.

— Bloodletter of Khorne Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
50%	0%	51%	34%	48%	48%	48%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	12	5	3(5)	4	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Perception, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Daemonic Aura, Frenzy, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Horns, Metallic Skin. There is a 50% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate.
- *Instability:* Daemons are not so solidly linked to the Old World as are mortals, and may sometimes be forced back from whence they came if a battle goes against them. On any round in which a Bloodletter is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos from which it came.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 2, Body 2, Legs 2

Weapons: Claws, Great Weapon, Horns (SB-1 Damage)

Slaughter Margin: Hard

CHAOS FURIES

The Furies are savage-looking winged Daemons associated with no one Chaos God in particular. They carry no weapons, but their claws and fangs are long and sharp. Chaos Furies almost always work in packs, being somewhat cowardly at heart. A pack of them in action is reminiscent of a flying school of piranhas, tearing a luckless victim to pieces. Chaos Furies prefer to attack the weak. They enjoy their time in the Old World, with the incredible variety and taste of the prey they can catch, and have no wish to shorten that time by hunting something larger, more numerous, or more ferocious than themselves. Their ideal targets are wounded, sleeping, alone, or small opponents. If faced with concerted opposition, they will flee rather than risk becoming unstable.

— Chaos Fury Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35%	0%	41%	36%	44%	30%	42%	15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	4	3(5)	4(6)	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Perception, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Ambidextrous, Daemonic Aura, Flier, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Claws, Wings. There is a 50% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate.
- *Instability:* Daemons are not so solidly linked to the Old World as are mortals, and may sometimes be forced back from whence they came if a battle goes against them. On any round in which a Chaos Fury is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos from which it came.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

DAEMONETTES OF SLAANESH

Slaanesh's most potent symbols of seduction and languor are the Daemonettes. They resemble beautiful Human women, but have horny ridges instead of hair and scythe-like talons instead of hands. A Daemonette is an alluring killer.

Whenever possible she will start a fight by negotiating—or rather, by seducing. If a potential opponent is willing to listen to her seductive whispers and murmurs, she will offer him pleasures undreamt of by mortals, lulling him with her words until she is close enough to indulge in her own favourite pleasure: impaling a victim on her razor sharp limbs. To a Daemonette's twisted sensibilities, this is the perfect mingling of an almost erotic ecstasy with the equally delicious sensation of inflicting a painful death on the other party.

— Daemonettes of Slaanesh Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
44%	0%	40%	37%	52%	31%	40%	55%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	12	4	3(5)	5	0	0	0

Skills: Charm +20%, Dodge Blow, Gossip +20%, Night Vision, Perception, Performer (Dancer), Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue), Speak Language (any two), Torture

Talents: Ambidextrous, Daemonic Aura, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Aura of Slaanesh:* A Daemonette is so seductive and bewildering that living opponents within 4 yards (2 squares) suffer a -10% penalty to their Weapon Skill and Will Power Characteristics.
- *Chaos Mutations:* Animalistic Legs, Pincer Hand. There is a 50% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate.
- *Instability:* Daemons are not so solidly linked to the Old World as are mortals, and may sometimes be forced back from whence they came if a battle goes against them. On any round in which a Daemonette is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos from which it came.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Pincer Hand

Slaughter Margin: Hard

HORRORS OF TZEENTCH

The Horrors of Tzeentch have an ever-shifting appearance, always horrifying, but never the same from one moment to the next. They are living embodiments of magic and change, and they become more powerful in large groups. Such



Daemon packs can inflict terrible mutations on their foes and even transform them into more Horrors of Tzeentch.

— Horrors of Tzeentch Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	0%	33%	35%	36%	45%	60%	15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3(5)	4	1-3	0	0

Skills: Channelling +20%, Dodge Blow, Perception, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Ambidextrous, Daemonic Aura, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Claws. There is a 75% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate.
- *Living Magic:* In a very real sense, Horrors are magical energy given shape and sentience by their Lord. Their bodies continually give off energy that they are capable of directing in a manner reminiscent of spell casting. In fact, as they gather in numbers, their Magic Characteristics grow proportionally.



A single Horror has a Magic Characteristic of 1. In a group of three to eight, each has a Magic Characteristic of 2. In groups of nine members or more, each has a Magic Characteristics of 3. Horrors can direct their energies towards casting the two spells noted in the Horror Magic sidebar. Note that Horrors are subject to Tzeentch's Curse, but the effects are spectacularly different. If a Horror gets a double or triple on a Casting Roll, a random Horror from the group explodes with a mad cackle of laughter and the spell is successfully cast, regardless of the Casting Roll.

- **Instability:** Daemons are not so solidly linked to the Old World as are mortals, and may sometimes be forced back from whence they came if a battle goes against them. On any round in which a Horror of Tzeentch is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos from which it came.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws

Slaughter Margin: Hard

PLAGUEBEARERS OF NURGLE

Plaguebearers of Nurgle appear rather like horrendously diseased and mutated Humans. Their bellies are distended and swollen, often splitting open in great pus-oozing wounds to reveal the bloated and cankerous organs within. Their

limbs are stick-thin and curved as though from starvation. Atop this monstrous frame perches a twisted, one-eyed visage, its fanged maw chanting a gruesome catalogue of diseases to itself. Fighting a Plaguebearer is a truly disgusting experience and involves considerable risk of disease.

— Plaguebearer of Nurgle Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45%	0%	41%	47%	40%	30%	44%	11%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	4	4(6)	4	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Perception, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Ambidextrous, Daemonic Aura, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike to Injure, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- **Chaos Mutations:** Claws. There is a 50% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate.
- **Cloud of Flies:** A Plaguebearer is constantly surrounded by a cloud of flies and assorted biting and stinging insects that swarm over anyone who comes near the Daemon. Melee opponents of the Plaguebearer suffer a –10% penalty to their Weapon Skill.

- **Instability:** Daemons are not so solidly linked to the Old World as are mortals, and may sometimes be forced back from whence they came if a battle goes against them. On any round in which a Plaguebearer is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos from which it came.
- **Plague:** Opponents that survive an encounter with a Plaguebearer may still be undone. Any character that suffered at least 1 Wound from a Plaguebearer must make a Toughness Test at the end of the combat or contract a disease of the GM's choice.
- **Stream of Corruption:** Once every other round, a Plaguebearer can vomit a stream of corruption at one melee opponent as a full action. This disgusting mixture of entrails, maggots, and filth hits automatically for Damage 3. It may be dodged but not parried (for obvious reasons). Anyone struck by this attack must make a Toughness Test or contract a disease of the GM's choice.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon, Claws

Slaughter Margin: Hard

DIRE WOLVES

Dire Wolves are hideous Undead creatures with skull-like heads, glowing red eyes, and rotting black fur. Found particularly in Sylvania as minions of the von Carstein Vampires, Dire Wolves are greatly feared by the peasantry. When slain, Dire Wolves dissolve into nothing.

— Dire Wolf Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35%	0%	41%	35%	18%	—	—	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	4	3	9	0	0	0

Skills: None

Talents: Frightening, Natural Weapons, Undead

Special Rules:

- **Mindless:** Dire Wolves have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship and can never take or fail tests based on these characteristics.
- **Savage Charge:** The fierceness of their attack can overwhelm melee opponents. Dire Wolves can make two attacks during a charge attack.

HORROR MAGIC

These two new spells can be cast by Horrors of Tzeentch only.

Tzeentch's Fire

Casting Number: 6

Casting Time: Half action

Ingredient: None

Description: The Horror hurls a ball of shimmering pink and blue fire at one opponent within 48 yards (24 squares). This is a *magic missile* with Damage 4. Anyone struck by *Tzeentch's fire* must also make a Will Power Test or be stunned for 1 round as the magic courses through them.

Uncontrollable Mutation

Casting Number: 18

Casting Time: Full action

Ingredient: None

Description: The merest touch of the Horror causes an opponent's body to rend itself apart. This inflicts 1d10 Wounds, regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour. If the target is slain, a new Horror immediately erupts from the victim's body. It can act normally on the following round. If the target was wounded but not slain, he must make a Will Power Test or gain a mutation as per the *touch of Chaos* spell. *Uncontrollable mutation* is a touch spell.

- **Shambling:** Dire Wolves are relentless but slow. They cannot take the run action.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Teeth and Claws

Slaughter Margin: Average

DRAGONS

Of all the creatures that still roam the Old World, few are as mighty or awe inspiring as the Dragons. They are massive reptilian beasts, with vast leathery wings, and scales as hard as rock. Most of them are quadrupeds, but a few are bipeds. Almost all of those that live in the Empire dwell deep within the heart of the World's Edge Mountains, sleeping for centuries at a time in sealed off caverns. They are an ancient and dying race, belonging to age long passed. Only a few hatchlings have been born in the last thousand years. Still, Dragons seem to only grow mightier with age and those that are left may yet have a part to play in the grand events of the world. Dragons are individualists and it is difficult to say what any given one will do in a fight with any certainty. Most warriors never survive to tell others what to expect when fighting a Dragon.

— Dragon Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
59%	0%	65%	68%	30%	47%	89%	34%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
6	55	6	6	6(8)	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History) +20%, Charm, Command +20%, Common Knowledge (Dragons +20%, Dwarfs, Elves +10%), Evaluate +10%, Gossip, Intimidate +20%, Perception +20%, Scale Sheer Surface +10%, Search, Speak Language (any four)

Talents: Excellent Vision, Flier, Night Vision, Scales (5), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Strong-minded, Terrifying, Unstoppable Blows

Special Rules:

- *Rending Attacks:* A Dragon's natural weapons are so razor-sharp that they count as having the Armour Piercing and Impact Qualities.
- *Breathe Fire:* A Dragon can breathe fire as a full action. Use the cone template. Those affected take a Damage 8 hit. Note that some Dragons have a different sort of breath weapon, such as a cloud of acidic gas or a black miasma. The rules for such are effectively the same.
- *Speed of Attack:* A Dragon has so many ways to attack—teeth, claws, tail, even wings—that it can attack twice with the standard attack action instead of the normal once.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5

Weapons: Claws, Teeth, Tail, Wings

Slaughter Margin: Impossible

DRAGON OGRES

Dragon Ogres are large centaur-like beings with the lower quarters of a four-legged scaled beast and an upper body that closely resembles a well-muscled Ogre, hence their traditional name. They refer to their own race as Shartaks. The Beastmen and cultists of the Dark Gods call them by a variety of other names as well, for they play a part in many legends of those who follow Chaos. Dragon Ogres slumber in deep caves throughout the northern reaches of the World's Edge Mountains, awakened only by the thunder caused by the largest storms. They believe that the thunder is the Chaos Gods summoning them to war and according to their ancient pact those that are awakened by a storm rise and prepare for battle. Electricity invigorates the Dragon Ogres and upon rising they climb to lofty heights where they struggle against their brethren to see who will have

the highest peak from which to absorb lightning strikes. As fierce as they are, Dragon Ogres are loath to lay down their ancient lives and they will retreat if a battle is going against them.

— Dragon Ogre Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
48%	22%	55%	48%	28%	38%	48%	20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	34	5	4	7	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History) +20%, Command, Common Knowledge (Chaos Wastes), Intimidate +20%, Outdoor Survival, Perception +20%, Scale Sheer Surface +10%, Speak Language (Dark Tongue), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Resistance to Poison, Scales (2), Strong-minded

Special Rules:

- *Storm Rage:* Dragon Ogres are immune to all lightning and electrical attacks, magical or otherwise. A Dragon Ogre hit with such an attack gains +10% to Strength and +1 to Attacks for 1d10 rounds.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 2, Body 2, Legs 2

Weapons: Claws, Great Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Hard

DRYADS

Dryads are beautiful, but dangerous, nature spirits that inhabit the ancient forest of Athel Loren, and possibly others in the Old World. They typically appear as beautiful Elf or Human women, though their skin often has an inhuman green or brown sheen to it. When fighting, they turn into terrible snarling beings seemingly made of wood. They are elusive opponents, mercurial in their actions and difficult to read. Dryads have been known to sincerely compliment a foe on a particularly telling blow, only to take his head off moments later.

— Dryad Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
48%	24%	47%	49%	60%	53%	34%	65%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	4	5	0	0	0

Skills: Charm, Concealment +10%, Common Knowledge (Elves), Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Silent Move +10%, Speak Language (Eltharin, Malla-room-ba-larin)

Talents: Ambidextrous, Natural Weapons, Rover, Strike to Stun, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Of Shifting Aspect:* A Dryad is a natural shapeshifter. In combat her body takes on the aspects of various types of trees. For reasons unknown to other races, save perhaps the Treemen, a Dryad cannot hold the same aspect for more than one round at a time. At the start of her turn each round, the Dryad must choose a new aspect from among the following:

Ash: +20% bonus to her Toughness Characteristic.

Birch: +1 bonus to her Attacks Characteristic.

Oak: +20% bonus to her Strength Characteristic.

Willow: She may parry once as a free action any time before her next turn.

- *War Form:* In battle a Dryad transforms into the personification of the forest's vengeance. The switch to this war form can be made as a free action and it grants the Dryad the Frightening Talent and 2 Armour Points on all locations.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0(2), Arms 0(2), Body 0(2), Legs 0(2)

Weapons: Claws

Slaughter Margin: Hard

ELVEN CORSAIRS

The corsairs refer to themselves as the Druchii and there may be some truth to the stories of their exile from the land of Ulthuan. Sailors that have faced them in battle and survived claim that they resembled Elves, though of cruel aspect. They are skilled warriors who revel in blood soaked close combat, seemingly taking pleasure in their foes' pain. They adorn themselves in scaled cloaks capable of turning sword blows and are well practiced in rapid boarding actions.

While they prefer to take ships at sea, they will occasionally sack port towns and coastal villages. Those they don't kill outright are dragged away in chains, never to be seen again. Who they are and why they come seeking plunder is almost entirely unknown in the Old World.

— Elven Corsairs Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41%	44%	34%	31%	48%	31%	36%	30%



Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	5	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Elves), Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Speak Language (Eltharin), Specialist Weapon Group (Crossbow), Swim, Torture

Talents: Coolheaded, Excellent Vision, Lightning Reflexes, Night Vision, Warrior Born

Special Rules:

- *Sea Dragon Cloaks:* Elven Corsairs invariably sport a long cloak derived from the skin of a Sea Dragon as a sign of their position in their twisted society. These protective garments count as Medium Armour (basic method), providing 2 Armour Points to the Body location (advanced method). Sea Dragon Cloaks must be continually treated with a protective slime, which only the Druchii know how to make. Such cloaks corrode and fall to dust within a week of going untreated.

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Leather Armour, Helmet, Sea Dragon Cloak)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 1

Weapons: 2 Hand Weapons, Repeater Crossbow

Slaughter Margin: Average

FENBEASTS

Fenbeasts are large sorcerous constructs assembled from material gathered from marshes and swamps where many have died in battle. They are unnatural creatures that reek of stagnant marshes and have the touch of the grave about them. The presence of a Fenbeast often indicates the presence of a necromancer or other kind of spell caster, often one with grim intentions. Fenbeasts, being all but devoid of will, are not imaginative opponents, but this can change with a skilled handler.

— Fenbeast Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38%	0%	52%	58%	16%	—	—	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	32	5	5	6	0	0	0

Skills: None

Talents: Frightening, Natural Weapons, Strike Mighty Blow

Special Rules:

- *Mindless:* Fenbeasts have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship and can never take or fail tests based on these characteristics.
- *Sorcerous Construct:* Fenbeasts are created with ritual magic unknown amongst the Colleges of Magic. They are not truly alive and require magical controllers to keep their forms. A spellcasting controller with a Magic Characteristic of at least 2 must remain within 48 yards (24 squares) of a Fenbeast or the creature falls apart. Fenbeasts are immune to Fear, Terror, poison, disease, and all spells, skills, and effects that involve the manipulation of emotions and the mind.
- *Swamp Power:* As long as a Fenbeast is in swampy terrain, it regenerates 1 Wound at the start of its turn each round.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Decaying Limbs

Slaughter Margin: Hard

GHOULS

Ghouls closely resemble crooked, skinny, misshapen Humans with feral eyes. They are believed to file their teeth, and so have upper and lower rows of triangular cutting fangs, perfect for biting and tearing flesh. More feared still are their claws. Their hands and fingers have

stiffened and hardened, their fingernails growing into great tough talons, which constantly secrete viscous black venom. Ghouls have a certain low animal cunning, but this is constantly at war with their near-eternal hunger for flesh. The sophistication of their tactics depends entirely on whether the drive for survival or for meat is uppermost in their minds at the time. Against a superior foe, they will likely hang back and harass the enemy, perhaps even following a party as they travel through the wilderness of Sylvania, waiting for one of them to lag behind or for the group to be attacked by others. Sooner or later, however, they tire of their waiting game—perhaps not realizing that they could win, if they only stuck it out long enough, for all things must die eventually. Once their blood is up, once the hunger has taken over every other drive, the Ghouls will charge in a growling, slaving mass, not stopping until they have a surfeit of flesh to eat.

— Ghoul Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32%	0%	37%	45%	34%	18%	31%	5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	11	3	4	4	0	6	0

Skills: Concealment, Perception, Outdoor Survival, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Silent Move, Shadowing, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Fearless, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Rover

Special Rules:

- *Poisoned Attacks:* Targets injured by a Ghoul's attack must make a **Challenging (-10%) Toughness Test** or suffer 2 additional Wounds. Note that this test must be made for each attack that inflicts damage.

Insanities: The Beast Within

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head , Arms , Body , Legs

Weapons: Claws

Slaughter Margin: Average

GIANTS

Giants are enormous humanoids that usually stand around 18 feet tall, though a few may be considerably larger, especially those touched by Chaos. Their clothing consists of either crudely joined furs or robes stitched together from material wrested from others more skilled with needles. Many Giants are thus arrayed in a riot of colours, from sun-bleached sailcloth, to brightly coloured Bretonnian barding. The bulk of Giants fight with a traditional club, though a



number prefer to squelch their meat with their bare hands. Most Giants keep a sack, a barrel, or some other form of container to stow their somewhat dubious "loot" in. Giants are wildly unpredictable foes. Sometimes they lash about with their tree-size clubs, while other times they'll pick up their smaller opponents and hurl them back into the fray. Their ability to casually pick up and crush fully armoured knights lingers long in the minds of those who've had to fight them.

— Giant Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	25%	69%	59%	18%	14%	24%	14%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
5	48	6	5	6	0	0	0

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Grumbarth, Goblin Tongue)

Talents: Lightning Parry, Natural Weapons, Terrifying, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Unstoppable Blows, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations (Chaos Giants only):* Giants that have thrown their lot in with the Ruinous Powers will have one or more Mutations. Roll 1d10

to determine the number of mutations: 1-5=1 mutation, 6-10=2 mutations. Then roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate them and modify stats as appropriate.

- *Hideous Strength:* All Giant attacks count as having the Impact Quality.
- *Tipsy:* Giants are frequently drunk and seldom entirely stable on their feet. This leads to them falling over at unexpected moments. Whenever a Giant charges or takes more than 5 Wounds in a single hit, he must make an Agility Test. Failure means the Giant falls over and suffers 2 Wounds, regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour. Anyone fighting the Giant in melee combat must make a successful **Challenging (-10%) Agility Test** or suffer a Damage 7 hit from the falling Giant.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin, Leather Leggings)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 1

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Club) and Fists

Slaughter Margin: Very Hard

GIANT RATS

Giant Rats are oversized rodents that dwell in the sewers of the Empire's larger cities, amongst other places. The vile Ratmen use them as cheap and expendable shock troops. Giant Rats typically travel in groups of ten or more and prefer to swarm over their prey in large numbers. A solitary

Giant Rat is far more likely to flee than fight, unless he believes his prey wounded or incapable of fighting back.

— Giant Rat Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25%	0%	31%	30%	42%	14%	18%	5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	7	3	3	6	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Perception +10%, Silent Move, Swim +10%

Talents: Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Teeth

Slaughter Margin: Easy

GIANT SPIDERS

Closely resembling ordinary spiders, but with a body the length of a man's and unnaturally long legs, Giant Spiders are horrifically mutated versions of their lesser counterparts, swollen to a monstrous size by the forces of Chaos. Their heads are surmounted by up to eight large eyes and an even larger pair of mandibles. Their bodies are black or brown,



sometimes with other, more brightly coloured markings, and their hairy brown legs move almost too fast to be seen. Giant Spiders prefer a stealthy approach, leaping down on top of a victim and filling him full of poison before he can react. Most Giant Spider attacks come when the creatures hunt for food, so they will often pick up and carry off an incapacitated victim rather than wait around to fight some more.

— Giant Spider Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38%	0%	41%	44%	60%	15%	35%	5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	25	4	4	6	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +10%, Perception +10%, Silent Move +10%

Talents: Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision

Special Rules:

- *Armoured Skin:* The chitinous exterior of the Giant Spider provides 2 Armour Points on all locations.
- *Poisonous Bite:* A Giant Spider's bite is poisonous, but the poison is intended to paralyze prey for later consumption rather than kill. A target bitten by a Giant Spider must make a Toughness Test or be paralyzed for 1d10 rounds. Paralyzed characters can take no actions and are considered to be helpless.
- *Wall Climbing:* Giant Spiders can clamber up and down walls with their sticky feet, just like normal spiders. They can climb walls at their normal movement rate.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 2, Body 2, Legs 2

Weapons: Mandibles

Slaughter Margin: Hard

GIANT WOLVES

Giant Wolves are huge grey animals, standing close to four feet at the shoulder. They are large enough that both Hobgoblins and Goblins can use them as cavalry mounts. Giant Wolves fear very little, and are quite prepared to attack Humans if they think the latter are at all weak.

Giant Wolves tend to run in packs with around seven members when they are not being used as Greenskin mounts. Classic Giant Wolf tactics involve the use of two or even three separate groups of wolves, with one group chasing the prey into the waiting jaws of the others. A variant of this old wolf trick, used more by Giant Wolves

SQUIG HOPPERS

Perhaps the oddest aspect of the Night Goblin-Squig relationship is the phenomenon known as Squig Hopping. A Squig Hopper is a young but agile (Ag 35%) Night Goblin eager to prove his worth to the tribe by catching and "riding" a Squig in battle. Some Squig Hoppers practice their skills at home too, hopping about on the back of a Squig just for fun. Squigs are almost completely uncontrollable by any means other than brute force, but this does not stop a Squig Hopper from trying (and almost invariably failing) to guide his mount. A Night Goblin riding a Squig must make a **Hard (-20%) Ride Test** at the start of his turn each round. If successful, he can control the Squig and move as desired. If he fails, the Squig bounces around at random and the Goblin can only hang on and hope for the best. Stats for Squigs can be found on page 108.

than their more normal-sized counterparts, is the feigned retreat. Here, a small group of Giant Wolves will appear to flee their foes, only to lead them into an ambush.

— Giant Wolf Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
36%	0%	35%	37%	36%	18%	35%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	9	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trails, Perception +10%, Silent Move, Swim

Talents: Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Teeth

Slaughter Margin: Routine

GOBLINS AND NIGHT GOBLINS

Goblins are short, green-skinned humanoids that rarely exceed four feet in height. They are vicious, quarrelsome, and disorganized. Goblin tribes live deep in the forests of the Empire, often under the heel of their powerful Orc kin. When not controlled by strong leaders, goblins inevitably begin to squabble amongst themselves. This, and their penchant for running when battles turn against them, makes most Goblin threats ephemeral but their cruelty and wickedness ensures that Goblins remain the bogeymen of the peasantry.

Night Goblins are similar to their cousins, but live deep underground in the World's Edge Mountains. They often lair near Squig caves, since they use Squigs in battle and also for food.

— Goblin and Night Goblin Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25%	30%	30%	30%	25%	25%	30%	20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	8	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Greenskins), Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride or Swim, Silent Move, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue)

Talents: Night Vision



Special Rules:

- *Animosity:* Goblins, like Orcs, are a fractious lot and they need very little reason to squabble amongst themselves or mix it up with other Greenskins. A Goblin offered any kind of excuse must make a Will Power Test or immediately attack the offending Greenskins, be they Hobgoblins, Orcs, or other Goblins.
- *Elves is Scary:* Goblins find Elves extremely unnerving. Whether this is because of the ancient animosity between the two races, or simply because of the Elves' superior mannerisms and smell of cleanliness, a Goblin must make a Fear Test if it and its allies do not outnumber the Elves present by at least two to one.
- *Night Goblins:* Night Goblins have the same stats as regular Goblins with the following exceptions. They have the Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling) Talent and can have a net instead of a shield. They hate Dwarfs so passionately that they gain a +5% WS bonus when fighting them.
- *Night Goblin Fanatics:* A Night Goblin Fanatic is an ordinary Night Goblin who has decided to prove himself (and possibly sacrifice himself) for the sake of the tribe. A Fanatic will be given a dose of Mad Cap Mushrooms before battle, which is enough to scramble his poor brain so much that he hurls himself fanatically at any opposition, whirling round in circles and swinging a heavy iron ball with all his might. Fanatics have the Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed) Talent and the ball and chain counts as a Great Weapon. The Mad Cap Mushrooms increase the Fanatic's Strength and Toughness by 10%. In his madness, he can't dodge or parry. The effects of this drug last for 2d10 rounds. At the end of the effect, the mushrooms deal 2 Wounds to the Fanatic, regardless of Toughness Bonus or armour.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon, Short bow or Spear, Shield

Slaughter Margin: Easy (Routine for Night Goblin Fanatics)

GREAT EAGLES

Great Eagles are the largest birds of prey in the Empire, with a wingspan that measures over thirty feet and having razor-sharp talons. They are an ancient race that has dwelled in the mountains of the Old World since long before the coming of Man. Most of them nest in the Grey Mountains, though a few live along the World's Edge range. They are exceedingly intelligent and a few of their eldest are even rumoured to be capable of speaking in the tongues of other races, though they seem to prefer most often to deal with Elves. The vision of Great Eagles is so sharp that they

can clearly watch the movements of ground animals from miles away. Correspondingly, they are capable of executing devastating ambushes wherein they attack an opponent from such a great height that their target isn't aware of his danger till their claws sink into his flesh.

— Great Eagle Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
65%	0%	44%	43%	52%	38%	43%	25%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	26	4	4	2(10)	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Navigation +10%, Perception +20%,

Talents: Excellent Vision, Fearless, Flier, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws

Slaughter Margin: Hard

GRIFFONS

Griffons are fearsome beasts that have the heads of birds of prey combined with leonine bodies and massive feathered wings. Their beaks are hooked and can easily sever a man's limb. Their claws, which are reminiscent of a hawk's talons, they keep sharp by regular scoring against stone. Griffons swoop down on their prey, screaming war cries as they come. They continue to attack until no opponent is left moving. Survivors of Griffon attacks often have dreams of being hunted down and rent limb from limb for years afterward. These mighty predators dwell amidst the highest peaks of the World's Edge Mountains, occasionally flying to the lowlands when food is scarce. A rare few serve as mounts for the richest and most powerful Imperial nobles, who are willing to pay vast sums of gold for a single egg or chick. Griffons are fierce and wild creatures, never entirely tame, no matter how many years of domestication they've endured.

— Griffon Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
50%	0%	58%	51%	52%	15%	66%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
4	48	5	5	6(9)	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +10%

Talents: Flier, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Terrifying, Will of Iron

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Beak and Claws

Slaughter Margin: Very Hard

HARPIES

Harpies are rare winged predators almost entirely unknown in the Old World. They make their lairs in the mountains and cliffs of the Land of Chill but always near the sea, where prey is more readily available. Their wings are leathery, resembling those of a bat, though their forms often sprout black feathers. Their lower bodies end in scale-covered bird's legs and jagged talons. It is their torsos that likely cause such speculation about Harpies, for they have the upper body of a voluptuous female, though with a savage and feral beauty. Their appearance has lead to many arguments among scholars; some concluding that they are little more than mere beasts, others that they are touched by Chaos. Harpies will frequently try to attack from surprise and in large numbers. They put their wings to good advantage, using hit and run tactics on land bound foes. They will swiftly retreat to a high location where they cannot be readily followed if injured.

— Harpy Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41%	25%	42%	44%	27%	14%	52%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	4	4	4(6)	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Perception, Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Flier, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws

Slaughter Margin: Average

HIPPOGRIFFS

Hippogriffs are fiercely carnivorous beasts that live high in the Grey Mountains. They compete with Pegasi for eyrie space, though they wisely leave the Great Eagles alone. A small number of Bretonnian knights use them as mounts. Hippogriffs have the head and winged feathers of a bird of prey, the forequarters of a mountain lion and the rear end of a horse, complete with tail. Their unusual appearance speaks to their Chaotic origins. Hippogriffs' desire for warm flesh is so great that those around them can literally sense their



terrible hunger. Survivors of a Hippogriff's attack often keep a sharp lookout skywards for years afterwards.

— Hippogriff Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40%	0%	50%	51%	49%	15%	43%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
4	42	5	5	6(8)	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Perception +10%

Talents: Flier, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow, Terrifying, Will of Iron

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws

Slaughter Margin: Hard

HOBGOBLINS

Hobgoblins are one of the Greenskin races. They are both stronger and taller than Goblins. Indeed, the largest among the Hobgoblin tribes are as tall as any Orc. Their builds, though, are lean and wiry, unlike the muscled bulk of the Orcs. Hobgoblins ride snarling Giant Wolves (see page 96) that they've specifically bred for speed and savagery. They are

expert mounted archers, often practising for days on end at hitting small targets while riding past going full tilt. They prefer hit and run tactics to stand up fights, though they will attack if they outnumber their opponents by more than three to one.

Hobgoblins

— Hobgoblin Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	36%	33%	37%	29%	25%	27%	20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Greenskins), Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Prepare Poison +10%, Ride +10%, Silent Move, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue)

Talents: Mighty Shot, Night Vision, Rapid Reload, Rover, Trick Riding

Special Rules:

- **Animosity:** Hobgoblins, like Orcs, are a fractious lot and they need very little reason to squabble amongst themselves or mix it up with other Greenskins. A Hobgoblin offered any kind of excuse must make a Will Power Test or

immediately attack the offending Greenskins, be they Goblins, Orcs, or other Hobgoblins.

- **Poisoned Attacks:** Hobgoblin skirmishers frequently poison their weapons. They use a mushroom derived poison called Kervalt. A weapon coated with this poison that inflicts at least 1 Wound deals 2 additional Wounds unless the target succeeds at a **Challenging (-10%) Toughness Test**.

Armour: Light Armour (Full Leather Armour)

Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1

Weapons: Hand Weapon, Shield *or* second Hand Weapon, Short Bow

Slaughter Margin: Routine

HYDRAS

Hydras are fierce, disturbing creatures whose unnatural appearance can permanently unhinge foes, causing them to recoil from snakes for years afterward. They are wholly unnatural reptilian monsters, from their multiple heads to their capacity to breathe fire. A Hydra's heads resemble those of a Dragon, though their snouts usually end in sharp beaks more reminiscent of a bird of prey. They typically have five heads, though the number varies by the beast. Hydras that have lost one of their heads to battle, or misfortune can often regenerate it, though the process can take years. However, they seem to function just as readily with missing heads. Hydras are dangerous foes, but not particularly intelligent combatants. They generally breathe fire once, and then wade into melee. They are easily distracted and sometimes just cease fighting and walk away for no apparent reason.

— Hydra Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	0%	52%	56%	30%	14%	24%	15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
5	50	5	5	6	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +20%, Scale Sheer Surface +10%, Search

Talents: Keen Senses, Night Vision, Scales (3), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Terrifying, Unstoppable Blows, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- **Powerful Bite:** A Hydra's natural weapons are so deadly that they count as having the Impact Quality.
- **Breathe Fire:** A Hydra can breathe fire as a full action. Use the cone template. Those affected take a Damage 4 hit.



- **Speed of Attack:** A Hydra has so many heads that it can attack twice with the standard attack action instead of the normal once.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Teeth

Slaughter Margin: Very Hard

MANTICORES

Manticores are ferocious beasts that dwell high in the mountains, usually far from the habitations of Humanity. Few have ever been seen in the Empire, which is doubtless a blessing, for they are voracious predators who constantly hunt not only for sustenance, but also for the pleasure of the kill. The common description of a Manticore depicts them with the body of a large lion, surmounted by a pair of leathery bat wings and a whip-like tail. But they are a Chaos breed, mutable and terrible with uncountable variations. Some have barbed tails like a scorpion's that bear bitter poison. Others are armoured in scales and covered in thorny projections that bleed ceaselessly. Manticores are cunning fighters. They are swift to retreat to the relative safety of the air when a battle goes against them.

— Manticore Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
54%	0%	55%	57%	48%	16%	43%	15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
4	38	5	5	6(8)	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +10%

Talents: Flier, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Terrifying, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- **Chaos Mutations:** Roll 1d10 to determine the number of mutations: 1-4=1 mutation, 5-8=2 mutations, 9-10=3 mutations. Then roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate them and modify stats as appropriate.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws and Teeth

Slaughter Margin: Very Hard

MINOTAURS

Minotaur is the name given to a specific offshoot of Beastmen. They are massive bull-headed humanoids, rightly feared for the carnage they can cause on the battlefield.

Their large horns are the envy of their smaller Beastman kin. Minotaurs have a near insatiable appetite for blood and are infamous for stopping in the midst of a battle to consume fallen foes, sometimes while they're still alive.

— Minotaur Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	25%	48%	46%	38%	18%	24%	16%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	26	4	4	6	0	0	0

Skills: Follow Trail, Intimidate +20%, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Frightening, Keen Senses, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure

Special Rules:

- **Chaos Mutations:** Animalistic Legs, Bestial Appearance, and Large Horns. There is a 50% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate.
- **Bloodgreed:** Minotaurs have a disturbing habit of consuming the bodies of those they've killed, sometimes while combat is still in progress. If a Minotaur slays an opponent and he isn't engaged in melee with anyone else, he must make a Routine (+10%) Will Power Test or sit down to gorge himself on the kill. He can test again at the start of his turn each round until he passes the test. If the Minotaur is attacked in melee, he snaps out of Bloodgreed immediately.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon; Hand Weapon *or* Great Weapon; Horns (SB Damage)

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

MUMMIES

Mummies are made from the corpses of ancient warriors that were wrapped in funeral linens and embalmed to prevent decay. Many of the oldest civilizations of Humans, most notably those of Araby and the great southern empire of Nehekhar, interred their dead in such fashion. With the rise of the Great Necromancer Nagash and his cursed art, many of these preserved dead were disturbed from their rest and animated. Unlike the more mindless Undead, such as Skeletons and Zombies, Mummies always have a will of their own. Indeed, their will is so strong they can command lesser forms of Undead to do their bidding. The

few Mummies that dwell in the Empire are content to lie still in their sarcophagi until something disturbs their rest. They swiftly crush anything that stirs them from their sleep before returning to their tomb. There are a few, though, that retain the agendas they had in life, which can make them terrible foes. They are usually armed as they were in life. Weapons and armour that have survived untarnished down the long ages with a Mummy are doubtless magical.

— Mummy Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45%	33%	42%	56%	24%	43%	89%	20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	32	4	5	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, History +10%, Necromancy +10%), Evaluate, Perception, Read/Write +20%, Ride +10%, Speak Language (Nehekharan)

Talents: Frightening, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail, Great Weapon), Strike to Stun, Undead

Special Rules:

- *Ancient Will:* Only individuals with iron hard wills return to the world as a Mummy. They cannot be controlled as other Undead. Indeed, their will is such that lesser Undead, such as Skeletons and Zombies, obey them and they can control Undead just like a

necromancer (see *WFRP*, page 161). Mummies will almost always be encountered with a dozen or more Skeleton warriors at their beck and call.

- *Flammable:* Ancient wrappings and embalming fluids make Mummies quite flammable. When a Mummy is hit with a fire-based attack, any Wounds suffered are doubled. This is calculated after any deductions for Toughness Bonus or armour.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Flail *or* Great Weapon, Hand Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Hard

MUTANTS

Mutants include those born with Chaos mutations, as well as those that develop them later in life. Mutants range from individuals desperate to belong to the rest of society who conceal their deformity to the best of their ability, to those that embrace Chaos completely, join a cult, and turn all their efforts to overthrowing the Empire. Regardless of their intentions, many Mutants try to live as Humans, if their mutations will permit it. If not, they are only alive because they either fled from the authorities or they were abandoned in the woods as children and the life of an outcast is the only one they've ever known. Some, particularly those with the Bestial Appearance mutation, may be adopted by Beastmen warbands. The following stats represent a "typical" Mutant, but in the end, there are no standard Mutants.

— Mutant Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	31%	31%	31%	31%	31%	31%	31%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Silent Move, Speak Language (Dark Tongue or Reikspiel)

Talents: Flee!

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Roll 1d10 to determine the number of mutations: 1-3=1 mutation, 4-6=2 mutations, 7-9=3 mutations, 10=4 mutations. Then roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate them and modify stats as appropriate.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Routine



OGRES

Ogres are big, ugly humanoids, with coarse features and an imposing presence. Ogres enjoy eating, fighting, and eating some more. While they may be brutal and can eat nearly anything, ogres are not evil per se. Since dumb muscle is welcome in almost any army, ogres can be found throughout the Old World. They make formidable mercenaries and bands of ogre sell-swords are a common sight in the Empire, Tilea, and the Border Princes. They have also been known to fight with Orcs, Goblins, and the forces of Chaos. Far to the northeast of the Empire are the Ogre Kingdoms, but few Imperial ogres have cause to go there.

— Ogre Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	21%	46%	45%	24%	22%	35%	20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	24	4	4	6	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Ogres), Consume Alcohol, Gamble, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Grumbarth, Reikspield or Tilean)

Talents: Disarm, Fearless, Frightening, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow

Armour: Medium Armour (Leather Jack, Leather Leggings, Mail Shirt, Helmet)

Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 1

Weapons: Hand Weapon, Great Weapon or Shield

Slaughter Margin: Hard

ORCS

Orcs are an all-too-familiar sight to many ordinary folk throughout much of the Old World, especially to the south where Orc and other Greenskin tribes raid out of the Badlands on a regular basis.

The typical Orc soldier is no taller than an adult Human, but part of the reason for this is that the Orc never stands as straight as a Human; certainly, the Orc will have up to twice the mass of the man, much of it in the form of compact muscle and strong bone. Orc skin comes in various shades of green, from pale off-white greens all the way to the greenish-black hues of the Black Orcs. Their faces look somewhere between an ugly Human's and a hairless boar's, with short but pointed ears, low foreheads, heavy brows, small eyes and huge tusk-filled mouths. It is perhaps no coincidence that the Orc mount of choice is the Wild Boar (see page 119).



BLACK ORCS

Black Orcs are the biggest and strongest of all the Orc breeds and because of this they often provide the leadership for Orc tribes. Black Orcs are not necessarily any more intelligent than any other Orcs, but they are almost invariably more determined. It is said they fought their way out from under the whips of the Chaos Dwarfs many centuries ago, though bringing up that subject with them is, essentially, suicide. They are darker-skinned than other Orcs and even more massively muscled. They brook no failure from any of their subordinates and live only to make war.

— Black Orc Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	30%	44%	45%	26%	26%	40%	25%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	4	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Command +20%, Common Knowledge (Greenskins) +10%, Intimidate +10%, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Ride, Swim, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue), Swim, Torture

Talents: Menacing, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun

Special Rules:

- *Quell Animosity:* Black Orcs do not squabble amongst themselves, nor do they brook such infighting among Greenskins they command. A Black Orc may quell any such infighting among Greenskins within 12 yards with a successful Routine (+10%) Command Test.
- *Choppas:* See **Common Orc** for rules.

Armour: Heavy Armour (Breastplate, Full Mail Armour, Helmet)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 3, Body 5, Legs 3

Weapons: Choppa, Hand Weapon *or* Great Weapon, Shield

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

COMMON ORCS

Black Orcs are few in number, so it is the Common Orcs that make up the bulk of the Orc tribes. Usually known simply as Orcs, Common Orcs are brutes through and through. They bully the lesser Greenskins and delight in exerting power over those weaker than themselves. If a strong leader lops off a few heads, however, they quickly fall into line.

— Common Orc Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35%	35%	35%	45%	25%	25%	30%	20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Greenskins) +10%, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride *or* Swim, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue), Torture

Talents: Menacing, Night Vision, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow

Special Rules:

- *Animosity:* Orcs hate everything, even other Orcs and Goblins. Given half a chance, given even the merest shadow of an excuse, Orcs will fight amongst themselves—battling a rival Orc tribe if they are present, or battering other members of their own tribe in unseemly squabbles if that is all that is available. An Orc offered any kind of excuse must make a Willpower Test or immediately attack the other Greenskins, be they Goblins, Hobgoblins, or other Orcs.
- *Choppas:* Whatever an Orc's other equipment, he will always have a Choppa. An Orc Choppa is a huge heavy blade, far too ungainly for a typical human to wield in one hand but capable of inflicting horrendous wounds. When wielded by an Orc, a

Choppa inflicts SB+1 damage on the first round of melee and SB damage thereafter. If wielded by a creature other than an Orc, a Choppa is treated as a Hand Weapon but with the Slow quality.

Armour: Medium Armour (Chain Shirt, Leather Jack, Leather Skullcap)

Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Choppa, Dagger *or* Bow, Shield

Slaughter Margin: Average

SAVAGE ORCS

Savage Orcs are primitive Orcs that have given themselves over entirely to superstition and the worship of the Gods Gork and Mork. They paint themselves with strange and fanciful designs that they believe grant them mystical power. Savage Orcs will launch a pre-battle volley of arrows at their foes designed to demonstrate Orc prowess, before wading in for the main event with their choppas so they can prove their courage before the rest of their tribe and the watchful eyes of the twin Orc Gods. Savage Orcs disdain the use of armour, regarding it as uncomfortable and unpleasantly stifling. They trust in their lucky charms and warpaint for protection instead.

— Savage Orc Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35%	35%	38%	45%	25%	24%	30%	20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	4(6)	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Greenskins) +10%, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride *or* Swim, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue), Torture

Talents: Frenzy, Menacing, Night Vision, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow

Special Rules:

- *Animosity:* See **Common Orc** for rules.
- *Choppas:* See **Common Orc** for rules.
- *Warpaint:* Savage Orcs often paint themselves with magical designs and wear primitive lucky charms (including body parts from slain enemies). They believe this to be pleasing to Gork and Mork and that the gaze of these Gods will protect them in battle. If in full warpaint, a Savage Orc's Toughness Bonus is treated as though it were increased by +2.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Choppa, Spear *or* Bow, Shield *or* Dagger

Slaughter Margin: Average

PEGASI

Pegasi look like magnificent white draft horses with elegant feathered wings. Their coats sparkle under the sun in a manner reminiscent of light playing over new-fallen snow. They are wild beasts, capable of staving a soldier's head in with a well-placed blow from one of their hooves. While they seldom take to the ground, preferring the sky, when they do they are swift runners. Pegasi that haven't been battle trained are far more likely to fly away than fight, excepting when their foals are in danger.

— Pegasi Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	0%	47%	45%	41%	15%	38%	15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	18	4	4	8(10)	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +10%

Talents: Acute Hearing, Flier, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Strike Mighty Blow

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hooves

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

RAT OGRES

The pinnacle of the Skaven Clan Moulder's debased "art," Rat Ogres are lethal beasts, unnaturally bred up from a variety of creatures using a combination of Warpstone and carefully applied insanity. Each one is subjected to a long series of "experiments" intended to encourage traits that their creators favour, such as overwhelming bloodlust and mindless ferocity. Many of them may indeed have Ogre blood in their long and varied ancestry, though none but the eldest Master Mutators could say. They generally appear to be massively over muscled Skaven, standing ten feet tall at the shoulder, though many of them are grossly misshapen, and/or have a variety of grafts, both metal and flesh fused to their bodies. Rat Ogres exist to kill. They aren't the cleverest combatants, but their great strength and ability to withstand punishment frequently make up for that failing.

— Rat Ogre Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
36%	0%	54%	47%	25%	12%	17%	10%



Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	28	5	4	6	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Intimidate +10%, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface

Talents: Fearless, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure

Special Rules:

- *In Need of Direction:* Rat Ogres have been systematically bred for a single purpose: fighting at the command of a Clan Moulder handler. Without a clear set of orders, or a commanding Skaven to lead them, they will mill about uncertainly. Rat Ogres will attack and attempt to kill anything that harms them, but their behaviour otherwise is highly erratic if they've lost their handler or finished following their last order. A Rat Ogre that wishes to engage in any other sort of behaviour other than standing around drooling must make a Will Power Test or stare aimlessly at nothing.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws

Slaughter Margin: Hard

SKAVEN

The Skaven are a race of mutated Ratmen who plot in the dark halls of their vast under-empire to one day rise up to make war on the surface world and overthrow all the kingdoms of Men. Often considered to be a form of Beastmen, the Skaven are thought to have evolved from rats too long exposed to the flesh twisting effects of the sinister material known as Warpstone. Skaven generally have wiry builds more given to speed than strength. They vary wildly in height with the smallest standing just shy of four feet tall and the largest well over six, though their cramped underground dwellings make them prone to stooping. Their fur is frequently coloured either brown or piebald, though larger Skaven often have black fur, and white fur is seen as a sign of their God's favour.

CLANRATS

The bulk of the Skaven are members are one of the Warlord Clans, such as Mors, Rictus, and Scruten. These most common of Skaven are known as Clanrats and they provide endless legions for the Lords of Decay.

— Clanrat Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
30%	25%	30%	30%	40%	25%	25%	15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	3	3	5	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Skaven) +10%, Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move, Speak Language (Queekish), Swim

Talents: Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Tunnel Rat

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap)

Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon, Dagger *or* Sling, Shield

Slaughter Margin: Routine

CLAN ESHIN NIGHT RUNNERS

The Skaven of Clan Eshin are masters of stealth, duplicity, and assassination. They are rightly feared by other Skaven clans. Night Runners are the most common members of Clan Eshin, essentially assassins-in-training. Few of their number survive to advance in the clan's hierarchy.

— Clan Eshin Night Runner Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	31%	30%	33%	43%	26%	25%	15%



Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	3	3	6	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Skaven) +10%, Concealment +10%, Dodge Blow, Navigation +10%, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move +10%, Speak Language (Queekish), Swim

Talents: Fleet Footed, Night Vision, Orientation, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling, Throwing), Tunnel Rat

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: 2 Hand Weapons, Sling *or* Throwing Stars

Slaughter Margin: Average

CLAN MOULDER PACKMASTERS

The Ratmen of Clan Moulder are the mad geniuses of Skaven society. They use surgery, dark magic, and Warpstone to create foul beasts like Rat Ogres (see page 105) to serve them. Packmasters drive these creations into battle with wicked whips, controlling them with unparalleled expertise.

— Clan Moulder Packmaster Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32%	25%	32%	33%	40%	27%	29%	22%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	5	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Training +20%, Command +20%, Common Knowledge (Skaven) +10%, Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move, Speak Language (Queekish), Swim

Talents: Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Tunnel Rat

Special Rules:

- *Masters of the Lash:* Packmasters are experts at controlling Rat Ogres, Giant Rats, and other creations of Clan Moulder. When leading a pack of such creatures, they gain a +20% to Animal Training and Command Tests.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap)

Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon, Whip

Slaughter Margin: Routine

SKAVEN MAGIC

The most potent Skaven spellcasters are the Grey Seers. These insidious sorcerers are powerful leaders in Skaven society. Until Skaven magic can be dealt with in detail, you can simulate Grey Seers with the various Wizard careers. Use the Arcane Lore (Chaos) Talent but substitute *lightning bolt* for *summon lesser daemon* and *lightning storm* for *summon daemon pack*. Grey Seers can add to their Casting Rolls by consuming Warpstone tokens. Each token consumed gives a +3 to their next Casting Roll, though use of raw Warpstone increases the danger of Tzeentch's Curse. Treat doubles on Casting Rolls as triples and triples as quadruples. Grey Seers generally carry 1d10 Warpstone tokens.

CLAN PESTILENS PLAGUE MONKS

Pestilens is the foulest of the Skaven clans. Its dedication to disease and decay is religious in its fervour. Plague Monks exemplify this zeal. These acolytes of pestilence are wrapped in ooze-soaked bandages and surrounded by buzzing flies. Their frenzied attacks are fearsome indeed.

— Clan Pestilens Plague Monk Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
34%	25%	30%	41%	40%	25%	29%	20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	4	5	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology) +10%, Common Knowledge (Skaven) +10%, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move, Speak Language (Queekish), Swim

Talents: Fearless, Frenzy, Night Vision, Resistance to Disease, Tunnel Rat

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: 2 Hand Weapons

Slaughter Margin: Routine

CLAN SKRYRE SKIRMISHERS

Clan Skryre specialises in the blending of evil magic and arcane Skaven technology. Its Warlock Engineers have created a number of destructive weapons, most of which are powered by Warpstone. Skirmishers use the most portable of these weapons to support Clanrats on the attack.

— Clan Skryre Skirmisher Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
30%	35%	30%	30%	44%	32%	28%	15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	5	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Engineering), Common Knowledge (Skaven) +10%, Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move, Speak Language (Queekish), Swim

Talents: Master Gunner, Night Vision, Rapid Reload, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Tunnel Rat

Special Rules:

- *Warplock Weapons:* Clan Skryre Skirmishers use gunpowder weapons that fire a Warpstone shot. The most common of these are the Warplock Jezzail and Warplock Pistol. Treat the Warplock Jezzail as a Hochland Long Rifle with Damage 5. Treat the Warplock Pistol as a Pistol with Damage 5 and Range 10/20.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon, Warplock Jezzail *or* 2 Warplock Pistols

Slaughter Margin: Average



SKELETONS

Skeletons are created when necromancers violate graveyards and reanimate the bones of the dead. They are mindless creatures that need to be controlled by magic lest they return to their eternal slumber. While they have no intelligence, they do not need to eat or rest and they never retreat or surrender.

— Skeleton Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25%	20%	30%	30%	25%	—	—	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: None

Talents: Frightening, Night Vision, Undead

Special Rules:

- *Mindless:* Skeletons are animated bones with no mind or spirit of their own. They have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship, and can never take or fail Tests based on these Characteristics.
- *Shambling:* Skeletons are relentless but slow. They cannot take the run action.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin and Leather Skullcap)

Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon, Dagger *or* Bow

Slaughter Margin: Routine

SQUIGS

Squigs are bulbous round things with tiny eyes, huge mouths and fangs, and short but thickly muscled legs terminating in claws. They come in an enormous variety of colours and shapes and no two of them are exactly alike. Squigs are barely more intelligent than mushrooms. Night Goblins use them as both mounts and food. See **Goblins and Night Goblins** on page 97 for more information and details on Squig Hoppers.

— Squig Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	0%	53%	35%	56%	5%	22%	5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	10	5	3	1-10	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow

Talents: Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Unsettling, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Roll 1d10 to determine the number of mutations: 1-4=1 mutation, 5-8=2 mutations, 9-10=3 mutations. Then roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate them and modify stats as appropriate.
- *Random Movement:* Squigs are so stupid that they bounce about at random. Roll 1d10 to determine a Squig's Movement Characteristic each round it moves.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws and Teeth

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

SNOTLINGS

Snotlings closely resemble Goblins, but are noticeably smaller than their cousins. They are green in colour, with small but sharply pointed teeth, little piggy eyes, spindly limbs, pointy ears, and long noses. They are, quite possibly, the most pathetic sentient race imaginable. It's definitely a compliment to even think of them as "sentient."

Snotlings bundle together into Snotling Swarms when attacked. All the Snotlings in an area will bunch up together, rather than attempting to attack from different angles, and simply swarm all over an opponent. They are so dim that they can't even recognize when they are in danger.

— Snotling Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
15%	0%	12%	15%	30%	12%	10%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	4	1	1	4	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue)

Talents: Fearless, Night Vision

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Dagger

Slaughter Margin: Very Easy

SPIRITS

The dead do not rest easy in the Old World. The various Spirits of the dead often return to haunt the lands of the

living. Some seek only release, while others hate the living with such passion that they give themselves over to evil.

GHOSTS

Unless somehow coerced by powerful evil forces, Ghosts are not usually malevolent. Some may be mischievous and enjoy scaring the living. Most, however, wish only to be released from their tormented existence. A Ghost may seek to enlist the aid of the living to perform this release; perhaps by ensuring its body is reburied on consecrated ground, or by bringing its murderer to justice.

— Ghost Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25%	0%	30%	30%	42%	31%	18%	30%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	3	3	6	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +20%, Gossip, Perception +20%, Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Ethereal, Frightening, Night Vision, Undead

Special Rules:

- *Fearful Touch:* The touch of a Ghost does not inflict any damage to non-ethereal creatures, but does cause the target to make a new Fear Test. This can be dodged but not parried. Ghosts must become visible for the round to use this ability.
- *Invisible:* A Ghost can become invisible as a free action. While invisible, a Ghost can't be targeted with ranged attacks, including magic missiles. Because they are ethereal and silent, they also can't be attacked in melee.
- *Place of Death:* A typical Ghost cannot move more than 36 yards from its place of death without necromantic compulsion. Certain Ghosts may manage to wander much further. A Ghost whose body has been physically removed from its place of death, for example, might be capable of haunting the current whereabouts of its body.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: None

Slaughter Margin: Average (Impossible without a magic weapon or spells)

POLTERGEISTS

Poltergeists are similar to Ghosts, but they love to frighten mortals and play tricks on them. Why some of the dead become Ghosts and others Poltergeists is a subject of debate.

— Poltergeist Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
22%	0%	30%	30%	45%	31%	18%	30%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	3	6	0	0	0

Skills: Charm, Concealment +20%, Perception +20%,
Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Ethereal, Frightening, Night Vision, Undead

Special Rules:

- *Invisible:* See **Ghost** for rules.
- *Spirit's Push:* A Poltergeist can move and manipulate light objects with otherworldly force as a half action. Any unsecured light item (Encumbrance of 10 or less) can be moved up to 12 yards (6 squares). Poltergeists can also open or close any unlocked door or knock over items with an Encumbrance of 50 or less within 24 yards (12 squares).

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: None

Slaughter Margin: Routine (Impossible without a magic weapon or spells)

SPECTRES

Spectres are Spirits trapped in the mortal world as a result of a broken vow or a curse placed upon them. A few Spectres may make common cause with the living in the hopes relieving their condition and gaining freedom at last. The majority, though, have been driven mad, evil, or both by their years of torment and the knowledge that they helped bring it upon themselves. They attack the living out of pure malice, reaching their hands out from within walls or other objects to paralyze and slowly kill anyone that falls into their clutches.

— Spectre Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	0%	40%	43%	42%	18%	18%	30%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	20	4	4	6	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +20%, Perception +20%, Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Ethereal, Frightening, Night Vision, Undead

Special Rules:

- *Chilling Touch:* Unlike most Spirits, a Spectre can injure an opponent with its touch alone. This is a Damage 4 attack that ignores all Armour Points; it can be dodged but not parried. Furthermore, a Spectre that hits its opponent also paralyzes him with horror for 1 round unless a successful Will Power Test is made. This paralysis effect applies whether or not the Spectre's touch inflicts any damage. Paralyzed characters can take no actions and are considered to be helpless. A Spectre must become visible for the round to use this ability.
- *Invisible:* See **Ghost** for rules.
- *Terrifying Display:* A visible Spectre can put on a terrifying display as a full action. The Spectre is surrounded by a glowing nimbus and it radiates malice as it cackles madly. Those seeing this must immediately take a Terror Test.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: None

Slaughter Margin: Hard (Impossible without a magic weapon or spells)

TREETMEN

Treemen are massive humanoid creatures that resemble upright walking trees. They are considered a legend by most Old Worlders and the few that believe in their existence think them long dead. They are not gone, but those that remain dwell exclusively within the forest of Athel Loren. Indeed, there are those who believe the Treemen are Athel Loren. They seldom venture beyond the forest for any but the direst reasons, and Dryads frequently accompany them when they do so. The Treemen are wise and will not engage in battles they cannot win unless they have no other choice. All the creatures of Athel Loren obey them without question, which grants them a great many beast allies, to say nothing of the Wood Elves. To stand against the wrath of a Treeman is to face the fury of nature unleashed. Survivors often dread going into the woods for years afterward, many of them becoming city dwellers permanently.

— Treemen Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
81%	33%	64%	72%	22%	66%	75%	38%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
4	46	6	7	6	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Common Knowledge (Elves), Follow Trail +20%, Intimidate, Navigation, Outdoor

Survival+20%, Perception +20%, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Speak Language (Eltharin, Malla-room-ba-larin +10%)

Talents: Ambidextrous, Frightening, Lightning Parry, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Flammable:* When a Treeman is hit with a fire-based attack, any Wounds suffered are doubled. This is calculated after any deductions for Toughness Bonus or Armour Points.
- *Strength of the Forest:* A Treeman's natural weapons are so deadly that they count as having the Impact Quality.
- *Thick Bark:* The tough bark of a Treeman's skin grants him 3 Armour Points on all locations.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Mighty Fists

Slaughter Margin: Very Hard

TROLLS

Trolls are large, strong, and staggeringly dim. They come in a variety of colours, from the weedy green of River Trolls to the greys and blues of Stone Trolls. Judging from their appearance and behaviour, they may or may not be big cousins of the Greenskins.

Trolls prefer to attack with their clubs or natural weapons, but if need be they will "soften up" an armoured target with a dose of vomit before laying in with the club. A group of Trolls will work together reasonably well, concentrating their devastating attacks against one or a small group of targets, but only until the first enemy is dead. At that point it is typical that at least one Troll will get distracted, starting to eat the corpse, which often distracts the others and causes a fight to break out as the Trolls squabble over the choicest morsels of meat.

COMMON TROLLS

Unfortunately for the good citizens of the Old World, Common Trolls can be found almost anywhere. They favour particularly foul-smelling places, but for every Troll that makes its home in a rotten swamp or stagnant poolside there is likely to be another that has colonised a muck-ridden stable or an abandoned house that still has rotten food in the larder and dead cats decaying in the corners.

— Common Troll Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
37%	15%	51%	48%	20%	18%	27%	10%



Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	30	5	4	6	0	0	0

Skills: Intimidate, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface *or* Swim, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue)

Talents: Fearless, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)

Special Rules:

- *Regeneration:* At the start of its turn each round, a Troll regenerates 1d10 Wounds. Wounds caused by fire cannot be regenerated. This ability ceases to function if the Troll dies.
- *Stupid:* Trolls are quite stupid and they often forget what they are doing. Any time a Troll encounters something that might distract it, such as a fresh corpse to eat or a particularly ripe smell to investigate, it must make an Intelligence Test or stop whatever it was previously doing to engage with the new distraction (in the above examples, eat the corpse or investigate the smell). If the Troll is being attacked, it is far less likely to be distracted and the test becomes Easy (+20%).
- *Vomit:* A Troll can vomit on a melee opponent as a full action, spraying corrosive and ill-smelling digestive juices whose foulness defies description. The vomit attack hits automatically for Damage 5 and ignores all Armour Points. It may be dodged but not parried (for obvious reasons).

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws and Great Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Hard

CHAOS TROLLS

Chaos Trolls are even more fearsome, stench-laden, and ugly than their normal counterparts. They are typically mutated by their contact with Chaos, often barely resembling a Common Troll other than in size and savagery. Chaos Warlords recruit such Trolls whenever possible. While they may be dim, their capacity for destruction is impressive.

— Chaos Troll Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
39%	15%	54%	48%	20%	18%	27%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
4	32	5	4	6	0	0	0

Skills: Intimidate, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface *or* Swim, Speak Language (Dark Tongue, Goblin Tongue)

Talents: Fearless, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)



Special Rules:

- **Chaos Mutations:** Roll 1d10 to determine the number of mutations: 1-5=1 mutation, 6-10=2 mutations. Then roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate them and modify stats as appropriate.
- **Regeneration:** See **Common Troll** for rules.
- **Stupid:** See **Common Troll** for rules.
- **Vomit:** See **Common Troll** for rules.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws and Great Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Hard

RIVER TROLLS

A River Troll somewhat resembles the bottom of the river, if that riverbed is particularly coated in sediment, slime, rotting vegetation, fish carcasses, and various other smelly detritus whose precise nature and origin are too horrible to contemplate. In all probability the River Troll's stink is even worse than that of the riverbed, since one can add the Troll's personal miasma to the ill-omened mélange of odours emitted from the mucky smears on its skin.

— River Troll Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
36%	15%	51%	44%	22%	18%	27%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	29	5	4	6	0	0	0

Skills: Intimidate, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue), Swim +10%

Talents: Fearless, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)

Special Rules:

- **Regeneration:** See **Common Troll** for rules.
- **Stink Baaaad:** Due to the especially unpleasant stench of a River Troll, any opponents in melee combat have -10% penalty to WS, unless they have no sense of smell or have some means of nullifying said sense.
- **Stupid:** See **Common Troll** for rules.
- **Vomit:** See **Common Troll** for rules.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws and Great Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Hard

STONE TROLLS

Stone Trolls live on rocky mountains and tend to consume large quantities of stone and rock. The natural magical inertia of stone imbues them with a certain degree of magical resistance.

— Stone Troll Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38%	15%	51%	49%	18%	18%	30%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	32	5	4	6	0	0	0

Skills: Intimidate, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface +20%, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue)

Talents: Fearless, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)

Special Rules:

- *Magic Sink:* When attempting to resist a spell or magical effect, a Stone Troll receives a +30% bonus to its Will Power.
- *Regeneration:* See **Common Troll** for rules.
- *Stupid:* See **Common Troll** for rules.
- *Vomit:* See **Common Troll** for rules.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws and Great Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Hard

UNICORNS

Unicorns resemble horses, though the structure of their heads is reminiscent of a goat's. A single spiralling horn crowns their foreheads, rising up from between their eyes, and they are quite skilled at using it as a weapon. They are clever creatures thought to be capable of sensing both purity and wickedness in those around them. They are invariably wild beasts, for no one has ever tamed a Unicorn. Unicorns are shy beasts that generally wish only to be left alone, though some have allowed Wood Elf maidens to ride them into battle.

— Unicorn Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
52%	0%	40%	46%	43%	25%	60%	31%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	23	4	4	8	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Follow Trail +20%, Perception +20%, Swim

Talents: Acute Hearing, Fearless, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision

Special Rules:

- *Horn:* A Unicorn's horn counts as a magic weapon. Furthermore, if the Unicorn makes a charge attack, the horn inflicts SB+1 Damage and counts as having the Impact Quality.
- *Natural Dispel:* A Unicorn is surrounded by a supernatural aura that protects both the Unicorn and any rider from magic. A Unicorn is allowed a Will Power Test when targeted by *any* spell (not just those that allow Will Power Tests to resist). If the test is successful, the spell is dispelled immediately and in total. A Unicorn can voluntarily forgo this protection if it wants to benefit from a friendly spell.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Horn

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

VAMPIRE BATS

Vampire Bats closely resemble more normal bats in general outline, but they are far larger, with wingspans of up to fifteen feet and bodies the size of large dogs. A Vampire Bat is further distinguished from a mere bat by its obviously Undead nature. Although its body is usually in far better condition than a Zombie or other lesser Undead, its pallid skin and red-glowing eyes are a clear warning to anyone who sees it.

Vampire Bats typically hunt alone, in which case they will seek out small groups of travellers or better still lone merchants and wanderers. Rarely, several Vampire Bats may hunt together, or be recruited into the army of a necromancer or Vampire Lord. In this case they will attack more openly, but otherwise with variants of their usual tactics—either overwhelming a group who have inferior numbers, or else carrying off victims.

— Vampire Bat Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	0%	31%	30%	34%	18%	25%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	3	3	2(8)	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Perception +20%

Talents: Flier, Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Strike Mighty Blow, Undead

Special Rules:

- *Enhanced Senses:* Vampire Bats can “see” in complete darkness, up to a range of 30 yards, using a form of echolocation very similar to that possessed by more ordinary bats. Note that using this echolocation is not silent; a character within range of it may make a Perception Test to hear the high-pitched squeaks emitted by the echolocating Vampire Bat.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Teeth

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

VAMPIRES

Vampires are ancient and powerful Undead, who sprang from dark researches conducted in the Nehekharan city of Khemri by the Priest King Nagash. Nagash experimented with advanced mummification techniques and Necromantic magic on his own body, prolonging his life enormously. After Nagash's defeat, the Queen of Lahmia acquired his research materials and was able to complete a version of his great work, transforming herself and her closest allies into Vampires. Eventually the Lahmian Vampire Queen and her companions were also overthrown, and the first Vampires scattered to the four corners of the globe. The major modern Vampire bloodlines were all formed from the dynasties spawned by the banished Queen's lieutenants and

allies as they settled or wandered around the Old World. The stats presented here are for Thralls, the youngest and most commonly encountered type of Vampire. The dreaded Vampire Lords are ancient by Human reckoning and have powers far beyond those of their Thralls.

BLOOD DRAGON VAMPIRES

The Order of the Blood Dragon was once a celebrated knightly brotherhood of the Empire. In one night, however, a Vampire of the Harkon line turned the entire order into his Undead minions. Their original headquarters of Blood Keep was destroyed by four orders of righteous templars centuries ago and since that time the Blood Dragons have wandered the Old World seeking to master the martial arts. Their way is the way of the sword and each one strives to become the perfect warrior.

— Blood Dragon Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
68%	45%	64%	65%	68%	40%	70%	51%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	22	6	6	6	1	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, History, Strategy/Tactics), Charm, Command +10%, Common Knowledge (any three), Dodge Blow, +10%, Evaluate, Intimidate, Gossip, Magical Sense, Perception, Ride +10%, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Speak Language (any three), Torture

Talents: Disarm, Frightening, Keen Senses, Lightning Parry, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Undead

Special Rules:

- *Blademaster:* A Blood Dragon Vampire has spent decades, if not centuries, mastering different styles of hand-to-hand combat. At the start of his turn each round, a Blood Dragon Vampire can reduce the Attacks Characteristic of one of his melee opponents by 1 as a free action. This lasts for 1 round.
- *Blood Drain:* A Vampire that is grappling an opponent can drain blood with his fangs. If the Vampire inflicts at least 1 Wound on an enemy while grappling, the victim loses 1d10% from his Strength Characteristic as well. If the victim survives the encounter, 1% of the lost Strength is regained each hour.
- *Natural Necromancer:* A Vampire can control Undead the same way necromancers do (see *WFRP*, page 161). If the Vampire actually practices



Necromancy, he does not suffer the Side Effects that are typically associated with that Black Art.

- *Pass for Human:* A Vampire can pass for Human if need be, retracting his fangs and claws and softening his features. When in this form, the Vampire is no longer Frightening. Switching back and forth is a free action.
- *Vampire's Curse:* Vampirism grants many benefits but it also has severe drawbacks. A Vampire cannot cross running water except over a bridge. A Vampire shows no reflection in a mirror. A Vampire must drink several pints of blood every day or lose 10% from all Characteristics in the Main Profile (losses are regained as soon as feeding takes place). A Vampire in direct sunlight halves all Characteristics (rounded down) and suffers 1 Wound (regardless of Toughness Bonus or Armour Points) per minute of exposure.

Armour: Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5

Weapons: Fangs, Claws, Hand Weapon, Lance (if mounted), Shield

Slaughter Margin: Very Hard

CARSTEIN VAMPIRES

Of all the Vampires that have been known to Man, the cursed bloodline of the von Carsteins is the most infamous. Handsome, arrogant, charismatic, and proud, the von Carsteins are the true aristocracy of the night. It was Vlad von Carstein, the first of their line, who brought vampirism to the unhappy land of Sylvania. He inflicted the dread curse on all the greatest and most powerful nobles of the land, bound them to his will, and became the undisputed ruler and master of an Undead kingdom at the very heart of the Empire. Various von Carsteins have risen, fallen, and risen again since that time and Sylvania continues to be a haunted land where the dead do not rest easily.

— Carstein Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
65%	42%	62%	63%	66%	45%	70%	65%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	.21	6	6	6	1	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, History, Necromancy), Charm +10%, Channelling, Command +10%, Common Knowledge (any three), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Shadowing, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any three), Torture



Talents: Dark Magic, Disarm, Frightening, Keen Senses, Master Orator, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Arcane), Public Speaking, Schemer, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing, Parrying), Undead

Special Rules:

- *Blood Drain:* See **Blood Dragon Vampire** for rules.
- *Natural Necromancer:* See **Blood Dragon Vampire** for rules.
- *Pass for Human:* See **Blood Dragon Vampire** for rules.
- *Transfixing Gaze:* A von Carstein Vampire can immobilize opponents with nothing more than his gaze. He can use this ability against a single victim within 6 yards (3 squares); this is a half action. The target can resist with a successful Will Power Test. Otherwise, the victim is transfixed and is considered helpless for 1 round. The Vampire can maintain the effect each round with another half action. The victim is not allowed further Will Power Tests if the Vampire chooses to maintain his transfixing gaze.
- *Vampire's Curse:* See **Blood Dragon Vampire** for rules.

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Fangs, Claws, Hand Weapon or Rapier, Shield or Main Gauche

Slaughter Margin: Hard

LAHMIAN VAMPIRES

All the Vampires of the Lahmian sisterhood are said to be descended from the Queen of Lahmia, one of the seven Vampire nobles who escaped the destruction of that vile city. She is said to despise men and consequently very few Lahmians are male. Instead, enchantingly beautiful maidens are chosen from amongst the most noble families of the Old World and granted the Blood Kiss of the Vampire. They then strive to gain control of Humans around them with cunning and intrigue. No other Vampires excel in infiltrating Human society in the same way as this shadowy sisterhood.

— Lahmian Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
61%	40%	60%	60%	69%	48%	70%	69%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	20	6	6	6	1	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (the Arts, Genealogy/Heraldry, History, Necromancy, Philosophy), Charm +20%, Channelling, Command, Common Knowledge (any three), Concealment, Disguise +20%, Dodge Blow, Evaluate +20%, Gossip +20%, Haggle +20%, Magical Sense, Perception +10%, Performer (any two), Prepare Poison +10%, Read/Write, Ride, Search, Shadowing,

Silent Move, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any three), Torture

Talents: Dark Magic, Etiquette, Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Arcane), Public Speaking, Quick Draw, Schemer, Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Undead

Special Rules:

- *Blood Drain:* See **Blood Dragon Vampire** for rules.
- *Domination:* A Lahmian Vampire can use her seductive powers to put the weak willed under her spell. She may attempt to control a Humanoid within 6 yards (3 squares) as a full action. This is an opposed test that pits the Vampire's Fellowship versus her target's Will Power. If the Vampire wins, she gains complete control over her target and can compel him to do as she wishes. The target may attempt to break free of this control after 1d10 rounds by another opposed test. The Vampire can free a subject from domination at any time as a free action.
- *Natural Necromancer:* See **Blood Dragon Vampire** for rules.
- *Pass for Human:* See **Blood Dragon Vampire** for rules.
- *Vampire's Curse:* See **Blood Dragon Vampire** for rules.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Fangs, Claws, Hand Weapon, Main Gauche

Slaughter Margin: Hard

NECRARCH VAMPIRES

Necrarch Vampires are perhaps the most terrifying of all the lords of the night. Most Vampires retain their Human features when they join the ranks of the Undead, but something in the blood of the Necrarchs is tainted and foul. Their physical corruption begins as soon as they enter the ranks of the Undead. Skeletal and reeking with the stench of charnel houses, the Necrarch Vampires are truly a horrifying sight.

Despite their appearance, however, Necrarchs are highly intelligent. They live in high towers, where they study the Heavens and the secrets of dark magic. From time to time they summon the dead that sleep in the catacombs and tombs around their dwellings and go conquer the lands of the mortals.

— Necrarch Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
51%	41%	61%	65%	62%	58%	75%	15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	20	6	6	6	2	0	0



Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy +10%, Genealogy/Heraldry, History, Magic +10%, Necromancy +10%), Charm, Channelling +10%, Command, Common Knowledge (any three), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Magical Sense, Perception, Prepare Poison +10%, Read/Write +10%, Ride, Search, Shadowing, Sleight of Hand, Silent Move, Speak Arcane Language (Magick) +10%, Speak Language (any four), Torture

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Dark Lore (Necromancy), Dark Magic, Fast Hands, Keen Senses, Lesser Magic (Dispel, Magic Lock), Meditation, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Arcane), Terrifying, Undead

Special Rules:

- *Blood Drain:* See **Blood Dragon Vampire** for rules.
- *Master of the Black Arts:* When casting a spell from the Lore of Necromancy, a Necrarch Vampire gains a +3 bonus on the Casting Roll.
- *Natural Necromancer:* See **Blood Dragon Vampire** for rules.
- *Vampire's Curse:* See **Blood Dragon Vampire** for rules.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws and Fangs

Slaughter Margin: Very Hard

STRIGOI VAMPIRES

The Strigoi are desperate creatures, hated by both the living and the Undead. Once the proud brood of Ushoran, the Lord of Masks, the Strigoi were laid low when Orcs destroyed their kingdom. Now, they dare not feed on humans for fear of attracting the attention of Witch Hunters or other Vampires. For this reason they hide in graveyards, living on the cold blood of recently buried corpses. These hunched monstrosities lack any semblance of human appearance. Packs of flesh-eating Ghouls are attracted to these lonely creatures and often form grotesque courts around them.

— Strigoi Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
63%	31%	67%	66%	65%	39%	67%	17%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	24	6	6	6	1	0	0

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (any one), Concealment +10%, Dodge Blow, Magical Sense, Perception +10%, Search, Shadowing +10%, Silent Move +10%, Speak Language (any two), Torture



Talents: Frenzy, Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Rover, Strike Mighty Blow, Undead

Special Rules:

- *Bat Form:* A Strigoi Vampire can transform into a Vampire Bat as a half action. His stats become those of a Vampire Bat (see page 113), though he retains his own Intelligence and Wounds. The Vampire can remain in bat form as long as he likes and change back as a half action.
- *Blood Drain:* See **Blood Dragon Vampire** for rules.
- *Natural Necromancer:* See **Blood Dragon Vampire** for rules.
- *Vampire's Curse:* See **Blood Dragon Vampire** for rules.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws and Fangs

Slaughter Margin: Hard

WARHAWKS

Warhawks are birds of prey large enough to serve as flying mounts. Their wingspan measures over six yards and each of their talons is as long as a dagger, making them dangerous adversaries in their own right. They are rarely seen in the Old World, and when spotted they are invariably ridden by the Wood Elves of Athel Loren.

— Warhawk Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	0%	39%	36%	53%	15%	37%	18%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	3	3	2(8)	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge, Perception +10%

Talents: Excellent Vision, Flier, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws

Slaughter Margin: Average

WERECREATURES

Wercreatures can change their form into that of a beast. The Weres of the North are Chaos tainted, whereas the legendary Children of Ulric, if they exist, reputedly draw their power from another source.

In Human form, Wercreatures, regardless of their origin, have a normal profile (generated as a Player Character, but without Fate Points). When they take on their second form, their stat line and abilities are changed in different ways, depending on what sort of Wercreature they are. Note that the following stat lines either modify or replace a Wercreature's original Human stat line when they are "berserk". Changing forms is a full action.

WERE

When Weres change form, their stats are modified according the scheme below and they gain all listed skills and talents. If they have any of the noted skills already, the Skill Mastery rules apply.

— Were Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	-	+10%	+10%	+20%	-10%	-10%	-20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+5	-	-	+1	-	-	-

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trails, Perception, Silent Move, Swim

Talents: Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Unsettling

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Roll 1d10 to determine the number of mutations: 1-5=1 mutation, 6-10=2 mutations. Then roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate them and modify stats as appropriate.

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

CHILD OF ULRIC

Children of Ulric, if indeed they exist, can take on a form with the following stats.

— Child of Ulric Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
46%	0%	45%	47%	36%	18%	35%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	12	3	3	9	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trails, Perception +10%, Silent Move, Swim

Talents: Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Teeth

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

WIGHTS

Wights are the remains of mortal heroes, animated beyond death by their own evil wills, and by strong magic woven by those who interred them in their grave-mounds many centuries earlier. Wights are almost always arrayed in full armour, but their pale faces are visible beneath the helm, spectral remnants of their long-decayed bodies. Though most have no flesh left, nothing but bones turned brown from their long exposure to the soil, still their faces are set in a grim and warlike frown.

The combination of armour and bones makes them very resilient, but it also at least gives their enemies something to aim for—these are not incorporeal, intangible monsters like Spectres or Wraiths. Wights still have all their military knowledge and experience available to them from when they were alive, and many of them have been fighting for centuries or even millennia when Undead, as well.

— Wight Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40%	35%	45%	45%	30%	25%	35%	20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	4	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Perception, Speak Language (Classical)

Talents: Frightening, Night Vision, Undead

Special Rules:

- *Wight Blade:* Wights wield ancient and deadly weapons infused the power of undeath. In the hands of a Wight, such a blade counts as a magical weapon and inflicts SB+2 Damage. Furthermore, when a Wight causes a Critical Hit, it makes two rolls on **Table 6-2: Critical Hits** and inflicts the deadlier result. In the hands of anyone else, a Wight Blade counts as a hand weapon.

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Wight Blade and Shield.

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

WILD BOARS

The boars of the Old World are exceptionally ill-tempered and vicious beasts, two traits that the Orcs admire greatly, which is probably why so many have been taken as mounts for the Greenskin hordes. The impact that a charging boar can produce is considerable. Left to their own devices, boars generally root the ground for grubs and menace any creatures foolish enough to interrupt their feeding. Many boars have become entirely carnivorous as a result of the Orcs breeding the trait into their mounts, and then releasing them to mate with other wild boars.

— Wild Boar Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	0%	36%	42%	30%	14%	15%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	3	4	7	0	0	0

Skills: Follow Trail, Perception, Swim

Talents: Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision

Special Rules:

- *Thick Skin:* Due to their unusually thick skin, Wild Boars reduce the Critical Values of Critical Hits against them by 1.
- *Tusks:* When a Wild Boar makes a charge attack, its tusks count as having the Impact Quality.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Tusks

Slaughter Margin: Average



WRAITHS

Wraiths are tall, cloaked forms wielding huge scythes. The only features visible beneath the cloak are their glowing eyes, though some throw back their hoods to reveal the ethereal likeness of an evilly grinning skull beneath. Wraiths are formed when powerful wizards coming to the end of their allotted years begin to experiment with various methods of keeping themselves alive. Those who succeed became necromancers, or perhaps occasionally Vampires. Those who fail became Wraiths—living on in an Undead form by virtue of their desperate desire to cheat death.

Wraiths are often quite intelligent, and will sometimes use their Ethereality to ambush enemies. Often, though, they prefer to simply attack; revelling in their sheer power and in the terror they cause, swinging their scythes with wild abandon, half-believing themselves to be truly the incarnations of Death which they so resemble.

— Wraith Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38%	0%	35%	42%	31%	44%	64%	25%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	20	3	4	6	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic +10%, Necromancy +10%), Concealment +20%, Perception +20%, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Ethereal, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Terrifying, Undead

Special Rules:

- *Chilling Attack:* A Wraith can injure mortal enemies with its scythe or even its touch. These chilling attacks suck the life out of their targets and armour offers no protection against them. Chilling attacks can be dodged but not parried.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Great Weapon (Scythe)

Slaughter Margin: Hard (Impossible without a magic weapon or spells)

WYVERNS

Wyverns resemble the descriptions of Dragons, but only superficially. Those who have seen both would not mistake one for the other—even apart from the different number of limbs, a Wyvern's body and head are shaped quite differently from a Dragon's, being less lithe and sinuous, and more heavily muscled for its size. Wyverns rarely attack Humans unless their mountain homes are disturbed. They

will swoop down and carry off large herd animals, but have long since learned that Humans are not worth the effort as prey unless the Wyverns are starving (not enough meat on them, and too much chance they might be armed with swords or spells).

A Wyvern that has been tamed for riding by an Orc Warlord will be used in any manner the Orc can think of. Before combat the Warlord may mount his Wyvern for a scouting mission, trusting to what his own eyes can see rather than believing his Goblin scouts. During battle, the Wyvern is again used to oversee the situation, but can also carry the Orc into the thick of the fighting whenever the need arises.

— Wyvern Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
51%	0%	64%	56%	32%	20%	40%	15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	44	6	5	4(8)	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +10%

Talents: Flier, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Scales (4), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Terrifying, Will of Iron, Unstoppable Blows

Special Rules:

- *Tail Attack:* At the end of any round in which the Wyvern made a swift attack, after all other attacks (including the Wyvern's opponents' attacks) have been resolved, the Wyvern may make a tail attack as a free action. This is resolved exactly like any other natural attack of the Wyvern's, except that it is also poisoned. If the attack inflicts at least 1 Wound, the target loses 3 additional Wounds unless a successful **Challenging (-10%) Toughness Test** is made.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 4, Arms 4, Body 4, Legs 4

Weapons: Claws and Teeth

Slaughter Margin: Very Hard

ZOMBIES

A Zombie is always Humanoid in form, being an animated Human corpse in a greater or lesser state of decay. Depending on its age, it may resemble anything from an almost alive-looking, freshly killed corpse that is only revealed as Undead by the gaping axe wound in its forehead, all the way to Zombies so badly decayed as to resemble little more than Skeletons, with only a few tatters of flesh remaining.



— Zombie Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25%	0%	35%	35%	10%	—	—	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: None

Talents: Frightening, Night Vision, Undead

Special Rules:

- *Mindless:* Zombies are animated corpses with no mind or spirit of their own. They have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship, and can never take or fail Tests based on these Characteristics.
- *Shambling:* Zombies are relentless but slow. They cannot take the run action.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon

Slaughter Margin: Easy

— APPENDIX I: MOUNTS —

While horses are the most common mounts, there are many other creatures that are ridden in the Old World. This Appendix provides stats for creatures typically used as mounts. In addition, Giant Spiders (page 96), Giant Wolves (page 96), and Wild Boars (page 119) are sometimes used as mounts by Greenskins. All of these mounts count as dray animals for the purpose of encumbrance (see *WFRP*, page 103).

CHAOS STEEDS

Chaos Knights ride these mutated warhorses. Though their once beautiful hides are now covered with pustules and oozing scabs, Chaos Steeds are strong and vicious combatants.

— Chaos Steeds Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38%	0%	49%	45%	30%	10%	16%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	18	4	4	8	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +10%, Swim

Talents: Acute Hearing, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Roll 1d10 to determine the number of mutations: 1-5=1 mutation, 6-10=2 mutations. Then roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate them and modify stats as appropriate.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hooves

Slaughter Margin: Average

DAEMONIC MOUNTS

The favoured champions of the Ruinous Powers ride these Daemon beasts. As creatures of Chaos, they come in endless forms, but the most common one is that of a Daemonic Destrier with burning red eyes and breath like a pestilent cloud.

— Daemonic Mount Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41%	0%	58%	59%	34%	13%	38%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	28	5	5	8	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +10%, Swim

Talents: Acute Hearing, Daemonic Aura, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Chaos Mutations:* Huge Horns. There is a 50% chance of an additional mutation. Roll on **Table 2-1: Expanded Chaos Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate.
- *Instability:* A Daemonic Mount doesn't have to worry about instability as long as its owner still lives. Should the mount's rider be killed, however, the following rule takes effect. On any round in which a Daemonic Mount is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos from which it came.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hooves and Huge Horns

Slaughter Margin: Challenging



DESTRIERS

Destriers are heavy warhorses, used primarily by the various knightly orders of the Old World. They are expensive to train, equip, and maintain, so they are rarely seen outside of military organizations.

— Destrier Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
30%	0%	45%	45%	30%	10%	10%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	18	4	4	8	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +10%, Swim

Talents: Acute Hearing, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Strike Mighty Blow

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hooves

Slaughter Margin: Routine

ELVEN STEEDS

Elven Steeds are renowned for their beauty and speed. This breed originally came from distant Ulthuan. The last pure herd of Elven Steeds in the Old World can be found in Athel Loren. Only the most exceptional Humans are ever given the chance to ride an Elven Steed.

— Elven Steed Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
36%	0%	43%	41%	42%	10%	10%	20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	4	4	9	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow, Perception +20%, Swim

Talents: Acute Hearing, Excellent Vision, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Strike Mighty Blow

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hooves

Slaughter Margin: Average

LIGHT WARHORSES

These horses are trained for combat. They can make attacks and won't run at the scent of blood. They are favoured by Chaos Marauders, Imperial Pistoliers, and Kislevite cavalry.

— Light Warhorse Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
30%	0%	40%	40%	30%	10%	10%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	4	8	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +10%, Swim

Talents: Acute Hearing, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Strike Mighty Blow

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hooves

Slaughter Margin: Routine

NIGHTMARES

Vampires and Wights often ride into battle on these Undead steeds. They are the re-animated carcasses of mighty destriers, their bodies rotted and maggot-riddled. Nightmares are particularly favoured Blood Dragon Vampires.

— Nightmare Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
24%	0%	40%	40%	25%	—	—	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	4	8	0	0	0

Skills: None

Talents: Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow, Undead

Special Rules:

- *Mindless:* Nightmares have no mind or spirit of their own. They have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship, and can never take or fail Tests based on these Characteristics.
- *Shambling:* Skeletons are relentless but slow. They cannot take the run action.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hooves

Slaughter Margin: Routine

PONIES

Ponies are used as pack animals or as mounts for smaller races like Dwarfs and Halflings.

— Pony Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25%	0%	35%	35%	35%	10%	10%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
0	12	3	3	6	0	0	0

Skills: Perception, Swim

Talents: Acute Hearing, Keen Senses

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: None

Slaughter Margin: Very Easy

RIDING HORSES

Riding horses are common mounts for the nobility of the Old World.

— Riding Horse Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25%	0%	38%	38%	30%	10%	10%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
0	12	3	3	8	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +10%, Swim

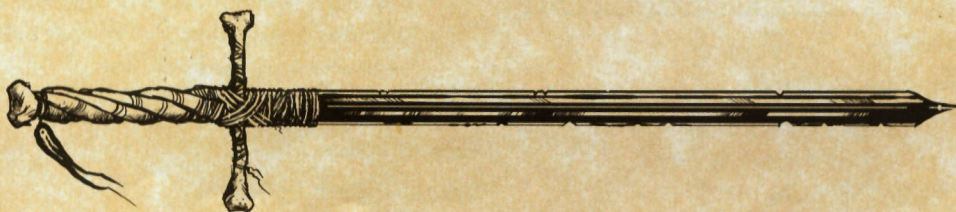
Talents: Acute Hearing, Keen Senses

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: None

Slaughter Margin: Very Easy



— APPENDIX II: ANIMALS —

The Old World is a dangerous place, far more given over to wilderness than civilization. The settlements of Humans are small bastions in the midst of a vast green sea. Dense forests cover the greater bulk of the Empire and the surrounding mountains are anything but tame. City dwellers regard the world outside their walls with dread and superstition, ascribing unnatural powers to all manner of creatures. The ability of Chaos to corrupt nearly any creature has made Humanity distrustful of all wild beasts and wary even of the supposedly domesticated ones. This appendix includes game stats for animals not covered in the *WFRP* core rulebook or Appendix 1.

PREY ANIMALS

Prey animals range from tiny rabbits to hefty elk, with all manner of creatures in between. They are generally inoffensive beasts with healthy survival instincts. Their best defence is usually a swift retreat from predators, since their fighting abilities tend to be less than extraordinary.

— Small Prey Animal Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25%	0%	6%	4%	38%	10%	10%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	2	0	0	6	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +20%

Talents: Flee!, Keen Senses

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Unarmed

Slaughter Margin: Very Easy

— Large Prey Animal Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	0%	36%	38%	30%	6%	10%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	17	3	3	7	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +20%

Talents: Keen Senses, Natural Weapons

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Various Natural Weapons

Slaughter Margin: Easy

SMALL RAPTORS

Great Eagles and Warhawks are the largest of the raptors in the Old World, but this entry is more concerned with such avians as falcons and owls.

— Small Raptor Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
36%	0%	10%	10%	35%	11%	20%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	6	1	1	2(8)	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +20%

Talents: Excellent Vision, Flier, Keen Senses

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Unarmed

Slaughter Margin: Very Easy

SNAKES

There are many breeds of snake in the Old World. Most of them are relatively harmless creatures unless startled. One of the more venomous varieties, and therefore more dangerous, is a type of woodland viper that is common throughout the Empire.

— Snake Statistics —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	0%	10%	14%	30%	6%	18%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	5	1	1	3	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +20%

Talents: Natural Weapons

Special Rules:

- Poisoned Bite:** An attack that inflicts at least 1 Wound deals 2 additional Wounds unless the target succeeds at a **Toughness Test**.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Teeth

Slaughter Margin: Very Easy

APPENDIX III: OPTIONAL HIT LOCATION TABLES

The *WFRP* core rulebook has one hit location table and supplementary rules that allow the GM to handle creatures of different sizes and shapes. This optional appendix replaces the one-size-fits-all table with six different tables that cover most creatures of the Old World. Common sense is still needed, but these tables require fewer judgment calls on the part of the GM. In addition to hit location tables, this appendix also includes a fifth Critical Effects table to cover wings.

**TABLE AP-1:
BIPED HIT LOCATIONS**

This is the standard hit location table. Use it for humanoids like Elves, Dwarfs, Orcs, and Ogres.

Roll	Location
01-15	Head
16-35	Right Arm
36-55	Left Arm
56-80	Body
81-90	Right Leg
91-00	Left Leg

**TABLE AP-2:
WINGED BIPED HIT LOCATIONS**

Use this table for creatures like Harpies and Chaos Furies.

Roll	Location
01-15	Head
16-25	Right Arm
26-35	Left Arm
36-45	Right Wing
46-55	Left Wing
56-80	Body
81-90	Right Leg
91-00	Left Leg

**TABLE AP-3:
QUADRUPED HIT LOCATIONS**

Use this table for creatures like Dire Wolves, Giant Rats, and Unicorns.

Roll	Location
01-15	Head
16-60	Body
61-70	Right Front Leg
71-80	Left Front Leg
81-90	Right Rear Leg
91-00	Left Rear Leg

**TABLE AP-4:
WINGED QUADRUPED HIT LOCATIONS**

Use this table for creatures like Dragons, Griffons, and Pegasi.

Roll	Location
01-10	Head
11-20	Right Wing
21-30	Left Wing
31-60	Body
61-70	Right Front Leg
71-80	Left Front Leg
81-90	Right Rear Leg
91-00	Left Rear Leg

**TABLE AP-5: HUMANOID
QUADRUPED HIT LOCATIONS**

Use this table for creatures like Bull Centaurs, Centigors, and Dragon Ogres.

Roll	Location
01-10	Head
11-20	Right Arm
21-30	Left Arm
31-60	Body
61-70	Right Front Leg
71-80	Left Front Leg
81-90	Right Rear Leg
91-00	Left Rear Leg

TABLE AP-6: AVIAN HIT LOCATIONS

Use this table for creatures such as Great Eagles and Warhawks.

Roll	Location
01-15	Head
16-35	Right Wing
36-55	Left Wing
56-80	Body
81-90	Right Leg
91-00	Left Leg



TABLE AP-7: CRITICAL EFFECTS—WING

d10 roll	Effect
1	Wing buffeted. All the creature's tests take a -10% penalty for 1 round.
2	Glancing blow. A flying creature must make a Routine (+10%) Agility Test or immediately lose one level of altitude. A creature on the ground cannot take off on its next turn.
3	Wing damaged. The creature's Flying Movement is reduced by 2. A flying creature must make a Challenging (-10%) Agility Test or immediately lose one level of altitude. A creature on the ground cannot take off on its next turn.
4	Wing savaged. The creature's Flying Movement is reduced by 4. A flying creature must make a Very Hard (-30%) Agility Test or immediately lose one level of altitude. A creature on the ground cannot take off for 1d10 rounds.
5	Wing incapacitated. The creature's Flying Movement is reduced to 0. A flying creature falls out of the air, taking falling damage appropriate to its level of altitude. A creature on the ground cannot take off as long as it remains heavily wounded.
6	Base of wing cut open. The creature's Flying Movement is reduced to 0. A flying creature falls out of the air, taking falling damage appropriate to its level of altitude. A creature on the ground cannot take off as long as it remains heavily wounded. Blood loss is such that the creature has a 20% chance of dying each round until medical attention is received. Test at the start of his turn each round. Use the Sudden Death rules for any further Critical Hits on this creature.
7	Wing is turned into a bloody ruin and the creature is considered helpless. As result #6, but if the creature survives this combat, it must make a successful Toughness Test or lose the ability to fly permanently.
8	Wing severed and creature considered helpless. As result #6, but the creature loses the ability to fly permanently.
9	Major artery severed. After a fraction of a second, character collapses with blood pouring out of the ruins of his leg. Death from shock and blood loss is almost instantaneous.
10	Killed in whatever spectacular and gore-drenched fashion the player or GM cares to describe.

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