

WARHAMMER ARMIES

SKAVEN



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SKAVEN GUTTER RUNNERS AMBUSH AN EMPIRE ARMY



DWARFS DEFEND THEIR MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD AGAINST A SKAVEN ATTACK

WARHAMMER® ARMIES

SKAVEN

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CONTENTS

THE ORIGINS OF THE SKAVEN	4
THE UNDER-EMPIRE	6
SKAVENBLIGHT	6
THE CITY OF PILARS	7
CROOKBACK MOUNTAIN	7
HELL PIT	8
SKAVEN SOCIETY	9
WARPSTONE	10
THE HISTORY OF THE SKAVEN	12
DISASTER AT SKAVENBLIGHT	12
THE TIME OF THE GREY LORDS	13
THE WAR OF CRIPPLE PEAK	13
THE DEATH OF NAGASH	14
THE RISE OF CLAN PESTILENS	16
THE BLACK PLAGUE	17
THE HORNED RAT INCARNATE	20



SKAVEN TIMELINE	22
WAR MACHINES	24
WARPFIRE THROWER	24
SCREAMING BELL	26
DOOMWHEEL	29
WARPLOCK JEZZAIL	32
COLOUR MAP	34
BLACK & WHITE BANNERS	49
SKAVEN BESTIARY	50
SKAVEN	50
SKAVEN ASSASSINS	51
CLAN ESHIN GUTTER RUNNERS	52
CLAN SKRYRE POISON WIND GLOBADIERS	52
PLAGUE MONKS	53
GIANT RATS	53
PLAGUE CENSER BEARERS	54
SKAVEN PACKMASTERS	55
SKAVENSLAVES	55
VERMINLORD	56
RAT OGRES	56
RAT SWARMS	57

THE SKAVEN ARMY LIST	58
CHARACTERS	58
REGIMENTS	58
WAR MACHINES	59
MONSTERS	59
ALLIES	59
PRESENTATION OF PROFILES	59
LIMITATIONS ON CERTAIN CHARACTERS/UNITS	59
SPECIAL CHARACTERS	59
ARMOUR	59
EQUIPMENT LIST	60
ARMY SELECTION	60
CHARACTERS	61
SKAVEN WARLORD GENERAL	61
BATTLE STANDARD	61
CHIEFTAINS	61
CLAN PESTILENS PLAGUE PRIEST	62
CHAMPIONS	62
VERMIN LORDS	62
SKAVEN WARLOCKS & SEERS	62
REGIMENTS	63
STORMVERMIN	63
CLANRAT WARRIORS	63
CLAN ESHIN GUTTER RUNNERS	64
CLAN ESHIN ASSASSINS	64
SKAVENSLAVES	65
PLAGUE CENSER BEARERS	65
CLAN PESTILENS PLAGUE MONKS	65
CLAN SKRYRE POISON WIND GLOBADIERS	66
CLAN MOULDER PACKMASTERS	66
WAR MACHINES	67
CLAN SKRYRE WARPFIRE THROWER TEAMS	67
SCREAMING BELL	67
CLAN SKRYRE JEZZAIL TEAMS	67
DOOMWHEEL	67
MONSTERS LIST	68
SPECIAL CHARACTERS	69
GREY SEER THANQUOL	69
LORD SKROLK	70
IKIT CLAW	71
THROT THE UNCLEAN	72
DEATHMASTER SNIKCH	73
WARLORD QUEEK HEAD-TAKER	74
SKAVEN TACTICS	75

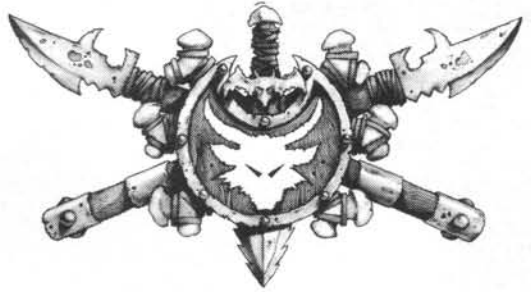


THE ORIGINS OF THE SKAVEN

Scholars and academics argue endlessly over the origins of the children of Chaos known as the Skaven. Some maintain they are simply a variant form of Beastman, others insist they are an entirely separate race mutated not from humans as Beastmen are but from true rats, others still refuse to acknowledge their existence at all. Determining anything about Skaven is notoriously difficult: they are primarily a subterranean race, and usually only come to the surface during their violent and inexplicable wars. Perhaps the best clue to their creation lies in the ancient Tilean folk tale known as the Doom of Kavzar. The following is a broadly translated text of its thirteen stanzas, and readers may draw their own conclusions.

"Once upon a time, long long ago, men and Dwarfs lived together beneath the roofs of one great city. Some said it was the oldest and greatest city in the world and had existed before the time of the longbeards and manlings, built by older and wiser bands in the dawn of the world. The city lay both above and below the earth, in keeping with the nature of the populace that dwelt there. The Dwarfs ruled in their great halls of stone below ground and wrestled the fruits of the rock free with their day-long toil while the manlings reaped the fields of swaying corn that surrounded the city with a patchwork blanket of gold. The sun smiled, men laughed, and everyone was happy.

One day the men of the city decided that they should give praise to their gods for their good fortune. They planned a temple such as the world had never seen before. In the central square a colossal hall would be built and topped with a single, cloud-piercing tower. A tower so tall it would touch the very heart of heaven. After much planning with the help of the longbeards they set about their monumental task.



Weeks became months and months became years and still the manlings built. Men grew old and grey working on that great temple, their sons continuing their work through summer sun and winter rain. At last, after many generations, work began on the great spire. Years passed and the tower reached such a height that the manlings found it ever more difficult to take the stone up to the top. Eventually the work slowed to a crawl and finishing the tower seemed impossible. Then one came among the men of the city who offered his help in their great scheme. He asked a single boon of them in return and claimed that if they would grant it he would complete the tower in a single night. The manlings said to themselves, "What have we to lose?" and offered to make a bargain with the grey-clad stranger. All he wished was to add his own dedication to the gods onto the temple structure. The manlings agreed and the bargain was struck.

At dusk the stranger entered the unfinished temple and bade the manlings to return at midnight. Clouds swept over the moons, cloaking the temple in darkness as the manlings left. All over the city men watched and waited as the hours slipped past until, near midnight, by ones and twos, they gathered again in the temple square. The wind blew and the clouds parted as they gazed up at the temple. It rose like an unbroken lance against the sky, pure and white. At its very peak a great horned bell hung gleaming coldly in the moonlight. The stranger's dedication to the gods was there but of the stranger there was no sign.

The manlings rejoiced that their fathers' fathers' work was done. They surged forward to enter the temple. Then, at the stroke of midnight, the great bell began to toll, once... twice... thrice. Slow, heavy waves of sound rolled across the city. Four... five... six times the bell rang, like the torpid pulse of a bronze giant. Seven... eight... nine, the tolling of the bell grew louder with each ring, and the manlings staggered back from the temple steps clutching their ears. Ten... eleven... twelve... thirteen. At the thirteenth stroke lightning split the skies and thunder echoed the sound. High above, the dark circle of Mörslieb was lit by a bright flash and all fell ominously silent.



The manlings fled to their beds, frightened and puzzled by the portents they had seen. Next morning they arose to find darkness had come to their city. Brooding storm clouds reared above the roof-tops and such rain fell as had never been seen before. Black, like ash, the rain fell and puddled in the streets, slicking the cobbles with darkly iridescent colours.

At first some of the manlings did not worry, they waited for the rains to stop so that they might resume their work. But the rains did not stop, the winds blew stronger and lightning shook the high tower. Days stretched into weeks and still the rains did not stop. Each night the bell tolled thirteen times and each morning the darkness lay across the city. The manlings became fearful and prayed to their gods. Still the rains did not stop and the black clouds hung like a shroud over the fields of flattened corn. The manlings went to the Dwarfs and beseeched their help. The longbeards were unconcerned – what matter a little rain on the surface? In the bosom of the earth all was warm and dry.

Now the manlings huddled in their dwellings, fear gnawing at their hearts. They sent some of their number to faraway places to seek help but none of them returned. Some went to the temple to pray and sacrifice their dwindling food to the gods but found its great doors were sealed shut. The rains grew heavier. Dark hailstones fell from the sky and crushed the sodden crops. The great bell tolled a death knell over the terrified city. Soon great stones cleft the heavens, rushing down like dark meteors to smash the bones of the manlings. Many sickened and died from no apparent cause, and the newborn babes of the manlings were hideously twisted. Skulking vermin devoured what little stored corn there was left and the manlings began to starve.



The manling elders went to see the Dwarfs again and this time demanded their help. They wanted to bring their folk below ground to safety, they wanted food. The longbeards grew angry, and told the manlings that the lower workings were flooded and their food had also been devoured by rats. There remained barely enough food and shelter for them and their kinsmen. They cast the manlings out of their halls and closed their doors tight.

In the ruins of the city above each day became more deadly than the last. The manlings despaired and called

for succour from the dark gods, whispered the names of forgotten daemon princes in the hope of salvation. But none came, instead the vermin returned, bigger and bolder than ever. Their slinking, furred shapes infested the broken city, feasting on the fallen and pulling down the weak. Each midnight the bell tolled thirteen times on high, seeming now brazen and triumphant. The manlings lived as hunted creatures in their own city as great rat packs roamed the streets in search of prey.



At last the desperate manlings took up such weapons as they had and beat upon the Dwarfs' doors, threatening that if they did not emerge they would drag them out by their beards. No reply came from within. The manlings took up beams and battered down the doors to reveal the tunnels below, dark and empty. Steeling themselves, the pitiful remnants of the city's once-proud populace descended. In the ancient hall of kingship they found the Dwarfs, now naught but gnawed bones and scraps of cloth. And there they saw by the dying light of their torches the myriad eyes about them, glittering like liquid midnight as the rats closed in for the kill.

The manlings stood back to back and fought for their lives, but against the implacable ferocity and countless numbers of the verminous horde their weapons were useless. The tide of monstrous rats flowed over them one by one, dragging them down to be torn apart, the yellow chisel-teeth sinking into their soft flesh, the dark furred mass drowning their pitiful screams with their hideous chittering."

*Translated from the Tilean tale
"The Doom of Kavzar" also called
"The Curse of Thirteen".*

From the shores of the northern Tilean sea to the foot of the Black Mountains a great morass of dismal marshland lies like a festering plague. This area is known as the Blighted Marshes: an ancient and terrible realm where death comes quickly to the unwary. A permanent, reeking mist cloaks the deep black pools and slimy reed beds from view. Sluggish, muddy channels wind through the mire, mazelike and unfathomable, darkened on either bank by stretches of twisted stalks which resemble nothing so much as corn blackened in a fire. In places pools form, slicked with a dark iridescence where no living things grow.

To enter the Blighted Marshes is to walk to your doom, inviting death in the bottomless murk or the jaws of the twisted beasts that legend has it dwell there. Few brave its terrors for there are no tales of gold or hidden knowledge lying forgotten in its chill clutches to draw adventurers, just black marsh, reeking mist and a lonely death. Few even dwell near it, for fear of the dark secrets it harbours.

THE UNDER-EMPIRE

SKAVENBLIGHT

Unknown to the world, deep in the rotting heart of the Blighted Marshes festers the vile capital of the Skaven – Skavenblight. This shell of a once-great city lies half-sunken in the noisome morass, a relic of the men that lived there and a testimony to the corruption spread by the children of the Horned Rat.

Long before finding Skavenblight a traveller in the marshes would come across one of the many rotting slave-hulks that rows listlessly through the turbid waters. Flotillas of tiny coracles cluster in their wakes, occasionally swarming out to gather the black corn growing amidst the reed beds. Burly Skaven overseers ply the lash on miserable slaves struggling to make their quotas. They ignore the odd coracles which disappear into the mist or overturn with a splash. Escape through the marshes is impossible and the worst punishment that the grain-slaves can suffer is to be abandoned in that black morass.

Closer to the centre of the marshes huge, solitary buildings rear up out of the murk, their narrow slit windows staring out accusingly over the water. Slave-hulks cluster darkly about the quays and an endless, trudging line of bent-backed figures carry baskets of corn inside. From within a great grinding and squealing of turning mill-wheels echoes relentlessly. Greenish lights flicker and flash at the narrow windows as the great mills grind mutant corn between warpstone wheels to feed the starving hordes of Skavenblight.



Beyond the great mills a vague outline can be seen through the mist, an angular rise amidst the monotonous flatness of the fens. Irregular tongues of fire leap up from it and a far-off rustling can be heard as of many sounds melded together by the distance. Moving closer, the indistinct bulk resolves itself into a great ruined city spreading out of the grey smog.

The veils of clammy mist writhing sluggishly across the marshes hide much of the ruins but the lines of old walls and arches can still be seen protruding from the sucking mud. Deeper into the city the land rises, and the buildings rear up higher on the firm ground. Broken houses mingle with shattered halls, cracked paving stones tilt crazily up from deserted market places. Here and there the ground is pocked with dark tunnel mouths gouting flames or foul vapours and the earth trembles with rhythmic cadences from far below. Pale lights gleam high up in some of the tallest buildings, as if paying homage to the mighty structure which dominates them.

At the very centre of the city a single, cloud-piercing tower reaches towards the heavens above a great temple. At the top of the tower a monstrous belfry lies at the very edge of sight, circled endlessly by dark shapes. The all-enshrouding mists coil closely about this unholy place, as if to hide it from the affrighted gaze of the world. This is the Temple of the Horned Rat, site of the Skaven's first and greatest act of corruption. Once of gleaming white marble its cracked and pitted surface is blackened with the smoke of forge and sacrifice. Its vaulted aisles ring with chittered devotions, its ruined chapels echo with unholy communion. This is the birthplace of the Skaven, the heart of their dark Under-Empire.

Beneath Skavenblight there exists a labyrinth of tunnels so complex that even the Skaven have no accurate maps of them. The upper layers are broadly divided into districts, each one ruled over by one of the great clans. Here methane-burning cressets line the winding tunnels, lighting the way with lurid flowers of red and blue flame. In the district of Clan Skryre lightning confined in glass spheres crackles high above, casting a ghastly flickering light over everything. Skaven and their slaves toil endlessly in great forges, laboratories and workshops manipulating warpstone, experimenting with new weapons, forging the masses of material required by the teeming populace of the Under-City. In some districts steel-wheeled carts are hauled along metal rails by tireless, smoke-belching iron beasts and great tread-wheels wind up cages from the lower levels.

The lower levels of Skavenblight are a dark nightmare, where the unskilled slaves and the lesser Warlord clans struggle to survive amidst the squalor and filth. Moisture runs down the walls, mixing with the effluent and waste washed down from the upper levels until it is often knee-deep. Cave-ins and floodings are daily occurrences here and slave gangs work constantly to clear the narrow passages and shore up the older tunnels, with the slaves all too often being caught in turn by further disasters. In dark, forgotten corners weird mutants and escaped slaves lurk, hunting through the labyrinthine darkness for careless slaves or unwary Skaven to snatch away and devour.

Long stone-cut passages extend away from the Under-City to the north and west, diving beneath the roots of the

Black Mountains, each one guarded by clanrat outposts or complex traps. Thousands of miles of secret tunnels spread out from Skavenblight, through the Vaults, under the Worlds Edge Mountains and beyond. Webs of tertiary passages riddle the Grey Mountains and stretch out under the unsuspecting cities of the Empire and Bretonnia.

Gnawing north and south through the Worlds Edge Mountains the Skaven tunnels push out beyond the boundaries of the Old World to Araby, the South Lands, the Dark Lands and eventually even to Lustria, Naggaroth and Cathay.

THE CITY OF PILLARS

The City of Pillars is the Skaven name for Karak Eight Peaks. The endless miles of colonnaded halls and arched passages below the ground made more impression on them than the eight mountain peaks surrounding the site above. Clan Mors holds the City of Pillars and the Lord of Decay Warlord Gnawdwell rules over them. Clan Mors is undoubtedly the most numerous of all the Warlord clans and holds many abandoned Dwarf mines and settlements up and down the Worlds Edge Mountains.

The Skaven first discovered Karak Eight Peaks over seven hundred years before the birth of Sigmar. Such a great subterranean city was well beyond the ability of the Skaven to conquer by force so the Council of Thirteen drew up an intricate and lengthy plan to force the Dwarfs out altogether over the next ten generations. Clans Mors and Gritak were allocated the task of capturing the city and promised joint control over it if they succeeded. First, with the help of Clan Mors, warriors from Clan Gritak spent over a hundred years burrowing beneath the lower workings of the city and finding ways to its deep underground wells.

Then Warlock Engineers hired from Clan Skryre took shards of spent warpstone slag and placed them in the wells. The plan from then on was to wait for the Dwarfs to abandon the city of their own accord because of the lethal taint of warpstone in their only water supply. However the Council's plans were upset by growing pressure on the Dwarfs from Orc and Goblin tribes outside Karak Eight Peaks. Having built up their strength for many years the greenskins threatened to overwhelm the weakening Dwarfs and take the city themselves.

Rather than risk Orcs and Goblins infesting Karak Eight Peaks the Council ordered the clans poised around it to invade. They were to slay the remaining Dwarfs before collapsing the upper workings to seal out the greenskins once and for all. At their command thousands of Clanrat warriors poured into the lower workings and at first quickly overran the surprised Dwarfs. Battling up from the depths proved much harder as the Dwarfs fought back ferociously, building walls and ramparts in the tunnels and using boiling oil, gunpowder and intricate traps to fight off the frenzied Skaven assaults.

For decades the Skaven held only the lowest levels and were constantly frustrated in their attempts to tunnel or fight their way into the upper workings. Spies on the surface told the warlords that the Orcs and Goblins now held the city on the surface entirely and were driving the Dwarfs ever deeper below ground. Fortunately the Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre broke the deadlock with their latest invention, the deadly poison wind.

Hundreds of Dwarf lives were lost to this new and terrible weapon in the tightly confined tunnels of the lower deeps as clouds of choking yellowish-green vapour destroyed every defence the Dwarfs could muster. The Skaven finally burst through into the upper workings via the East Stair after a week of continuous fighting. Realising that their hold was lost to them the few hundred surviving Dwarfs hurriedly sealed the tombs of their ancestors and fought their way out to carry the news to Karaz-a-Karak.

In the abandoned Dwarf city the warriors of Clan Mors and Gritak soon clashed with Orcs and Goblins from the surface. A series of vicious battles quickly delineated what parts of the city would remain the province of the Skaven and what would belong to the greenskins. In the last big battle through the ceremonial halls of the west quarter Clan Mors, in accordance with the prior orders of the Council, collapsed the roof to seal out the Orcs. However they treacherously neglected to tell Clan Gritak of their intentions and nearly all the clan's warriors were killed in the cave-in. After enslaving the survivors Clan Mors laid claim to the entire lower city. The Lords of Decay approved their claim and to this day the City of Pillars remains Clan Mors' greatest holding and largest breeding pit.

CROOKBACK MOUNTAIN

Crookback Mountain is the largest Skaven stronghold in the Dark Lands. The mountain lies at the eastern end of Mad Dog Pass, a great spire of black rock thrusting up out of the dusty plain. Crookback Mountain is currently held by Lord of Decay Kratch Doomclaw, leader of one of the most powerful Warlord clans, Clan Rictus. Clan Rictus breed a remarkably large number of giant black-furred warriors so Lord Kratch has numerous regiments of elite Stormvermin under his control, making him much feared by the other Warlord clans. The main functions of this particular hold are to supply Goblin slaves to the Under-Empire and to mine the rich seams of iron and copper beneath the mountain for the forges of Clan Rictus.



The mountain was first settled by Night Goblins fleeing the desolation of the great Necromancer Nagash over three thousand years ago. Several tribes lived in its caves and tunnels for hundreds of years, constantly fighting each other and tunnelling ever deeper into the roots of the mountain. Around three hundred years before the birth of Sigmar Skaven tunnelling east from the Worlds Edge Mountains broke through into the lower workings. At first the Skaven were driven back by swarms of angry Goblins and Cave squigs so they soon withdrew and blocked the tunnels after them.

The Council of Thirteen assigned the task of clearing the mountain to Clan Rictus, and promised them ownership of it if they succeeded. The clan almost bankrupted itself hiring Clan Skryre Poison Wind Globadiers and Clan Moulder Packmasters to assist them in the tunnel fighting. The warriors of Clan Rictus tunnelled back under Crookback Mountain a year after the first incursion and found the Goblin tribes already locked in a bitter war with each other. Several months of bloody fighting wiped out or enslaved the remaining Goblins and left Clan Rictus in possession of Crookback Mountain.

The Skaven make frequent raids from Crookback Mountain to the nearby Goblin lairs at Mount Grey Hag and Mount Grimfang to capture more slaves. Hundreds of Goblin slaves are sent back to the Under-Empire every year (Orcs are seldom used as slaves – though they're strong, they're also truculent and pretty impervious to pain). Others are put to work in the mines or simply eaten. The warriors of Clan Rictus are highly adept at capturing Goblins, frequently sealing them into a cave or tunnel until they are half-suffocated before clubbing them unconscious. Their favourite tactic, however, is to wait until the Goblins have a great feast and drink too much fungus wine. Then, when the last Goblin has collapsed in a drunken stupor, the Skaven creep in and quietly drag away as many Goblins as they want.

Clan Rictus also undertakes patrols through the Dark Lands to search for falls of warpstone meteors. This is very perilous as they have to move on the surface and fight off Orcs and Goblins, wolf-riders and sometimes even Chaos Dwarfs from the north-east looking for slaves. But many warpstone meteors fall from Mórrslieb east of the Worlds Edge Mountains and their value to the Skaven is incalculable.

HELL PIT

To the north, in the blasted wasteland known as the Troll Country, lie the infernal breeding pits of Clan Moulder. Their stronghold is burrowed into the walls and floor of a ragged chasm in a snowy mountainside in the northern spur of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Volcanic pools at the bottom of the chasm raise a greyish plume of steam and vapours over it and mix the stink of sulphur with the stench of matted fur and excrement carried on the wind. Worse than the stench is the dreadful cacophony of howls, squawks, screams, snarls and shrieks which clamour out of the frozen chasm like the wailing, lost souls of a thousand different races. Not without good reason is this place known as Hell Pit.

During the great war against Chaos two hundred years ago Hell Pit was attacked by one of the many armies of Beastmen and Chaos Warriors sweeping south through Kislev. The stronghold was saved by the Packmasters releasing a horde of rabid Rat Ogres into the tunnels, driving the minions of the four Chaos Powers back to the surface. The Chaos army was finally surrounded and destroyed by another force of Skaven sent to reinforce the Clan Moulder from Karak Varn. Chaos still flows strongly around Hell Pit, warping the very rocks themselves and perverting plants and animals into new and disturbing forms.

Small bands of Packmasters scour the lands around Hell Pit for creatures to capture for their diabolic experimentation. Chaos monsters from the Northern

Wastes are the most dangerous but also the most valuable by far. Huge and monstrous creatures always offer the best chance to create a new breed of fighting beast. Clan Moulder hunters will trail a Manticore or Hydra for months waiting for an opportunity to strike. Captured beasts are hauled away into Hell Pit in great iron cages. Once in the pit they are exposed to warpstone and fed on carefully measured amounts of it until the desired mutations start to form. The bottom of Hell Pit is filled with the detritus of the clan's failed experiments: pale twisted monstrosities that shamble or flop across the floor of the chasm and feed on one another.

Clan Moulder is constantly seeking new, stable breeds of fighting beasts that they can sell or hire to the other clans. Rumours abound of the cross-bred monstrosities they have created of which the fearsome Rat Ogre is undoubtedly the most infamous. Rat-like wolves have also been seen prowling in Kislev, along with curious furred breeds of troll and huge, seldom-seen burrowing creatures. Some of the beasts the Packmasters catch are simply trained and sold to other clans. Clan Moulder Packmasters are experts in training wild and vicious monsters. Truculent beasts are broken so that they obey and passive creatures goaded until they become killers.

Lord Verminkin, Packlord of Clan Moulder, rules Hell Pit. He is most often to be found in the Clan Moulder district of Skavenblight. Verminkin is one of the Council of Thirteen and feared by many of the other Lords of Decay as the mightiest warrior amongst them. The Packlord is also feared because he commands the huge wealth of Clan Moulder, sufficient to pay for private assassination contracts with Clan Eshin and bribe members of the Council. So far Lord Verminkin has advanced to the position of ninth member of the Council of Thirteen. This makes him the equal of the fourth member Lord Paskrit, Warlord-General of all Skavendom, though undoubtedly the Packlord's ambition reaches even higher.



SKAVEN SOCIETY

"Skaven society is a tyranny moderated by assassination"

Bagrian, Master of La Maisontaal.

Skaven society is dominated by a structure of clans, with the Warlord clans making up the bulk of the population. The Skaven in a Warlord clan have a definite pecking order ranging from the lowliest weakling slaves to the most powerful warriors. The Warlord of the clan will be the most cunning and powerful Skaven in it. Daily life is marked by constant squabbles and fights for supremacy. These individual clashes are fought with tooth and claw or knives. There are few fatalities but nearly all Skaven are scarred from these fights, many having lost an ear or eye in them. Skaven crippled in fights can expect only to be summarily butchered and devoured by the victor.

Slaves are present at all levels in the clans. They may be of any race but most of them are Skaven defeated and enslaved by more powerful clans. The slaves occupy the most miserable position, often being used in dangerous experiments or as cannon fodder in battles; their lives are brutish, painful and mercifully short.

Within the greater clan structure the story is the same: weaker clans are dominated by stronger ones and any which become vulnerable are quickly enslaved by their peers. The four most powerful clans have complete ascendancy over the struggling mass of the Warlord clans. Each of these greater clans has its own weird armaments and foul methods of waging war.

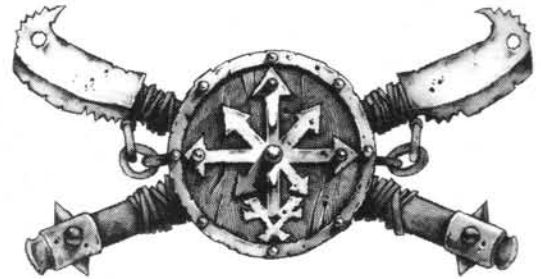
Clan Moulder are powerful beastmasters, using warpstone to mutate foul breeds of fighting-beasts. **Clan Eshin** are feared as assassins and stealthy murderers, active within and under the cities of man as well as enforcing the rule of the Council of Thirteen by terror and assassination. **Clan Skryre** are known as the Warlock Engineers, masters of the insane blend of magic and science which has produced, amongst others, the dreaded warfire throwers and the equally devastating poison wind. **Clan Pestilens** are also known as the Plague Monks. They are disciples of disease and dedicate themselves to spreading pestilence and plague with morbid energy.

Ultimately all the Skaven clans are ruled over by the Thirteen Lords of Decay. They are the leaders of the greatest cities and fortresses of the Skaven or else lead a reclusive life studying the ways of magic and death. They are twelve in number (rather than thirteen), the number being completed symbolically by the Horned Rat. The Council of Thirteen meet together in Skavenblight occasionally and otherwise maintain contact via magical means. Between them they attempt to co-ordinate the efforts of the Skaven across the world and interpret the Horned Rat's will. This is all done with a close eye to raising their own status within the Council of course. In theory, any Skaven can challenge one of the Lords of Decay by touching the Pillar of Commandments in the Temple of the Horned Rat. If the challenger defeats a Lord of Decay he gains a place on the Council of Thirteen. However, all of the current Lords of Decay have held their positions for at least two hundred years, ten generations for the short-lived Skaven.

Skaven politics are convoluted and labyrinthine to say the least. The current dictates of rulership by the Council were laid down by the Horned Rat upon the Pillar of

Commandments two centuries ago. He must have intended the Skaven system of political power to be as complex and intricate as possible. After all, scheming and plotting are natural elements of Skaven psychology and come from their progenitor, the Horned Rat himself. Doubtless he draws endless amusement from the machinations of the Lords of Decay as they twist and turn within his dictates.

The positions on the Council command a descending order of precedence. The first and the twelfth places (the places which would be at the right and left hand of the Horned Rat) are the most important and may overrule any of the other Lords of Decay; the six and the seventh places are the least important. However, any Lord of Decay can abstain and by so doing veto a command from his "opposite number". Hence Lord Kritislik, the Seerlord, can (and frequently does) veto the orders of Lord Morskittar, the Lord-Warlock of Clan Skryre. This means that even the most powerful Lords of Decay often need the help of the lower placed Lords to set their plans in motion. Equally, the lower Lords must have the support of some of the Lords above them to ensure their own plans are approved by the Council.



This process encourages shifting political alliances, blackmail, bribery and favouritism within the Council – corruption basically. Assassination attempts amongst the Lords of Decay are considered rather crude. More frequently the Lords of Decay manipulate the actions of the clans to set up circumstances which in turn manipulate the Council of Thirteen. Below the Lords of Decay a complex hierarchy of upcoming clanlords scheme and politic against one another to gain more power and favour from their masters. To this end the clans are constantly hatching maze-like plots and planning treacherous coups which all too often involve the corruption and destruction of the kingdoms of men or Dwarfs.

The Grey Seers are the prophets and visionaries of the Horned Rat. They act as intermediaries between the Council of Thirteen and the clans. The head of the order of Grey Seers, the Seerlord, currently occupies the first place on the Council. Some lords suspect that this compromises the position of the Grey Seers as intermediaries and arbitrators, but the Seers loudly proclaim their devotion to the Horned One and emphasise that they are merely servants of his will.

A clanlord that defies the Lords of Decay or a Grey Seer runs the risk of being hunted down by the assassins of Clan Eshin. Many over-ambitious clanlords have met their end at the poisoned blades of Clan Eshin. Some wayward individuals are brought to Skavenblight to face the inquisition of the Lords of Decay. Some succeed in vindicating their actions and are actually rewarded by the Council. Most are never heard of again.

WARPSTONE

Warpstone is the physical manifestation of raw magic. When pure Chaos is sucked into the Old World through the Chaos gates most of it divides into the eight colours of magic as it refracts into the physical universe. However, some elements of Chaos are too powerful to be split by reality, and these coalesce into a solid form. Warpstone can arrive in the Old World in a number of ways. Warpstone dust is sometimes blown south from the Northern Wastes, often bringing a storm of wild Dark Magic with it, spreading terror and evil across the land. Most warpstone plummets to earth as meteors from the dark circle of Mórrslieb; indeed some tales speak of Skaven rituals calling down showers of warpstone upon the world. Warpstone can also coalesce and crystallize from a powerful enough flow of Dark Magic.

Warpstone is vitally important to the Skaven and they hunt for it remorselessly. Most commonly they unearth warpstone meteors which have been tracked in their fiery descent by one of the hidden observatories scattered throughout the Old World. A warpstone meteor is usually about the size of a man's fist. It is irregular in shape, though its exact form is difficult to determine because of the intense black glow that gulps in light from the immediate vicinity. This kind of raw warpstone is highly dangerous to all creatures and prolonged exposure will bring madness, mutation and death.

Raw warpstone can be refined to make it more stable and safer to use. This is a difficult process which only the most powerful wizards can perform. However, Grey Seers have a natural ability to transmute warpstone to increase their magic power. This is their blessing from the Horned Rat

and makes them vital to the Skaven in general and the Council of Thirteen in particular.

Normally, a creature exposed to warpstone for a day or more would be likely to suffer some form of mutation. Grey Seers survive constant exposure to warpstone but their chances of mutation are minimal. Nevertheless, they are not totally immune to its effects and most bear the mark of Chaos in some form or other. Refined warpstone is less dangerous and can be consumed by Grey Seers and



Warlocks to gain more power for their spells. No sane creature would eat warpstone and even the Skaven only do so in desperate circumstances. Anything consuming even refined warpstone runs a terrible risk of having its mind and body destroyed by uncontrollable mutations.

As well as supplying the Skaven wizards with power, warpstone is used by clans for their own purposes. Clan Skryre, the Warlock Engineers, manufacture many strange and powerful weapons which utilise warpstone. Carefully-selected warpstone is added to metals during smelting, or annealed into the metal afterwards, lending weapons and armour supernatural strength and temper. Other weapons are far more esoteric in their design and function, incorporating an insane blend of magic and science. The Packmasters of Clan Moulder use small amounts of warpstone to cause mutations in their captive breeding stock, creating new races of twisted and loathsome creatures such as the fearsome Rat Ogres.

Clan Pestilens use warpstone to develop new and terrible diseases, using them to perpetrate devastating magical plagues. The assassin-adepts of Clan Eshin are adept at making deadly weapons and poisons from warpstone. The Warlord clans trade for warpstone charms and protective amulets, wargear and maddening battle drugs.

The **Warpfire Thrower** is a device which projects a flaming corrosive mixture. This volatile material is made by using warpstone in conjunction with other chemicals and magic. It is a much-feared weapon and extremely deadly to both its foes and crew! The warpfire thrower is crewed by two Skaven. The first fires the weapon while the second carries the barrels of flammable mixture. Using this devastating weapon brings its own dangers: firethrowers often explode, killing the crew and any other creatures unlucky enough to be caught in the vicinity.



Plague Censers are special incense burners carried by the Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens. They consist of a spiked metal ball attached to a long chain. The ball is hollow and a preparation of specially prepared warpstone is burned inside it so that it emits a foul bubonic vapour as it is swung. Anyone who inhales the fumes risks infection with a deadly and painful form of plague, and flesh exposed to the vapour quickly erupts into sores and fluid-filled blisters. Only the most dedicated and insane members of Clan Pestilens wield plague censers, and despite their immunity to disease even they fall victim to the hideous plague in the end.

Warpstone Charms are made from pieces of warpstone. They are tokens of luck and the favour of the Horned Rat. Charms of this kind are used by the most important Skaven (ie, the meanest and most powerful). These crudely worked pieces are literally hammered into the Skaven's skin, sticking out like a row of studs. If a Skaven loses an eye it is often replaced by a warpstone charm, giving the creature a weird artificial replacement. Sometimes a warpstone charm is further ensorcelled to store a spell or have some baneful effect on the foe.

Warpscrolls are powerful magic items enscribed upon the hide of living creatures using a special ink made from warpstone. The ink causes agony and eventual death, but to be fully effective the hide must be flayed from the creature while it is still alive, and then cured using finely ground warpstone powder. When the potent spell upon the warpscroll is cast its victims suffer rapid and irreversible aging, shrivelling and dying in seconds.

Poison Wind is one of Clan Skryre's most infamous weapons. The poison wind is a poisonous gas created from warpstone. It is normally sealed in a glass or crystal sphere in which dark vapours and tiny specks of warpstone can be seen. When the globe is shattered a noxious cloud of yellowish-green vapour billows out to fill the area around it with deadly, choking gas. Because the gas blisters the lungs and throat of anything that breathes it armour is no protection, making it particularly lethal against knights and other tough troops.



All decent folk find the common rat repulsive. Harbinger of disease, it scavenges on our waste-heaps and frightens our children. How immeasurably worse then is the foul Skaven – standing on its hindlegs in foul parody of a human. Rats as tall as man, and blessed with the most vile intellect and cunning. They are the dark side of our soul, come to destroy us for our sins.

*Albrecht of Nuln.
Burned at the stake, 1C 1301.
for pernicious declamation.*



Weeping Blades are used by the infamous Clan Eshin. During their manufacture a small amount of warpstone is incorporated into their structure along with certain magic spells known only by the rat-assassins. A Weeping Blade constantly sweats a deadly corrosive venom so that any wound, no matter how superficial, will always prove fatal. Most of these weapons take the form of knives or swords but Clan Eshin also make other weapons with the same deadly properties, such as throwing stars.

Skavenbrew is a concoction of warpstone dust, rare marsh herbs and mutant fungi, used to improve the fighting abilities of slaves and clanrat warriors. The leader of a Skaven regiment will often carry a flask of Skavenbrew that he can give to his troops before going into battle. The effects of the brew are unpredictable: some steel the drinker to fearsome danger or instil him with killing fury; others drive the drinker into a frenzy of activity so strenuous that he eventually drops dead of exhaustion.

Other devices are rare. They include the feared and insane Screaming Bells – giant bells constructed by the Warlock Engineers. These ring out a deadly peal of death over the battlefield and have the power to devastate armies and raze whole cities. Another of Clan Skryre's insane creations is the fearsome Doomwheel, a rumbling engine of destruction that harnesses the power of lightning to lay waste to all before it. The most awesome warpstone weapon of all is the legendary Black Arc – a magically protected casket that holds a huge piece of raw warpstone in a suspension of energy. If the Arc is opened the fury of the Horned Rat can be called down upon the foe, causing terrifying devastation on all sides.

THE HISTORY OF THE SKAVEN

Little is known of what became of the children of the Horned Rat after they overran the city that came to be known as Skavenblight. Perhaps they laired in the tunnels beneath the city, bred and sought out more warpstone; perhaps they warred with one another until only the strongest survived. It was around sixteen hundred years before the birth of Sigmar that the first true Skaven crept out of the black pit of madness beneath the empty city. With their heightened intellects and humanoid bodies, the Skaven were soon the absolute masters of Skavenblight.

The Skaven sacrificed lives and warpstone to the Horned Rat and began to learn the ways of magic. As warpstone grew scarcer in the ruins of Skavenblight they ventured further afield and started to expand the tunnels beneath the city. Skaven expeditions found the surface world to be a dangerous place full of wild beasts, Orcs and Goblins, and hostile human tribes migrating along the coast. The Skaven turned inward again, seeking lordship over the realms below for a secure base before they attempted to conquer the world above.

DISASTER AT SKAVENBLIGHT

The numbers of Skaven grew rapidly despite the starvation and disease rife in Skavenblight. Soon the tunnels were teeming with ratfolk. Pressure grew to expand the tunnels ever further and the nascent Skaven sorcerers were called

on for help. In a grandiose scheme the sorcerers planned to open a great rift beneath the earth where they could dwell in safety. They built a great machine powered by sorcery and warpstone that would control the energies of Light magic coursing through the earth. They planned to twist these energies to their command, splitting open the rocks beneath the mountains as they willed.



In a great ceremony in a specially excavated chamber beneath Skavenblight the cabal of sorcerers began their invocations, summoning forth the power of Light magic. The great machine of iron and brass throbbed and smoked as it absorbed and condensed the Light magic. As the sorcerers' incantations reached their climax the machine spat showers of sparks and the ground began to shake, the groan of shifting rock became deafening as the earth began to split asunder.

High above in the temple of the Horned Rat the great bell tolled as the tower swayed and creaked like the mast of a ship at sea. The sorcerers squeaked triumphantly as a great rift started to inch open in front of the thundering machine. But then some part of their machine failed and with a blinding flash it split apart, the unleashed magic ripping through the great chamber. Hundreds of Skaven were smashed apart in a tidal wave of destruction, the ceiling cracked, convulsed and then collapsed in with a roar. The uncontrolled deluge of Light magic crashed out through the earth. It swirled into the roots of the Black Mountains where it gathered new strength and rushed onward like a river in flood.

Around Skavenblight the land shuddered and great cracks opened. Hundreds of tunnels collapsed crushing thousands of Skaven in their underground lairs. As the shock waves rippled outward great geysers of gas and steam spumed out of the ground. The undermined plain about Skavenblight sank with an earth-shaking rumble as the sea rushed in, drowning the tortured land.

Away to the east the coursing Light magic triggered earthquakes and volcanic eruptions all along the Black Mountains – here wrenching the ground asunder, there throwing up new mountains in its wake. As the wave struck the Worlds Edge Mountains the fury of it rocked the Everpeak itself. Long-dead volcanoes were rekindled to sudden wrath and the mountains trembled like a frightened beast. The ancient realm of the Dwarf kings, painstakingly carved out of the mountains over thousands of years, was smashed asunder. Earthquakes, landslides and lava flows swept away whole Dwarf cities overnight. Already weakened by five centuries of war with the High Elves of Ulthuan, the Dwarfs were even more devastated by this terrible disaster than the Skaven far away in Tilea.



THE TIME OF THE GREY LORDS

In Skavenblight the ruins of the city lay under a pall of dust. Cracked and partially collapsed, the temple of the Horned Rat still towered over the rubble. All around the city grey water stretched away beneath roiling vapours. Slowly, small knots of Skaven dug their way out of the ruins and emerged to blink at the devastation they had wrought. As the day wore on a great mass of them gathered around the temple. The rank scent of fear hung over the horde. None dared enter the temple though they knew they must seek the guidance of the Horned One. Even as they squabbled before the temple its great doors yawned open and twelve figures stepped from within.

Twelve grey-clad ratlords spoke with one voice to the assembled multitude. The time had come for the children of the Horned One to spread across the world, to hide in the deep places and gather their strength for the Time of Anarchy. Only when the shackles of order and civilisation were destroyed could the Horned Rat rejoin his progeny and revel with them in the ruins.

The twelve Grey Lords warned the assembled Skaven that others would follow to ensure they did not fail in the Horned Rat's great plan, and they should give heed to their words or face the wrath of the Lords of Decay. Then they set the Skaven to re-excavating the tunnels below Skavenblight. Weeks later, when they reached the chamber of the machine, they discovered the deceased sorcerers had partially succeeded in their schemes. Great cracks led away into the darkness below, down into countless miles of dank and lightless caverns forgotten since the world was young.

The Grey Lords convened in council for many days and nights. When they emerged they divided the Skaven horde into twelve parts. Some of them remained in Skavenblight, others led their followers away across the oozing plain and most descended into the roots of the world. The children of the Horned Rat spread out from the depths of the Under-City like a cancer; never again could a single great disaster threaten to wipe out the Skaven race.



Within months Skaven were gnawing at the roots of the Dwarf hold of Karak Varn. Here the Dwarfs were already hard-pressed by hordes of Orcs and Goblins attacking the upper levels. When the Skaven broke through into the partially flooded lower workings the Dwarfs were helpless to stop them. Within a few years the Skaven had seized most of the lower levels, established a colony and were fighting the Orcs and Goblins for possession of the levels above. But the tunnels leading away east from Karak Varn had been completely flooded by subsidence in the lake of Black Water, and to the south-east lay the intact subterranean fortress of Karaz-a-Karak.

The Skaven were blocked from travelling further east for a time. Instead they crept and tunnelled their way north and south through the Worlds Edge Mountains using the natural caverns and abandoned Dwarf tunnels to speed



their progress. They crept around Karaz-a-Karak and Karak Kadrin. They tunnelled beneath the shaking roots of Thunder Mountain and the Goblin-infested den of Red Eye Mountain. Within a hundred years of the disaster at Skavenblight the wandering Skaven clans had spread along the Worlds Edge Mountains to the South Lands, Araby and the Dark Lands.

In the far north the Grey Lord Malkrit led his followers into what later became known as the Troll Country in the Northern Wastes. Here warpstone dust often blew down from the north, twisting and changing beasts into new forms overnight. Malkrit's clan buried themselves deep beneath the wastes and learned to use cross-breeding and mutation to twist creatures to their will and create ferocious fighting-beasts to augment their strength. Thus they became the Clan Moulder, the beastmasters and mutators.

In the Dark Lands the furthest flung of the Grey Lords, Lord Visktrin, was mortally wounded by a dragon in the Mountains of Mourn. He instructed his successor to lead the clan far into the east and establish a colony in the land of Cathay. So Clan Eshin passed beyond the knowledge of the Lords of Decay and into the east.

THE WAR OF CRIPPLE PEAK

After their rapid period of expansion the Skaven stayed below the surface and gathered their strength for the next hundred years. The Grey Lords formally created the Council of Thirteen to rule over the Skaven. The surviving Grey Lords (by now exceptionally old and wicked even by Skaven standards) occupied most of the places on the Council but the remaining places were allocated to any Skaven who could fight their way to the top of their clan and prove themselves worthy of membership. Many Skaven tried and failed but soon the Council stood at full strength. The first order of the Council prohibited the general study of magic so that only Clan Skryre and the Grey Seers, the mysterious solitary prophets of the Horned Rat, could pursue its use.

Around thirteen hundred years before the birth of Sigmar the Skaven discovered that a huge warpstone meteor lay interred in the sundered mountain called Cripple Peak at the edge of the Sour Sea in the Worlds Edge Mountains. The great and evil necromancer Nagash ruled over Cripple



Peak and the lands about it, worshipped by the primitive human tribes as a god. His Undead legions mined the warpstone for Nagash's own use and with its dark power Nagash had forged a powerful evil empire.

The Council ordered that the warpstone be captured at any cost. At their command uncounted thousands of Skaven burst into Nagashizzar, the mine stronghold beneath Cripple Peak, and sought to overrun it from below as they had at Karak Varn. But the minions of Nagash were not caught between two foes and cut off from help. They fought back with equal savagery and held the tunnels against the seething hordes of rat-warriors from below. The Warlocks of Clan Skryre unleashed their dark sorceries to break the deadlock but the ancient power of Nagash was stronger and their spells flickered and died. An endless war of attrition ground on in the mines, the two armies fighting foot by foot, inch by inch. At times one side or the other collapsed sections of the tunnels and relative peace would fall until the warring factions found new routes to reach each other.

As the war stretched into years and then decades the Council of Thirteen hurled ever more warriors into the conflagration. Skaven armies besieged the cities of Nagash's human followers to cow them into submission. The cities burned and the streets ran red with slaughter but the humans still feared Nagash more than death or torture at the hands of the Skaven. Nagash struck back with his legions of walking dead and evil magic. At the last the war bogged down into a complete stalemate: the Skaven were unable to prevail against the power of Nagash and Nagash was unable to drive away the Skaven and complete his own dark plans.

In the end Nagash offered an unholy pact to the Council of Thirteen. In return for their aid in his evil schemes he would supply them with warpstone mined below Cripple Peak. After much deliberation the Council agreed to Nagash's offer. Though in truth the Council desired all of the warpstone and considered it the property of the Skaven by manifest destiny, their reserves of warriors were not inexhaustible and something was better than nothing.

THE DEATH OF NAGASH

After the War of Cripple Peak the Council of Thirteen kept a diplomatic distance from Nagash while they tried to drive tunnels beneath his realm and steal the warpstone. Most of their efforts failed but by now the wide-ranging Skaven had found other sources of warpstone and were less reliant on Cripple Peak. However, when Nagash sent rotting emissaries offering the Council more warpstone in exchange for performing certain tasks they readily accepted. At Nagash's behest several Orc and Goblin tribes were lured and driven down to the Cursed Pit. Intrigued, the Council set their spies to work finding out about Nagash's plans.

At first the scuttling spies of the Lords of Decay could report little. An army of the Liche Lord set sail out of the Sour Sea in ships of bone. Some time later the ships returned bearing a single prisoner, a kingly one from what they saw, a lord or prince of some southern realm. Afterwards Nagash disappeared for a while and the spies discovered that he was below, tormenting his prisoner. Then something began which the Council needed no spies to be aware of – a great and terrible gathering of dark power could be felt over Cripple Peak. Mounting storm clouds of energy formed foreboding some massive use of magic, some spell to reshape the world itself.

Dark nightmares stalked the continent as the Council of Thirteen hurriedly convened. The spies told them that Nagash was already at his ritual and vile portents abounded. The Council used their combined power to scry far and wide for clues to the Necromancer's



intentions. Far to the south they found what could only be Nagash's creation, an innumerable legion of Undead flowing north like a dusty river of bone and parchment flesh. Literally millions of restless dead strode relentlessly towards Nagashizzar to form the mightiest army the world had ever seen. Before them the living would be snuffed out like a candle before a black whirlwind.

Fear gripped the Council – without doubt they would be amongst the first to feel the wrath of Nagash and his unstoppable legions. The spies reported that all was silent in Nagashizzar and the Necromancer was in a trance to regain his energy after such a great undertaking. The

Council of Thirteen realised that they must destroy Nagash now, while he was exhausted, and before his millions of vassals arrived. But who would confront the recumbent Necromancer? They could trust no lone Skaven's nerve and none of the Council was prepared to confront almost certain death for the good of the others. Some of the ancient Grey Lords even doubted that their weapons could kill Nagash at all.

Lord Velsquee finally suggested a suitably cunning plan. In Nagash's dungeons there still languished the prince of the south. Doubtless he would be more than happy to slay Nagash if he were released and armed appropriately. Further, added Lord-Warlock Paskrit of Clan Skryre, if an expendable pawn were used the weapon he wielded could be made more deadly, so deadly it would even take the life of its wielder. For the first time in their long history, the Council of Thirteen unanimously agreed on a plan. With time pressing against them they swiftly set about executing their plot to destroy Nagash.

In utmost secrecy the Council forged a blade of warpstone from Cripple Peak and gromril stolen from Karak Varn. They wove spells of the most dire power into the molten metal, quenched the glowing blade in acidic bile and magical poisons, carved it with runes so deadly that to read them was death. In the pommel they set a chunk of dark warpstone enchanted so that they could see through the eyes of the wielder and channel power to protect him from the Necromancer's spells. When their work was done the Council despatched their most trusted servants to Nagashizzar with the fell-blade locked in a lead casket.

Using secret tunnels to gain access to the deepest dungeons of the Necromancer's lair the servants of the Council crept into the prince's cell. Silently, they freed him and opened the casket before scuttling away. The human took the bait, and grasped the sword. Far away in Skavenblight the Lords of Decay willed him towards the throne room of the Necromancer. Silently obeying, the prince stalked through empty corridors towards his doom.

In the echoing darkness of the throne room Nagash sat alone and with faltering steps the prince approached him. He hesitated for a moment at the foot of the towering figure before the mental urging of the Council made him raise the blade. At last he struck, but with a ghastly shriek the Necromancer raised a claw to ward off the blow. The fell-blade clove through Nagash's upraised wrist but the Necromancer merely staggered before unleashing a deadly blast of power against his assailant. The Council reeled as they strove to protect their pawn. Two of the ancient Grey Lords fell dead with blood spraying from their eyes and ears before they deflected the titanic energies Nagash unleashed.

The human went mad, hacking and slashing at Nagash before he had a chance to recover. The razor-keen blade carved through the Necromancer again and again, unseaming even his iron-hard flesh until at last the great Necromancer lay in a thousand pieces. As the human staggered away to madness or oblivion (the Council cared not) the waiting Skaven scurried into the throne room and cast the Necromancer's remains into the warpstone forges, destroying them utterly.

With the death of Nagash the legions of Undead at his command crumbled or scattered. Unknown to the rest of the world the threat to all life was averted and the most powerful necromancer the world has ever known was slain by treachery. The Council of Thirteen sent one of the

Warlord clans, Clan Rikek, to take control of Nagashizzar and mine Cripple Peak of its remaining warpstone. The clan quickly established itself and enslaved the surviving humans of Nagash's empire. Over the centuries that followed huge amounts of warpstone were carried off to Skavenblight and Clan Rikek became very wealthy with the warp tokens they received for their efforts.

Then, one dark and stormy night, a stranger brashly approached the gates of Nagashizzar and demanded entry. The clanrat warriors gleefully swarmed out to seize the fool but as they reached the cowed figure they fell back with whines of terror. Before they could run three paces they were torn asunder by slinking Ghouls that poured out of the shadows. The figure paced forward to the gates, the rattling and whispering of the Undead at his heels. It slowly lifted its cowl to reveal the skull face and glowing eyes of Nagash returned from certain destruction. He spoke secret words of power and the impenetrable gates of Nagashizzar swung open before him. The Undead legions swept into the great Necromancer's stronghold and crushed Clan Rikek in a single night.

When the handful of survivors reached Skavenblight the Council of Thirteen hurriedly despatched an army to besiege Nagashizzar. Months of attacks and counter-attacks followed with neither side able to destroy the other. The Lords of Decay spent many days and nights gleaning what information they could about Nagash. Eventually they divined that though the great Necromancer was still a mighty foe he had been greatly weakened by his previous demise. They knew that most of the warpstone beneath Cripple Peak had been mined out, robbing him of his greatest source of power. So, in the end, they withdrew their warriors from the fruitless siege of Cripple Peak and Nagash remained in his stronghold, unassailable but too weak to venture out. So it remained for many long centuries.



THE RISE OF CLAN PESTILENS

Just over a century after the crowning of Sigmar in the Empire a new power arose within Skavendom. Clan Pestilens, long believed lost or scattered during the first migrations out of Skavenblight, emerged from the rotting jungles of Lustria. It became clear that they had passed far beyond the knowledge of the Lords of Decay, across trackless wastes and distant seas before settling at last in Lustria.

At first the clan had been devastated by disease in the steaming jungles and insect-plagued swamps. But the survivors quickly became inured to the deadly pestilences and welcomed the paw of the Horned Rat in such virulent corruption. The clan eventually made its home in a vast prehuman temple deep in the green hell of the Lustrian interior. They learned much from the degenerate inhabitants of that once-mighty fane and unearthed many dark secrets from the catacombs beneath it.

The generations passed and Clan Pestilens grew stronger. Their warriors fought many skirmishes with the weird tribal inhabitants of the caverns and rain-forests surrounding their crumbling temple-city. They enslaved or sacrificed thousands to the Horned Rat in week-long rituals and became ever more obsessed with worship and ceremony, dedicating themselves to their god with fanatical devotion. Perhaps some ancient madness permeated the stones of the temple or it echoed with the unquiet spirits of past victims, twisting the Skaven's minds to worship as in some earlier time. Or perhaps the Horned Rat really did single out Clan Pestilens to be his disciples of decay and blessed them with his divine vision of corruption.



Whatever the truth, Clan Pestilens thrived and multiplied in their temple-city. Eventually the Plague Monks became a mighty power in the hot, verdant heartland of Lustria and the purulent Plague Lords judged the time was ripe to make their presence felt back in the Old World. A great horde of Plague Monks and slaves departed the temple-city soon after and carved their way through the jungle to the coastal mangrove swamps. Apart from insects, leeches and sweltering heat no-one and nothing assailed them as they travelled. The natives knew well enough to avoid any confrontation with the Plague Monks and wild beasts could scent their corruption from afar. When they reached the coast the monks set the slaves to building a fleet of crude barges.

After months of building the Plague Monks set sail across the Southern Ocean. Miraculously unmolested by storms

and sea monsters the fleet passed over the waves far to the south of Ulthuan and the Elf fleets of Bel-Korhardris the scholar-king. The Plague Fleet made its landfall in the far South Lands and established a new stronghold there. The Lords of Decay convened in Skavenblight to receive emissaries from Clan Pestilens. When the emissaries arrived they bore a list of demands to the Lords of Decay for status, tithes of warpstone, breeding rights and the grant of several positions on the Council of Thirteen. The emissaries were summarily butchered for their presumption and their remains returned to the Plague Lords in the south as an object lesson in humility.

The Plague Lords were angered but unsurprised by the Council's response. Soon afterwards Clan Pestilens launched attacks against two Warlord clan strongholds in the South Lands. The Plague Monks overran the old human city at Bhagrusa in a single night of fire and slaughter before laying siege to the clan stronghold below it. That was the last the Council of Thirteen heard from Bhagrusa before a scouting force reached it several months later. They found an empty city and a stronghold full of festering, plague-slain Skaven corpses. At Mount Lhasa the Plague Monks surrounded the stronghold of Clan Merkit with great cauldrons filled with warpstone mixed with bubbling offal and putrescence. The monks used great bellows to fill the caves below with noxious, bubonic vapours, forcing the clanrats to the surface to be captured and enslaved. Only Lord Merkit himself and a handful of his lieutenants escaped enslavement by Clan Pestilens.

The Council of Thirteen responded by despatching more armies of clanrats supported by Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre against Clan Pestilens. But several South Lands clans capitulated to the Plague Monks after their demonstration of power and helped them resist the armies of the Council. As the years passed and the Council of Thirteen appeared incapable of bringing the Plague Monks to heel other Warlord clans split away from their control. The rogue warlords either joined the Plague Monks or made war on each other to settle old scores and take slaves. Within a few generations the Council of Thirteen lost control of the South Lands entirely and was starting to have problems keeping the rest of Skavendom in order.

For four hundred years the Skaven race remained divided into two hemispheres: the north led by the Council and the south by the Plague Lords. Many clans stood apart from the fighting and continually attempted to ally with whichever side had the upper hand. Constant battles were fought between the factions, terrible magics were unleashed and sorcerous plagues ravaged the South Lands but the war remained locked in a stalemate. Neither the Council nor the Plague Lords were willing to parley or accede in any way that the other was favoured by the Horned Rat and thereby in the right. Finally the deadlock was broken by the reappearance of another supposedly lost clan, Clan Eshin, whose assassin-adepts returned from the far land of Cathay in the east.

Clan Eshin had learned much of the art of stealthy killing from one of the oldest human civilisations in the world. Their black-clad murderers could infiltrate the most well-defended lair and slay the mightiest foes with their deadly skills. The assassins pledged their allegiance to the Lords of Decay in Skavenblight and were soon despatched on many missions against the rogue warlords and the Plague Lords themselves. Over the next five generations the Lords

of Decay used fear and assassination to systematically bring the Warlord clans back under their control, gradually eroding the support of Clan Pestilens.

The Plague Lords realised that their position was becoming untenable and requested an audience with the full Council of Thirteen in Skavenblight. At the intercession of the Grey Seers the Lords of Decay agreed and swore not to try to assassinate the Pestilens delegates. Accordingly, the mightiest Plague Lord of Clan Pestilens, Nurglitch, travelled north with a small band of disciples.

After surviving several assassination attempts en route Nurglitch arrived and abased himself before the Lords of Decay in the temple of the Horned Rat. Clan Pestilens now only requested acceptance into the Council and unreservedly placed the resources of the clan at the disposal of the Council of Thirteen. Furthermore, Nurglitch



respectfully informed the Lords of Decay that he and his disciples were carrying vials of a particularly virulent strain of yellow skull fever. Further attempts to foreshorten his life or deny the requests of Clan Pestilens would leave him no option but to release the lethal contagion in the heart of Skavendom.

Smiling, the Lords of Decay welcomed Clan Pestilens back to Skavenblight. They were pleased to have the resources of the clan at their disposal and happy to preside over Nurglitch's trial by combat to ascertain his worthiness as a Lord of Decay. They added that hidden assassins stood ready to slaughter Nurglitch and his disciples in an instant if he failed to comply. Nurglitch complied.

The trial of Nurglitch was unusual in that it was fought above ground – far, far above ground on top of the great bell tower. As the great bell shuddered out the thirteen tolls of midnight Nurglitch climbed up to face his opponent, Lord Vask, on a space some five paces wide and so dizzyingly high that clouds crept past below it. The burly Lord Vask stood armed with two cleavers against Nurglitch's own serrated blade.

As the bell tolled the thirteenth time the two rat lords snarled and circled carefully around each other, their long tails lashing. Nurglitch darted a slash at Vask's exposed leg, only to be blocked and almost pushed over the edge by his return blow. Vask's other cleaver cut the fur of Nurglitch's shoulder as he rolled away. Vask laid back his ears and stayed in the centre of the platform, forcing Nurglitch to fight with his back to empty nothingness. Nurglitch desperately rained three quick blows on his foe and forced him back a pace. As Nurglitch closed Vask swept his razor-sharp cleavers down at his head and crotch with blinding swiftness. Nurglitch blocked one with his own blade and snarled as the other tore off his ear.

Nurglitch flipped a cleaver over the edge with a practised twist of his blade but Vask caught hold of his wrist before he could recover. The second cleaver rose for the killing

blow and slashed empty air as Nurglitch lunged in to sink his fangs into Vask's neck. Nurglitch and Vask fell together with a grunt, each flailing to keep hold of the other's weapon, blood slicking the stones.

Nurglitch's legs kicked out into nothing as Vask heaved him away over the edge. Suddenly Nurglitch was hanging by his paws, scrambling to climb back up as Vask lumbered to his feet and retrieved his cleaver. Nurglitch's arms shook as he clung on above the infinite gulf of darkness, Vask's blood dripped down on him as the Lord of Decay stepped slowly to the edge and looked down. Vask swayed and tried to raise his cleaver, bloody foam and pus leaking from the black tendrils of contagion already spreading from his ruined throat. With a final, despairing croak Vask pitched forward over the edge.

So the bell tolled for Vask's passing and Nurglitch took his place on the Council of Thirteen. The name of Nurglitch is celebrated by the Plague Monks to this day and by tradition the holder of Clan Pestilens' position on the Council takes the name Nurglitch as a mark of respect.

THE BLACK PLAGUE

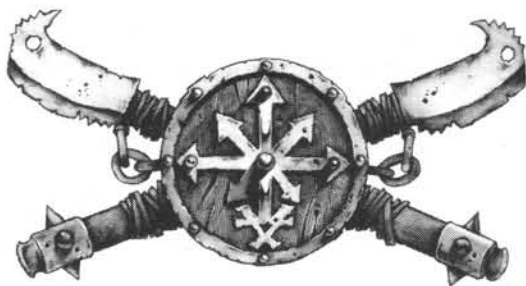
In the winter of the year 1111 Clan Pestilens unleashed their most deadly scourge in the Empire. Clan Eshin adepts emptied vials of this vile pestilence into sewers and wells beneath many cities, poisoning the water with a foulness that spread through the human populace like wildfire. It began as dark blotches on the afflicted's flesh which would spread to eventually cover the entire body. Joints swelled and seized leaving the victim contorted in



THE HISTORY OF THE SKAVEN

screaming agony. After anything from a few minutes to a week the afflicted would die in convulsions, flopping around like a gutted fish until their neck snapped. The citizens of the Empire came to call it the Black Plague, but many simply called it the Death, or feared to speak of it at all.

The plague began almost simultaneously in Nuln, Altdorf and Talabheim. The roads and rivers that made trade and transport so easy in the Empire spread the plague further and faster than the Clan Eshin ever could. Soon towns were closing their gates against desperate refugees fleeing before the sickness. One by one the besieged towns succumbed to the plague or fell victim to their own diseases in the cramped overcrowding that followed. Middenheim closed its viaducts early on and so escaped the Black Plague altogether but elsewhere whole villages



were swept away by the tide of death, towns were abandoned and cities became empty coffins where the living were outnumbered by the dead. Men prayed to the gods for deliverance but none was forthcoming. Bands of Flagellants wandered the land proclaiming that the wrath of Sigmar had fallen upon the corrupt Empire.

As winter turned to spring the grip of the Black Plague abated somewhat and the Council of Thirteen released the Warlord clans against the tottering remnants of the Empire. Chittering hordes of clanrat warriors overran the depopulated towns and villages of the southern Empire one by one, slaughtering the weakened defenders in an orgy of violence. Crops and livestock were looted and dragged away below ground. Dozens of settlements were burned, often with their occupants still inside. Vertholf Bergon of Nuln described the lands surrounding the city as *"A scene from hell, the blackened land pocked to the horizon with burning pyres which painted the sky a lurid red and spread dark, choking clouds as far as the eye could see."*

Only the great cities escaped the ravaging Skaven armies in the south; in the north the plague still held the land in a death grip. After years of corruption and neglect the Imperial army was helpless against the incursions of the children of the Horned Rat.

In 1115 Boris Goldgather, the much hated and incompetent emperor of the time, succumbed to the plague himself and the hard-pressed citizens of the Empire finally had something to celebrate. The emperor was one of the Black Plague's last victims, its hold having gradually weakened over the past four years. But by 1115 over three quarters of the population had fallen victim to the plague or the Skaven. Huge tracts of the Empire had been reduced to wasteland and Skaven armies marched openly across Reikland, Averland and Talabecland. Every winter thousands starved in the handful of towns and major cities that had escaped the scourges of disease and war.

In Skavenblight the Council of Thirteen convened and judged the time to be ripe for their final blow. They set armies in motion to destroy the last resistance and enslave all the surviving humans in the Empire.

Over the next seven years the Skaven started to systematically enslave the surviving human settlements. Swarms of scuttling clanrats would surround a farm or village at the dead of night and set fire to it, netting and clubbing the occupants as they fled the flames. They drove long, shuffling columns of men, women and children away to great slave-camps in the ruins of Ubersreik in Reikland and Pfeildorf in Wissenland. The lucky ones were left to work above ground growing food for the Skaven hordes but the less fortunate were sent below to work in the mines and forges of the Under-Empire. Whole families were dragged away in chains, doomed never to see the sun again.

As the slaves and booty stripped from the corpse of the Empire rolled in the status of Clan Pestilens rose immeasurably. Even the other Lords of Decay could not deny that the virtual collapse of the Empire had been brought about by the potency of the Black Plague. Because none of the Lords of Decay were willing to openly resist them the Plague Lords of Clan Pestilens succeeded in slaying two members of the Council and securing an unprecedented three positions in the Council of Thirteen. The remaining Lords of Decay separated to their respective strongholds to plot a way to stop the Plague Lords' runaway success.

Meanwhile Skaven armies marched into the previously untouched province of Sylvania. At the beginning of the Black Plague heavy showers of meteors had plunged down from Mörslieb upon that nighted province and now the Skaven entered to search for warpstone. To their dismay they were met by great bands of plague-slain Zombies and Ghouls. The Skaven made slow progress in a series of skirmishes and small battles and soon started lose many warriors to a resurgence of the Black Plague amidst their own ranks. Grey Seer Skrittard reminded the warlords of the lessons learned fighting Nagash in the war of Cripple Peak and the clanrats withdrew from Sylvania to find easier prey.

In the north of the Empire Middenheim had weathered the preceding years of famine and pestilence very well. The Count of Middenheim, Count Mandred, had done all he could to help the refugees flooding up from the south and the Priests of Ulric had so far kept the city free of plague. Well-defended, and set atop a giant rocky pinnacle in the forest, Middenheim had no fear of attack and was well provisioned for a lengthy siege in any event.

Late in 1118 a huge horde of Skaven emerged from the forests around Middenheim and encircled it. The citizens of Middenheim only just managed to destroy the four viaducts giving access to the city before the first waves of clanrat warriors scuttled up. Several days later the Skaven infiltrated the tunnels beneath Middenheim, threatening to overrun the whole city from below. But Count Mandred co-ordinated a brilliant defence of the city and the tunnels beneath in the following weeks, combining flooding and barricades with desperate tunnel-fighting by the Knights of the White Wolf and many other stout warriors. Often the Count patrolled the subterranean outposts himself, raising the spirits of the hard-pressed soldiers there by joining them in the dark beneath the streets. Together the warriors of Middenheim kept the verminous hordes at bay and Count Mandred was hailed as the saviour of the city.

Months of skirmishing and prowling through the labyrinth underneath the city followed, with occasional groups of Skaven getting into the city above to murder and poison before they were hunted down. By early spring the Skaven horde was too riven with famine and pestilence to maintain the siege any longer and withdrew, establishing a secret stronghold in tunnels beneath the city before they left.

As a parting gift the children of the Horned Rat released the plague into Middenheim, already crammed with refugees trying to escape the Skaven and the harsh winter. In such close packed conditions the Black Plague ran riot but miraculously (as the priests of Ulric were quick to point out) the plague seemed to have weakened and only a third of its victims died.

By 1122 Count Mandred had rallied enough support from the surviving Elector Counts to lead a crusade against the Skaven in the Empire. Famine and internecine warfare had thinned the Skaven's ranks, weakening them considerably. Over the next two years a series of great battles was fought in Averland, Reikland and the Howling Hills. Many smaller skirmishes were fought between small forces of Skaven and Empire troops around deserted villages and farms across the land. Gradually the Skaven armies were pushed out of the Empire step by step.

In 1124 the Skaven were finally driven below ground in the Empire. Count Mandred Skaven Slayer was hailed as a saviour of the Empire and crowned Emperor shortly afterwards. Many Skaven strongholds established in the preceding years remained undiscovered and the slaves taken were never freed but the Skaven were exhausted by their efforts. The Lords of Decay realised they were too

weak to counter-attack and finish the humans properly this time. In truth the Skaven had captured so many slaves that they were starting to get seriously outnumbered in some parts of the Under-Empire and the Council of Thirteen feared a revolt. The Council convened again at Skavenblight, determining to consolidate their position and build up the strength of the Warlord clans before launching another assault on the Empire.



Over the next twenty five years the Empire recovered more rapidly than the Lords of Decay believed possible. Under Emperor Mandred's dynamic rule towns were rebuilt and land resettled by refugees returning from Bretonnia and Kislev. To make matters worse, Mandred ordered a constant guard to be kept against the Skaven, setting up organisations such as the sewer watch to halt their incursions. In the Under-Empire the Council was beset by a slave revolt and several outbreaks of Black Plague depopulated some of the holds. The Lords of Decay convened at Skavenblight in the winter of 1151/2. Recriminations flew between the Plague Lords and the rest of the Council, as well as demands for compensation and a number of assassination attempts. Eventually a decision was made to delay further operations in the Empire.

The lone Skaven travelled at night, limping and crawling across the blasted landscape. During the daylight hours he hid from the weak winter sun in one of the ruined farmhouses or under a thorn tangle. His progress was slow but direct; hour by hour, mile by mile, he came ever closer to his destination – the hold of Skabreach.

One hundred miles of forests, hills, rocks, rivers and pain. He wrapped his bleeding, blistered feet in rags, but the bitter cold ate through them. The end of his tail turned black with frostbite, and he had to bite it off. He wasn't used to being alone, or cold, or so ill. The fever swept through his body in waves of cold and heat. Sometimes he became so weak that he couldn't go any further, and he fell panting on the ground, cold sweat slicking his fur. When the weakness passed he would pull himself up and go on, crawling if he couldn't manage to walk.

At other times he became terribly thirsty, and had to eat mouthfuls of raw snow if he couldn't find one of the icy streams that wound through the forest. He lost weight, and his once glossy pelt turned lank and scabby. Food was hard to find. The victorious Skaven armies had driven away, killed or enslaved all the humans who used to live in this part of the Empire. The ruined buildings he came across had been stripped bare, and he was often forced to eat the frozen corpses of humans or their lost farm animals and pets.

The fever was slowly killing him, but it also gave him the will to go on. Strange visions burned through his mind. He saw the lands of the Empire blackened by the massed armies of the Skaven. A cloud of blood and death flowing over the land guided by the terrible red eyes of the great Horned Rat

himself. Nothing could stand before them – proud knights in their gleaming steel armour, the great stamping war horses, the machines that spat death, arrows, crossbow bolts, swords... they were all swept away. He saw inside the human cities too: men and women killing each other for firewood or scraps of food, their children screaming in pain, bodies covered in dark blotches, limbs contorting. Fire swept through their towns and villages, and floating above it all, he could feel the heat and the pain, and it was his heat and pain too.

The fever burning in his blood drove him on and on. When the pain was at its worst, it felt as if great claws were ripping through his body. At the height of his agony he would squeak and squeal his devotion to the Horned Rat and when the pain lessened it was as if he had been blessed. Surely, he lived only to serve the Horned Rat's greater purpose.

When he reached the entrance to Skabreach his strength failed him completely and he collapsed limply on the ground. "News..." he panted. "I bring news from the north, from Middenheim!" As his consciousness was swallowed by darkness he felt the paws of his brethren bear him up and carry him into the safety of the tunnels below.

And so it was that the Black Plague was brought to Skabreach, and within days the infection took such a hold that no Skaven would ever leave that benighted place alive. Thus was the battle returned to the enemy, and the children of the Horned Rat were led to deceive themselves, for their foul deity is not the only power in the heavens. All things wax and wane, and the star of Sigmar rose once again to spread its benison over the Empire.

To protect what remaining holds there were in the Empire the Council of Thirteen ordered the assassination of Emperor Mandred Skaven Slayer. A master assassin of Clan Eshin named Nartik succeeded in breaking into the Imperial palace and murdering Emperor Mandred later the same year. He cunningly completed his act by leaving evidence of a mutant atrocity before escaping into the sewers.

As the Council of Thirteen had predicted the Elector Counts failed to find a successor and fell back into territorial disputes and personal rivalries. By the following winter the Empire had collapsed into civil war and the Skaven had an opportunity to recuperate their strength. Over succeeding generations the scholars of the Empire failed to make any connection between the incursion of the Skaven and the Black Plague so the Skaven were quickly dismissed as a threat to the Empire. Within two centuries what was known about the Skaven became so enshrouded in myth and legend that many educated men even refused to believe in their existence at all.

THE HORNED RAT INCARNATE

Around 2300 the Under-Empire was in the fifth century of its second great civil war. The other Lords of Decay had long been jealous of the power wielded by Clan Pestilens after the unprecedented success of the Black Plague. When a similar campaign was undertaken in 1812 to



destabilise and then destroy Bretonnia with the Red Pox the Plague Lords had confidently predicted its success. After the disastrous failure of the Red Pox many of the Lords of Decay demanded Clan Pestilens be removed from the Council of Thirteen altogether. After months of political manoeuvring, threats, blackmail, cover-ups, bribery and corruption, a vote of the full Council was ordered.

On the day of the vote Clan Pestilens attempted to seize control of the Council chamber with the help of a number of Warlord clans, declaiming the old Council as traitorous and heretical. Fighting soon broke out between the albino temple guards, Plague Monks and clanrats in the precincts of the temple of the Horned Rat. Complete anarchy ensued as the clans squabbled internally or with each other. Old rivalries flared up and ambitious clan lords seized the

opportunity to advance themselves at the expense of the other clans. The Council of Thirteen was fractured as the Lords of Decay retreated to their respective strongholds. Skavenblight itself became a battleground for the warring clans with first one faction and then another gaining control.

Clan Skryre eventually seized the temple and fought off all-comers with the many diabolical weapons at their disposal. Warpfire throwers covered every entrance, Poison Wind Globadiers and jezzail teams were ensconced in the bell tower. Morskittar, Lord-Warlock of Clan Skryre, declared himself ruler of Skavenblight but was ignored by the many factions as the fighting spread throughout the Skaven strongholds in the Old World.

Skavendom splintered into dozens of warring factions for over four hundred years. The war was marked by constant shifts in allegiance, treachery and back-stabbing as the clans sought to support whichever faction was winning at the time. Clan Pestilens, Skryre and Moulder each headed a faction. Clan Eshin remained neutral and hired its

"Let the supplicants present themselves," squeaked the Nightlord as the assassin-guards roughly ushered in the two representatives from Clan Pestilens and Clan Moulder. "Make your offers. I listen and decide. We contract to best-best offer, failed bid dies. Proceed."

The representative from Clan Moulder stepped one pace forward and abased himself on the floor in the proper fashion. "Your honour," he began. "Packlord Trask sends you his most special greetings and begs your mightiness to accept this small token of his respect – a jewelled dagger engraved with runes of power..." Seeing the Nightlord's tail twitch impatiently, he hurried on to business. "According to bargain-law, Clan Moulder respectfully treaty-pledge twenty warp tokens, three packs of giant rats, two specially trained Rat Ogres..."

With a snarl of impatience, Hakflem, the representative from Clan Pestilens, thrust past the unctuous Packmaster. "Do not listen to this cowering fool!" he croaked. "My master, the great Nurglitch himself, makes treaty pledge of *thirty* warp tokens, ten females in prime breeding condition, five weights of black corn and an engraved warpstone amulet. And he sends you this – and bids you remember the *Scarlet Scourge*!"

With a dramatic gesture, he waved a small iron flask above his head. The Nightlord snarled in anger, and three of the black-furred guards leaped towards the offender, drawing their swords in mid-air.

"Foul traitor!" squeaked the Packmaster in feigned outrage, nimbly darting out of the way.

As the three assassin-guards fell on top of Hakflem, he hurled the vial towards the Nightlord. In a blur of speed, the Nightlord snatched the spinning vial from the air. "So perish all those who dare defy me!" he squealed, as the guards hacked Hakflem's body apart until nothing was left but a bloody mess of flesh, fur, and tatters of rag.

One of the guards pounced upon the Packmaster and dragged the cowering ratman forward. "Continue," ordered the Nightlord. "And make it worth my while."

"Mighty Nightlord, most-favoured of the Horned One, Clan Moulder treaty-pledge *thirty-five* warp tokens, *five* packs of giant rats, *three* Rat Ogres..."

services to the highest bidder. During this time the Grey Seers travelled constantly amongst the clans trying to negotiate a peace between them. Though the Seers were greatly feared and respected some of the factions would not even consider giving up the fight.

As the time of the great Chaos incursions approached portents abounded: a crackling corona played about the dark disc of Mörrslieb, showers of meteors fell from the skies, feverish dreams assailed even the most obtuse and many were driven mad. A rising tide of Dark magic swept through the Old World. The Grey Seers visited every stronghold and clan again. This time they gave the lords an ultimatum. At Skavenblight, during the great annual feast of Vermintide, the Grey Seers would beseech the Horned Rat to pronounce judgement over the warring clans. Any lord who did not attend would be defying the will of the Horned One and become the eternal enemy of him and his servants.

As the time approached the leaders of the clans began to arrive in Skavenblight. Some sent representatives, fearing a trap, but none dared to stay away altogether and defy the Seers' decree. As each lord and representative arrived the Grey Seers placed a powerful and terrible geas upon him to bring no harm upon the others. So it was that on the eve of Vermintide that for perhaps the first time in three thousand years members of every clan in Skavendom were assembled before the temple of the Horned Rat. High above, the lightning-etched curve of Mörrslieb bisected the bell tower, seeming huge and close. An atmosphere of fearful expectation settled over the hushed ranks as the temple doors swung open and the full order of one hundred and sixty nine Grey Seers filed out from within.

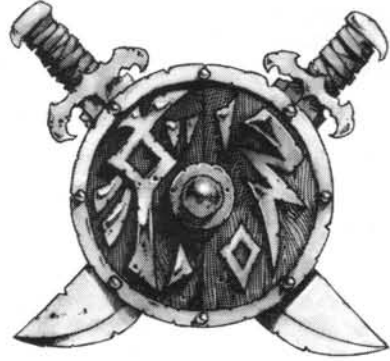
The Seerlord emerged last with a great brass-bound tome which he placed upon an iron lectern. As he opened it, glowing blackness from the pages seemed to underlight his face. He read the first words of the incantation, twisted sounds which seemed to crack and split in the air. The other Grey Seers took up the chant and the mists around Skavenblight began to writhe and shift. Storm clouds gathered on the horizons and rushed across the skies towards the city. The squeals of the Grey Seers rose in intensity as they began the sacrifices.



One hundred and sixty nine slaves died one by one in increasing agony, the last dying slowly at the paws of the Seerlord himself. Their fear and pain reached out into the bowels of creation to where the Horned One gnawed at the roots of reality. The great bell tolled as the brooding storm broke, lightning lashed down at the bell tower and blinded the assembled Skaven with its actinic glare. The bell tolled again and again, impossibly loud, drowning out the thunder and the frenzied chants of the Seers. The

ground shuddered and cracked as the bell tolled for the thirteenth time and then fell silent.

In the sudden quiet the Seerlord opened his jaws and screeched with horror. A great, black crack spread from his open mouth to slowly split his head apart and spread through the air. It widened and dark vapour poured out, and the night-black crack grew until it reached the height of the temple itself. Skaven scurried back with shrieks of dismay as the vapour spewed out and plumed up into the heavens, those caught in its embrace rotted and collapsed



as they ran. Now a blacker shape could be seen amidst the vapour. Two blood-red eyes gazed out unblinkingly, wide as castle doors. The Skaven fell to their knees and pressed their muzzles in the dirt, some dropped stone dead as their hearts stopped in terror. The silhouette of curving horns could be seen as the glaring eyes moved closer. The shadows about it heaved and shifted like a wriggling mass of vermin. A great claw reached out and leisurely scooped up a handful of squealing Skaven. Yellow fanged jaws flashed as the Horned Rat consumed them with relish.

The Horned One swept his burning gaze over his quailing children and reached out again, clenching his mighty paw before them. When the paw withdrew a glowing black pillar of purest warpstone was revealed. It had thirteen sides, each marked by thirteen blocks of burning runic script. Then the Horned Rat whispered to the assembled horde with the voice of a million scratching and gnawing rats. He told them that though their wars amused him they must make peace and obey his commandments, they must spread corruption so that they could inherit the world and assure his return. Only his chosen ones could touch the pillar of his commandments and only his chosen ones might join the Council of Thirteen. All must obey the Council or feel his wrath. With that the awesome presence withdrew into the netherworld once more, the crack it had made narrowing and sealing behind it.

The musk of fear hung heavy over the survivors as they blinked up at the pillar and reassured themselves the Horned One had really gone. Lord Rakin was the first to touch the pillar. He burned with black fire until there was nothing but ashes. Over the long night that followed many relinquished their claims to the Council rather than face the test, but many more touched the pillar and of these twelve lived. Each of the new Lords of Decay was imbued with an aura of dark power and energy, a mark of the blessing of the Horned Rat. From that day unto this the Council of Thirteen has remained unchanged even though any Skaven can try to pass the test and then fight any of the Lords for their place. Many have tried, some have even passed the test, but none have managed to defeat the existing Lords of Decay.

SKAVEN TIMELINE

Imperial Year

- c2000 The ancient city that later becomes known as Skavenblight is first occupied by men. It grows rapidly to become the most populated human city in the Old World.
- 1950 A wandering Dwarf clan from the Black Mountains establishes trade with the city and eventually settles there. The city grows even faster with their help and many advances in architecture and engineering are achieved.
- 1880 The humans begin the construction of their great temple with Dwarf help. Work goes on continuously for the next 100 years.
- 1780 The temple is completed and warpstone starts to rain down on the city from Mórrslieb. Within a year the city is overrun by swarms of giant mutated rats and disappears from history.
- c1600 The first true Skaven emerge as masters of Skavenblight. They start to look further afield for sources of warpstone and begin their first experiments with magic. The tunnel system under Skavenblight is expanded to accommodate its rapidly increasing population.
- c1500 At about this time the High Elves withdraw from the Old World back to Ulthuan after the disastrous War of the Beard against the Dwarfs. The Dwarf empire in the Worlds Edge Mountains is devastated by a series of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes triggered by Skaven sorcery. The population of Skavenblight is devastated and the twelve Grey Lords arise, forming the first Council of Thirteen and the Order of the Grey Seers. Dwarf records indicate the first incursions of Skaven into Karak Varn, where they eventually capture most of the flooded lower levels.
- c1400 The wandering clans establish the first Skaven strongholds in the areas later known as the South Lands, Araby and the Dark Lands. Lord Malkrit leads Clan Moulder into what is later called Hell Pit in the Troll Country of Kislev. Lord Viskrin instructs Clan Eshin to establish their stronghold in far Cathay.
- c1300–
-c1250 The War of Cripple Peak is fought with the legions of Nagash.
- c1200 In exchange for warpstone mined below Cripple Peak Skaven join forces with the Undead legions of Nagash to help lure several tribes of Orcs and Goblins into the Cursed Pit. Nagash summons a massive army of Undead and the Council of Thirteen has him assassinated.
- c700 Skaven first break through into the lower levels of Karak Eight Peaks.
- 513 Karak Eight Peaks falls to attacks by Orcs, Goblins and Skaven. After the Dwarfs have been driven out the Skaven fight constant battles with the Goblins for possession of the upper levels.

Imperial Year

- c350 Skaven overrun Crookback Mountain in the Dark Lands and enslave several tribes of Night Goblins living there.
- c100 Nagash returns to Cripple Peak and destroys Clan Rikek.
- 17 Sigmar destroys a Skaven horde in the Middle Mountains of the Empire.
- c100 Clan Pestilens, long believed lost, emerges from the rotting jungles of Lustria and starts the first Skaven civil war.
- c500 Assassin-adepts of the Clan Eshin return from Cathay to work for the Council of the Thirteen Lords of Decay. Many clans are quickly brought to heel by the assassination of their Warlords.
- c600 After enslaving or destroying several other clans, devastating the South Lands with magical contagions and killing one of the Lords of Decay in ritual combat, Nurglitch, Plague Lord of Clan Pestilens, is granted a place in the Council of Thirteen.
- 1111 Clan Pestilens unleashes the Black Plague in the Empire. Almost nine-tenths of the Empire's population is wiped out in the next four years. Massive Skaven incursions erupt across the land, looting and razing towns and villages.
- 1115 The Skaven start to systematically enslave the surviving human settlements in the Empire.
- 1122 Count Mandred Skaven Slayer rallies support from the Elector Counts and leads a crusade against the Skaven.
- 1124 The Skaven are finally driven below ground in the Empire.
- 1152 The Council of Thirteen orders the assassination of Emperor Mandred Skaven Slayer. He is murdered by Nartik of Clan Eshin later the same year.
- c1435 Sultan Jaffar, a powerful Arabian sorcerer, welds together a coalition of several desert tribes and expands his city state to a small empire with the capture of Al-Haikk, Copher, Martek and Lashiek. Legend speaks of him summoning daemons and conversing with spirits.
- The Skaven in Araby secretly ally with Sultan Jaffar, spying for him and murdering his rivals in exchange for warpstone.
- 1448 The Skaven manage to convince Jaffar that Estalia intends to attack Araby. The Sultan invades Estalia and captures Magritta. This begins the Araby crusades which eventually drive the Sultan's armies back to Araby and shatter the Sultanate at the battle of Al-Haikk.

Imperial
Year

- 1563 The city of Tobaro in Tilea is overrun by Skaven breaking in through the ancient Elf-carved network of tunnels which riddle the cliffs around it.
- 1565 Tobaro is recaptured by a mercenary army mustered by Meldo Marcelli, the Prince of Tobaro, reinforced by a contingent of High Elves.
- 1601 The village of Escantos in Southern Tilea is completely devoured by swarms of rats.
- 1786 Clan Eshin release rats infected with the Red Pox, Clan Pestilens' latest scourge, in the sewers of Bordeaux in Bretonnia. The city loses over a third of its population to the Red Pox in a single week. The Baron Giscard Du'ponte orders the poor quarter to be burned to the ground in a fit of desperation. This appears to work and the Pox is halted almost immediately.
- 1812 Southern Bretonnia and Northern Tilea are ravaged by another outbreak of the Red Pox. Panic, anarchy and rioting spread through several Bretonnian cities as mobs rampage through the cities burning anything that might carry the pox, including sheep, dogs, cats, frogs and fish. In Brionne, the resulting Great Fire of Brionne razes three-quarters of the city.
- 1813 Two Skaven armies emerge between Brionne and Quenelles, razing several villages and small towns along the river Brienne before laying siege to both cities. They are defeated and driven off by a combined army of Wood Elves and Bretonnian knights rushed down from Parravon. Eventually a combination of the arrival of winter and rigorous quarantining brings the Red Pox under control.
- c1850 The Skaven Under-Empire erupts into its second civil war. The other Lords of Decay use the failure of the Bretonnian campaign as a pretext to force the removal of Clan Pestilens from the Council of Thirteen. In the vicious in-fighting that follows the Plague Lords of Clan Pestilens attempt to seize control of the temple of the Horned Rat in Skavenblight and complete anarchy ensues.
- c2000 Clan Scruten is led away from the main Skaven areas by Grey Seer Kritislik. The clan establishes a stronghold hidden in the Cursed Marshes and extending beneath Marienburg.
- 2302 The Great War against Chaos begins. The rising tide of Dark Magic prompts the Grey Seers to step in and call upon the Horned Rat for divine judgement over the warring clans. In a massive ceremony at Skavenblight during Vermintide, the great annual feast of the Horned God, the Grey Seers succeed in summoning an incarnation of the Horned Rat. The Clan Lords are terrified into a level of obedience and co-operation previously unthinkable as the Horned One dictates the plan they are to follow. The Council of the Thirteen Lords of Decay is completely reorganised and all hostilities are ended immediately.

Imperial
Year

- During the war that follows the Skaven fight the Chaos armies and the armies of the Empire and Kislev, but after several hundred years of internecine warfare the Skaven's numbers are almost exhausted. The Chaos hordes are eventually defeated by Magnus the Pious at Kislev. The Skaven ambush several contingents of the Empire army as it returns home and soon afterwards minor plagues are unleashed in Nuln, Talabheim and Marienburg.
- 2319 Skaven warships are spotted in the Tilean sea.
- 2320 During the winter of 2320/21 Clan Eshin Gutter Runners make a number of raids on Imperial, Bretonnian, Tilean and Estalian warfleets at anchor in their respective home ports. The Gutter Runners use firepots and naphtha to burn the fleets with varying success. Many ships are badly damaged.
- 2321 Throughout the summer months Skaven warfleets make several raids along the Estalian and Tilean coasts. One fleet is engaged and destroyed by Dwarf ships from Barak Varr.
- 2387 Prince Karsten of Waldenhof employs Skaven allies to undermine the walls of the invincible Castle Siegfried in Sylvania. When Karsten refuses to pay them in warpstone the Skaven steal all the children of Waldenhof instead. After this notorious event (Karsten is eventually lynched) the Skaven disappear from the surface altogether for the next hundred years, plotting, preparing and building up their numbers.
- 2393 A huge consignment of grain travelling by ship from Araby to Tilea fails to arrive. Skaven piracy is suspected but never proven.
- 2491 Bagrian, master of the monastery of La Maisontaal in Bretonnia, infiltrates Skavenblight and steals the awesome Black Arc. The Grey Seer Gnawdoom leads a force of Skaven against the monastery and recovers the Arc during a vicious battle with the monks after allying with the Undead army of the Lichemaster Heinrich Kemler.
- 2499 Fritz von Halstadt, Chief Magistrate of Nuln and head of the Countess Emmanuelle's secret police, is discovered trading warpstone to the Skaven in the sewers beneath Nuln. Grey Seer Thanquol has been feeding real information, half truths and outright lies to the insane von Halstadt, manipulating him with the ultimate aim of starting a civil war in the Empire. The plot is exposed and von Halstadt killed but Thanquol escapes. Later the same year Thanquol returns seeking vengeance with a Skaven horde. The horde uses Nuln's extensive sewer network to infiltrate the city and almost overrun it in a single night, being halted only by fires lit by the defenders which rage through the city. Eventually the Skaven are driven back, leaving half of Nuln in ruins. Grey Seer Thanquol swears he will have vengeance upon Nuln and its inhabitants before returning to Skavenblight to face the inquisition of the Lords of Decay.

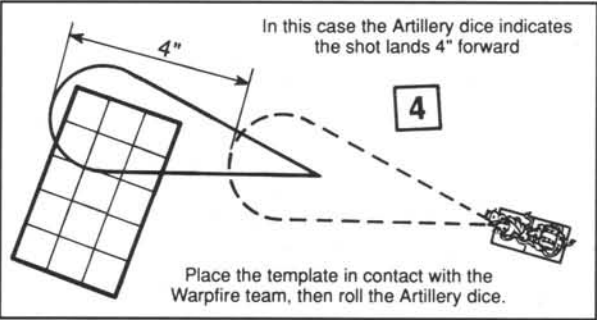
WAR MACHINES

WARPFIRE THROWER

The Skaven warpfire thrower is an invention of the Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre. It hurls a blast of warpfame – a volatile mixture of inflammable chemicals and powdered warpstone combined with magic. The warpfire thrower is a powerful weapon and extremely deadly to both its foes and its crew! A single gout of warpfame can reduce a proud regiment of knights or foot soldiers to a charred mess in moments. Against creatures vulnerable to fire, such as Treemen and Mummies, the warpfame is particularly devastating. Unfortunately warpfire throwers can also misfire catastrophically, destroying themselves and their crew in a spectacular explosion, much to the discomfort of anyone nearby!

The warpfire thrower may not move and fire during the same turn, so if you move a warpfire thrower during the movement phase you may not shoot it that turn. Assuming it has not moved, the warpfire thrower may be fired in the shooting phase. You will need the long teardrop-shaped dragonfire template. The template is placed so that its rounded end is covering (or pointing at) the target and the pointed end is touching the warpfire thrower model's base. The crew must be able to see their target just as if they were firing a bow or crossbow.

To determine if the warpfame is on target roll the artillery dice. If a number is rolled the template is moved away from the warpfire thrower team by as many inches as the number shown on the artillery dice. If the artillery dice shows a "misfire" result then something has gone horribly wrong, see below. Warpfire throwers are apt to overshoot their targets as their operators squirt the stream of warpfame in a high arc.



DAMAGE

Once you have established where the warpfame lands, you can work out the damage. All models that lie under the template are hit. You will have to use your judgement and common sense to decide exactly which models lie under the template. As a rule of thumb, a model can be considered hit if at least half of its base area lies under the template, while models whose bases are only touched or grazed are hit on a D6 roll of 4, 5, or 6 on a D6.

Any model hit suffers a Strength 5 hit from the warpfame. If the target is wounded by the warpfame then it takes not just 1 wound as normal, but D3 wounds (roll a D6: a score

of 1-2=1, 3-4=2 and 5-6=3). Units that suffer casualties from a warpfire attack must take a Panic test immediately. If the Panic test is failed the unit will flee.

MISFIRE

If a misfire is rolled on the artillery dice the warpfire thrower has suffered a dangerous mishap. Roll a D6 and consult the table below to find out what has happened.

WARPFIRE MISFIRE CHART

D6 Roll	Result
1-2	<i>Kaboom!</i> The warpfire thrower crew disappears in a lurid mushroom cloud of flame. Any models within D3+1" are hit by warpfame. Work out damage as if they had been struck by the warpfire thrower.
3-4	The fuel barrels catch fire! The model carrying the barrels runs helplessly 2D6" in a random direction before the barrels explode, scattering warpfire over everything within D3". Work out hits against models within range as if they had been hit by the warpfire thrower itself. The model carrying the barrels is toasted.
5-6	The warpfire thrower's nozzle blocks and squirts burning fuel over its crew. Work out the effect as if the crew had been hit by their own warpfire thrower.

PROFILE

Strength	Wounds	Save
5	D3	-2

A warpfire thrower is a relatively small war machine and it is carried by a crew of two Skaven. For this reason it does not have its own Toughness or wounds, but is destroyed if either crew member is slain. The warpfire thrower's crew may carry it at a rate of 4". This is 1" less than other Skaven due to the weight of the machine. The Skaven can therefore march move up to 8" when allowed to do so.

If one of the Skaven crew is slain the warpfire thrower becomes useless because the remaining crew member cannot operate the warpfire thrower on his own. If the warpfire thrower is fighting as a unit together with other warpfire throwers the odd crewman should be left with the unit. This odd model can then be removed next time the unit suffers a casualty, without affecting another warpfire thrower. If the warpfire thrower is fighting as part of a unit of other Skaven then the odd crew member may be absorbed into the rank-and-file troops.

Unlike other war machines warfire throwers may stand and shoot when they are charged (except if charged by fliers dropping down from flying high – what goes up must come down...). Warfire throwers that stand and fire always shoot at the charging unit where it starts its movement. If a warfire thrower team flees the irregular jolting and slopping around of the warplame mixture is very, very dangerous so warfire thrower crews will **never** voluntarily flee to evade an enemy charge.

Warfire thrower teams that flee because they are routed in combat, fail a Fear, Panic or Terror test or for any other reason move 2D6" as normal. If the 2D6 roll is a 9 or more the team moves the distance rolled and then explodes as for result 3-4 on the Misfire Chart above.

The Dwarfs fought with all the stubborn tenacity of their kind, but were slowly forced back by the relentless Skaven advance. Dwarf axe chopped at black Skaven fur, Skaven sword crunched into Dwarf mail, spatters of blood flew overhead. The fitful glow of the torches on the tunnel wall illuminated a scene of relentless savagery. No quarter would be asked, nor no surrender given.

The Skaven pushed the Dwarfs back by sheer weight of numbers. For every ratman that fell another two fought each other to take its place. Rats swarmed round the feet of the combatants, feeding on the dead, and pulling down the injured of both sides. A wave of rats swarmed up Snorri's long mail coat and attacked his face. Desperately trying to protect his eyes, he stumbled and fell. The Skaven rushed over his body and there was nothing the Dwarfs could do except close their ranks and add Snorri's name to the list of fallen. If they survived, his bravery would be remembered.

The Dwarfs were fighting on the defensive, their orders to protect the Gate of Jewels, one of the access points that led onto the East Stair of Karak Eight Peaks. At first, a proud twenty-strong regiment, they had managed to repulse the Skaven and even drive them back, but now, with over two thirds of their number gone, they had been pushed back to the Gate itself.

Backs pressed against the solid oak door, the Dwarfs could retreat no further; they would give their lives to protect the East Stair. Like a vital artery, it led straight to the heart of Karak Eight Peaks. If the Skaven broke through, the whole stronghold could fall, and another cornerstone of the Dwarfs' heritage would be lost.

Panting, blood from their many wounds dripping down their armour, the Dwarfs silently committed their souls to Grungni. The Skaven stopped before the Gate, snarling and squeaking, and parted ranks to let two more of their kind through. The two newcomers were bigger and better armed than the other Skaven. One carried a strange gun-like weapon in his paws, which was connected by a flexible pipe to a barrel carried by the other.

"Die-die, Dwarf-men!", squeaked the Skaven carrying the strange weapon, aiming the nozzle at the Dwarfs and pulling the trigger. With a fearsome whine, a stream of green-black fire shot forward and engulfed the Dwarfs. The warfire clung to their bodies, burned their hair, dissolved the flesh from their faces, ate through their armour. Within seconds the proud Dwarf warriors were reduced to a smouldering mound of melted bone and metal scraps. With a snarl of triumph, the Skaven aimed his weapon at the centre of the Gate. Fingers of glowing warfire clawed through the thick timbers, and the Doom of Karak Eight Peaks was assured.



You can deploy warfire throwers in a Skaven army in two different ways. A warfire thrower can operate as part of a unit of ordinary Skaven troops, or it can fight in a unit together with other warfire throwers.

A warfire thrower may be allocated to a Skaven unit before the game. Any Skaven regiment of clanrats or Stormvermin may have up to one warfire thrower allocated to it. The warfire thrower counts as part of the unit, and will be affected by the unit's psychology reactions, Break tests, and so forth, just like other members of the unit. The warfire thrower does not have to form up with the unit it is part of, but it must stay within 6". Individual warfire thrower teams like these count as character models for shooting purposes. A warfire thrower team will always stand and shoot at enemy who charge it, even if the rest of the unit flees.

Warfire throwers can also be organised into a separate unit of warfire throwers. A unit of warfire throwers fights just like any other unit and may *skirmish* as described in the Skirmish rules.

WARFIRE THROWER SUMMARY

1. Position template and roll artillery dice.
2. If the artillery dice is a misfire refer to Misfire Chart, otherwise...
3. Move the template directly away from the warfire thrower a number of inches equal to the number rolled on the artillery dice.
4. Any models under the template are hit.

SKAVEN SCREAMING BELL

The Screaming Bell is one of the most fearsome creations of the insane Warlock Engineers. These gigantic magical bells ring out a deadly peal of death over the whole battlefield, devastating armies and razing whole cities. A huge central bell cast from bronze mixed with warpstone forms the centre of the Screaming Bell. Above the rune-encrusted master bell hang lesser bells of varying shapes and sizes, some cracked and malformed, others little more than hollow tubes.

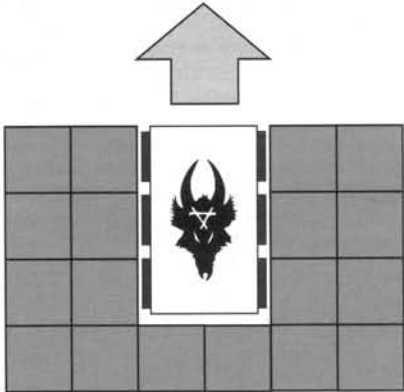
The Bell is hung in a great wheeled carriage which is dragged and pushed along by the Skaven horde. A Grey Seer stands proudly at the front of the Bell, exhorting the teeming clanrats to ever greater heights of ferocity. Chained at the back of the carriage is the Striker, a hooded slave-mutant, who wields a massive hammer with a lump of raw warpstone set into it.

When the Striker is prodded into action he swings the hammer and with a mighty blow strikes the master bell. A shower of fat green sparks explodes from the warpstone as he does so and the master bell sounds with a deafening bass note which rolls like thunder... BONNNNNNG!

As the master bell starts to swing the other bells start to ring, each one out of key with the others. The master bell and each of the lesser bells is specially cast to ring a note which is completely discordant with the others, producing a clashing cacophony of sounds. This is caught and amplified by the Warlock Engineer's magic, booming out across the battlefield and reverberating back again. With each peal of the bells the din grows, rising to a crescendo of earsplitting sound until stone cracks and eardrums burst.

MOVEMENT

The Screaming Bell is pushed and dragged forward by the Skaven warriors around it, so at the start of the battle the Bell must be placed in a unit of at least ten Skaven models and counts as part of that unit for the rest of the battle.



The Screaming Bell is placed in the front rank of a regiment in the same way as a standard bearer. Any number of models are permitted in the regiment pushing the Bell (the regiment shown here contains 18), although at least ten are necessary to move the Bell. The regiment still counts its rank bonus as normal (+3 in this case)

As long as there are at least ten Skaven models around the Bell they can move it at up to their normal movement rate. The unit pushing the Bell moves like a chariot so it can wheel as normal but cannot march move or turn.



Crossing obstacles like walls, ditches, hedges or difficult ground inflicts D6 S6 hits allocated randomly against the bell. The unit pushing the Bell can charge into combat at double rate as normal. If the number of Skaven around the Bell drops below ten the Bell is slowed by 1" for every model below the minimum. So if there were only nine Skaven pushing the Bell it would move 4", eight models could move it 3" and so on.

ATTACKING THE SCREAMING BELL

In hand-to-hand combat the Screaming Bell is fought exactly like a chariot. The enemy models fighting it compare their Weapon Skills to the highest Weapon Skill of its crew. If all the crew are slain the Bell carriage counts as having a WS of 0.

Because the Bell is so much larger than the unit surrounding it, it can be singled out as a target by troops firing missile weapons. Troops firing at the Screaming Bell also get the +1 to hit for shooting at a large target.

Hits from shooting and hand-to-hand combat are randomly allocated between the Bell and the crew as shown on the chart below. For each hit scored roll a separate dice and then resolve damage against the part that has been hit.

SHOOTING		HAND-TO-HAND	
1	Grey Seer	1-2	Grey Seer
2-3	Bell Carriage	3-4	Bell Carriage
4-5	Screaming Bell	5	Screaming Bell
6	Striker	6	Striker

The Bell carriage has its own Toughness, wounds and other characteristics as shown below with the profiles for the crew.

The Grey Seer is a wizard of magic level 4 and may be equipped with up to four magic item cards. The Striker wears no armour and is equipped with a magic warpstone hammer. The hammer is a double-handed weapon so it adds +2 to the Striker's Strength but the Striker always hits last, regardless of Initiative and charging. The raw warpstone set into the hammer twists and mutates flesh so that the hammer inflicts D3 wounds per hit.

The Screaming Bell may continue to fight so long as at least one member of the crew is still alive. Unlike other chariot-type machineries there is no chance of the Screaming Bell rampaging out of control if the crew are killed. The Bell carriage itself has Toughness 7 as indicated, and can sustain up to 6 wounds before it is destroyed. It has more wounds than a chariot because of its larger size and magical construction.

The Bell itself is protected by the Horned Rat and so cannot normally be harmed. If the Bell is struck by an enemy attack with a Strength of 6 or more it will ring out of its normal sequence; see the special rules below for the effects of the Screaming Bell when it is rung.

HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT

If the unit pushing the Bell charges into combat, the carriage itself causes an automatic D6 Strength 7 hits, representing it crushing the enemy beneath its wheels and knocking foes to the ground. On subsequent rounds of combat or if the Bell itself is charged it causes no further automatic hits. The Grey Seer and the Striker can always fight against any enemy in contact with the Bell, whether to the front, sides or rear of the platform. They fight in normal Initiative order and attack first during a charge just like ordinary warriors (except the Striker, who's got a two-handed weapon so he always strikes last!).

FLEE AND PURSUIT

If the unit pushing the Screaming Bell flees, they will abandon the Bell, leaving it immobile until they rally and return or another Skaven unit turns up to push it. The Grey Seer and the Striker cannot be broken and will never leave the Bell (as explained below). The unit pushing the Bell pursues as normal, taking the Bell with it.

WAR MACHINES AND THE SCREAMING BELL

As with chariots, when you are firing at the Screaming Bell with a stone thrower or any other weapon or attack which uses a template, it is possible to hit the Bell and the crew depending on where the template is placed. Position the template normally. Each part of the Bell – the Grey Seer/Bell/carriage and Striker is treated as a separate target and may be hit if it is covered by the template, just like individual models in a larger unit. Weapons like cannon and bolt throwers will strike just one part of the Screaming Bell – roll for location as for other missile hits.

PROFILE

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bell Carriage	-	-	-	7	7	6	1	-	-
Grey Seer	5	6	6	4	4	4	7	4	7
Striker	5	3	3	4	3	1	4	1	4

A Screaming Bell is chosen as a mount for a Grey Seer but its points value is paid for out of the War Machines points allocation of the army. Though Screaming Bells operate as individual war machines it is possible to have more than one Screaming Bell in an army. Each Bell must be controlled by a separate Grey Seer and pushed by a separate regiment of Skaven.

A Screaming Bell may only be placed with units of Stormvermin, Clanrat warriors, Skavenslaves or Plague Monks.

SPECIAL RULES

Warpstone Brazier

A warpstone brazier burns at the front of the Bell platform. The billowing clouds of fumes given off by the burning warpstone invigorate and intoxicate the Grey Seer and the Striker. This means the Grey Seer and the Striker are immune to psychology of all kinds, as well as Break tests, and will not abandon the Bell under any circumstances. This rule only applies to the Grey Seer and the Striker, not to the unit pushing the Bell. The Grey Seer also draws magical energy from the burning warpstone, the mad tingling of power shivering through his nose and throat with every breath. Because of this the Grey Seer draws one extra card at the start of each magic phase.

The Blessing of the Horned Rat

The Screaming Bell is blessed by the Horned Rat so that hostile magic is unlikely to affect it. Any spell directed against the Screaming Bell or its crew (but not the unit pushing it) will be dispelled on a roll of 4 or more on a D6.



The Screaming Bell

The power of the Screaming Bell is legendary, but like many other Skaven artefacts it is chaotic and hard to control. The effect of the Screaming Bell is rolled for at the beginning of each Skaven turn.

On the first turn that the Striker tolls the Bell 1D6 is rolled on the table below. On each subsequent turn add an extra D6 to the number of dice rolled, so you will roll 2D6 on the second turn, 3D6 on the third turn and so on. If the Striker is slain, or you choose not to ring the bell for a turn, reduce the number of dice rolled each turn by 1D6 – so if the Striker was killed on the second turn of the game you would roll 1D6 on the third turn and would make no roll at all on the fourth turn.

If the Bell is struck by an enemy attack with a Strength of 6 or more it will ring again out of its normal sequence. Roll

the number of dice the Bell used the last time it was rung and add any dice the attack would normally roll for causing more than one wound. So, for example, if the Bell had rolled 2D6 in the Skaven turn and then was hit by a cannon shot in the following turn, the Skaven player would roll 2D6+1D4 and apply the result from the Screaming Bell Table below.

SCREAMING BELL SUMMARY

1. Roll 1D6 for each turn the Bell has been rung consecutively and add the rolls together.
2. Look up the roll on the Screaming Bell Table and apply the result to all units or individual models within range.

SCREAMING BELL TABLE

Dice roll	Effect	Dice roll	Effect
1-2	<i>The Skaven pushing the Bell are filled with strength as the shuddering tolls of the great bell roll out across the battlefield. They struggle and heave to roll the Bell faster and faster towards the foe.</i> The Skaven pushing the Bell move an extra D6" during the movement phase if they are not charging.	10-11	<i>The ringing sends the Skaven into a berserk frenzy. Frothing and biting at one another they swarm forward in a maddened attack.</i> All Skaven within 24" of the Bell become <i>frenzied</i> until the start of their next turn. Any Skaven regiments which have been driven into frenzy by the Bell will suffer D6-1 automatic S3 hits in each hand-to-hand combat phase if they are not in combat as the maddened Skaven rend each other.
3-4	<i>The Skaven squeak with glee at the infernal racket, squealing in anticipation of victory.</i> Skaven regiments anywhere on the battlefield can reroll any Ld tests this turn if they wish.	12-13	<i>The ground starts to split apart under the barrage of discordant sound.</i> Roll a D6 for each building, wall and war machine (cannon, stone thrower, chariot etc) within 30". On a roll of 4, 5 or 6 it cracks apart and suffers D3 wounds.
5-6	<i>The strident tolling of the bells sows fear and discord through the enemy's ranks, cavalry shy and panic at the terrifying noise.</i> Each cavalry unit, friend or foe, within 36" of the bells must take a Panic test immediately.	14-15	<i>The grating tintabulations sound like millions of rats scrabbling and squeaking in the enemies' ears.</i> All enemy units subject to psychology within 12" of the bells become subject to <i>fear</i> of the Skaven until the start of the next Skaven turn.
7	<i>The noise grows louder, discomfiting the enemy with the clangour and drowning out commands.</i> All enemy units within 24" of the bells must pass a Ld test on 2D6 to charge or shoot missile weapons until the beginning of the next Skaven turn.	16-17	<i>The deafening peals roll across the land like palpable waves of force.</i> Roll a D6 for each building, wall and war machine (cannon, stone thrower, chariot etc) within 36". On a roll of 3, 4, 5 or 6 it cracks apart and suffers D6 wounds.
8-9	<i>The sounds momentarily meld together into a single thunderous crack, splitting stone and metal like rotten wood.</i> Roll a D6 for each building, wall and war machine (cannon, stone thrower, chariot etc) within 24". On a roll of 5 or 6 it cracks apart and suffers D3 wounds.	18+	<i>With a final, apocalyptic crack the great bell splits in two, crashing to the ground with a sound like ten thousand thunderclaps rolled into one.</i> The Screaming Bell is destroyed. All models within 3D6" of the Bell suffer an automatic S3 hit as their eardrums burst.

THE DOOMWHEEL

The Doomwheel was designed by the mad genius Ikit Claw, Chief Warlock of Clan Skryre. The Chief Warlock is obsessed with creating the ultimate killing machine, determined one day to outdo his predecessors who enjoyed the easy successes of warpfire throwers, jezzails, Screaming Bells and the rest. By harnessing the power of raw warpstone to create energy discharges Ikit Claw has created a terrifying engine of destruction that rolls forward surrounded by a crackling halo of purple warp-lightning. Anything foolish enough to hold its ground before this infernal machine is blasted apart by the warp-lightning or crushed under the Doomwheel itself.

The Doomwheel has a single Warlock Engineer as crew; its motive power is supplied by hordes of giant rats in two great treadmills. The turning of the treadmills in turn operates a warpstone generator which creates the lightning. Though it can be said that the warpstone reactor is somewhat unstable and the speed generated by the rats is rather erratic a series of tests using slave-units as targets has yielded impressive results. Now the Clan Skryre Warlock Engineers are building this new wonder weapon as fast as possible.



MOVEMENT

The rats scampering around inside the Doomwheel's treadmills are fed stimulant drugs before the battle and driven into an insane frenzy by the lightning flashing and sparking around them. As they tumble over each other the wheel rumbles forward, but the Doomwheel's speed is impossible to control accurately. Sometimes it will roll along more swiftly than a galloping horse, at other times it will virtually halt because the rats are temporarily exhausted. To represent this the Doomwheel does not have a fixed movement rate. It automatically moves 3D6" and is moved along with compulsory movement before any other troops can move.

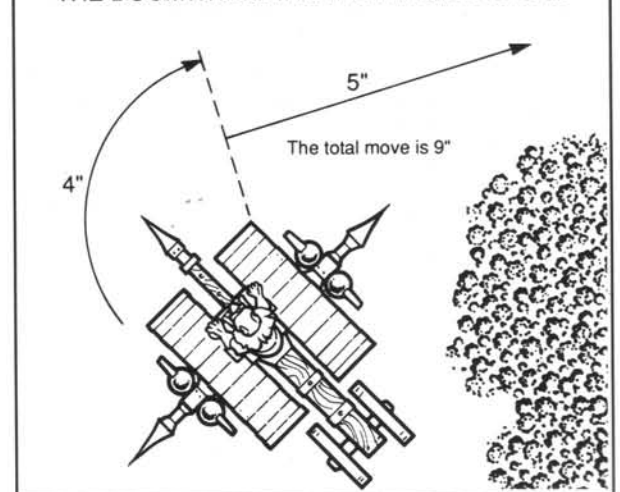
The player can control the direction the Doomwheel moves in, representing the Warlock Engineer using the trailing stern wheels to brake one side of the machine or another, but he has no say at all about the distance travelled. If the Doomwheel's movement is sufficient to move into contact with a unit it is considered to have charged. No formal declaration of a charge is necessary. The target may stand, shoot or flee just as if it had been charged in the normal manner. These rules apply even if the Doomwheel hits a friendly unit by accident!

The Doomwheel has the same movement restrictions as a chariot so it can wheel (no pun intended!) but it cannot turn on the spot, march move or cross difficult ground or obstacles like walls, rivers, ditches or hedges. The Doomwheel may wheel once per turn at any point in its movement and change its facing by any amount. When it wheels keep one side of the machine stationary and move the opposite side of it round until it reaches the desired

facing. Measure the distance moved and take it away from the total movement of the Doomwheel has left for the turn.

If the Doomwheel runs into an obstacle or difficult ground for any reason it will suffer D6 S6 hits which are randomly distributed between the Doomwheel and its crew as it smashes its way through. Because of its wheel-like nature the Doomwheel moves at half rate up hills (counting each inch travelled as two inches) and at double rate downhill (counting each inch travelled as half an inch).

THE DOOMWHEEL MAKING A RIGHT WHEEL



DOOMWHEEL ATTACK

The Doomwheel wreaks destruction in three ways. Firstly warp-lightning is unleashed by the generator in the shooting phase of each Skaven turn, striking out randomly at the nearest target. Secondly the wheel itself causes damage just like a chariot when it crashes into units. Thirdly the Warlock Engineer and the rats will fight ferociously in hand-to-hand combat against units in contact with the Doomwheel. These attacks are worked out using the following rules.

WARP-LIGHTNING. In each Skaven shooting phase the Doomwheel can unleash three bolts of warp-lightning (unless it has been damaged, which reduces the number of bolts it can fire). The power of the warp-lightning can be very unpredictable – it can shatter mountains one minute and only cause slight burns the next. The Skaven player can decide not to release the warp-lightning if the Warlock Engineer is still alive – this helps to keep the Skaven alive until the Doomwheel gets closer to the enemy.

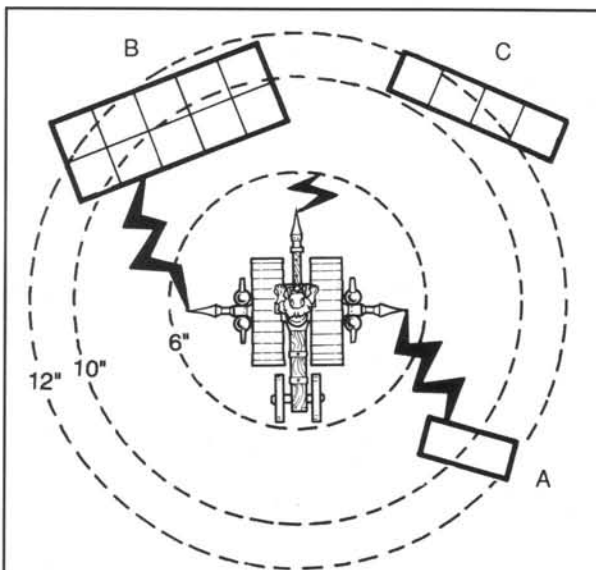
To work out how powerful the lightning is each turn roll an artillery dice. If you roll a number (2, 4, 6, 8 or 10) then that is the Strength of all the lightning bolts this turn. If you roll a “misfire” result something has gone awry with the warpstone generator so no lightning is released this turn and a nasty accident could be in the offing. Roll a D6 on the Warpstone Generator Misfire Chart below to find out what happens.

WARPSTONE GENERATOR MISFIRE CHART

D6 Roll	Effect
1-2	BACKBLAST! Crackling warp-lightning lashes out indiscriminately, frying some of the rats in the process. The rats suffer D3 S3 hits. If the warpstone generator was hit in hand-to-hand combat the model that struck the blow suffers D3 S3 hits too.
3-4	DAMAGED. The warpstone generator is damaged and will create one less bolt of warp-lightning per turn from now on.
5-6	OUT OF CONTROL! The stern wheel is temporarily jammed by a stray flare of warp-lightning. The Doomwheel moves in a random direction next turn. After that the stern wheel frees itself and the Doomwheel moves normally from then on. If this result is rolled more than once in the same turn it has no additional effect (so if you roll it twice the wheel isn't jammed for two turns).

Assuming the warp-lightning is released each of the three bolts has a range of 3D6" and will strike the nearest model within range – friend or foe! The bolts of warp-lightning arc wildly so they ignore any terrain between them and the nearest target. If the Doomwheel is in contact with a unit or model don't bother rolling for range, the bolts will automatically hit the targets in contact. If several targets are the same distance away (or in contact with the

Doomwheel) the bolt will be attracted to the target with the best saving throw (since they have more metal armour on them). Each bolt will only damage a single model, but the model struck suffers not one but D6 wounds if the bolt damages them. Against war engines, chariots and the like the hit scored by a bolt of warp-lightning is randomised between the machine and its crew.



The Doomwheel fires off three warp lightning bolts in the Skaven shooting phase. The first bolt rolls 6" for range and inflicts no damage as there are no targets within 6". The second bolt rolls 10" range which means it can hit either the mounted hero (A) or the regiment of Empire halberdiers (B). The hero is struck because he has heavier armour and the bolt kills him. The third bolt rolls a range of 12" so it could hit either the halberdiers (B) or Knights (C). This time the halberdiers are hit because they are closest – the fact the knights have heavier armour is irrelevant because they are further away.

Warp-lightning is generated automatically by the Doomwheel as it moves. This means that even if the Warlock Engineer is killed and the Doomwheel is moving randomly it will still fire off bolts of warp-lightning in each Skaven shooting phase.

DOOMWHEEL. When the Doomwheel moves into contact with a unit it stops moving immediately and will inflict D6+2 hits on the unit. The hits are worked out at Strength 7, the Strength of the Doomwheel itself. The Doomwheel attacks are made first, before any attacks from either side. Note that no separate roll is made to score hits, the Doomwheel automatically inflicts the hits as it knocks down and crushes the unfortunate individuals in its path. The Doomwheel only inflicts damage when it moves into contact – after this it is assumed to be bogged down fighting in hand-to-hand combat and will inflict no further hits until the combat is over and the Doomwheel starts moving again. The Doomwheel will not move out of control while in hand-to-hand combat.

CREW ATTACK. In the hand-to-hand combat phase the rats and the Warlock Engineer will fight enemy models in contact with the Doomwheel whether to its front, sides or rear. They strike blows in normal Initiative order, and attack first during a charge exactly like ordinary warriors.

FIGHTING THE DOOMWHEEL

The Doomwheel is fought in hand-to-hand combat exactly like a chariot. The enemy models fighting it compare their Weapon Skills to the highest Weapon Skill of its crew. If all the crew are slain the Doomwheel counts as having a WS of 0.

Hits from shooting and hand-to-hand combat are randomly allocated between the Doomwheel's component parts as shown on the chart below. Roll a separate dice for each hit scored and then resolve damage against the part that has been hit.

SHOOTING		HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT	
1	Warpstone generator	1	Warpstone generator
2-4	Wheel	2-3	Wheel
5	Rats	4-5	Rats
6	Warlock Engineer	6	Warlock Engineer

The wheel and warpstone generators have their own Toughness, wounds and other characteristics as shown below with the profiles for the crew.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warpstone Generator	-	-	-		5	Special	-	-	-
Wheel	3D6"	-	-	7	7	3	1	-	-
Warlock Engineer	5	4	4	4	3	1	5	2	10
Rats	-	3	0	3	2	6	1	6	10

The Warlock Engineer wears heavy armour, giving him a saving throw of 5 or 6 on a D6, and is equipped with a pistol.

Damage to the various components of the Doomwheel has the following effects:

THE WARLOCK ENGINEER: If the Warlock Engineer is killed the Doomwheel will start to rampage out of control, moving 3D6" during the compulsory movement phase of each Skaven turn in a random direction determined by rolling the scatter dice. All movement is made in a straight line, collisions with obstacles or units is handled as described above.



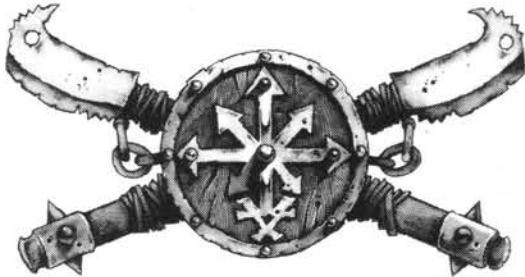
THE WHEEL: If the wheel is destroyed the Doomwheel smashes itself to pieces, killing the rats and the Warlock Engineer in the process.

WARPSTONE GENERATOR: Damage to the warpstone generator causes unpredictable discharges of energy. Make one roll on the Warpstone Generator Misfire Chart for each wound inflicted on it.

THE RATS: The Doomwheel's movement will drop by 1D6" for every 2 wounds suffered by the rats. If the rats suffer a total of 6 wounds they are all killed and the Doomwheel can no longer move or generate warp-lightning.

FLEE AND PURSUIT

The Doomwheel flees and pursues exactly like ordinary troops. If broken in hand-to-hand combat and forced to flee the Doomwheel will move 3D6". If caught by pursuers it is automatically destroyed. Similarly, the Doomwheel pursues fleeing troops at the same rate and will destroy them if they are caught.



WAR MACHINES AND THE DOOMWHEEL

As with chariots, when you are firing at the Doomwheel with a stone thrower or any other weapon or attack which uses a template it is possible to hit the Doomwheel and the crew depending on where the template is placed. Position the template normally. Each part of the Doomwheel – the Warlock Engineer/wheel/rats/warpstone generator – is treated as a separate target and may be hit if they are covered by the template, just like individual models in a larger unit. Weapons like cannon and bolt throwers will strike just one part of the Doomwheel; roll for location as for other missile hits.

SPECIAL RULES

Lightning Field

The random discharges of energy and magic produced by the warpstone generator create a powerful protective field around the Doomwheel. Spells cast into this area are very likely to be disrupted by the magical turmoil, hence any spell cast at the Doomwheel by either side is dispelled on a D6 roll of 4, 5 or 6. During the magic phase wizards within 6" of the Doomwheel can only cast a spell if they first roll a D6 and score equal to or less than their magic level. Failure means that the spell is not cast and the power cards used for it are wasted.

Leadership

The Warlock Engineer in command of the Doomwheel draws great reassurance from the monstrous, infernal engine he's riding on and so counts as having a Leadership value of 10 for the purposes of psychology, spells and Break tests. This is modified as normal, so for example, if the Doomwheel lost a round of hand-to-hand combat the Break test taken by the Warlock Engineer would be modified by the difference in combat results just like ordinary troops.

Rat Psychology

The rats powering the wheel are immune to all psychology and never need to take Break tests. Their Leadership rating is shown for magical attacks, etc., only.

WARPLOCK JEZZAIL

The warplack jezzail is a fiendish invention of the Skaven Clan Skryre. It is a huge and long ranged firearm, more like a small cannon than an ordinary gun. It fires a special missile made from warpstone, the unstable magic rock which gives Skaven their power. When the warpstone strikes its target it explodes with devastating effect and a flash of pyrotechnic colour. The blast can punch through the shield, breastplate and body of an armoured knight from beyond the range of a crossbow, often shattering units of heavily armoured elite troops before they ever get into battle. Groups of jezzails are often placed in a prominent position such as on a hill or inside a tall building to volley the foe with fire as they try to manoeuvre into position.

FIRING THE JEZZAIL

The jezzail is fired in the shooting phase exactly like a crossbow, bow or other missile weapon. Like a crossbow the jezzail cannot move and shoot in the same turn, so if you move during the movement phase you will be unable to fire in the shooting phase. Jezzails may stand and fire charging opponents in exactly the same way as troops armed with bows or other missile weapons.

To shoot the jezzail first turn it to face its target (this doesn't count as moving). To determine if the warpstone shot hits its target roll to hit using the crew's BS as you would for a crossbow, bow, etc. As Skaven have a BS3 this means they will require a 4 to hit a target in the open at up to half range. If you score a hit work out damage as described below. If you miss then the shot sails into the air, strikes the ground, or comes down harmlessly somewhere and has no effect.

PROFILE

Range	Strength	Damage	Save
36"	5	D3	-3

Wounds are worked out exactly as normal except that instead of inflicting 1 wound on its target the jezzail inflicts D3 wounds (roll a D6: 1-2=1, 3-4=2, 5-6=3). Jezzails also have an extra -1 saving throw: -3 instead of the usual -2 for a Strength 5 attack. This reflects the penetrating power of the jezzail's shot and follows the same pattern as other firearms such as hand guns and pistols.



Jezzails have a crew of two Skaven who can carry their weapon at their normal move rate of 5". If one Skaven is killed the remaining one can continue to operate the jezzail but his move is reduced to half rate and all shots to hit suffer a -1 to hit penalty. The jezzail is destroyed if both crew are slain.

Jezzails operate in units of several jezzails. Jezzail units may fight as skirmishers. Refer to the rule section on Skirmishing in the Warhammer rulebook.

JEZZAIL SUMMARY

1. Align the jezzail on its target and roll to hit.
2. Resolve damage at S5. Targets have a -3 save modifier.



Throtvile swished his tail nervously. He didn't like this low cloud one bit. If the human army did include flying creatures – as was rumoured – they wouldn't be able to see them coming until the very last minute.

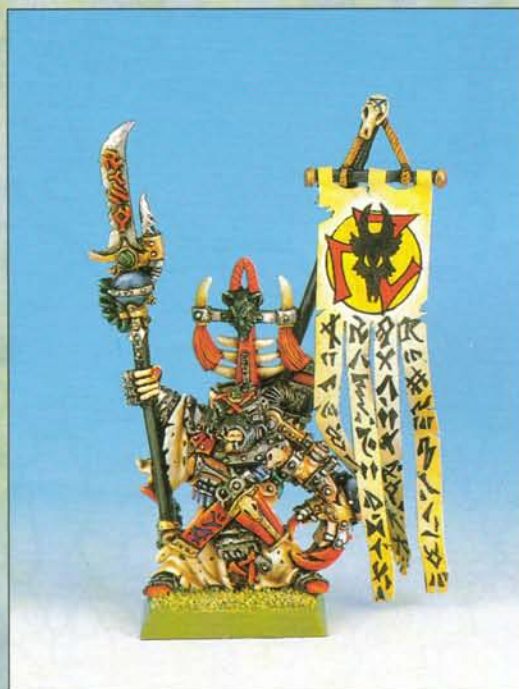
He and the four jezzail teams under his command were positioned on top of a rocky hill to the west of the battlefield. On the plain below, he could see the valiant Skaven forces locked in combat with the Bretonnian army. A large regiment of Clanrat warriors had charged right into the middle of the enemy force, and he could see the Warlord's banner bobbing up and down in the fray. To the left of the main conflict, a unit of Stormvermin had engaged a regiment of cavalry. The soft-fleshed human warriors were entirely covered in metal armour – the weaklings – unlike the mighty Stormvermin, who were protected only by their thick black fur.

On the right, another, smaller, unit of mounted knights was cantering round towards the base of the hill. Throtvile gave the command to fire and the four jezzails rang out in unison. Waving a paw to clear the foul-smelling smoke he saw that two of the knights were down and the rest had drawn to a confused halt, trying to bring their horses under control. The jezzail crews chattered with excitement as they reloaded and prepared to fire again. Throtvile's whiskers bristled with pride as the next volley of shots downed another knight and the others wheeled round and fled. How he would remember this glorious day! He had single-handedly (well, almost) routed that huge regiment of enemy cavalry and...

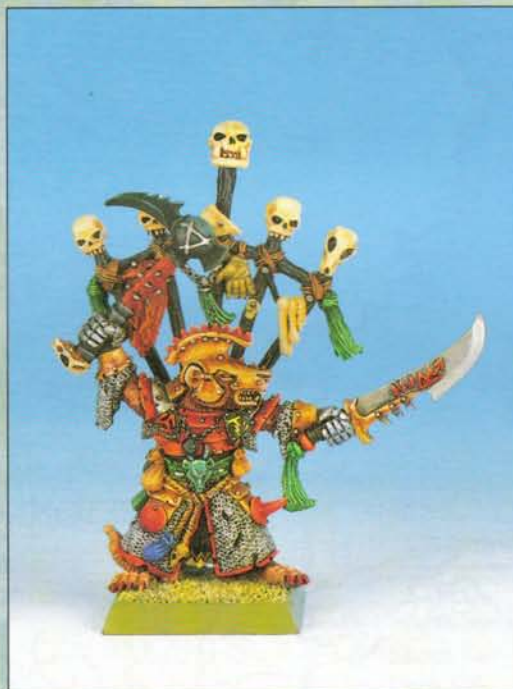
"For God and the King!" Throtvile was so surprised he nearly dropped his sword. Plummeting down from the clouds in a storm of wings came a fully armoured knight mounted on a brilliant white pegasus. Behind him the jezzail teams shrank back with fear. "Fire, FIRE!" yelled Throtvile, flinging himself to the ground, and clamping his paws over his ears. Too shocked to disobey, the jezzail crews swivelled their guns and fired wildly at the pegasus. There was a succession of deafening explosions and a scream of pain. Throtvile raised his muzzle and looked up nervously. The pegasus lay on the ground, its white hide streaked with blood, one wing torn off. The knight lay motionless on the ground beside it. Emboldened, he scuttled forward, but froze in his tracks when the knight suddenly lurched to his feet, raising his heavy sword into the air. The old Skaven adage 'He who runs away lives to fight another day' flashed through Throtvile's mind, and he turned tail and ran.

SKAVEN LORDS

The Council of Thirteen has many agents within the Skaven Under-Empire and in the realms above. Some of their most powerful servants are the Skaven Lords. These mighty warlocks and warriors control the greater clans with an iron claw, rooting out and destroying any Skaven who plot and scheme against the Lords of Decay.



IKIT CLAW CHIEF WARLOCK
OF CLAN SKRYRE



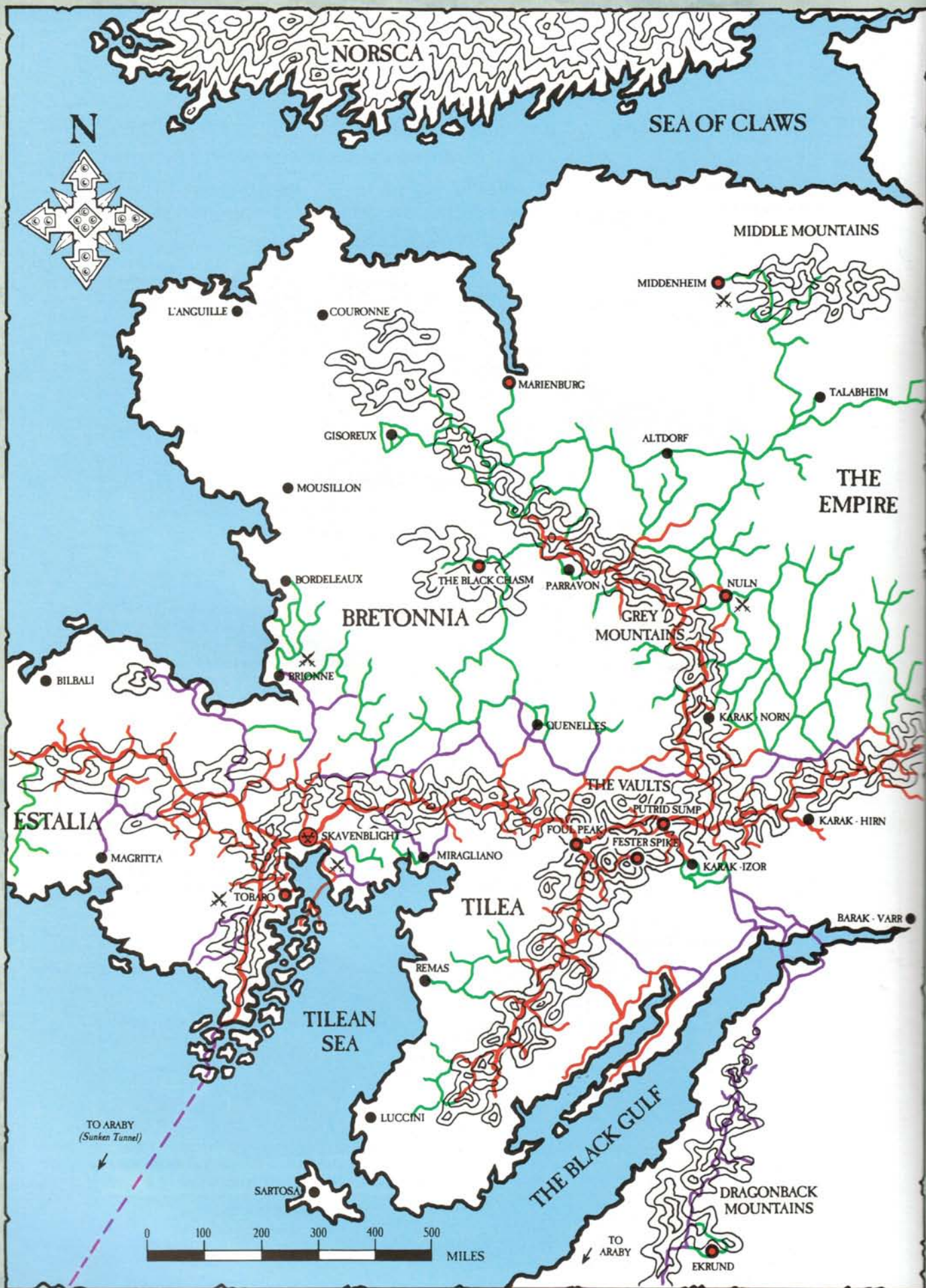
WARLORD QUEEK HEAD-TAKER
OF CLAN MORS

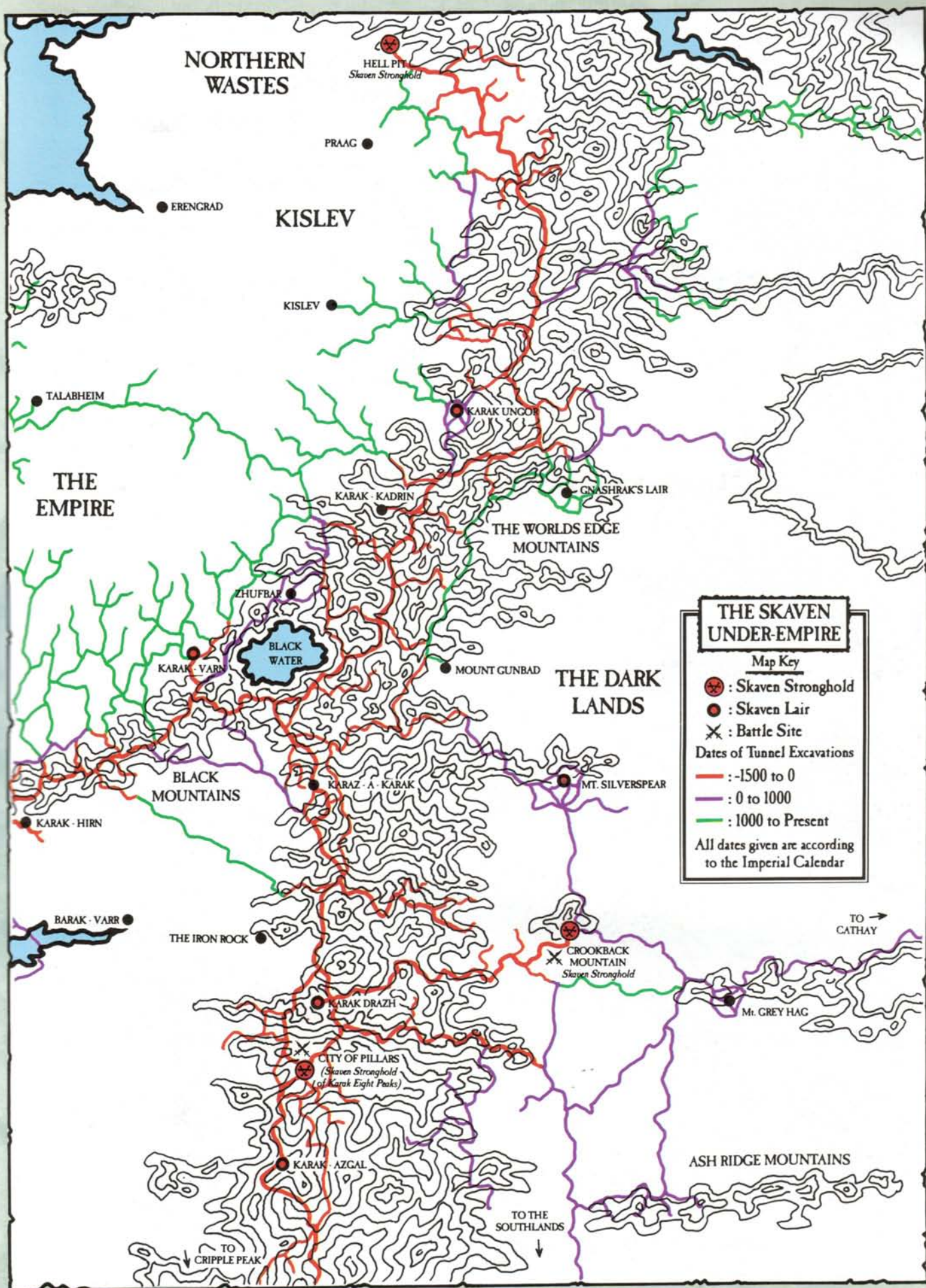


LORD SKROLK
OF CLAN PESTILENS



DEATHMASTER SNIKCH
OF CLAN ESHIN





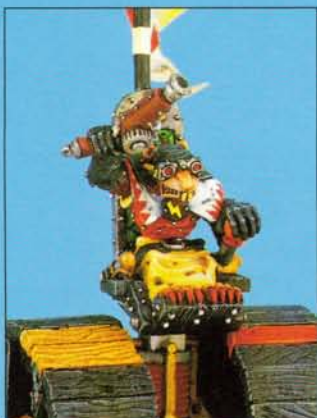


HIGH ELVES STRUGGLE TO HOLD BACK THE SKAVEN TIDE



THE SKAVEN HORDES CLASH WITH THE GOBLINS OF THE WORLD EDGE MOUNTAINS

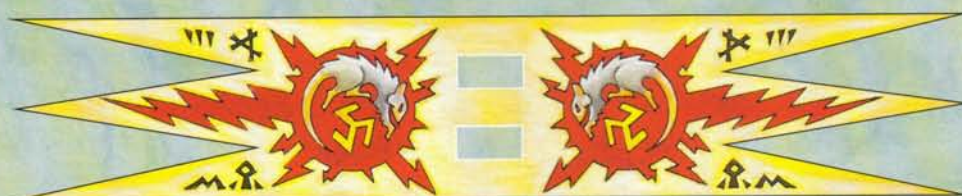
SKAVEN DOOMWHEEL



WARLOCK ENGINEER



DETAILS OF THE RATS AND LIGHTNING PROJECTORS

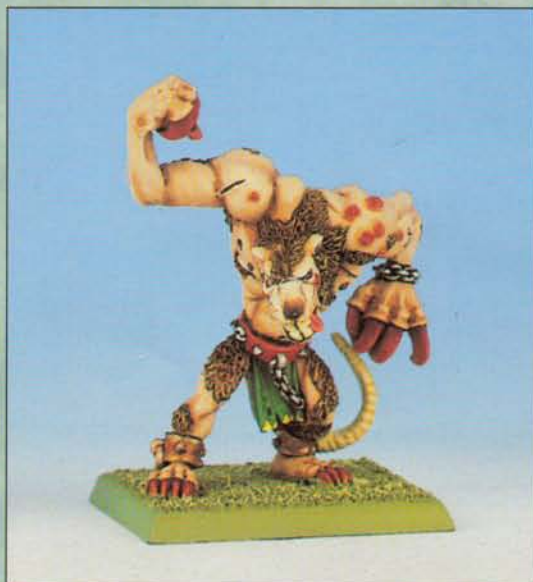


CLAN MOULDER RAT OGRES



CLAN MOULDER PACKMASTER

Clan Moulder has relatively few warriors but sends packs of its mutant beasts into battle. They are driven on by specially trained Packmasters, experts in plying the lash and goading their truculent beasts into combat. Rat Ogres are the most feared of all Clan Moulder's mutant beasts: huge, Skaven-like creatures the size and strength of true Ogres but possessed of the speed and ferocity of Skaven. A Rat Ogre's small brain is devoted entirely to fighting and bloodshed so in battle units of Rat Ogres are controlled by Clan Moulder Packmasters who direct the monsters and unleash their devastating charges when the time is ripe.



SKAVEN



CLANRAT STANDARD BEARER



CHAMPION



GREY SEER



WARPFIRE THROWER TEAM



CLANRAT WARRIOR



JEZZAIL TEAM



STORMVERMIN



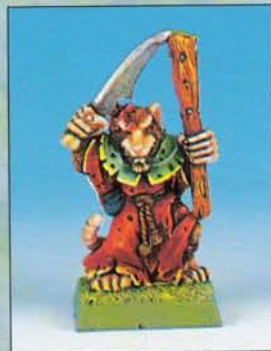
STORMVERMIN WARLORD



THROT THE UNCLEAN



PLAGUE MONK



PLAGUE MONK



PLAGUE CENSER BEARER



PLAGUE MONK



SKAVEN CLANRATS HURL THEMSELVES AGAINST THE RESTLESS DEAD



PLAGUE MONKS LEAD THE ATTACK AGAINST AN ARMY OF CHAOS DWARFS

THE SKAVEN SCREAMING BELL



GREY SEER



STRIKER



SKAVEN ARMY REGIMENTS



CLAN PESTILENS PLAGUE MONK REGIMENT



CLAN MOULDER RAT OGRE PACK



CLANRAT WARRIOR REGIMENT

SKAVEN ARMY REGIMENTS



CLANRAT WARRIOR REGIMENT



STORMVERMIN REGIMENT



SKAVENSLAVE REGIMENT

SKAVEN MAGIC ITEMS

SEER STONE

35 POINTS

A Skaven can use the Seer Stone to spy across the battlefield and reveal his enemy's actions.

A Skaven wizard who carries the Seer Stone may increase the range of his spells by expending extra power cards. Each power card expended increases the maximum range of the spell by D6". The player may continue to expend power to reach a distant target if he wishes.

WARPSTONE ARMOUR

50 POINTS

Warpstone Armour is forged from warpstone and covered with malign runes of the Horned God of the Skaven. Enemies who strike the armour are in turn blasted with its evil power.

The wearer of Warpstone Armour has a special save of a 4+.

For each wound saved the Warpstone Armour automatically rebounds a Strength 3 hit upon the enemy who struck the blow.

Warpstone Armour may be worn by Skaven wizards without compromising their ability to cast spells.

**4+ SPECIAL SAVE
INFLECTS S3 HIT PER SAVE**

FELLBLADE

135 POINTS

The Fellblade was created by the Skaven Lords of Decay to destroy the evil Necromancer Nagash. It is made from ore smelted from warpstone and mixed with stolen gnomrill. Its blade is carved with baleful runes of doom and destruction. So deadly is the Fellblade that even its wielder must eventually succumb to its effects.

The bearer strikes with a Strength of 10 and each wound inflicted causes not 1 but D6 wounds upon its target.

A model carrying the Fellblade must roll a D6 at the end of his turn. On the roll of a 6 he suffers 1 wound from the baneful effect of the sword, with no armour saving throw allowed.

STRENGTH 10.

1 WOUND = D6 WOUNDS

WARPSTONE AMULET

25 POINTS

The Warpstone Amulet radiates disharmony, hostility and confusion so that anyone who attacks its bearer becomes dazed and bewildered.

Any model attacking the wearer in hand-to-hand combat must take a Leadership test before striking. If the test is passed the enemy overcomes the effect of the Amulet and strikes as normal.

If the test is failed the model suffers a -2 to hit penalty and -2 Strength penalty on its attacks that turn.

LEADERSHIP TEST TO STRIKE

-2 TO HIT

-2 STRENGTH

DWARF-GOUGER

50 POINTS

This wicked and ancient Skaven weapon was fashioned as the Skaven battled to wrest the Worlds Edge Mountains from the Dwarfs.

All armour saving throws against a wound from Dwarf Gouger are taken with a -3 penalty on top of the usual Strength modifiers. For example, if the wielder has S4 the total penalty is -4, S5 is -5 and so on.

Wounds caused by the Dwarf Gouger are doubled, each wound causing not 1 wound but 2. Against Dwarfs only, any hits from Dwarf Gouger will wound on a roll of 2+ regardless of the wielder's Strength or opponent's Toughness.

**-3 SAVE. 1 WOUND = 2 WOUNDS
VS. DWARFS WOUNDS ON A 2+**

THE ROD OF CORRUPTION

100 POINTS

The Rod of Corruption seethes with the foul energies of pestilence. Its touch brings corruption and certain death.

When the bearer hits an enemy in hand-to-hand fighting do not immediately work out wounds as you normally would. Instead, roll a D6. If the score is higher than the victim's Toughness, or a 6 regardless of the victim's Toughness, then the enemy collapses into a festering pile of rotted flesh and is killed instantly.

No armour saves are allowed against the Rod of Corruption as no wounds are inflicted.

ROLL VS TOUGHNESS TO DESTROY



SKALM

50 POINTS

Skalm is a tar-like substance which the Skaven smear on wounds and stumps to 'fix-quick' serious wounds. It contains warpstone powder which burns and mutates the flesh around the wound leaving ugly twisted scars. Only the strongest Skaven use Skalm... the weak are torn apart and devoured by their kin.

A character carrying a pot of Skalm can use it once to heal its own wounds. Skaven can be used at any time except in a close combat phase. Any wounds the Skaven has suffered in the battle to date are immediately restored.

ONE USE ONLY

CLOAK OF SHADOWS

75 POINTS

Woven from the hair of murderers this wretched cloak is foul with the stench of enchantment weaving shadows of darkness around its wearer.

The wearer cannot be charged or shot at unless the enemy first rolls a 6 on a D6 to spot him.

A wizard cannot direct a spell against the wearer unless he first rolls a 5 or 6 on a D6 to spot him.

Note that if the character is with a unit then his cloak does nothing to prevent the unit being shot at or targeted with spells. The cloak does not stop attacks from a hand-to-hand opponent.

6+ TO CHARGE OR TARGET
5+ TO TARGET SPELL

SKAVEN BREW

50 POINTS

Skavenbrew is a bubbling concoction of warpstone and venom.

A character carrying Skavenbrew can feed it to a unit he is with at the start of the battle. Roll D6. The result applies for the entire battle.

- 1 The potion has no effect.
- 2-3 The unit hates all non-Skaven.
- 4-5 The unit is overcome with frenzy.
- 6 The unit moves at double-speed and doubles its Attacks characteristic value. Roll a further D6 at the end of each Skaven turn; on a 1 the unit suffers D6 wounds from over exertion.

ONE USE ONLY

SACRED STANDARD OF THE HORNE RAT

75 POINTS

The Sacred Standard is a ragged banner of flayed skin carried at the head of the Skaven army.

The Skaven unit which carries the Sacred Standard of the Horned Rat increases its Leadership to 10.

In addition, if a spell is cast against the unit carrying the standard, roll a D6 for each power card used to cast the spell. On a score of 4 or more the Skaven player absorbs the power card and takes it into his own hand. This does not dispel or otherwise affect the spell and the player is entitled to attempt a dispel in the usual way.

POISON WIND GLOBES

25 POINTS

Poison Wind Globes are spheres of glass filled with the gaseous fumes of burning warpstone.

The character carries sufficient globes to last the entire battle and can throw one up to 8" in the shooting phase.

Nominate your target and roll the Scatter dice. A HIT symbol indicates a direct hit otherwise the globe lands D3" in the direction indicated by the dice.

The globe shatters where it lands releasing a poison cloud equivalent in size to the small template (2" diameter). Models beneath the template suffer 1 wound on the D6 roll of a 4 or more. No armour saves are allowed against wounds suffered from the poison wind.

8" RANGE. SCATTER DICE.
1 WOUND ON 4+
NO ARMOUR SAVE ALLOWED



The following magic items are specific to Skaven – they have been included here for your reference. Cards for these items, plus many more, are available in the Warhammer Magic supplement.

STORM DAEMON

25 POINTS

Storm Daemon is a long staff which crackles with the power of its malevolent spell.

Storm Daemon is a double-handed weapon which confers a +1 Strength bonus on its bearer. The bearer may not carry a magic weapon as well as Storm Daemon.

Storm Daemon contains a bound spell which can be cast by its bearer. No power cards are required to cast this spell, the power comes from the Storm Daemon itself. The spell can be cast upon an enemy unit which the bearer can see and which is within 24" of him. The enemy unit suffers D6 S5 hits. No armour saving throw is allowed against wounds inflicted by Storm Daemon's spell.

After casting its spell roll a D6. On a roll of a 1 or 2 Storm Daemon's spell is exhausted and cannot be cast again during the battle.

**+1 STRENGTH. CAST SPELL D6 S5 HITS
24" RANGE. EXHAUSTED ON 1 OR 2**

WARPSTORM SCROLL

50 POINTS

This scroll contains a powerful bound spell which summons a devastating warpstorm in the upper atmosphere, scattering all creatures flying high up.

The bearer can cast the spell in the Warpstorm Scroll in his magic phase. No power is necessary to cast the spell as the scroll provides all the power required. The scroll can only be used once.

When the spell is cast all models which are flying high suffer D6 Strength 6 hits. In the case of monster/rider combinations divide the hits randomly as you would from missile fire.

In addition, all models which are flying high are forced down to the ground and will enter the table on their own table edge in their following turn.

**FLYING HIGH MODELS TAKE
D6 S6 HITS. FORCED TO GROUND
ONE USE ONLY**

BRASS ORB

65 POINTS

The Brass Orb can be used once. To release its spell it is thrown to the ground within 8" of the bearer. The spell requires no power cards to cast, all the power required is provided by the orb itself. Nominate the target and roll the Scatter dice. A HIT symbol is a direct hit, otherwise the Orb lands D3" in the direction shown by the dice.

Place any round magic template where the globe lands. Roll a D6 for each model beneath the template. If the score is greater than its Initiative, or a 6 is rolled, the model is sucked away to its doom. No armour saves are allowed.

The spell remains in play. Roll a Scatter and Artillery dice at the start of the player's magic phase. On a MISFIRE it is dispelled. Otherwise it vanishes and reappears the number of inches away in the direction shown.

**RANGE 8". LINE OF SIGHT.
ONE USE ONLY**

BANDS OF POWER

40 POINTS

The Bands are two metal vambraces which contain a potent spell of strength.

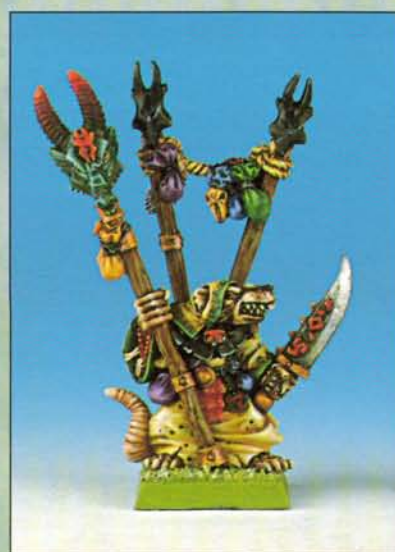
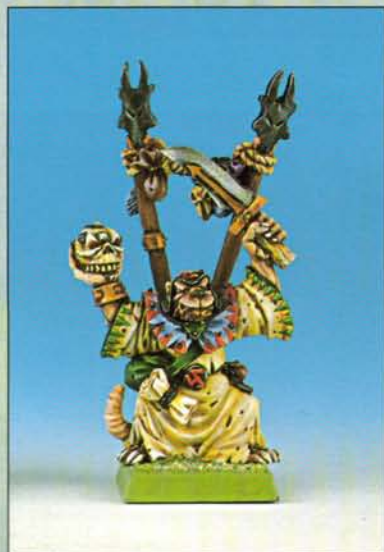
The Bands of Power may cast their spell three times during the battle, once per magic phase like an ordinary spell.

The spell requires no power cards to cast, all the power required is provided by the Bands of Power themselves.

When the spell is cast the wearer doubles his Strength value up to a maximum of 10. This lasts until the start of the player's following magic phase.

**DOUBLES CASTER'S STRENGTH
THREE USES ONLY
LASTS ONE TURN**

SKAVEN WARLOCKS

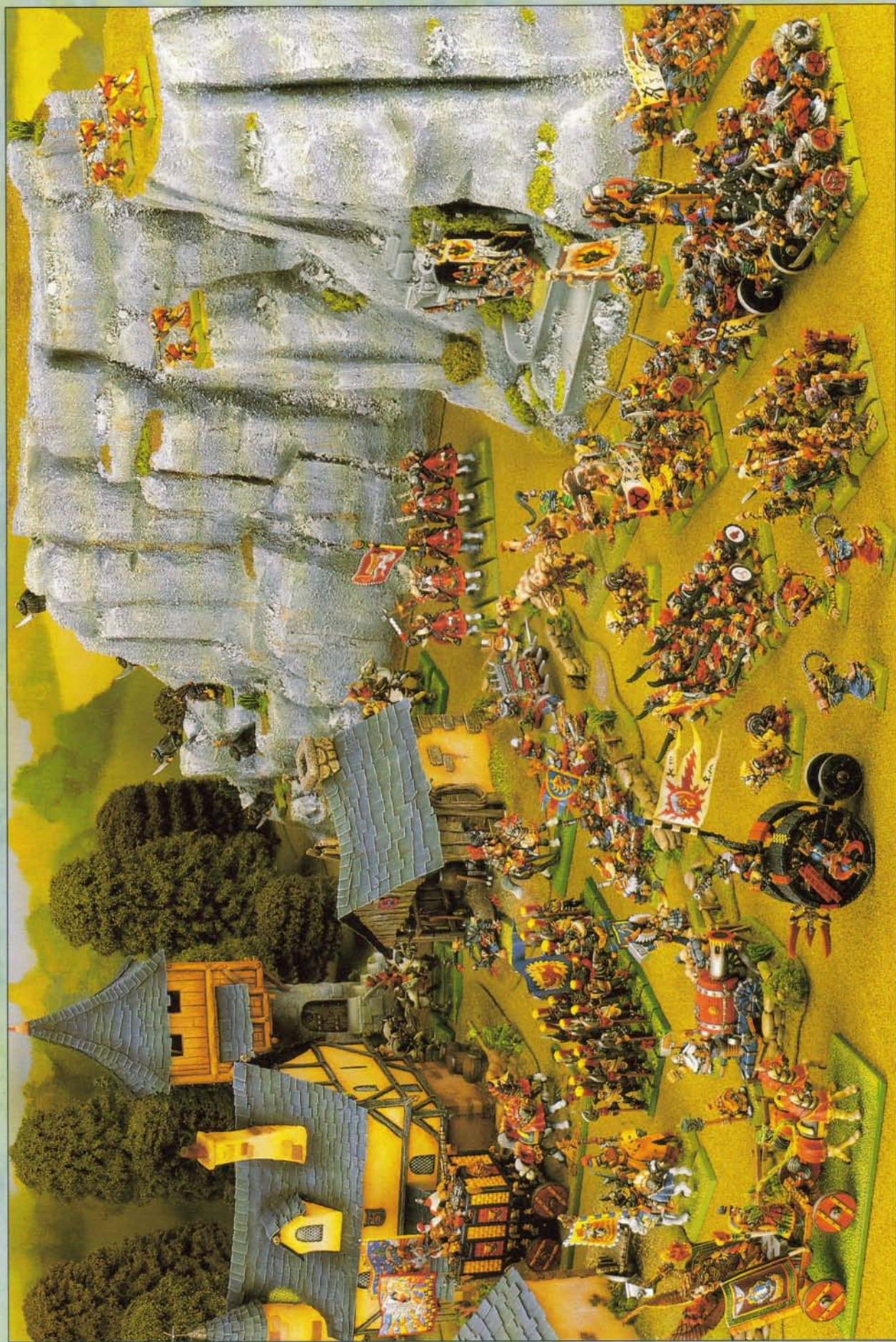




GREY SEER THANQUOL PREPARES TO LEAD HIS HORDE INTO BATTLE



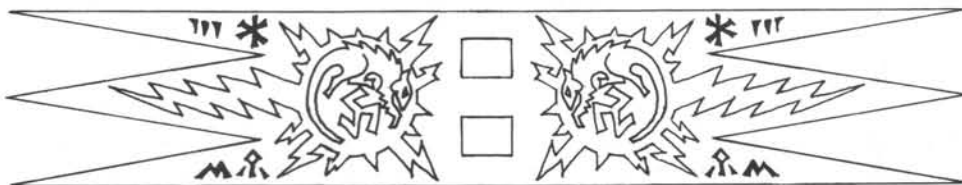
SKAVEN SWARMS QUICKLY OVERPOWER THE INVADING CHAOS DWARF FORCE



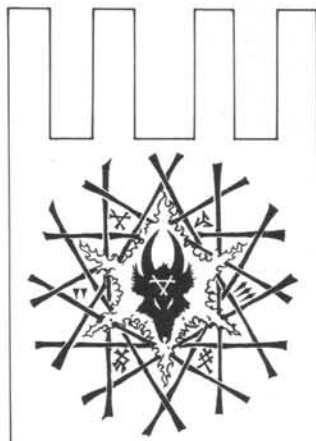
A MIGHTY SKAVEN HORDE SWARMS FORWARD TO SWEEP AWAY AN EMPIRE AND DWARF ALLIANCE

SKAVEN BANNERS

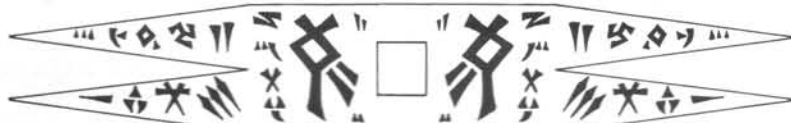
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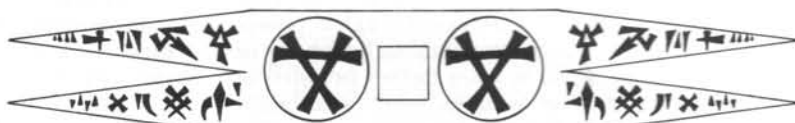
DOOMWHEEL BANNER



ARMY BANNER



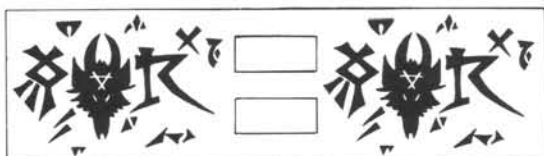
WARLORD CLAN BANNER



CLANRAT BANNER



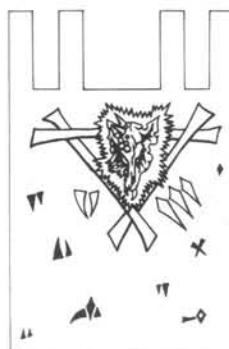
RUNIC BANNER



WARLORD CLAN BANNER



IKIT CLAW'S
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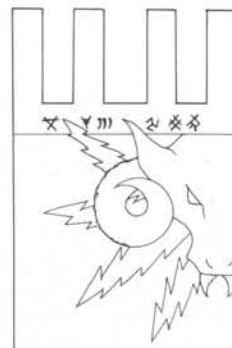
CLAN PESTILENS
BANNER



ARMY BANNER



CLAN ESHIN
BANNER



STORMVERMIN
BANNER

CLANRAT BANNERS

BESTIARY

SKAVEN

Skaven are a very diverse race. Most are smaller than a man, no more than four or five feet tall and quite slightly built. Others, in particular the elite Stormvermin, are anywhere up to six feet tall and heavily built with thick necks and heavily muscled shoulders. Larger Skaven usually fight their way into positions of authority unless they are particularly stupid or lazy, becoming chieftains and eventually warlords unless they lose one of the battles for supremacy along the way.

The rank of different Skaven can often be distinguished by their fur colour – Assassins and the giant Stormvermin usually have black fur (considered the mark of a pure killer in Skavendom), white or grey fur denotes great leaders and wielders of magical power while the bulk of the Skaven have reddish brown fur or piebald-type markings. Fur is often further branded or painted with clan markings or runes, more occasionally it is bleached or dyed to denote special status as honour guards, sacrificial slaves and so on. It is interesting to note that Skaven leaders are often white or grey, the Skaven doubtless finding it easier to distinguish their lighter-coloured leaders in the darkness underground.

Skaven have average to poor eyesight, but their night-sight is very good. Skaven lairs are usually sparsely lit by just the occasional smoking torch or crackling brazier to give the Skaven the minimal amount of light they need to see by. Their hearing and sense of smell are excellent, making them very difficult to take by surprise and they are especially good at fighting at night or underground.



The Skaven metabolism burns at a ferocious rate, peaking with a burst of adrenalin if they feel angry or threatened. This gives rise to the Skaven's legendary speed and ferocity, but its drawback is that Skaven need to gorge themselves after a fight or battle to replenish their energy. This phenomenon is known as the black hunger amongst the Skaven and goes some way to explaining their propensity for feasting upon the fallen and devouring opponents after single combats. If a Skaven is forced to fight for a protracted period without food it will weaken and eventually die.

Because of their hyperactive metabolisms, Skaven lifespans are relatively short – they mature fully within five years and die of old age (if they live that long) after around twenty years. Skaven do breed prolifically however, and the indolent semi-intelligent Skaven

females can produce between three and five litters of up to twenty Skaven young each year. In-fighting, disease and accidents help to keep the Skaven population under control but when even these fail the Skaven must either go to war or face large scale famines until their population is reduced.

Warlocks and Grey Seers are more intelligent than the bulk of the Skaven population and tend to live considerably longer. Whether they use magic to achieve this or they are actually more like a sub-species of Skaven is unclear. Certainly warlocks and Grey Seers take the same view of the world as other Skaven, their thoughts are constantly turned towards finding the most immediate solution to a problem and how in doing so they can make it best reflect upon themselves in the view of their superiors.

Everything the Skaven strive for is typified by this desire for immediate gratification because individuals realise that any far reaching schemes will not benefit them before they go to join the Horned One. Thus Skaven society constantly roils with incessant scheming and warfare as the warlords seek to make some great achievements in their all too short lives.

SPECIAL RULES

LEADERSHIP

Skaven are bolder if there are a lot of them so Skaven regiments add their close combat rank bonus to their Leadership for all tests. This means that Skaven regiments receive +1 to their Leadership for every rank of four or more models after the first. If the Skaven are fleeing or skirmishing no rank bonus would normally apply so they receive no bonus. Similarly, if attacked in the sides or rear this bonus is lost. Remember that the maximum possible Ld score is 10, and no bonuses may take the score above this.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
SKAVEN	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5
CHAMPION	5	4	4	4	3	1	5	2	5
CHIEFTAIN	5	5	5	4	4	2	6	3	6
WARLORD	5	6	6	4	4	3	7	4	7

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
WARLOCK ENGINEER	5	3	3	3	4	1	5	1	5
WARLOCK CHAMPION	5	3	3	4	4	2	5	1	6
WARLOCK MASTER	5	3	3	4	4	3	6	2	7
GREY SEER	5	6	6	4	4	4	7	4	7

SKAVEN ASSASSINS

The black-clad Assassins of Clan Eshin are rightly feared by those who know of them. They are trained from birth as quick, murderous fighters adept in the use of poisons, garrotes, throwing stars and all manner of exotic weapons. Most Clan Eshin weapons are forged with warpstone so that they constantly weep a potent corrosive venom. Much of the Assassins' training hones their already fast Skaven reflexes to unparalleled heights, enabling them to perform incredible feats like leaping many times their own height into the air, running as fast as a galloping horse or climbing sheer surfaces.



The Skaven of Clan Eshin act as secret police and enforcers for the Council of Thirteen. If the Lords of Decay decide a Warlord or a Grey Seer is no longer loyal, Assassins of Clan Eshin are set on their trail, maintaining the Council's rule through murder and terror. Assassins are also despatched to slay leaders and champions of opposing armies or to sabotage the defences of towns and cities by poisoning water supplies, setting fires, murdering civic dignitaries, stirring up the rat packs and spreading disease.

In pitched battles Assassins often disguise themselves and lurk in the ranks of ordinary Skaven until they have an opportunity to strike at enemy leaders or heroes in the confusion of combat.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
ASSASSIN	6	5	4	4	3	1	5	2	7

SPECIAL RULES

DISGUISE

At the start of the game Clan Eshin Assassins can conceal themselves in Skaven regiments, disguised as ordinary warriors. Once the regiment enters combat the Assassins cast off their disguise and leap into the fray. You can conceal up to two Assassins in a regiment, but remember to make a note of which regiment they are hiding in.

The Assassin models are not placed on the table with the rest of the troops, but are assumed to move along with the unit until revealed. In this way the enemy doesn't know where your Assassins are lurking until they strike.

ATTACK

The Assassins are revealed once their regiment is fighting in hand-to-hand combat. The player declares that his regiment conceals Assassins and places the models in a rank where they can fight, removing other models from the front rank to make room for them if necessary.

Because they attack by surprise on the first round of combat, the Assassins fight before any other models, regardless of Initiative and who charged into combat. The Assassins can fight any model their base is touching, so it is usual to place them next to an enemy leader or other important character.

WEEPING BLADES

The weapons carried by a Clan Eshin Assassin incorporate warpstone and baneful spells in their construction so that they constantly weep a deadly corrosive venom. The venom burns through armour and hits from an Assassin have an extra -1 saving throw modifier, so with their Strength of 4 they have a saving throw modifier of -2. The caustic potency of the venom means that each hit causes not 1 but D3 wounds.

FURTHER FIGHTING

After the Assassins have attacked they can be attacked by enemy models in the normal way. Once an Assassin has been revealed it remains with the regiment and will continue to move with them and fight as described. In any round of combat an Assassin can always choose where to fight within the regiment and can be repositioned to take on enemy characters if the player wishes.

LEADERSHIP

The Assassins remain with their regiment and the regiment continues to take Leadership tests using its own Leadership value. Assassins are not leaders but skilled murderers, so their Leadership value is never used by the regiment they are with.

If the regiment is broken, forced to flee, or subject to some other unfortunate psychology or Leadership-based test which it fails, the Assassins can either remain with the regiment and suffer the consequences or pass a separate Leadership test and transfer to another regiment within 6".



CLAN ESHIN GUTTER RUNNERS

Gutter Runners are the wily rat-assassins of Clan Eshin. They are already trained in the deadly skills which they must master to become full assassins so they work in small packs until the Assassin adepts decide they are ready to work alone. Gutter Runners are used to scout ahead of the Skaven army and harass the enemy with night raids and ambushes, using arson and poisoning as their main weapons. In battle they attempt to outflank the enemy, attacking vulnerable war machines and ambushing exposed units.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
GUTTER RUNNER	6	4	4	4	3	1	5	1	7

SPECIAL RULES

SPECIAL DEPLOYMENT

The Gutter Runners are set up after the enemy has placed all his units on the table. The Gutter Runners can be positioned anywhere on the table which is outside the enemy's deployment zone and which places them out of sight of any enemy models at the start of the game.

SKIRMISH

Gutter Runners can skirmish if you wish – see the Warhammer rulebook for rules on skirmishing.

CLAN SKRYRE POISON WIND GLOBADIERS



Poison wind globes are one of the Clan Skryre's most infamous weapons. A poison wind globe is a fragile glass or crystal sphere filled with a lethal warpstone gas. When the globe is shattered a noxious cloud of yellowish-green vapour billows out to fill the area around it with deadly, choking gas. These heinous weapons were first used in the bitter tunnel fighting which took place between Skaven and Dwarfs beneath the Worlds Edge Mountains.

Clan Skryre trains specialist 'Globadiers' who are experienced in handling and throwing the fragile globes. The Globadiers wear distinctive masks which are meant to filter out the gas in case a globe is accidentally dropped and shatters. In battle, individual Globadiers either form small skirmishing units or lurk around near the flanks of Skaven regiments until they have an opportunity to hurl their deadly globes into the enemy's ranks.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
GLOBADIER	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5

SPECIAL RULES

POISON WIND GLOBES

Poison wind globes have a range of 6", and use a 1" radius area effect template. Place the template anywhere in range of the Globadier and roll the scatter dice to see whether the globe is on target. If a 'hit' is rolled the globe is on target. If an arrow is shown the template is moved D3" in the direction indicated by the arrow. Any model that is more than half under the template is hit on a 4, 5 or 6 (Globadiers are only affected on a roll of 6 because of their special masks).

Hits automatically cause 1 wound with no armour saving throw possible. Unlike most missile weapons poison wind globes can be hurled into the rear ranks of an enemy regiment which is fighting in hand-to-hand combat with no risk to the Skaven unit they are fighting – unless the globes miss, of course!

GLOBADIERS

When Globadiers operate as individuals they must stick with a particular Skaven regiment throughout the battle. A maximum of two Globadiers can be attached to a regiment and they must remain within 6" of the regiment at all times. The Globadiers count as part of the regiment for all intents and purposes and don't test separately for psychology, panic etc, so if the regiment flees the Globadiers flee as well; if the regiment rallies the Globadiers rally too.

The only exception to this rule is that if the Globadiers are charged they must *evade* – usually moving around the side of the Skaven regiment for protection. A skirmishing unit of Globadiers forms a completely separate regiment and follows all the normal rules for skirmishers.

SHOOTING

Poison Wind Globadiers attached to units count as character models for the purposes of shooting, so they may only be shot at while they are within 5" of their parent unit if they are the closest target. The normal -1 modifier for firing at a single character does apply.

PLAGUE MONKS

The Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens are utterly dedicated to the spreading of corruption and decay in the name of the Horned Rat. They are the initiates of infection and disciples of disease, with numerous agents scattered across the cities of the Old World.

Hidden away in their underground strongholds the Plague Monks cultivate deadly diseases in bubbling vats filled with warpstone, carcasses and foetid offal. Each new plague they create is unleashed by infected rats released into city sewers by Clan Eshin, bringing great misery and hardship upon the human inhabitants. The results of each experiment are recorded in a great book, the Liber Bubonicus, otherwise known as the Book of Woe, a tome which contains details of every disease known to man as well as some unknown ones. Clan Pestilens plot to ultimately create a devastating plague which will ravage mankind, leaving the Skaven to inherit the ruins. The Horned Rat and the Skaven, his children, will rule supreme.

In battle Plague Monk regiments hurl themselves into the fray with fanatical ferocity, eager to bring death and destruction to their foes. They may be led by a great Plague Priest who raises their frenzied devotion to new heights. The Monks themselves are maniacal fighters whose exposure to disease and pestilence has toughened them and inured them to pain and injury.

Plague Monks favour stained robes of sickly greens, purples and blues, these bright colours contrasting horribly with the weeping sores, bony growths and fluid-filled blisters which mark their flesh. Clan Pestilens banners are particularly horrible to see, often comprising a half rotted carcass hanging from the banner pole surmounting a chaotic vision of twisted horror rendered in pigments distilled from blood and warpstone.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
PLAGUE MONK	5	3	3	3	4	1	4	1	5
PLAGUE PRIEST	5	5	5	4	5	2	6	3	6

SPECIAL RULE

FRENZY

Plague Monks are affected by the rules for *frenzy*. This means they will always charge enemy within reach, being so fanatical they won't hesitate to attack their foes immediately. When they're frenzied the Monks double their number of attacks so each Monk will have 2 attacks instead of 1. Frenzied warriors must always pursue enemy who break and flee in combat. See the description of frenzy in the Warhammer rulebook for full details.



GIANT RATS

The Giant Rat is the largest of all ratkind and by far the most dangerous, being up to six feet long with strong limbs and powerful jaws. Giant Rats were created by Clan Moulder selectively breeding the biggest, most aggressive rats and feeding them on warpstone.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
GIANT RAT	6	2	0	3	3	1	3	1	4

SPECIAL RULES

PURSUIT

Giant Rats are extremely vicious and always pursue a broken enemy regardless of the Skaven player's wishes.

OVERWHELM ENEMY

Giant Rats fight in a huge and unstoppable mass. It is impossible for enemies fighting Giant Rats to lap round them because of their overwhelming advance.

Conversely, Giant Rats can always lap round their enemy, even if they are beaten in hand-to-hand combat. See the Hand-to-hand Combat section of the Warhammer rules for details of how lapping round works.

PANIC

The sight of Giant Rats scampering off the battlefield doesn't really bother Skaven, it just proves to them how superior they are to their primitive forebears! Therefore only Giant Rat packs have to take Panic tests when another Giant Rat pack breaks in combat or flees past them during the turn.

PLAGUE CENSER BEARERS

Only the most fanatical and deranged members of Clan Pestilens are given the singular honour of wielding a plague censer, carrying the foulest disease into the heart of the enemy ranks. A plague censer is a hollow spiked metal ball attached to a long chain. A plague infested shard of warpstone is burned inside the ball so that it emits a foul bubonic vapour as the censer is swung. Anyone who inhales the fumes may be overcome by a deadly and painful plague. Flesh exposed to the vapour quickly erupts into sores and fluid-filled blisters.

Plague Censer Bearers frequently fall victim to their own weapons. The warpstone fumes induce exhilaration and ecstasy in them before they die, driving them into a killer frenzy so that they foam and squeak their devotion to the Horned Rat even as their lungs fill with fluid and their joints swell and burst. As Plague Monks march into battle they are preceded by a swarm of Plague Censer Bearers who pollute the air with their swinging censers to the chanted accompaniment of the Liturgus Infecticus.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
CENSER BEARER	5	4	0	4	4	1	4	1	5

SPECIAL RULES

SHOOTING

The billowing clouds of vapour surrounding Censer Bearers makes them difficult targets to shoot at, hence the normal -1 to hit modifier for shooting at skirmishers is doubled up to -2 when shooting at Plague Censer Bearers.

FORMATION

Plague Censer Bearers always fight in a loose, skirmishing formation as described in the rules for skirmishers in the Warhammer rulebook. This is because the foul fumes of their censers form a poisonous cloud around each Skaven, making it difficult and disadvantageous to fight in a closely packed formation.

FRENZY

Plague Censer Bearers are fanatical devotees of Clan Pestilens, driven to acts of insane bravado by the excitement of battle. Plague Censer Bearers are affected by the rules for *frenzy* given in the Warhammer rulebook.

HATRED

Censer Bearers are affected by the rules for *hatred* given in the Warhammer rulebook. This means they take all Break tests as if they had a Leadership of 10, they can reroll any misses on the first round of combat and must always pursue a fleeing foe.

COMBAT

In close combat the Plague Censer is wielded like a flail. In addition, the swinging censer creates a 1" radius *Fog of Death* around the bearer. Roll a D6 for any models inside this area at the start of the close combat phase, and if the roll is higher than the model's Toughness value the bubonic vapours overcome the model and inflict 1 wound. A roll of 6 always causes a wound on a model, regardless of its Toughness. No armour saving throw is possible as the vapours penetrate any defence.

Note that the Censer Bearer must make this test himself, for even Skaven are not immune, but they are more resistant and are only overcome on the roll of 6. Astute readers will realise that it is a very good plan to keep all your Censer Bearers at least 1" apart and away from other Skaven to avoid accidentally poisoning your own troops.

PLAGUE MONKS

Plague Censer Bearers always fight alongside a unit of Plague Monks. Censer Bearers must remain within 6" of their Plague Monk unit until they charge into combat. If the Plague Monk unit flees or is affected by psychology, the Censer Bearers are also affected in exactly the same way. If the Censer Bearers are called upon to make a Leadership test for combat or psychology, then they may use the Leadership value of their Plague Monk unit, assuming it is still within 6".



The Empire knight was an impressive sight as he galloped his grey charger over the ridge. The early morning mist still clung to the ground, and the advancing Skaven army looked as if they were swimming through white foam. Five Skaven scuttled ahead of rest, whirling spiked flails round their heads. Streams of greeny-yellow gas poured out of the spiked balls, spreading a pall of poisonous mist about them.

The knight charged his horse at the lead Skaven, bending down to swing his hammer at it. At the last minute, the horse panicked and shied. The knight was thrown to the ground with a thud of steel. Coughing as the foul air blistered his throat, he tried to struggle to his feet, but was knocked down again by a well-placed blow from the Skaven. The spiked ball crunched into the knight's unprotected head, leaving half his face a red ruin. As he toppled over the Skaven leaped on top of him and tore open his throat. Mad with fear, the horse ran straight towards the ranks of the Skaven army but within seconds it too succumbed to the lethal gas and sank beneath the swirling mist with a last despairing whinny of terror.

SKAVEN PACKMASTERS

Clan Moulder is the wealthiest of all the Skaven clans. It uses the power of warpstone to breed fell beasts from slave-stock, crossbreeding and tampering with their genetic structure. Their greatest triumph to date has been the creation of the fearsome Rat Ogres. These ghastly creations are the source of much of the Clan Moulder's power as Grey Seers and Skaven sorcerers will pay a fortune in warp tokens to buy a Rat Ogre bodyguard, and those who have one enjoy vast respect and prestige from the fearful lesser Skaven.

Clan Moulder has relatively few warriors but sends packs of its mutant beasts into battle. They are driven on by specially trained Packmasters, experts in plying the lash and goading their truculent beasts into combat.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
PACKMASTER	5	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	7

SPECIAL RULES

MOVEMENT

A pack of creatures moves at the speed of its slowest members, normally the Packmasters. When a pack charges or pursues the creatures will move at full speed. If the enemy is more than 10" away the Packmasters will not be able to fight on the first turn. Place them at the rear of the pack.

COMBAT

In combat each Packmaster and all the creatures in the pack fight using their own Weapon Skills, Strength etc. Enemy models can choose to strike at any Packmaster or creature whose base they are touching.

LEADERSHIP

Packs of creatures always use the Leadership characteristic of their Packmasters when they take any Leadership tests, providing there is still at least one Packmaster alive in the unit.

MISSILE CASUALTIES

When the enemy shoots at a pack of creatures randomise the casualties inflicted between the creatures and the Packmasters. For example, if the unit comprises four creatures and two Packmasters roll a D6 for each hit. On a 1-4 a creature is hit; on 5-6 a Packmaster is hit.



SKAVENSLAVES

The Under-Empire relies mostly on slave labour for its fetching and carrying, mining, tunnelling and food production. Skavenslaves are also used in battle en masse to overwhelm and demoralise the foe by increasing the apparent size of a Skaven horde. Skavenslave regiments are made up of the dregs of Skaven society, slaves too unskilled or stupid to be put to better use elsewhere.

Nearly all Skavenslaves used in war are Skaven from clans which have been defeated and enslaved in internecine clan warfare; other races are seldom used because they might escape or start fighting the Skaven partway through the battle. Usually slaves are driven toward the enemy to absorb missile fire and tie up valuable opposing troops while the rest of the army attacks.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
SKAVEN SLAVES	5	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	4



SPECIAL RULE

PANIC

Skavenslaves aren't expected to fight well, they are expected to die. Therefore only other Skavenslave regiments have to take Panic tests when a Skavenslave regiment breaks in combat or flees past during the turn.

VERMIN LORD - DAEMON OF THE HORNED RAT

The Vermin Lords are thought to be the daemonic forms of ancient Lords of Decay, warped by the influence of the Horned Rat into his immortal servants. They are great, powerful creatures surrounded by an aura of creeping decay and inscrutable knowledge. Their heads are bedecked with the spiralling horns and sloughing flesh of the Horned Rat himself. Warpstone amulets and torcs decorate the Vermin Lord's leprous form, along with chunks of raw warpstone hammered into their flesh. Vermin Lords are often seen armed with huge, wicked-looking glaives that are fully twice the height of a man but their chisel-teeth and sharp claws are easily capable of tearing a creature to pieces.

Only the Grey Seers hold the keys to summon the Vermin Lords into the material world, and they are loath to do so without great need, fearing to summon up what they cannot dismiss. A Vermin Lord is wiser and more wicked than any living Skaven and yet retains its mortal lust for power and love of betrayal. A bargain struck with one of the Vermin Lords will bring great power to the supplicant but will cost him dearly – the unwary can find themselves paying with their soul as well as their life.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
VERMIN LORD	8	8	8	8	7	7	10	8	10

SPECIAL RULES

GREATER DAEMON

All the special rules for daemons apply as described in the Warhammer rulebook. Note that the Vermin Lord has a saving throw of 4+ due to its daemonic aura.

TERROR!

The Vermin Lord is amongst the most terrifying of all monsters. The psychology rules for *terror* apply. Remember that monsters which cause *terror* automatically cause *fear* as well.

DOOM GLAIVE

The glaives wielded by the Vermin Lords are heavily ensorcelled with death magic. A hit from a Doom Glaive inflicts not 1 but D3 wounds.

SPELLS

Vermin Lords are well versed in the realms of magic and have a magic level of 4, equivalent to a Grey Seer. Vermin Lords draw their spell cards from the Skaven spell deck (including the Grey Seer spells).

RAT OGRES



Rat Ogres are the most feared of all of the Clan Moulder's mutant beasts. Rat Ogres are huge, Skaven-like creatures the size and strength of true Ogres but possessed of the speed and ferocity of Skaven. A Rat Ogre's small brain is devoted entirely to fighting and bloodshed so in battle units of Rat Ogres are controlled by Clan Moulder Packmasters who direct the monsters and unleash their devastating charges when the time is ripe.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
RAT OGRE	6	4	0	5	5	3	5	2	5

SPECIAL RULES

FEAR

Rat Ogres are big, frightening blasphemies against nature which cause *fear* in other creatures. The psychological rules for fear therefore apply.

STUPIDITY

Being incredibly single-minded, Rat Ogres that aren't in close combat are subject to the psychological rules for *stupidity*. However, as long as they are led by a Clan Moulder Packmaster or a Skaven character acting as Packmaster the Rat Ogres don't have to think for themselves and don't suffer from stupidity.

RAT SWARMS

Whenever the Skaven march to war swarms of vermin congregate around their armies. A living tide of rats scavenges alongside the Children of the Horned Rat, ignored for the most part by their larger cousins. Sometimes the Skaven use their lesser cousins in war, driving them into a chattering frenzy of bloodlust to overwhelm and pull down the foe.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
RAT SWARM	6	3	0	3	2	5	1	5	10

SPECIAL RULES

COMBAT

A swarm moves and fights as a large monster with 5 wounds and 5 attacks. If a Skaven army includes more than one Rat Swarm all the Rat Swarms must congregate into a single unit, forming a mass like a unit of troops.

LEADERSHIP

Rat Swarms are immune to psychology effects and never take Break tests if defeated in hand-to-hand combat. The Leadership value of 10 is included for comparative purposes such as spell resistance rolls and so on.

BASE

Rat Swarms are represented by a number of models mounted on a single 40 x 40mm base. The exact number of models is not important but there should be enough to convincingly fill the base – five giant rat models should usually be sufficient.



Their armies were glorious, invincible – tens of thousands of proud rat-warriors marching over the Lands Above, laying waste to everything in their path. When Grey Seer Skrittarr had seen the moon bleeding tears of warpstone they had turned east, back towards the misty peaks of the Worlds Edge Mountains. To cross the swollen waters of the river Stir the Grey Seer ordered the construction of a mighty wooden bridge. Many slaves died felling the great oak trees and toppling them into the river; many more died when the Grey Seer sacrificed their souls in thanks for the army's safe passage.

East of the river the land became wilder and less populated, and the Skaven army made good time through the woods and over the moors. They were possessed by a strange urgency, as if something was pulling them irresistibly forward. The eyes of the Grey Seer burned with naked warplust as he urged his troops onwards.

As Skrittarr became more and more preoccupied, his apprentices started to scheme behind his back. Krasslik too could feel the calling of the warpstone. He started to hear whispers in his mind which grew and grew until a constant stream of alien thoughts washed through him. Plots, schemes, tales of treachery, promises of power, fragments of ancient, evil spells. A terrible madness burned through Krasslik and gnawed at his soul. He began to crave power for its own sake. One fell night, when thunder clashed and lightning split the sky, he murdered the other two apprentices and consumed their souls in an orgy of destruction. After that, his power burned stronger, and he deliberately began to plot the downfall of Skrittarr.

Confident and purposeful, the Skaven force reached the borders of the lands known to Men as Sylvania. Grey Seer Skrittarr drove his troops harder and harder, forcing them to march until they could move their heavy limbs no longer. While they rested, Krasslik moved among the weary rat-warriors like an evil shadow, spreading dissension and malice. When they found the first meteor, Skrittarr cracked it open and consumed the warpstone immediately to boost his power, and Krasslik hated him for it.

For the first week after they crossed over the border into Sylvania the Skaven encountered no opposition. The land seemed empty. The few human settlements they came across were deserted. Skrittarr proclaimed that the humans had fled before the ineluctable advance of the Skaven army, and no-one gainsaid him. They found only a few

tiny meteors, which Skrittarr took for himself and kept on his person. Krasslik's resentment grew, and he became insanely jealous.

In the foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains, beside a nameless town of drab stone buildings, the Skaven met their first opposition. A small force of humans attacked them – they were men, but not men. Some looked like walking cadavers, others were nothing more than skeletons hung with rags. Even to the Skaven, accustomed to foul odours, the stench of rot and decay was nauseating. And how they fought! These undead-men never tired, never ran away. True, they were slow where the nimble Skaven could twist, run and dart, but they were relentless. The only way to stop them was to destroy them, hack them apart, break their skeletons into pieces and scatter the bones until the last shambling horror lay twitching on the ground.

The Skaven won this first battle, but it was their first and only triumph. The further they progressed into mountains, the more often they were attacked, and the larger the undead forces became. Even the greater frequency of the warpstone didn't help. Skrittarr had to eat most of it to just fuel his battle spells. As the Skaven army dwindled, and the enemy became more vicious, they had to rely increasingly on magic to survive. The Grey Seer was forced to give the odd shard of warpstone to Krasslik so he too could use his magic against the undead.

After a battle that lasted two long days Grey Seer Skrittarr ordered the army to retreat home. They were reduced to a tenth of their original strength. Tired, and unused to defeat, the despondent warriors were fertile ground for Krasslik's sedition. Madness and jealousy boiled through his brain. Skrittarr was a doddering old fool. He, Krasslik, could conquer Sylvania, and claim the warpstone for his own. He, Krasslik, would lead his mighty armies to conquer the other clans and claim their territory for himself. He, Krasslik, would touch the Pillar, defeat one of the Lords of Decay and take his place on the Council.

One night, when the moons burned high in the sky, forbidden words of power spilled from his mouth. Dark energies whirled around his body, and blood spewed from his nose and ears. A great claw sliced through the curtain of reality, and the majestic form of the Verminlord stepped into the material world. It reached down, grabbed Krasslik by his tail and dangled the terrified Skaven before its eyes. "Ah, Krasslik," it said, in a voice redolent with ancient evil. "You have finally called me. Let us discuss my plans..."

THE ARMY LIST

All the Warhammer army lists have been designed so that players can choose an army to a preset points value. There is no upper limit to the size of an army, but 1,000 points is about the smallest size that will allow you to field a battle-worthy force. Battles of 2,000 points a side will usually last an entire evening, while battles of 3,000 points will give you enough troops for a battle that will take most of the day. Most people prefer to collect their armies in blocks of 1,000 or 500 points, starting with say a 1,000 point 'core' force and adding 500 points at a time. This allows you to conveniently plan your purchases and gives you time to paint the models and try them out on the tabletop before deciding what to add next.



In most battles, both players begin the game with the same points value of troops – 2,000 points a side, for example. Before the game each player picks an army worth up to the agreed points value. The Skaven player uses the Skaven army list, while his opponent uses his own list. The total value of a player's army may be less than the agreed value, and will often be a few points short simply because there is nothing left to spend the odd point on.

The following army list tells you what proportion of your army's points you may spend on character models, regiments, monsters, war machines and allies. All forces are subject to similar restrictions, and they are imposed to ensure that armies are reasonably well balanced, and don't consist entirely of monsters, characters or powerful war machines!

CHARACTERS

The Characters points allowance also includes the value of their armour, weapons, and any magic items they might have. If a character rides a monster its points value comes from the Characters points allowance and *not* the Monster points allowance. The proportion of points you may spend on monsters is for monsters *without* riders.

The points paid for regimental Champions comes from the Characters points allowance, but remember that a Champion is part of his unit and cannot leave it.

A character may be equipped with any of the weapons or armour available to the ordinary troops in the list. The points cost of weaponry and armour is the standard value and the complete list is repeated at the end of this

section. Note that this doesn't mean that a Skaven character can carry a special weapon such as a warfire thrower or plague censer.

A character can carry appropriate magic items chosen from the magic item cards in Warhammer or Warhammer Magic. It is also our intention to add more magic items at a future date, possibly as part of scenario supplements and also in White Dwarf magazine. The points value of magic items is noted on the cards themselves. Characters are permitted no more than the number of magic items shown on the chart below.

Character	Maximum Number of Magic Items
HEROES	
Champion	1
Chieftain	2
Warlord	3
WARLOCKS & SEERS	
Warlock Engineer	1
Warlock Champion	2
Warlock Master	3
Grey Seer	4
Vermin Lord	0

Note that some magic items are restricted to certain races or types of characters. Scrolls can only be used by Warlocks and Seers, for example, and only Heroes can wear magic armour.

REGIMENTS

The bulk of the Skaven army is organised into units that are called *regiments*. Regiments must be at least five models strong unless indicated otherwise in the army list; there is no upper limit to their size. The minimum of five models includes its leader (which it must have), plus an optional regimental standard bearer, musician and Champion if it has them.

All regiments are assumed to include a leader equipped like his troops and with identical characteristics, who costs the same points as an ordinary trooper. All regiments may include a standard bearer and/or musician, but these cost *double* the points value of an ordinary trooper. Standard bearers and musicians are assumed to be equipped with the same weapons as the rest of the unit and fight just like ordinary troopers (see the Warhammer rulebook for a full description).

Some regiments are permitted magic standards. These are covered by the Warhammer Magic supplement and are included as magic item cards. Obviously, the regiment must include a standard bearer before it can be given a magic standard. If you include a magic standard then its points value is included with the points value of the regiment.

Regiments are permitted Champions, who are always equipped exactly like the rest of the unit, except that they are permitted one magic item in addition. A Champion may be the unit's leader, but does not have to be – you can have a separate leader and Champion model if you wish. Champions always fight with their regiment and cannot leave it. The points value of a Champion, his equipment and of any magic item he carries, comes from the proportion of points allocated to the army's characters and *not* the regiments.

WAR MACHINES

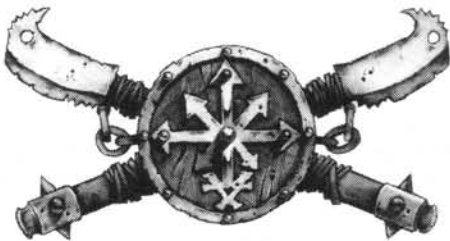
War machines include warpfire throwers and other machines of war available to the Skaven army.

MONSTERS

Monsters are beasts brought along to fight beside the army. They include trained creatures hand-reared from birth and monsters that have been magically bound by spells of obedience. Monsters chosen as mounts for characters are *not* included in the points allocation for monsters: they are included in the points for characters instead.

ALLIES

The Skaven army may include a proportion of allies, and in the case of the Skaven army this is up to a quarter of its total points value. Allies are chosen from the Warhammer Armies book or books indicated. So, for example, your Skaven army could include up to a quarter of its points value as Dark Elves chosen from the Dark Elf list, or Orcs and Goblins chosen from the Orc & Goblin list. There is nothing to prevent you choosing allies from several different lists if you wish. Including allies is a good way of expanding your model collection, and it also allows you to paint something different and still include it in your army.



When you choose allies you can spend your points freely on characters, regiments, and war machines (also Daemons in the case of Chaos allies). The normal army selection proportions do not apply, although other normal restrictions do (eg, you need an Orc unit to buy an Orc war machine). You cannot include monsters from your allies except for monsters ridden by characters.

You do not have to include a General model for your allies but you can do so if you wish. The allied General counts as a character in the normal way but he does not benefit from any of the special rules for Generals. In effect, the allied General becomes a subordinate character in the same way as other heroes.

PRESENTATION OF PROFILES

Profiles are given in the standard format and **include all the** characteristic values. They do not take into account movement reductions due to armour, as this may vary depending on how you choose to equip your troops. Saving throws are not included on the profiles for the same reason, as they may vary depending on what armour you choose to buy.

- M = Movement
- WS = Weapon Skill
- BS = Ballistic Skill
- S = Strength
- T = Toughness
- W = Wounds
- I = Initiative
- A = Attacks
- Ld = Leadership

LIMITATIONS ON CERTAIN CHARACTERS/UNITS

The army list presents the player with lists of troop types which can be included in the Skaven army. In most cases there is no limit on the number of individual models, or the number of units, other than that imposed by the points values. However, some particular types of unit or character are limited. In some cases you can only include one character of a certain type in your army, or one of a specific unit. Any such restrictions are clearly indicated in the lists. For example, you may only ever include one General model.

SPECIAL CHARACTERS

The army list has provision for a number of Skaven heroes, warlocks and seers without specifying who they are or where they come from within the Under-Empire. It is assumed that players will like to create their own names and background histories for their characters. A separate section describing some of the infamous denizens of Skavenblight has been included at the end of the army list. These are ready-made characters with their own characteristics, history, magical artefacts and points values. You can include these characters in your army if you wish. The points cost of these special characters comes out of your Characters points allowance in the normal way.

ARMOUR

The saving throws for troops is not given on their profile because this can vary depending on the armour they wear. Saving throws are summarised below.

Armour	Save
None	None
Shield or light armour	6+
Shield & light armour or heavy armour only	5+

For example, an ordinary clanrat wears light armour and carries a shield: his save is therefore 5+.

EQUIPMENT LIST

The following is a list of all the usual weapons in the Warhammer game. It has been included so that you can refer to it for comparative purposes, and so that you can choose equipment for character models without having to refer to the army list entries or the Warhammer rulebook.



A character model may be armed with any weapons available to the troops themselves, subject to the usual restrictions regarding weapon use – eg, a halberd requires two arms to use and so prevents its wielder using a shield as well. Remember that Champions must be equipped in the same manner as the regiment they are part of. In all cases the models must actually carry the weapons ascribed to them.

Items marked with an asterix (*) are not used by Skaven troops and are not therefore available to Skaven characters. They have been included out of a sense of completeness.



EQUIPMENT LIST

HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT WEAPONS

A single sword, axe, mace or other hand weapon	Free
An additional sword, axe, etc	1
A double-handed weapon, including double-handed axe, sword, etc	2
Flail	1
Halberd	2
Spear	1

MISSILE WEAPONS

Bow*	2
Short Bow*	1
Long Bow*	3
Crossbow*	3
Repeating Crossbow*	4
Javelin	1
Sling	1
Hand Gun	3
Pistol	2

ARMOUR

Shield	1
Light Armour	2
Heavy Armour	3

ARMY SELECTION

Characters	0-50%	Up to half the points value of the army may be spent on characters. This includes the cost of monsters ridden by characters.
Regiments	25%+	At least a quarter of the total points value of the army must be spent on regiments. This does not include the cost of Champions, who are paid for out of the Characters allowance.
War Machines	0-25%	Up to a quarter of the points value of the army may be spent on war machines.
Monsters	0-25%	Up to a quarter of the points value of the army may be spent on monsters. Note that this does not include monsters ridden by characters, which must be paid for from the Characters allowance.
Allies	0-25%	Up to a quarter of the points value of the army may be spent on allied troops chosen from any one or more of the following lists: Undead, Chaos, Orcs & Goblins and Dark Elves.

CHARACTERS

Your Skaven army may include up to 50% of its points value as characters chosen from the list below. **You must** always include a General, but apart from this you are free to choose as many or as few characters as **you wish**.

1 SKAVEN WARLORD GENERAL 90 points

The army must include a General to lead it. The General will be a powerful Clanrat Warlord either given direct command of an army by order of the Council of Thirteen or undertaking a conquest as part of his own private schemes.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warlord	5	6	6	4	4	3	7	4	7

EQUIPMENT: Sword.

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: The Warlord may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed to any of the troop types in this list (see the Equipment List for points values).

MAY RIDE: A Skaven Warlord may ride a monster (see the separate Monster List for points).

MAGIC ITEMS: The Warlord is a Lord character and is entitled to up to three magic items chosen from the appropriate cards.

0-1 BATTLE STANDARD 77 points

The army may include a Battle Standard together with its bearer if you wish.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Battle Standard Bearer	5	4	4	4	3	1	5	2	5

EQUIPMENT: Sword and Battle Standard.

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: The Battle Standard Bearer may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed to any of the troop types in this list (see Equipment List for points values).

MAGIC ITEMS: The Battle Standard Bearer is a Champion character and is entitled to up to one magic item chosen from the appropriate cards. This may be a magic standard, effectively turning the army's banner into a magic standard.



Skaven Warlord

CHIEFTAINS 59 points

The army may include as many Chieftains as you wish within the normal limitations of the points available. Chieftains are powerful individuals who have fought their way up through the ranks of the Skaven to become the lieutenants of a great Warlord.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chieftain	5	5	5	4	4	2	6	3	6

EQUIPMENT: Sword.

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: A Chieftain may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed to any of the troop types in this list (see Equipment List for points values).

MAGIC ITEMS: A Chieftain character is entitled to up to two magic items chosen from the appropriate cards.



Skaven Grey Seer

SKAVEN WARLOCKS & SEERS

The army may include as many Clan Skryre Warlocks as you wish within the usual limitations of points cost. It may also include any number of Grey Seers acting as advisors to the Warlord in charge of the army. Skaven Warlocks and Grey Seers occupy elevated positions in the Skaven hierarchy and ordinary Skaven fear them greatly. The power of Skaven magic is anarchic and highly destructive and Warlocks frequently blast the foe with a barrage of destructive spells before the clanrats swarm forward to finish off the stunned survivors.

Clan Skryre Warlocks may be selected from any of the three levels of power at the appropriate points cost as shown below. Grey Seers are always level 4 wizards.

Warlock Engineer	56
Warlock Champion	118
Warlock Master	190
Grey Seer	340

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warlock Engineer	5	3	3	3	4	1	5	1	5
Warlock Champion	5	3	3	4	4	2	5	1	6
Warlock Master	5	3	3	4	4	3	6	2	7
Grey Seer	5	6	6	4	4	4	7	4	7

EQUIPMENT: Sword.

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: A Skaven Warlock or Seer may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed to any of the troop types in this list (see Equipment List for points values). However, Warlocks and Seers do not generally wear armour as it would prevent them casting spells.

MAY RIDE: A Skaven Warlock or Seer may ride a monster (see the separate Monster List for points). A Grey Seer may also ride into battle on the Screaming Bell (see the War Machines section).

MAGIC ITEMS: A Skaven Warlock or Seer is entitled to magic items chosen from the appropriate cards. A Warlock Engineer may have one magic item, a Warlock Champion may have two magic items, a Warlock Master may have three magic items, and a Grey Seer may have four.

CHAMPIONS 27 points

Any regiment may include a Champion armed and equipped like the rest of the unit (see Equipment List for points values). Champions are especially powerful or adept Skaven warriors.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Champion	5	4	4	4	3	1	5	2	5

EQUIPMENT: A Champion is always armed and equipped in the same way as the rank and file members of his regiment (see Equipment List for points values).

MAGIC ITEMS: A Champion character is entitled to a single magic item chosen from the appropriate cards.

CLAN PESTILENS
PLAGUE PRIESTS 73 points

The army may include up to one Clan Pestilens Plague Priest for every regiment of Plague Monks in it. Plague Priests are among the foulest and most degenerate ratmen in the rotting brotherhood of the disciples of decay.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plague Priest	5	5	5	4	5	2	6	3	6

EQUIPMENT: Sword.

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: A Plague Priest may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed to any of the troop types in this list (see Equipment List for points values).

MAGIC ITEMS: A Plague Priest is entitled to up to two magic items chosen from the appropriate cards.

SPECIAL RULES: Plague Priests are affected by the psychology rules for frenzy.

VERMIN LORDS 600 points

The army may include any number of Vermin Lords within the limitation of points cost. Vermin Lords occasionally lead regiments of Skaven directly into battle, the Skaven warriors battling fanatically under its baleful glare. More often daemons of the Horned One fight alone, using their magical powers and ferocious strength to smash the foe apart.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Vermin Lord	8	8	8	8	7	7	10	8	10

EQUIPMENT: Doom Glaive.

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: A Vermin Lord may not be armed with any extra weapons or armour

MAGIC ITEMS: A Vermin Lord may not use any magic items other than the Doom Glaive.

REGIMENTS

The Skaven army consists mainly of regiments of Skaven clanrats and slaves, reinforced by the mutant horrors of Clan Moulder, the Assassins and Gutter Runners of Clan Eshin, Clan Pestilens Plague Monks and the terrifying warpstone weapons of Clan Skryre. Your army must include at least 25% of its points value as regiments chosen from the following list; it may include more if you wish. In some cases you may only choose a maximum of one unit of a specific type – you can only have one regiment of Stormvermin for example. There is no limitation on the size of a unit, other than that units must consist of at least five models unless otherwise stated.

0-1 UNIT OF STORMVERMIN 9 1/2 pts per model

Your army may include one unit of Stormvermin, the hand-picked warrior elite of the clanrat hordes. Stormvermin are much larger than ordinary clanrats and many have black fur. For this reason, black-furred Skaven have a reputation for being killers, and are much feared amongst the clanrats.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Stormvermin	5	4	3	4	3	1	5	1	5

EQUIPMENT: Stormvermin wear light armour and are armed with a hand weapon.

SAVE: 6+

OPTIONS: The Stormvermin regiment may be armed with one of the following: halberds (+2 points per model) or double-handed weapons (+2 points per model). The Stormvermin regiment may carry shields (+1 point per model). The Stormvermin regiment may carry a magic standard which may be chosen from the appropriate magic item cards and its cost is indicated on the card itself (See Warhammer Magic).

SPECIAL RULE: A unit of Stormvermin may be accompanied by up to two Clan Skryre Poison Wind Globadiers and one Clan Skryre warpfire thrower team.



Stormvermin

CLANRAT WARRIORS 6 pts per model

The Clanrat warriors are drawn from the Warlord clans and are the mainstay of any Skaven army. In battle they form up into vast chattering hordes which overwhelm the foe in a terrifying avalanche of insane rat-warriors. Individual clanrats are vicious but can be ill disciplined and cowardly. In large packs they become fanatically over-confident and well-nigh unstoppable.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skaven	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5

EQUIPMENT: The Clanrat warriors wear light armour and carry a shield. They are armed with a sword, mace, pick or other hand weapon.

SAVE: 5+

OPTIONS: Any regiment of clanrats can be armed with spears at an additional cost of +1/2 point per model.

SPECIAL RULE: A unit of Clanrat warriors may be accompanied by up to two Clan Skryre Poison Wind Globadiers and one Clan Skryre warpfire thrower team.



Clanrat Warrior

0-1 UNIT OF CLAN ESHIN
GUTTER RUNNERS 12 pts per model

Gutter Runners are the wily rat-assassins of Clan Eshin. They are already trained in the deadly skills which they must master to become full Assassins so they work in small packs, often overseen by an Assassin adept. Gutter Runners are used to scout ahead of the Skaven army and harass the enemy with night raids and ambushes, using arson and poisoning as their main weapons. In battle they attempt to outflank the enemy, attacking vulnerable war machines and ambushing exposed units.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gutter Runner	6	4	4	4	3	1	5	1	7

EQUIPMENT: The Gutter Runners are armed with swords or other hand weapons.

SAVE: None.

OPTIONS: The Gutter Runners may be equipped with any of the following: additional hand weapons (+1 point per model), light armour (+2 points per model), throwing stars (count as darts/throwing knives, +1 point per model), slings (+1 point per model) and nets (count as shields, +1 point per model).



SPECIAL RULES: The Gutter Runners are set up after the enemy has placed all his units on the table. The Gutter Runners can be placed anywhere on the table so long as they are outside the enemy's deployment zone and out of sight of any enemy models at the start of the game. Gutter Runners can *skirmish* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.



CLAN ESHIN
ASSASSINS 30 pts per model

The black-clad Assassins of Clan Eshin are rightly feared by those who know of them. They are trained from birth as quick, murderous fighters adept in the use of poisons, garrotes, throwing stars and all manner of exotic weapons. Indeed, most Clan Eshin weapons are forged with warpstone so that they constantly weep a potent corrosive venom. In pitched battles Assassins often disguise themselves and lurk in the ranks of ordinary Skaven until they have an opportunity to strike at enemy leaders or heroes in the confusion of combat.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Assassin	6	5	4	4	3	1	5	2	7

EQUIPMENT: Clan Eshin Assassins are armed with Weeping Blades (which are fully described in the Bestiary section) and wear light armour.

SAVE: 6+

SPECIAL RULES: See the Assassin rules in the Bestiary section of this volume for a full description of how Assassins work. Up to two Assassins may conceal themselves in each regiment of Stormvermin, Clanrat warriors and Gutter Runners.



SKAVENSLAVES..... 2 1/2 pts per model

Skavenslave regiments are made up of the dregs of Skaven society, slaves too unskilled or stupid to be put to better use in mines and forges. Nearly all Skavenslaves used in war are Skaven from clans which have been defeated and enslaved in internecine clan warfare. In battle slaves are driven toward the enemy to absorb missile fire and tie up valuable opposing troops while the rest of the army attacks.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skavenslave	5	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	4

EQUIPMENT: Skavenslaves are armed with a sword, club or other hand weapons.

SAVE: None.

OPTIONS: Any regiment of Skavenslaves can be armed with one of the following weapons: spears (+1/2 point per model), slings (+1/2 point per model). Any Skavenslave regiment may carry shields (+1/2 point per model).

SPECIAL RULE: Skavenslaves aren't expected to fight well, they are expected to die. Therefore only other Skavenslave regiments have to take Panic tests when a Skavenslave regiment breaks or flees past during the turn.

PLAGUE CENSER BEARERS 15 pts per model

The most fanatical and deranged members of Clan Pestilens are given the singular honour of wielding a plague censer. As the Plague Monks march into battle they are preceded by a loose group of Plague Censer Bearers who pollute the air with foul fumes. Swinging their censers, the bearers swarm forward to the chanted accompaniment of the Liturgus Infecticus.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Censer Bearer	5	4	0	4	4	1	4	1	5

EQUIPMENT: Plague Censer.

SAVE: None.

SPECIAL RULES: See the Plague Censer Bearer rules in the Bestiary section of this volume for a full description of how Plague Censer Bearers work.



CLAN PESTILENS
PLAGUE MONKS..... 6 pts per model

The Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens are a devout order which have dedicated themselves utterly to the spreading of corruption and decay in the name of the Horned Rat. They are the initiates of infection and disciples of disease. In battle Plague Monk regiments hurl themselves into the fray with fanatical ferocity, eager to bring death and destruction to their foes.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plague Monk	5	3	3	3	4	1	4	1	5

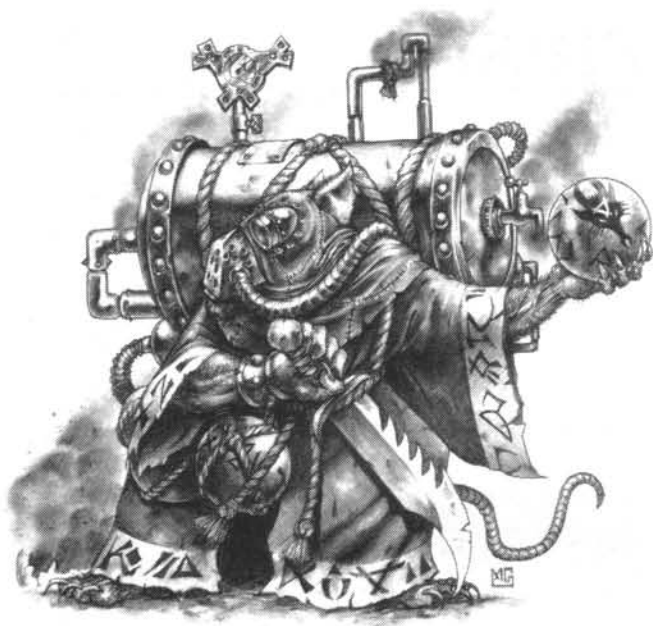
EQUIPMENT: Plague Monks are armed with a hand weapon.

SAVE: None.

OPTIONS: Any regiments of Plague Monks may be armed with additional hand weapons (+1 point per model) and equipped with light armour at an additional cost of +2 points per model.

One regiment of Plague Monks may carry a magic standard. This may be chosen from the appropriate magic item cards and its cost is indicated on the card itself (see Warhammer Magic).

SPECIAL RULES: Plague Monks are affected by the rules for frenzy as described in the Warhammer rulebook. Each regiment of Plague Monks may be accompanied by a unit of Plague Censer Bearers. The unit of Plague Censer Bearers can be no bigger than half the size of the Plague Monk regiment it accompanies. For example, a regiment of twenty Plague Monks can be accompanied by a unit of ten Plague Censer Bearers.



Poison Wind Globadier

**CLAN MOULDER
PACKMASTERS**..... 10 pts per model

- RAT OGRE**+43 pts per model
GIANT RATS+2 1/2 pts per model

Clan Moulder is one of the smallest clans in numbers but controls a large amount of warpstone which it uses to create new and ever more dangerous creatures. Clan Moulder Packmasters are experts at controlling their specially-bred mutant creatures in combat, goading them on with lash and sword. Packmasters are tough individual warriors, often mutated with spikes growing out of their flesh or extra arms.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Packmaster	5	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	7
Giant Rat	6	2	0	3	3	1	3	1	4
Rat Ogre	6	4	0	5	5	3	5	2	5

EQUIPMENT: Packmasters are armed with a sword or other hand weapon and wear light armour.

SAVE: 6+

OPTIONS: Packmasters may be armed with additional hand weapons for +1 point per model.

SPECIAL RULE: Each Packmaster can control 1 to 6 Giant Rats or Rat Ogres. Several Packmasters can join their packs together to form bigger units but Giant Rats and Rat Ogres can never be mixed together in the same unit. See the Bestiary section of this volume for a full description of the rules on Packmasters.



**CLAN SKYRE POISON WIND
GLOBADIERS** 20 pts per model

Poison wind globes are one of the Clan Skryre's most infamous weapons. A poison wind globe is a glass or crystal sphere which has been filled with a lethal warpstone gas and then sealed. When the globe is shattered a noxious cloud of yellowish-green vapour billows out to fill the area around it with deadly, choking gas.

In battle, specialist Clan Skryre Globadiers either form small skirmishing units or lurk around near the flanks of Skaven regiments until they have an opportunity to hurl their deadly globes into the enemy's ranks.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Globadier	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5

EQUIPMENT: Globadiers carry a hand weapon and a supply of poison wind globes sufficient to last the whole battle.

SAVE: None.

OPTIONS: Any Clan Skryre Poison Wind Globadiers may be equipped with light armour at an additional cost of +1 points per model.

SPECIAL RULE: Up to two Poison Wind Globadiers may accompany regiments of Stormvermin and Clanrat warriors. Poison Wind Globadiers can also be organised into a unit of skirmishers. See the Poison Wind Globadier rules in the Bestiary section of this volume for a full description of how Poison Wind Globadiers work.



WAR MACHINES

Skaven use few war machines like cannons, chariots or bolt throwers because of the difficulties of moving them through their narrow tunnel complexes and sewers. Instead they use war teams: Skaven that carry weird but deadly weapons such as warfire throwers onto the battlefield, and the infernal creations of the Warlock Engineers such as the Doomwheel and the Screaming Bell. Your army may include up to 25% of its points value as war machines chosen from the following list.

CLAN SKRYRE WARPFIRE THROWER TEAMS 70 points each

Your army may include any number of warfire teams. Each warfire thrower has a crew of two Skaven to operate the weapon.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5
Warfire Thrower	Template		5	-2			D3		



EQUIPMENT: The crew are armed with hand weapons and wear heavy armour.

SAVE: 5+

SPECIAL RULES: Up to one warfire thrower team may accompany regiments of Stormvermin and Clanrat warriors. Warfire thrower teams can also be organised into skirmishing units. Units of warfire throwers can have less than five models but if the army contains five or fewer warfire throwers they may only be fielded in one unit. If the army contains 6-10 warfire thrower teams they may be organised into two units and so on. See the War Machines section in this volume for special rules for the warfire thrower.

DOOMWHEEL 150 points each

The Skaven army may include any number of Doomwheels.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warpstone Generator	-	-	-	-	5	Special	-	-	-
Wheel	3D6"	-	-	7	7	3	1	-	-
Warlock Engineer	5	4	4	4	3	1	5	2	10
Rats	-	3	0	3	2	6	1	6	10

SPECIAL RULES: See the War Machines section for full rules on the Doomwheel.

CLAN SKRYRE JEZZAIL TEAMS 30 points each

Your army may include any number of jezzail teams. Each jezzail has a crew of two to operate the weapon.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Crew	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5
Jezzail Team	36"		5	-3			D3		

EQUIPMENT: The crew are armed with hand weapons.

SAVE: None.

OPTIONS: Jezzail teams may be equipped with light armour at a cost of +4 points per team.

SPECIAL RULES: Jezzail teams can be organised into skirmishing units. Units of jezzails can have less than five models but if the army contains five or less jezzails they may only be fielded in one unit. If the army contains 6-10 jezzail teams they may be organised into two units and so on. See the War Machines section in this volume for special rules for the jezzail.



SCREAMING BELLS 200 points each

The Skaven army may include a Screaming Bell as a mount for each Grey Seer bought from the Character section.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bell Carriage	-	-	-	7	7	6	1	-	-
Striker	5	3	3	4	3	1	4	1	4

SPECIAL RULES: See the War Machines section for full rules on the Screaming Bells.

MONSTERS

The Skaven army may include up to 25% of its points value as monsters chosen from the list below. Note that this allowance is for monsters which have been trained by Clan Moulder and then sold to other clans. It does not include monsters ridden by characters, which are paid for from the Characters points allocation.



RAT SWARMS..... 50 pts per base

Whenever the Skaven march to war swarms of vermin congregate around their armies. A living brown tide of rats scavenges alongside the Children of The Horned Rat, ignored for the most part by their larger cousins. Sometimes the Skaven use their lesser cousins in war, driving them into a chattering frenzy of bloodlust to overwhelm and pull down the foe.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rat Swarm	6	3	0	3	2	5	1	5	10

SAVE: None.

SPECIAL RULES: Skaven get Rat Swarms at half price (50 points instead of 100) because they are naturally attracted to Skaven armies. However, you can buy a maximum of one half price Rat Swarm for each Skaven regiment in your army, including slaves but excluding packs of Giant Rats, Rat Ogres, Plague Censer Bearers and Poison Wind Globadiers. You can buy more Rat Swarms than this if you like but any extra cost the full price of 100 points each.

All the Rat Swarms in your army must congregate into a single unit. Rat Swarms are immune to psychology and Break tests, see the Bestiary section for a full description.



CHIMERA 250 points

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
CHIMERA	6	4	0	7	6	6	4	6	8

COCKATRICE 150 points

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
COCKATRICE	4	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	6

GIANT SCORPION 50 points

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
GIANT SCORPION	5	3	0	5	4	4	1	2	7

GIGANTIC SPIDER 50 points

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
GIGANTIC SPIDER	5	3	0	5	4	4	1	2	7

HARPY 15 points

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
HARPY	4	4	0	4	4	2	2	1	6

HYDRA 225 points

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
HYDRA	6	3	0	5	6	7	3	5	6

MANTICORE 200 points

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
MANTICORE	6	6	0	7	7	5	4	4	8

WYVERN 180 points

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
WYVERN	6	5	0	5	6	4	4	3	5

SWARMS 100 points

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
FROGS	4	3	0	3	2	5	1	5	10
LIZARDS	4	3	0	3	2	5	1	5	10
BATS	8	3	0	3	2	5	1	5	10
SERPENTS	3	3	0	4	2	5	1	5	10
INSECTS/ SPIDERS	4	3	0	3	2	5	1	5	10
SCORPIONS	4	3	0	4	2	5	1	5	10

SPECIAL CHARACTERS

GREY SEER THANQUOL 380 points

Boneripper +45 points

Your army may be led by Grey Seer Thanquol, one of the favoured agents of the Council of Thirteen. If you decide to do this Thanquol replaces the Skaven Warlord in the main army list.

Thanquol is a cunning and exceptionally dangerous Grey Seer with a peculiar gift for avoiding death and inspiring fear in his fellow Skaven. In traditional Skaven fashion he clawed his way up the order of Grey Seers over the bodies of his opponents, entering the order as a novice and eventually consuming his mentor. His rapid rise from the bowels of the Under-City beneath Skavenblight to the heights of power has been noticed by the Council of Thirteen and it seems he has some patrons, as well as some enemies, amongst the Lords of Decay.

Thanquol has been despatched all over the Old World on Council business, even travelling as far as the South Lands, Lustria and the holdings of Clan Eshin in the almost legendary Far Cathay. Thanquol has been specially trained in the history and languages of humans and considers them his personal preserve, conducting his own private experiments on human slaves in his warren in Skavenblight. Thanquol has led a number of Skaven armies into battle against humans, Orcs, Elves, Dwarfs, Undead and Chaos with equal cunning. Though Thanquol is often victorious his glory is only bought at a high price in Skaven dead. Naturally a minor detail like this doesn't bother Thanquol or the Council of Thirteen in the least.

Few creatures have aroused Thanquol's quick anger and lived to tell the tale. In 2499 he ordered a fateful attack on Nuln after Felix Jaeger and Gotrek Gurnisson exposed his plot to spark a civil war in the Empire. In spite of Thanquol's best efforts to kill them Felix and Gotrek survived and rallied the citizens of Nuln to drive the Skaven out of the city. Now Thanquol continually plots the demise of the pair in ever more excessive and agonising ways, but so far the heroes have evaded every elaborate trap and ambush he has laid for them.

The Council hailed Thanquol's battle in Nuln as a great success. The Warlord clan eliminated in the fighting had planned rebellion against the Council and half of Nuln was destroyed in the battle – an excellent trade in their eyes. In recognition of his efforts the Lords of Decay have rewarded Thanquol with a mutant Rat Ogre bodyguard which he has named Boneripper in memory of his previous bodyguard which met a premature end at the hands of Gotrek.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Thanquol	5	6	6	4	4	4	7	4	7
Boneripper	6	5	0	5	5	3	6	3	5

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Thanquol wears no armour and carries a sword. Boneripper is equipped only with his sizeable fangs and claws.

MAGIC SPELLS: Thanquol is a level 4 Grey Seer. He may cast spells in the normal manner as described in Warhammer Magic.

MAGIC ITEMS: Thanquol may carry up to four magic items chosen from the Warhammer Magic cards.

SPECIAL RULES

BONERIPPER

Boneripper will stay with Thanquol at all times unless Thanquol sends him to attack an enemy model or unit within charge distance, in which case Boneripper is allowed to separate from Thanquol until the specified foe is dead. Afterwards Boneripper must come back to Thanquol (though he may suffer from *stupidity* as detailed below). As long as they are together Boneripper does not have to test for psychology separately. If Boneripper is alone for any reason, and not in hand-to-hand combat, he suffers from the psychology rules for *stupidity*. Like all Rat Ogres, Boneripper also causes *fear*.

Warp Tests

Thanquol is addicted to warpstone snuff, revelling in the visions of carnage and bloodshed it sends dancing through his brain. This has built up his resistance to the effects of eating warpstone. Because of his greater resistance to mutation and madness Thanquol may reroll the dice for any Warp test he takes.



Blessing of the Horned Rat

Thanquol undoubtedly bears the blessing of the Horned Rat. Innumerable times his precognitive powers have warned him of some impending danger or some sixth sense has made him change his plans for no tangible reason and so saved his life. However, the misfortunes which Thanquol avoids invariably strike down someone else nearby. Perhaps this is why the other Skaven fear Thanquol so much...

Whenever Thanquol is wounded roll a D6 for each wound inflicted on him: on a roll of 4, 5 or 6 the wound is applied to a friendly model within 2" chosen by the Skaven player. Thanquol ducks or steps out of the way at the last second and the other model is hit instead. This applies to all wounds inflicted by spells, hand-to-hand combat or shooting.

LORD SKROLK, PLAGUELORD
OF CLAN PESTILENS 225 points

Liber Bubonicus +75 points

Rod of Corruption +100 points

Your army may include Lord Skrolk, agent of one of the most infamous Lords of Decay, Arch-Plaguelord Nurglitch of Clan Pestilens. Lord Skrolk can be chosen either as an independent character or as the army General. If he is chosen as the army General he replaces the Skaven Warlord in the main army list. Your army must include at least one regiment of Plague Monks if you want to use Lord Skrolk.

Lord Skrolk is very old and unutterably evil. By the blessing of the Horned Rat, he has lived many times his ordinary span and unleashed unspeakable woes upon the world of men.

At the beginning of his life Skrolk was a simple Plague Monk but his devotion to the Horned Rat drew him up the long struggle for power which eventually led him to Skavenblight to offer his services to Nurglitch, the seventh Arch-Plaguelord. Nurglitch-who-is-seventh set him many long and arduous trials, including traversing the insanely dangerous Blindwyrms Labyrinth beneath Clan Pestilens' hold in Lustria. Success came to Skrolk in all things.

Lord Skrolk is a powerful warrior well capable of slaying any challengers to his position as the Arch-Plaguelord's favoured agent. Most fearsome of his weapons is the Rod of Corruption, a dreadful rod of spiderwood which can slay with a single touch. He also bears one of the sacred volumes of the Liber Bubonicus or Book of Woe, a magical tome which contains the secrets of every disease and plague in the world. Lord Skrolk has spent long centuries drawing together the alchemical and occult knowledge hidden in its pages to make himself into a potent sorcerer steeped in the ways of death and decay.

Lord Skrolk is terrifying to look upon, his flesh has long since rotted into ragged tatters. He clawed out his own eyes at the sight of the radiant corruption of the Arch-Plaguelord, wishing to see no other creature after witnessing one so glorious.

Now diabolic vitality burns through his limbs and by the blessing of the Horned Rat he sees the world again, but only as the purples and greens of corruption and decay. The noisome diseases which cling to Skrolk's putrescent body are so deadly that only his brother Plague Monks can approach him safely.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lord Skrolk	5	6	4	4	5	3	7	4	7

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Lord Skrolk wears no armour and carries for weapons only a plague censer and the Rod of Corruption.

MAGIC ITEMS: Lord Skrolk may carry up to three magic items in total but two of these will always be the Rod of Corruption and the Liber Bubonicus. The third item may be chosen freely from the Warhammer Magic cards.

SPECIAL RULES

Frenzy

Like all Plague Monks Lord Skrolk is subject to the psychology rules for *frenzy*. This means he will always charge enemy within reach, being so fanatical that he won't hesitate to attack his foes immediately. When he is frenzied Lord Skrolk doubles his number of attacks so he will have eight attacks instead of four. Also, he must always pursue enemy who break and flee in combat. See the psychology rules in the Warhammer rulebook.

Terror!

Lord Skrolk is so utterly disgusting and fearsome-looking that the psychology rules for *terror* apply. This means he also causes *fear* as well. See the description of Terror in the Warhammer rulebook for full details.

Aura of Pestilence

The pestilential aura of Lord Skrolk is so potent that any models in base-to-base contact with him suffer a -1 penalty to their Weapon Skill, Bow Skill and Initiative. Members of Clan Pestilens are immune to this effect.

The Liber Bubonicus

The Liber Bubonicus gives Lord Skrolk the ability to cast spells as if he were a wizard champion, so he has a magic level of 2 and two spell cards. Lord Skrolk does not have to draw his spells at random, instead he can choose his spell cards from the following list:

Skaven spells: *Putrefy*, *Plague*, *Pestilent Breath*, *Wither*.

Chaos (Nurgle) spells: *Stream of Corruption*, *Miasma of Pestilence*, *Stench of Nurgle*.

Note. For the purposes of *Miasma of Pestilence* and *Stench of Nurgle* cast using the Liber Bubonicus, Lord Skrolk and members of Clan Pestilens are immune to these spells effects just like followers of Nurgle.

The Rod of Corruption

The Rod of Corruption thrums with the foul energies of pestilence and corruption, and for any creature other than Lord Skrolk to wield it would mean certain death. Whenever Skrolk hits with the Rod in hand-to-hand combat the victim must roll a D6 against their Toughness. If they roll higher than their Toughness (a roll of 6 is always a failure regardless of the victim's Toughness) then they instantly collapse into a festering pile of rotted flesh and excrement, quite quite dead. Normal armour does not protect the victim from the Rod, though magic armour saves as normal. Roll for wounds and armour saves as normal if the victim passes its Toughness test.

Plague Censer

Lord Skrolk carries a plague censer which swings from the Rod of Corruption. He can choose to use either the plague censer or the Rod of Corruption in hand-to-hand combat, he may not use both at the same time. In combat the plague censer counts as a flail. In addition the swinging censer creates a fog of death in a 1" radius around Lord Skrolk. Roll a D6 for any models inside this area at the start of the hand-to-hand combat phase: if the roll is higher than the model's Toughness score the bubonic vapours inflict one wound on it with no armour saving throw possible. Skaven (including the Lord Skrolk) only suffer damage on a roll of 6.

IKIT CLAW, CHIEF WARLOCK OF CLAN SKRYRE 315 points

Storm-daemon +25 points

Your army may be led by Ikit Claw, the emissary of Lord Morskittar, one of the infamous Lords of Decay. If you decide to do this Ikit Claw replaces the Skaven Warlord in the main army list. If you choose Ikit Claw as your army General you must spend 25% of your points on war machines.

Ikit Claw is one of the most powerful sorcerers in the Old World, and he has dedicated his long life to the study of all forms of magery including the spells of men, Elves and Orcs. Over the decades prior to the second Skaven civil war Ikit Claw travelled secretly to the far flung corners of the Under-Empire. He visited distant Cathay to steal secrets from the ancient human mystics and he rifled the buried vaults of Vorshgar in the northern wastes of Naggaroth. He risked the wrath of Clan Pestilens by journeying through the steaming jungles of Lustria and visiting the monolithic ruins which have stood there since the beginning of time.

From his great journeying Ikit Claw drew together an encyclopaedic knowledge of the spells of the civilised races. When he returned to Skavenblight Ikit Claw found his master and the other Lords of Decay teetering on the brink of civil war after the failure of Clan Pestilens' Red Pox in Bretonnia. Lord Morskittar had withdrawn to the Clan Skryre quarter of Skavenblight and was waiting for the inevitable collapse. Ikit Claw hastened to his side and stood ready. Sure enough Clan Pestilens made an attempt to seize the council chamber and fighting spilled over into Skavenblight.

When the time was ripe Lord Morskittar sent Ikit Claw to lead the Warlock Engineers to the temple, ostensibly to restore order. Ikit Claw's spells were unstoppable and he swept the temple precincts clear of the battling factions with fiery blasts and hails of dark blades. Clan Skryre seized the temple in an unshakeable grip and Lord Morskittar emerged to declare himself ruler of Skavenblight. However, by this time internecine fighting had spread throughout the Under-Empire and no-one was listening to even the mighty Lords of Decay any more.

Lord Morskittar ruled most of Skavenblight for several centuries, driving out the other clans from the lower tunnels and the other quarters of the city. Ikit Claw was his most trusted servant during this time, overseeing the great works of science and sorcery which Lord Morskittar set into motion. It was from these great experiments that Ikit Claw sensed the rising tide of Dark Magic that preceded the great Chaos incursion before anyone else in the Under-Empire. So it was that Lord Morskittar was prepared when the Grey Seers declared their intention to invoke the Horned Rat and end the war.

Ikit Claw is tall and white-furred, always a sign of distinction and power amongst the Skaven. Like all the members of Clan Skryre he constantly tinkers and experiments with new weapons and devices, delighting in anything which brings harm to the foe. Latest amongst his many inventions is the Doomwheel, a terrifying engine of destruction which has smashed its way through the serried ranks of Dwarf, Orc and human regiments with brutal precision.



Ikit's face and arm were badly burned in a failed experiment long ago. He has constructed an intricate mask to cover his mutilated and hairless skull and a cunningly-made skeletal claw of iron, crystal and brass to give strength to his withered arm. The claw contains several of his more successful inventions including a small warfire projector. Ikit Claw also bears Storm-daemon, a hellish weapon he created in his own warpstone forges deep in the Under-City.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ikit Claw	5	5	3	5	4	4	8	3	9

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Ikit Claw wears no armour and carries a sword in addition to Storm-daemon. He always carries a special warlock pistol (rules as a normal pistol with +1 Strength making it S5 with a -3 saving throw modifier) and a supply of poison wind globes (which he can hurl up to 10" because his strength is greater than ordinary Globadiers).

MAGIC SPELLS: Ikit Claw is a level 4 wizard. He may cast spells in the normal manner as described in Warhammer Magic. Because of Ikit Claw's extensive investigations and research into the realm of magic he may take his spells from any spell deck except the Waaagh Magic spells.

MAGIC ITEMS: Ikit Claw may carry up to four magic items in total but the first magic item he chooses must be Storm-daemon. The remaining items may be chosen freely from the Warhammer Magic cards.

SPECIAL RULES

Immune to Psychology

In his quest for arcane knowledge Ikit Claw has conversed with the greatest of daemons and seen sights which would blast the minds of ordinary mortals. These experiences have rendered him quite immune to the ordinary emotions evoked in other creatures so he is not affected by any psychology and cannot be broken.

Ikit's Claw

Ikit Claw's metal arm contains several devices. The first is a small warpfire projector which he can fire in the shooting phase. When this is fired take the Pestilent Breath/Stream of Corruption template from Warhammer Magic and place it so that the pointed end is touching Ikit and the rounded end is over the target. Anything touched by the template is hit on a roll of 4, 5 or 6 on a D6 and suffers a S4 hit with a -2 save modifier which will inflict 1 wound. Roll a D6 after each shot with the warpfire projector: on a roll of 1 or 2 the projector has run out of fuel and cannot be used again during the game.

In hand-to-hand combat the claw gives Ikit a +1 Strength bonus, giving S5 as shown on his profile above. This bonus is cumulative with the bonus for fighting using his halberd, Storm-daemon, so Ikit Claw has a Strength of 6 in hand-to-hand combat.

Storm-daemon

Storm-daemon is tall halberd-like weapon wrapped with coils of copper wire, set with glowing chunks of warpstone and crackling with barely suppressed energies. In hand-to-hand combat Storm-daemon needs two hands to wield and gives a +1 bonus to Strength just like an ordinary halberd. Each turn in the magic phase Ikit Claw can unleash the power of Storm-daemon to cast the equivalent of a *Warp Lightning* spell on an enemy model or unit in sight within 24". The warp lightning inflicts D6 S5 hits, each causing 1 wound with no armour save possible, even for magic armour. Roll a D6 after each use: on a roll of 1 or 2 Storm-daemon's energies are temporarily exhausted and it may not be used again during this battle. Note that the warp lightning attack counts as a spell in all respects so it can be dispelled, rebounded etc, as normal.



THROT THE UNCLEAN 70 points

Warpstone Charm +10 points

You may include Throt the Unclean in your army as a Skaven Chieftain if you wish. Because he is a Chieftain he may act as an independent character and/or lead a unit. As Throt is from Clan Moulder he may lead a unit of Packmasters but may not lead any other kind of unit. You must include at least one Clan Moulder pack in your army if you decide to include Throt.



Throt the Unclean is one of Clan Moulder's strongest Packmasters and currently resides in Hell Pit, far to the north. His rise through the ranks of Clan Moulder has been carefully watched by the agents of Lord Verminkin, though whether he intends to reward or destroy him remains to be seen. Throt is a fearsome fighter renowned for his fantastic strength. As well as his steel-hard muscles Throt has been blessed with the mutation of a third arm since his birthing and has learned to wield a sword and a man-catcher together with deadly skill. Throt lost an eye in his last fight with a rival Packmaster and has had it replaced with a glowing warpstone charm, making him look weirder than ever.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Throt	5	5	3	5	4	2	6	4	8

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Throt wears heavy armour and carries a sword and man-catcher.

MAGIC ITEMS: Throt may carry up to two magic items in total but the first magic item he chooses must be a warpstone charm. The second item may be chosen freely from the Warhammer Magic cards or the cards in this volume.

SPECIAL RULES

Man-catcher

When Throt attacks in combat he makes three attacks with his sword and one extra attack with his man-catcher. The man-catcher is an iron collar on a long pole. The collar is ringed with spring-loaded spikes and can be slipped over an enemy's head, breaking his neck and killing him instantly. If Throt hits an opponent with the man-catcher roll a D6: if the score is more than the target's Toughness it is caught and killed automatically, regardless of the number of wounds it has or armour. No saving throw is permitted. Creatures with a Toughness of 6 or more cannot be harmed by the man-catcher.

Warpstone Charm

If Throt has the warpstone charm he may use its power to re-roll any single dice throw once during the game and add +1 or -1 to the result.

DEATHMASTER SNIKCH, CHIEF ASSASSIN OF CLAN ESHIN 230 points

Bands of Power +40 points

Cloak of Shadows +75 points

You may include Deathmaster Snikch in your army. Unlike ordinary assassins Deathmaster Snikch is an independent character so he is paid for out of the army's Characters allowance. Deathmaster Snikch may only lead units of Gutter Runners or act as an independent model, he may not lead units of ordinary Skaven.

Deathmaster Snikch is the chief assassin and prime agent of Lord Sneek, Lord of Decay and Nightlord of Clan Eshin. His infamy is only exceeded by the mystery which surrounds his whereabouts at any particular time. Lord Sneek ensures that this is the case – as long as no one knows the location of his chief assassin no one can feel safe. Deathmaster Snikch has appeared all over the Old World at one time or another, seldom being seen but always leaving his distinctive symbol traced in blood beside the decapitated heads of his victims.

Of course such gory rituals are only enacted when the Nightlord feels that an example should be made, usually to other defiant Skaven. In the lands of men, Elves and Dwarfs it is harder still to divine the Deathmaster's presence, save perhaps by effect and implication only. For example, the bizarre deaths of Frederick Hasselhoffen and his entire household in Altdorf have never been explained to this day. And the fate of the Celestial Wizard Heinrich Frisen, found flayed in his observatory tower with the door still locked from the inside, left city watch officials mystified. Many muttered about daemons but the truly erudite know that daemons seldom leave so few clues.

But who knows what other horrors the Deathmaster has perpetrated? How many ships have sunk or foundered with mysterious leaks or severed rigging, how many towns have been consumed by fire or pestilence released from the sewers below?

On the battlefield the Deathmaster stalks his victims concealed beneath the magical Cloak of Shadows, its ensorcelled power strong enough to make a mockery of the most intricate defences. Where the stealthy tread of Deathmaster Snikch falls no prince or warlord is safe.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Id
Deathmaster Snikch	6	8	6	4	4	3	10	5	9

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Snikch never wears armour and carries three Weeping Blades (wielding one with each hand and one with his tail!). He also carries poisoned throwing stars (which count as throwing knives).

MAGIC ITEMS: Deathmaster Snikch may carry up to three magic items in total but the first two magic items he chooses must be the Bands of Power and the Cloak of Shadows. The third item may be chosen freely from the Warhammer Magic cards or the cards in this volume. If he is equipped with a magic weapon he may make a maximum of four attacks with it, the extra attack being made with his off hand or tail.

SPECIAL RULES

Infiltration

At the start of the game Deathmaster Snikch can sneak forward onto the battlefield alone. The Deathmaster is always set up after the enemy has placed all his units on the table. The Deathmaster can be placed anywhere on the table which is outside the enemy's deployment zone and which places him out of sight of any enemy.

Weeping Weapons

Deathmaster Snikch carries three blades – one in each hand and another clenched in his tail – and a number of deadly throwing stars. These weapons incorporate warpstone and baneful spells in their construction so that they constantly weep a deadly corrosive venom. The venom burns through armour so hits he inflicts have an extra -1 saving throw modifier. This means with his Strength of 4 they have a saving throw modifier of -2. The caustic potency of the venom means that each hit causes not 1 wound but D3 wounds.

Dodge

Deathmaster Snikch is preternaturally quick and agile to the point where he can pluck speeding arrows out of the air. Whether this is due to his extraordinary training or some controlled mutation is unknown. Because of his exceptional speed and agility the Deathmaster can dodge hand-to-hand combat blows, spells and missiles on a roll of 4, 5 or 6 on a D6. This roll to dodge is never modified by saving throw modifiers and also applies to war engine attacks or indeed any attack which uses a template – in this case if Snikch dodges successfully move him to the edge of the template.

The Cloak of Shadows

The Cloak of Shadows is made with secret skills known only to Clan Eshin. Woven from stolen human hair and spider silk, the cloak conceals and silences the wearer perfectly. When the Deathmaster is wearing the Cloak of Shadows he is very difficult to see or hear and therefore cannot be shot at or charged unless the attacking character model or unit first rolls a D6 and scores a 6. Spells can only be cast at the Deathmaster if the wizard casting the spell first rolls a 5 or 6 on a D6.

Note that the presence of the Deathmaster won't prevent enemy units or models charging or shooting at other targets. The Deathmaster just ducks out of the way. Once in hand-to-hand combat the cloak is thrown back and the Deathmaster fights normally for the duration of combat. As soon as the Deathmaster is no longer in hand-to-hand combat the cloak hides him again – this means if he flees for any reason pursuers will only catch him if they first roll a 6 on a D6.

Bands of Power

The Bands of Power are two metal vambraces set with warpstone shards. Magical power coils lazily around the bands until it is summoned forth by ancient invocation, enabling the Deathmaster to fight with incredible strength. The Bands contain a spell which can be used three times during the battle before its power is exhausted. The spell can only be used during the magic phase. When cast the Deathmaster doubles his Strength up to a maximum of 10 until the beginning of the next magic phase. Normally the Deathmaster's Strength will double to 8 unless it has been supplemented by another magic item or spell.

WARLORD QUEEK HEAD-TAKER 138 points

Dwarf-Gouger +50 points

Warpstone Armour +50 points

You may include Warlord Queek Head-taker in your army as an independent character or the army General if you wish. If he is chosen as the army General he replaces the Skaven Warlord in the main army list, otherwise he may act independently and/or lead a unit as desired. Your army must include at least one regiment of Clanrat warriors if you want to use Warlord Queek.

Warlord Queek Head-taker is the right claw of Warlord Gnawdwell, the ruler of Clan Mors and the City of Pillars. Gnawdwell is one of the Lords of Decay and without doubt one of the most powerful Warlords in the Under-Empire. Warlord Gnawdwell has groomed Queek as his lieutenant since his birthing, supplying him with the best armour and weapons, protecting him from the other Lords of Decay and staging attempted assassinations to keep Queek on his toes.

Warlord Queek has led several armies into battle against the Dwarf strongholds of the Worlds Edge Mountains and against the notorious Night Goblin Warlord Skarsnik, who holds the upper levels of Karak Eight Peaks in an iron grip.

Queek has enjoyed considerable success in these forays to date, most notably in the Battle of the North Stair where he led Clan Mors warriors in a surprise raid on the unprepared Night Goblin guards through an old sewer outlet. The Clanrats quickly swarmed over the surprised Goblins, killing most of them and enslaving the rest. Warlord Queek personally slew the Night Goblin chief, shattering the Goblins' resistance and enhancing his own fearsome reputation in the process.

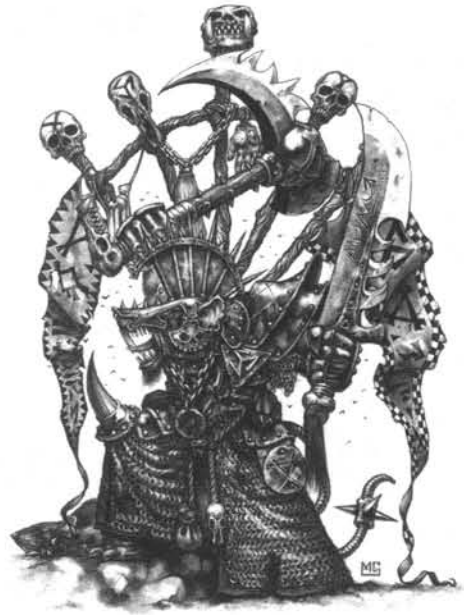
Queek's vitriolic temper and immense ego are well known amongst the Skaven and greatly admired. He takes the greatest pleasure in challenging opposing leaders and heroes to single combat and slaying them. The severed heads on Queek's trophy rack are kept as mementoes of the more challenging fights, making him an unmistakable sight on the battlefield – his collection includes the head of Krug Ironhand of Karak Drazh, Ikit Slash of Fester Spike and the hands of Albrecht Kraus.

The patronage of Warlord Gnawdwell means that Queek is very well equipped for a Warlord. He usually wears warpstone armour and carries Dwarf-Gouger, a potent ancient weapon forged long ago when the Skaven started their long and bitter wars with the Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warlord Queek	5	7	6	4	4	3	7	4	8

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Queek wears heavy armour and carries two weapons, a sword and pick, giving him an additional attack for a total of 5 attacks.

MAGIC ITEMS: Queek may carry up to four magic items in total but the first magic item he chooses must be Dwarf-Gouger and the second must be warpstone armour. The third and fourth items may be chosen freely from the Warhammer Magic cards.



SPECIAL RULES

Hatred

Warlord Queek is quick to anger and develops a deeply psychotic hatred of anyone and anything that stands in his way. Dwarfs, Orcs and Goblins stand in his way a lot – so he hates them all! See the Psychology rules for the effects of hatred, but remember that Warlord Queek only hates Dwarfs, Orcs and Goblins.

Challenge

Queek is supremely confident in his own capabilities. Whenever Warlord Queek is in hand-to-hand combat he will always issue a Challenge to single combat against any enemy characters, whether you want him to or not (see the Warhammer rulebook for more details on Challenges). When Queek is fighting in a challenge he fights with the fury of the deeply conceited so he always adds +1 to his to hit roll and +1 to his roll to wound.

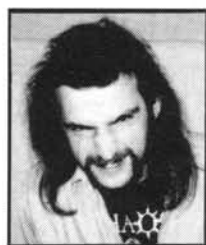
Dwarf-Gouger

Dwarf-Gouger is a wicked Skaven weapon dating back to their early history when the Skaven battled relentlessly against the Dwarfs in the Worlds Edge Mountains. When Queek is wielding Dwarf-Gouger he rolls to hit and wound as normal. Wounds inflicted have an extra -3 saving throw modifier, any unsaved wounds inflict double damage, eg. 2 wounds. If the target only has 1 wound and is killed by one hit the extra wound is wasted. The weapon is enchanted to be especially deadly to Dwarfs, so it always wounds them on a 2+ in addition to the effects noted above.

Warpstone Armour

Queek often wears magical armour made of metal mixed with warpstone and inscribed with runes to draw the malign influence of the Horned Rat around the wearer. Warpstone armour gives a saving throw of 4, 5 or 6 on a D6 which is not reduced by saving throw modifiers. For every hit saved in hand-to-hand combat the baneful energies of the armour will inflict a S3 hit against the model which struck the blow.

SKAVEN TACTICS



Gather ye round children of the Horned Rat while this ancient and wicked warlord tells you how to bring doom and destruction upon the forces of the upper world. The road to victory can be a hard and stony one, filled with pitfalls and traps for the unwary along the way.

The multitudinous hordes of the Skaven Under-Empire have some very unusual troops and war machines at their

disposal, and can prove a fearsome foe for any opponent. Before you start choosing your army though, it's a good idea to have a look at the Skaven's shortcomings. A cunning foe will always try to exploit your weaknesses, so by identifying your troops' failings and working out how to counteract them you will be prepared for the worst.

The Skaven's single biggest drawback is their poor leadership. Without the comfort of large units to give them their rank bonus on Leadership your fine Skaven warriors are worth little more than Goblins. Skaven have a special Leadership rule that allows them to add their close combat rank bonus to their Leadership for all tests – so they really benefit from strength in numbers! To give your rats the best possible chance in close combat, make sure your units are at least 16 models strong, enough to form up in four ranks and gain a maximum +3 rank bonus. This gives them a most respectable Leadership of 10 within 12" of the Warlord (the General's Leadership of 7 +3 for the rank bonus) and 8 otherwise.

It's always advisable to use characters to boost the Leadership of regiments operating away from the General. Skaven regiments that break and flee are reduced to their miserable basic Leadership of 5 and are very hard to rally. In these circumstances a 59 point Chieftain helps considerably. However, it's best to either keep your main regiments within 12" of the Warlord or invest in a Grey Seer or Warlock Master to lead regiments who intend to stray further afield.

The leadership problem is most pronounced amongst units that operate away from the main body of Skaven and don't get a rank bonus to their Leadership. Gutter Runners, war teams, Packmasters and Poison Wind Globadiers all have a nasty tendency to run off if things go wrong. There isn't a simple answer to this because Skaven characters have relatively low Leadership values and they can't really bolster the morale of such small units by a worthwhile amount. Being close to the General with his Leadership value of 7 isn't much help either.

It's very hard to overcome the Skaven's unreliability when they're operating outside the comforting mass of the horde. For Poison Wind Globadiers and warfire thrower teams the answer is to attach them to regiments. By doing this the minions of Clan Skryre gain the Leadership benefits of the regiment's rank bonus and a measure of protection from missile fire and charges. The other units really have to rely on staying out of fights they can't win, which is easier said than done. Console yourself with the thought that these troops are most useful for tying the enemy down and, in the overall scheme of things, they're expendable.

The second big problem you will encounter is the lack of missile troops and war machines in the Skaven army. Skaven have little use for cannon or warriors armed with bows and crossbows in their subterranean wars so such weapons are sadly lacking in their armoury. This problem is partially overcome by the speed and numbers of the Skaven. If you can close with the enemy fast enough he should have little opportunity to inflict serious casualties on you and will have trouble judging the ranges on his war engines. It is essential to have regiments large enough to survive a battering from missiles and maintain their rank bonus against armies that rely on bowmen, such as the High Elves and

the Wood Elves. The few long range attacks you will be able to make will be supplied by jezzail teams and warfire throwers. Fortunately, the potency of these Clan Skryre wonder weapons does make up for their lack of numbers. But at the end of the day the Skaven must scuttle forward to engage the enemy as quickly as possible to avoid getting pounded in a protracted fire fight.

The third problem is not having any cavalry. Against some armies, like Dwarfs, this isn't a problem. Against other foes you may well find the flanks of your army being stove in by Dragon Princes or Knights Panther. To counter this you once again have speed on your side. Opponents will often send their cavalry on wide outflanking moves but find that you have smashed into his centre before the flanking pincers can close. From the offensive point of view jezzails and poison wind globes are good weapons for destroying well armoured, expensive opponents like knights. Those rather unreliable Gutter Runners and Packmasters are mainly useful for keeping enemy cavalry off the necks of your main regiments by lurking around and catching them before they charge, which can pin down the offending unit long enough for the Skaven army to get in to combat.

Well, these are the three big failings of the Skaven. But don't be disheartened, the Skaven can field armies that are easily capable of destroying enemy forces wholesale. The trick is picking the right troops and fighting with a coherent battleplan.

MUSTERING THE RATS

With most armies you can get away with picking a range of troops and war machines and then welding them together with a good plan. With the Skaven it's very important to get the army balance right and then your battleplan will fall into place. I'm going to go through each section of the army list and tell you the best ways I've found to form up an effective army. Though I have played many games with the Skaven and reached my own conclusions you may have very different ideas about what makes a good Skaven force. Experiment with different combinations of troops and characters until you get something you're happy with. Having said that, this is what I'm happiest with.

Characters

First you must choose your army General, the Warlord. You may decide to replace the Warlord with one of the special characters like Lord Skrolk or Thanquol, but this really depends on how big your army is. Personally, I find taking special characters is rather too expensive for armies of 2000 points or less.

In larger armies I always take a couple of special characters – precisely which ones depends on the opposition. Ikit Claw is powerful against Chaos and Undead because he can filch High Magic spells to use against them. Lord Skrolk is an absolute monster in combat and his terror-inspiring presence can have a devastating effect against armies with poor Leadership. Thanquol is always worth considering if you're thinking about having a Grey Seer as he only costs a little more, is harder to kill, and can munch warstone with great alacrity. Warlord Queek is a must if you're fighting Orcs, Goblins or Dwarfs (especially Dwarfs) because he can beat up most opponents in challenges. Deathmaster Snikch is ideal if your opponent loves to take hefty characters like the High Elf hero Tyrion. Even though Snikch may not actually kill such tough opponents he can always dent them badly so the chances are your opponent will be too busy dodging the Deathmaster to use his mega-expensive character properly.

Regardless of what points value my Skaven army is I always try to fit a Grey Seer into it. Grey Seers have some of the best spells in the Skaven spell deck, including the battle-winning *Death*

Frenzy spell. On top of this, they are tougher than a Warlord and can lead units themselves because they have a Leadership of 7. To supplement my Grey Seer I usually take one or two Warlocks of whatever level I can afford. These can lead units reasonably well but are mainly there to cover me in case the Grey Seer is killed and to ensure I can cycle through the Skaven spell deck to get the spells I want. With these potent wizards I have plenty of magical firepower which goes a long way to make up for having no missile troops.

I always buy a Champion for each of my Clanrat, Stormvermin and Plague Monk regiments. This gives the regiments a bit more bite in combat and is useful if a tough enemy character issues a challenge to single combat against characters in the regiment. The cunning bit about this is that if I don't fancy the chances of my Grey Seer or Warlock taking on the enemy character the Champion can take up the challenge instead. This leaves my tough characters free to hit normal troops and limits the enemy character to only inflicting 1 wound in the combat because the Champion's only got 1 wound!

This tactic also works well against characters on large, flying monsters – the Skaven Champion issues a challenge, the enemy character is forced to accept or not fight at all, the enemy character kills the Champion but only gets to count 1 to his combat resolution so the Skaven regiment wins by 3 (3 for the rank bonus, +1 for the unit banner, -1 for the wound the enemy character inflicted). This means you can win the combat and drive the flying creature and its rider off the table for a complete turn – well worth the 27 points for the sadly deceased Champion!

Magic Items

In general I always take certain magic items for my characters and then spend some extra points on magic items tailored to their opponents. So, for example, I'll usually take one or two Dispel scrolls, make the army banner a magic standard, and buy a warpstone charm to help out a Warlock or the Grey Seer. One particularly dirty trick is to make the army banner a *Dread Banner*, as this makes the regiment it's with cause fear, so they become immune to fear and count terror as fear. More importantly, the fear-causing Skaven regiment will usually outnumber its opponents so if the enemy fail their Fear test when they are charged or lose a round of combat they will automatically flee.

It's worth investing in a magic sword for the Warlord. I prefer either the *Sword of Heroes* (+3S & D3 wounds if your opponent is T5 or better) if I'm fighting Orcs, Dwarfs or somebody who invests in monsters, or a *Weeping Blade* (+1S, -1 save, D3 wounds per hit) against less tough opponents. The Warlord also gets *Armour of Meteoric Iron* (2+ save) or *Armour of Fortune* (reroll save on 5+, no modifier) and an enchanted shield (+1 save for a total 3+ save). If I'm short on points a *Strength Potion* and a *Rending Sword* usually suffices. If you're not scared of lashing out the points the *Fell-blade* (S10, D6 wounds per hit) and a pot of *Skalm* will turn your Warlord into a veritable mincing machine. If I want to use a large unit of war teams or Rat Ogres a Chieftain with the *Crown of Command* (giving Ld 10) is an absolute must.

If I run into problems against a certain army I always look at how I can change my mix of magic items to beat the problem rather than change the composition of my own force. For example, I was defeated by Jervis Johnson's Undead legions four times in succession but finally managed to beat him by taking the *Book of Ashur* for my Grey Seer. The book increased his magic level by 1 to 5 so he could overcome the Necromancer Lord's dispels more easily. I also used the book to gain access to the High Magic spell deck to give me the best anti-Undead spells around. The next battle saw the defeat of the Undead!

Of course Jervis will work out a tactic to get around this problem by the next battle but that's all in the game – the point is that you shouldn't need to change your forces too much to meet different threats, just adjust your spells and magic items.

Of course I never seem to have enough points left for my regiments and war machines if I equip my characters as well as I'd like so I usually pick regiments next and then come back later to use any spare points on extra magic. Funny how I never seem to have enough points left for extra magic items when I do that...

THE REGIMENTS

Clanrat Warriors

I always, always buy a large regiment of Clanrats for my first unit. This unit is usually between 30 and 40 models strong deployed 5 or 6 wide and 6 to 8 ranks deep. This "main block" forms the core of my army and I firmly believe that it's vital to a Skaven force because it forms a comforting mass of troops for the Warlord and the army banner to move forward in. Because Clanrats are cheap you can laugh off the hail of missiles and war engine fire the regiment attracts as it thunders into charge range – as long as it's still got four ranks when it gets there you'll be alright. In combat you can expect to get a huge combat result modifier (rank bonus of +3, +1 for a regimental banner and +1 for the army banner = +5!) on top of whatever wounds the General, Champion, army banner bearer and the unit itself inflict. This great slab of troops anchors the centre of the army so that the units on the flanks can get the full benefit of the army banner and the General's Leadership. The main block is directly supported by including two Assassins, two Globadiers and a warfire thrower if I can afford them.

I often take a second, smaller block of Clanrats with about 20 to 30 warriors armed with spears. These are stationed on one side of the main block to cover its flank against cavalry and fliers (that's why they've got spears). More Globadiers, Assassins and a warfire thrower team accompany this unit too if I can afford them. Both this unit and the main block often suffer heavy missile casualties on the way in but are just about the right size to shrug them off. Personally I'd rather people fired at my Clanrats than anything else – they're cheap, they have a good armour save and can take a lot of hits before they have to take Panic tests, plus their large deep formations give them a Leadership of 10.

Stormvermin

Nice Stormvermin, strong Stormvermin, expensive Stormvermin. I like to field a regiment of Stormvermin when I can because they are very tough in combat one for one, unlike the rest of the Skaven. However, because I favour equipping them with shields and halberds or double-handed weapons I can't usually afford a unit more than 20 models strong. Naturally, yet more Assassins, Globadiers and the obligatory warfire thrower team accompany this unit and I often lead it with one of my best characters. The problem is that the Stormvermin cost nearly twice as many points as ordinary Clanrats but they die just as easily. Of course they are very nasty if they can get into combat and just the thing to give tough opponents a good thrashing because of their Strength of 4.

I've found the best way to avoid the Stormvermin being beaten up by missile fire and magic is to hold them back slightly so that the Clanrats are closer to the enemy. Being far more intimidated by the main block, the foe usually picks on that and starts to ignore the smaller unit of Stormvermin beside it. Led by a tough character such as a Grey Seer the Stormvermin can seriously maul an opposing elite regiment or two – though they must be wary about getting charged by lance-armed cavalry or chariots. The best way I have found to avoid missile fire is to commit the Stormvermin as a second wave to hit any opponents manoeuvring to hit the main block.

Skavenslaves

Many people dismiss Skavenslaves as useless but I disagree – anything so wonderfully cheap and expendable is bound to be worth it. I usually have one or two regiments of 20 or so Skaven-

slaves planted out on the sides of my army to bog down flank attacks. Your opponent may think he's doing really well to draw units out of your main battleline but in terms of points a regiment of Skavenslaves is doing a great job if it can hold up an enemy regiment that costs four times as much for even one turn.

Spears are usually worth investing in as they give the slaves a chance to fight back even once the front rank has been annihilated. Shields can be worthwhile if you're fighting an Elf army or somebody else who uses a lot missile fire. Slings are sometimes worth a try but only as a shock tactic – people don't expect Skaven to have any kind of ranged weapons apart from the war teams. In any case, Skavenslaves are such poor shots they are not liable to achieve much. The very wide formation necessary to use missile weapons efficiently doesn't suit Skaven who need that high rank bonus to bolster their low Leadership.

Clan Eshin Gutter Runners and Assassins

Taking Gutter Runners is always something of a gamble, they either do utterly brilliantly and rampage around a lot or they are chased off in short order. This is because they suffer from that pesky low Leadership so prevalent amongst the Skaven and a high points value that makes it prohibitively expensive to field a large unit. However, they are a unique troop type and offer a good option for eliminating undefended enemy war engines if they can sneak round to them.

Gutter Runners armed with slings or throwing stars can also inflict quite serious casualties on cavalry units and the like from the safety of nearby cover. Added to this the very presence of a unit of Gutter Runners pins down enemy troops by stopping them march moving within 8". I usually go for a 5 to 10 strong unit of Gutter Runners heavily equipped with missile weapons and armour (they cost so much it seems churlish not to protect your investment).

One or two Assassins are worth investing in for as many units as can afford them. Their powerful ability to leap out and attack enemy characters in close combat can be invaluable, especially because Assassins fight before even charging models get to strike. The only drawback with Assassins is that they struggle to injure particularly tough creatures or characters. Sometimes you may be better off trying to kill opposing Champions rather than heroes and wizards if the foe are tough creatures like Orcs or Dwarfs.

Clan Pestilens Plague Monks and Censer Bearers

Plague Monks are also hard-hitting troops that can be very vicious if equipped with the right magic banner. Normally I favour the *War Banner* (+1 combat resolution) or the *Plague Banner* (inflicts D6 wounds in the magic phase once per game). The War Banner helps to ensure that the Plague Monks win combats so they remain frenzied and the Plague Banner is nice and characterful, as well as useful against big monsters or knights which the Monks have trouble wounding with their mediocre strength. The Plague Monks are Toughness 4 so they are able to stand up to missile fire and last in combat a little better than ordinary Skaven though their lack of armour can undermine this.

I usually take a single unit of 20 or so Plague Monks, though a Plague Monk-based army often appeals to me. I've found that Plague Monks work best fighting on a narrow frontage (4 or 5 models wide), particularly with a Plague Priest at the fore. Their doubled attacks give them a good edge on the first turn so that they can break most average opposing units. Tough or well armoured opponents will best the Plague Monks every time, but that's what you need Censer Bearers for.

Plague Censer Bearers are potentially one of the most devastating units around, each one getting two Strength 6 attacks with rerolls to hit on the first round of combat, plus the plague effects of the censers themselves. Censer Bearers are rather liable to get obliterated if they don't beat their opponents with the impetus of their initial charge. Having said that, their hatred of the enemy

means they will normally keep fighting until they are wiped out (a rare trait in the Skaven army!) and so they can potentially tie up a unit for several turns.

I use the Censer Bearers to initially shield Plague Monk units against being charged or shot up badly before hurling them into the toughest enemy unit in charge range. They will either break the unit and go rampaging off into the heart of the enemy line or inflict murderous casualties on the unit and tie it up for a few turns. Even if the foe gets the drop on the Censer Bearers they have to survive the plague fumes from the censers before they fight, hopefully being severely damaged in the process. The down side of Censer Bearers is that they are expensive and lack numbers. I've found that large Censer Bearer units tend to get in their own way so I generally favour units 5 to 8 models strong.

Clan Skryre Poison Wind Globadiers, Jezzail Teams and Warpfire Throwers

Poison Wind Globadiers are exceedingly handy ratmen to have around because they can inflict wounds on absolutely anything regardless of toughness or armour. Hence they are particularly useful for taking out things much of the Skaven army is hard pushed to even hurt: Vampires, Chaos Lords, Daemons, Giants, Dragons etc. Each globe hit only causes 1 wound but a bit of persistence will either kill the offending model eventually or force it to run off because things are getting too hair raising.

Globadiers can also hurl their deadly weapons into the rear ranks of enemy regiments when they are in close combat – very handy for wittling down the enemy ranks. Occasionally the odd globe goes astray and gasses some of your own troops but that's par for the course in a Skaven army!

Globadiers are usually better off accompanying a regiment so that they can gain the benefits of a higher Leadership rather than forming up as a somewhat unreliable regiment of expensive skirmishers. If you do decide to try out a unit of Globadier skirmishers bear in mind the fact that they only have a range of 6", so if they are charged they can only stand and shoot if the enemy started 6" or less away.

Jezzail teams are most useful for felling small units of knights, chariots and large monsters – in fact the latter two make better targets in many ways because you get +1 to hit them. You probably won't be able to field all that many jezzails so they can never stand in for normal units of bowmen but they are still very handy for softening up the enemy as your army advances.

I always try to get my jezzails deployed on a hill if I can so that they have a good field of fire and won't have to move during the game. They are fairly safe from attacks by flying creatures because unlike other machines they can stand and fire. Unfortunately, other than this it's hard to protect the jezzails very efficiently without drawing off characters which would be better off fighting in the front line. Instead I just break up my jezzail teams into as many separate units as I can and post them to separate vantage points around the army.

It must be said I am rather used to the sight of my jezzail teams scampering off the edge of the board, though I don't mind if they get a few shots off first. Most opponents forget that jezzails are relatively cheap and expend an inordinate amount of effort on silencing them.

Warpfire throwers are the classic Skaven weapon, very potent and highly destructive... they just have a nasty tendency to blow up! Warpfire throwers have won and lost me battles before now but I always take them because they terrify my opponents so thoroughly (they may laugh and sneer if a warpfire thrower blows up but watch their faces as their favourite regiment disappears in a sheet of warplame!).

Most of the battle with warpfire throwers is deploying them in the right place and moving them into good firing positions. The ideal place for warpfire throwers is at either end of the battle line so that

their warpflame overshoots into the enemy centre. Before you fire a warpfire thrower use the movement phase to move surrounding troops out of the way as best you can, more than 3" away preferably.

Because warpfire throwers can't move and fire on the same turn you have to try and predict where you will want to fire them in the next turn, making sure that you can give them a clear shot when the time comes. Finally, remember that warpfire throwers will normally "fire" their templates 4 to 6" forward on average – giving them a not inconsiderable range of 15 to 17" and a maximum range of 21". Also always fire them if you can get a potential hit – remember that the chance of a misfire is only 16%...

Clan Moulder Packmasters

Clan Moulder offers two very diverse elements to a Skaven army. The first is cheap packs of Giant Rats. These are very handy for throwing out onto the flanks of the army to either push round the ends of the enemy battleline or delay an enemy doing the same to you. Giants Rats can also be driven ahead of the main Skaven regiments to absorb missile casualties and drive off skirmishers. Of course Giant Rats are not the best fighters in the world but they can charge 12" and can certainly give lightly armoured foes a run for their money.

Like slaves, packs of Giant Rats are expendable assets that are useful for smoothing the passage of your main units and will cause no morale problems if they break and flee. I generally use two sizes of rat pack in games. I use small manoeuvrable packs of six rats and one Packmaster for scuttling through the gaps in between the Skaven regiments. Larger packs of twelve or eighteen rats with two or three Packmasters are useful for nailing down the flanks or driving ahead to absorb missile fire or charges. This latter tactic is a bit risky because if the rats break and flee the pursuing enemy unit will often crash into the Skaven battleline.

Rat Ogre packs are one of the strongest elements of the Skaven army: fast, strong, tough, vicious and stupid – almost the perfect troops were it not for their limited intellect. Rat Ogres make excellent shock troops because of their 12" charge, and they are particularly useful for eliminating small infantry regiments or vulnerable cavalry units that advance too far ahead of their battleline. Against larger regiments of infantry and the like Rat Ogres will often need the help of a Skaven regiment unless the Rat Ogre pack is four or more strong. Otherwise the Rat Ogres are unlikely to inflict enough wounds to overcome the enemy's bonus for ranks and a standard.

Pack size for Rat Ogres is particularly problematic. I find the best options are to either take several small packs with a Rat Ogre or two and a Packmaster in each or plump for a single large pack of four or more Rat Ogres with one Packmaster for every pair of Rat Ogres. The advantage of the small packs is flexibility – they can manoeuvre around the Skaven regiments more easily and deliver their punch at the right moments.

The advantage of the big pack is that it's a real sledgehammer unit and can be made more so by adding a character or two with useful magic items. If you can ever manage to cast the *Death Frenzy* spell on a large pack of Rat Ogres and charge in (with a monstrous 24" charge distance and doubled attacks) you have got the game in the bag.

The disadvantage of the small packs is that they lack the punch to deal with big opposing regiments and can lose their Packmaster to missile fire more easily, which leaves them hamstrung by suffering from stupidity and a Ld of 5. The big packs tend to draw a lot of war engine fire and hostile spells so they can suffer heavy casualties before they get into combat – though this can be a good thing if you want to make your opponent ignore your other regiments. It really depends on the opposition and what you have in the rest of your army.

WAR MACHINES

The Skaven war machines are unique creations and take some getting used to at first. The Screaming Bell is a must for any substantial Skaven army, mainly because it makes the Grey Seer mounted on it considerably tougher – it gives him a dispel against hostile spells, an extra magic card as well the protection of the bell carriage itself (a combination worth about 135 points to start with).

The effects of the bell itself can be frustratingly ineffective at times but occasionally it will swing the battle well and truly in your favour by shattering enemy war engines or sending the Skaven into frenzy. The unit pushing the bell also gains the useful bonus of scoring an automatic D6 Strength 7 hits when they charge, so when I place it with my main Clanrat block it turns them into a real unstoppable monster.

The Screaming Bell can backfire badly on you of course but I'm sure you will have noticed that backfires are part of the Skaven way of life by now. One way to avoid the bell shattering is simply not to strike it on the fourth turn of the game as this keeps it down to rolling an acceptable 2D6 on the fourth turn rather than the exceedingly dangerous 4D6 you would use otherwise. It can of course be worth shattering the bell deliberately if you think that it will destroy your enemy with you.

The Doomwheel is a wonderfully destructive item in itself, though difficult to co-ordinate with the rest of the army because of its random move distance. On average dice rolls it will move 10" per turn so you can simply advance it in the centre with your regiments, though this will limit your chances to unleash its warp lightning for fear of hitting your own troops. Alternatively you can push it out onto the flanks to smash into the enemy at one end of the line and then bludgeon all the way down the battleline. The Doomwheel is one of the hardest hitters in the army so I always aim to hit the toughest thing in its path – D6+2 Strength 7 hits plus the warp lightning will make even daemons and dragons balk.

During set-up, one particularly dirty tactic is to place a hill so its crest is within your set-up zone. You can then roll your Doomwheel down the slope towards the enemy. This boosts the Doomwheel's movement on the first turn by enough to get it ahead of the main Skaven battleline, making a frontal assault more practical.

OVERALL TACTICS

With a Skaven army you've only got one choice for an overall strategy and that's CHARGE! Lacking missile troops and cavalry means you can't afford to keep the enemy at arms' length any longer than absolutely necessary to charge in. If you do you will find the army quickly overwhelmed by flank attacks and rapidly accumulating missile/war engine casualties. The best way to get over this is to jump down the enemy's throat as fast as possible. Of course there are plenty of subtle refinements to the process of charging full tilt across the battlefield to increase your chances, but fundamentally the basic tactic stays the same.

To succeed in this precipitous enterprise it is vital to keep your main fighting units reasonably intact. Everything else in the army is purely there to smooth its progress into combat. Gutter Runners assail war machines, rat packs attack flankers, warpfire throwers blast holes in anything you think might be able to stand up to the initial impetus of your charge.

You might think that you need plenty of terrain when you're playing with a Skaven army, but in fact the opposite is true. Very little terrain is required or even desirable because it causes a log jam of big regiments and slows you down (and then the warpfire throwers explode). A few hills to place jezzails on is about all you should hope for, otherwise you will be lost.

Flanked by the albino guards of the Council of Thirteen, not knowing whether he was a guest or a prisoner, Grey Seer Thanquol was marched roughly through the teeming streets of Skavenblight towards the Shattered Tower. Trying to control his accelerating heartbeat, he swallowed the saliva that filled his mouth as it always did in moments of stress. He lashed his tail three times so fiercely that even the huge white Stormvermin stepped away from him. Good-good, he thought, at least they still showed him some respect.

The crowds parted before the guards as if by magic. As they passed even proud warriors in the livery of a clanlord's bodyguard stepped aside into the overflowing gutters and nodded obeisance. Thanquol was somewhat reassured. Even if he was a prisoner, a possibility he wasn't prepared to admit, even to himself, then he could still inspire fear in the swarming population of the city.

The constant press of bodies was everywhere. Skavenblight teemed with living occupants. They brushed against each other constantly, fangs bared in warning smiles. A scuttling tide of cowed and muffled ratmen moved through the city, rushing about on their own dark business. The palanquins of great lords drifted with the crowds, rising above the heaving mass of flesh like barges sailing on a river of fur.

Here and there vermin lay on the broken flagstones. Maybe they were asleep; possibly they were dead, Thanquol did not care. Plenty more where they came from. Thanquol cared more for that time-eroded fountain, the one that still showed the vague outline of a human archer, more than he cared for any of his fellow Skaven, and he cared for the statue not at all.

The clamour was almost deafening. Only the rumbling of the distant underground machines and the grinding of the great mills rose above the hubbub of twice ten thousand Skaven voices. They chattered in a hundred different ways: angry squeaks, protestations of innocence, whines for mercy and cries for attention all competed with each other.

He breathed deeply and took a lungful of the hot and humid air. It smelled of methane and rotting rubbish and the unwashed bodies of the crowd. The air carried the scent of stagnant water and the sickly sweet tang of corruption to his sensitive nostrils. It was a reassuring scent that spoke of the presence of many of his people, of long occupation of this place by countless generations of Skaven. To Thanquol it was the scent of home.

He inspected his surroundings, trying to thrust aside the niggling suspicion that this might be the last time he would ever look upon them. In the

murky mist, Skavenblight was at its most attractive. The giant, crumbling buildings loomed out of the fog. Ratmen swarmed through every ground floor window and door. Great rotting oak supports groaned under the weight of the stonework they strained to support. Luminous fungus lit a path through the murk. Puddles glowing with phosphorescent algae stained the cracked roadways. From every nook and cranny Skaven watched them, their gazes predatory and filled with hunger.

His escort carried naked blades, and this made Thanquol nervous. He had already been stripped of all his weapons back in his warren-chamber. Only the Thirteen's chosen guards, mute albinos all, were allowed into the Shattered Tower carrying arms and they were as loyal to their masters as it was possible for any Skaven to be. Thanquol knew this only too well. Many times he had tried to bribe or coerce one, always without success. They feared their masters more than they feared his sorcery, and he could not match the wealth that bought their loyalty.

An idle speculation passed through Thanquol's mind. Did the Council's guards dye their fur white or did it turn white when they were inducted into the service of the Thirteen?



Perhaps the rumour was true and they were all mutants purchased at vast expense from Clan Moulder. Thanquol dismissed this idea. It would give the Beastmasters too much power over the Council members. Suppose they bred the guards to all attack on a spoken code-word? The entire Council could be wiped out in a single well-timed attack. Thanquol made another mental note to find out the cause of the albino rats' mutation. One could never tell when such information might be useful or what other interesting avenues of exploration it might open. This was presuming he survived the coming interview with the Thirteen, of course. Which he would, of this he had no doubt.

True, the thought of encountering the dread rulers of his rat-like race filled the Grey Seer with dread, and he was by no means a stranger to horror. The Thirteen were legendary for their cunning and steeped in the blackest of evil. They were said to be immortal, the chosen of the Horned Rat himself, and familiar with the most dire and potent of sorceries. Each had achieved his place at the top of Skaven society by virtue of ferocity, cunning and many unspeakable acts. Each could only be replaced by being slain by a Skaven tougher than himself. Not one Lord had been changed within the last ten generations.

The Lords of Decay were ruthless, wise and malign and they did not suffer failures gladly. Thanquol feared that they would, most unjustly, regard him as a failure. He pushed that thought aside. The business below the mancify of Nuln had been a fiasco, but it was not his fault.

His incompetent underlings were to blame, and of course that hell-spawned Dwarf, and his furless ally, may the Horned Rat gnaw on their putrid souls. All the Council's aims could have been achieved had it not been for them. Moreover, he suspected treachery somewhere within the ranks of his followers too. Hatred of his enemies and fear of the Council warred in Thanquol's rotten soul. Hastily he pushed both emotions aside.

What did he have to fear? Was he not a Grey Seer, most potent of mage-rats, most cunning of the Council's agents? Had he not passed through the Thirteen Circles of Initiation and walked blindfolded through the Maze of Inevitable Death? Had he not killed his own sorcerous mentor and eaten his soul? Had he not outlived three generations since his birthing? Was he not responsible for some of the Council's greatest successes in recent years?

Thanquol allowed himself a well-deserved gloat. Had he not masterminded the assassination of the renegade Plague Lord Skratsquik, and had he not brought the rebellious Warlord Kaskat and his clan to heel? The thought of how he had tricked Kaskat and all his advisors to a peace conference and then

set them at each other's throats with suspicions of treachery still filled him with glee.

Had he not ventured to the mancify of Miragliano in Tilea and won over all the furless burgomeisters to the Skaven cause by promising them power and eternal life? The witless fools had been only too willing to believe in his sorcery. Had he not led the army that destroyed the Chaos warband of Alarik Lionmane and his host when they had threatened the Council's holding in the North? And had he not personally defeated the Necromancer Vorghun of Praag in single combat? Surely these must all count for something in the Council's judgment?

True, there had been some minor setbacks. The Burgomeisters of Tilea had all mutated from the warpstone dust he had given them to consume, and they had been stoned to death by their fellow citizens. Alarik had only been stopped at the cost of the lives of every Skaven under his command. Vorghun had returned stronger than ever as a liche and had sworn eternal enmity to the Skaven race for what he saw as their treachery. Yet these were only temporary setbacks to the Great Plan. They were not failures. Only the most blind and idiotic could think of them as that. And the Council were neither blind nor idiotic. They would see his worth. Yes, they would.

As they approached the Shattered Tower, Thanquol controlled the urge to squirt the musk of fear. He was a Grey Seer, mightiest of all the Skaven sorcerers and he refused to be afraid. Yes, he refused to show fear, even in the face of the Council's wrath. He was not afraid at the mere sight of their Tower. The sight of its huge crazily leaning mass did not fill him with dread. No, his limbs did not shake at the sight of it. Let the other rats superstitiously avoid treading on the Great Tower's shadow. He was beyond that. He had ventured within the tower before, during his initiation, and he had not been afraid then. He let his mind drift back to those other happier days, the long ago days when he had still been an untried, callow youth.

He had not fought his way up from the lowest warren of Skavenblight to the heady heights of power by being a coward. He was brave and fierce. He had been the smallest and weakest of his litter, marked as different by the colour of his fur. By all rights he should have died in the murky gaslit depths, eaten by his larger fellows or killed by one of the many explosions or cave-ins that had claimed the others of his litter. Yes, he should have died but he had not, for he had been chosen.

His natural ferocity had more than made up for his lack of size, and his eerie grey colour had inspired fear as well as hatred in his fellows. His natural cunning enabled him to spring traps on those who had beaten him and his natural intelligence and

eloquence soon made him a leader among his birthkin. No-one had dared test his temper after that, not when he had a small army under his control.

And there was more: he had not survived simply by being lucky and cunning and fierce. When the shivering earth had toppled the roof on his entire family's warren some sixth sense had warned him to flee, and had guided him along the one safe path out of the collapsing tunnels. When the great powered carriages had crashed killing all passengers some instinct had warned him not to step aboard at the last second. Even when Clan Skryre agents had filled his clan's burrow with the poison wind he had known in advance, warned by a dream, and he had fled through the sewers to safety. He had warned only those of his fellows who had shown him the greatest respect.

His dreams had guided him to seek the Council's agents. The Horned Rat had spoken to him and let him know he was one of the chosen. Thanquol had listened and ventured to the temple and joined all the other frightened young Skaven seeking entry to the Horned One's service. Within the Temple he had been confronted with the Test of Death. He had correctly divined which of the Thirteen Doors to pass through and walked with assurance into the Sanctum of the Horned Rat while the others had gone into the Chambers of Certain Doom.

The Seers had known then that Thanquol was the real thing, genuinely touched by their lord's great paw, and they had welcomed him even as they had tittered at the screams of the other failed candidates.

As Thanquol and the albino guard stepped through the entrance way of the Shattered Tower, silence descended. The clamour of the city was cut off as if by an invisible curtain. The air was cooler and tainted with damp. It reminded him powerfully of the day he had been brought to the Holy of Holies, the sacred site where the Horned Rat had manifested himself at the pleading of the Grey Seers and ended the great Civil War nearly two hundred years ago.

He remembered the awe he had felt when he looked upon the thirteen-sided pillar, bearing the one hundred and sixty nine commandments inscribed by the Horned Rat himself. He had looked upon a relic of the only being in the universe that in his secret Skaven heart of hearts he was prepared to acknowledge as being greater than himself.

The Masters of his Order had not needed to make him abase himself before the Pillar. He had spontaneously thrown himself to the ground in an ecstasy of adoration. Even in his frenzy some instinct had warned him not to touch the rune-

encrusted pillar. The masters had twitched their tails wisely, knowing that truly indeed he was one of the Chosen.

Then he had only been young. He had yet to be initiated into all the mysteries of his order. He had never tasted the warpstone snuff that sent delightful visions of carnage and death dancing through his brain. He had not yet learned the secret rituals that would hone his precognitive powers, letting him tear away the veil of the future. He had not yet mastered the secret arts of divination that revealed the plotting of his foes to his razor-sharp mind or those deadly spells that would enable him to slay entire armies of his enemies.

Then he had known nothing, but he had been young and quick-witted and keen to learn. Soon he had risen from apprenticeship. He had lived while others his age had failed. The memory of the fates of the others who had been initiated at the same time as him often cheered him up in his darkest hours.

Squiktat had gone truly mad after sneaking a look at Master Sleekit's hidden grimoires. He had run off capering and gibbering, froth blowing from his mouth. He had vanished into the swamps and never been seen again. Thanquol was glad that Squiktat had read the books. He too had been considering ransacking the Master's library.

Borkha had devolved into a Chaos Spawn after consuming too much warpstone in battle with the Orcs. It was a waste, for Borkha had been malleable and might have proven a fine agent for Thanquol. The brilliant Tisquik had been killed by a weeping blade, presumably wielded by a Clan Eshin assassin, a victim of one of the Council's interminable intrigues. Perhaps Seerlord Kritislik feared that his protégé might eventually replace him on the Council and had him removed. From that day Thanquol had been careful not to show too much ambition.

As they began to make their way up the long winding stairwell to the council chamber Thanquol cursed, remembering all the times he had ascended these stairs in triumph. He had not always been disapproved of by the Council. Well could he remember the early days when he had first enjoyed their favour, when he had competed with and intrigued against his brother Seers to get the choicest of missions.

With a certain sense of triumph he recalled being chosen as the Council's messenger to the stronghold of Clan Eshin, beneath the land the humans called Cathay. There he had seen their strange pagoda temples and watched their killers training and learned real respect for the skills of the assassin clan.

He remembered being chosen to study the ways of humans, which was a great honour, for the Council considered the fast-breeding race the greatest threat to the supremacy of the Under-Empire. True, they were incredibly stupid, but not as stupid as Orcs. They were better sorcerers than the dying race of Dwarfs and far more numerous than the fading race of Elves. But they were also malleable and they would make good slaves once brought under the Skaven lash. Thanquol had masterminded many Skaven assaults on them.

As well as corrupting the Tilean Burgomeisters he had organised the mutant rebellion in Moussillon in the land of Bretonnia. He had overseen the re-opening of the old rivalry between the temples of Ulric and Sigmar. The Council had been most pleased with him then, rewarding him with the services of his Rat Ogre bodyguard Boneripper. Curse that impotent and treasonable spawn of Clan Moulder. He had almost caused Thanquol's death by his incompetence. Thanquol had always suspected that Rat Ogres were bad luck.

It had been so close. Ultimate success had almost been within his claws. He had almost sent the Empire, the mightiest of human states, tumbling into civil war. That should have been his greatest moment. His human pawn, von Halstadt, would have assassinated the Emperor's brother. The killing of such a man by the Elector of Nuln's chief of secret police would have brought war between the mighty city state of Nuln and the Emperor's forces. It would have been a war that would have fatally weakened both sides and left the way clear for a Skaven invasion of the surface world.

And so it should have. Instead it had all gone horribly wrong. Von Halstadt had been killed by some manling. Before Thanquol and Boneripper could interfere and save von Halstadt Boneripper had been killed by the manling's Dwarf companion and Thanquol had been forced to make a prudent withdrawal. After that he had done his best to save the situation.

He totally denied those evil souls who whispered that he had merely sought revenge on the Dwarf for his humiliation. It simply wasn't true. He was too clear-sighted for that. The invasion of Nuln had been a finely calculated move. It should have worked. In keeping with his plans his minions had emerged in the Elector's palace in the middle of the Grand Ball. With one lunge he held all the city's leaders in his claw and could have forced them to do his will. Yet again he had been thwarted by the cursed pair and the incompetence of his underlings. Who would have thought the manling could have swayed a crowd of humans to attack the palace? Who would have thought that he and the Dwarf could have fought their way into the ball room and freed the nobles? Not even a Skaven of

Thanquol's perspicacity could be expected to take such things into account.

After that Thanquol had no option but to order the full scale invasion of the city. It had been a perfectly rational decision. In no way had it been taken in anger or rage, as some of his enemies had whispered. The timing had been right and the humans were taken off guard by the appearance of so massive a Skaven force in their midst.

It still filled his heart with pride to remember that huge army of ratmen moving through the sewers. They had been an all but invincible horde. The disorganised humans could not stand against the fanatical Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens. They had been slain in droves by the fiendishly cunning war machines of Clan Skryre and they had been driven from behind their barricades by the Poison Wind Globadiers. His army had been invincible. For an hour the howling, frothing horde had rampaged through the streets of Nuln.

The city would have fallen in mere hours had not that cursed Dwarf set light to the quarter of the city into which his army had emerged, forcing them to flee into the waiting army of humans who lurked beyond the blaze. It could almost have been a well-prepared ambush, though Thanquol doubted any human had the wit to prepare it. Now, more than ever, he suspected treachery.

Skaven casualties from the blaze had been immense but the devastation to the human side had been equally immeasurable. It had been an immense setback to the race of man. Viewed in the correct light the mission had been a success. Absolutely, definitely a success, and that's what he would tell the Council.

They stood now before two great black doors bearing the sign of the Horned Rat. Beside the door was an immense brass gong. As Thanquol watched a gigantic Rat Ogre smote the gong and a single terrifying note rang out. Moved by some invisible agency the doors swung open to reveal the Chamber of the Thirteen.

Thanquol breathed deeply and began the exercises that old Sleekit had taught him to control his racing heart. Forcing one clawed foot ahead of the other, he walked into the chamber, straining his keen and far-seeing eyes to pierce the gloom.

The chamber was vast and circular and barely lit. A hemispherical dais ran round one edge of the room. On it was a gigantic podium draped in red and black. Behind the podium were thirteen chairs. Some of the chairs were occupied, others were empty. It was hard to make out any details of the chamber's occupants in the dim light. Behind each chair the sign of the Horned Rat was repeated. In front of each chair a banner bearing the symbol of the occupant's clan or faction was draped. All the

walls were covered in great red tapestries.

As Thanquol walked forwards an eerie green spotlight picked out a point on the centre of the floor. It fell directly on a great circle where the symbol of the Horned Rat was once more etched on the floor. Thanquol knew without being told that he was expected to stand there. He walked over calmly, fighting down the urge to turn and flee, resisting the even greater urge to reveal his teeth in the smile of anger. The Black Hunger tore at his stomach and he knew at that moment he was prepared to fight even the Council of Thirteen, if need be.

The floor creaked under his weight and he felt sure that this section was hollow and unstable. From below him came the faint scent of foetid water and something else, something reptilian. He was certain that he heard a sound of distant splashing and a hiss. So, it was true, the Council did have a secret device here. He had heard dire rumours that they used a pit trap to drop those who had displeased them into a pool of starved, mutated monsters, some hideous hybrid of Skaven and crocodile. He wondered how long it would be before he knew the exact truth.

He stood squinting in the spotlight. Now, with the light in his eyes, he could definitely see nothing. The figures on the chairs were mere shadowy shapes. He knew he would be at a terrible disadvantage if he had to fight. He was a sitting target for missiles or spells while he could aim at nothing. He decided swiftly that fighting was impracticable. Whatever his fate was, it was sealed.

"Greetings-greetings, Grey Seer Thanquol," said a voice, rich and deep and steeped in old evil.

"Yes, greetings," said other voices. Some were thin and reedy and so weak as to be almost inaudible. Others were deep enough to come from the throats of trolls. "Greetings and congratulations."

Thanquol's voice almost broke as he replied. He fought to keep it from squeaking. "Greetings, great and mighty Lords of Decay."

"We wish to talk to you about your recent actions in the mancify of Nuln..."

"I can explain," interrupted Thanquol. "My wretched underlings..."

"No need to be modest, Grey Seer Thanquol, the responsibility for the plan was all yours."

"Yes... no! It was a minor setback, that's all. I can rectify the situation."

"No need. The mancify is half in ruins and the warriors of Clan Skab are reduced to a tenth of their former strength. No longer are they a threat to the Council."

Swiftly Thanquol made some calculations. He saw a flash of light at the end of the tunnel. "They planned rebellion." He tried to make it sound halfway between a statement and a question.

"Yes-yes, Grey Seer Thanquol. Now they plan no more. Commendations to you. We have another mission for you. One of gravest importance. To aid you we have contracted a new bodyguard."

Thanquol tried to examine the situation from all the angles. It seemed unlikely that the Council believed he had known of Clan Skab's treachery when he had not. They were too well informed for that. Yet it must suit the purposes of some of them to pretend that he had purposely destroyed Clan Skab. Perhaps the clan had been under the patronage of one of the Lords of Decay who had planned a move against the Council. If that were the case, the open admission that someone had moved against the Council would start another disastrous civil war. No one on the Council wanted that. Therefore it suited them to pretend he had foiled the conspiracy all by himself.

And was it not true, in a way? Thanquol felt himself puff up with pride. Another thought struck him. His mission had been sabotaged to make sure it failed. He was now certain of it. As he suspected all along his meticulous plans had been spoiled by the treachery of another.

As the Council outlined his mission he allowed his thoughts to turn to schemes of revenge. First he must find his hidden enemy and then... He also decided that he would call his new bodyguard Boneripper, in tribute to his loyal, trusted and sadly deceased follower. Yes, Thanquol had always suspected Rat Ogres brought good luck.



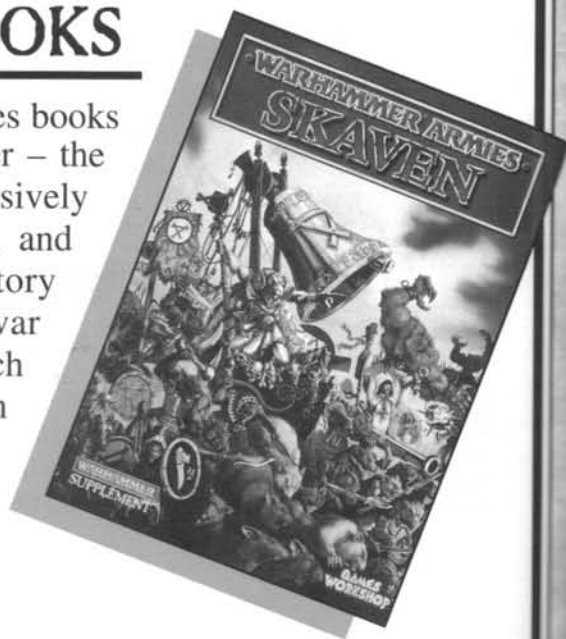
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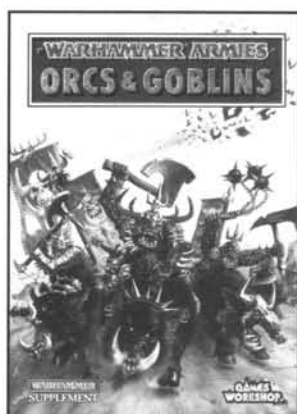
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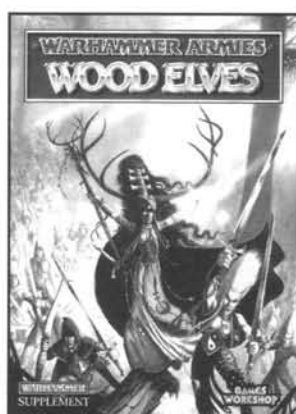
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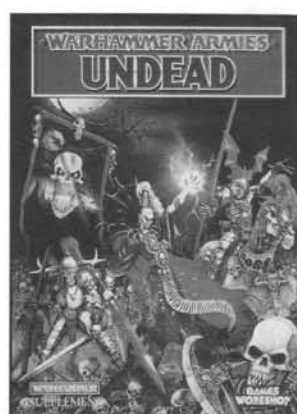
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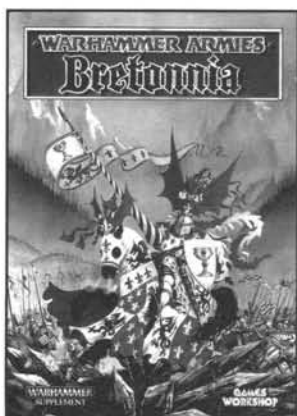
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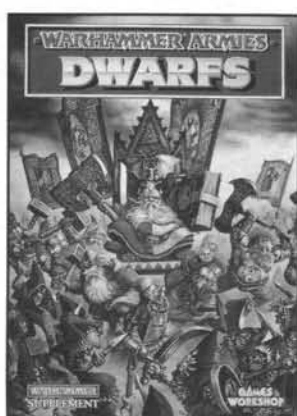
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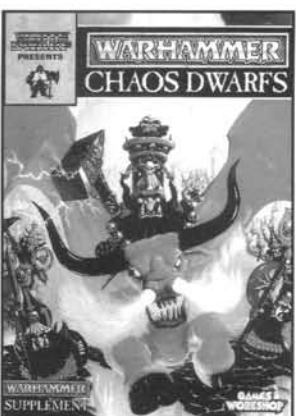
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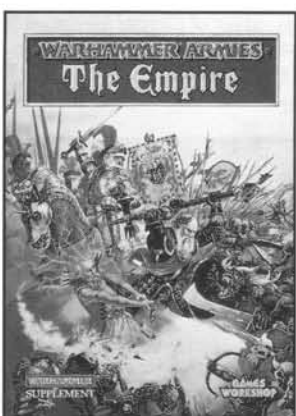
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COLLECTING THE SKAVEN ARMY

Having read the Skaven book you are now ready to bring destruction and despair to the Old World in the name of the Horned Rat. For this foul deed you will require an army. The following is an example of a basic 1,000 point Skaven army, with a good-sized core regiment to form the backbone of a larger force should you wish to expand your army at a later date.

Collecting an army can be made simple if you remember to plan your force before hand and build it up in small, manageable steps. A good starting size for any army is 1,000 points, as it will not take long to collect or paint, and once complete provides a solid battle-worthy force without being overly restrictive.

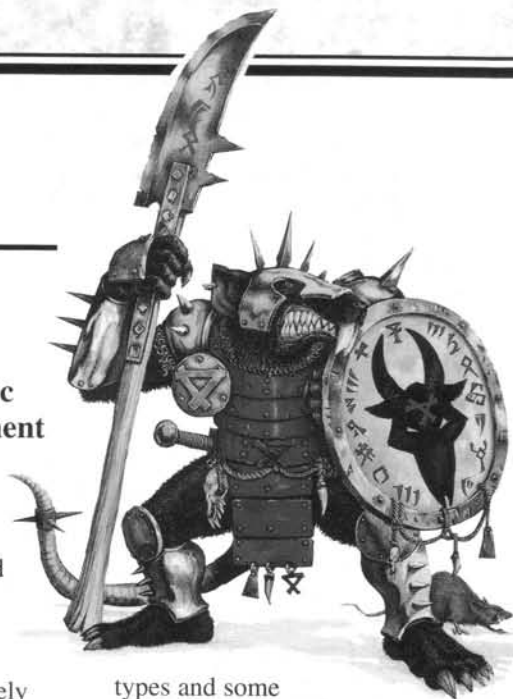
The first 1,000 points should include one or two core regiments, and these can be built up by using the plastic boxed sets combined with a few blister packs. You can add variety and character to the regiment by including a standard bearer, musician and a suitable heroic champion.

Every army must have a General to lead it. He is the only model which *must* be included in the army, so you'll need to pick a suitable character model to represent your General on the battlefield. Before buying a model you should consider how you will equip your General, what weapons or magic

items he will be carrying, and what armour he will be wearing. This will allow you to buy a suitable model, equipped correctly to accurately represent your General. If your General is equipped with a double handed weapon then the model you are using should also be carrying a double handed weapon. It is a good idea to apply this rule to all the miniatures in your army, as it helps avoid confusion between you and your opponent.



With your core regiments and General chosen it is now time to start looking at the more exotic troop types and war machines. Skaven possess some weird and potentially deadly special troop



types and some equally lethal war machines. Choosing an army now begins to get really fun. With the army list as your guide you can begin plotting just what forces to collect, reading up on the rules and planning battlefield tactics for the army when it is completed.

The roster sheet shows a 1,000 point army which we have worked out as an example of the sort of army you can begin with. Each of the regiments or characters are easily available in blister packs or boxed sets, and as well as being an army in its own right it will also provide you with an excellent starting point for collecting a larger army. As it stands the army includes enough units, characters and war machines to make it ready for battle against any similar sized army straight away.



A 1,000 point Skaven army ready for painting

WARHAMMER® ROSTER SHEET

GREY SEER THANQUOL'S SKAVEN HORDE

Models/Unit	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Save	Notes	Point Value
GREY SEER THANQUOL Army General Sword.	5	6	6	4	4	4	7	4	7	4+	Level 4 Wizard Special save (see p69) Any unit within 12" may test against Thanquol's Ld.	380
BONERIPPER Rat Ogre bodyguard	6	5	0	5	5	3	6	3	5		Causes Fear. Subject to Stupidity.	45
39 CLANKRATS Sword, light armour, standard bearer, musician.	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	5+	+1 Ld per rank in unit after the first.	246
SKAVEN CHAMPION Hand weapon, light armour, shield,	5	4	4	4	3	1	5	2	5	5+		30
15 PLAGUE MONKS 2 hand weapons, standard bearer, musician.	5	3	3	3	4	1	4	1	5	none	Subject to Frenzy	119
WARPFIRE THROWER TEAM Hand weapon, heavy armour.	4	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	5+	\$5 hit, D3 wounds, 2 save, uses flame template. See main rules for details.	70
8 GUTTER RUNNERS Hand weapon, throwing stars.	6	4	4	4	3	1	5	1	7	none	May Infiltrate, may Skirmish.	104



GREY SEER THANQUOL

GREY SEER THANQUOL

We have chosen a Skaven special character as the leader of this army, and this means the special character replaces the Skaven Warlord in the main army list.

The special character is Thanquol, a Grey Seer, accompanied by his personal bodyguard the mutant Rat Ogre, Boneripper. It should be noted at this point that a Grey Seer cannot usually lead a Skaven army, and this is a special ability unique to Grey Seer Thanquol.

The army represents a force of Skaven gifted to Thanquol by the all powerful Council of Thirteen, the Lords of Decay, rulers of all Skavendom. With this force at his command Thanquol will scurry forth along the myriad tunnels which lead from Skavenblight to all corners of the world, and bring death and despair to the Council's enemies. Skaven scheming is notoriously complex, and to what long term goal these attacks lead few could guess.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Grey Seer Thanquol	5	6	6	4	4	4	7	4	7

Thanquol himself is a dangerous and cunning Grey Seer, with several special rules of his own. These rules and Thanquol's full background can be found in the Special Characters section of the Skaven book. It is enough to say here that it is with good reason that the Council have chosen Thanquol to conduct their plans on the surface. He is a powerful wizard, capable of blasting enemy regiments or



characters with the most deadly of Skaven magic, and he also has the blessing of the Horned Rat. Thanquol is therefore very difficult for the enemy to kill.



GREY SEER THANQUOL BLISTER PACK



PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Boneripper	6	5	0	5	5	3	6	3	5

Boneripper is Thanquol's Rat Ogre bodyguard, a reward from the Lords of Decay for Thanquol's success in attacking the Empire city of Nuln. Rat Ogres are huge, Skaven-like creatures the size and strength of true Ogres but possessed of the speed and ferocity of Skaven.

Afearsome creature, if rather dim, Boneripper also has some special rules of his own, which can be found with the rules for Thanquol. Like all Rat Ogres, Boneripper is a huge and frightening monster and so causes *fear*, but is also subject to the rules for *stupidity*.

Thanquol and Boneripper are available as individual blister packs.



MUTANT RAT OGRE BLISTER PACK



BONERIPPER, THANQUOL'S RAT OGRE BODYGUARD

CLAN RABIDSCAR'S CLANRATS

Skaven, being individually small and rather cowardly, like the security of numbers and gain a special leadership advantage when used in large groups.

Clanrat regiments are best used en-masse, surging forward in a horde to overwhelm the enemy by sheer weight of numbers. Clanrat regiments should form the core of any Skaven army. To be an effective force you'll need a lot of Clanrats, the more the better. These troops are cheap and in Thanquol's eyes, expendable.

For this army we have chosen a single large unit of Clanrats, forty in total, with a leader, standard bearer,

musician and a champion, fielded as a single regiment. Note that the leader is not a character model, he is a simple Clanrat just like the other rank and file troops.

This regiment should be enough to overwhelm any enemy. To make it even more effective try leading it with Thanquol. His increased leadership will make sure the regiment does not treacherously flee from combat.



SKAVEN CLANRAT BOXED SET AND COMMAND BLISTER PACK

Large regiments of Clanrats are best kept within 12" of the army General, so he can keep a close eye on them. It may be worth splitting this mass of troops into two regiments of twenty Clanrats when fighting battles against other fast moving forces like Elves or cavalry.

This unit can be recruited by using six boxed sets of plastic Skaven plus one blister pack to provide the regimental standard, musician, leader or champion. Later when you expand the army you can upgrade the champion to a hero, and the leader can be upgraded to a champion.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Skaven Champion	5	4	4	4	3	1	5	2	5
Skaven Clanrat	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5



A SKAVEN CLANRAT UNIT

THE DISCIPLES OF DISEASE



The Clanrats are not the only troops available to Thanquol on his missions for the Lords of Decay. Should the Clanrats charge fail to break the enemy then a unit of the Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens will make an excellent second wave attack to finish off any stubborn foes.

Inured to pain through their exposure to plague and disease, in battle Plague Monk regiments hurl themselves into the fray with maniacal ferocity, eager to bring death and destruction to the enemy.

These fanatical followers of Nurglitch are affected by the psychology rules for frenzy, and are

armed with an additional hand weapon, this gives Plague Monks three attacks each.

This regiment will not only perform impressively on the battlefield but will also look impressive when it is painted in the putrid green, purple and yellow trimmed robes favoured by all Clan Pestilens' followers.

This regiment's banner can be particularly horrid, using images of diseased, rotting carcasses and weeping sores. When the time comes to expand the regiment, it can become a potent magical banner with which to strike down the enemies of the Lords of Decay.



The Plague Monks can be collected by using three blister packs and a single command blister to raise the basic regiment of 15 Plague Monks including the standard bearer, musician and a regimental leader. This will allow the unit to be ranked up into a neat five troops wide by three ranks deep formation.

At a later date you could add a Plague Priest to this regiment, making it sixteen strong, enough for a four by four formation to gain the maximum rank bonus in combat. It is worth noting that the Plague Priest is a savage fighter in his own right, and well worth including in the unit to give it a little extra punch.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Plague Monk	5	3	3	3	4	1	4	1	5



PLAGUE MONKS BLISTER AND COMMAND BLISTER PACK



A UNIT OF PLAGUE MONKS

THE BLACK CLAW OF CLAN ESHIN

Murder and terror are tactics that the Skaven exploit regularly, and the Gutter Runners of Clan Eshin are the instruments of such schemes. Operating in small, loosely organised packs the Gutter Runners scout ahead of the main force, laying ambushes and collecting information for their commanders. Thanquol finds such talents invaluable and a unit of black clad Gutter Runners accompany him on his secret missions for the Council of Thirteen.



Terror tactics are not reserved purely for the Skaven's enemies. Should Thanquol suspect any of his followers are plotting against him (all Skaven are naturally ambitious and treacherous), then he can have them silently poisoned or garrotted. For such is the nature of Skaven society.

On the battlefield the Gutter Runners are some of the most reliable Skaven

troops and can infiltrate ahead of the main army, sneaking around the enemies flank to attack vulnerable war machines or characters.

Gutter Runners can use skirmish formation to allow them maximum mobility and protection against enemy missile fire, and are equipped with throwing stars which they use to harass the enemy before charging in to finish them off.

If, at a later date, you want to expand your Gutter Runner regiment you could add some Clan Eshin Assassins to the unit, giving the enemy a nasty surprise should they charge the Gutter Runners. You might also consider equipping them with nets and an additional weapon.

The Gutter Runners are easily available by using two blister packs.



"We will show-show these manthings the true face of our diplomacy!"

Iksha Fastclaw, Nightlord of Clan Eshin

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Gutter Runner	6	4	4	4	3	1	5	1	7



A UNIT OF CLAN ESHIN GUTTER RUNNERS



CLAN ESHIN GUTTER RUNNERS BLISTER PACKS

WARPFIRE THROWER TEAM

Clan Skryre are responsible for the anarchic but potentially very deadly war machines employed by Skaven. The Warfire Thrower is a prime example of this, a weapon lethal to both the enemy and the Skaven using it.

When used correctly the Warfire Thrower fires great bursts of green warp flame, engulfing the enemy, and leaving nothing more than charred corpses. They are particularly deadly against flammable foes such as Treemen or Mummies.

Each Clanrat regiment can be supported by one Warfire Thrower team and the special

rules for these weapons can be found in the Skaven Armies book. The team must remain within 6" of the main regiment, and benefits from the regiments leadership, but beware, should a Warfire Thrower misfire then the resulting explosion can devastate any Skaven who are too close by.

It is worth while considering collecting more Warfire Thrower teams at a later date, as one may well self-destruct. Small units of Warfire Thrower teams can be devastating if deployed and used well.

The Warfire Thrower team is readily available in a single blister pack.



PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Skaven Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5

PROFILE	RANGE	STR.	SAVE	WOUNDS PER HIT
Warfire thrower	Template	5	-2	D3



SKAVEN CLAN SKRYRE WARPFIRE THROWER TEAM



WARPFIRE THROWER TEAM BLISTER PACK

Cackling with glee the Night Goblins surged into the tunnel. The Troll had done its work well, smashing through the tunnel wall under the insistent prodding of the spear-armed greenskins. Now they could penetrate the Skaven network beneath Karak Varn, and reclaim the tunnels they had lost earlier. Waiting in the tunnel were two Skaven bearing a strange device. The Night Goblins rushed forward screaming their war-cries. The Skaven stood their ground, waiting until the very last moment before unleashing a roiling blast of warpflame that swept through the tunnel, turning the frantic Goblins into wailing torches. The Troll, caught by the gout of warpflame flailed desperately at its burning legs with its hammer. The Greenskins fled. Concealed Skaven warriors leaped from their hiding places to pursue them. The trap had worked, now the offensive could begin. Chittering in triumph, the Skaven rushed into Goblin territory.

EXPANDING THE ARMY



The Skaven rely on their numbers to defeat their enemies, and when you expand the army you will need to remember this. This is especially true of the Skaven War machines – why have one when you can have two or three or maybe even more.

What this army really lacks is any magic items, and it would be well worth considering equipping some of your characters with a magic item or two as you expand the force. Thanquol can carry an impressive four magic items, and with the right selection you can turn him into a very powerful wizard. Consider such items as Warpstone charms, a Rod of Power or a Wand of Jet.

Magic standards are always useful, and an army standard bearer carrying the Sacred Standard of the Horned Rat or Dread Banner is definitely worth the points. The re-roll for any failed Break tests is also invaluable.

Skavenbrew is a must for your large Clanrat regiment. Your champion or any other character in the regiment should seriously consider taking this potent brew, it can turn your regiment into an unstoppable force.

This army also does not include any of the stranger war machines. A unit of Jezzails would be very useful against enemy cavalry or heavily armoured infantry. Doom Wheels are also powerful engines of destruction and would make an impressive centre-piece for your army.

The more exotic troop types are also excellent fun. Rat Ogres cause fear and are mean close combat opponents as are Stormvermin. The cheaper units also have their place. Three point Slaves look rather weak on paper but make great cannon fodder, and large regiments of them can bog down enemy regiments for the entire game. Likewise, Giant Rats make excellent missile screens. Remember if you do feel the need for an entirely new regiment, make it large. Ten Slaves are next to useless, but 40 Slaves are another story all together.

If you do take a new large unit of Stormvermin or Clanrats then remember to include their support troops, Poison Wind Globadiers and Warfire Thrower teams. They will not always work well for you, but when they do work the destruction they are capable of causing is well worth the gamble.

If you prefer to enlist supernatural aid to help win your battles, then the awesome Vermin Lords may supply

your every need. Potent wizards and deadly warriors, these Daemons of the Horned Rat are certainly worthy of consideration, particularly if your opponent is fond of using Dragons or other large monsters.

Alternatively, you might decide to use more subtle means to achieve your goals. A Clan Eshin assassin is an invaluable asset to any servant of the Horned Rat. They can be hidden in Skaven regiments, ready to leap to the attack should any enemy character show his face.

They are also useful for removing any troublesome political opponents and preventing dissent within your own ranks, being the Secret Police of the Lords of Decay. Rival Warlords sometimes send these highly skilled murderers against each other, assassination and internecine strife being an everyday part of the Skaven way of life.



COLLECTING A THEMED ARMY

If you prefer to have someone other than Grey Seer Thanquol to lead your army then there are still a wide variety of special characters to choose from, each with their own special abilities. In some cases, your choice of General will affect the feel of your army, and to some extent, the way it operates.

For example, the utterly corrupt Lord Skrolk is an excellent choice. You must take one regiment of Plague Monks if you wish to include him in your army, and you have the option of taking this wicked and foul individual as your army General replacing Grey Seer Thanquol. In this case, you might like to give your army a more diseased feel by taking a larger regiment of Plague Monks or investing in some of the deadly Plague Censer Bearers.



With the addition of a healthy number of Poison Wind Globadiers, Plague Priests and some suitable magic items, your Skaven army can become a Clan Pestilens army, ready to bring plague and despair to the Old World and beyond.

Alternatively, you might prefer to take Ikit Claw as your army General. This powerful sorcerer is the Chief Warlock of Clan Skryre, and as such prefers to go into battle with his treasured war machines at his side. At least 25% of your force must be made up of war machines if you wish Ikit Claw to lead your Skaven army.

This points allocation allows you to create an army affiliated to Clan Skryre. All of the insane inventions of the Skaven can be brought to bear on your enemies; Doomwheels, Warfire Throwers, Jezzails, even the mighty Screaming Bells. You can support your Clanrat regiments with **Clan Skryre Poison Wind Globadiers** and boost your sorcerous abilities with **Skaven Warlock Engineers**.

This will lend your army a very definite Clan Skryre feel and will tend to operate slightly differently to the sample army shown earlier, being more reliant on war machines to do much of the fighting

If this is not to your taste then you might consider the advantages of an army affiliated to Clan Moulder. Though relatively small this clan is still powerful, controlling a great deal of warpstone which it uses to create new and ever more deadly creatures to boost its strength.

Clan Moulder Packmasters are dangerous warriors in their own right, often being mutated themselves, but the creatures they herd into battle are more deadly still. A few units of Giant Rats or Rat Ogres led by the Packmasters, and supported by Clanrat regiments loyal to Clan Moulder makes an excellent Clan Moulder army.



You might also like to utilise the Monsters section of the army list to represent the wide variety of exotic beasts that Clan Moulder has available to it. The Rat Swarms are particularly appropriate, but there is no reason why you shouldn't choose something truly monstrous such as a Manticore to represent Clan



Moulder's worst excesses with warpstone experiments.

You may prefer to put your trust in the Warlord clans. In this case, an excellent choice of General would be Warlord Queek Head-Taker of Clan Mors. This vitriolic and savage-tempered Skaven is ideal for taking the fight to the enemy. His higher than average Leadership means your Clanrats are less likely to flee when the going gets tough, and his ability to take on enemy characters in single combat and win makes him a good choice for leading your Warlord Clan army to victory.

Stormvermin are an obvious choice of regiment to emphasize the Warlord clan feel of your army, and a truly monstrous regiment of Clanrats would be perfect for continuing this theme. With this type of army, you might like to take plenty of Skaven champions and heroes to boost your fighting prowess, and some suitably warrior-orientated magic items would also be a good idea.

The Skaven Under-Empire covers much of the world, and its armies reflect the wide diversity of resources available to it, so feel free to come up with your own themes for your Skaven army.

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A SKAVEN ARMY CRASHES INTO A COMBINED FORCE OF WOOD ELVES AND BRETONNIANS



CLANRATS SWARM FORWARD CONFIDENT IN THE SUPREME POWER OF THE SCREAMING BELL

WARHAMMER[®] ARMIES

SKAVEN

The vile and malevolent Skaven gnaw through the roots of the Old World like a malignant cancer. Their Under-Empire spreads ever outward from its sprawling capital of ancient evil, Skavenblight. Seething hordes of vicious rat-men lie waiting to bring the final apocalypse upon the unsuspecting realms of men. Black-clad assassins slink through the sewers, rabid Plague Monks brew magical pestilences, insane Warlock Engineers build their devastating weapons of mass destruction and foul packmasters mutate warped and deadly war-beasts to unleash upon their foes. Through the ancient and evil Lords of Decay the Horned Rat himself, dark god of the Skaven race, cynically guides his children to their ultimate destiny of complete mastery of the entire world! This indispensable supplement for the Warhammer game of fantasy battles describes the Skaven race and their unspeakable horror in complete and exhaustive detail.

CORRUPTION AND DECAY

A comprehensive history of the Skaven traces their origins and their rise to power, detailing their main strongholds of Crookback Mountain, the City of Pillars, Hell Pit and the most foul and secret realm of Skavenblight itself.

SPECIAL RULES

Complete game details are included for specialist troops and the infernal devices of the Warlock Engineers, including the infamous Screaming Bells, the awesome Doomwheel, warlock jezzail teams, revised rules for the terrifying warfire thrower, Poison Wind Globadiers, Gutter Runners, Plague Censer Bearers, Rat Ogres and special Skaven magic items.

ARMY LIST

A complete army list for the Skaven hordes including Stormvermin, Clanrats, Skavenslaves, Packmasters and their mutant war-beasts, Plague Monks, Assassins, and more warriors and deadly war machines. A full list is provided for including Skaven heroes, Plague Priests and Warlocks in your army. A separate section introduces some of the most infamous servants of the Lords of Decay including Grey Seer Thanquol and his Rat Ogre bodyguard Boneripper, the mutant Throt the Unclean, Lord Skrolk the arch-plaguelord, the chief of Warlock Engineers and more besides.

'EAVY METAL

Colour photographs of the Skaven army painted by the Games Workshop 'Eavy Metal team plus a colour map of the vast Skaven tunnel complexes that spread beneath the Old World.

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