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UNDEAD



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WARHAMMER® ARMIES

UNDEAD

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INTRODUCTION



In the Known World the dead do not rest easy. Vampires lurk in haunted castles in the sinister forests of Sylvania. Necromancers seek to escape their mortality by searching for forbidden knowledge within the pages of accursed books. In lost pyramids buried beneath the desert sands of the Kingdom of the Dead, the Liche Lords rule over legions of corpses, their servants in death as they were in life. Armies slain in the poisoned wilderness of the Chaos Wastes do not lie dead as others do. Often they return to a ghastly unlife and bring terror to former comrades along the boundaries of Kislev. In the musty crypts of dead noblemen, tomb robbers freeze in terror when they hear the clink of silver rings and movement behind them. And behind all of this towers the gigantic shadowy figure of Nagash, the Great Necromancer, who in ancient days rivalled and challenged the gods themselves.

To understand the nature of the restless dead, one must understand the nature of magic in the Known World. The winds of magic emerge from the Northern Chaos Gate and blow out across the world. Magical energies permeate everything. Blowing down from the Northern Wastes most of the currents of magical energy separate into one of the eight colours of magic. Some, however, remains a roiling mass of pure Dark Magic which descends where it will. A peculiar quality of Dark Magic is that like attracts like. Once it starts to build up in an area, more and more of the stuff will be drawn to the same place, forming a swirling vortex of evil that will eventually coalesce into pure warpstone from the very air. Since Dark Magic provides the motivating power that animates the Undead, many of

the areas where Dark Magic is strongest are also the places that attract or spawn Undead.

Furthermore, some philosophers state that since Chaos feeds on strong emotions, places where great negative emotions such as fear, terror, hatred and horror have been felt also attract Dark Magic. Battlefields, plague-stricken towns, houses where dark deeds of murder have been committed, all draw the forces of Undeath to them, often compounding the horrific effects of whatever has gone before. Alternatively, it could simply be a reflection of the fact that dreadful energies are often unleashed during battles and that the mass graves and plague pits of diseased townships attract and provide cover for Necromancers and their unspeakable rites.

Whatever the reason, there are particular areas in the Known World that attract the Undead. These areas include the Desolation of Nagash, the Kingdom of the Dead, Sylvania, the cursed city of Moussillon in Bretonnia, the zombie-haunted swamps south of Skavenblight in Tilea and the Mound of Krell in the Grey Mountains. The Barrow Hills in the Border Princes are scarcely less infamous. These areas, ill-famed as they are, are far from being the only places where the Undead are found. Any lonely tower with access to old burial grounds or crypts may be the haunt of a Necromancer or, worse still, one of the undying Liches which they can become.

It is invariably short-lived men rather than the longer-lived races who take up necromancy. Scholars have often speculated on the reason for this. Perhaps because Elves have vast lifespans they do not feel the need to prolong them by unnatural means. Dwarfs have no aptitude for magic. Orcs and Goblins have little concept of their own mortality and do not fear death in the way men do. Most Skaven are too caught up in their own scuttling pursuit of the way of the Horned Rat. Usually it is only men who study the Necromancer's art and set their feet on the road that will lead them to a peculiarly horrible form of everlasting life or to eternal damnation.

Those individuals who turn to necromancy are not invariably evil to begin with. Many may well be inclined to madness and dark desires, for what else could lead them to the study of such a vile form of the mage's art? Some may desire knowledge for its own sake or seek to save their own lives or that of a loved one. However, even if they are not intrinsically bad men, something about their unnatural pursuit invariably turns them to the dark path. Perhaps it is the horror their fellows feel for them or perhaps the pulsing energy of Dark Magic inevitably warps their minds. For whatever reason, when men take to the path of necromancy, madness is never far behind. Necromancers are shunned by all right-thinking people. Witch hunters trail them and the dark magicians are feared and hated as much as the worshippers of Chaos.

Mystery shrouds the study of necromancy. To learn the art an aspirant must either find a Necromancer and become his apprentice or acquire one of the forbidden books such as the *Liber Mortis* or one of the Nine Books of Nagash.

Finding a tutor has its obvious difficulties. Necromancers shun the company of others and, unless supremely confident of their power, seek to avoid discovery. Also, given the morbid reputation and dreadful habits of

Necromancers, it is perhaps safer to seek out the books; many of those who have sought apprenticeship with a Necromancer have ended up serving in a more menial way, as an animated corpse, for instance.

The books of forbidden lore have their own perils. Many are copies of old texts from forgotten times and errors have often found their way into the copying process. There is no guarantee that any of the rituals found in them are correct. Some simply do not work. Others may go disastrously wrong, as when the infamous Jacques de Noirot accidentally animated all the corpses in the cemeteries of Moussillon and then found he could not control them. Possessed of an insatiable desire for human flesh, the Zombies devoured the Necromancer and then rampaged through the streets of Moussillon. They were only eventually destroyed by the intervention of the King of Bretonnia's household troops.

Necromancers are few but are justifiably feared. Even more feared are the Vampires of the Old World. These nightmare predators haunt the night, thirsting for human blood. Since the defeat of the infamous Vampire Counts of Sylvania they can occasionally be found in the great cities of the Empire, where the mysterious deaths of a few paupers commonly go unnoticed. Some lurk in the deep woodlands preying on travellers. A few dwell within the mist-shrouded ruins of their old castles and emerge from their cobwebbed crypts to feast intermittently on whatever they can find.

Such is the terrible power of these creatures that it is impossible to ever know whether they have been slain for certain. They have a habit of returning and wreaking terrible vengeance on their would-be slayers when least expected. Occasionally a terrible Vampire Lord rises in the lands of the desolate east. They muster armies of Undead and seek to reclaim the territories that were once theirs. Many have been repelled only at great cost to the troops of the Empire.

Worse than Necromancers, worse even than Vampires, are the terrible Liche Lords, the greatest and mightiest of whom was Nagash, the Great Necromancer himself. In ancient times this unspeakable sorcerer blazed the trail that all other lesser Necromancers have followed since. He smashed armies and made pacts with evil gods, and at the height of his power slaughtered an entire kingdom and compelled its people into Undead servitude.

Such is the power of the Great Necromancer's name that it is still used in certain blasphemous rituals to compel and bind the Undead. Dire rumour states that the ages-old cult of his followers has managed to summon Nagash back from whatever dark place his spirit wandered. If this is so then the world should quake in terror for his power was virtually limitless and he was defeated only by the treachery of his evil allies. Even if the rumours are untrue, and Nagash has not risen, then there are other Liches to worry about. These are the animated corpses of powerful Necromancers. Their souls have been bound to the worm-eaten husks of their mortal remains by the most awful of magics. Many are to be found in the infamous tomb-cities of the Kingdom of the Dead, but others are found closer to the Old World, in the dark, shunned forests and peaks on the boundaries of the Empire.

The great masters of the Undead have a host of lesser servitors: Skeletons, Zombies, Carrion, Mummies, Ghouls, Wights and Wraiths. Animated by the power of Dark Magic these range from the mindless to the unspeakably

cunning. All can be bent to the will of those who have studied the art of necromancy.

Skeletons and Zombies are the easiest to raise. All the Necromancer requires are dead bodies and a knowledge of the old rituals. These Undead can be raised and providing the incantations are performed correctly they will obey the will of their summoner. The putrefying corpses of the freshly dead become Zombies. The withered husks of the long departed become Skeletons.

There are tales of independent armies of Skeletons and Zombies. In the haunted swamps of Tilea, the dead are often dropped into the mire with lead weights attached to their legs to keep them down, but some still break free and come back to the surface to seek the flesh of the living. It is the dire reputation of the Undead that has perhaps kept men from penetrating the centre of the cursed swamp and discovering the terrible city of Skavenblight.

The Company of the Damned is a group of Undead mercenaries who were slain by treachery on the very edge of this swamp and who returned to seek a terrible vengeance. The northern border of the Troll Country, on the edge of the Chaos Wastes, is patrolled by the remnants of the doomed army of Count Boris Fenring. These Undead Kislevites are said to war unendingly with the forces of Chaos, holding them back from the land they once called home.

Carrion are the remains of the great carrion birds of the Worlds Edge Mountains who were blasted by the clouds of Chaos during the great Chaos Incursion. Their dead bodies were permeated by the power of Dark Magic and returned to a dreadful unlife where they can bring horror to the living.





Mummies are found in the tombs of Araby and the necropolises of the Kingdom of the Dead. Once they were the remains of the proud nobles of the ancient land that Nagash destroyed. They were buried according to the custom of their kind, wrapped in cerements and preserved by strange alchemical practices. These mummies were imbued with dark power by Nagash when he created the Kingdom of the Dead. Some dwell there still, retainers to the Liche Kings of the necropolises. Others have been sold to Necromancers in the Old World by unscrupulous merchants. Still permeated by the dark energies of ancient days they make particularly powerful Undead when raised according to the proper rituals.

All **Ghouls** share an unspeakable hunger for the meat of their fellow men. Some Ghouls are the twisted descendants of primitive tribes who long ago worshipped Nagash as a god. They observed the Dark Feast and ate the flesh of their kin, and down the generations were changed into warped and twisted parodies of men. Now they roam the Desolation of Nagash and the surrounding lands, searching for fresh meat.

Other Ghouls come about by a different method. When the lean and hungry times of famine come upon the Old World, certain depraved folk take to feasting on human flesh to stay alive, and entire villages have been known to devolve to this vile state. Certain in-bred hamlets in Sylvania have been burned to the ground by the Emperor's troops because of this disgusting affliction. Yet other colonies of Ghouls creep through the years undiscovered. It is said a small army of them dwells within the great burial crypts on the hills around Moussillon. It is true that the tomb guards of that city are all armed and never enter

the crypts alone. Ghouls are often drawn into the wake of the great Undead armies, something in their blood calls to them and they must go.

Wights haunt their ancient burial grounds. They lie within their tombs and reach out for the living with their bony talons. Sometimes they lure the unwary to their destruction, summoning the living with evil sendings. These burial sites can be found anywhere from the barrow mounds of the Border Princes to the frozen tombs of Kislev. Certain grave-sites were located in inauspicious and evil places, saturated by Dark Magic and festering with evil. Others became corrupt at the touch of unclean sorcery or the power of Chaos. In these barrows the spirits of evil men found a strange sustenance which enabled them to hold onto a half-life beyond the grave. Sometimes Necromancers call them forth from their chilly homes to aid them in battle. With their dreadful glowing eyes and chill touch they are a sight to place fear in the heart of any man.

Greatest of the lesser Undead are the **Wraiths**. These are the undying remains of sorcerers who have managed to bind themselves to the world by necromantic rituals. They are the spirits of evil mages who still walk bodiless under the sun. All living things feel a horror for these unnatural creatures. At their presence dogs howl and a chill will grip the heart of all but the bravest. They are often chosen by Necromancers to lead their forces in battle. Bound by wicked spells they serve their masters grudgingly, hating all life but fearing final death more. Mightiest of the Wraiths are the Dark Lords of Nagash, those five fell beings who in ancient times were the foremost of his captains and apprentices and the most feared hunters of his enemies. They survived his fall and still walk the world bringing despair to the living.



Relentless, implacable and dreadful, the Undead are among the most dangerous opponents in the Known World. Bound by the will of a Necromancer they are a fell and mighty force. They cannot be reasoned with or bribed or coerced. They know neither fear nor mercy. They need neither sleep nor warmth, neither drink nor wholesome sustenance. As they march across the land, their ranks swell with the corpses, and sometimes the spirits, of their foes.

Facing such an enemy most mortals feel an indescribable terror and horror, as much of a threat as the blades of the enemy. Few things inspire more fear in the hearts of men than the sight of the walking dead, wrapped in their grave-clothes and wielding their rusty weapons. Only the bravest of warriors will stand their ground in the face of those things that haunt all men's nightmares. Only the most evil of the evil would dream of allying themselves with such a force, and very few never live to regret their decision. When the Undead march to war, the world trembles.

UNDEAD GAZETTEER

Though many people believe that the Undead are limited to the Kingdom of the Dead and Sylvania, they in fact haunt many ill-famed places in the world. From Kislev and Bretonnia to the far lands of Lustria there are areas where the forces of Necromancy still prevail.

THE LAND OF THE DEAD

Nehekharra, the first true human civilisation, arose over two millennia before the birth of Sigmar in the area of the Old World that is now called the Land of the Dead. This ancient civilisation was built along the river valleys of Northern Nehekharra.



From the earliest period of their civilisation the Nehekharans buried their dead in pyramid cities in the desert outside their townships. These clusters of pyramids were called necropolises, and they were often bigger than the towns that supported them. Each Nehekharan city was ruled by a Priest King, and upon their death they were mummified and entombed in great sarcophagi and huge pyramids. Over the passing generations the cult of death grew very strong, and eventually the Nehekharans began to devote their whole lives to building bigger and better tombs in order to have a comfortable after-life.

It was in this land that Nagash was born. His story is told elsewhere in this volume, suffice to say here that it was he who destroyed the country, people and civilisation that had borne him. All the ancient cities were abandoned and swallowed by the desert, and the Nehekharan monuments were defaced and cast down. All that was left were the necropolises, the tomb-cities inhabited by the Undead creatures that Nagash had raised when he performed the Great Ritual.

Each necropolis consists of countless mausoleums and pyramids within which dwell the mighty Tomb Kings dreaming long, dark dreams of their former glory. Occasionally they stir to issue dreadful commands to their cerement-wrapped courtiers and march forth to make war on the long-dead inhabitants of other tomb-cities. Sometimes their Undead rulers make pacts and alliances and their hordes surge forth to invade Araby or the lands to the north.

NAGASHIZZAR

By the shores of the Sour Sea, surrounded by the glittering desert of the Desolation of Nagash, is Nagashizzar, the Cursed Pit, home of the Great Necromancer Nagash and mightiest fortress this world has ever seen. Built over

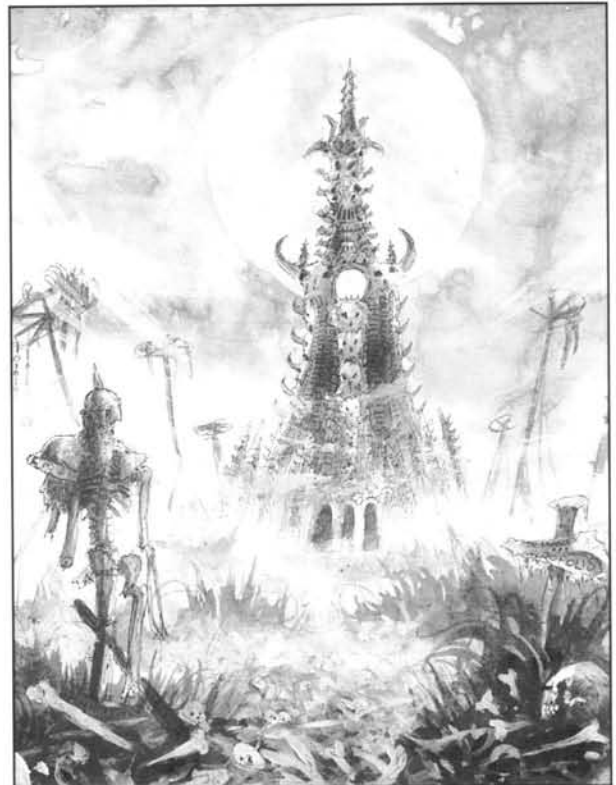
centuries by the tireless labour of countless Undead things the castle rises nearly half a mile over the desert. It was sculpted and excavated from the living rock of Cripple Peak and the mountain top is its highest spire. Hundreds of other great towers bristle from the mountain side. By night terrible green witchlights are often seen burning in their windows.

Nagashizzar is a fortified mountain pierced by countless leagues of corridor. Within thousands of chambers hundreds of Undead things wait ready to answer their Lord's every command. Vast as this great army is, it is but a tiny fraction of the legions who once served the Great Necromancer.

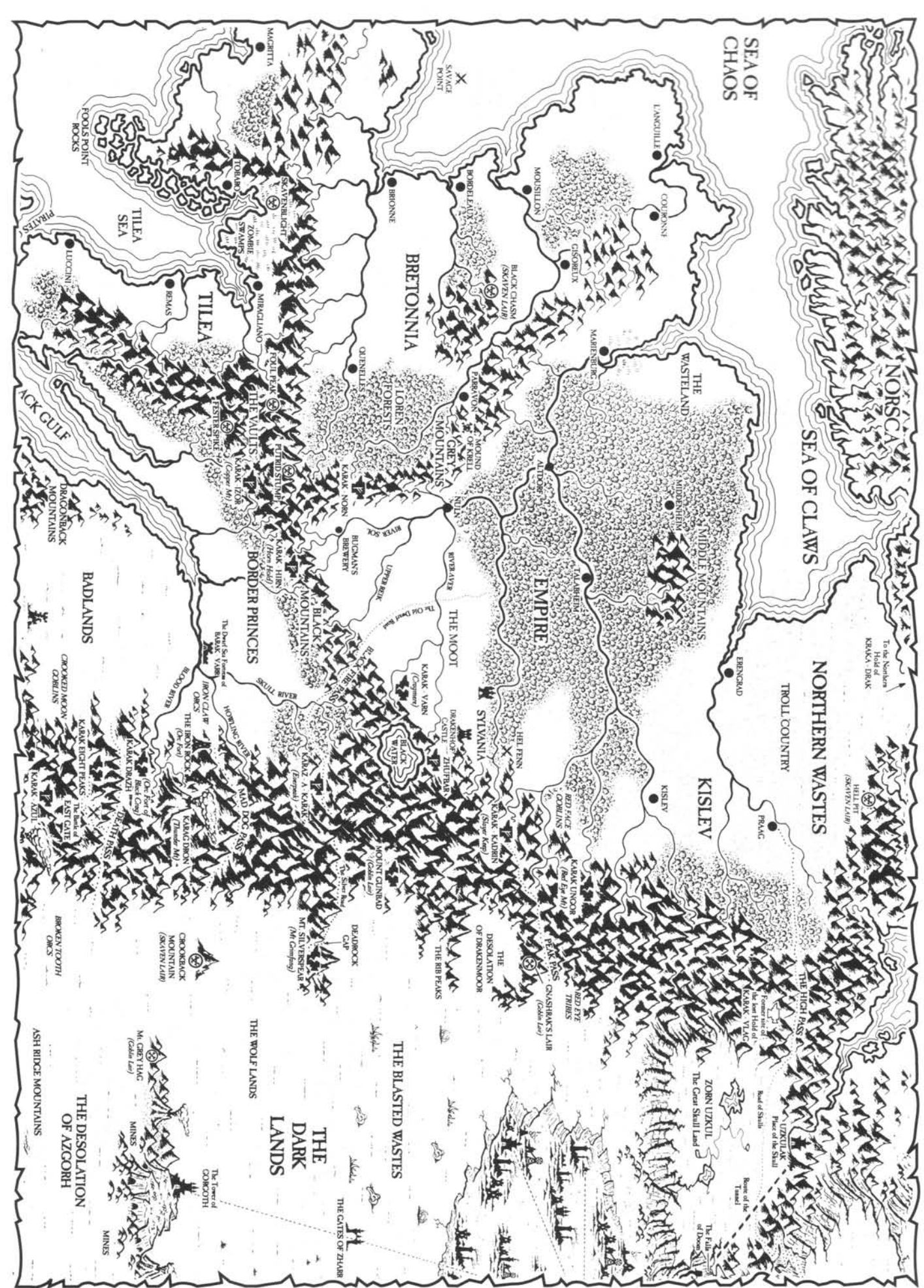
Four mighty gates guard the approaches to Nagashizzar, each watched over by mighty war machines of the most dangerous type – animated golems of bone, bolt throwers that fire the thigh-bones of giants wound round with deadly runes, catapults that throw screaming skulls and worse. The gates themselves are made from some nameless black metal which shines like burnished obsidian and is ten times harder than steel.

The pits beneath Nagashizzar extend down almost twice the height of the mountain, forming a huge honeycomb of galleries and mines where once Undead and Skaven toiled to find warpstone. These corridors are patrolled by untiring sentries from Nagash's Undead legions, who must be eternally vigilant in case the Skaven should ever return.

Within his great audience chamber at the height of the peak the husk of Nagash, the Great Necromancer himself, sits on his throne of skulls. He has brooded here for over a millennium, waiting and planning and guiding his host of agents by the power of his thoughts. Now infused by the







power of the Dark Magic that has surged through the world since the last great incursion of Chaos he is almost ready to strike once more.

The only living things within this vast fortress are the disciples of Nagash. These madmen worship the Great Necromancer as a god and lead his cult until the day he re-emerges from his audience-vault to conquer the world.

Sometimes strangers come seeking guidance and tuition in the dark arts of Necromancy. Most of these are killed and their corpses swell the ranks of Nagash's Undead servants. The most evil and driven are given what they desire and sent forth once more into the world to do Nagash's bidding.

THE PLAIN OF BONES

North of the Kingdom of the Dead, east of the Worlds Edge Mountains, lies the Plain of Bones. This is a desert land, despoiled by windblown pollutants carried from the furnaces and factories of the Chaos Dwarf Empire and ravaged by centuries of abuse by wandering tribes of Orcs and Goblins. The northern and eastern edges of this awful place abut the empire of the Chaos Dwarfs where the dread tower of Gorgoth looks out over the Desolation of Azgorh. The southern boundary lies on beaches of poisoned sand along the shores of the Sea of Dread.



The Plain of Bones is a desert of multi-coloured refractive sand from which rear huge rib-cages many times larger than a man. For this is the place where dragons came to die, to rest their bones among those of their ancestors as they had done for millions of years, before any other sentient beings walked the surface of the Known World.

Here lie the bones of the great ancestral dragons: rib-cages as large as hills mingle with skulls the size of castle towers and leg-bones larger than mighty oak trees. These bones date from the great days of the draconic race, before their long decline. Today's dragons are a lesser breed, still incomparably mightier than lesser races, but mere pygmies compared to their ancestors.

Since the time before the first great Chaos incursion, dragons flew to this parched land when they knew their time of dying was upon them. At the end of their last flight they would lie where they fell. No-one knows what instinct drew them here, but over the long millennia literally tens of thousands came here in their last hours. This continued until the time of the first great Chaos incursion when dark power seeped out of the north and malignant evil entered the corpses of the dead dragons.

Soon the dead dragons stirred once more, their eyes bright with unnatural light, their bones peeking through their parchment skins. These fell creatures still prowl the Plain of Bones, evil and near mindless, driven by terrible unnatural hungers. Dragons are proud creatures and do not willingly submit themselves to such a fate. They no longer come here to die, though no-one now knows where they do go to end their days.

Among the bones of dragons lie the remains of many others, drawn to this dark land by the promise of near infinite wealth, because, for those willing to risk the perils, it is a source of astonishing riches. To aid their digestion dragons swallow vast amounts of gold and gems. These line their stomach, the grinding action helping to break down the vast meals that dragons must devour to stay alive.

When dragons die their glittering carcasses often contain a king's ransom for those bold and foolish enough to try and claim it. In a land roasted by baking sun, devoid of any drinkable water and home to thousands of poisonous scorpions and mutated monsters, death comes easily. Some die after drinking from poisonous wells; others become prey for the great mummified Zombie Dragons. Many fall victim to their own greed and ignorance of elementary survival techniques. Their glistening bones lie strewn across the sands of this, the world's most inhospitable place.

DRAKENHOF CASTLE

Drakenhof is the accursed castle where Vlad von Carstein began his reign of terror, and from whose battlements he summoned his Undead army. Dark forces are still drawn to this place and it is shunned by all the locals. It was home to generations of von Draks before Vlad came, and it was the home of Manfred von Carstein before the last of the Vampire Counts was dispatched at the battle of Hel Fenn.

Adventurers still seek the castle out because of the treasure trove of occult lore rumoured to be contained in its library. It is said that copies of all the great sorcerous works can be found there, but no-one who has sought them has ever returned.

The castle itself is huge, built on top of a massive clifftop from where it dominates the surrounding forest. It has four mighty towers and a gigantic central keep, beneath which is a huge number of crypts, dungeons and abandoned torture chambers. Secret passages run all the way through the cliff and are said to come out in the woods. Felix Jaeger, the last visitor to Drakenhof, reports that the castle seems abandoned. The curtains and tapestries have rotted away, and the furniture is cracked and dusty. In the dining hall the obsidian goblets, from which Mannfred and his lackeys used to drink blood, still stand undisturbed on the banqueting table.

The walls of the great hall are hung all along with portraits of the Vampire Counts: tall, gaunt, red-eyed men. It is possible that since they could not see themselves in mirrors, the Counts required the pictures to remind them of their physical likeness.

In recent years it seems that some Undead evil has returned to the castle. Peasants in nearby villages claim their young people are mysteriously vanishing. Huge red-eyed wolves prowl the forest and keep trespassers at bay. By night, sinister coaches make their way there, and the dead once more stir uneasily in their tombs.

MOUSSILLON

This Bretonnian city is also known as the City of the Damned. Over the past fifteen hundred years Moussillon has grown from a small village into a vast dark city. It was built in a very inauspicious location on the banks of the River Grismerie. Nearly every spring the river floods, sweeping away the shanties of the poor and leaving the streets under feet of foul murky water. Cold and damp pervade the walls of every building: wood rots and warps, stones crumble like rotten cheese, and fungus covers the walls. Over half the city's houses are empty, testimony to the ravages of a particularly virulent strain of the Red Pox two centuries ago. The city has never recovered from this loss of population, and is known as the poorest and most dire of all the cities of Bretonnia.

In the centre of the city is the abandoned palace of the Duke of Moussillon. It is a strange and eerie sight, covered in grotesque gargoyles and many arcane symbols. The roof has collapsed and sinister unclean birds nest in its chimneys. It is said that during the Red Pox Duke Jean-Luc vowed to cheat death and summoned all the city's noble families to a great party that was to last until the Pox ended. All the food in the city was hoarded in the cellars and all the doors were locked. An orchestra played quadrilles and dance tunes and the nobles made merry while the poor of the city starved and died outside.

On Geheimnisnacht the Duke celebrated with the traditional masked ball. At the height of the festivities, as the nobles cavorted and laughed all around him, he noticed a man standing just inside the doorway. He was garbed in black and red, and carried a huge scythe. No-one recognised the stranger, and the Duke thought his costume in bad taste given the fact that everyone present was trying to forget the plague outside. He ordered the man expelled but as the guards grasped hold of him they saw plague marks on their hands and fled screaming. One by one the candles guttered and died and the red-garbed stranger stalked into the room.

The next day the Pox ended in Moussillon and the survivors of the city found the Duke and all his guests



lying dead in the palace, their bodies marked by the Pox. It is said that every Geheimnisnacht the eerie strains of a phantom orchestra can be heard from within the palace and if anyone is bold enough to venture inside they will meet the re-animated corpses of the Duke and his guests re-enacting their final dreadful night.

Because the drainage of Moussillon was so bad the city's tombs were built above ground, rather than bury the dead in the soggy earth. Vast cemeteries situated on low hills ring the city and their sheer size testifies that Moussillon was once far more densely populated than it is today. Each graveyard is full of vaults which range from the private marble mausoleums where the noble dead are interred, to the infamous public charnel house where the poor lie side by side in long ranks. The wardens are often prosecuted for selling cadavers to medical students and those who study other darker arts. From its earliest years Moussillon has been associated with Necromancers so most crypts have thick walls and private guards to prevent grave robbery.

Recently it has been speculated that the city's wells have been contaminated by warpstone, for many more mutants are born here than in any other Bretonnian city. After an outbreak of the Red Pox two centuries ago the population was almost halved, so there are many empty buildings for the mutants to hide in. Almost inevitably in a city so associated with death, clans of Ghouls are said to make their homes in the ruined tenements overlooking the graveyards. Every now and again the king of Bretonnia orders the ruins cleared and parties of knights hunt the monsters through the streets of the darkened city. They do not always return.

HISTORY OF THE UNDEAD

THE GREAT NECROMANCER

"In that dread desert, beneath the moons' pale gaze, the dead men walk. They haunt the dunes in that breathless, windless night. They brandish their weapons in mocking challenge to all life, and, sometimes, in ghastly dry voices, like the rustling of sere leaves, they whisper the one word they remember from life, the name of their ancient, dark master. They whisper the name *Nagash*."

*From The Book Of The Dead,
by Abdul ben Raschid,
translated from the Arabic by Heinrich Kemmler.*

South of the Empire, south of the Border Princes, south even of the Badlands and Karak Azul, lies a land of which few men speak. Even those who know its true name do not say the word aloud, rather they refer to it in hushed tones as the Kingdom of the Dead. Few men have been there and returned to tell the tale. The mad Arab prince, Abdul ben Raschid, wandered there for a season, seeking inspiration for his blasphemous masterpiece the Book of the Dead. It is to the few surviving copies of this poem that most scholars owe their knowledge of the Kingdom of the Dead.

Ben Raschid did not live to see the widespread public revulsion against his work, all copies of which the Caliph of Ka-sabar ordered burned. The Mad Prince died under mysterious circumstances, strangled by unseen hands within a locked and shuttered room. When his servants eventually broke down the door they found only his frozen purple-faced corpse. The body was so chill to the touch that it burned the hands of those who tried to lift it. The crusaders eventually brought copies of the work back from their journeys in Araby, but many of them later came to regret their decision.

The Book of the Dead speaks of a great desert to the east of Araby from which rise the necropolises, tomb-cities of the unquiet dead. Each necropolis consists of countless mausoleums and pyramids within which dwell things it is better to be ignorant of. By day the burning sands between the gravehouses are empty, and only huge serpents glide through the ruins, but on certain dark nights the corpses of the dead stir from their homes and go about their business in a grim parody of their former lives. They repair the time-eroded tombs and patrol the boundaries of their necropolis. Often they march forth to make war on the dead inhabitants of the other tomb-cities.

Sometimes the Undead rulers of the necropolises make pacts and alliances and their hordes surge forth to invade Araby or the lands to the north. During the Crusades the forces of King Esteban of Estalia met and destroyed a huge Undead army from the haunted city of Lahmia at the battle of Shanidaar. The crusaders won but so great was the fear placed in their heart that they turned back from the drive on the east and shipped home just as victory was in sight.

Within each pyramid ben Raschid describes an unholy aristocracy of Undead rulers, mighty sorcerer-kings who sit on gilded thrones amid faded grandeur and dream long, dark dreams of their former glory, stirring occasionally to issue dreadful commands to their cerement-wrapped courtiers. These mummified noblemen are in turn served

by hordes of skeletal lackeys, who scuttle to obey their master's every morbid whim. Half-faded ghosts gibber mournfully in the cobwebbed corridors. All are locked in a dance of the dead till the end of eternity, performing ancient rituals of worship to the Great Necromancer who stirred them into this terrible unlife.

At the heart of this vast deserted realm lies the cursed city of Khemri, in the centre of which rise two of the mightiest structures ever created by mankind, the awesome Great Pyramid of Khemri which rises a hundred times the height of a man above the ancient ruins. Even this is dwarfed, as an elephant dwarfs a pony, by the Black Pyramid of Nagash, a wonder and terror to all who behold it. Ben Raschid writes that the streets of Khemri are stalked by unquiet spirits seeking to devour the life-force of the living, and that the great sarcophagus of Nagash, within which the Great Necromancer was said to lie for decades restoring his energies, is empty. Most informed commentators dismiss the Mad Prince's words as the feverish ravings of a weirdroot-addicted madman. A few know better.

The best source of knowledge Imperial scholars have on this subject is the infamous *Liber Mortis* of the Necromancer Frederick van Hal, better known to later generations as Vanhal. The one complete surviving copy of this book is kept under lock and key in the vaults of the Temple of Sigmar in Altdorf and can be studied only by the purest-hearted of scholars and then only under special dispensation of the Grand Theogonist himself. This is normally only given at times when vast Undead armies threaten the Empire itself. Vanhal was a Necromancer in the time of the Great Plague and he compiled his masterpiece from Kadon's translation of the Nine Books of Nagash.

Not content with this flawed translation of the Great Necromancer's mad utterances, Vanhal made many pilgrimages to the Kingdom of the Dead. Protected by the most potent of sorceries he communed with the inhabitants of the tomb-cities and probed the darkest secrets of ancient times. He consulted with howling daemons on *Geheimnisnacht* and sifted nuggets of truth from their lies. For even the daemons of Chaos remember Nagash's infamous deeds. It is to the *Liber Mortis* that we owe our partial and incomplete knowledge of the history of the Great Necromancer and the ancient land he once ruled and destroyed.

Today the Kingdom of the Dead is a wilderness of sand. The Great River is poisonous and blood-coloured, providing no relief to the thirst of travellers. It is true that the cities are empty of life, crumbled ruins on the edge of the great necropolises. It is true that the roads have long been buried by the shifting sands, leaving only a few toppled statues and wind-eroded monuments to mark their presence. The few travellers who have returned speak only of emptiness and desolation and the terrible horror and melancholy that filled their hearts. It is true that the land is lifeless now but it was not always so.

Over two millennia before the time of Sigmar a powerful civilisation sprang up along the banks of the Great River. Its people built cities, ships and roads. They fought wars with each other using chariots and bows and spears. They were ruled by Priest Kings whose every whim was law. As

generations passed the Priest Kings became ever more obsessed with immortality and built ever larger and more elaborate tombs, convinced that these would be their houses for all eternity. Their wives and servants were buried alive with them when they died. This practice spread down through society till everyone who could afford it spent much of their worldly wealth on their tomb. Soon in the deserts beyond each city stood a necropolis, a city of the dead, and as the years passed these cities became bigger than the towns of the living.

The Priest Kings vied to leave ever bigger monuments and their pyramid tombs became ever more huge, guarded by titanic statues, fortified like great keeps, built to keep their inhabitants secure through all eternity. Bridges spanned the gaps between the doorways on the pyramid tops, as if the inhabitants might go visiting. The cities grew into a vast interlinked jumble of structures. The practice grew up of saturating bodies in special alchemical preservatives and wrapping them in fine graveclothes. Warrior princes were buried in full armour, with their chariots and the horses that pulled them. Each necropolis soon contained legions of the dead.

About two thousand years before the birth of Sigmar, roughly four thousand five hundred years before the present day, Nagash was born in Khemri, largest of the cities of the Great River. He was the brother of the reigning Priest King, a mighty warrior and well-versed in the primitive sorceries of his folk. From an early age Nagash was obsessed with death. He wandered through the city's necropolis and entered the old tombs. He observed the morticians as they prepared the dead for internment. He watched warriors wounded in battle fade and die and he resolved never to die himself.

Nagash took to unspeakable experiments in his quest for immortality, and soon he was shunned by the people of the city. A natural and brilliant sorcerer, his experiments met with success, and he distilled an elixir from human blood that would prolong the lifespan of its drinker. Soon he had a loyal following of depraved noblemen with whom he shared his discovery. In a bloody coup Nagash seized control of Khemri and had his brother buried alive within the Great Pyramid built by their father.

With their lengthened lifespans Nagash and his followers had more and more time to study their Dark Magics. Soon their understanding was far in advance of the inhabitants of the other cities. They came to see themselves as gods and the inhabitants of Khemri as cattle. As the years turned into decades and the decades turned to centuries the blood-drinkers began to shun the light of day and seek out cool, dark places to hide from the blazing sun. They took up residence in the palatial tombs of the necropolis. Nagash supervised the building of his own great Black Pyramid, the mightiest structure ever attempted by men, and one designed to attract the winds of Dark Magic to Khemri.

However, for the Priest Kings of the other cities, long disturbed by the events in Khemri, this was the last straw. They formed a Grand Alliance against Nagash and sent their armies forth to do battle with him. During the long war that followed waves of Dark Magic blasted the lands and certain oases became so saturated that ever afterwards they would be shunned by man. After nearly a century of constant warfare the armies of the Priest Kings succeeded in sacking Khemri. As he fled from the burning city into the cold depths of his pyramid, Nagash turned and shook his fist at the armies of the oncoming Priest Kings. He

swore that their cities would become as dust, and less than dust. The Priest Kings laughed. One by one they found Nagash's disciples within the pyramid and dragged them out screaming to be beheaded and burned. The Priest Kings cast down all the works of Nagash. All the monuments of Khemri were toppled into the dust, all the tombs despoiled. All trace of Nagash seemed expunged. But no trace of Nagash himself was found, and although his disciples claimed to have seen him enter his sarcophagus, the coffin itself was empty.

In defiance of the pact sworn between the Priest Kings, the rulers of Lahmia stole Nagash's books from his infamous Black Library. Within years they had sought with some success to emulate his Dark Magics. More cautious than Nagash they took pains to conceal from their fellows that they were distilling his elixir of blood.

Nagash meanwhile wandered through the desert. Thirst parched his throat. Hunger gnawed his bowels. Dire visions danced before his sight. He should have died amid the blazing sands but his formidable will and his unnatural vitality kept him moving. According to Kadon's translations of his work, Nagash claims to have died and wandered for a while in the lands after death until he found a way back to the world of the living. Most scholars claim this to be a fanciful hallucination brought on by privation and thirst but others are not so sure. Eventually the Great Necromancer left the desert and came to the foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Some dark force drew him to Cripple Peak and a new stage in his career of unspeakable evil.



Cripple Peak is an area spoken of with horror by the few people who have ever been there. It is a giant shattered mountain on the shores of the Sour Sea. In ancient times a huge chunk of warpstone plummeted from the sky and smashed into the peak, splitting it and driving down into the mountain's core. Over the years wind, rain and erosion carried the foul warpstone dust down into the Sour Sea, poisoning the water and mutating those fish and serpents that it did not kill.

The sea was surrounded by twisted and stunted vegetation; sickly trees and poison-thorned briars warred for the poor nourishment in the soil. By night the waters glowed green and a viscous toxic scum lay on their surface. Those tribes who dwelled on its shores and sipped from its foulness showed the horrific signs of degeneracy and mutation that generations of exposure to the stuff of Chaos bring. When he first saw the place Nagash looked upon it and found it good: he had found what he was looking for. At his first taste of the Sour Sea's waters, incandescent visions blazed through his brain and dark power surged through his veins. Here was all he required.

For years Nagash lived like a hermit in a cave in the side of Cripple Peak, meditating on the nature of magic, drawing wisdom from the dark well of his corrupt soul. He explored the huge cave systems in the Peak till he found the lightless lake beside which the great bulk of the warpstone lay. He mixed the powdered Chaos stuff with certain nameless herbs and the leaf of the Black Lotus and used it to enhance his power and make his mind more keen in its questing.

The years wore relentlessly on, and the constant exposure to warpstone wrought terrible changes in the Great Necromancer. His skin withered and cracked and sloughed away from his bones. In places it became translucent leaving muscles and veins exposed. His eyes melted and became pools of luminous pus in their sockets. His nails grew longer and became talons, his fingers curved into claws. His heart stopped and his blood ceased to flow. His body continued to walk driven by his dark will, and the power of his evil sorcery. As he had so long desired, he had gone beyond death's reach, or so he believed.

During this period Nagash made his greatest strides in the field of necromancy. Down the years he perfected those spells that all later Necromancers would use. By night he would go down to the burial grounds of the primitive tribes who lived around Cripple Peak. Those who saw him fled, and the shamans who opposed him he slew with a word. One by one he opened the cairns and one by one he animated the corpses within. At first his success was minimal. The remains would stumble a few steps then collapse into dust consumed by the power that motivated them, but as Nagash's control grew so did the span of their animation until the time came when they were bound forever. Already dead and corrupt there was little the warpstone could do to harm these Zombies and animated Skeletons. Nagash set them to work excavating the caves below Cripple Peak and constructing a stone tower, the foundation of what would later become Nagashizzar, the Cursed Pit, greatest and most evil of fortresses.

Desiring ever more Undead lackeys Nagash set his legions to capturing and enslaving the local tribes. During the dark of moon these unfortunates were dragged kicking and screaming to Nagash's altar to have their hearts ripped out.

Then their soulless husks would rise into eternal servitude of their dark master.

Unable to resist the Undead army, the tribesmen took to worshipping the Great Necromancer as a god, and passively sent their fairest maidens and most handsome youths to Nagash's tower as offerings. This tickled his vanity and he spared the tribes, teaching them many things and building an evil nation to obey his will. It suited Nagash's evil humour to teach the population the ritual of the Dark Feast which would eventually lead to a terrible doom overtaking the people.

Within a few hundred years Nagash had built an empire of evil along the shores of the Sour Sea. Black-armoured legions of the living served alongside the stumbling animated corpses of their dead kin. Small villages grew to great towns. The mines below Nagash's tower expanded into a mighty network stretching down to the mountain's roots. The fortifications around the tower grew like a cancer in a sick man's body till they covered a league on either side. Thus was born the fortress city of Nagashizzar, an untakeable keep, a laboratory and library of the darkest of arts, capital of the vilest human nation the Known World has ever seen. In the centre, like a spider in the middle of a web, Nagash sat on a throne made of human skulls and issued edicts that would topple kingdoms and cause the death of nations. He ventured as far as the Plain of Bones and bound a mighty Undead dragon to his will. Ever afterward it would be his steed.

But even in his impregnable fastness, ignored by most of the world, Nagash was not without enemies.

Drawn by the warpstone of Cripple Peak, like moths to a flame, the Skaven came a-scuttling. The ratmen's leaders, the mysterious Grey Seers, used the stuff in their own dark rituals and now sought to take possession of it. They burst into the mines below Cripple Peak and tried to take the fortress in the same way as they had taken the Dwarf cities of the north in the recent past, but they found Nagashizzar an altogether more difficult proposition.

Here they faced countless legions of animated corpses and human fanatics who feared their dark god more than they feared death, for they knew that whatever happened their master would recall them from death to reward or punish them. For decades savage skirmishes were fought in the dark below the citadel. Skaven armies marched through Nagash's kingdom and besieged Nagashizzar with their terrible weapons. They were met by the Great Necromancer's armies and his evil magic. In the end it was a bloody stalemate. Nagash had other plans and the Skaven were a distraction so he made an unholy pact with their rulers, the Council of Thirteen. In return for their aid, he would supply them with warpstone mined from Cripple Peak. It was not what the Council really wanted, but it was better than continuing a fruitless war for uncertain reward. The Skaven agreed.

Now however, constant exposure to warpstone pained Nagash. He forged a great suit of armour from an alloy of lead and meteoric iron to protect him from its ravages. His followers were not so lucky. Warpstone dust, cast up by the mining, was everywhere. It seeped through the ground into the root systems of the blighted plants, and from the plants it was transferred to the bodies of the sickly animals that fed upon them. It accumulated in the bodies of those humans who fed upon the plants and the animals and changed them. Their hair and teeth fell out, they thinned, sickened and died. Worse affected of all were those who



NAGASH, SUPREME LORD OF THE UNDEAD



performed the Dark Feast and fed on the flesh of their fellows. They absorbed most of the Chaos stuff and slowly devolved into night-haunting Ghouls, the chosen of Nagash, adored, hated and feared by their fellows.

The land and the air were now saturated with warpstone dust. Soon everything began to sicken and die, leaving only the glittering Ghoulish-haunted desert that later generations were to know as the Desolation of Nagash. The Great Necromancer did not care. Living or dead, the folk of the land would serve him, one way or another. The spread of the dust and the coming of the Undead precipitated a vast Orc and Goblin migration away from the area.

Down all these long centuries Nagash had not forgotten his promise to the Priest Kings of his former land. He would have his revenge, and within his former land he found allies. Those Priest Kings who had studied his evil legacy and prolonged their lives through the use of his elixir had not been idle. They too had been invoking daemons and experimenting with Dark Magic. In Lahmia the rulers had taken a step beyond the use of his elixir. A strange disease was in their blood. Centuries of the elixir's life-prolonging effects combined with their own sorceries had changed them into something greater than and less than human. Now they shunned the daylight and stalked the night. They had no hunger or thirst save for blood. Their teeth had changed into great fangs, their skins were white as alabaster and their eyes glowed a terrible red. They were strong beyond the measure of mortal man. These were the first true Vampires. By night they preyed on their people. A select few they allowed to join them in Undeath.

The other Priest Kings once more massed their armies and made ready for war. Chariots too numerous to be counted spearheaded a great force of archers and spearmen. The Priest Kings wrought their magic. A great battle was fought and won. The population of Lahmia was enslaved, the pyramids smashed, and the Vampires driven forth. Most fled northward and one by one arrived in Nagashizzar to be welcomed by he who had formerly been their greatest enemy. Nagash looked upon the corrupt immortals and was well-pleased. Here were worthy champions for his armies, their damnation a tribute to his dark genius.

Nagash by now had conceived his mad and fatal masterplan. He vowed to turn the entire world into a Kingdom of the Undead, where no action would be performed, no deed done, save when he willed it. He would rule a world-wide cemetery peopled by the unquiet dead. The first step was to be the elimination of his former homeland. At his command the Vampires led his legions forth to war. On strange ships made of bone, the Undead horde made its way from the Sour Sea down the Straits of Nagash to the Bitter Sea, so called because the poison from the waters of the Sour Sea had tainted it. The Undead legions made landfall at the abandoned port of Lahmia and surged forward on the foe.

Nagash had seriously underestimated his former countrymen. In the time of his absence the Land of the Great River had gone from being a collection of warring city states to a mighty empire ruled by a single Priest King, Alcadizaar the Conqueror. Alcadizaar was the greatest general of his age and his empire was at the zenith of its power. When the Undead came they found themselves opposed by a unified state with a single confident army. Moreover, the wizards of the Great Kingdom had made progress in the arts of magic, particularly in the forging of deadly weapons. No easy victory was possible against them.

The Vampires were mighty sorcerers and fell foes. Where they marched terror and dread came upon the enemy yet they were not invincible. The war swayed backwards and forwards. First the legions of the dead had the upper hand, then the armies of Alcadizaar struck back, their chariots slashing through the re-animated ranks like scythes through wheat. At the fore was Alcadizaar, his great golden armour glowing with magical energy, his enchanted scimitar flicking faster than a tongue of a desert snake. Beside him was his wife and charioteer, Khalida, who had sworn to die with her husband if necessary. Battle after battle was fought until the last of Nagash's legions were destroyed and the Vampires were forced to flee across the desert to Nagashizzar to bring their dark master the report of their failure.

Great was Nagash's rage. He cursed his captains and laid terrible spells upon them. Ever afterward they would know pain and their howling cries would carry the knowledge of their misery to all men. Seeing the way the wind blew, the surviving Vampires fled Nagashizzar by night, dispersing in all directions to confuse pursuit. Thus was their curse eventually spread to all the lands of men.

For a decade Nagash raged and schemed, conceiving a terrible hatred of the man who had thwarted him and a plan for vengeance so dark that the Gods themselves shuddered and turned their faces from the world.

It began slowly. Agents carried warpstone charms wound round with fatal spells to the headwaters of the Great River, corrupting the springs with evil until the water co-

agulated, and ran slow and red as blood. Fear came upon the folk of the Great Kingdom for whom the river was life. One by one they sickened and died.

The Skaven were instructed to lure tribes of Orcs and Goblins down from the Worlds Edge Mountains and herd them into Nagashizzar. They had no idea what incomprehensible purpose this served but took payment in sackloads of pure warpstone.

Alcadizaar sat in his throne room and watched as his kingdom was destroyed by a foe he could not defeat. Pestilence swept through the land. Folk died with great pustules marring their skin. Doctors fell in the act of treating their patients. Men fled their families dying even as they ran. For a season the Death stalked the land till the dead outnumbered the living and corpses lay unburied and rotting in the street. Cattle wandered untended in the field until they too died. Every living thing in the Great Kingdom sickened. One by one Alcadizaar watched his friends die, then his children, then his wife. He himself was spared, almost as if some malign power willed it. Eventually he was left alone in his palace, sitting weeping on his gilded throne, while in the distance he could hear the sound of a relentless army on the march.

Only after the dying was complete did they come: a vast army of the dead. The few sickly and wasted survivors of Alcadizaar's armies were no match for them. Immune to disease the Undead marched from one end of the kingdom to the other and did not rest until every man, woman and child, every beast, bird and hound was dead. Save one. They took Alcadizaar from his throne-room and dragged him in chains to the Cursed Pit. He was brought to the foot of Nagash's throne and confronted the horrific form of the Great Necromancer himself.

To Alcadizaar Nagash explained what would happen next, all the unbelievable details of his insane plan. Nagash told him he intended to re-animate every dead body in the Great Kingdom, and use them as soldiers in his plan to conquer the world. In despair, Alcadizaar was thrown into Nagash's dungeon there to await the dark sorcerer's pleasure. Nagash's statements to the king were no idle boasts. He fully intended to carry out his plan, and he had the means to do so.

In a days' long ritual he consumed vast quantities of warpstone until his body burned with power and his blood was thick with the stuff. What little flesh he had left was burned from him and he became little more than a living skeleton wrapped in black armour. The drugged Orcs and Goblins were led forth from the dungeons and were sacrificed on the black altar one by one, and their souls were devoured by the Great Necromancer to increase his power.

For a full night and a day, as Mórrsleib glared down from the sky, Nagash chanted the syllables of his last and greatest spell. In the dungeons the few remaining Orcs shivered and howled. Across the continent all living things were disturbed by the darkest of nightmares. Strange lights glowed in the depths of the Sour Sea. From the heights of his tower Nagash threw handfuls of glittering black dust into the air. Cold winds carried it outward from Nagashizzar till it fell like dark rain on the cities and necropolises of the Great Kingdom. For a moment all was still then across the land the dead began to stir. Dead lashes flickered. A cold green light entered tens of thousands of rotting eyeballs. One by one the plague-stricken corpses stood up and walked. The dead shook off

the dust of aeons and spilled forth from their tombs. Undead warriors mounted their chariots and strode forth into the haunted night. Wights emerged from their lairs, unclean things gathered. The innumerable dead formed up in disciplined ranks. Cerement-wrapped mummies of long dead kings emerged from their pyramid houses to lead the remains of their subjects. Animated by Nagash's mighty will, the largest army the world had ever seen began to converge on Nagashizzar.

Exhausted by the vast expenditure of energy needed to cast the spell, Nagash fell into a deep trance upon his throne. Even as the Undead army made its way there, a strange and ominous silence fell over Nagashizzar. It was as if the real death had come to the Great Necromancer's capital.

So great was the expenditure of power that it did not go unnoticed in other quarters. The Council of Thirteen at long last realised what Nagash was about and terror settled upon them. With the countless dead warriors of the Great Kingdom under his command Nagash would be invincible. He would no longer need the Skaven's aid – indeed he might well repay them for their previous attacks upon his realm. Sensing also that the Great Necromancer was quiescent for the moment they realised that this might be their only chance to stop him. Crucial as the task was, they could find no Skaven that they trusted to step forward and kill the Great Necromancer. Many of the Council doubted the efficacy of their weapons to kill Nagash, others simply feared that he would awake while they were in his throne room. They all knew of his awesome power and none wished to face him should that happen.

At last they hit upon another plan. Swiftly the Council joined its powers and created a mighty blade, wrapped round with runes that would eventually prove as fatal to its bearer as to Nagash, so inimical was their power. This was not a matter that concerned the Council of Thirteen for none of them intended to carry the weapon. Instead they dispatched their boldest lackeys to Nagash's dungeons, bearing the killing blade in a lead casket. By secret routes the Skaven made their way into the heart of the Great Necromancer's fortress. No sentries sounded the alarm, and the ratmen came at last to the cell where Alcadizaar lay in chains.

With no explanation they freed Alcadizaar and presented him with the sword. As he grasped its hilt the king sensed the way to the Necromancer's throne room, for the blade was enchanted to reveal the route. Ignoring the fleeing ratmen, Alcadizaar crept through the noisome corridors of the deathly silent keep. Eventually he made his way to the Great Necromancer's throne room. Silently he stalked forward across the floor of black marble till he confronted the towering, silent figure of Nagash.

The Liche's eye-fires were dim. He made no move. The runes on his crown gave off no internal lambency. For a moment Alcadizaar wondered whether this was some evil trick, some new form of torture then he realised that he did not care. He raised his blade and brought it down in a flashing arc.

At the last moment, warned by some sixth sense, Nagash stirred and raised his arm to ward off the fatal blow. The Skaven's enchanted blade cut right through his wrist and his taloned hand fell to the floor. So great were the evil sorceries permeating the Liche's body that the hand still maintained some animation and scuttled off into a dark corridor like a huge and horrible spider. Nagash was still



exhausted from casting the Great Summoning but his power was still vast. He blasted Alcadizaar with evil spells that threatened to strip the flesh away from his body.

From a great distance away the Council of Thirteen threw their power into protecting their human pawn. Desperately using all their strength they managed to deflect Nagash's bolt. A great hiss of frustration escaped the Necromancer's fleshless lips. Alcadizaar struck again, shearing through Nagash's ribs, and breaking his spine. Nagash lashed out with his remaining claw and grasped Alcadizaar by the throat, throttling him. Jewels of blood stood out on the man's neck where the Liche's claws bit deep. His feet left the ground as Nagash lifted him one-handed.

Frantically, the breath crushed from him, darkness threatening to overwhelm his senses, Alcadizaar lashed out, severing the great Necromancer's arm at the elbow. He dropped to the ground and frantically hacked at Nagash. The Skaven's runes finally began to take effect and all the unnatural vitality drained out of Nagash. His body, which had so long defied the ages, began to crumble away to dust. Sensing victory Alcadizaar pressed on, chopping the dying Necromancer into a thousand pieces.

Finally, when they stirred no more, Alcadizaar lifted the crown from Nagash's head and staggered out of the fortress. This was the moment the Skaven had been waiting for. Swiftly their raiders scuttled in and carried the pieces of Nagash's body to his forges. Each bit of the Great Necromancer was burned in the warstone-powered fires that he had used to create dire devices. Only his claw was never found and so part of Nagash lived on.

With the passing of the Great Necromancer, many of those animated by him fell back into dust. However, so great were the energies unleashed by Nagash's great summoning that they could not entirely be dissipated. Many of the former inhabitants of the Kingdom of the Dead remained trapped in their ghastly unlife, and slowly some of them made their way back to the places they knew best, their own necropolises where they settled into a sort of twilight life that echoed the days of their living. Thus was born the Kingdom of the Dead. Others continued to wander the world spreading terror and disaster wherever they roamed. For the moment though, the threat of the Great Necromancer was ended.

THE RETURN OF NAGASH

After the destruction of Nagash, Alcadizaar wandered through the Cursed Pit driven half-mad by the horror he had witnessed, and by exposure to the maddening influence of the Council of Thirteen's Deathblade. Although the fortress seethed with Skaven none but the maddest dared bar his way when they saw the weapon, and those who opposed him died almost instantly.

Alcadizaar fought clear of the citadel of the Great Necromancer. He had destroyed the deadliest opponent any man had ever faced but the cost was high. The lethal energies of the weapon were slowly killing him. His hand was scorched from where it gripped the blade, and eventually he threw it into the great crevasse outside the Cursed Pit. The Crown of Nagash he kept.

Maddened and dying he wandered north into the Worlds Edge Mountains where he fell into the waters of the Blind

River. There he drowned and his frozen body was carried down into the Bad Lands, still clutching the crown in a ferocious death grip. In those days the Bad Lands were a fractured land, fought over by wandering nomadic tribes of humans and clans of brutal Orcs. Alcadizaar's frozen and frost-bitten body was found in the melting spring snow along the banks of Blind River, by Kadon, the shaman of the Lodringen folk. Kadon recognised Alcadizaar for a mighty king and ordered a barrow built for his corpse. There was something about the crown that attracted him though and he kept it, to his eternal damnation.

Part of the Great Necromancer's spirit was infused in the crown, and it fed the old man some of Nagash's secrets. His dreams were full of whispered promises and his mind was filled with dreams of empire. Soon his noble soul was corrupted by the crown's pulsing evil. He told his tribesmen that he had had a vision and ordered them to build a city on the site of Alcadizaar's burial mound. He named the city Morgheim, which in the tongue of his people means Place of Death. For a brief time a wicked civilisation blossomed in the Bad Lands, stretching from the shores of the Black Gulf to the entrance of Mad Dog Pass, from Blood River to the edge of the Marshes of Madness. Colonies were even established in the area that would later become known as the Border Princes. The Orcs were pushed back out of the Bad Lands back into the Worlds Edge Mountains.

His mind filled with dreadful visions, Kadon began to recreate the Books of Nagash, inscribing the Great Necromancer's dark tale and committing much of his secret lore to paper. His vision was skewed by the crown and he took to worshipping Nagash as a god and forced his followers to do the same. Soon the cult of Nagash was re-born and Undead things kept guard over its temples. Kadon himself lived in a palace of black marble built over the entrance to Alcadizaar's burial mound and was considered the most devout of Nagash's worshippers.

The Bad Lands were not fertile and the population of Morgheim was never great but with labour provided by untiring Zombies, citadels were built and barrows excavated. Roads were created to link the far corners of the land to the capital.

Kadon was no mere acolyte but a potent sorcerer in his own right, and, as his mind filled with the Great Necromancer's knowledge, he began to devise his own spells. He wrote his infamous Grimoire in ink distilled from blood, in a volume bound with flayed human skin. Morgheim became the site of ever blacker evils. The Dwarfs, who had once traded with the humans, turned their faces from them and shunned them.

Drawn to the crown's power Nagash's severed talon was found by Kadon's acolytes. He took the thing and wrapped it round with dreadful spells turning it into a powerful evil artefact which he used to cow his followers. At one point the armies of Morgheim laid siege to the Dwarf fortress of Barak Varr but the iron-sheathed walls of the keep defeated them and they eventually withdrew. The Necromancers of Morgheim became inward-looking and decadent, and the period of expansion was over.

Then from the mountains came a savage horde of Orcs under the Warlord Dork Redeye. Redeye was armed with an enchanted blade that made him proof against any evil magics, and the men of Morgheim and their Undead lackeys were no match for his savage horde. The howling

greenskinned devils swept through Kadon's kingdom with fire and the sword, driving the few survivors north. Kadon himself was slain by Redeye in an epic duel amid the blazing streets of Morgheim. Upon his death his kingdom ended. Kadon's chief disciple snatched the crown from his dead master's head and fled northward, often being forced to hide from Orc pursuit.

Today almost no trace can be found of the lost kingdom of Morgheim save for a few fire-scorched ruins and haunted barrows within which evil things dwell. These blighted remnants of the lost kingdom account for the burial mounds scattered throughout the Badlands and the Border Princes. Some of those who survived entombed themselves alive within the barrows and their evil spirits lurk there still. Others who lived through the fall of the kingdom carried their evil knowledge northwards into a land where a new power stirred. The man-god called Sigmar had arisen to unite the warring tribes of men and forge an empire in blood and fire. Within his realm were shadowy corners where the Necromancers could practise their vile art.

At the same time as Sigmar founded his Empire dark rumours drifted northward that an old evil had been re-born. The Council of Thirteen believed that they had destroyed Nagash. They were wrong: so mighty a being, so adept in the ways of Undeath, could not easily be dispatched from the world. His corporeal form had been destroyed but his spirit lived on. It waited beyond death, still rooted to the world by the presence of his claw, his crown and his tomb. Nagash had long planned for the possibility of his death, and part of his spirit and his power had been imbued in his crown, allowing him a foothold in the world of the living. Although it might take many centuries, Nagash would return, and when he did the manner of his returning was to be spectacularly horrible.

His body had been burned in the furnaces of Nagashizzar and all that remained of it were particles of black sooty dust drifting on the wind. One by one these particles were drawn to each other. Down the long centuries clumps of them slowly coalesced in the Desolation of Nagash, forming black putrescent blobs that flowed inch by inch across the country to the Black Pyramid of Nagash in Khemri. At the rate of one drop a year the sarcophagus slowly filled with the vile black fluid, becoming a dark chrysalis within which an evil being was being re-born.

As the fluid congealed, parts clotted till they became hard as bone. Overlaying this ebony skeleton, unnatural organs grew. Worm-like clumps of veins writhed and burrowed their way through newly forming muscles. A sinister carapace of horny skin grew to cover the mass. Only the right hand, cut off by Alcadizaar, did not re-grow. One dark night, centuries after his defeat by the Skaven, the lid slowly rolled back from the sarcophagus and Nagash emerged once more into the world.

Outside his tomb Khemri was still. Nagash stood atop his pyramid and bathed in dark power. Although still mighty beyond mortal measure he was but a pale shadow of his former self. He was weakened by his long sojourn beyond death and part of his power was still lost with his claw and his crown. He called upon the dead of Khemri but they hated him in death as they had hated him in life and he no longer had the power to bind them as once he had. He could control a portion of Khemri's countless dead but the others rebelled and for a time there was civil war within the greatest of the necropolises.

Eventually Nagash became tired of this and visited the other cities of the dead. There the tale was the same. The dead remembered him and they hated him with the strange unnatural hatred that centuries had bred. Although individually more than a match for any of the Tomb Kings, Nagash could not stand against the alliance that formed against him. For the second time in his long unlif he was driven out of his native land. He brooded on his fall and decided once more that he would use the power of warpstone to augment his strength and make his enemies pay. Once more he travelled north, setting his feet on the path he had so long ago followed to the shores of the Sour Sea. This time he was accompanied by an army of loyal Undead followers.

At last he came to Nagashizzar and found the Skaven entrenched there. For years they had mined the warpstone, using it for their own fell purposes until it was almost exhausted. Nagashizzar itself had become a gigantic warren for the ratmen although a comparatively less populous one for no food would grow in the Desolation of Nagash and it all had to be shipped in from other Skavenholds in return for warpstone.

Nagash approached the gates of his former fortress and demanded entrance. The Skaven garrison commander looked down on him and cursed him and chattered insults in his own vile tongue. With a word the Great Necromancer slew him then with a word he opened the gates of Nagashizzar, for he had forged them and knew all the secret commands to which they would respond. In one night the forces of Nagash swept through the Cursed Pit and overwhelmed the surprised Skaven, driving them from the city.

Nagash was now in control of his citadel but was angered beyond mortal comprehension to discover that the warpstone was almost exhausted by Skaven mining. The devices he had used to refine, concentrate and purify it for his own sorcerous purposes were all destroyed. Even had they not been, there was no longer enough warpstone to allow him to re-create the Great Summoning. Undaunted by the armies the Council of Thirteen sent to reclaim Nagashizzar the Great Necromancer set to work. First he laboured in his forges creating a great metal talon for himself to replace his lost claw. His Undead hosts carried out instructions under his supervision to make the device.

The artificial claw was cunningly wrought and covered in disturbing runes that hurt the eye. It was as flexible and useful as a normal hand and many times stronger. Now Nagash could once more hold a weapon and with his own hands he could create more devices. He summoned the spirits of the dead and interrogated them for information and slowly, piece by piece, he re-constructed the events that had taken place during his long absence. He learned of the disappearance of Alcadizaar and how he had been driven to madness and death by the crown and exposure to the Skaven's Deathblade. Eventually his attention was drawn to the north where Kadon's heir, Morath, had taken his crown.

Wrapping himself in a black cloak and many powerful protective enchantments, Nagash set out in secret for the northern lands determined to re-claim what was his. Far were his wanderings and many were his battles on the hard road to the cold northern lands. Nagash travelled through lands where stalwart Dwarf warriors battled Orcs and Goblins and where the followers of Chaos still lurked. At last he arrived in the lands of the nascent Empire and

took up residence within the long abandoned ruins of the Elf city of Athel Tamara. This was to be his base from which he would scour the north in search of his crown.

From the ruins Nagash sent messengers winging out to locate Kadon's heir. But Morath was dead. The evil mage had been slain by Sigmar, and the crown was in the possession of the first Emperor. Sensing its utter evil, he refused to use it and kept it under lock and key within his treasure vaults, far from the eyes of those who might be tempted by it.

Nagash sent a messenger to Sigmar's camp, claiming his crown and offering infinite riches for its return. A great cowed figure, mounted on the back of a carrion bird descended on the tribesmen. All quailed as the dark figure dismounted and presented its master's demands in a voice like a death-rattle.

The stench of evil and decay surrounded the messenger, and all who looked upon it became afraid and encouraged their leader to give way. However, Sigmar was not inclined to surrender the crown, and, seeing their leader's resolve, the warriors took heart. Their cheering was silenced when the messenger spoke once again, saying that they were fools and that they would not live to regret their folly. Sigmar raised his great hammer Ghal Mharaz and smote the Undead thing. It collapsed in on itself leaving only a foul dark cloak behind. Sigmar ordered the remains burned.

Nagash spent many months gathering his strength. His spells raised legions of the dead from their burial mounds and other dark things came at his call till a mighty army of the Undead was assembled. At last he was ready to make war against Sigmar and his followers. The great army of the walking dead marched through the primeval forests of the Empire, killing all those they encountered. Those they killed swelled their army's ranks. Many men were killed and many others driven before the Undead army to spread the word of its coming. Nagash understood how potent an ally fear was.

And the men of the north were afraid. They had vanquished the Orcs and driven all their enemies before them but they now they faced a foe that filled them with dread and was seemingly invincible. Of them all only Sigmar was unafraid. He sent to his Dwarf allies for aid, and they forged many potent weapons wrapped round with potent magics for the undoing of their necromantic foes.

The two armies met on the banks of the river Reik in the late spring of the year IC 15. It was an evenly matched and bitterly fought contest. The humans and the Dwarfs were resolute. The Undead regiments of animated Skeletons and walking corpses marched forward like automatons, every step perfectly synchronised to the beat of a massive, human-skinned drum. Carrion darkened the sky overhead. Vampires stalked through the red murk. Ghouls feasted on the dead and the wounded alike. Wights clutched men in their cold grip. The army of Nagash charged and broke like a wave against the stolid Dwarf shield wall. The forces of Sigmar counter-charged and a huge general melee broke out that pitted man against monster in single combat all across the field of battle.

Amid all the death two god-like beings walked. Sigmar led charge after charge by the men of the Unberogens. His awesome warhammer turned him into a living engine of destruction and he left a wake of ruin behind him as he

waded through his foes. Mounted on a great black chariot Nagash drove through the fray, a howling black runesword clutched in his mighty metal fist. In the centre of the battle the two titans clashed. Sigmar vaulted up onto the running board of the chariot and wrestled with the Liche. It was a contest of awesome strengths that sent the two of them tumbling from the vehicle to clash on the honest earth.

For an hour the two fought while the battle rolled on all around them. Nagash stabbed Sigmar in the arm, and the wound was poisoned. Feeling his strength seep away Sigmar launched himself into a final berserk assault. The hammer became a thunderbolt in his hands. He struck home time and again driving the Great Necromancer before him right to the banks of the Reik. Nagash summoned his most potent minions to aid him. Vampires leapt on the first Emperor. He struck right and left, crushing them utterly.



Sensing that his foe was weakening Nagash stood his ground. Sigmar stood panting before him. Both knew that this was the final conflict. The wounded Sigmar threw himself forward once again. His hammer descended like a meteor. Nagash parried and the hammer was halted. For a long moment the two strained against each other. Sparks flew as their weapons met. The thunder of metal on metal drowned out the screams of the dying. Steel sinews pitted themselves against unnatural vitality. Cold blue eyes glared into awful empty sockets. Then at last Sigmar prevailed, knocking aside the Great Necromancer's blade and smashing his weapon down on the head of his foe.

As the Necromancer fell, a dark cloud emerged from his cracked skull and rose like a plume of poison gas over the battlefield before drifting off south. The legions animated by his dark will collapsed. Skeletons fell into piles of bone. Zombies stumbled and fell, decomposing before the eyes of the watchers till they became pools of rot on the ground. Vampires and Ghouls fled into the deep woods. Only when the battle was over did Sigmar stumble and fall.

It took the man-god several months to recover from the wound Nagash inflicted and he never regained his full strength. On the other hand it took the Great Necromancer many centuries to once more take on mortal form in the great sarcophagus in Khemri. He had learned a bitter lesson. Now there were powers in the world who could catch him. He resolved to more careful next time. From that day, he has dwelled within Nagashizzar, a pale shadow of his former mighty self, and uses a web of agents to do his will.

Outside the storm winds blew. Colossal lightning bolts slashed the night black sky. The glowing surface of the Sour Sea roiled and gigantic reptilian heads emerged from its turgid ooze. Within the great fortress of Nagashizzar undead things went about their slow business, unaware of the cold wind's kiss, unaware of the deathly chill, unaware of anything except the aeons' old purpose that their master's dark will had imbued them with long, long ago.

Nagash sat on his throne of human skulls and brooded. He was dimly aware of the storm's roaring. It intruded on his thoughts like the buzzing of a gnat, drawing him from his reverie back to the reality that surrounded him.

Slowly he became aware of the gigantic throne room littered with the bones of supplicants who had displeased him. Slowly he recognised the rotting drapes that depicted scenes that only he, of all sentient things, could remember.

Slowly he became aware of the tiny flickers of dark power that animated the tens of thousands of undead creatures about him.

To the witchsight of the Great Necromancer they were tiny constantly burning flames, visible through the miles of rock that surrounded his tower. Slowly he became aware that there was a flame present that did not possess a constant dark glow. It was bright, and

flickered with many colours, the red of anger, the blazing yellow of fear, the sickly purple of overwhelming greed.

If the Great Necromancer could have smiled he would have. It had been a long time indeed since any puny mortal had dared invade his realm. He wondered why they came. True, the Cursed Pit was full of the gold and jewels that mortals prized. After four long millennia Nagash failed to understand what they saw in such baubles. The gems and the bullion would last far longer than the flesh of those who desired them. Surely they must be trivial, meaningless. Dimly the memory of wealth and what wealth meant to men came back to Nagash.

He recalled the luxury of his palace in Khemri and the desire for the gratification of the senses. Even then he had been different from most mortals. He had never understood the true attraction of the world's treasures. Even then he had been all too aware of how transitory all wealth and fame were. He had known that death was the greatest thief of all, and would take all that he owned in the end. He recalled that he had vowed then that he would cheat death, and outwit the greatest of thieves, and he had, although in the end the price had been terrible.

The memory flickered through his mind like a lotus dream. The images vividly illuminated his thoughts like a lightning flash and then were gone. He had seen and done so much that he could not recall a tenth of it. His brain had been rotted away by too much warpstone and too many returns from beyond the grave. He knew there were great gaps in his knowledge and in his memories. He was not sure that he wished to recall them. There had been many defeats as well as triumphs in his long unlife.

The thief was close now. He had entered the great hall and stood in the doorway almost a mile away, overwhelmed by the immensity of what he saw. Nagash watched his aura flicker and saw the blue of resolution overcome the burning yellow of terror. The man advanced into the chamber, unaware that his doom was at hand.

Memory came back to Nagash. He remembered another awakening. He recalled emerging from a drugged stupor to confront his ancient enemy the King Alcadizaar. It should have been the moment of his greatest triumph. He had just succeeded in reanimating an entire kingdom. The greatest army the world had ever seen was his to command. Ultimate power was within his taloned grasp. Instead he had woken to face a terrible blade that had rent his flesh and brought searing pain to his soul. Triumph had proved transitory as all living things. He flexed his metal claw, recalling that once it had been a hand of flesh. There were times when he still felt the pain of its severing, as victims of amputation were said to still feel the presence of their limbs sometimes.

The slight sound of metal on stone echoed through the chamber. Nagash enjoyed the surge of stark terror in



the interloper. Briefly he wondered how the creature had slipped past the sentries of the tower. He studied him more closely and saw that the human was knotted round with a complex field of power. Nagash's curiosity was satisfied. The human wore a charm sufficient to baffle the dim senses of most of his undead lackeys. They simply could not perceive him. The thief clutched in one hand a blade that was potent by mortal standards. Measured by the Great Necromancer's it was a child's toy. Satisfied that the man bore nothing that could threaten his long existence Nagash resolved to let him live a few minutes longer. After all, what did it matter in the great scheme of things.

For long minutes the man waited. He stood frozen to the spot, convinced like a rabbit before a serpent that immobility would save him. Nagash could almost have pitied him save for the fact that pity, like all other human emotions, was but the dimmest of memories to him. After a period of minutes the man's monkey impatience betrayed him and he moved again, making his way slowly, cautiously, silently across the chamber till he stood at the very foot of Nagash's gigantic throne. He paused there for a heartbeat and looked up in wonder and terror.

Briefly Nagash wondered what he must look like to the man. It was simple curiosity. He had long since passed beyond the vanity of mankind about his appearance. His form suited his purpose and his purpose was to inspire terror and live forever. In the end it was one reason why he desired to bring the great undeath to the



world. Once all living things were his unliving slaves, no possible threat could rise to his aeons' long existence. Then he would be safely beyond the reach of the great thief.

Slowly, one step at a time, the interloper began to make his way up the stairs. At every step a human skull rested below his feet. Nagash could see that the man could barely contain his fear yet still he kept coming. His avarice was great indeed.

Now the thief stood before Nagash himself, gazing up

at the great figure that loomed nearly twice the height of a mortal man above him. He paused again, seemingly overcome by his own temerity, then he clambered up onto the throne and tried to prize Nagash's jewelled claw from his withered arm. Nagash opened his eyes and looked down into the mortal's terrified face. The man shrieked and tumbled back from the throne, falling down the long flight of steps. The thief had a tumbler's grace, and a tumbler's trick of rolling with a fall without taking damage. He came to



his feet at the foot of the throne and whipped his blade from his scabbard.

Nagash laughed softly. The sound emerged from his throat like the rustling of poison serpents in a desert tomb.

"Sigmar preserve me," the man muttered. It was the wrong thing to say. Painful memory flooded back into Nagash. Memory of his greatest defeat, by the man-god known as Sigmar in a contest that had cost him much of his power and another long and painful period of resurrection. Nagash resolved to spare the man not a moment longer. He turned the Black Gaze upon him.

Bolts of pure Dark Magic leapt from the Great Necromancer's eyes and flashed directly at the cowering figure before him. Where the beams touched flesh the man's skin blackened and withered and putrefied, sloughing away till the white gleam of bone was visible beneath. The rot spread swiftly and the man's bubbling protests drowned as his throat turned to horrid black pus and dribbled away onto the floor. Soon only a skeleton stripped of all meat stood before the Great Necromancer. He held it upright by sheer force of will for a moment and then let it collapse onto the floor, there to mingle with the bones of all the others.

For a moment Nagash considered returning to his long reverie but slowly the thought occurred to him that he had lain dormant too long. He had recovered much of his strength. There was work to do. Slowly, like an old man rising from his sick bed, the Great Necromancer rose from his throne. Gathering strength with every stride he made his way down the steps, and strode across the audience chamber, crushing the bones of humans with every step.

THE VAMPIRE COUNTS OF SYLVANIA

"It was a dreadful place; a land perpetually shrouded in gloom and mist, where abandoned castles glared down like hungry ogres on the dismal roads; where sullen villagers, some bearing obvious stigmata of mutation, mumbled dark warnings against going abroad by night; and where, one evening, a red-eyed, pale-faced nobleman studied us hungrily through the curtained window of his night-black coach, for all the world like a Bretonnian epicure inspecting his next meal. At the sight of him an awful premonition ran through my mind, that we would come to terrible harm on our journey. I mentioned my forebodings to my companion but he, as ever, insisted on mocking my premonitions of disaster, and then went on to make his usual disparaging remarks concerning the hardihood of the entire race of Man. I take no pleasure in stating that subsequent events were to prove my worst fears well-founded. Of all the awful lands that I had then journeyed through, I have no hesitation in saying that Sylvania was easily the most dire."

*From My Travels With Gotrek, Vol IV. By Felix Jaeger.
Altdorf Press, 2505.*

On the eastern border of Stirland, in the cold shadow of the Worlds Edge Mountains, lies Sylvania, the most ill-famed region in the whole Empire. This land of bleak hills, blasted moorlands and mist-shrouded forests is shunned by all sensible travellers. No sane man would venture forth after dark and no questing knight or weary pilgrim ever accepts shelter within the brooding, rotting castles that tower over the land. By night, the brutish peasants of the squalid villages lock and bar their doors, and hang bundles of witchbane and daemonsroot over their shuttered windows, in the vain hope that these protective herbs will ward them against those who haunt the night.

Wizards claim that the wind of Dark Magic blows strong in Sylvania, and that the keeps of the nobility are all built over particularly ill-omened and evilly-aspected sites. Even the notoriously brutal and fearless tax-collectors of the Elector of Stirland wear amulets blessed by the Priests of Mōrr and Sigmar, and go about in companies fifty strong when their lord compels them to seek his due there.

For as long as any man can remember evil tales have been told of Sylvania. The odds are good that if ever a tavern bard is reciting a grisly ballad, or a court poet inscribing a story of horror, then the setting will be this dire place. There are more dark legends concerning Sylvania than of all the other Imperial provinces put together, and most of these tales contain a solid kernel of truth. This is indeed a land where unquiet spirits, thirsty Vampires and evil sorcerers still walk beneath the moons' pale light. Only the bravest or the most foolhardy would wander there and then only with the most compelling of purposes.

The oldest recorded incidence of the evil nature of the place dates back to the Great Plague of 1111 when it is said that even the rat-like Skaven feared to venture into the Sylvanian forests, for fear of the Undead armies that stalked the land. It is said that on the night of

Geheimnisnacht, 1111, Mōrrsleib pulsed with emerald witchlight and a hail of incandescent meteors rained down on Sylvania. Astrologers and soothsayers prophesied catastrophe. This starfall was indeed a sign of ill-omen.

It was in 1111 that the dead first walked in Sylvania. Rotting corpses, marked with the black blotches of the plague, refused to stay in their graves. Dead fathers came back to claim their children. Even the Ghouls fled from overflowing cemeteries and charnel houses whose inhabitants would not stay at peace.

Soon armies of decomposing corpses shambled about the land needing only a will to guide them. They found it in the form of Frederick van Hal, whose name would become corrupted by later generations to Vanhal. He bound the great Undead host to his will and conquered the land that would later become known as Sylvania. He built his keep at Vanhaldenschlosse, the ruined site of which is still shunned to this day.

In the time of the Death, the Empire writhed under the furry talons of Skaven oppression and only the evil ratmen contained the expansion of Vanhal's necromantic domain. The Skaven and the Undead expended their strength in a long and futile war that was eventually to cause the downfall of both. Vanhal was assassinated by his ambitious apprentice Lothar von Diehl who was himself driven out of Vanhaldenschlosse by a band of knights apparently led by his master's ghost. After von Diehl's disappearance, lacking a guiding intelligence, the Undead armies wandered the land aimlessly, slaughtering the living, but being destroyed piecemeal by their human, Skaven and Orc opponents.



It took many centuries for the Empire to recover from the ravages of the Black Plague; Sylvania never really did. The population was reduced to a tenth of what it once had been, and the incidence of mutation and disease was many times greater than anywhere else in the Empire. In addition, forever after the Great Plague, the dead of Sylvania showed an uncomfortable tendency not to stay buried. This problem accounts for the infamous Sylvanian custom of burying corpses face down in their coffins so that if they try and dig their way out they burrow downward.

In the years following the Great Plague, Sylvania acquired a terrible reputation. The peasants became a byword for close-mouthed sullenness and stupidity. The thin soil of its fields produced fewer crops than anywhere else in the Empire. Famine and blight were common. Few merchants traded in the area, for there was little money to be made. Only the most desperate of outlaws laired in its profitless and haunted forests.

The ruling house of von Drak was thin-blooded, decadent and lazy, half-hearted in the pursuit of their feudal duties, and had a history of congenital idiocy and insanity. It is said they were the only house in the Empire not to send at least one son to the Crusades in Araby. The rest of the nobles of the region were little better. Many were evil-hearted, oppressive and thoroughly corrupt men, little better than bandits, who fought and raided amongst each other with no respect for higher authority. The remainder were ineffectual cowards with no taste for war or other noble pursuits.

Sylvania became a backwater shunned by the rest of mankind, and in its shadowy corners dreadful things went about their business unhindered. Like a magnet it drew evil sorcerers who could pursue their study of Dark Magic undisturbed by the authorities. Occasionally word of dark deeds drew the attention of witch hunters or one of the ferocious Templar orders and the woods were scoured, a process which the local nobility neither helped nor hindered. Otherwise the slow growth of the powers of evil in the land went unchecked. This eventually caused Grand Theogonist Jurgen VI to call for a crusade against Sylvania. Unfortunately, this was the during the time of the three Emperors, when there were three separate claimants to the Imperial throne, and the Empire was too fragmented to respond. So the von Draks maintained their ineffectual rule of their blighted land.

The nadir of this dark period came centuries later when Vlad von Carstein took over the rulership of Sylvania. The tale of how the first of the infamous Vampire Counts came to power is a cruel one. It began on the storm-lashed night when Otto, last of the mad von Drak Counts lay on his death bed, cursing all the gods that he was without male heir. Otto swore he would marry his daughter Isabella to a daemon of Chaos itself rather than let his hated brother Leopold inherit. He had already refused the hand of every noble in Sylvania for he despised them all, and no-one of high blood from outside the region wanted to marry an heiress from that land.

Otto was an evil man, given to putting the heads of peasants on a spike at the slightest provocation, and when mad with drink, he was convinced he was Sigmar reincarnated. The nobles who should have been his liegemen had no respect for his authority, and paid no attention to his commands. All of Sylvania seethed with civil strife. On his deathbed the dying man lay unrepentant, and cursed all the gods.

Outside the thunder rumbled and lightning split the storm-black darkness. Victor Guttman, the aged priest of Sigmar who had been called to shrive the old Count, fainted dead away. Then, from out of the storm came the sound of wheels. A great black coach drew up outside the keep and a heavy hand smote the door a ringing blow, and a cold proud voice demanded entry.

The castle gate swung open on its hinges before any man-at-arms could touch it and the visitor was revealed. The dogs ceased to howl and slunk away. The stranger was



tall, dark and proud, of noble bearing and aspect. No-one stayed his entry and he marched to the Count's chamber. His accent was foreign, perhaps from Kislev, and he recited his noble antecedents to the Count, and claimed Otto's daughter's hand. Looking into the stranger's coldly glowing eyes the Count perhaps regretted his rash oath but he could deny the stranger nothing. The priest was roused and performed the marriage ceremony before the dying man's bed. Then Otto expired, leaving his daughter in the charge of Vlad von Carstein. The new Count's first act was to heave the protesting Leopold through the window of the highest tower of Castle Drakenhof.

Vlad seemed as eccentric as old Otto. He never ate in the servants' presence. He never walked abroad by day. He dismissed the priest and sent him from the village. No-one ever saw Victor Guttman again. Soon, many of the old servants at the keep were dismissed and mysterious swarthy strangers from the east took their place. However, the new Count seemed less oppressive than the old one and so the folk got on with their daily business, ignoring the hooded and cloaked foreigners that often visited the castle. Years of von Drak rule had taught them not to question the deeds of their betters. At least the new Count didn't order senseless executions for his pleasure or demand the exorbitant taxes the old one had.

No-one doubted the Count's prowess in battle either. When the company of Bernhoff the Butcher rode into town and demanded tribute the Count cut the mercenary down as if he were a stripling, although Bernhoff was a famed warrior. He then proceeded to slaughter the entire mercenary band while his bodyguard watched, taking no part in the bloodbath. The Count's popularity was assured.

Within his realm the laws were kept, the guilty were punished, and bandits were kept down.

Word reached the village that Isabella had fallen sick with an incurable illness, and was slowly wasting away. One of the physicians who tended her claimed her heart had stopped and that she had died. The new Count said this was not so. He dismissed the learned doctors, claiming he would care for her with his own hands. Three days later she appeared in front of her folk, saying she was fully recovered and it appeared to be so, although she was ever afterwards pale and wan and never left her chambers save by night.



At first none of the feuding nobles of Sylvania paid any heed to the commands of the new Count; they were too wrapped up in their own bloody quarrels and rivalries to listen to the edicts of one they saw as a usurper. If this bothered Vlad von Carstein he gave no sign of it. He calmly proceeded to rebuild estates which had suffered from centuries of neglect. A farmer who had newly inherited a herd of cattle could not have paid more attention to the running of his lands. He cherished his tenants as a peasant family cherishes a beast they are fattening for the Midsummer feast. After decades of rule by mad Otto this was all welcomed. Soon, however, dark things began to happen.

Young girls and lads from the villages began to disappear. Armies of the Undead gathered. These were small forces at first, and they did not attack any of the Count's possessions but harried those who disobeyed his authority. If the Undead did not get the rebellious Sylvanians then they fell victim to strange accidents.

Baron Heinz Rothermeyer was eaten by wolves. Baron Pieter Kaplin was found dead in his rooms, his eyes open wide, his hair pure white. He had died of stark terror. His wife went mad, and passed away soon afterwards. The bandit lord Boris Earbiter was found hanging upside down from a tree, his body entirely drained of blood. Only those who had sworn fealty to Vlad von Carstein seemed immune to these depredations. Soon, the renegade nobles were queuing to swear fealty to him. Within ten years, with no apparent application of military force, von Carstein was more firmly in control of unruly Sylvania than many Electors were of their states.

Years blurred by. Generations of peasants were born and

died in Drakenhof and still Vlad and Isabella von Carstein ruled, apparently unchanged by the years. At first few paid any attention to their longevity. The lives of peasants had always been nasty, brutish and short and nobles had always enjoyed vastly longer lifespans. However, when the oldest woman of Drakenhof claimed that her grandmother had been a girl when von Carstein came to the throne even the dim-witted and illiterate peasantry of Sylvania began to surmise that all was not as it seemed.

More and more witch hunters were drawn to Sylvania. Those who chose to investigate von Carstein were never seen again. Worse was to come. The disease which had first laid Isabella von Carstein low began to strike other noble families allied with the Count. Soon every castle in Sylvania was home to long-lived, nocturnal folk. The number of the living who went missing became increasingly noticeable. The temples to Sigmar were closed. Watchposts were set up along the border and few were allowed to pass. More than any other state in the divided Empire, Sylvania became a land apart.

On Geheimnisnacht in the year 2010 after the birth of Sigmar, the nightmarish truth about Vlad von Carstein was revealed as he stood on the battlements of Drakenhof Keep and intoned a terrible incantation from the pages of the Nine Books of Nagash. Across the land the Undead stirred. Skeletons clawed their way through the soft Sylvanian soil, Zombies stirred in their crypts, Ghouls raced to greet their new master. Von Carstein had thrown down the gauntlet to the three Emperors. The Wars of the Vampire Counts had begun.

The Sylvanian armies headed northwest, driving for Talabheim, capital of the Ottilia, one of the three claimants for the Imperial throne. The Undead force was huge. The Vampire aristocracy of Sylvania led hordes of Skeletons and Zombies. The peasant levies marched alongside their masters, fighting for them, as they would for any other overlord. These degenerates were accompanied by Ghouls and Wights and other darker things. At the Battle of Essen Ford, they crushed the Ottilia's armies, routing the human force. Before the battle von Carstein had promised the humans clemency if they surrendered, and no mercy if they opposed him. He was as good as his word. His followers executed every captive and von Carstein re-animated their bodies.

As he watched his men slaughtered, the Ottilia's general, Hans Schliffen, became so incensed that he flew into a berserker rage, broke free from his captors, seized the Count's own enchanted sword and struck off his head. For his pains he was torn limb from limb by the Count's followers. The remaining Vampires took to squabbling among themselves to see who would take von Carstein's place. Herman Posner finally prevailed on the others. However that very night, as he strutted at the head of the army von Carstein returned. Posner claimed it was a trick and von Carstein cut him down. This was not the first time this elusive Count would come back from the dead.

At the Battle of Schwarhafen, Vlad was cut down by Jerek Kruger, leader of the Knights of the White Wolf, and the army of Sylvania was defeated by the forces of the Elector of Middenheim. Yet within a year Vlad von Carstein was leading another army and Kruger's smashed and bloodless body was found at the foot of the Middenheim spire. At the field of Bluthof, von Carstein fell with five lances through his body and the Count of Ostland's Runefang blade lodged in his heart. Three days later he was seen



ordering the crucifixion of prisoners outside the town gates. At Bogenhafen Bridge a lucky cannon shot took von Carstein's head off. Within the hour the cannon crew were dead and the village was being overrun. The soldiers of the Empire were gripped with terror in the face of so seemingly invincible a foe.

By the winter of 2051 the Sylvanians laid siege to Altdorf itself. The city had been surrounded by a ditch edged with sharpened stakes on the city wall side. The Reik had been redirected into the ditch to give the city a moat of fast-flowing water. None of the precautions taken by the defenders worked. They did not stop the Sylvanians.

Screaming skulls lobbed by catapults built of bone terrified the citizens. Great siege engines built of fused human remains lumbered forward animated by Dark Magic. Carrion birds flapped slowly overhead. Von Carstein gave his usual ultimatum: open the gates of the city and serve him while living or fight on and serve him in death. The entire population including Ludwig, the claimant to the Imperial throne, wanted to surrender but the Grand Theogonist Wilhelm III convinced him not to. He ventured within the Great Temple of Sigmar and after three days of fasting and prayer emerged claiming that Sigmar had revealed the salvation of the Empire to him. He knew the source of von Carstein's immortality.



That day he dispatched an agent to the Vampire Count's camp. His name was Felix Mann, and he was the greatest thief of the age. He had been offered a pardon and laid under a geas by the Grand Theogonist. He must steal the Vampire Count's ring. By stealth and trickery Mann made his way to the heart of the Sylvanian camp. Heart in mouth he entered the great black silk pavilion where the Undead aristocrats lay sleeping in their open coffins. Such was their confidence that no-one stood guard. Mann slipped the ring from von Carstein's finger and fled, not returning to Altdorf. No-one knows what became of him and the Carstein Ring.

When he woke Vlad von Carstein was enraged. He ordered an immediate attack on the city. The Undead army surged forward. Great siege-towers of bone wheeled to the walls. On the battlements of Altdorf the defenders stood ready. Halberdiers pushed the siege ladders away and dozens of Undead fell, limbs flailing slowly, to the ground. Skeletons and swordsmen hacked at each other across the battlements. Imperial heroes armed with formidable magical weapons cut down the Vampire aristocrats and were themselves in turn cut down.

At the centre of this vast struggle, high above the city, the Grand Theogonist clashed with the Vampire Count. It was such a battle as few had ever seen. The two mighty champions exchanged blows. After an hour of constant combat Vlad gained the upper hand. Sensing that the end was near Wilhelm charged his foe, bearing him over the battlements. The two fell locked together in an embrace of death. First Vlad was impaled on the wooden spike at the wall's foot and then Wilhelm landed on top, driving him

still further on. With an awful scream the Count expired for the final time, for without the unholy power of his ring to resurrect him, he at last had proved mortal.

With von Carstein gone the Sylvanians were forced to retreat. Over half the Vampires were dead, but so great were the casualties inflicted on the men of Altdorf that no pursuit was possible. Grand Theogonist Wilhelm was interred within the walls of the Temple of Sigmar and to this day men pray to his spirit when threatened by the Legions of the Undead. Within an iron-bound ebony treasure-chest, in the tattered remains of the black pavilion, was discovered von Carstein's copies of the Nine Books of Nagash and the Liber Mortis. These were hastily placed under lock and key within the Temple of Sigmar. The last casualty of the Battle of Altdorf was Isabella von Carstein. Apparently unable to face eternity without her husband she impaled herself on a stake and shrivelled to dust before the eyes of the would-be Emperor Ludwig and his bodyguard.

Ludwig would have used the time to press on into Sylvania and end the evil scourge forever, but the forces of the other two claimants to the Imperial throne joined against him, fearing that he might use his popularity as the surviving victor of the siege of Altdorf to press his own claim to the throne. So the pernicious lords of Sylvania were granted an interval to regather their strength.

For a while, it was not entirely certain that they could do so. Among the Vampires there was dispute as to who was Vlad von Carstein's heir. There were five surviving claimants for the title: Fritz, Hans, Pieter, Konrad and Mannfred. All could claim to be von Carstein's get, since he had spread his curse to all of them. No one Vampire had any better claim than the other. A vicious power struggle erupted as all of them claimed to be the true von Carstein Count. All came to bad ends eventually. Fritz was killed while attempting to besiege Middenheim. Hans was killed by Konrad after a quarrel over who was the toughest. Pieter was captured in his coffin by the witch hunter Helmut van Hal, a distant descendant of the infamous Vanhal who sought to atone for his predecessor's crimes.

Konrad von Carstein was completely mad. Even when he had walked among the living he had the reputation of being a blood-mad butcher, cruel, merciless and insanely ruthless. For his pleasure he had once ordered every cat in his domain to be used as sport for his crossbowmen. On at least two occasions he had peasant villages put to the torch because he didn't like the smell. He tried his mother for the crime of having given birth to him without his consent and then had her bricked up in her own tower. Acquiring the power and longevity of one of the Undead did nothing to strengthen his already shaky grasp on reality. His reign of terror lasted nearly a century and caused his name to be used to frighten children to this very day.

Lacking any skill at necromancy himself he enslaved any magicians he captured and forced them to do his evil will. Soon he headed a huge army that ravaged the length and breadth of the Empire. Where Vlad had always offered his opponents a choice between life and death, Konrad offered them a choice between dying immediately and dying painfully. Where Vlad von Carstein had looked upon humans as cattle to be husbanded as a farmer would husband his livestock, Konrad looked on humans the way a cruel sportsman would look upon a herd of deer.

Konrad was so vicious that he forced the three claimants to the Imperial throne to combine forces against him on two separate occasions. The first time was at the Battle of Four Armies, an inconclusive draw fought outside Middenheim in 2100. This battle was most noticeable for the infamous scene of treachery where Ludwig's son Lutwik and the Otilia of Talabecland treacherously ordered the assassination of each other during the fray. The only thing that stopped Helmut of Marienburg becoming Emperor was the fact that Konrad killed him. Even Helmut's son Helmar refused to accept his father's claim to the throne once he was a Zombie under Konrad's control. The second time this happened was at Grim Moor where a combined army of humans and Dwarfs finally defeated Konrad in the spring of 2121. The Dwarf hero Grufbad held Konrad down while Helmar impaled his father's killer with his Runefang.

The last and most dangerous of the Vampire Counts was Mannfred, a subtle, devious and treacherous individual who some say was awake when the von Carstein Ring was stolen, and who laid a glamour on the sentries to prevent them noticing it. While Konrad ravaged the Empire, Mannfred lay low and studied the art of necromancy. It is said that he journeyed as far as the Kingdom of the Dead in search of the secrets of Unlife, returning to the castle at Drakenhof with a fund of dark lore and biding his time until he felt sure of his power. After Konrad's death he became the undisputed ruler of the Sylvanian hosts, but for a full decade he did nothing, letting the various contenders for the Imperial throne think the Sylvanian threat was over and giving them time to fall out among themselves which they duly did. Once the Empire was once more wracked by vicious civil war Mannfred deemed it time to strike.

His Undead legions crossed the Sylvanian border in the depths of winter and marched through the snows to Altdorf, putting any villagers they met to the sword and adding them to the ranks of their army. In the infamous Winter War of 2032 he defeated several hastily assembled Imperial armies that attempted to block his path. Victory followed victory and dark rumour of Mannfred's coming was enough to send villagers fleeing from their homes to freeze to death in the snow. His force reached Altdorf in late winter and he arrived to find the city battlements empty of defenders.

Triumph filled Mannfred. He looked all set to take the Empire's greatest city when the Grand Theogonist Kurt III appeared on the battlements and began to recite the Great Spell of Unbinding from the Liber Mortis. Seeing his followers begin to crumble to dust Mannfred ordered a hasty retreat. Although he was probably the most powerful of the Vampire Counts, his foes now seemed prepared to meet the Undead threat head on.

Mannfred marched his army down the Reik to Marienburg. He intended to lay siege to the port city but found his plan thwarted by the army of Marienburg and a company of High Elves who had recently established a trading colony there. Among the Elves was the High Mage Finreir whose awesome power turned the battle against Mannfred's force at the crucial moment. Mannfred settled down for a lengthy siege until his scouts revealed that an army from Altdorf was fast coming up behind him. Mannfred was forced to lift the siege and flee back the length of the Empire. So began a long cat and mouse chase where neither side was entirely sure who was the cat. Mannfred's army would be whittled away by armies of the various



Imperial states and then would replenish itself after a great victory.

Eventually Mannfred was driven back into the Sylvanian forests. Determined not to make the same mistake as they had before the desperate nobles of the Empire swore a truce among themselves and slowly but surely began to scour the Sylvanian woods. In this task they were aided by the Dwarfs. Now united, the citizens of the Empire were relentless. Eventually Mannfred was brought to battle at Hel Fenn and was cut down by the Count of Stirland as he attempted to flee the battle in his chariot. His body was lost at the very edge of the great swamp and was never found. For his feat Martin, Count of Stirland, claimed all of Sylvania, and added it to his domains. Since no-one else actually wanted the accursed land, no-one gainsaid him. Thus was ended the threat of the Vampire Counts, or so it seemed at the time.

Mannfred was by far the longest lived of the Vampire Counts and rumour has it that he still exists to this present day, threatening to return once more at the head of the Undead Sylvanian armies. Indeed, the minor poet Felix Jaeger claims to have encountered him while in the company of the Dwarf Gotrek Gurnisson as late as 2503. Jaeger, however, is a known criminal and populist agitator and his accounts of his travels are highly fanciful, so serious scholars discount the claim. One doubts whether a mighty Vampire such as Mannfred von Carstein could really be put to flight by an outcast Dwarf wielding a pair of silver candlesticks as Jaeger claims. Jaeger's account is no doubt spurious so we shall content ourselves with the known facts of Mannfred's life. As far as this history is concerned Mannfred von Carstein, last of the Vampire Counts died at Hel Fenn. Long may he rest.

UNDEAD TIMELINE

Imperial Year

- 2500 The rise of Nehekharu, the first true human civilisation. Upon their death, the Priest King rulers are mummified and entombed in great pyramids. These clusters of tombs and pyramids are called necropolises.
- 2000 Birth of Nagash.
- 1968 A group of Dark Elves driven way off-course by storms is forced to dock in Khemri. Nagash studies Dark Magic and proves more than an apt pupil. Having learned all the Dark Elves have to teach him, he defeats their leaders in a sorcerous duel and has the survivors entombed alive within the Great Pyramid at Khemri.
- 1959 Nagash slays the Priest King of Khemri and seizes power in his place.
- 1950–
-1750 Nagash begins to prolong his fading youth by distilling an elixir from human blood. He recruits certain depraved noblemen to rule under him. They start to see themselves as gods and the city's population as cattle. As their span of life extends beyond that of ordinary mortals they shun the light and seek out cool dark places to hide from the burning day.
- Nagash orders the construction of the Black Pyramid of Nagash, one of the largest structures ever built by man, dwarfing even the Great Pyramid of Khemri.
- 1750–
-1650 The Priest Kings become afraid of Nagash's power and form a great confederation against him. After nearly a century of warfare, Nagash's power is finally broken, and he is forced to flee north. The Priest Kings of Lahmia take away Nagash's books left behind in the Black Library at Khemri, and secretly seek to emulate his Dark Magic.
- c1600 Nagash's wanderings take him to Cripple Peak, a mountain by the shores of the Sour Sea. Cripple Peak contains a massive chunk of glittering warpstone, the largest in the world. Nagash begins to experiment with warpstone but so corrosive is the influence of this huge chunk of pure Chaos that Nagash is forced to use ever more potent necromantic magics to hold onto his unlife.
- 1500–
-1350 Nagash realises that used in small quantities warpstone can be a powerful aid to his dark sorcery. Lacking followers he begins to experiment with corpses and skeletons and succeeds in animating them. He uses his Undead slaves to excavate mines beneath Cripple Peak and to create Nagashizzar, the Cursed Pit, a giant underground fortress full of alchemical laboratories, barracks, foundries and armouries.
- Dust and slag from the mines soon turns the land all about to waste, creating the Desolation of Nagash. Primitive human tribesmen start to worship him as a god and this eventually leads to their devolution into the corpse-eating race of Ghouls. Within a few hundred years Nagash has built a powerful empire round the shores of the Sour Sea.

Imperial Year

- 1350–
-1250 The Skaven are drawn by the huge mass of warpstone at Cripple Peak and launch a war against Nagash, but the Great Necromancer is now so powerful that his legions drive them back. Eventually a settlement is reached between Nagash and the Council of Thirteen. The Skaven lure several tribes of Orcs and Goblins into the Cursed Pit in return for warpstone mined below Cripple Peak.
- 1222 A great earthquake exposes a rich seam of gromril within the Misty Mountains. Nagash forges his fabled armour from an alloy of this gromril and lead.
- c1200 The rebel Priest Kings who studied Nagash's works become aware of the Great Necromancer's presence and send emissaries to him. Rumour of this reaches those Priest Kings who have not taken the Dark Path, and the followers of Nagash are defeated and driven out by an alliance led by the Priest King Alcadizaar.
- 1163–
-1152 Nagash launches sudden war on the Priest Kings. The Priest Kings are now united under King Alcadizaar, and under his formidable leadership Nagash's first assault is defeated. Nagash unleashes a plague upon the land. His own Undead forces are immune but the folk of the land die in droves. A new army of Undead invades the lands of the Priest Kings and sweeps all before them. Alcadizaar is brought in chains to Nagashizzar to be tormented by Nagash.
- 1151 The Great Ritual. After consuming prodigious amounts of warpstone Nagash begins the Ritual of the Waking. Sensing the danger they are in, the Skaven free King Alcadizaar, who cuts down Nagash and flees with his Crown of Sorcery. However, many of the Undead raised by the Great Ritual remain animated, spreading terror wherever they go.
- 1149 Arkhan the Black sacks the city of Bel-Aliad, precipitating what later Arabian chroniclers will call the Wars of Death. For the next 1,000 years Arkhan raids the lands of Araby from the desert wilderness that surrounds them. The once mighty civilisation that ruled these lands is reduced to a few weakened city states and a handful of desert tribes.
- 1147–
-1020 The body of Alcadizaar is discovered by Kadon, who wrests the Crown of Sorcery from the dead king's grasp. The Undead empire he creates is eventually overrun by the Orc warlord Dork Redeye.
- c600 Vorag Bloodytooth unites the scattered tribes of Ghouls that lurk below Cripple Peak and becomes the first and only Ghoul King. The vast if undisciplined army under his command quickly overrun and all but destroy the Red Cloud Goblin tribe. The survivors of the tribe are enslaved and forced to build the Fortress of Vorag to the east of the Plain of Bones.
- Vorag next turns on the Grey Hag Goblin tribe, who are forced to retreat into their mountain lair. While besieging the Goblin lair Vorag is struck by a well-aimed bolt from a Goblin bolt thrower and killed. Leaderless, the Ghouls scatter and make their way back to Cripple Peak. The fortress of Vorag is forgotten and falls into ruins.

**Imperial
Year**

- 40 Nagash is reborn exactly 1,111 years after he was destroyed. He attempts to force the Tomb Kings to obey his orders, but they rebel, and under the leadership of the Tomb King Settra force him to retreat to Nagashizzar. Upon his arrival, Nagash finds his fortress overrun by the Skaven, and drives them all out in a single night. Over the next three decades numerous Skaven counter-attacks are repelled by Nagash's forces.
- 39 Settra turns against the other Tomb Kings and is defeated in a battle that lasts seven days and seven nights. He retreats to Khemri to found an Undead empire that will rival Nagash's in size and power.
- 30 Nagash forges his Iron Hand.
- 15 Arkhan the Black crushes a huge Skaven horde at the Battle of Death Rock. The Skaven defeat is so devastating that they give up attempting to recapture the Cursed Pit.



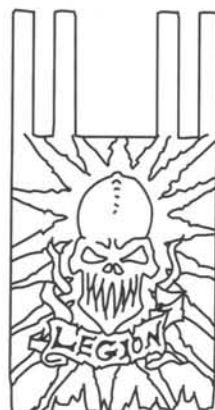
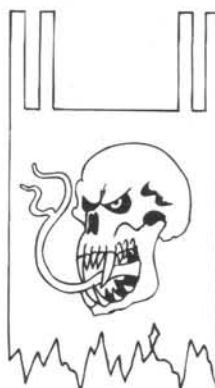
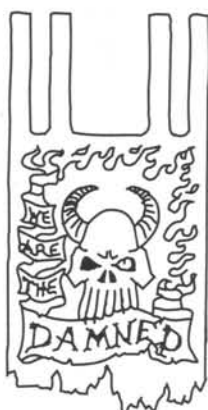
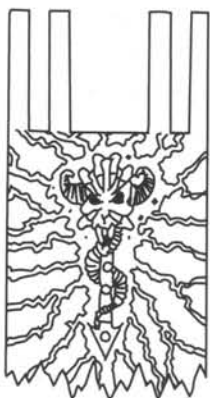
- 1-15 Nagash discovers that the Crown of Sorcery is now in the possession of Morath. He travels north to reclaim his crown, but Morath is defeated by Sigmar before Nagash can retrieve the crown. Nagash raises a huge Undead army and attacks the Empire. At the Battle of the River Reik Nagash is felled by Sigmar and his army almost completely destroyed.
- 16 Krell, the only survivor of Nagash's army, is defeated at the Battle of Glacier Lake and imprisoned in a magical tomb.
- c100 Settra's Undead fleet makes the first of many raids, attacking the coast of what will later be called Bretonnia, and taking hundreds of victims back to Khemri to a fate far worse than death.
- 876 Norse raiders on the way to Lustria capture an Empire merchant ship and unwittingly take on board the body of the Vampire Luthor Harkon. When the ship arrives in Lustria the entire crew have either been enslaved or turned into Undead. Luthor proceeds to create an Undead empire on southern Lustria. The place gains an evil reputation and becomes known as the Vampire Coast.
- 1111 The Black Death unleashed by the Skaven wipes out nine tenths of the Empire's population. Skaven erupt from their hidden tunnel systems and overrun the land. In Sylvania the Necromancer van Hal raises a huge Undead army from the bodies of the plague's victims and turns back the Skaven invaders.
- 1112-1124 Vanhal builds the fortress of Vanhaldenschlosse and carves out a powerful Undead empire. Over the following decade Vanhal, the remnants of the Empire, and the Skaven fight a prolonged war against each other. The war ends when Vanhal is assassinated and his Undead horde wiped out. The Skaven, weakened by their war with Vanhal, are defeated and driven back underground by Count Mandred Skaven Slayer.
- 1175 Settra leads a large raiding force against Bretonnia. He is met at Savage Point by a Bretonnian fleet led by Admiral Henri Lamorte. Settra's fleet is heavily defeated, but he escapes vowing revenge.

**Imperial
Year**

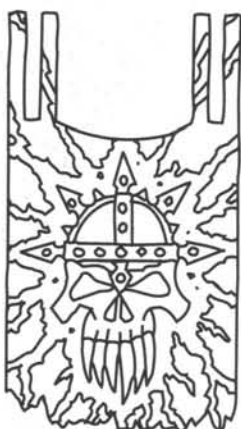
- 1207-1244 Dieter Helsnicht is discovered to be a Necromancer and driven out of the Empire city of Middenheim. He escapes to the Forest of Shadows where he raises a large Undead army and attacks the Empire. He annihilates one Empire army that is sent to stop him, but is defeated at the Battle of Beeckerhoven by a combined Empire and Kislevite force. Dieter's body is never recovered.
- 1275 The Lamorte family crypt is pillaged by grave robbers who steal the long dead body of Henri Lamorte in an apparently motiveless crime. Soon after, however, there are reports of a new and highly skilled Wight Lord commanding Settra's Undead fleet...
- 1681 The Night of the Restless Dead. Nagash returns to life once again, 1,666 years after he was slain by Sigmar. For one night throughout the Known World the dead stir and walk the land, sowing terror and confusion amongst the living. Entire villages and towns are overrun and destroyed before the night of terror ends.
- 1797 Vlad von Carstein becomes the first of the Vampire Counts of Sylvania, and marries Countess Isabella von Drak. Over the following two centuries the remaining aristocratic families are infected with the curse of Vampirism.
- 2010 Wars of the Vampire Counts begin with the devastation of Ostermark by Vlad von Carstein. Undead armies rampage between Stirland and the northern border.
- 2051 Vlad von Carstein is slain at the Siege of Altdorf, and Isabella commits suicide rather than carry on in Unlife without him. The Vampire Counts fight amongst themselves and their Undead army splinters into separate feuding forces.
- 2094-2121 Konrad von Carstein emerges as the most powerful of the Vampire Counts. He leads his forces against the Empire, but is stopped at the Battle of the Four Armies in 2100. He is finally defeated by a combined Empire and Dwarf army at the Battle of Grim Moor in 2121.
- 2132-45 Mannfred von Carstein, the last and most cunning of the Vampire Counts, launches a surprise attack against the Empire when it is in the grip of a vicious civil war. He almost succeeds in capturing Altdorf, but is finally forced to retreat back to Sylvania by a combined army of Empire troops, Dwarfs and High Elves. Determined to end the threat of the Vampire Counts once and for all, the various factions of the Empire unite and, along with their Dwarf and High Elf allies, scour the dark forests of Sylvania. Mannfred is finally brought to bay at Hel Fenn, where he is defeated and his Undead army destroyed.
- 2491 Heinrich Kemmler, otherwise known as the Lichemaster, finds the burial mound of the dread hero Krell and raises the Chaos Champion back to life. At the head of a powerful Undead horde the two sweep down from the Grey Mountains into Bretonnia, burning and pillaging as they go. In a wild battle at la Maisontal Abbey their army suffers such heavy casualties that they are forced to retreat back into the Grey Mountains. It can only be a matter of time before they return at the head of a new Undead army...

UNDEAD BANNERS

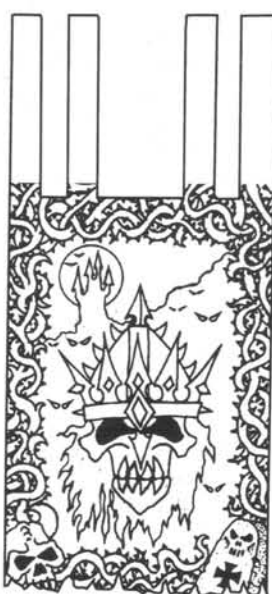
These black and white banner designs have been provided for you to photocopy then paint. Use the colour photographs shown elsewhere in this book as a guide for colour schemes.



SKELETON BANNERS



SKELETON BANNERS



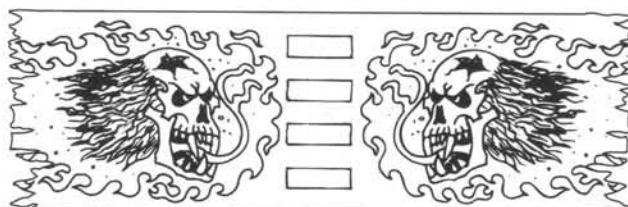
ARKHAN THE BLACK'S
BANNER



DIETER HELSNICHT'S
BANNER



ZOMBIE BANNER



ZOMBIE BANNER



WIGHTS



ZOMBIE REGIMENT

UNDEAD



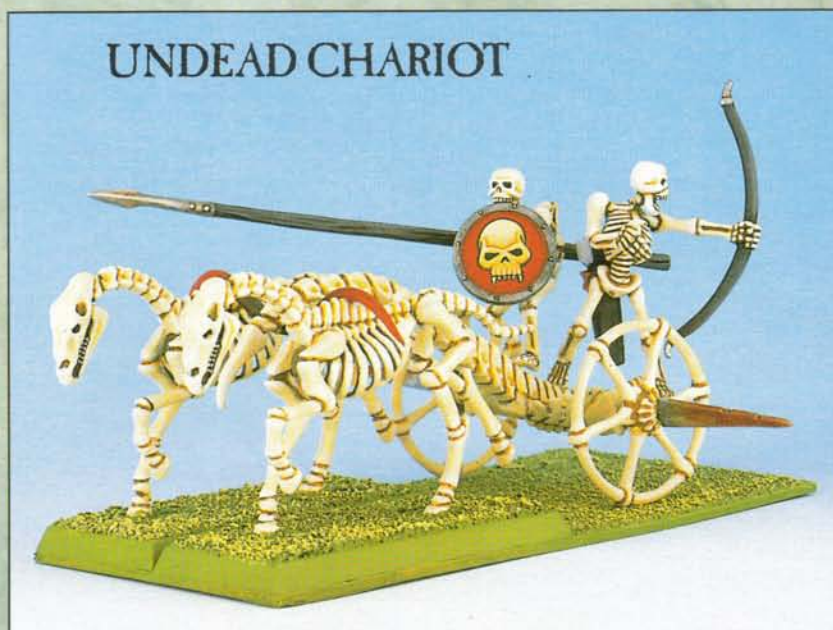
WRAITHS



SKELETON HORSEMEN

UNDEAD

UNDEAD CHARIOT



WRAITHLORD



FORCES OF THE UNDEAD CONFRONT HIGH ELVES

ARKHAN THE BLACK THE LICHE KING



ARKHAN THE BLACK

Awakened by the most powerful necromancy that Nagash could unleash, Arkhan the Black – the Liche King, stood alongside Nagash as his most trusted and able lieutenant, both in life and now after death.

Standing astride his huge chariot, the Liche King musters his forces in a most diabolical manner. As he strikes down his foes with the dread Tomb Blade, their very flesh and bones arise once more to join his undead host.

At the head of this vast army, Arkhan spreads terror and fear across the realms of the Old World.



GREAT BANNER OF DEATH

THE LICHE KING'S MIGHTY CHARIOT



UNDEAD



VAMPIRE LORD



WIGHT



NECROMANCER



ZOMBIE STANDARD BEARER



WIGHT



ZOMBIE STANDARD BEARER



ZOMBIES

MUMMIES

Preserved beyond death by potent magic and reeking of the natron and sulphur of the embalmer's parlour, Mummies are amongst the most powerful of all Undead creatures. Although slow moving, Mummies are immensely powerful and almost impossible to destroy.



MUMMIES



AN UNDEAD HOST MARCHES TO WAR.

POWER 1

THE DARK MIST

The Wizard's body melts into a dark mist which swirls across the battlefield. When the Wizard casts this spell his body turns into an ethereal mist. He may move 24" in each of his movement phases, and he may move through solid objects and therefore suffers no penalties for moving over difficult terrain or obstacles. He can move through buildings, but may not move through living creatures. The Wizard may not attack while the spell is in effect, but may cast spells. He may only be harmed by magical weapons and spells. Once cast, the spell remains effective for the rest of the game, until it is dispelled, until the Wizard fails a Break or Panic test, or until he decides to end it.

NECROMANCY



SPELL

POWER 2

RANGE: 18"

GAZE OF NAGASH

Bolts of pure Dark Magic leap from the Necromancer's eyes. Where the beams touch the victim's flesh his skin blackens and withers, sloughing away till the white gleam of bone is visible beneath!

The bolts hurtle 18" in a straight line from the Necromancer, striking the first target in their path. Any unit or model struck by the bolts suffers 2D6 S4 hits with no armour save allowed.

**INFLECTS 2D6 S4 HITS
WITH NO ARMOUR SAVE**

NECROMANCY



SPELL

POWER 3

WIND OF DEATH

This spell raises a deadly wind of death that enters the battlefield and sweeps forward destroying all in its path. Use the Purple Sun of Xereus template from Battle Magic to represent the Wind of Death. Place the template so that it is touching *any* table edge, with the arrow pointing to indicate the direction it is travelling. The wind moves 2D10" immediately, and continues to move 2D10" in the same direction at the start of each subsequent magic phase. The wind lasts until it is dispelled or leaves the battlefield. As long as the wind lasts the spell cannot be cast again. All living models touched by the wind suffer D6 wounds on a D6 roll of 4 or more. No armour saving rolls are allowed, even for magic armour. If the wind crosses the path of a *Wind Blast*, or if *Wind Blast* is cast against it, its direction of movement is changed to that of the *Wind Blast*.

NECROMANCY



SPELL

POWER 3

RANGE: 24"

THE CURSE OF YEARS

The Wizard points a gnarled, bony finger at a single enemy model or unit and calls down a horrible curse. Almost immediately the target starts to grow old, and will eventually die of old age. Place this card next to the affected model or unit. Roll a dice for each affected model at the end of this and every subsequent magic phase. In the first magic phase a model dies of old age and is removed from play on a roll of 5 or 6; in the second magic phase a model dies on a roll of 4, 5 or 6, and so on.

The spell lasts for the rest of the game, until it is dispelled or until the Wizard stops it. The spell can then be used again from the next turn.

NECROMANCY



SPELL

POWER 1

RANGE: 36"

VANHEL'S

DANSE MACABRE

The Wizard imbues a single regiment of Skeletons, Zombies, Mummies, Wights, Wraiths or Skeleton Horsemen with the invigorating power of Chaos, driving them on in a macabre dance of destruction.

The regiment can take one of the following actions out of sequence during the magic phase: Charge, move, march move, fight a round of close combat or shoot with missile weapons.

Note that even units that may not normally march move may do so with this spell.

NECROMANCY



SPELL

POWER 1

RANGE: 18"

SUMMON SKELETONS

The Wizard unleashes twisting tendrils of black mist which writhe around the bodies of the fallen, nudging them into horrific unlife. D6 Skeletons or Zombies are created from the slain warriors littering the battlefield and can be added to an existing unit of Skeletons or Zombies within 18". Alternatively, they can form an entirely new unit if at least five models have been raised.

**SUMMON D6
SKELETONS/ZOMBIES**

POWER 2

RANGE: 2D6"

DRAIN LIFE

Tendrils of parasitic energy coil from the Wizard, draining the life force from any model nearby. Any living model within 2D6" takes an S3 hit with no armour saving throw allowed. Any wounds inflicted in this way may be taken by the Wizard and used to restore any of his own wounds lost earlier in the battle.

**MODELS WITHIN 2D6" TAKE S3
HIT WITH NO ARMOUR SAVE**

POWER 2

RANGE: 24"

RAISE THE DEAD

The Wizard unleashes twisting tendrils of black mist which writhe around the bodies of the fallen, nudging them into horrific unlife. 2D6 Skeletons or Zombies are created from the slain warriors littering the battlefield and can be added to an existing unit of Skeletons or Zombies within 24". Alternatively, they can form an entirely new unit if at least five models have been raised.

**SUMMON 2D6
SKELETONS/ZOMBIES**

NECROMANCY



SPELL

NECROMANCY



SPELL

DIETER HELSNICHT THE DOOM LORD OF MIDDENHEIM

The powerful and much feared Necromancer Dieter Helsnicht – Doom Lord of Middenheim – is an awesome opponent in battle. Mounted on a huge manticore, he hurtles across the battlefields of the Old World unleashing terrifying weapons against his foes. In one hand he wields the Chaos Runesword and in the other, the Flaming Skull staff. As battle is joined, the eyes of the crimson skull glow bright with a sinister light and bolts of magical energy strike out at Helsnicht's foes.



DIETER HELSNICHT – THE DOOM LORD OF MIDDENHEIM

DARK MAGIC SPELLS



Dark Hand of Destruction, Death Spasm and Power of Chaos replace the three Necromancy spells in the Dark Magic spell deck. Carefully photocopy and cut out the cards and glue them on top of the appropriate cards from the Dark Magic deck.

POWER 2 RANGE: 18"

DEATH SPASM

The Wizard hurls a bolt of pure Dark Magic which will strike the first model in its path up to 18" away. Roll 1D6. If the dice roll exceeds the target's Toughness then it suffers terrible convulsions and dies, no matter how many wounds it has, and with no armour saving throw allowed. Such is the violence of the victim's death throes that it inflicts a single hit at its own Strength on any models in base to base contact with it, whether they are friend or foe.

VICTIM DESTROYED IF D6 ROLL EXCEEDS TOUGHNESS

POWER 1

POWER OF CHAOS

The Wizard mutters and chants, calling on the dark powers of Chaos to aid him. Roll a dice. On a roll of 1 the Wizard is drawn into the Realm of Chaos where he dies horribly, torn to pieces by a multitude of gibbering daemons. On a roll of 2-6 the Wizard may immediately draw three extra cards from the magic deck which he may use in this magic phase.

**ROLL 1D6:
1 = KILLED
2-6 = GAIN 3 MAGIC CARDS**

POWER 1

DARK HAND OF DESTRUCTION

Long talons of dark magical energy sprout from the Wizard's finger tips as he lunges at a single hand-to-hand opponent. The razor-sharp talons slice through flesh and bone, inflicting terrible wounds. The Wizard may make a single hand-to-hand attack on one opponent that is base-to-base contact. Roll to see if the attacks hits using the normal hand-to-hand combat rules. If the attack hits then it causes D3 wounds with no armour save allowed unless the victim has magic armour. Magic armour saving rolls may be made as normal.

NECROMANCY



SPELL

NECROMANCY



SPELL

POWER 3 RANGE: 36"

SUMMON UNDEAD HORDE

The Wizard unleashes twisting tendrils of black mist which writhe around the bodies of the fallen, nudging them into horrific unlife. 3D6 Skeletons or Zombies are created from the slain warriors littering the battlefield and can be added to an existing unit of Skeletons or Zombies within 36". Alternatively, they can form an entirely new unit if at least five models have been raised.

SUMMON 3D6 SKELETONS/ZOMBIES

POWER 2

HAND OF DUST

Power pulses through the Wizard's hands as he grabs a single hand-to-hand opponent in a vice-like grip. Both the Wizard and his victim roll a D6 and add their Strength to their roll, the Wizard then doubles his total. For each point the Wizard wins by, he inflicts 1 wound on the victim. If the scores are drawn or the Wizard loses, then the victim breaks away without suffering any damage.

A victim killed by the *Hand of Dust* is turned into a Wight under the control of the Wizard (enemy Wizards are turned into Wraiths).

UNDEAD



THE DOOMLORD DIETER HELSNICT MUSTERS AN UNDEAD ARMY



GHOST



GHOUL



WRAITHS



ZOMBIE

WARHAMMER

REVENGE OF THE DOOMLORD

Dieter Helsnicht was once a great and renowned wizard who lived in the Empire city of Middenheim during the time of the Three Emperors. Over the course of his studies Dieter learned of the great Necromancer king Kadon and decided to travel to the lands that he had once ruled in the Border Princes in order to find out more about this enigmatic and evil figure. It was while he was there that Dieter first started to hear rumours of the return of Nagash after his defeat by Sigmar. Dieter, drawn by an irresistible curiosity, continued his journey and travelled to the fortress of Nagashizzar.

What happened to him in that cursed place is not known, but he returned to Middenheim a changed man, his hair turned prematurely grey and his skin tinged with an unhealthy pallor. The Doomlord had been born! Shortly after his return word began to spread of evil practices and vile rituals being performed in the dead of night by Dieter and his followers.

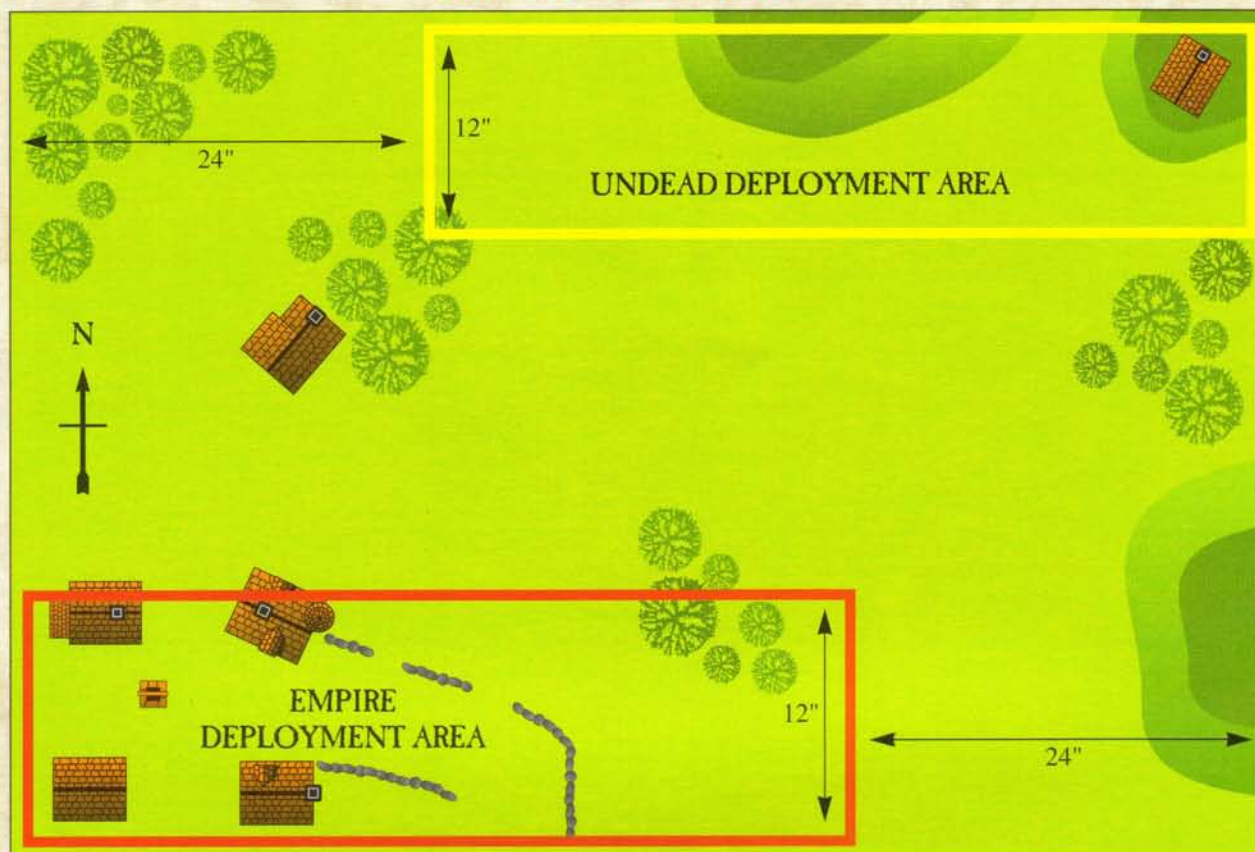
Only too aware of where such things could lead, the High Priest of Ulric gathered a company of Knights and descended on Dieter's dwelling. They arrived just in time, disrupting a magic ritual that would have allowed Dieter to raise the dead buried in Middenheim into a powerful Undead army. Shaking his fist and vowing revenge Dieter fled from the city, swooping away over the heads of the astonished High Priest and Knights atop the back of a monstrous manticore.

Dieter was a man of deep, if twisted, intelligence and had prepared for every eventuality. He had built a secret fortress deep in the Forest of Shadows to which he could escape should his activities be discovered. From this dark and evil place he plotted his revenge and slowly built up his strength. Decades passed, and those who had known Dieter Helsnicht had either died or forgotten him, when rumours started that a dark tide of pestilence and death was spreading through the



Kislev reinforcements ride to the rescue of the beleaguered defenders of Beeckerhoven.

DEPLOYMENT MAP



UNDEAD ARMY SELECTION & DEPLOYMENT

For this battle the player in command of the Undead may select an army of up to 2,500 points. You will find a roster of the Undead forces that took part in the battle at the end of this scenario, but it is mainly included for your interest and there is no obligation for you to use the actual army that took part unless you want to.

The Undead army was divided into two parts for the actual battle. Most of the Doom Lord's forces were concentrated against the village of Beeckerhoven, while a small detachment of Undead cavalry was sent to hold up the Kislevite reinforcements. For the purposes of this scenario however, the Undead player is allowed to send any number of units to fight the Kislevites, although he doesn't have to send any at all if he doesn't want to. However, any units that are sent must have a move value of 8 or more, or be able to fly, and at least one unit must be led by an Undead Hero or a Necromancer.

The deployment area for the Undead army is shown on the Deployment map. On the main battlefield the Undead army may deploy up to 12" on to the tabletop but at least 24" away from the western table edge.

If you have decided not to set up the scenery for the battle against the Kislevites then the two forces should be set up 16" apart as described on p49. If you are using the scenery then the Undead forces may be deployed up to 6" on to the table, at least 12" away from the south table edge and 24" away from the north table edge.



EMPIRE ARMY SELECTION & DEPLOYMENT

The Empire player may select a 3,000 point Empire army. As with the Undead army, a roster of the Empire forces that took part in the battle is included with this scenario, but there is no obligation for the Empire player to field the force that was actually used. A number of special rules apply when choosing the Empire army, to represent the special circumstances of the battle:

1. The army is split into three contingents, one from Nordland, one from Kislev and one from Middenheim. Each contingent can have up to the number of points shown on the chart below:

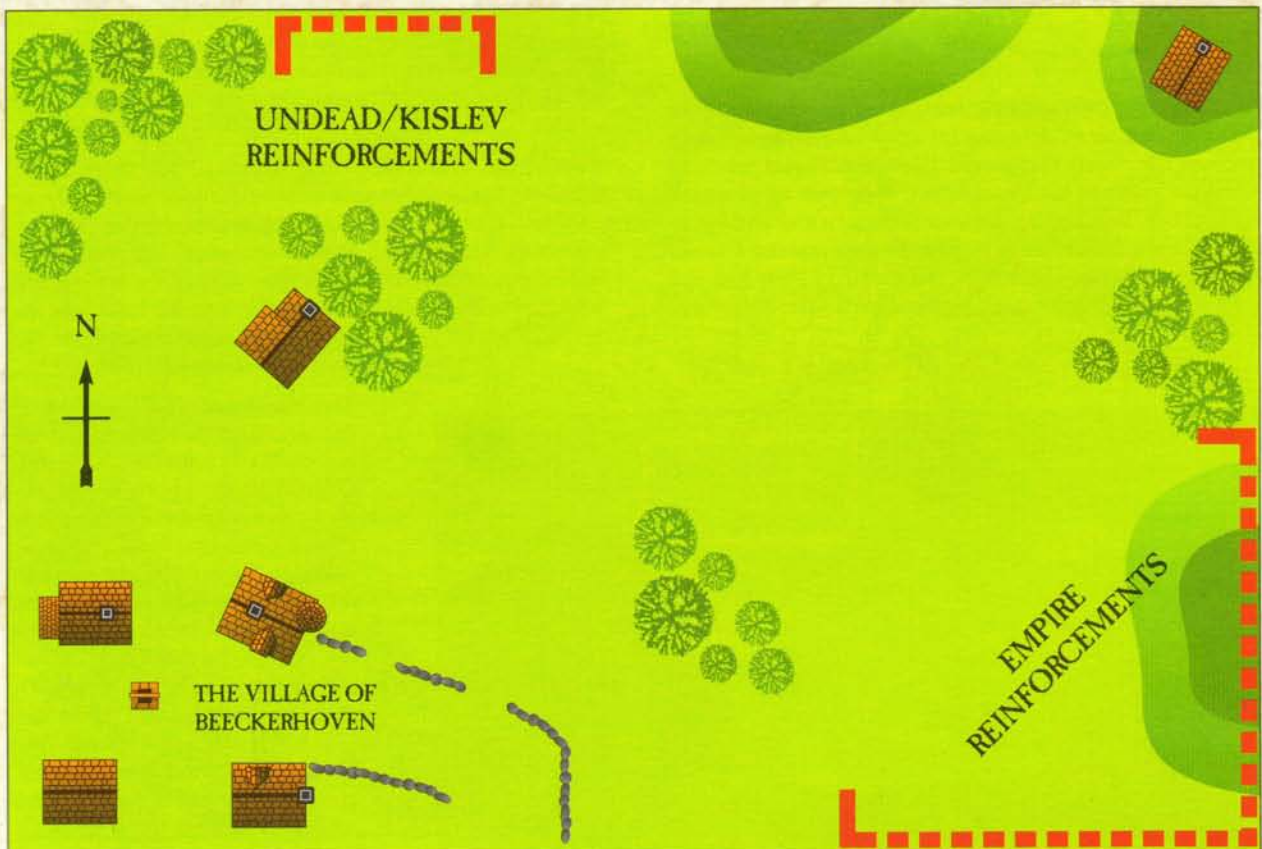
Nordland	1,000 points
Middenheim	1,600 points
Kislev	400 points
Total	3,000 points

2. Each contingent may have its own army General and Battle Standard. This means that for this battle the Empire army may have 1-3 Generals and 1-3 Battle Standards. However, a General's Leadership and the Battle Standard's re-roll for Break tests may only be used by units from the same contingent.

3. The contingents from Kislev and Middenheim may not include any war engines apart from Steam Tanks and War Wagons. If you decide to use any Steam Tanks then their points value is reduced to only 135 points, to compensate for the fact that they may break down before they get to the battle (see the special rules on page 50).
4. The Kislevite contingent may include any of the troop types allowed on the Empire army list, and does not have to be made up only of Kislev Winged Lancers and Horse Archers.

The deployment area for the Empire army is shown on the Deployment map. The Nordland contingent must deploy on the main battlefield, and may be deployed up to 12" onto the table but at least 24" away from the eastern table edge. If you have decided not to set up the scenery for the battle between the Kislev and Undead forces then the two forces should be set up 16" apart as described above. If you are using the scenery then the Kislevite contingent may deploy up to 12" onto the table, but at least 6" away from either adjacent table edge. The Middenheim contingent does not deploy at the start of the battle but will arrive as reinforcements as described later.

REINFORCEMENT ENTRY AREAS



forest towards the Empire. Bands of Orcs and Beastmen were being driven before it, and travel along the road that joined Middenheim and Erengard became extremely perilous.

Determined to do something about the problem, Einrich Moltke, the Elector Count of Nordland, mobilised his army. He advanced quickly, easily crushing the scattered Orc and Beastman warbands that opposed him. However, when he pushed deeper into the Forest of Shadows, disaster struck! As the army marched along an ancient path beside the Lake of Woes, it was ambushed by a powerful Undead horde. Caught in column of march, with the lake on one flank and the Undead on the other, the army was all but annihilated. Some troops attempted to flee across the lake, but Dieter had cunningly concealed units of Undead in the water, so as the troops tried to swim they were dragged below the surface to a horrible death. At a stroke Dieter had wiped out almost half of the Empire forces that lay between him and Middenheim!

One of the few survivors of the battle was the Elector Count himself. When the ambush was sprung he had been leading a unit of Pistoliers that was scouting ahead of the main army. At the head of this small unit he was able to cut his way out of the ambush and make it back to the small village of Beeckerhoven on the Middenheim to Erengard road. A small garrison had been left here to guard the army's lines of communication, and now this, along with the few scattered survivors of the ambush, were all that remained of the once mighty Nordland army. Grimly the Count organised his meagre forces and prepared for a desperate defence. Messengers were sent galloping to Middenheim and Kislev requesting reinforcements.



Fortunately for the Empire, Dieter did not pursue the Elector Count immediately, delaying his advance so that he could perform the rituals that would allow him to add the dead Nordland troops to his Undead host. Even then he advanced very slowly, despatching Undead horsemen and Carrion to scout ahead of the main army. By the time that the Undead host arrived at Beeckerhoven, the Elector Count had had several days to prepare, and reinforcements from Kislev and

Middenheim were already on their way from the east.

Dieter's caution had not been in vain, however, for he knew exactly what forces he faced in Beeckerhoven, and that reinforcements were on the way. He realised that if the Empire contingents were allowed to concentrate into one force they would outnumber his own Undead army. Rather than allow this to happen he determined to strike quickly and attempt to defeat the separate contingents before they had a chance to combine into one unstoppable force.

To this end Dieter despatched a small force of Undead horsemen north to stop, or at least slow down, the Kislev reinforcements. There was nothing that he could do to delay the Middenheim reinforcements as the village of Beeckerhoven lay between Dieter and the advancing Middenheim army. Instead he prepared to launch a whirlwind assault on Beeckerhoven. If he could just destroy the Count of Nordland's troops quickly enough he would then be able to turn his entire army against the Middenland reinforcements and crush them as they arrived on the battlefield. It is at the point that Dieter launched his assault on Beeckerhoven that the scenario begins...

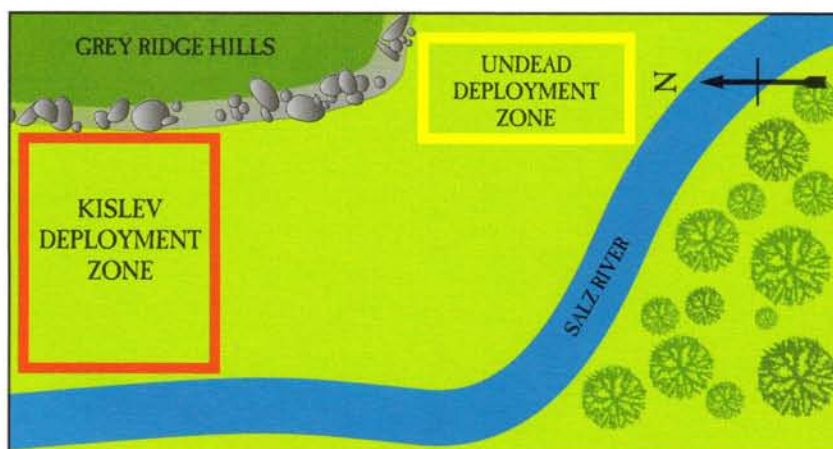
THE BATTLE

Dieter's plan almost succeeded. He began the attack by assaulting Beeckerhoven with regiments of Skeletons, Zombies and Ghouls, while keeping his chariots and cavalry in reserve. The attack was well supported by Screaming Skull catapults which poured a deadly accurate fire into the village, quickly silencing the Nordland artillery before it caused any significant damage to the Undead forces. The Undead assault troops crashed into the terribly outnumbered defenders and soon furious battles were raging amongst the streets and buildings of the village. Slowly but surely the defenders were pushed back. The Count of Nordland led a desperate counter-attack at the head of a regiment of Halberdiers, but he was quickly cut off and surrounded by the victorious Undead forces.

Meanwhile, the Count of Middenland had been force marching his army so that he would arrive as quickly as possible. Although the Steam Tank accompanying the army blew a gasket and had to be abandoned, the rest of the reinforcements arrived just in time to save the last valiant defenders of Beeckerhoven. Sweeping onto the battlefield the Middenland forces crashed into the flank of the Undead army.

The Nordlanders took new heart and redoubled their efforts, and for a moment it appeared as if the Undead army would be hurled back. It was at this moment that Dieter committed his reserves, charging his cavalry and chariots into the midst of the newly arrived Empire troops. Dieter himself led the charge on the back of his manticore, swooping down to engage the Elector Count of Middenland and the White Wolf Knights in furious hand-to-hand combat. The battle hung in the balance as combat raged all along the line of battle.

SKIRMISH MAP



At this vital moment the Kislev reinforcements arrived, having wiped out Dieter's small holding force. Wasting no time, the Winged Lancers charged into the rear of the Undead units that were attacking Beeckerhoven, decisively turning the tide against the forces of Undeath. As the attack weakened the Count of Nordland seized the opportunity to cut through the thinning ranks of Undead to attack the Doomlord directly. When the Count approached, Dieter seized him in a vice-like grip and unleashed a powerful spell which would have blasted the Count's soul were it not for the protective Black Amulet he wore. This magic artifact turned the power of the spell back on its caster, stunning Dieter and leaving him helpless.

The Elector Count lunged at the defenceless figure, and ran Dieter through with his sword. With a terrible cry Dieter slumped in his saddle, and the legions animated by his dark will collapsed. Skeletons fell into piles of bones. Zombies stumbled and fell, decomposing before the eyes of the watchers till they became pools of rot on the ground. Ghouls fled into the deep woods. Silence fell over the battlefield, and then with a terrible creaking wail, the Doomlord's manticores rose into the air and soared away, bearing Dieter away on its back. The Doomlord's plans had been thwarted!

POSTSCRIPT

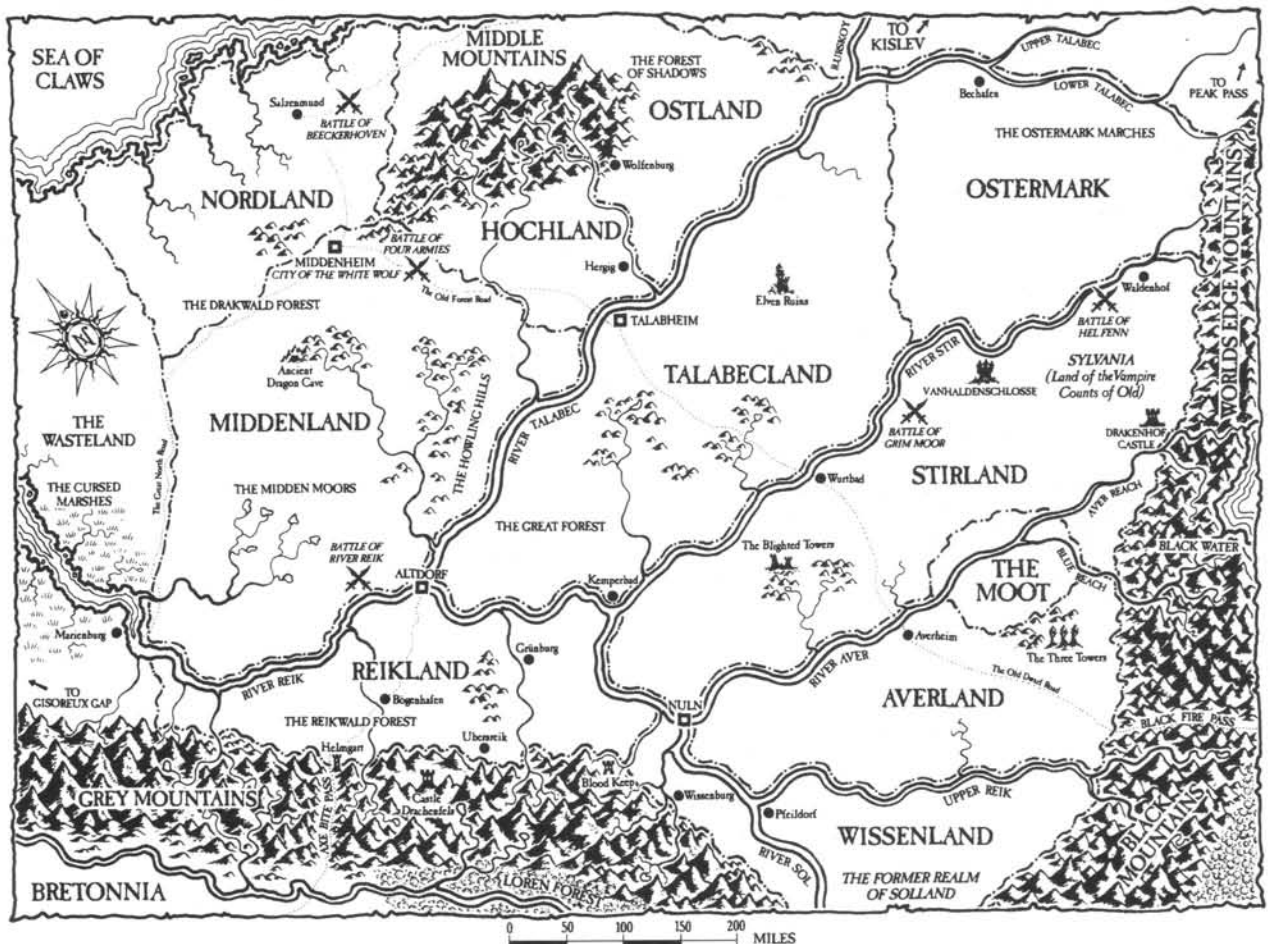
The Doomlord survived the battle, although he had suffered wounds that would have slain any normal man. Over the coming centuries he would return to threaten Middenheim many more times. From his secret fortress hidden deep in the Forest of Shadows he remains a threat to the Empire's security to the present day.

THE BATTLEFIELDS

This scenario is slightly unusual in that there are two different battles going on at the same time! The main battle took place just outside the small village of Beeckerhoven, about 100 miles north of Middenheim on the road that joins Middenheim and the Kislevite city of Erengard. Salzenmund, the provincial capital of Nordland, lies about 40 miles away to the west. The skirmish between the Kislevites and the Undead cavalry took place a few miles to the north by the banks of the River Salz.

You will need to represent the main battlefield, and if you want you can also recreate the second battlefield, although this is not strictly necessary. The scenery required for the main battlefield is shown on the accompanying maps and is fairly straightforward to represent. The most important features of the main battlefield are the village of Beeckerhoven and the walls running along the road that leads up to it. If you don't have enough model buildings or wall sections you can always improvise using cardboard boxes or books for the buildings, and pens or rolled plasticine for the walls. If you don't have enough woods and hills these can be represented by suitably coloured paper cut to the appropriate size.

The battlefield for the skirmish between the Kislevites and the Undead cavalry was bounded by the river Salz on one side and the Grey Ridge hills on the other. Both of these features were impassable (even to the Undead cavalry), which restricted the battlefield to a narrow corridor, and the tactics that either side could use to a headlong charge! If you wish you can lay out the scenery for this battle as shown on the Skirmish map, opposite. Alternatively, you can simply line the two forces up



16" apart on any suitable flat surface and have them charge at each other! If you choose to use the second method, however, you should remember that the battlefield is about 12" wide and restrict any manoeuvring accordingly.

REINFORCEMENTS

Both sides in the battle may receive reinforcements as described below. Reinforcements are always set up at the start of the turn and may move and fight normally on the turn that they arrive.

Kislev/Undead Reinforcements

The battle between the Kislevites and Undead detachment is won by the first side to wipe out or rout all of the opposing models. Any surviving models on the winning side may be taken as reinforcements on the main battlefield at the start of their next or any subsequent turn. The reinforcements do not have to be taken straight away and may be held back to the start of a future turn if desired.

The models enter at the location shown on the Reinforcement Entry Areas map, and should be set up within 6" of the edge of the table. The models may be set up in hand-to-hand combat, in which case the unit can fight in the following combat round and counts as charging in the first round. Note that if the Undead player decides not to send a detachment to fight the Kislevites then the Kislevite contingent is available as reinforcements from the first Empire turn.

Middenheim Reinforcements

At the start of the battle the Empire player must decide on which turn his reinforcements will arrive, and secretly write down the turn number on a piece of paper. The slip of paper is revealed at the start of the turn when the reinforcements arrive. The turn on which the reinforcements arrive will affect the number of victory points the Empire player scores for the battle, as shown below.

Arrive On	Empire Victory Point Modifier
One	-10 Victory Points
Two	-5 Victory Points
Three	0 Victory Points
Four	+5 Victory Points
Five	+10 Victory Points

The Middenheim reinforcements enter at the location shown on the Reinforcement Entry Areas map, and should be set up within 6" of the edge of the table. The models may be set up in hand-to-hand combat, in which case the unit can fight in the following combat round and counts as charging in the first round.

Steam Tanks: Steam Tanks are not the most reliable of vehicles and there is a good chance that any chosen as reinforcements will break down before getting to the battlefield. To represent this important factor the Empire player must roll a D6 for each Steam Tank model he has taken as a reinforcement before he sets the model up on the table. On a roll of 1 or 2 the Steam Tank has broken down and may not be used (although the Undead player does not score any victory points for destroying it). On a roll of 3 to 6 the Steam Tank may be set up and used as normal.

FIGHTING THE BATTLE

The Empire player must deploy the Nordland and Kislevite forces first, then the Undead player deploys his army. Once both sides are deployed roll a dice to see who gets the first turn. On a roll of 1-3 the Empire player goes first, while on a roll of 4-6 the Undead player goes first. The battle lasts for five turns each side and then the players add up victory points to determine who has won.

This battle is unusual because there are two different battles going on at the same time. During each phase apart from the magic phase you should carry out any actions on the main battlefield before you carry out any actions in the battle between the Kislev and Undead forces. For example, in the Empire player's turn he should carry out any movement on the main battlefield before he moves his Kislevite contingent, then return to the main battlefield and resolve all the combats there before resolving the Kislevite combats and so on. The only exception to this is the magic phase, which is carried out on both battlefields using a single hand of cards. Magic cards can be used to cast spells or make dispels on either battlefield.

WINNING THE GAME

If all of the troops belonging to a player are slain and/or routed then his opponent wins an outright victory. If the game ends without either side winning a decisive victory, then calculate victory points to see who has won.

UNDEAD VICTORY POINTS

- Each Empire unit either destroyed, fleeing or having fled the table: 1 victory point for each 100 pts (or part) the unit cost.
- If there are no Empire troops within 6" of any building in Beeckerhoven: 5 victory points
- Each Empire General slain, fleeing or having fled the table: 1 victory point
- Each Empire Battle Standard captured: 1 victory point

EMPIRE VICTORY POINTS

- Each Undead unit destroyed, fleeing or having fled the table: 1 victory point for each 100 points (or part) the unit cost.
- If there are no Undead troops within 6" of any building in Beeckerhoven: 5 victory points
- Undead General slain, fleeing or having fled the table: 1 victory point
- Undead Battle Standard captured: 1 victory point
- Middenheim reinforcements arrived on turn one: -10 victory points
- Middenheim reinforcements arrived on turn two: -5 victory points
- Middenheim reinforcements arrived on turn three: 0 victory points
- Middenheim reinforcements arrived on turn four: +5 victory points
- Middenheim reinforcements arrived on turn five: +10 victory points

UNDEAD BATTLE TACTICS

BY JERVIS JOHNSON

Undead armies are amongst the most powerful in the Warhammer World, but using one effectively is not easy and takes a bit of practice. The notes below cover the main strengths and weaknesses of the Undead army, and should allow you to get the most from it as soon as possible. Once you've played a few games you will probably start to develop your own cunning ploys and tactics, which may be very different from those I discuss below.

The General

Having read this book you'll have probably realised that the Undead Generals are some of the most formidable characters in Warhammer, able to take severe punishment and deal death to all. Because of his abilities and high points cost, if you are going to win a battle then your General is going to have to 'get stuck in' at some point or another. Unfortunately he is also the source of the foul magic needed to keep your army going, so if you let him be killed you will probably lose the battle. These two conflicting requirements can cause something of a dilemma for an Undead player.

One way of getting round this problem is to put your General, on foot, in the front rank of a large regiment of Skeletons. From this position he will be able to cast spells and fight in hand-to-hand combat, but the opposition will not be able to target him specifically except by using magic spells. To make the General even safer, it is a good idea to include a hero and a champion with the unit, so that you have models to accept any challenges that may be issued by powerful opposing characters who want to kill your General. While on this point, you should never, *ever*, accept a challenge with your General (even if he is a Vampire Lord with the Carstein Ring!) – anybody crazy enough to issue a challenge must be fairly certain they can win, and you can't afford to lose your army commander. Use him to slaughter rank and file troops so that you can win combats and break opposing units.

Unfortunately this option is not available to all Generals. If your army is led by Nagash or Arkhan the Black, for example, the models are so large that there is no way they can hide amongst a unit of other troops. When you set up such a model, remember that your opponent will target him with any weapons that he can bring to bear, especially artillery. Because of this it is a good idea to set the General up in a position where the number of long range attacks your opponent can make is limited – behind a house or wood for example. Once your opponent's set-up is revealed, you will be able to move your General so he can attack the enemy without being subject to a large amount of enemy fire. This being said, it is highly unlikely that you will be able to avoid all the enemy's war engines, all of the time. Just do your best to limit the number of shots they can take.

Psychology

Possibly the greatest strength of the Undead army is the number of troops it has which cause fear and terror. Against an opponent who is unused to fighting an Undead army terror can win you the game very easily. I still have fond memories of one battle I played against Andy Chambers when most of his Skaven army ran away on the first turn when my Zombie



Dragon landed in front of them! Most opponents will quickly learn this lesson, however, and start taking magic items which reduce the effectiveness of this form of 'psychological warfare'. None the less, fear is a powerful weapon in the Undead arsenal, and you need to make sure that you use it to its maximum effect.

For a start you should always include at least one terror-causing model in your army, even if it is only a lowly Wraith. Any enemy that fail their terror tests and flee are one less unit to fight, and if you are very lucky you may even cause a powerful character or monster to run away, which can win you the game. Secondly, you should try to include one or two *large* units of Skeletons or Zombies. It is far better to have one big unit than several small ones, because fear is much more effective when a unit outnumbered its opponents. In particular, an enemy outnumbered by fearsome troops will automatically break if they lose a round of combat, which is very useful against high Leadership opponents like Dwarfs or Elves.

The other 'psychological strength' of an Undead army is that they are, on the whole, immune to psychology themselves. Because your units will rarely, if ever, break, your opponent will be forced to wipe out your army in hand-to-hand combat, which takes time and is not always possible. It also allows you to tie up powerful enemy units with weak ones of your own. In one battle, for example, I was able to tie up an extremely powerful unit of Dwarf Trollslayers with a fairly small unit of Skeletons. By topping up the Skeletons every now and then with the Raise the Dead spell I was able to keep the Trollslayers out of my hair for the entire battle.

Undead Characters

Characters such as Vampire Counts and Wight Lords are vitally important in an Undead army. Most of your rank and file troops have very low Weapon Skills, and will get beaten in hand-to-hand combat unless they have a powerful character in the front rank to cause some damage to the enemy. A unit of 24 Skeletons formed up four models wide and six ranks deep, with a Wight Champion and a Vampire Count in the front rank is a deadly opponent, perfectly capable of winning a round of combat against the toughest enemy. And if you can win the round of combat and you outnumber the opponent, then they will automatically break! Undead Horsemen, who are not all that effective on their own, can be transformed into an extremely powerful unit if they are led by one or two Undead characters mounted on Skeleton Steeds.

Undead Chariots and Carrion

These two units can win the game for an Undead army, but have to be used carefully because they are quite easy for an opponent to destroy. Undead chariots in particular are very susceptible to missile fire because it only takes one hit on the Skeleton Steeds pulling the chariot to render it next to useless. Because of this you should be very careful where you set the chariots up. If at all possible set them up behind cover, so that your opponent can't shoot at them. If this is not possible try to put other units between the chariots and the enemy.

Once the battle starts try to save the chariots up for a final, devastating charge to finish the enemy off. If you send the chariots ahead of the rest of the army early on they will almost invariably get destroyed before they can do anything. Sadly, in most battles your chariots will be taken out by enemy missile fire before you have a chance to use them – but when they do get to charge, they should win you the game!

Carrion are extremely useful for taking out enemy war machines and missile troops. Like the chariots they are vulnerable to enemy missile fire, so you should try to move them round the enemy's flanks or advance towards them under cover. Fortunately the Carrion's 24" flying move makes this fairly easy, and they can always fly up high and then dive down on the enemy if there is no approach route on the table itself.

Avoid the temptation to try and attack anything other than missile troops or war engines with Carrion, at least early on in the battle. The Carrion's low Weapon Skill, Strength and Toughness means they are quite easy to beat in hand-to-hand combat, so you need to pick on enemy troops that don't have rank bonuses, unit champions or standards if you want to be sure of winning.

Later in the game you can use the Carrion to launch flank attacks on enemy units that are already engaged to the front or, even better, to chase down enemy units that are fleeing. The Carrion's 24" charge move makes it very difficult for the fleeing unit to get away (they'll only move 2D6" or 3D6"), and if the Carrion catch them then the fleeing unit will be wiped out!

Magic

Of all the weapons in the Undead's arsenal, however, magic is the most important. The use of magic by or against an Undead army can easily win or lose the game for the Undead player. Offensively you must learn how to use the magic spells at your disposal to their best effect. Of the Necromantic spells

the four most important for the Undead Army are Vanhel's Danse Macabre, Summon Skeletons, Raise the Dead, and Summon Undead Horde. When selecting spells at the start of the battle you should do your best to make sure that you get Vanhel's Danse Macabre and at least one of the other three spells, even if this means that you have to throw away potentially very powerful spells in order to get them.

Vanhel's Danse Macabre is an important and very useful spell. It only costs 1 power to cast, and assuming it is held by a reasonably powerful Necromancer you should get the opportunity to cast it several times each turn. The spell allows you to get units into position to launch attacks, which is vital for an Undead army as most Undead units are painfully slow.

In addition, you can use the spell to push up the rate of fire of Undead missile troops, who need all the help they can get considering their low Bow Skill, or to get extra attacks out of Undead troops in hand-to-hand combat. On the whole, however, you will find that it is mostly used to get your troops into position to launch an attack, so that you can steal the initiative from your opponent. From this point of view it is most effective when used with Skeleton Horsemen with their large movement allowance, but it can be equally devastating if you use it to manoeuvre a large and powerful Skeleton infantry unit into a position where it can charge an enemy unit.

The three spells that allow you to create new Skeletons or Zombies are also very useful. You can use the spells early in the battle to add extra models to any small units, bumping up the number of ranks, and ensuring that they are large enough to outnumber any enemy units they are fighting. In addition the spells allow you to 'top up' Undead units that are engaged in combat, as I described with the Dwarf Trollslayers earlier. Potentially even more devastating is using the spells to create new units. Units raised in this way can be placed to threaten the flanks of enemy units, to attack enemy war machines, or to slow up and disrupt enemy attacks.

While the offensive use of magic is very important for an Undead army, you must also be ready to defend against magic spells and items used by your opponents. There are a number of nasty magic items which can make life very difficult for an Undead player, none more so than the Book of Ashur which will allow any opposing wizard to take High Magic spells, and thus get access to the dreaded Banishment spell (read the spell card up and you'll see why it is dreaded by Undead players!). Because you can never be sure before a battle what your opponent will take in the way of magic items, it is always a good idea to take two or (preferably) three Dispel Magic scrolls just to make sure that your army doesn't get blasted with this spell.

Conclusion

There are a number of other dirty tricks a cunning opponent can pull on you, but as I'm running out of space I'll leave you to find out about these for yourself! As I said earlier the Undead army is very powerful, but sometimes your opponent will come up with a nasty combination of magic items, spells and units, and you will lose very badly indeed. If this happens, don't get disheartened. With a bit of thought and careful study of army lists and the magic items in Battle Magic you should be able to come up with something to counter your opponent's army, and in no time your Undead army will be back in rattling good form. Good luck, and have fun!

UNDEAD ROSTER SHEET

DIETER HELSNICHT 750 points

Dieter is a special character and full rules can be found for him in the Special Characters section of the rulebook. Dieter carries three magic items: the Chaos Runesword (+1WS, +1S, +1A); the Staff of Flaming Death (special attack, see magic item card) which he always carries; and a Dispel Scroll (dispel one spell) which he has for this battle only. He is riding a Manticore.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dieter Helsenicht	4	7	7	5	4	4	6	5	10
Magical Bonuses		+1		+1				+1	
Manticore	6	6	0	7	7	5	4	4	8

UNDEAD BATTLE STANDARD 118 points

The army's battle standard is carried by a Wight. The Wight is riding a Skeleton Steed and is armed with heavy armour, shield and a Wight Blade (D3 wounds per hit). He is carrying the magic Doom Rider banner (Undead Horsemen hit automatically when charging).

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Battle Standard Bearer	4	3	0	3	4	3	3	1	8
Skeleton Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5

5 SKELETON HORSEMEN 120 points

Armed with shield, lance and hand weapons. This unit is normally led in battle by the army's Battle Standard Bearer.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skeleton Horseman	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5
Skeleton Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5

WIGHT LORD VRAX

THE DESPOILER 71 points

Vrax rides a Skeleton Steed and is armed with heavy armour, a shield and a Wight Blade (D3 wounds per hit).

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wight Lord	4	4	0	4	4	3	4	2	8
Skeleton Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5

5 SKELETON HORSEMEN 120 points

Armed with shield, lance and hand weapons. This unit is normally led into battle by Vrax the Despoiler.

Historical Note: In the actual battle it was this unit led by Vrax the Despoiler which was sent to delay the Kislevite reinforcements.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skeleton Horseman	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5
Skeleton Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5



WIGHT LORD BLACK HELM 69 points

Black Helm is armed with heavy armour, a shield and a Wight Blade (D3 wounds per hit).

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wight Lord	4	4	0	4	4	3	4	2	8

25 SKELETON WARRIORS 284 points

Armed with shield and hand weapons. The unit has a standard bearer who is carrying the Banner of Doom (-1 Ld on all enemy units within 6"). This unit is normally led in battle by Black Helm.

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

WIGHT LORD PRINCE UNGOR

THE DEPRAVED 69 points

Prince Ungor is armed with heavy armour, shield and a Wight Blade.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wight Lord	4	4	0	4	4	3	4	2	8

24 ZOMBIES 113 points

Armed with shield and hand weapons, and including a unit standard bearer. This unit is normally led in battle by Prince Ungor.

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

12 SKELETON CROSSBOWS 143 points

Armed with crossbows. Includes a standard bearer.

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

20 GHOULS 168 points

Armed with hand weapons. Includes a standard bearer.

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

2 CARRION 90 points

The riders are armed with hand weapons.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Carrion	4	3	0	3	3	2	4	3+	7

2 UNDEAD CHARIOTS 160 points

Each chariot has scythed wheels, and has a crew of 2 Skeleton warriors wearing light armour and carrying hand weapons. The chariots may be formed into a single unit at the start of the battle, or fight as two separate independent models.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skeleton Warriors	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5
Skeleton Steeds	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5
Undead Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	3	1	D6	-

2 SCREAMING SKULL CATAPULTS .. 148 points

Each catapult has a crew of 3 Skeleton warriors carrying hand weapons. Each catapult is treated as a separate unit for the battle.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skeleton Warriors	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5
Catapult	-	-	-	-	5	3	-	-	-

RANGE	STRENGTH	SAVE	WOUNDS PER HIT
48"	7	none	D3

EMPIRE ROSTER SHEET

THE NORDLAND CONTINGENT

EINRICH MOLTKE, ELECTOR

COUNT OF NORDLAND 170 points

Einrich is the Nordland contingent's General. He is wearing heavy armour and riding an armoured warhorse, and carries two magic items: a Runefang (wounds may not be saved against, inflicts 2 wounds on Undead) and the Black Amulet (4+ save vs any wounds, hand-to-hand wounds that are saved are inflicted on attacker).

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Elector Count	4	5	5	4	4	3	4	3	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

NORDLAND

BATTLE STANDARD 90 points

The Nordland Contingent's battle standard is carried by a Champion. He is wearing heavy armour and riding an armoured warhorse, and is armed with a sword.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Battle Standard Bearer	4	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

WIZARD CHAMPION 118 points

Armed with a hand weapon.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wizard Champion	4	3	3	4	4	2	4	1	7

5 PISTOLIERS 110 points

Wearing light armour and riding horse. Armed with two pistols and a sword.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pistoliers	8	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

20 HALBERDIERS 214 points

Armed with halberd and hand weapon and wearing light armour. This unit includes a standard bearer and a Champion equipped in the same manner as the rest of the unit.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Halberdier	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

12 CROSSBOWMEN 96 points

Armed with crossbow and hand weapon. The Crossbowmen may be split into two units of six models each and taken as detachments of the Halberdiers (see the Detachment rules in the Warhammer Armies Empire book).

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Crossbowmen	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

1 HELBLASTER VOLLEY GUN 100 points

The Helblaster has a crew of three men carrying hand weapons.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Catapult	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-

	RANGE	STRENGTH	HITS PER SHOT
Helblaster	0-12"	5	Artillery Dice
Helblaster	12"-24"	4	1/2 Artillery Dice

1 GREAT CANNON 100 points

The Great Cannon has a crew of three men carrying hand weapons.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Great Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-

	RANGE	STRENGTH	WOUNDS	SAVE
Great Cannon	60"	10	D6	none

THE KISLEV CONTINGENT

GRIGOR KYRIAKIN, KISLEV HERO ... 94 points

Grigor is wearing heavy armour and shield, and riding a warhorse. He is armed with a lance and carries the Blade of Ensorcelled Iron (+1 to hit in hand-to-hand combat).

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hero	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5



8 KISLEV WINGED LANCERS 225 points

Armed with lance and hand weapon. The Winged Lancers ride warhorses and wear light armour and shields. The unit includes a standard bearer, and is normally led in battle by Grigor Kyriakin.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Winged Lancer	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

8 KISLEV HORSE ARCHERS 80 points

Armed with bow and hand weapon, and carrying a shield.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Horse Archer	8	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

THE MIDDENLAND CONTINGENT

LOTHAR METTERNICH, ELECTOR

COUNT OF MIDDENLAND 150 points

Einrich is the Middenland contingent's General. He is wearing heavy armour and riding an armoured warhorse, and carries the Sword of Heroes (+3 Strength against Toughness 5+).

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Elector Count	4	5	5	4	4	3	4	3	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

MIDDENLAND

BATTLE STANDARD 140 points

The Middenland contingent's battle standard is carried by a Champion. He is wearing heavy armour and riding an armoured warhorse, and is armed with a sword. He is carrying the magic Dread Banner (causes fear).

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Battle Standard Bearer	4	4	4	4	4	1	4	2	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

AMETHYST WIZARD LORD 322 points

The Wizard Lord rides a horse (conferring a movement of 8), and is armed with a hand weapon. He carries the Chalice of Sorcery (draw 1 extra magic card, but lose 1 wound on a D6 roll of 6+).

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wizard Champion	4	3	3	4	4	2	4	1	7

8 KNIGHTS

OF THE WHITE WOLF 296 points

Armed with a double-handed hammer and hand weapon. The knights ride armoured warhorses and wear heavy armour. The unit includes a standard bearer, and is normally led in battle by the Elector Count and the army Battle Standard.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
White Wolf Knight	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5



20 HALBERDIERS 214 points

Armed with halberd and hand weapon and wearing light armour. This unit includes a standard bearer and a Champion equipped in the same manner as the rest of the unit.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Halberdier	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7



10 ARCHERS 80 points

Armed with longbow and hand weapon. The archers may be taken as a detachment of the Halberdiers (see the Warhammer Armies Empire book). Archers are permitted to skirmish as described in the rules for skirmishing in the Warhammer rulebook.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Archer	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

10 GREATSWORDS 115 points

Armed with double-handed sword, a hand weapon and wearing light armour. The unit includes a Champion equipped in the same manner as the rest of the unit. The Greatswords may be taken as a detachment of the Halberdiers (see the Warhammer Armies Empire book).

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Greatsword	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

1 WAR WAGON 150 points

The War Wagon has a crew of six men and is drawn by two armoured warhorses. Special rules for War Wagons are described in the Warhammer Armies Empire book.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
War Wagon	-	-	-	7	7	5	1	-	-
Warhorse	8	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	5

1 STEAM TANK 135 points

Rules for Steam Tanks are included in the Warhammer Armies Empire book. Note that certain special rules apply to the Steam Tank in this scenario (see the Scenario Special Rules).

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Steam Tank	-	3	3	7	10	5	-	1	10

Slowly Franz Beck crept through the darkness. Gently he eased open the gate of the graveyard. Night and mist reduced visibility to a spear's length ahead. The weather was perfect for his purposes. He doubted that his hooded lantern could be seen ten strides away.

The two great statues of Mórr, god of death, that flanked the gate, gazed unseeingly down on him. A sense of triumph filled Franz. Others would not dare come here. For many men a graveyard was not a place to be visited even in the noonday sun, let alone at night. Franz Beck was different. The dead did not frighten him. They fascinated him, and always had done, ever since he had seen the corpse of his first kitten being buried in his family's back garden.

For Franz, death was a fearsome force but it was one that could be mastered. Others tried to deny it but he knew. Before he had been expelled from the College of Wizards he had stolen a look at the forbidden library. He had seen the titles oft talked about among the students of Altdorf. He knew that the *Liber Mortis* and the Nine Books of Nagash were no mere legends. He knew they existed. Knowing they existed had meant that he had to know more.

The day of his expulsion from the College had started nearly two years of searching for Franz. He had haunted the book shops around the Reichmanstrasse and talked to the old men who dealt in all the forbidden works. At first he had been foolish and

trusting and far too open. One man had sold him an Arabic cookery book. It was only after six months of study of that difficult tongue that Franz had learned his mistake. Another had reported him to the witch hunters and only a desperate flight across the frosty rooftops had saved Franz from a summary lynching. He was fortunate indeed that the old bookseller was half blind, and that the witch hunter had never got a glimpse of his face, otherwise he would have been forced to leave town. One day he vowed, he would make both those dogs pay. They would learn the true meaning of terror before they died.

There were times when Franz had despaired of ever achieving the knowledge he so desperately sought. There had been times when the obstacles in his way had seemed too great to be overcome. Society abhorred necromancy: it stirred too many primordial fears. It brought into question too many things the priests wanted taken for granted. It made a mockery of the concept of an after-life. There were times when the forces the Empire had ranged against him seemed too strong to be overcome. But, in the end, he had overcome them all.

In the dusty corner of a tiny bookshop owned by an old and half senile magician, he had found the book he sought. The idiot had not even known the treasure he was parting with. It was one of the legendary grimoires of Heinrich Kemmler, the Lichemaster himself. Franz knew that it must have come from the Dark Tower's library, after the time when Kemmler had been overcome by the Cabal of Nine. He did not doubt that the tale of how the grimoire had come to be in the shop was an epic in and of itself. He did not doubt that it was a tale steeped in dark deeds and murder. The important thing though was that he had the book. He had overcome the obstacles that all of human society had placed in his way.

There were times when he admitted to himself that the obstacles were one of the reasons he wanted the knowledge. He longed for the thrill of knowing what others did not know. He liked the challenge that attaining the knowledge entailed. He wanted to be different, to have secret and forbidden power, but most of all he wanted the other things that necromancy promised.

He wanted the power of life and death. He wanted the power to inspire fear and terror in those who had mocked his ugliness. He wanted to be like those necromancers talked about in hushed voices in the long winter nights. He wanted to be like Heinrich Kemmler and Frederick van Hal and like Nagash. He wanted to live outside society, bound by no rules but his own. He wanted to be able to do as he pleased and sweep away those who sought to gainsay him. The idea of being hated did not disturb him; he had never been popular. The idea of being feared filled him with excitement.

He admitted that those others had made mistakes. Immortality had been in their grasp but they had



thrown it all away. They had let themselves be dragged down by the pack. He would not allow that to happen. He would find a quiet corner of some shunned place and reveal himself only when his undead legions were numerous enough to be invincible.

Of course, he was getting a little ahead of himself here. He had not actually managed to reanimate any corpses yet. That was the purpose of tonight's exercise. Tonight, he exulted, was perfect. He had bribed the watchman with a gold imperial and then looked on as the man had drunk himself into a stupor in the Black Raven tavern. And he had found out where a strong body lay. The young knight Boris Kryslar lay in state in his family's crypt. The man had died young after a hunting accident. His body was strong and healthy and would be perfect.



Before him the Kryslar tomb reared out of the mist. It was one of the vast and near palatial crypts favoured by the old families of Altdorf. Not for them a mere headstone among the riff-raff. Even in death they separated themselves from the common herd. Franz would have to thank them some day. He pried open the lock with his crowbar. He paused for a moment and listened to see if the noise had disturbed anyone. No-one came.

Slowly he made his way down the steps and into the crypt proper. The body lay in a long bier. Franz removed the lid and looked down on the man. The undertakers had done a good job. Franz reached out to touch his cold clammy skin. There was no pulse. He was definitely dead. He looked peaceful, as if he were sleeping rather than dead. Of course, thought Franz, to a necromancer death was but a strange sleep, and one from which the sleeper could be awoken if the summoner but knew the right words. And I do, exulted Franz. I know the incantation that will waken this sleeper.

Slowly he began to recite the words. They felt like honey on his tongue. He had longed to say them for so long, and now, finally he had the chance. Careful, he told himself. There must be no mistakes. Do not let overconfidence kill you. You have put your feet on the first steps on the stairway to immortality. Do not throw it all away.

He forced himself to breathe evenly at the end of every sentence. He emptied his mind and reached out for the Dark power. With every word it came closer to his grasp. He knew the sensation from his days as an apprentice at the College. His skin tingled with the Dark's icy touch. When he breathed little spines of ice jabbed his lungs. He felt dizzy and light-headed and had to force himself to keep going. This was the hardest part, he knew, controlling the magical energy, forcing it to do his will. But he knew he could do it. He knew no fear, and his will was indomitable. Soon the name of Franz Beck would be ranked alongside all those other necromancers. Perhaps it would even eclipse them.

An aura of darkness played round his hands now. Shadows flickered across his sight. He knew the power was his to command. Slowly, savouring every moment, he focussed it and directed it down into the body of the dead youth. The darkness touched the corpse, and crawled in through his nostrils like a black vapour being drawn into the lungs of breathing man.

One of Boris's eyelids twitched. He looked like a sleeper who feels a spider crawling across his face. Soon Boris, thought Franz, you will be first of my many slaves. You will be my favourite. You will have a special place in my affections. The corpse's eyes were open now. He stared up at the ceiling, seeing nothing. With an act of will, Franz made him move. As the knight sat upright Franz felt like a puppet master watching a puppet dangle at the end of its strings. He felt a supreme sense of confidence, of assurance, of being in control. It was everything he had ever dreamed it would be.

Slowly the corpse began to move. It dawned on Franz that this was not right. He had not willed it so. He repeated the incantation of control he had learned from Heinrich Kemmler's grimoire. The zombie paid the words no heed. Franz might as well have been reciting a laundry list. If anything the undead creature moved faster now, as it advanced towards him. Unable to believe that the incantation he had studied for so long was not working, Franz chanted it louder with even more arrogant self assurance. The corpse came on even faster.

This wasn't right, thought Franz desperately. It wasn't fair. He had studied so long and planned so hard. Perhaps there was some mistake in the grimoire. Perhaps it was transcribed incorrectly. He chanted even louder, unable to quite believe what was happening. The corpse stalked ever closer till its cold clammy hands rested on his throat.

The next day the hungover watchman led the Kryslar family down into the crypt for a last viewing of their beloved son. They were surprised to find a complete stranger in the bier. He was tall and ugly with a nasty blue bruise on his throat. Of their son there was nothing to be found. The next night though, the watchman disappeared.

UNDEAD BESTIARY

Many strange, unearthly things hide in the forests and mountains of the Old World, lurking among the long abandoned Elf watch-towers, stalking ancient ruins, and crawling through the subterranean caverns beneath the surface.

In the Old World it is all too easy for evil to hide. Many men fall prey to temptation, and the more powerful they are the more terrible the consequences. The secrets of life and death tempt many wizards into the dark and evil study of necromantic sorcery. These individuals soon abandon human society to conduct their foul magical experiments in solitude, raising the dead, questioning long departed spirits, and creating their own Undead servants.

Even if they do not begin as evil men Necromancers soon become corrupted. Some use their powers to give themselves centuries of extra life, though they gradually lose their physical form and become more and more corpse-like as the years pass. Others discover how to raise themselves after death so that they can live again as Liche Lords. Some masters of dark magic are not human at all, though they may live in the guise of men for years, but are Vampires, half human and half daemon – Lords of the Undead.



An Undead army is a horrific thing to behold – hordes of dead walking resolutely forward, bones rattling, dry flesh creaking, corroded wargear scraping and clanking. The smell of death hangs over the army like a cloud of contagion, the air is full of grave dust and the resinous smell of mummified flesh. Spirits prowl like shadows amongst the ranks: powerful Wraiths, insubstantial Ghosts, and Wights plucked from their stony tombs. The skies darken with the tattered wings of Carrion and the earth shakes under the relentless tread of Skeleton warriors, Zombies, Mummies and other repulsive Undead creatures.

The leader and creator of an Undead army will be a potent magician, a living Necromancer perhaps, or an Undead Liche, or even one of those powerful Lords of the Undead: a Vampire. This leader is the lynchpin of all the magic power that holds the army together, the force that drives

every Undead creature forward. Every Undead warrior is bound to his will in some way and without his power the whole army will crumble to dust or scatter to the four corners of the world.

All men dread the evil forces of the Undead. In battle they are very difficult to destroy because they stand firm until the last of their number is cut down. This stern resoluteness is extremely unnerving for mortal troops. Many of the Undead are poor fighters with little co-ordination or skill, but there are some extremely dangerous creatures indeed amongst them. Most deadly of all is the army's leader, the evil wizard at its core.

SPECIAL RULES

The Undead army is utterly unlike a mortal force. It is wholly dependent upon its leader – the Necromancer, Liche or Vampire whose will binds it together. If the army leader is destroyed then the whole army may be defeated – Skeletons will crumble into dust, spirits dissolve into the ether, and Ghosts scatter to their secret hiding places.

If the army General is killed all the Undead units are immediately destroyed and removed from play. The units are lost permanently, they do not come back to life if the army General reappears.

Undead characters such as Necromancers, Vampires, Liches and Undead Champions are not affected by this rule: their will is strong enough to keep them alive even without the aid of the army's leader. In addition, any unit that is led by an Undead character also has a chance of surviving. Make a Leadership test against the Leadership value of the character. If this test is passed then the Undead unit remains in play, sustained by the willpower of the character. If the test is failed then the unit is destroyed as normal, though the Undead character will remain in play. If the unit survives then the character must remain with it for the rest of the battle; if he leaves or is killed then the unit is destroyed unless there is another Undead character with the unit and he manages to pass a Leadership test in order to sustain the unit.

NO MARCH MOVES

No Undead troops other than Necromancers, Vampires and Ghouls can ever make a march move. They move forward in a slow, shambling manner, driven by the will of their master. Undead troops lack the co-ordination to march in ranks in the normal manner, which makes them less mobile than normal warriors. They might be imagined shambling forward in an unstoppable horde, a relentless mass that is inevitably slow to change its purpose. For the same reason, Undead troops other than Necromancers, Vampires and Ghouls may not stand and fire or flee if they are charged. All they can do is stand to receive the attack as their reactions are simply too slow to allow them to do anything else.

NECROMANCER



The Necromancer is an evil wizard with powers over the world of the dead and even over the dead themselves. His magic enables him to extend his own life for centuries and to raise corpses from the ground to create Skeleton and Zombie legions.

Necromancers are extremely dangerous individuals. They are able to steal the vigour of living creatures to make themselves stronger and tougher, and they have many magical powers that they use to destroy and confound their enemies.

Necromancers are wizards with unique powers which enable them to lead armies of Undead to battle. They are all individuals with their own strengths and weaknesses. The following table shows four typical Necromancer profiles, each better than the next, providing a broad range of Necromantic wizards to choose from.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
NECROMANCER	4	4	4	4	3	1	3	2	8
NECROMANCER CHAMPION	4	5	5	4	3	2	4	3	9
MASTER NECROMANCER	4	6	6	5	4	3	5	4	9
NECROMANCER LORD	4	7	7	5	4	4	6	5	10

LICHE

Some wizards are powerful enough to defy death itself and return to the world of the living as an evil-hearted Liche. A Liche is an Undead Necromancer. Although his flesh may be shrivelled and his bones cracked and ancient, he is still immensely powerful. In fact he is probably more powerful than he ever was when alive, with the added powers of the Undead as well as his ability to cast spells.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
LICHE	4	7	7	5	4	4	6	5	10



SPECIAL RULES

FEAR

A Liche is a corpse-like creature which causes *fear*. Liches are covered by the psychology rules for fear as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

A Liche is not affected by psychology. He is immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.



VAMPIRES

It is centuries since the Vampire Counts of Sylvania waged war upon the Empire, when hordes of Zombies poured through the streets of Waldenhof and Skeleton legions plagued the lands between Wurtbad and Bechafen on the Northern Marches. In the terrible and bloody battle of Hel Fenn the last Vampire Count of Sylvania, Mannfred von Carstein, was slain by the combined forces of the Elector Counts of Stirland and Ostermark, but his body was never found and Vampires have a habit of resting uneasily in their graves.

While Vampire blood may have been eradicated from the ruling houses of the Counts of the Empire, there can be no doubt that they are far from extinct. Who knows how many eccentric and solitary men still carry the curse in their veins, or how many Vampires hide in haunted castles in the dark woods of Sylvania.

Vampires are human in appearance, but their blood is tainted with supernatural energy. They need to feed upon the blood of living creatures to sustain themselves, and so must emerge to find victims or else wither away to nothing.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
VAMPIRE COUNT	6	7	5	7	6	3	8	3	9
VAMPIRE LORD	6	8	6	7	6	4	9	4	10

SPECIAL RULES

TRANSFIXING GLARE

Vampires are able to *transfix* their victims with their glowing eyes. At the start of a hand-to-hand combat round the Vampire may attempt to *transfix* any model he is fighting. The model must make a successful Leadership test to avoid the Vampire's glare. This is a 2D6 test, exactly like a psychology test. If this is failed the model is *transfixed*. A transfixed model is unable to fight that turn and any blows struck against it by the Vampire will hit automatically.

SKELETON WARRIORS

The battlefields of the Old World are strewn with the graves of countless brave warriors who have fallen in combat and been consigned to a hasty resting place, or simply left upon the ground amidst the carnage. Even in death there is no peace for fallen warriors, for they can be summoned back to action by dark sorcery. All the Skeletons can recall of mortal life are faint memories of battles fought long ago. They feel the compulsion to fight, to march, to wage war, and obey the commands of their master as they did when they were alive. The power of Dark Magic binds their bones together and gives strength to their grip.

Skeleton warriors carry rusty weapons, axes and swords, spears with splintered shafts and other ancient wargear. A few tattered rags may still cling to their old bones, or they may still be encased in battered armour covered with filth and corrosion.

FEAR

Skeletons are unnatural creatures which cause *fear* in others. Skeletons are covered by the psychology rules for fear as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

Skeletons are not affected by psychology themselves. They are immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.

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

SPECIAL RULES

COMBAT

Skeletons cannot be broken in hand-to-hand combat, and need never take a Break test if beaten in combat. When they are beaten in hand-to-hand combat the magical link between them and their master is weakened and, as a result, some of the Skeletons collapse and are destroyed. For every point by which they have lost the combat one extra Skeleton is removed. This means that Skeleton units will quickly dissolve away if they are beaten, although they can never be broken as such.



SKELETON STEEDS

It is not just the foot soldiers of long dead armies who are plucked from their graves to fight for their necromantic masters. Fleshless horses carry bony riders to battle once more, with loose and dangling harness, dull brass fittings and rotted saddles. Even though their substance has long since vanished, these creatures are animated by a ferocious will. Their hooves are hard and their teeth as sharp as ever, and many a foe is crushed or kicked by a bony limb or gripped between mouldered teeth.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
SKELETON STEED	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5



SPECIAL RULES

MOVE

Skeleton Steeds can disincorporate to move through walls or other solid objects, becoming momentarily ethereal as they ride straight through solid objects. This enables Skeleton Steeds and their riders to move over difficult terrain or obstacles without penalty.



MUMMIES

Mummies come from the ancient tombs of Araby, the desert lands far to the south of the Old World. They are plucked from their tombs and sold by merchants to the curious, commanding an extremely high price. The ancient people of that land were a race of warriors and magicians, but their chief preoccupations were death and necromancy. All that remains of them today are the ruins of their temples, their tombs and their Mummies.



Mummies are protected by powerful magics to preserve them and to cheat death itself. Because of this Mummies are of great interest to Wizards and Necromancers. It is thought that Mummies can be made to reveal their secrets, although this is far more difficult than might be imagined, not the least because they speak an unfathomable tongue of which only a few words are understood. Using Dark Magic these ancient dead can be made to speak and even to walk and move after a fashion. They are held in thrall by the magician who brought them back to life, bound to his service until destroyed.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
MUMMY	3	3	0	4	5	4	3	2	8
MUMMY TOMB KING	3	4	0	5	5	4	4	3	9

SPECIAL RULES

FEAR

Mummies are supernatural and disturbing monsters which cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

Mummies are not affected by psychology themselves – they are immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.

FIRE

Mummies are dry as tinder and many of the chemicals with which they are embalmed are highly flammable. Any Mummy hit by a flaming weapon or fiery magic spell will take double wounds, so for every wound scored the Mummy sustains 2 wounds.

GHOULS

Ghouls are the descendants of insane and evil hearted cannibals – men who ate the flesh of the dead. They were driven mad by this tainted meat, and over the years their children have degenerated into a race that is no longer human. They live in places of the dead, feeding on corpses and sometimes attacking and consuming lone travellers or vulnerable groups.



Ghouls are stooping, ugly creatures with only a vestigial sense of reason. Their skin is dark and filthy, their eyes bestial and insane, and their snarling lips reveal sharp-pointed teeth and slaverling mouths. They dress only in the rags they pull from their victims and carry weapons they have picked up. Many carry long bones which they wield as primitive clubs. They do not need weapons, however, as their teeth and long claws are sufficient for their needs. Ghouls are tough but cowardly creatures, and will flee if their victims put up much of a fight, preferring to scavenge amongst the battle-dead rather than overcome living foes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
GHOUL	4	2	0	3	4	1	3	2	5

SPECIAL RULES

FEAR

Ghouls are foul, unnatural and repulsive creatures which cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

COMBAT

If beaten in combat Ghouls will always flee. There is no need to take a Break test as they are assumed to have failed.

PURSUIT

If they succeed in beating their enemy and forcing the foe to break and flee, Ghouls do not pursue but will stop to feed on the corpses. They will do nothing until they stop feeding. They will stop feeding if an enemy charges them, in which case they will fight normally. They will also stop feeding if there are enemy within 12" at the start of their turn and the player rolls a 4 or more on a D6. If there are no enemy within 12" the Ghouls will continue to feed indefinitely.

ZOMBIES

Zombies are fresh corpses brought back to life by foul necromancy. Being more recently dead than Skeletons they retain more of their intellect and are more like living humans, although they are totally under the will of the Necromancer whose conjurations created them. Although rejuvenated by magic they continue to decay. Their flesh is rank and hangs in strips from their bodies, and their clothes are tattered and caked with blood.

Like Skeletons, Zombies are animated by magic, and this link can be broken as they fight, making them vulnerable to weapons in the same way as living men. They are horrible creations and extremely difficult to fight, though troops who stand their ground can beat them off if they keep their nerve.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
ZOMBIE	4	2	0	3	3	1	1	1	5

SPECIAL RULES

FEAR

Zombies are disgusting unnatural creatures that cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

Zombies are not affected by psychology. They are immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.

BREAK

Units of Zombies that fail a Break test in hand-to-hand combat are destroyed immediately. The magical link that keeps them animated is destroyed and they collapse lifelessly to the floor.

CARRION

In ages past gigantic birds of prey lived amongst the high peaks of the Worlds Edge Mountains. When the Gods of Chaos first unleashed their daemonic hordes upon the world a great burst of magical energy swept from the northlands. In the far south the earth shuddered, in the middle lands of the Empire buildings tumbled, but in the north living creatures were struck blind, overcome by madness, or driven to their own destruction.

The birds of prey of the Worlds Edge Mountains were destroyed, but they were not killed in the normal sense. Their bodies were so saturated with magic that they lived on as Undeade creatures, half way between one world and the next, doomed to fly forever over the barren peaks. These are the Carrion, and their ghostly riders are the spirits of the creatures' many victims.

Every time a Carrion slays another creature its attendant spirit grows in power. The Carrion's body is decayed and bloated with death. It flies with slow, sorrowful strokes of its tattered and leathery wings.

SPECIAL RULES

GHOST RIDER

The Carrion's rider is a spirit that feeds upon death. It can attack once for every wound scored by the Carrion.

Work out the Carrion's attacks first, then work out the Ghost Rider's attacks. The Ghost Rider has 1 attack for each wound caused by the Carrion, at the same Strength value and with other details as the Carrion. This means that the Carrion and its rider can potentially attack up to six times.

FEAR

Carrion are hideous supernatural creatures and therefore cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

FLY

Carrion can *fly* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

Carrion are not affected by psychology themselves – they are immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.



COMBAT

Carrion cannot be broken in hand-to-hand combat, and need never take a Break test if beaten in combat. Instead, when they are beaten in hand-to-hand combat the magical link between them and their master is weakened and, as a result, they sustain further damage. For every point by which they have lost the combat the Carrion unit sustains an extra wound, which may be enough to destroy one or more Carrion.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
CARRION	4	3	0	3	3	2	4	3+	7

GHOSTS

Ghosts are ethereal creatures or spirits, the shades of dead men returned to haunt the land of the living. Few men have the power to command Ghosts, but there are dark magics which can bind these creatures to the will of a powerful magician. Ghosts are insubstantial and often semi-transparent, glowing pale white with magical energy. They are silent creatures but no less frightening for being so.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
GHOST	4	2	0	3	3	3	3	1	5

SPECIAL RULES

FEAR

Ghosts are supernatural creatures which cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

Ghosts are not affected by psychology themselves. They are immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.

COMBAT RESULTS

If they are beaten in combat, fail their Break test and are forced to flee then Ghosts are immediately destroyed. If they win the combat then their defeated enemy may flee automatically (as troops defeated by creatures which cause fear are automatically broken if outnumbered).

Otherwise, a unit fighting Ghosts must take a Break test at the end of every turn of hand-to-hand combat, and will flee if this is failed. This means it is possible for a unit to win the combat, but still end up fleeing if the Ghosts are not destroyed.

ETHEREAL

Ghosts are insubstantial creatures whose bodies are *ethereal*. They can move through solid objects and therefore suffer no penalties for moving over difficult terrain or obstacles. They can move through buildings just as easily, but they cannot move through living creatures.

COMBAT

Ghosts cannot be harmed in combat except by attacks from magic weapons or daemons. They are also affected by magic spells. They can still be beaten in hand-to-hand fighting because combat results are not wholly dependent upon casualties.

WIGHTS

In ages past the men of the Old World buried their dead beneath mounds of earth or stone, together with their battle gear and worldly wealth. Powerful spells were cast over them to protect their hoard, and potent enchantments were placed over the dead so that they could keep vigil over their resting place.

Those buried in this way were not all good men – many were rotten-hearted lords enmeshed by evil magic and worldly greed. It is their restless corpses which still haunt the abandoned grave mounds, and it is the cold chill of their evil that causes living creatures to shun these places.

Although their bodies have decayed leaving only bones and tattered flesh, Wights are held together by evil magic so strong that it has endured for centuries. They wear ancient battle gear of bronze and black iron, corroded by time and dusty with the years. They carry bright Wight Blades of bronze or steel, weapons inlaid with evil runes and glistening with gold and silver. Their shrivelled and horrific bodies are adorned with golden amulets and rings, precious metals and rare gem stones.

Powerful spells bind Wights to their tombs, but these spells can be broken by evil Necromancers who can compel the inhabitants to fight on their behalf.

SPECIAL RULES

FEAR

Wights are evil and unnatural creatures which cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

Wights are not affected by psychology themselves. They are immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.

BREAK

Wights who are beaten in combat and fail their Break test are destroyed. The magical hold that their master has over them is destroyed and they crumble to dust.

WIGHT BLADES

Wights are armed with ancient enchanted swords, or other evilly enchanted weapons. These are magic weapons and any blow from a Wight's sword will drain the life away from its victim, causing not 1 wound on the individual but D3 (roll a D6: 1-2 = 1, 3-4 = 2, 5-6 = 3).

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
WIGHTS	4	3	0	3	4	3	3	1	8
WIGHT LORD	4	4	0	4	4	3	4	2	9



WRAITHS

Those who practise Dark Magic face many terrible dangers. Some try to extend their lives for decades or even centuries beyond their natural span. Sometimes they succeed, and the individual retains his physical body and mental powers, but more often the result is far more horrible than death itself. Continual use of Dark Magic drains the soul and withers the body, until only an insubstantial husk remains, deprived of its substance and driven by a mind twisted by its most hideous fears.

Such miserable creatures are called Wraiths. Once they were great men, wizards of considerable power, Necromancers with legions of Undead at their command, but now they are just shadows held between life and death by their own bitterness. Their cloaks give them substance, but nothing remains of their physical bodies. Two glowing red eyes glint from beneath their cowls, glimmering with malign knowledge. They are dangerous because their chill touch drains life from living creatures, sucking out the warmth and spirit, driving their victims wild with terror.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
WRAITH	4	3	0	3	4	3	3	2	5

SPECIAL RULES

TERROR

Wraiths are supernatural evil creatures of great power. They cause *terror* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

ETHEREAL

Wraiths are insubstantial creatures whose bodies are *ethereal*. They can move through solid objects and therefore suffer no penalties for moving over difficult terrain or obstacles. They can move through buildings just as easily, but they cannot move through living creatures.



IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

Wraiths are not affected by psychology themselves. They are immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.

COMBAT

Wraiths are insubstantial creatures and so cannot be harmed in combat except by attacks from magical weapons or daemons. They are affected by magic spells. They can still be beaten in hand-to-hand fighting because combat results are not wholly dependent upon casualties.



CHILL ATTACK

The touch of a Wraith drains life from living creatures. Most creatures are drained in a single attack and are slain, but creatures with several wounds will be harder to drain. If a victim takes a wound from a Wraith then it must subtract -1 from all its combat dice rolls to hit. If the victim takes 2 wounds then it subtracts -2 from its dice rolls, 3 wounds -3 and so on. Obviously, if the victim has only 1 wound then it will be killed outright, so this rule only affects creatures with several wounds.

COMBAT RESULTS

If they are beaten in combat, fail their Break test and are forced to flee then Wraiths are immediately destroyed. If they win the combat then their enemy may flee (as troops beaten by creatures which cause fear or terror are automatically broken if outnumbered). Otherwise a unit fighting Wraiths must take a Break test at the end of every turn of hand-to-hand combat, and it will flee if this is failed. This means it is possible for a unit to win the combat, but still end up fleeing if the Wraiths are not destroyed.



ZOMBIE DRAGON

North of the Kingdom of the Dead, and east of the Worlds Edge Mountains, lies the Plain of Bones. This land is a desert of multi-coloured refractive sand from which huge rib-cages emerge. For this is the place where dragons came to die, to rest their bones among those of their ancestors as they had done for millions of years, before any other sentient being walked the surface of the Known World.

Since the time before the first great Chaos incursion, dragons flew to this parched land when they knew their time of dying was upon them. At the end of their last flight they would lie where they fell. No-one knows what instinct drew them here, but over the long millennia literally tens of thousands came here in their last hours. This continued until the time of the first great Chaos incursion when dark power seeped into the land and malignant evil entered the corpses of the dragons. Soon the frames of the dead dragons stirred once more, their eyes bright with unnatural light, their bones peeking through their parchment skins.

These fell creatures still prowl the Plain of Bones, evil and near mindless and driven by terrible unnatural hungers. Practitioners of the necromantic arts who are willing to brave the terrors of the Plain of Bones may attempt to bind these great creatures to their will. Most fail and their bones join those of the millions of others that litter the plains, but the few that succeed gain a monstrous Undead ally who will fight tirelessly at their side.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
ZOMBIE DRAGON	4	4	0	7	6	7	3	6	8



SPECIAL RULES

CLOUD OF FLIES

Zombie Dragons are surrounded by a black cloud of flies. When the dragon is fighting these evil buzzing creatures fly into the eyes and mouths of any opponents, clogging their ears and crawling up their nostrils. This terrible distraction means that any enemy fighting a Zombie Dragon must deduct -1 from their to hit rolls in hand-to-hand combat.



COMBAT RESULTS

If a Zombie Dragon is beaten in combat, fails its Break test and is forced to flee, then it is immediately destroyed. The magical hold that its master has over it is broken and it crumbles back into a lifeless pile of bones.

FLY

Zombie Dragons have tattered but still functional wings and can fly as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

Zombie Dragons are not affected by psychology themselves. They are immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.

PESTILENTIAL BREATH

Zombie Dragons can expel a deadly pestilential black vapour from their jaws. Flesh touched by the vapour blackens and shrivels, causing an agonising death. Use the special teardrop-shaped template from Warhammer to represent the area covered by the Zombie Dragon's breath attack. Place it with the broad end over the target and the narrow end at the dragon's mouth. Any model lying under the template area suffers 1 wound on a D6 score of 4 or more. No armour save is allowed except for magic armour.

SCALY SKIN

Zombie Dragons still have the remains of extremely hard scales which act like armour, protecting them from attacks. A Zombie Dragon has an armour saving throw of 5 or 6 on a D6.

TERROR

Zombie Dragons are huge and frightening monsters that cause *terror* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer rulebook. Remember that creatures which cause terror also cause *fear*.

I really don't like the look of this place," whined Felix Jaeger, surveying his surroundings warily. He cast a glance towards the distant gateway just to make sure that the portcullis had not come crashing down. The whole place reminded him of a set from one of Detlef Sierck's horror plays. No, the young scholar corrected himself, this castle was probably the *prototype* for all of those settings.

Evil gargoyles leered from every corner of the ancient building. Tall chill towers loomed overhead. As the blood-red Sylvanian sun sank behind the massive walls an aura of fear settled over the place. The smell of mould and rot filled the air. Blood and evil seemed to have seeped into every crumbling stone of the lichen-crusted walls. Felix started as a huge rat scuttled across the courtyard and disappeared into the ruins of the ancient stables.

"Small ponies they have here," muttered his companion, running a massive fist through his enormous crest of dyed red hair. Felix turned and looked down at the Dwarf. He was glad Gotrek was there. Although a full head shorter than Felix, he was nearly twice as heavy and all that weight was muscle. The sight of the monstrous axe the Dwarf held so casually in one hand was even more reassuring.

"It was a rat, Gotrek. A rat. I hate rats," said Felix, throwing his tattered red cloak back over his shoulder to leave his sword arm free. It was true. He did hate rats. He had hated the pestilential things ever since his encounter with the Skaven in the sewers below Nuln.

"It was a joke, manling," muttered the Trollslayer, surveying the grim remains of the keep with his one good eye. Felix looked around nervously. Perhaps the Dwarf could make jokes here but he could not. He was scared. All his life he had heard tales of the von Carsteins, the infamous Vampire Counts of Sylvania, and now he was standing amid the ruins of their ancestral home.

How did I ever get here, he asked himself? Why did that damned innkeeper have to mention the rumours that a necromancer was laired up here to Gotrek. Why did the Trollslayer feel it was incumbent on the two of them to investigate? He felt like telling the Dwarf that he could take a death wish too far. He knew the Slayer had sworn a mighty oath to seek death in battle but it was all too possible that against a necromancer he would not find mere death but an eternity of ghastly servitude as an animated corpse. Just the thought of it made Felix want to flee screaming from the keep.

"What was that noise, manling?"

"Probably my teeth chattering."

"I'm serious!" Felix looked warily at the Dwarf. He knew the Dwarf's ears were keener than his. If Gotrek said he'd heard something then something was there.

"Probably the rats," suggested Felix without much hope.

"Bloody big rats," muttered the Dwarf. Felix wished he had not mentioned the word bloody so loudly. It brought to mind the infamous thirst for human blood

that the Vampire Counts were said to have suffered from.

"Look," said Gotrek, "a trail!"

Felix followed the Dwarf's stubby pointing finger. He could see that there were indeed tracks in the mud of the courtyard. It looked as if something heavy had been dragged across the ground here. They backtracked to the point of origin and found a huge black coach like those used by undertakers back in Felix's home city of Altdorf. Nowhere was there a sign of any horses.

"Must be the coach the villagers were talking about," grunted Gotrek.

"Surely not," said Felix with nervous irony.

"I think we'd better look inside the keep."

"Oh good," said Felix, with no enthusiasm whatsoever.

Inside the keep all was quiet. They stood in the great hall and surveyed their surroundings. Mouldering hangings covered the chill walls. From over a huge empty fireplace an enormous portrait of a tall and elegantly clad man, garbed in finery centuries out of fashion, glared down at them. Felix walked over to the fireplace and rubbed the dust from the brass plate at the bottom of the picture. It read: Mannfred von Carstein, Count of all Sylvania.

Felix looked up at the picture. The count was a handsome man but there was something feral and predatory about his features. His skin was pale and the painter had tinted his eyes with just the hint of red. On his fingers was a great ring with a ruby set among black bat wings.

"Mannfred von Carstein," said Felix.

"My father fought against him at Hel Fenn," said Gotrek.

"Your father?" spluttered Felix. "But Hel Fenn was nearly three hundred years ago..."

"So?"

Felix shrugged. Dwarfs were long-lived and their concept of time was not the same as men's.

"Aye," said Gotrek. "Often he would tell us of that dreadful day when the sun hid its face from the slaughter and the armies of Dwarf and man pitted themselves against the Lords of Undeath."

The Dwarf looked lost in thought. His coarse and brutal features relaxed into an expression that was almost gentle. His enormous axe was held negligently in one hand. When he spoke he seemed to be remembering another's words and recounting them word for word from memory.

"It was an overcast day. The sky was black with storm clouds. The sun's light was dim and watery. In the gathering gloom a great host of yellow-boned skeletons grinned and champed their teeth, and brandished their notched and rusty weapons. Zombies marched forward in rotting ranks – balefires glowing in their putrefying eyeballs. Their flesh was blotched with rot. Great

patches of skin had peeled away and flapped in the breeze revealing hearts that did not beat, and veins through which no blood flowed. Overhead, ghastly birds flapped like daemon ravens descending on the battlefields of hell. In the centre of the host were the last of the Vampire aristocrats, their skin white and smooth as porcelain. Their eyes were red with unnatural thirst."

"It was a long fight and a hard one that day. For the men were filled with fear at the sight of the walking dead, and the horses of their cavalry panicked at the ghastly smell of the advancing enemies. As the two forces clashed only the Dwarfs held their ground and it seemed that they might be overwhelmed by the sea of undead foes. Then the Elector Count of Stirland rallied his force and returned to face the Vampire Count. In the centre of the field they clashed and for a while it seemed that Mannfred might prevail but the Elector's Runefang bit deep and the Vampire turned and fled, to be lost on the edge of Hel Fenn. The body was never found."

Gotrek shook himself from his reverie. "Often I have wished for a chance to measure myself against the Princes of the Undead, as my father did," said Gotrek.

Personally Felix hoped that he would never get the chance.

They pushed on down the stairwell towards the dungeons. From up ahead they heard the sound of chanting in some foreign tongue. After a moment Felix recognised the harsh and guttural cadences of Arabic, although the intonation was much different from that used by the merchants who had once visited his father's warehouses. Only one word was familiar from the whole long litany. It was a name his parents had used to frighten him into silence when he was a child. It was the name of the infamous Liche Lord Nagash.

Gotrek too must have understood the significance, for he flinched then smiled broadly, revealing his missing teeth. He ran his thumb along the edge of his axe blade until a bead of bright red blood appeared. Under the circumstances the sight of it made Felix shudder. He hoped there was nothing nearby that might be drawn to the sight of it.

The voice chanting the incantation was high-pitched and cracked and made Felix think of the mad beggars he had often seen ranting on the cobbled streets of Altdorf. The ones who always claimed that the end of the world was coming and that it was time to repent.

They pushed on into the crypts and the chanting slowly stopped, dying away into an ominous eerie silence. Felix could almost feel the currents of Dark Magic in the air. It was like having icy fingers scrape his skin.

Now the voice had started to speak again. "Soon, master, soon," it shrieked. "Soon you will return to spread fear and reverence among the citizens of the Empire. Soon the cattle who call themselves men will grovel in the dust before thee. Soon all will know that you walk the woods of Sylvania once more."

The tone of the voice changed once more. "They said I was mad, you know. They said it could never be done. For years I trawled my nets through the murk of Hel Fenn. Everyone said it couldn't be done, that it shouldn't be done, but I succeeded. I found HIS body. I will prove them wrong girl. With your virgin blood I will bring Mannfred von Carstein back to unlife and all will tremble at my genius. I, Hermann Schtillman, will have performed the mightiest act of necromancy of the age."

"Please, let me go," a girl's voice said. "I promise I won't tell anyone."

"True. You most certainly won't. You will, unfortunately, be dead."

Gotrek growled with barely suppressed fury. Felix's hand found his sword hilt. The sound of the girl's tears drove back his forebodings. He looked at the Dwarf. Gotrek nodded. Weapons ready they charged into the room. When Felix saw what was waiting he wished they hadn't.

The crypt was huge. A shivering girl was chained against one clammy wall. Her lithe form was a stark contrast to that of the skeletons who dangled from the chains about her. Before her stood a tall, thin man with a shaven head and vulpine features. In one hand he clutched a black-bladed knife with a small brass skull at its pommel. This he wiped against the breast of his none-too-clean black robe. On the floor in front of him was a pile of mouldering bones to which clung the hardened remains of mud and traces of swamp reed. All this was ominous enough but it was what stood around the edges of the chamber the grabbed Felix's attention and made him freeze with fear.

Ten huge grey corpses stood there, each clutching an enormous rusting weapon. As Felix and Gotrek entered their eyes opened and luminous witchfires gazed out. Teeth were visible through their ragged cheeks and bones protruded from their flaking skin. The stench of corruption and decay was near overwhelming.

"Stop!" shrieked the necromancer. Gotrek paid him no heed. With surprising speed for one so short and muscular, he bounded across the room, axe held high. The zombies shuffled forward to intercept him like obscene puppets in a hellish play. Gotrek's axe flickered and one giant fell, decapitated. Then the axe struck again and sheared away the right arm of another. A third stroke crunched through rotten ribs as if they were matchwood. A fourth blow narrowly missed and smashed into the stone floor of the crypt sending blue sparks flying into the air. Red runes blazed along the blade of Gotrek's axe, as if in response to the presence of evil magic.

Felix forced himself forward into the fray and found himself face to face with a mighty shuffling zombie. The sight of worms burrowing through its rotting eyes and the sound of the air wheezing through the thing's decomposing chest combined with its charnel reek to make him feel physically sick. He barely managed to raise his blade in time to parry its sweeping blow. He

could hardly bring himself to strike out. His blade burrowed deep into the clammy flesh and his second stroke chopped off a slimy hand. Droplets of pus that once might have been blood splashed his face. It took all his willpower to keep his mind concentrated on his foes and not to stop and wipe his face.

The necromancer recovered from his surprise and began to chant aloud. Cold fear played up and down Felix's spine as a nimbus of dark power crackled round Schtillman's head and hands and then lashed out to touch the skeletons on the wall. The girl screamed as lights flickered on in the gaping skulls' sockets. The chains fell away from the skeletons' limbs as they pulled themselves upright and leapt into battle.

If Gotrek was disturbed by this he gave no sign. He kept chopping away at everything within reach. The axe flashed out, describing a great figure of eight and four zombies fell, cut to pieces by the thunderous power of his blows. Foam dripped from the Slayer's lips, his beard bristled and he howled with the insane lust for battle. Recovering slightly from his fear Felix lashed out with his own blade, taking out another zombie.

His stomach lurched as he slipped on a puddle of pus on the slimy floor. He fell on his back, barely managing to keep his head from striking the stone floor. His heart raced as he saw two more animated corpses lumber towards him, weapons held high. Sticky filth covered his hand as he rolled to one side, barely dodging in time, as blows that would have reduced him to bloody pulp almost connected. The necromancer continued to chant and more and more skeletons threw off their chains and staggered forward, pausing only to pick up their fallen comrades' weapons.

Gotrek's roars mingled with the girl's screams and the magician's chanting. The noise echoed round the crypt threatening to deafen Felix. He forced himself to concentrate and continue to fight.

Gotrek laughed and gibbered and threw himself forward towards the horrified magician. Two skeletons tried to grab him as if at some unspoken command. The Trollslayer's cable-like sinews swelled as he threw them off and brought his axe down in an irresistible arc, nearly cleaving the evil sorcerer in two with the force of his blow.

Instantly the zombies dropped to the floor like men pole-axed. The skeletons disintegrated in a clattering shower of bones. Gratefully Felix pulled himself to his feet. Gotrek stomped over to the girl. His axe flashed twice and her chains fell to the floor, severed cleanly by two blows. Felix moved forward and barely managed to catch the girl as she toppled floorward. The way he felt he wished there was someone to catch him. Then he felt the girl stiffen against him and let out a little gasp.

"Look," she whispered. "Sigmar save us."

Felix turned to see what she was looking at. At first he saw nothing but then the awful details of what was happening became clear.

A trickle of bright red blood flowed from the necromancer's mangled body. It touched the pile of

bones in the centre of the floor. As it did so the blood bubbled and evaporated into a fine red steam. A cloud of the stuff swiftly spread to cover the bones. Through a red haze Felix watched what happened next.

First all the dirt and mud and reeds evaporated from the bones leaving the skeleton gleaming white. Felix noticed that its skull had two very long and pronounced canine teeth. Next, layers of muscle and sinew congealed out of the mist and wrapped themselves round the bones. Veins burrowed their way through the clay-like flesh. Red eyeballs sprouted in the sockets of the skull. Great cables of sinew writhed like snakes as they formed.

The three stood transfixed as they watched this bizarre resurrection. Not even Gotrek seemed capable of movement. He watched in fascination as white flesh enveloped the man-like form and glossy black hair erupted from its scalp. It dawned on Felix's shocked brain that what he had just witnessed was like watching the decomposition of a corpse only at great speed and in reverse. Slowly the pale creature rose to its feet and smiled at them revealing long white teeth.

Felix recognised the thing at once although his stunned mind refused to accept what he was seeing. "Mannfred von Carstein," he breathed.

"True," said the Vampire Count in a low well-modulated voice. "And I thank you for your part in my resurrection. It was not quite what Herr Schtillman intended I think, but nonetheless the results are satisfactory."

"Undead scum, prepare to die," said Gotrek.

The Vampire gestured with one long claw-like hand and Gotrek froze on the spot. Veins bulged in his forehead. Great muscles swelled on his chest and arms. He looked as if he were struggling in the grip of an invisible giant. The only sign of this contest was a look of strain on the Vampire Count's face.

"No, Slayer," he said. "I would be foolish indeed to face such an axe as yours in my newly reborn state. I think I shall forgo the pleasure of humbling you till another evening. For the moment farewell."

With a mighty roar Gotrek threw himself forward, overcoming his invisible bonds. Even as the Slayer sprang the Vampire shimmered and his form came apart in a cloud of black mist. Gotrek's axe cleaved through the fog and Felix thought he heard a slight cry of pain. Droplets of blood congealed on the edge of the axe. Then with faintest trace of mocking laughter the cloud slithered up the stairs and was gone.

Gotrek bounded after it, howling oaths and curses. Felix turned to look at the girl. He took off his cloak and draped it round her shivering form. She looked stunned.

"Are you all right?" he asked. The girl nodded. After a moment she said. "He was rather handsome. The Count, I mean."

Felix groaned and headed for the stairs. The sooner they got out of this accursed place, the happier he would be.

UNDEAD CHARIOTS

It is said that the warriors of the land that is now known as the Kingdom of the Dead rode into battle in mighty chariots, cunningly constructed to be incredibly light and strong. It is therefore no surprise that when Nagash rose up and overran that once proud land countless Undead chariots were at the forefront of his army. These chariots were a grim parody of those used by Nagash's opponents, constructed from bone and sinew, and held together by the power of Dark Magic.

From that day on the slow, creaking tread of Undead chariot wheels has struck terror into the hearts of many an opponent. The chariots rumble towards their quaking foe, slowly gathering speed until they are ready to charge into the ranks of the enemy with devastating effect. Cruelly barbed and spiked blades fitted to the wheels scythe through flesh and bones, causing death and destruction. Then the Undead crew lay about the startled foe, cutting with rusty blades or ancient spears, while the Undead steeds that pull the chariot bite and stamp at the enemy.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
UNDEAD CHARIOT	-	-	-	5	5	3	1	D6	-
SKELETON STEED	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5



SPECIAL RULES

IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

Undead chariots are not affected by psychology themselves. They are immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.

COMBAT

Undead chariots cannot be broken in hand-to-hand combat, and need never take a Break test if beaten in combat. When they are beaten in hand-to-hand combat the magical link between them and their master is weakened and, as a result, the chariot will suffer additional damage. For every point by which the chariot loses the combat it takes an extra hit which wounds automatically, and with no armour saving roll allowed. Randomly allocate each extra wound using the hand-to-hand combat chart below.

FEAR

Undead chariots are evil and unnatural machines which cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer rulebook. When working out if the chariot outnumbered its opponents, count the chariot, each surviving crew member and each surviving steed as one model. Thus a two-steed chariot with two crew would count as five models.

CHARIOTS

The complete chariot rules can be found on pages 72-73 of the Warhammer rulebook. A summary is printed below:

1. Chariots move individually in the same way as large monsters or characters. If grouped together (within 5" of another chariot) they may be treated as a unit for Leadership tests.
2. A chariot moves at the speed of the creatures pulling it. Casualties reduce the speed in proportion, eg a chariot pulled by two Skeleton Steeds moves 8". If one steed is killed the chariot moves 4"; if both are slain it is immobilised. If all of the chariot's crew are slain it will move 2D6" up to its maximum speed in a random direction, crashing and being destroyed on a double.
3. Chariots cannot move over obstacles or difficult terrain except to cross a river at a bridge or ford. If obliged to do so they suffer D6 S6 hits. Note that Skeleton Steeds do not confer their ability to ignore terrain to the chariot that they are pulling.
4. In hand-to-hand combat the enemy fights against the highest WS of the chariot crew. All hits against the chariot are randomly allocated as shown below. Remember that chariots are large targets and so +1 to hit. If the chariot has crew with differing profiles hits may be randomised between them.

SHOOTING		HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT	
1	Crew	1	Chariot
2-3	Skeleton Steed	2-3	Skeleton Steed
4-6	Chariot	4-6	Crew

5. Undead chariots have their own profile as shown above. Note that it is different from the standard profile for chariots constructed from more mundane materials. Once a chariot has taken its full quota of wounds it is destroyed. Surviving crew may continue to fight on foot if the player has models to represent them.
6. Crew may fight all round. Creatures pulling the chariot may fight to the front. The chariot itself may attack as it charges causing D6 hits plus +1 per scythe if scythes are fitted on the model.
7. Chariots flee and pursue just like other troops. If forced to flee and subsequently caught by their pursuers they are destroyed.
8. In the case of stone throwers or other attacks that use a template, treat each individual part of the chariot as a separate target.

SCREAMING SKULL CATAPULT

The screaming skull catapult is a product of the Necromancer's evil magic: a small stone-throwing war engine made of fused and twisted bone and strung with sinew. It has a crew of three Skeleton warriors, each of whom was a renowned artilleryist in his previous existence. Instead of hurling rocks like a normal stone thrower, the screaming skull catapult fires magically enchanted skulls. This horrific ammunition bursts into hellish, ethereal flames when it is launched. As the skull arcs through the air it begins to emit a terrible banshee wail, which rises in pitch as the skull flies through the air, building to a crescendo just before it strikes its target. It is said that even the strongest-willed and most battle-hardened warrior can be driven to the very edge of cringing mindless terror by the attack of the screaming skull catapult!

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
CREW	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5
CATAPULT	-	-	-	-	5	3	-	-	-



Artillery Piece	Range	Strength	Save	Wounds
Screaming Skull	48"	7	none	D3

SPECIAL RULES

FEAR

Screaming skull catapults are evil and unnatural machines which cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer rulebook. In addition, any unit that suffers one or more wounds from a shooting attack by a screaming skull catapult must take a Panic test. If the unit fails the test it will flee immediately, exactly as if it had been broken in hand-to-hand combat, or decided to flee from a charge.

IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

Screaming skull catapults are not affected by psychology themselves. They are immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.

COMBAT

Screaming skull catapults cannot be broken in hand-to-hand combat, and need never take a Break test if beaten in combat. When they are beaten in hand-to-hand combat the magical link between them and their master is weakened and, as a result, the catapult will suffer additional damage. For every point by which the catapult loses the combat it takes an extra hit which wounds automatically, with no armour saving roll allowed. These extra wounds must be allocated to the crew of the catapult first, and only when they are all destroyed to the machine itself.

STONE THROWER

The screaming skull catapult attacks in the same way as a stone thrower, except that it fires screaming skulls rather than normal rocks. The complete stone thrower rules can be found on pages 75-76 of the Warhammer rulebook. A summary is printed below:

1. Declare target and guess range.
2. Position template and roll scatter and artillery dice.
3. If the artillery dice is a MISFIRE refer to the Misfire Chart, otherwise...
4. If the scatter dice is a HIT the skull has struck home.
5. If the scatter dice is an arrow the stone has landed in the direction shown 2, 4, 6, 8, or 10" away from the aiming point as shown on the artillery dice.
6. A single model in the exact centre of the template is hit automatically. Remaining models under the template are hit on a D6 roll of 4+.
7. Work out hits as normal. Models are allowed no saving throw from a screaming skull catapult. Remember that any unit which suffers one or more wounds from a shooting attack by a screaming skull catapult must take a Panic test.

MISFIRE CHART FOR STONE THROWERS

- 1-2 **DESTROYED!** The engine cannot stand the strain placed upon it and breaks under tension as it is fired. Bits of woods and metal fly all around, the skull tumbles to the ground splintering the engine and throwing debris into the air. The engine is destroyed and its crew slain or injured. Remove the engine and its crew.
- 3-4 **DISABLED.** The normal smooth running of the machine and its crew is disrupted by some accident or freak occurrence. A rope snaps and lashes about wildly, the machine has been set up wrongly so that it pulls itself apart, or maybe a careless operator becomes entangled in the mechanism. The engine does not shoot this turn and cannot fire next turn either while the damage is repaired. To help you remember it is a good idea to turn the machine round to face away from the enemy. In addition, one of the crew is slain – caught by a snapping rope, entangled in the machinery, or thrown high into the air in lieu of the skull!
- 5-6 **MAY NOT SHOOT.** A minor fault prevents the machine shooting this turn. A crewman drops the skull as he lifts it into position, maybe a ratchet jams or a rope loosens. The machine is unharmed and may shoot as normal next turn.

UNDEAD MAGIC

Necromancy is the magic of the dead and the Undead. Its practitioners can enjoy unnaturally long life, or even life beyond death as an Undead Liche.

Necromancers and Chaos sorcerers make use of the dark energy that flows from the warp gate in the Realm of Chaos. This energy is extremely potent and can allow the user to cast immensely powerful spells. However, its use is fraught with risk, for Dark Magic is made from the very stuff of Chaos and it seethes with malice and corruption. Chaos and Dark Elf sorcerers are shielded from the energy's ravages by their patron Chaos gods, but such protectors are fickle at the best of times and many a Chaos sorcerer has been destroyed by the forces he hoped to control.

Necromancers shield themselves from the deadly effects of Dark Magic by channelling the power through or into dead creatures or their spirits. The Necromancer is therefore one step removed from the destructive energies he uses, which offers a considerable measure of protection from its effects, although this method is by no means foolproof. Only Vampires have the strength of will and physical resilience to use Necromantic Magic with no ill effects. Human Necromancers will slowly be corrupted by their contact with dark energy. The most powerful Necromancers are able to survive this slow disintegration, eventually emerging as a powerful Undead Liche with their intellect and powers more or less intact. Lesser Necromancers will be reduced to the Undead spirits known as a Wraiths, cursed to roam the lands of the living for all eternity.

VERY IMPORTANT: The following rules replace the rules for Undead Magic printed in the Warhammer Battle Magic rulebook. Make sure that you read the following new rules very carefully, especially if you have used the old Undead magic rules in any games.

NECROMANTIC SPELL CARDS

While the Dark Magic spells used by Chaos sorcerers are spectacular and destructive, Necromantic spells tend to be subtle and insidious. The two types of spells are therefore quite different in their effect. In Warhammer Battle Magic we included three Necromantic spells with the Dark Magic spell deck. This was only a stop-gap measure as we simply did not have enough cards to include a full deck of Necromantic and Dark Magic spell cards.

In the colour section in the centre of this rulebook you will find a complete set of ten Necromantic spell cards, and three Dark Magic spell cards to replace the Necromantic cards that were in the Dark Magic deck. The Necromantic spell cards have a front and a back which you can glue together to produce the finished card. The three replacement Dark Magic cards have only a front, and you should glue these on top of the Necromantic spell cards from the Dark Magic deck. Once you have assembled the cards you will have a full deck of ten Necromantic cards and a full deck of ten Dark Magic cards, and all the cards will be different.

NECROMANCERS

Three types of models may use Necromantic spell cards: Necromancers, Liches and Vampires. In addition to the Necromantic spell cards, they may also use Dark Magic spells and spells from any one (and only one) of the colour spell decks. When the Undead player chooses his spells he must declare which decks he wants to use and how many cards he wants from each. He must choose at least one Necromantic spell.

Spells are dealt randomly in the same way as for human wizards. Cards which are dealt initially may be exchanged for fresh cards from the same deck.

The table below summarises the magic level, number of spell cards and maximum number of magic items for each type of Undead wizard. Note that, unlike most other types of wizards, a Liche or Vampire's magic level is not equal to the number of spell cards or magic items that he may have.

Undead Wizard	Magic Level	Spell Cards	Maximum number of Magic Items
Liche	4	3	4
Necromancer Lord	4	4	4
Master Necromancer	3	3	3
Necromancer Champion	2	2	2
Necromancer	1	1	1
Vampire Lord	3	2	4
Vampire Count	2	1	2



NECROMANTIC MAGIC

Necromantic spells are used slightly differently from other spells. Normally a spell can only be cast once per magic phase. However, in the case of Undead wizards (Liches, Vampires or Necromancers) the following special rules apply.

An Undead wizard may cast the same Necromantic spell more than once during a magic phase, so long as he has sufficient power cards left to do so.

To see if the Undead wizard is able to cast a Necromantic spell again, roll a D6 after the spell has been cast and refer to the table below. You must roll the dice each time the spell is cast. If the dice roll is less than the number shown on the table then the spell card must be put to one side and may not be used again that magic phase. If the dice roll equals or exceeds the number shown on the table the spell can be retained and cast a second or subsequent time. A spell can be re-cast onto the same target if it is initially dispelled.

Undead Wizard	D6 roll required to retain card
Liche	Automatic
Necromancer Lord	Automatic
Master Necromancer	2 or more
Necromancer Champion	3 or more
Necromancer	4 or more
Vampire Lord	5 or more
Vampire Count	6 or more

Note that Liches and Necromancer Lords automatically retain any Necromantic spell cards that they use; no dice roll is required. A Liche or Necromancer Lord may cast the same spell any number of times so long as they have enough power cards to do so.

NECROMANTIC SPELL COMMENTARIES

Necromantic spells may lack the sheer destructive power of the Dark Magic deck, but they are no less potent. In order to get the most from the Necromantic spell cards you will have to be subtle and cunning, for the Necromantic spells are at their most effective when they are used in combination, either with each other or with Undead units.

SUMMON SKELETONS, RAISE THE DEAD, SUMMON UNDEAD HORDE

These three spells are all used to raise more troops for the Undead player's army. The same comments apply equally to all three cards.

The Skeleton warriors or Zombies raised by these spells must be represented by appropriate models, which means that the player will need a reserve of models in order to use these spells. Models previously removed as casualties may, of course, be returned to play, but casualties are unlikely to provide all the extra models that you will need. If the player hasn't enough models available to represent all of the Skeletons or Zombies raised then any excess are simply not created.

Undead chariots and war machines can be repaired or created by casting this spell. Each of their wounds counts as two models and each steed or crew member counts as one model. Skeleton warriors mounted on Skeleton Steeds can be raised but each mounted warrior counts as two ordinary Skeleton models.

The models gained from this spell must all be added to an existing unit or (as long as five or more models are raised) all formed into a single new unit; it is not possible to split them between several units or form several new units. Which unit the models will be added to, or where the new unit will appear, must be stated *before* the dice are rolled to see how many models appear. If the spell is used to



create a new unit and fewer than five models are created, then the models are lost and the spell is wasted.

Extra models added to an existing unit are equipped in the same way as the rest of the unit. It will help if the models are armed with the correct equipment, but some variation is acceptable as it is with any unit.

If a new unit is formed from the freshly dead it will be armed with hand weapons and shields. It is possible to raise a new unit right in front of enemies so that they are in hand-to-hand combat. If this is done the enemy unit will have to take a Fear test immediately as if they were charged by the unit (providing that they are not exempt from fear, of course) but no blows are struck until the next hand-to-hand combat phase. Neither side counts as charging in the first turn.

Models that are added to existing units are not counted for victory point purposes and do not increase the points value of the unit that they are added to. New units formed from raised models are worth 1 victory point to the opposing side if they are destroyed before the end of the game.

THE DARK MIST

A wizard protected by the Dark Mist spell moves during the movement phase of his turn, not during the magic phase. Although the wizard can only be hit by magical weapons or spells, he may still be engaged and beaten in hand-to-hand combat even if the opposing models cannot harm him. This is because the result of a round of combat is not only dependent on casualties. The Dark Mist is automatically dispelled instantly if the wizard fails a Panic or Break test. This means that a character protected by the Dark Mist who fails a Break test and is caught by pursuing enemy troops will be cut down and killed.

VANHEL'S DANSE MACABRE

The Danse Macabre is a vital spell for Undead armies because it overcomes their inability to make march moves and allows them to seize the initiative at vital points in the game. Note that the spell may only be cast on regiments of Skeletons, Zombies, Mummies, Wights, Wraiths or Skeleton horsemen. It may not be used on Ghouls, Carrion, or any type of Undead war engine including Undead Chariots and Screaming Skull Catapults.

Undead characters such as Necromancers, Vampires, Liches or Undead Heroes and Champions that are with a unit that is animated by the spell are allowed to move along with the unit, but are not allowed to take any other type of action. This means, for example, that an Undead character leading a unit of Skeletons could move with them if Vanhel's Danse Macabre was used to allow the unit to march move, but would not be allowed to fight if the spell was used to allow the unit to fight an extra round of close combat. The extra actions work as follows:

1. **Charge.** Charge works as normal. All the standard rules apply so foes can hold, flee or stand and fire, and they must take appropriate Fear tests as necessary. Hand-to-hand combat is not worked out at this stage, but is resolved in the following hand-to-hand combat phase. The Undead unit counts as charging in the first round of combat following its charge. Note that this could well be during the opposing side's turn, and that the enemy may have the opportunity to charge with fresh units, resulting in a situation where both sides have charged. When you get a situation like this the charger with the highest Initiative goes first, or if this is equal roll a dice and the highest score goes first.
2. **Hand-to-hand.** Hand-to-hand combat is fought immediately and only the Undead unit fights; their opponents do not fight and strike no blows. Hand-to-hand combat results are not worked out, instead the casualties are carried over and added to the following hand-to-hand combat results.
3. **March Move.** Undead units cannot normally make march moves, but this spell allows them to do so, making up for their usual lack of vitality with supernatural vigour. All the usual restrictions regarding march moves apply: ie, the unit may not approach within 8" of the enemy and may make no manoeuvres other than wheeling. If unable to march move due the proximity of the enemy, or the need to manoeuvre, or simply because the player wants to, then the unit may make a normal move instead of a march move by means of this spell.
4. **Shoot.** The unit does not count as moving regardless of whether it moved in its last movement phase. All other modifiers apply. Work out casualties and apply any Panic tests due to 25% casualties as normal.

Because it is a Necromantic spell it is possible for a Necromancer, Vampire or Liche to cast Vanhel's Danse Macabre several times during the magic phase. However, a unit can only be affected by Vanhel's Danse Macabre once per magic phase. This means the spell can be cast on several different units, but not on the same unit over and over again.

The Staff of Damnation can also be used to animate Undead units in the same way as this spell. However, a unit may not be animated by Vanhel's Danse Macabre and the Staff of Damnation during the same magic phase. All of the comments above apply to the Staff of Damnation as well.

HAND OF DUST

This spell will work on any living creature but it does not affect Undead or daemons. Only man-sized, man-shaped creatures will be turned into Wights or Wraiths, so monsters, dragons, giants, ogres, etc may be killed by the spell but will not be turned into an Undead creature.

A Wight or Wraith created by this spell must be represented by an appropriate model – this can be a model previously removed as a casualty or a spare model not yet in use. If no model is available then the Wight or Wraith is not created. If this spell is used to kill a character riding a monster roll on the Monster Reaction Table to find out what the monster does as normal, but re-roll '6' results.



A newly created Wight is armed with a Wight Blade as normal. In addition, any magic items the slain model was carrying still belong to the Wight or Wraith and can be used by it. This may mean that the Wight or Wraith is carrying more magic items than it would normally be allowed. If a Wight has a two magic swords as a result, then he may use either but not both in any hand-to-hand combat.

DRAIN LIFE

This spell only affects living things. All Undead creatures, daemons and war engines are completely unaffected by the spell.

THE CURSE OF YEARS

Models that are affected by this spell die no matter how many wounds they have, and with no armour saving throw allowed. Characters that are part of a unit will carry on being affected by this spell even if they subsequently leave the unit. This spell only affects living things. Undead creatures, daemons and war engines are completely unaffected by the spell.

WIND OF DEATH

This spell uses the Purple Sun of Xereus template from Warhammer Battle Magic. The template moves 4D6" per turn in the direction indicated by the arrow. If any part of a model (including its base) is moved over or covered by the template then the model will be affected by the spell on a D6 roll of 4+. Models that move into or through the Wind of Death template for any reason must test to see if they are affected by the spell in the same way.



MG

Heinrich Kemmler looked down on the valley below. Perhaps here he could find a place to turn at bay and make his last stand. His enemies snapped at his heels like a pack of mangy curs. Once he would have brushed them aside like the bothersome fleas they were. Now his powers had faded and his necromantic might was all but spent. Now those who once would have been less than apprentices to him were close to ending his days forever. He felt old and he felt tired.

Kemmler leaned on his staff and asked himself how this could have happened. How could a man whose name once caused peasants to shiver with fear from Moussillon to Kislev, and the merest rumour of whose presence caused rivals to retreat to their protected crypts, have come to this? It was not that his knowledge was any the less. He could still remember every stanza of the Nine Books of Nagash. He could still quote from memory every sanity-blasting line of the *Liber Mortis*. He knew every spell known to the art of necromancy, and he knew many more spells from other forbidden colleges. No-one since the days when Great Nagash himself had walked the earth had his compendious knowledge of the Dark Arts, of this he felt sure. Despite the long centuries he had lived his mind was still keen.

If it wasn't lack of knowledge then what was it? How was it that now his rivals had been able to drive him from his ancient lair and forth into these empty lands as a wanderer? It wasn't that there were too many of them. In the past his enemies had gathered together in cabals,

pooling their resources in vain attempts to dispute his mastery. Always he had overcome them.

He smiled with satisfaction remembering old triumphs. In the hills beyond Quennelles his mighty army had smashed the zombie legions of the Council of Nine. In the dark woods beyond the town of Bogenhafen he had overcome the three Vampire Wizards of Blutwald, and all their armies of walking dead. In the crypts beneath the cursed castle of Vermisace he had overcome the ancient undead wizard and all his acolytes and won for himself the title Lichemaster. Kemmler allowed himself a wintery smile. In those days his military genius had been as renowned as his necromancy. He had led his hordes to many victories. Even kings had come, crown in hand, to beg his assistance in their petty squabbles.

Slowly Kemmler's smile ended. Now was not the time to relive past triumphs. He could ill afford any time for reverie with the hounds of darkness snapping at his heels. Still, the temptation was there. It was more comfortable to recall lost glories than to relive his recent defeats. Better to remember the days when the kingdoms of men were baubles to be played with than to recall the recent shattering of his undead host by the forces of his accursed rivals.

Cold fury filled him as he looked at the pitiful remains of his undead army. Here were but a few hundred animated skeletons and ten score walking dead. A pathetic remnant of an army whose numbers had once been legion.

Once the carrion had come at his beck and call. Once the mummies from the night-black tombs of the Kingdom of the Dead had lumbered to obey his every whim. Now he had nothing. Now his enemies flicked through the pages of his unsurpassed necromantic library, and his greatest rivals drank hallucinogenic wine drawn from the cellars of his dark tower. Kemmler licked his lips. He could kill for a drink of that wine now. He recalled laying it down in the days of his glory a hundred and fifty years ago, mixing the potent mushrooms with drops of lotus and the forbidden grapes of Qua-Amaan, whose roots must be bedded in soil fertilised with the flesh of murderers. He cursed aloud and hoped the wine brought his foes nightmares, that it had gone bad and poison ran in their veins. He knew it was not to be. One glance over his shoulders and he could see the distant stream of green witchlights that marked the presence of his pursuers.

He thought of his library and a great gloom filled him. It had taken many lifetimes of men to acquire it, the greatest trove of necromantic lore outside Nagashizzar itself. Now it was in the hands of fools, lesser men without the vision or the foresight to apply it beyond their own petty ends. There was one consolation though. He had modified many of the spells in the grimoires in ways that only he knew and could compensate for. Anyone trying use those works without his knowledge was in for a few unpleasant surprises. No-one else would get much benefit from the



store of knowledge he had struggled so long to accumulate.

This was getting him nowhere. He was no closer to solving the riddle of why he was being defeated. He could no longer muster the strength to break the spells of his foes. Perhaps, he thought, age had finally overcome him. In spite of the cunning of his sorceries and the supreme alchemical mastery that had prolonged his life, his strength had flowed from him, like wine from an overturned goblet. Perhaps there was a limit to how long a mortal man could continue, and perhaps he had reached it.

He knew he could no longer find the strength within himself to cast the Great Spells. He struggled with simple reanimations like a wheezing old codger trying to run a mile. He simply no longer had the power he once had. His strength had faded and withered and there seemed to be nothing he could do about it.

Perhaps all necromancers reached this point, he thought. Perhaps that was why they became liches, and bartered their mortal forms for undying carcasses. Kemmler shuddered. Even after all these centuries of eluding death, that idea was still repugnant to him. He tried to imagine what it would be like to be a liche. He tried to imagine what it would be like to find life in death, or perhaps death in life. He tried to imagine what it would be like to never breathe or feel his heartbeat or enjoy the taste of wine or food. He tried to imagine what it would be like to have maggots eat his rotting vitals and simply not to care. He tried to imagine what it would be like never to eat or sleep or feel pain or hunger or sorrow. He tried to imagine all these things and he could not.

Others might make the trade willingly but they were ignorant fools. They might think it was not so bad to swap a living, ageing body for one to which change meant nothing. He had seen liches in all their horror. He had talked with those he had bound to his will. He had some idea of what it would be like to become one. And for centuries he had put off the idea.

But, he told himself, perhaps that was simply the folly of a young and mighty mage, confident in his power. Perhaps all necromancers thought as he had when they first set their feet upon the dark path. Perhaps this was the choice that faced all of them eventually, a slow diminishing of their powers and eventual death, or a transition to a new and different stage of being. Perhaps the human form was merely a larva from which a liche emerged, like a moth from a chrysalis.

Faced with the stark choice between extinction and continued existence maybe all men would make this choice if they could. Perhaps he was simply lucky to be in a position to make it. Countless millions of others would never be granted such a choice.

Kemmler cursed himself for a fool. He had stood here brooding on the nature of his existence and all the time his enemies grew closer. He felt a brief stab of startled panic such as a fox must feel when it hears the hounds



closing in, and he fought to contain the urge to run. He would survive now only by keeping his wits about him. Those who followed would make no deals and would show no mercy. He knew he was alone. That did not frighten him. He had been alone for many long decades. His vocation had cut him off from those who followed more normal human lives. The years had taught him self-sufficiency and great cunning. It was time to put that cunning to use.

Perhaps there was something about here that might aid him. That, after all, was why he had fled in this direction. This stretch of the Vaults was dotted with ancient tombs and barrows, dating from the time before the Empire and the kingdom of Bretonnia. Some, it was whispered, dated to the time before even Dwarfs and Elves had walked these lonely paths. It was even hinted at in certain dread books that there was a barrow about here that contained a weapon of power that had once belonged to a Champion of Chaos. With such a weapon Kemmler knew that he might be able to defy those who hounded him, perhaps even reclaim his former pre-eminence. He ordered his servants to spread out and begin the search. With his will he imprinted on their rotting brains that they must find that barrow. With the relentless, implacable purpose of automatons they began their search.

Kemmler muttered a prayer to whatever dark gods might be listening. He knew his existence hung in the balance.

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 1000 points is about the smallest size that will allow you to field a battle-worthy force. Battles of 2000 points a side will usually last an entire evening, while battles of 3000 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 1000 or 500 points, starting with say a 1000 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 – 2000 points a side, for example. Before the game each player picks an army worth up to the agreed points value. The Undead player uses the Undead 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 one or two points short simply because there is nothing left to spend the last few odd points 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 points allowance for characters 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 Monsters 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.

A character can carry appropriate magic items chosen from the magic item cards in Warhammer or Warhammer Battle 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
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NECROMANCERS

Necromancer	1
Necromancer Champion	2
Master Necromancer	3
Necromancer Lord	4

UNDEAD

Wraith	1
Wight	1
Wight Lord	2
Mummy Tomb King	2
Vampire Count	2
Vampire Lord	4
Liche	4

Note that some magic items are restricted to certain races or types of characters. The Staff of Damnation can only be used by Necromancers, Liches and Vampires, for example, and only Vampires can wear the Carstein Ring.

REGIMENTS

The bulk of the Undead 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. Rules and magic item cards for these can be found in Warhammer Battle Magic. 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 added to the points value of the regiment.

Regiments are permitted Champions, who are permitted one magic item in addition to their other equipment. 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 any magic item he carries, comes from the proportion of points allocated to the army's characters, *not* the regiments.

WAR MACHINES

Undead war machines include screaming skull catapults and Undead chariots.

MONSTERS

Monsters are beasts brought along to fight beside the army. 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 Undead army may include a proportion of allies, in this case up to a quarter of its total points value. Allies are chosen from the Warhammer Armies book or books indicated. So, for example, your Undead army could include up to a quarter of its points value as Dark Elves chosen from the Dark Elf list, or Chaos chosen from the Chaos 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, Skaven allies could not include more than one unit of Stormvermin). You cannot include monsters from your allies except if they are 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

W = Wounds

WS = Weapon Skill

I = Initiative

BS = Ballistic Skill

A = Attacks

S = Strength

Ld = Leadership

T = Toughness

LIMITATIONS ON CERTAIN CHARACTERS/UNITS

The army list presents the player with lists of troop types which can be included in the Undead 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 Undead characters without specifying who they are or where they come from. 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 most infamous individuals that have led Undead armies 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	Cavalry Save
None	None	6+
Shield or light armour	6+	5+
Shield & light armour or heavy armour only	5+	4+
Shield and heavy armour	4+	3+
Cavalry with barding		Adds further +1

For example, an ordinary Skeleton 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 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. Unlike most Champions belonging to other races, Undead Champions do *not* have to carry the same weapons as the regiment that they are leading, and may instead choose freely from the equipment list below. In all cases the models must actually carry the weapons ascribed to them.

Items marked with an asterix (*) are not used by Undead troops and are not therefore available to Undead 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
A lance for a mounted warrior	2

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
Barding for steed	4

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: Chaos, Skaven and Dark Elves.

CHARACTERS

Your army may include up to 50% of its points value as characters chosen from the list below, or from the Special Characters section that follows the army list. You must always include one Undead General, but apart from this you are free to choose as many or as few characters as you wish.

UNDEAD GENERAL

Necromancer Lord 410 points

Vampire Lord 375 points

Liche 350 points

Your army must include an Undead General to lead it. An Undead General can be a Necromancer, Vampire or Liche. The General is a mighty Necromancer who has created the rest of the army using vile spells and evil magics. If he is killed then most of the army will crumble into dust and be destroyed, as described in the special rules for Undead armies printed in the Bestiary section of this rulebook.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Necromancer Lord	4	7	7	5	4	4	6	5	10
Vampire Lord	6	8	6	7	6	4	9	4	10
Liche	4	7	7	5	4	4	6	5	10
Skeleton Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5

EQUIPMENT: Sword.

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: The General may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed by the Equipment List. See the separate Equipment List for summary and points values. Note that wearing armour would prevent the General casting spells, so they do not generally do so.

MAY RIDE: The General may ride a Skeleton Steed (+2 points), a monster (see the separate Monster List for points), or he may ride in an Undead Chariot at a cost of either +60 points if it has scythed wheels or +40 points if it does not.

MAGIC ITEMS: An Undead General is entitled to up to four magic items chosen from the appropriate cards.



UNDEAD

BATTLE STANDARD 87 points

The army may include a Battle Standard together with its bearer if you wish. The Battle Standard Bearer is a Wight, and all of the special rules that apply to Wights apply to the Battle Standard Bearer as well.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Battle Standard Bearer	4	3	0	3	4	3	3	1	8
Skeleton Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5

EQUIPMENT: Wight Blade and Battle Standard.

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: The Battle Standard Bearer may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed by the Equipment List. See the separate Equipment List for summary and points values.

MAY RIDE: The Battle Standard Bearer may ride a Skeleton Steed (+2 points), a monster (see the separate Monster List for points), or he may ride in an Undead Chariot at a cost of +40 points, +60 points if it has scythed wheels.

MAGIC ITEMS: The Battle Standard Bearer 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.



UNDEAD HERO

- Vampire Count 200 points
- Mummy Tomb King 100 points
- Wight Lord 65 points

The army may include as many Undead Heroes as you wish within the normal limitations of the points available. Undead Heroes have existed for hundreds (sometimes thousands) of years, and are warriors of exceptional prowess.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Vampire Count	6	7	5	7	6	3	8	3	9
Mummy Tomb King	3	4	0	5	5	4	4	3	9
Wight Lord	4	4	0	4	4	3	4	2	9
Skeleton Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5

EQUIPMENT: Sword (Wights have a Wight Blade instead).

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: The Hero may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed by the Equipment List. See the separate Equipment List for summary and points values.

MAY RIDE: The Hero may ride a Skeleton Steed (+2 points), a monster (see the separate Monster List), or he may ride in an Undead Chariot at a cost of +40 points, +60 points if it has scythed wheels.

MAGIC ITEMS: An Undead Hero is entitled to up to two magic items chosen from the appropriate cards.

UNDEAD CHAMPION

- Wraith 75 points
- Wight 37 points

Any regiment of Skeletons, Zombies or Ghouls (including Undead Horsemen or Chariots) may include a Wight or a Wraith as its Undead Champion. Undead Champions are dread warriors who in their previous life followed the paths of dark magic.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wraith	4	3	0	3	4	3	3	2	5
Wight	4	3	0	3	4	3	3	1	8
Skeleton Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5

EQUIPMENT: Sword (Wights have a Wight Blade instead).

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Unlike other Champions, Undead Champions need not be armed identically to the unit they lead. The Champion may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed by the Equipment List. See the Equipment List for summary and points values.

MAY RIDE: The Champion may ride a Skeleton Steed (+2 points) if he is leading a regiment of Undead Horsemen, or he may ride in an Undead Chariot (+40 points, +60 points if it has scythed wheels) if he is leading a unit of Undead Chariots.

MAGIC ITEMS: An Undead Champion is entitled to up to one magic item chosen from the appropriate cards.

NECROMANCERS

- Master Necromancer 278 points
- Necromancer Champion 163 pts
- Necromancer 68 points

The army may include as many Necromancers as you wish within the usual limitations of points cost. Undead armies more than any other rely on the potent spells of the Necromancers that lead them in order to confound and defeat their opponents.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Master Necromancer	4	6	6	5	4	3	5	4	9
Necromancer Champion	4	5	5	4	3	2	4	3	9
Necromancer	4	4	4	4	3	1	3	2	8
Skeleton Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5

EQUIPMENT: Sword.

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: The Necromancer may be armed with any combination of weapons/armour allowed by the Equipment List. See the separate Equipment List for summary and points values. Note that wearing armour prevents a Necromancer casting spells, so they do not normally do so. The Necromancer may ride a Steed wearing barding, and this does not interfere with his spell casting ability.

MAY RIDE: The Necromancer may ride a Skeleton Steed (+2 points), a monster (see the separate Monster List for points), or he may ride in an Undead Chariot at a cost of +40 points, +60 points if it has scythed wheels.

MAGIC ITEMS: A Necromancer is entitled to magic items chosen from the appropriate cards. A Master Necromancer may have up to three items, a Necromancer Champion may have up to two items, and a Necromancer may have up to one item.



REGIMENTS

Your army must include at least 25% of its points value as units chosen from the following section of the Undead army list; it may include more if you wish. There is no limitation to the size of a unit, other than that it must consist of at least five models unless otherwise stated.



SKELETON HORSEMEN 18 points per model

Undead horsemen ride ghostly Skeleton Steeds which can move straight through any terrain that blocks their path. Nothing can slow the advance of these grim knights of undeath as they ride silently forward to attack their foe.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skeleton Horseman	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5
Skeleton Steed	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5

EQUIPMENT: Skeleton horsemen are mounted on Skeleton Steeds and armed with a sword.

SAVE: 6+.

OPTIONS: Any regiment may be equipped with light armour at a cost of +4 points per model. Any regiment may be equipped with shields at a cost of +2 points per model. Any regiment may be armed with one of the following weapons: either a lance (+4 points per model), a spear (+2 points), or a bow (+4 points). Any regiment may carry a magic standard. This may be chosen from the appropriate magic item cards and its cost is indicated on the card itself.

SPECIAL RULES: Skeleton Steeds and their riders can disincorporate to move through walls or other solid objects. Skeleton warriors cause *fear*, are immune to psychology and suffer additional wounds if they are beaten in combat. See the Undead Bestiary rules section for the full rules.

SKELETON WARRIORS 8 points per model

The bulk of most Undead armies is made up of regiments of Skeleton warriors. These mindless Undead creatures obey every whim of their Necromancer master, fighting until either they are destroyed or the opposition is defeated.

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

EQUIPMENT: Skeleton warriors are armed with a sword.

SAVE: None.

OPTIONS: Any regiment may be equipped with light armour at a cost of +2 points per model. Any regiment may be equipped with shields at a cost of +1 point per model, or heavy armour at a cost of +3 points per model. Any regiment may be armed with one of the following weapons: either a double-handed weapon (+2 points per model), a halberd (+2 points), a spear (+1 point), a crossbow (+3 points), or a bow (+2 points). Any regiment may carry a magic standard. This may be chosen from the appropriate magic item cards and its cost is indicated on the card itself.

SPECIAL RULES: Skeleton warriors cause *fear*, are immune to psychology and suffer additional casualties if they are beaten in combat. See the Undead Bestiary rules section for the full rules.





ZOMBIES 4 points per model

Zombies are the bodies of recently slain warriors that have been hastily brought back to life by a Necromancer's dark arts. They are shambling, unthinking creatures that rely on sheer numbers to overwhelm their foes.

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

EQUIPMENT: Zombies are armed with a sword, club or other hand weapon.

SAVE: None.

OPTIONS: Any regiment may be equipped with light armour at a cost of +1 point per model. Any regiment may be equipped with shields at a cost of +1/2 point per model. Any regiment may be armed with double-handed weapons at a cost of +1 point per model.

SPECIAL RULES: Zombies cause *fear*, are immune to psychology and are destroyed if they fail a Break test. See the Undead Bestiary rules section for the full rules.

GHOSTS 35 points per model

Ghosts are the deathly shades of people who have died in tragic or disturbing circumstances. Their spirits refuse to leave the physical world, and remain to haunt the place where they died. A Necromancer can enslave these restless spirits and order them to do his bidding.

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

EQUIPMENT: None.

SAVE: None.

OPTIONS: None.

SPECIAL RULES: Ghosts cause *fear*, may ignore terrain effects as they move, can only be harmed by magic weapons or spells, are immune to psychology, and are destroyed if they fail a Break test. See the Undead Bestiary rules section for the full rules.

GHOULS 8 points per model

Ghouls are possibly the most horrible of all the regiments in the Undead army, for they are living creatures who have a craving for human flesh, and have sunk to such terrible depths that they now reside amongst the Undead.

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

EQUIPMENT: Ghouls are armed with a sword, club or other hand weapon.

SAVE: None.

OPTIONS: None.

SPECIAL RULES: Ghouls cause *fear*, and suffer special effects if they rout an opponent or are beaten in combat. See the Undead Bestiary rules section for the full rules. In addition, Ghouls are not affected by the special rule that limits Undead units' ability to march, and are allowed to make march moves using the normal rules.



WIGHTS 37 points per model

Wights are mighty Undead warriors, armed with deadly magic swords that inflict dreadful wounds on any living foe. Wights can be used as Undead Champions to lead other units of Undead warriors; see the Characters section of the army list for details and points values.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wight	4	3	0	3	4	3	3	1	8

EQUIPMENT: Wights are armed with a Wight Blade and wear light armour.

SAVE: 6+.

OPTIONS: Any regiment may be equipped with a shield at a cost of +1 point per model, and/or spears at +1 point per model. Any regiment may be equipped with heavy armour at a cost of +3 points per model. Wights may be mounted on Skeleton Steeds at a cost of +2 points per model.

SPECIAL RULES: Wights cause *fear*, are immune to psychology, and are destroyed if they fail a Break test. See the Undead Bestiary rules section for the full rules.

MUMMIES 45 points per model

Mummies are amongst the most powerful of all Undead, preserved beyond death by potent magic, and reeking of the natron and sulphur of the embalmer's parlour. Although slow Mummies are almost impossible to stop, their only vulnerabilities being flaming weapons and spells.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mummy	3	3	0	4	5	4	3	2	8

EQUIPMENT: Mummies are armed with a sword, mace or any other hand weapon.

SAVE: None.

OPTIONS: Any regiment may be equipped with light armour at a cost of +2 points per model. Any regiment may be armed with double-handed weapons at a cost of +2 points per model.

SPECIAL RULES: Mummies cause *fear*, are immune to psychology, and suffer double wounds from flaming weapons or spells. See the Undead Bestiary rules section for the full rules.

CARRION 45 points per model

If your army includes up to five Carrion these form a single unit. For example, you could have just one Carrion in your army and it would count as a unit on its own. If your army includes six to ten Carrion these may be organised either into one unit or two as near as possible equally sized units. If your army includes eleven to fifteen Carrion these may be organised into either a single unit, two as near as possible equal sized units, or three as near as possible equal sized units. If your army includes sixteen or more Carrion then the possible number of units goes up by one for every five extra models.

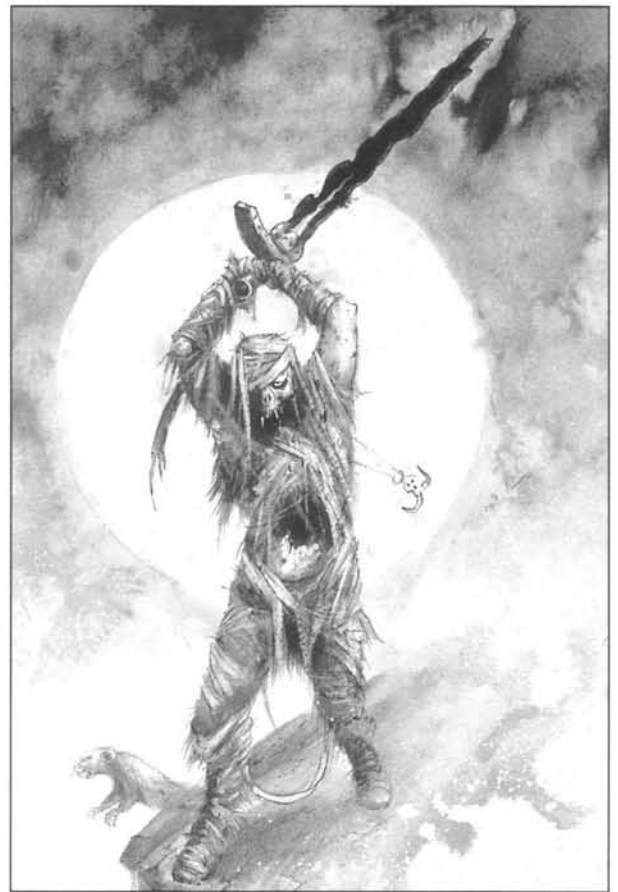
PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Carrion	4	3	0	3	3	2	4	3+	7

EQUIPMENT: The rider is armed with a sword or any other hand weapon.

SAVE: None.

OPTIONS: None.

SPECIAL RULES: Carrion cause *fear*, can fly, are immune to psychology, receive an extra attack for every wound that they inflict, and suffer additional casualties if they are beaten in combat. See the Undead Bestiary rules section for the full rules.

**WRAITHS** 75 points per model

If your army includes up to five Wraiths these form a single unit. For example, you could have just one Wraith in your army and it would count as a unit on its own. If your army includes six to ten Wraiths these may be organised either into one unit or two as near as possible equally sized units. If your army includes eleven to fifteen Wraiths these may be organised into either a single unit, two as near as possible equal sized units, or three as near as possible equal sized units. If your army includes sixteen or more Wraiths then the possible number of units goes up by one for every five extra models.

Wraiths can also be used as Undead Champions to lead other units of Undead Warriors, see the Characters section of the army list for details and points values.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wraith	4	3	0	3	4	3	3	2	5

EQUIPMENT: Wraiths are armed with a double-handed weapon (a scythe).

SAVE: None.

OPTIONS: None.

SPECIAL RULES: Wraiths cause *terror*, may ignore terrain effects as they move, can only be harmed by magic weapons or spells, are immune to psychology, have a special Chill attack, and are destroyed if they fail a Break test. See the Undead Bestiary rules section for the full rules.

WAR MACHINES

Undead war machines are created by Necromantic magic instead of being constructed by hand like other races'. Your army may include up to 25% of its points value as war machines chosen from the following list.



SCREAMING SKULL CATAPULT 74 points each

The screaming skull catapult hurls burning skulls that emit an unearthly scream as they fly through the air, causing terror and destruction as they crash into the target. Each catapult has a crew of three Skeletons to operate and defend it.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Catapult	-	-	-	-	5	3	-	-	-
Skeleton Crew	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5
	RANGE		STRENGTH		SAVE		WOUNDS PER HIT		
Screaming Skull Catapult	48"		7		none		D3		

EQUIPMENT: The crew are armed with a sword or any other hand weapon.

SAVE: None.

OPTIONS: None.

SPECIAL RULES: Any regiment that takes casualties from a screaming skull catapult attack must take a Panic test. The crew cause *fear*, are immune to psychology, and suffer additional casualties if they are beaten in combat. See the Undead Bestiary rules section for the full rules.

UNDEAD CHARIOTS 56 points per model

The Undead Chariot is one of the most deadly weapons in the arsenal of an Undead army. Chariots fight as individual models as described in the Warhammer rulebook. The chariot is drawn by two Skeleton Steeds and has a crew of two Skeleton warriors.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skeleton Warriors	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5
Skeleton Steeds	8	2	0	3	3	1	2	1	5
Undead Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	3	1	D6	-

EQUIPMENT: The Skeleton warriors are armed with a sword or any other hand weapon.

SAVE: None.

OPTIONS: Any chariot crew may be equipped with light armour at a cost of +2 points per model. Any chariot crew may be equipped with a shield at a cost of +1 point per model. Any chariot crew may be armed with a bow at a cost of +2 points per model. The chariot may have scythed wheels at an additional cost of +20 points per chariot. One Undead chariot may carry a magic standard. This may be chosen from the appropriate magic item cards and its cost is indicated on the card itself.

SPECIAL RULES: Undead Chariots cause *fear*, are immune to psychology, and suffer additional wounds if they are beaten in combat, in addition to the special rules that apply to chariots in general.

MONSTERS

ZOMBIE DRAGON 500 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Zombie Dragon	4	4	0	7	6	7	3	6	8

DRAGON

Dragon 450 points

Great Dragon 600 points

Emperor Dragon 750 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Dragon	6	6	0	6	6	7	8	7	7
Great Dragon	6	7	0	7	7	8	7	8	8
Emperor Dragon	6	8	0	8	8	9	6	9	9



CHIMERA 250 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Chimera	6	4	0	7	6	6	4	6	8

COCKATRICE 150 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Cockatrice	4	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	6

GRIFFON 150 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Griffon	6	5	0	6	5	5	7	4	8

HIPPOGRIFF 145 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Hippogriff	8	5	0	6	5	5	6	3	8

HYDRA 225 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Hydra	6	3	0	5	6	7	3	5	6

GIGANTIC SPIDER 50 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Gigantic Spider	5	3	0	5	4	4	1	2	7

MANTICORE 200 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Manticore	6	6	0	7	7	5	4	4	8

WYVERN 180 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Wyvern	6	5	0	5	6	4	4	3	5

GIANT SCORPION 50 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Giant Scorpion	5	3	0	5	4	4	1	2	7

SWARMS 100 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	L
Rats	6	3	0	3	2	5	1	5	10
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

This section includes a number of infamous and extremely powerful Undead characters that you may include in your army if you wish. Although the list includes characters who could never have actually met (Nagash and Vlad von Carstein, for example), you may include them in the same army if you want to do so. Any of the characters in this section may be used to lead the army if you desire, becoming the general of the army and replacing the general described in the main army list.

The points values for the characters do not include the cost of their magic items. This allows you the choice of fielding characters without their magic items – if you are playing without the Warhammer Battle Magic supplement, for example. The points values of any specific magic items have been listed with each entry.

NAGASH, SUPREME LORD OF THE UNDEAD 475 points

+35 points **Mortis - Blade of Death**
+100 points **Black Armour of Nagash**
+100 points **Book of Nagash**
+40 points **Staff of Power**

Your army may be led by Nagash. If you decide to do this, Nagash must be the general of your army and therefore replaces the general described in the main army list.

Nagash is the most powerful of all the lords of the Undead. Although once human, Nagash's long use of warpstone to enhance his powers has transformed him to a creature more akin to a daemon than any living creature. He stands well over 15 feet tall, his size greatly increased by the

mutating effects of the warpstone he has consumed over the millennia. His skin has withered, his eyes have become pools of luminous pus in their sockets, and his body only continues to walk driven by his dark will and the power of his evil sorcery. Foes quake in terror as he advances upon them, terrified by his vile visage and gagging on the sickly sweet scent of death that surrounds him.

Nagash is armed with an immense sword so tall and heavy that an ordinary man could not even lift it. Nagash's right hand was cut off in his epic struggle with the doomed King Alcadizaar, and has been replaced with a magnificently crafted iron claw bound about with powerful magical runes. His body is protected by a suit of magical armour crafted from lead and meteoric iron. These potent magical items greatly increase Nagash's physical strength and toughness, and make him more than a match for nearly any opponent in hand-to-hand combat.

Nagash also carries the Staff of Power, an ancient artifact crafted by Nagash himself which thrums with the raw power of Dark Magic. At his hip sways one of the nine Books of Nagash, an arcane text which contains the secrets of his many spells.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Nagash	6	7	7	7	7	7	6	6	10
Bonuses from magical items				+1					

MAGIC ITEMS: Nagash always takes the following magic items: Mortis - the Great Blade of Death, the Black Armour of Nagash, the Book of Nagash and the Staff of Power. The cards for these magic items are given at the end of this section. The game rules are repeated below for convenience.

BLACK ARMOUR OF NAGASH

Nagash's armour is forged from an alloy of lead and meteoric iron. Over the millennia the armour has fused itself with his body, so it may only be worn by Nagash. Obviously, the armour does not prevent him casting spells.

The armour provides Nagash with a 4+ armour saving roll against hand-to-hand or missile attacks, and gives him a 4+ saving roll against the effects of any magical spells or attacks. Neither of these saving throws is modified for any of the usual saving throw modifiers, so Nagash will always receive a saving roll of 4 or more against any wounds that he suffers. Even damage inflicted by bolt throwers or stone throwers may be saved by the armour.



MORTIS – THE GREAT BLADE OF DEATH

Mortis is a huge magic sword that crackles with unearthly power. The blade was forged and enchanted by Nagash himself and no-one else may use it. The sword adds +1 to Nagash's already considerable Strength, increasing it from 7 to 8. In addition, any wounds inflicted by the blade may be taken by Nagash and used to restore any of his own wounds lost earlier in the battle.

BOOK OF NAGASH

Nagash was the first and greatest of all the Necromancers, and he created almost all of the spells that allow these followers of the dark arts to raise and control the Undead. The secrets of his magical spells are recorded in nine massive tomes known as the Nine Books of Nagash. Each book contains the secrets of one of Nagash's Necromantic spells. Any character who carries one of the Books of Nagash may increase their magic level by 1, so a Necromancer Champion with a magic level of 2 would count as having a magic level of 3, while a Necromancer Lord would count as having a magic level of 5. This additional magic level allows the character to take an extra spell, which must be chosen from the Necromantic spell deck.



STAFF OF POWER

The Staff of Power was created by Nagash to allow him to store the additional power he needed to carry out his most arcane and dangerous magical spells. The staff can be used to store up to four magic cards, with the exception of Total Power and Drain Magic. Place the cards face down under the Staff of Power card instead of using them in the magic phase. The staff starts the battle with one card already stored in it: take one card from the magic deck and place it under the Staff of Power magic item card (discard Total Power or Drain Magic if you draw them, and replace them with new cards).

SPECIAL RULES

Nagash is a Necromancer Lord and has a magic level of 4. He recovers Necromantic spells that he has used automatically, and may cast them any number of times in the same turn so long as he has enough power cards. In addition, the following special rules apply.

IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

Nagash is not affected by psychology. He is immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.

TERROR

Nagash is a huge and frightening monster who causes *terror* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer rulebook. Remember that creatures which cause terror also cause *fear*.

VLAD VON CARSTEIN

VAMPIRE LORD 375 points

+50 points Carstein Ring

+75 points Sword of Unholy Power

Your army may include Vlad von Carstein. He may lead the army if you wish, though he does not have to. If you choose him to lead the army then he replaces the general described in the main army list.

Vlad von Carstein was the first and greatest of the Vampire Counts of Sylvania. It was he who tainted the once human aristocracy of Sylvania with the curse of undeath, and in so doing created an Undead kingdom in the very heart of the Empire. Vlad von Carstein was a towering figure of a man, with a mane of black hair and piercing eyes. Those who met him and survived the encounter described him as having a feral charm and being extremely intelligent, but with an evil temper that could turn into a berserk fury if he was thwarted in his endeavours. It was said that at such times only his wife Isabella could calm him without blood being spilt.

In battle Vlad wields the Sword of Unholy Power, an enchanted blade that grants its owner great magical power. On his left hand he wears the infamous Carstein Ring, a magical artifact which gave Vlad the ability to cheat death time and again. It was only after the Carstein Ring had been stolen from him that Vlad von Carstein was finally defeated.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Vlad von Carstein	6	8	6	7	6	4	9	4	10

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Vlad von Carstein may ride a Skeleton Steed (+2 points).

MAGIC ITEMS: Vlad may take up to four magic items in total. Usually he carries the Carstein Ring and the Sword of Unholy Power. The magic item card for the Carstein Ring can be found in Warhammer Battle Magic, while the card for the Sword of Unholy Power is printed at the end of this section. The rules are summarised below for your convenience.

CARSTEIN RING

If Vlad is slain, he may return to life immediately. The model is replaced within 12" of the position where he was slain. All of his wounds are recovered and any magic items, spells etc are returned. If Vlad was leading the Undead army this means that his death does not destroy the army, and he may continue to fight as normal. The ring may only be used once per battle. If Vlad is slain a second time he cannot return from the dead again.

SWORD OF UNHOLY POWER

Vlad may draw on the power of this sword to cast one of his Dark Magic or Necromantic Magic spells per magic phase. The spell is cast automatically, without Vlad having to expend any power cards to cast it. The spell may be dispelled as normal. Roll a D6 each time the sword is used. If the dice roll is less than or equal to the power normally required for the spell that was just cast, then the energies of the sword are exhausted and it cannot be used again for the rest of the battle. For example, if Vlad cast a power 3 spell, then the sword would become exhausted on a D6 roll of 3 or less.

ISABELLA VON CARSTEIN,
VAMPIRE COUNTESS 175 points

Your army may include Isabella von Carstein, but only if it also includes Vlad von Carstein as well.

Isabella was the daughter of Duke Otto von Drak. Vlad married Isabella, and then inherited her father's estates when both Otto and his brother Leopold died soon after the marriage. Isabella was a highly intelligent and darkly beautiful woman, and soon what had started out as a marriage of convenience developed into something far more. Vlad long resisted Isabella's requests to join him in undeath, but when she laying dying from a fatal wasting illness Vlad realised that he could not carry on without her, and reluctantly inducted her into the ranks of the Undead.

Isabella was Vlad's most valued confidante, and the only person whose advice he valued and trusted. When Vlad was killed by Grand Theogonist Wilhelm at the Siege of Altdorf, Isabella committed suicide rather than carry on through eternity without him.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Isabella von Carstein	6	7	5	6	5	3	8	3	9

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Isabella von Carstein is armed with a sword. She may ride a Skeleton Steed (+2 points).
MAGIC ITEMS: Isabella may take up to two magic items in total.

SPECIAL RULES

If Isabella is killed, then Vlad will be overcome by grief and go into a berserk fury. For the rest of the battle he will be subject to *frenzy*, as described on page 41 of the Warhammer rules. In addition, he becomes subject to *hatred* against the model or unit that killed Isabella.



If Vlad is killed then exactly the same special rules apply to Isabella: ie, she becomes frenzied and subject to hatred against Vlad's killers. If the battle is part of an ongoing campaign and either Vlad or Isabella is killed, then you should roll a D6 for the surviving partner. On a roll of 1-3 they are overcome by despair and will kill themselves rather than face an eternity alone. On a roll of 4-6 they are driven mad by anger and grief, and swear vengeance against all living creatures – from now on the character is subject to *frenzy* and *hatred* as described above in every battle that they take part in.

MANNFRED VON CARSTEIN,
VAMPIRE &
NECROMANCER LORD 475 points

Your army may include Mannfred von Carstein. He may lead the army if you wish, though he does not have to do so. If you choose to use him to lead the army then he replaces the general described in the main army list.

While Vlad von Carstein was the first and greatest of the Vampire Counts of Sylvania, Mannfred was the most cunning. He is the only member of that doomed aristocracy that still survives to this day. Following the death of Vlad von Carstein, it was Mannfred who finally emerged as the sole ruler of Sylvania. He attacked the Empire in the infamous Winter War of 2131, and came close to victory, but over a century of warfare had taught the leaders of the Empire how to deal with the forces of the Undead, and in the end Mannfred was defeated and his army annihilated at the Battle of Hel Fenn.



Mannfred was not, however, destroyed. Now he is gathering his strength in order to wreak his revenge on the descendants of those who defeated him all those centuries ago. His plans have been considerably slowed by the intervention of the Trollsayer Gotrek and his partner Felix Jaeger, but it can only be a matter of time before an army led by the last of the Vampire Counts once again marches on the Empire.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mannfred von Carstein	6	7	5	6	5	3	8	3	9

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Mannfred von Carstein is armed with a sword. He may ride a Skeleton Steed (+2 points).
MAGIC ITEMS: Mannfred may take up to four magic items in total.

SPECIAL RULES

While the other Vampire Counts battled amongst themselves following the death of Vlad von Carstein, Mannfred studied long and hard to learn all the secrets of Necromantic Magic. He is therefore treated as having the same magic level as a Necromancer Lord – 4, and recovers Necromantic spells automatically.





**HEINRICH KEMMLER,
THE LICHEMASTER 350 points**
+75 points Chaos Tomb Blade
+35 points Skull Staff
+50 points Cloak of Mists and Shadows

Your army may include Heinrich Kemmler. He is a Necromancer Lord and may lead the army if you wish, though he does not have to. If you choose to use him to lead the army then he replaces the general described in the main army list.

Heinrich Kemmler was once a great and much feared Necromancer, until ambitious rivals began to usurp his power. They succeeded in nearly driving the Lichemaster to his death, and although he finally managed to beat off his attackers his body was broken and his mind blasted in the battle. For many years Heinrich wandered the Grey Mountains and the Border Princes as little better than a half sane beggar, until by some quirk of fate he stumbled on the tomb of the long dead Chaos Warrior Krell. Here he struck a terrible pact with the Gods of Chaos. They restored him to his former power, and in return Heinrich swore to slay and destroy in their name. Now once again the name of the Lichemaster strikes terror into the hearts of ordinary folk, and tales of his foul deeds are whispered and retold throughout the Old World.

Heinrich stands a little under six feet tall and has long, filthy white hair. Beneath his robes his body is covered with minor scars, cuts and abrasions from his years of madness. He is shrouded in a large dark cloak that swirls and twitches with a life of its own. In one hand he carries

the Chaos Tomb Blade that was gifted to him when he made his unspeakable pact with the forces of Chaos; in the other he holds his Skull Staff, a potent magical item that is topped with a skull that chatters and gibbers constantly.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Heinrich Kemmler	4	7	7	5	4	4	6	5	10

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Heinrich Kemmler is armed with a sword. He may ride a Skeleton Steed (+2 points).

MAGIC ITEMS: Heinrich Kemmler may take up to four magic items in total. Normally he takes the following items: Chaos Tomb Blade, Skull Staff and the Cloak of Shadows. The magic cards for these items are printed at the end of this section, and the rules are summarised below for your convenience.

CHAOS TOMB BLADE

The Chaos Tomb Blade once belonged to a mighty Chaos Warrior. It is forged from the raw stuff of Chaos and thirsts for blood and death, and will reward Heinrich with magical power for any lives that he takes. For each wound the blade inflicts on a living creature, Heinrich may immediately take a magic card to use in the next magic phase. For example, if Heinrich inflicted 2 wounds in hand-to-hand combat using the Tomb Blade, then he would be allowed to take two extra magic cards to use in the next magic phase.

SKULL STAFF

The jaws of the skull staff chatter and gnash together warning Heinrich of the use of magic against him, or of hidden magical items that are nearby. The opposing player must reveal what magical items and spells are held by any characters that are within 12" of Heinrich during the magic phase. In addition, thanks to the warnings given by the staff, Heinrich receives a +1 bonus to his dice roll when he attempts to use a dispel. This means that he will dispel a spell cast by a lesser wizard on a 2+, by a wizard of equal power on a 3+, and a spell cast by a stronger wizard on a 4+.



CLOAK OF MISTS AND SHADOWS

The Cloak of Mists and Shadows allows Heinrich to cast the Necromantic *Dark Mist* spell at will once per magic phase. Heinrich's body melts into a dark mist which swirls across the battlefield. He may move 24" per turn, and he may move through solid objects and therefore suffers no penalties for moving over difficult terrain or obstacles. He can move through buildings just as easily, but may not move through other creatures. Heinrich may not attack as long as the spell is in effect, but may cast spells. He may only be harmed by magical weapons and spells. Once cast the spell remains effective for the rest of the game, until it is dispelled, or until Kemmler decides to end it.

ARKHAN THE BLACK**THE LICHE KING 350 points**

+50 points Staff of Damnation
+50 points Tomb Blade of Arkhan
+25 points The Cursed Book
+50 points Arkhan's Chariot

Your army may include Arkhan the Black. He is a Liche and may lead the army if you wish, though he does not have to. If you choose him to lead the army then he replaces the general described in the main army list.

Arkhan was the first and most loyal of Nagash's followers. He grew up with Nagash in the ancient city of Khemri and was the first person apart from Nagash to partake of the elixir which granted Nagash and his followers eternal life. A powerful wizard in his own right, Arkhan came to be Nagash's right hand man. He helped lead the coup which first brought Nagash to power. When the Priest Kings formed an alliance to attack Nagash, Arkhan was Nagash's principle lieutenant in the many battles that followed. He led many armies and fought numerous battles against Nagash's enemies, and was never once defeated in open battle.

In the end, however, the sheer numbers of the Priest Kings' armies proved too much for Nagash's forces, and they were forced to retreat to Khemri where they were besieged. When Nagash's capital city finally fell to the Priest Kings' armies, Arkhan led a suicidal counter-attack which gave Nagash the opportunity to escape. Arkhan and his bodyguard fought to the last man, hopelessly outnumbered and surrounded on all sides. When the last of his bodyguard was slain Arkhan fought on alone for over an hour, standing atop a growing pile of bodies.

Arkhan finally fell, not to a hero's sword, but to a single spear hurled by an unknown soldier. Arkhan stared in horror at the spear shaft that had pierced his heart, and then slumped to the ground and died. Within seconds his body had become a blackened skeleton. The Priest Kings buried Arkhan under a rough cairn of stones along with those he had slain. He was the only foe they honoured in this way. The rest of Nagash's followers were beheaded and burnt, and their ashes scattered to the winds. For generations Arkhan's body lay under this cairn of stones, long forgotten by all but Nagash.

Nagash did not forget his most able lieutenant, or that he had died so that he could escape. While Arkhan rested in his rough stone tomb, Nagash built a mighty Undead empire and returned to finally defeat the Priest Kings and their followers. Once the Priest Kings were defeated Nagash cast an immensely powerful Necromantic spell which woke all of the dead warriors that lay in the Priest Kings' realm. When the spell was cast Arkhan was reborn. With a mighty roar he hurled aside the stones of the cairn and stood once more, both less and more than he had been in life. Arkhan became the first of the creatures known as the Dark Lords of Nagash. These fell beings were in ancient times the foremost of Nagash's captains and apprentices and the most feared hunters of his enemies, and still walk the world bringing despair to the living.

When Nagash was defeated by the last surviving Priest King Alcadizaar just hours after casting the great spell, Arkhan gathered a vast Undead army from those creatures that had been awakened by Nagash's spell. Determined to wreak revenge on all living creatures for the destruction of

his lord and master, Arkhan turned south towards the nearest living opponents he could find. For generations Arkhan and the Undead host under his command battered the kingdoms of Araby, in what the Arabian chroniclers came to call the Wars of Death.

Arkhan and his army inhabited the desert wastes that surround the lands of Araby, uncaring of the sweltering heat and total lack of water which would have destroyed any living army. From here they would swoop on an unsuspecting Arabian city, destroy it and burn it to the ground, and disappear back to the desert from whence they had come. When Nagash was finally reborn, Arkhan turned his army about and marched north to rejoin him and resume his position as his chief lieutenant and second in command. From that day until this Arkhan has remained Nagash's most able and trusted general, leading Nagash's Undead legions against many opponents.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Arkhan the Black	4	7	7	5	4	4	6	5	10
Arkhan's Chariot	-	4	-	6	6	3	-	D6	-
Skeleton Steed	8	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Arkhan the Black is armed with a sword, staff and rides into battle in a huge Undead chariot.

MAGIC ITEMS: Arkhan may take up to three magic items in total. Usually he carries the Staff of Damnation, the Cursed Book and the Tomb Blade of Arkhan. The magic cards for the Staff of Damnation and the Tomb Blade of Arkhan can be found in Warhammer Battle Magic, while the card for the Cursed Book is printed at the end of this section. The rules are summarised below for your convenience.



THE TOMB BLADE OF ARKHAN

Whenever a creature with only 1 wound is killed by the Tomb Blade the slain model is removed and replaced with a Skeleton warrior (mounted on a Skeleton Steed if it was mounted on a steed before). The Skeletons raised in this way form a new unit with Arkhan as the unit leader and have the standard profile given for Skeleton warriors. Each time another foe is slain an additional Skeleton is added to the unit. Heroes and other creatures with more than 1 wound are never raised as Skeletons.

THE STAFF OF DAMNATION

The Staff contains a spell that can be used to invigorate every friendly Undead unit within 36" of the caster in the magic phase. Each unit can take one of the following extra actions immediately, even though it is out of normal sequence: charge, march move, fight a round of hand-to-hand combat, or shoot with missile weapons. Note that these effects are the same as Vanhel's Danse Macabre, except that several units may be affected. The notes in the rulebook pertaining to this spell also apply. Roll a D6 each time Arkhan uses the staff. On a roll of 1 or 2 its energy is exhausted and it cannot be used again.

THE CURSED BOOK

The Cursed Book contains the writings of Har-Ak-Iman, a vile Arabian Necromancer. The book radiates an aura of pure evil that will affect any living creature within 6". Affected models are so overcome with a feeling of dread that they suffer a -1 modifier to all their to hit rolls with ranged weapons or in hand-to-hand combat.

SPECIAL RULES

Arkhan is a Liche. The following special rules also apply.

IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

Arkhan is not affected by psychology. He is immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.

TERROR

Arkhan causes *terror* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer rulebook. Remember that creatures which cause terror also cause *fear*.

ARKHAN'S CHARIOT

Arkhan's chariot is very special, even by the unholy standards of the chariots used by Undead armies. It is made from the carcass of a slain manticore, and has a special profile which is higher than the profile of a normal Undead chariot (see above). The yoke of the chariot is fitted with two scythes, which add +2 to the number of hits the chariot inflicts when it charges into combat. In addition, the head of the manticore is part of the yoke, and snaps and bites when the chariot is in combat. To represent this the head is allowed to make one attack in hand-to-hand combat with a WS4 and S6. This attack is in addition to the D6 hits the chariot causes when it charges into combat.

FLY

Arkhan's chariot can *fly* as described in the Warhammer rulebook. The chariot can fly even if all of the Skeleton Steeds that pull it are destroyed, as it is the wings of the dead manticore that allow it to fly.

KRELL,**LORD OF THE UNDEAD 160 points**

+50 points Armour of Protection

+125 points Black Axe of Krell

Your army may include Krell, Lord of the Undead. He is a Dark Lord of Nagash and may lead the army if you wish, though he does not have to do so. If you choose to use him to lead the army then he replaces the general described in the main army list.

Krell was a mighty Chaos Champion in the days long before the birth of the Empire. At this time there were only a few scattered tribes of men, barbarians with few skills and little learning. Krell was the ruler of a barbarian tribe who was corrupted by the Chaos god known as Khorne. He quickly carved out an empire amongst the barbarian tribes of the north and then turned against the Dwarfs to the south. This was during the period that the Dwarfs call the Time of Woes, when the Dwarf empire had been riven by earthquakes and volcanic explosions, then assaulted by massed tribes of Orcs, Goblins, Skaven and other evil creatures. Krell allied with the Night Goblins that stormed the Dwarf Strongholds of Karak Ungor and Karak Varn. His name is recorded many times in the Great Book of Grudges. He was finally slain by the Dwarf Hero Grimbol Ironhelm during the assault on Karak Kadrin.



Krell's followers carried away his body and buried it in a crudely wrought tomb on the edge of the area of land that is now known as the Chaos Wastes. Nearly 1,500 years later Nagash came upon this tomb when he was searching for his lost Crown of Sorcery. Nagash had heard much of Krell and his brief but bloody reign, and it pleased him to raise such a mighty warrior from the dead. Krell was placed in command of one of Nagash's Undead legions when he fought against Sigmar at the Battle of the River Reik.

Krell's forces were to attack the Empire's Dwarf allies, giving Krell an opportunity to avenge his defeat at Dwarf hands centuries before. Leading his legion from the front Krell smashed into the Dwarf lines. The battle raged furiously, the Dwarfs stubbornly refusing to give ground against the seemingly endless ranks of Undead troops. But then, just as it seemed that the Dwarf line was beginning to crumble, Sigmar cut down Nagash. In moments the Undead army was all but destroyed as units withered and

turned to dust without Nagash's will to keep them alive. Only Krell survived Nagash's defeat and at the head of his troops was able to battle his way through the Dwarf lines and escape.

Sigmar's forces were exhausted by the battle they had just fought and did not pursue Krell immediately. This proved a costly mistake, for such human frailties did not worry Krell or his Undead followers. Marching night and day Krell led what remained of his forces on a dance of destruction that cut a bloody swathe across the fledgling Empire. Entire communities were destroyed, towns sacked and castles burnt to the ground, while the cities of the Empire filled with refugees fleeing from Krell's Undead army. To this day stories of Krell and his Doomed Legion are told round campfires and in taverns across the Empire. Krell was finally cornered by Sigmar and defeated at the Battle of Glacier Lake, and Krell was imprisoned in a magically constructed tomb.

Hundreds of years later Heinrich Kemmler, better known as the Lichemaster, came upon the Krell's tomb. He struck a deal with the Krell and freed him to do his bidding, or so he thought. In fact, Kemmler's wanderings in the mountains had been subtly guided by Nagash as part of a cunning and evil plan which would free Krell and unite him with the Lichemaster, and then unleash these two powerful Undead champions against the Kingdom of Bretonnia. Nagash's plans have suffered a minor setback following the heavy casualties the Lichemaster's and Krell's forces suffered at the Battle of La Maisontaal Abbey, but in time they are sure to bear rich and terrible fruit.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Krell	4	5	0	4	5	4	5	3	8

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Krell is armed with a double-handed axe, wears heavy armour, and may ride a Skeleton Steed (+2 points).

MAGIC ITEMS: Krell may take up to three magic items in total. Usually he carries the Black Axe and wears Armour of Protection. The magic card for the Armour of Protection may be found in Warhammer Battle Magic, and the card for the Black Axe of Krell is reproduced at the end of this section. The rules are summarised below for your convenience.

ARMOUR OF PROTECTION

The Armour of Protection counts exactly as heavy armour – ie, a 5+ save on its own. It may be combined with shield/mount bonuses exactly like ordinary heavy armour. Krell rolls to save as normal. If he fails his normal armour saving roll he can immediately roll again, this time saving on a 4 or more but ignoring saving roll modifiers for the strength of the attack. If this second roll fails, there are no further rolls and Krell is wounded.

BLACK AXE OF KRELL

The Black Axe is a huge double-handed axe carved from a solid piece of black obsidian rock and enchanted with powerful spells. When the axe inflicts a wound small pieces of the blade break off and are left embedded in the victim's flesh. If the victim is not killed outright then these razor-sharp slivers start working their way deeper and deeper into the victim's body, causing a slow agonising death.



The Black Axe is treated as a double-handed axe in combat (see page 42 of the Warhammer rulebook). It ignores armour, so any opponent hit by the axe may not take any armour saves that they may have. In addition, any victims that suffer 1 or more wounds from the Black Axe must roll a D6 at the start of each magic phase. On a roll of 1 or 2 they take an additional wound from the slivers of Black Axe left in the wound.

If you are playing a campaign and a character with an infected wound survives the battle, roll a D6 for them: 1-3 = They die before the slivers of Black Axe can be removed; 4-6 = A skilled healer is able to remove the pieces of Black Axe before the character dies.

SPECIAL RULES

Krell is an independent character and does not have to lead or be part of a unit. He may use any of the magic item cards that are normally only available to Liches, Vampires or Necromancers. In addition, the following special rules apply.

IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

Krell is not affected by psychology. He is immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.

TERROR

Krell is a powerful and frightening monster who causes *terror* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer rulebook. Remember that creatures which cause terror also cause *fear*.

SETTRA, THE TOMB KING
OF KHEMRI 210 points
+50 points Staff of Osiris
+50 points Tomb King's Crown
+30 points Flail of Skulls

Your army may include Settra, the Tomb King. He may lead the army if you wish, though he does not have to. If you choose to use him to lead the army then he replaces the general described in the main army list.

Settra was the Priest King who founded Khemri, the ancient city which spawned both Nagash and Arkhan the Black. He was also the first of the Priest Kings to have his body buried in a pyramid, the likes of which now dot the plains of the blighted and misbegotten land of the Tomb Kings. He was a vain and egotistical man when alive, long to hold a grudge and hateful of anyone who questioned his actions or motives. He cared little for the suffering his actions caused others, and it is said that populations of entire villages died while working as slave labour to build his pyramid. When he finally died a mood of subdued rejoicing filled the land.

Settra was raised to life once more by Nagash's great spell of awakening. Following Nagash's defeat at the hands of the doomed Priest King Alcadizaar he quickly managed to bring the Undead population of Khemri under his control. When Nagash returned to life in his black pyramid at Khemri, he expected the Undead he had raised with his spell to obey and follow him. By this time Settra had been ruling the city for hundreds of years, and he was far too proud and arrogant to submit to any other ruler.



Settra led his armies against Nagash and the small number of Undead followers Nagash had been able to bind to his will, catapulting Khemri into civil war. Battles raged across the decaying streets and buildings of the city and through the necropolises that surrounded it as the forces of undeath fought against each other in a terrible silent contest. Nagash was soon joined by Arkhan the Black and the army under his control, and sought aid by visiting the other cities of the dead Tomb Kings. This proved a costly mistake, for the other Tomb Kings were united in their hatred of Nagash for what he had done to them and their realm. The Tomb Kings formed an alliance under the leadership of Settra, and against such overwhelming forces Nagash and Arkhan had no choice but to retreat north to Nagashizzar.



Fortunately for all living creatures the alliance of the Tomb Kings and the huge Undead armies under their control did not last long. Settra was as vain, self-centred and evil in death as he had been in life. As the first of the Tomb Kings he felt that all of those that followed owed allegiance to him, and he was outraged when they refused to carry on obeying his orders after Nagash had been banished.

Determined to impose his will on the others, Settra turned his army on his former allies. The battle that resulted raged continuously for seven days and nights, the combatants neither tiring or growing dispirited, and with the losses to each side being made good as Undead warriors that had been slain were restored once more to unlife. With the teaming living dead population of Khemri under his control Settra was by far the most powerful of the Tomb Kings, but he was heavily outnumbered by the combined forces of all of the other Tomb Kings, and finally he was forced to retreat or face complete annihilation. As Settra led his forces back to Khemri he cursed his enemies and vowed revenge against all of them.

Since that time Settra has continued to spread his evil empire, sending his armies to battle against the other Tomb Kings, and launching his fleets to raid the coasts of Tilea, Estalia, Bretonnia and Araby. These raids have earned Settra a fearsome and evil reputation, for the Undead fleets do not raid in order to steal gold, corn or other booty, but in order to capture the living. The unfortunate victims are dragged off to Khemri to be slain in horrifying rituals so their bodies can swell the ranks of Settra's Undead host. Often Settra will lead the raiding force himself, landing his army on the coast and cutting a bloody swathe through the lands of the living, leaving burning towns and villages devoid of all life in his wake. The army will then return to the fleet with a rich haul of living victims, and disappear as silently and as quickly as it appeared.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Settra	3	5	0	5	6	5	5	4	9

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Settra is armed with a flail, staff, and may ride a Skeleton Steed (+2 points).

MAGIC ITEMS: Settra may take up to three magic items in total – more than a Mummy Tomb King is normally allowed to take. Usually he carries the the Staff of Osiris, the Tomb King's Crown, and the Flail of Skulls. The magic cards for these items can be found at the end of this section, and the rules are also summarised below.

STAFF OF OSIRIS

Once per magic phase the Staff of Osiris may be used to unleash a bolt of blinding white, super-heated energy. The bolt flies 18" in a straight line, striking the first model in its path. The victim takes a single Strength 6 hit that causes D3 wounds, with no armour saving roll allowed. If the first victim is killed then the bolt of energy will carry on, striking the next victim in its path in exactly the same way. It will carry on in this way until it either fails to kill a target, or reaches the extent of its 18" range. Roll a D6 each time Settra uses the staff. On a score of a 1 or a 2 its energy is exhausted and it cannot be used again in this battle.

THE TOMB KING'S CROWN

The Tomb King's Crown increases the wearer's control over nearby Undead, so they fight more effectively. Any Undead model that is within 12" of the wearer of the crown may use the wearer's WS and BS instead of their own. This means that a unit near the wearer of the Tomb King's Crown can use his superior skill values when firing weapons or fighting in hand-to-hand combat. This ability may not be used if the wearer of the crown is engaged in hand-to-hand combat himself, as he must dedicate his full concentration to fighting off his opponents.

FLAIL OF SKULLS

The Flail of Skulls is an ancient magical weapon crafted from the skulls of fallen enemies. It is treated as a flail in hand-to-hand combat (see page 43 of the Warhammer rulebook). In addition, the jaws of the skull bite into the victim if they hit, tearing great lumps of flesh away as they are ripped free. Each wounding hit therefore causes 2 wounds against living opponents instead of the normal 1.

SPECIAL RULES

Settra is an independent character and does not have to lead or be part of a unit. He may use any of the magic item cards that are normally only available to Liches, Vampires or Necromancers. In addition, the following special rules apply.

IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY

Settra is not affected by psychology. He is immune to fear, terror, panic and all other psychology tests.

TERROR

Settra is a powerful and frightening monster who causes *terror* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer rulebook. Remember that creatures which cause terror also cause *fear*.

FIRE

Settra is preserved beyond death in the same way as a Mummy, although he is many times more powerful. None the less he is very vulnerable to fire-based attacks, so any hit by a flaming weapon or spell will inflict double wounds.

DIETER HELSNICHT, DOOM LORD OF MIDDENHEIM

..... 410 points

+65 points Chaos Runesword

+50 points Staff of Flaming Death

+200 points Manticore

Your army may include Dieter Helsenicht. He is a Necromancer Lord and may lead the army if you wish, though he does not have to. If you choose to use him to lead the army then he replaces the general described in the main army list.

Dieter Helsenicht was once a great and much feared wizard who was forced to flee from the city of Middenheim when it was discovered that he was a Necromancer. From his secret fortress in the Forest of Shadows he slowly built up his strength and plotted his revenge. After decades of preparation his evil plans reached fruition, and the Doom Lord marched forth at the head of a huge army of Undead creatures to attack Middenheim. After a long campaign and many victories he was finally stopped at the Battle of Beeckerhoven. The Doom Lord's body, however, was never found and it is commonly supposed that he escaped on the back of the manticore he rides in battle.

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dieter Helsenicht	4	7	7	5	4	4	6	5	10
Magical Bonuses		+1		+1				+1	
Manticore	6	6	0	7	7	5	4	4	8

WEAPONS/ARMOUR: Dieter Helsenicht is armed with a sword and staff. He rides a manticore in battle.

MAGIC ITEMS: Dieter Helsenicht may take up to four magic items in total. Normally he takes the Chaos Runesword and the Staff of Flaming Death. The magic cards for these items are printed at the end of this section, but the rules are summarised below for your convenience.

CHAOS RUNESWORD

This weapon was forged by Grungni Ironheart, a Dwarf Runesmith who was corrupted and led astray by the Chaos Gods. The runes carved into the blade increase the bearer's Weapon Skill, Strength and Attacks by 1 point each.

STAFF OF FLAMING DEATH

The eyes of the Staff of Flaming Death glow bright with magical fire and its jaws clatter and gnash constantly. Once per magic phase the staff may be used to cast a Flaming Skull spell. The flaming skull hurtles 24" striking the first model or unit in its path and inflicting D3 Strength 4 hits. Any unit that suffers one or more casualties from a flaming skull attack must immediately take a Panic test or flee as described in the Warhammer rules.

MANTICORE

Dieter rides a manticore into battle. The manticore can *fly* and causes *terror* as described in the Warhammer rulebook. Remember creatures which cause terror automatically cause *fear* as well.

MAGIC ITEM 25 POINTS

THE CURSED BOOK

The Cursed Book contains the writings of Har-Ak-Iman, a vile Arabian Necromancer who is said to have been the most evil and depraved man who ever lived.

The book radiates an aura of pure evil that will affect any living creature within 6". Affected models are so overcome with a feeling of dread that they shiver and shake, and suffer a -1 modifier to all their to hit rolls with ranged weapons or in hand-to-hand combat.

CHAOS OR UNDEAD ONLY

MAGIC SPELL 50 POINTS

CLOAK OF MISTS AND SHADOWS

The Cloak of Mists and Shadows allows its wearer to cast the Necromantic *Dark Mist* spell at will once per magic phase. The character's body melts into a dark mist which swirls across the battlefield. He may move 24" per turn, and can move through solid objects and therefore suffers no penalties for moving over difficult terrain or obstacles. He can move through buildings, but may not move through other creatures. The character may not attack while the spell is in effect, but may cast spells. He may only be harmed by magical weapons and spells. Once cast the spell remains effective for the rest of the game, until it is dispelled, or until the character decides to end it.

WIZARDS ONLY

MAGIC ITEM 75 POINTS

SWORD OF UNHOLY POWER

A character armed with this sword may draw on its power to cast one of their Dark Magic or Necromantic Magic spells per magic phase. The spell is cast automatically, without the character having to expend any power cards to cast it. The spell may be dispelled as normal. Roll a D6 each time the sword is used. If the dice roll is less than or equal to the power normally required for the spell that was just cast, then the energies of the sword are exhausted and it cannot be used again for the rest of this battle. For example, if the character cast a power 3 spell, then the sword would become exhausted on a D6 roll of 3 or less.

WIZARDS ONLY

MAGIC ITEM 40 POINTS

STAFF OF POWER

Nagash created the Staff of Power to allow him to store the additional power he needed to carry out his most dangerous spells.

The staff can be used to store up to four magic cards, with the exception of Total Power and Drain Magic. Place the magic cards face down under the Staff of Power card instead of using them in the magic phase. The staff starts the battle with one card already stored in it, so take one card from the magic deck and place it under the Staff of Power magic item card (discard Total Power or Drain Magic if you draw them, and replace it with a new card).

NAGASH ONLY

MAGIC ITEM 100 POINTS

BOOK OF NAGASH

Nagash was the first and greatest of all the Necromancers, and he created almost all of the spells that allow these followers of the dark arts to raise and control the Undead. The secrets of his magic spells are recorded in nine massive tomes known as the Nine Books of Nagash.

A Necromancer who is carrying one of the Books of Nagash may increase their magic level by +1, so a Necromancer Champion with a magic level of 2 would count as having a magic level of 3, while a Necromancer Lord would count as having a magic level of 5. This additional magic level allows the character to take an extra spell, which must be chosen from the Necromantic spell deck.

NECROMANCERS ONLY

MAGIC ITEM 35 POINTS

SKULL STAFF

The jaws of the skull staff chatter and gnash together warning the owner of the use of magic against him, or of hidden magic items that are nearby. The opposing player must reveal what magic items and spells are held by any characters that are within 12" of the Skull Staff during the magic phase. In addition, thanks to the warnings given by the staff, the holder receives a +1 bonus to his dice roll when he attempts to use a dispel. This means that he will dispel a spell cast by a lesser wizard on a 2+, a wizard of equal power on a 3+, and a spell cast by a stronger wizard on a 4+.

WIZARDS ONLY

MAGIC ITEM 75 POINTS

CHAOS TOMB BLADE

The Chaos Tomb Blade once belonged to a mighty Chaos Warrior. It is forged from the raw stuff of Chaos and thirsts for blood and death, and will reward its wielder with magical power for any lives that he takes.

For each wound the blade inflicts on a living creature, the owner may immediately take a magic card to use in the next magic phase. For example, if the character inflicted 2 wounds in hand-to-hand combat using the Tomb Blade, then he would be allowed to take two extra magic cards to use in the next magic phase.

UNDEAD OR CHAOS ONLY

MAGIC ITEM 125 POINTS

BLACK AXE OF KRELL

When the Black Axe inflicts a wound small pieces of the blade break off in the victim's flesh and cause a slow agonising death.

The Black Axe is treated like a double-handed axe in combat. It ignores armour, so any opponent hit by it may not take any armour (including magic armour) saves. Any victims that suffer 1 or more wounds from the Black Axe must roll a D6 at the start of each magic phase. On a roll of 1 or 2 they take an additional wound from the slivers of axe left in the wound.

If you are playing a campaign and a character with an infected wound survives the battle, roll a D6 for them: 1-3 = They die before the slivers of Black Axe can be removed; 4-6 = A skilled healer is able to remove the slivers before the character dies.

UNDEAD OR CHAOS ONLY

MAGIC SPELL 50 POINTS

STAFF OF FLAMING DEATH

The eyes of the Staff of Flaming Death glow bright with magical fire and its jaws clatter and gnash constantly.

Once per magic phase the staff may be used to cast a Flaming Skull spell. The flaming skull hurtles 24" striking the first model or unit in its path and inflicting D3 Strength 4 hits. Any unit that suffers one or more casualties from a flaming skull attack must immediately take a Panic test or flee, as described in the Warhammer rules.

WIZARDS ONLY

MAGIC ITEM

30 POINTS

FLAIL OF SKULLS

The Flail of Skulls is an ancient magic weapon crafted from the skulls of fallen enemies.

The Flail is treated as a flail in hand-to-hand combat (see page 43 of the Warhammer rulebook). In addition, the jaws of the skull bite into the victim if they hit, tearing great lumps of flesh away as they are ripped free. Each wounding hit therefore causes 2 wounds against living opponents instead of the normal 1.

MAGIC ITEM

65 POINTS

CHAOS RUNESWORD

This weapon was forged by Grungni Ironheart, a Dwarf Runesmith who was corrupted and led astray by the Chaos Gods. The runes carved into the blade increase the bearer's Weapon Skill, Strength and Attacks by 1 point each.



UNDEAD OR CHAOS ONLY

MAGIC ITEM

50 POINTS

THE TOMB KING'S CROWN

The Tomb King's Crown increases the wearer's control over all nearby Undead so he can make them fight more effectively. Any Undead model that is within 12" of the wearer of the crown may use the wearer's Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill instead of their own. This means that a unit near the wearer of the Tomb King's Crown can use his superior skill values when firing weapons or fighting in hand-to-hand combat. This ability may not be used if the wearer of the crown is engaged in hand-to-hand combat himself, as he must dedicate his full concentration to fighting off his opponents.

MUMMY TOMB KING ONLY

MAGIC ITEM

100 POINTS

THE BLACK ARMOUR OF NAGASH

Nagash's armour is forged from an alloy of lead and meteoric iron, and over the millennia it has fused itself with his body.

The armour provides Nagash with a 4+ armour saving roll against hand-to-hand or missile attacks, and gives him a 4+ saving roll against the effects of any magical spells or attacks. Neither of these saving throws is modified for any of the usual saving throw modifiers, and so Nagash will always receive a saving roll of 4 or more against any attacks that he suffers. Even damage inflicted by bolt throwers or stone throwers may be saved by this armour.

NAGASH ONLY

MAGIC ITEM

35 POINTS

MORTIS - THE GREAT BLADE OF DEATH

Mortis is a huge magic sword that crackles with unearthly power. The blade was crafted by Nagash himself and no-one else may use it.

The sword adds +1 to Nagash's already considerable Strength, increasing it from 7 to 8. In addition, any wounds inflicted by the blade may be taken by Nagash and used to restore any of his own wounds lost earlier in the battle.

NAGASH ONLY

MAGIC SPELL

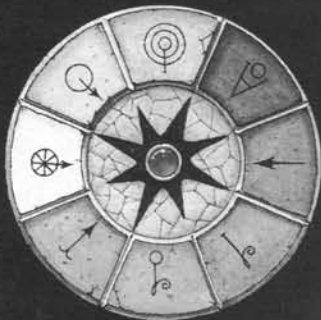
50 POINTS

STAFF OF OSIRIS

Once per magic phase the Staff of Osiris may be used to unleash a bolt of blinding white, super-heated energy. The bolt flies 18" in a straight line, striking the first model in its path. The victim takes a single Strength 6 hit that causes D3 wounds, with no armour saving roll allowed. If the first victim is killed then the bolt of energy will carry on, striking the next victim in its path in exactly the same way as a bolt thrower. It will carry on in this way until it either fails to kill a target, or reaches the extent of its 18" range. Roll a D6 each time the staff is used. On a 1 or 2 its energy is exhausted and it cannot be used again in this battle.

WIZARDS ONLY
EXHAUSTED ON A ROLL OF 1 OR 2

MAGIC ITEM



MAGIC ITEM

Mannfred von Carstein strolled along the battlements of his castle, enjoying for the first time in centuries the feeling of mobility. He had lain long in the swamps of Hel Fenn with only the dimmest awareness of his surroundings. It was not till that fool Schtillman had disturbed his bones that he had possessed any more self-awareness than a slug or an insect. Now, once more, he was himself again, the proud nobleman who had come close to toppling the Empire. The master of men and magic, last of the Undying Counts of Sylvania.

The two moons peered through the dark clouds; bat-winged things scudded along riding the winds. The signs were all there: across this ancient land the Powers of Undeath stirred once more. Ghouls gathered, plagues scoured the cities, the dead lay unquiet in their graves. An ancient familiar had brought word from the south that Nagash stirred once more, reaching out from his ancient fortress to bend the Dark to his will. That thought worried even von Carstein, for who knew what that ancient, evil liche was capable of. Once he had come close to mastering the world. He might yet if he gathered his power to him. The thought occurred to the Vampire Count that his resurrection and the awakening of Nagash might be connected but he thrust the idea aside. He was his own master, and he had his own plans, and even now they approached fulfilment.

By the ancient mazy ways he had sent word to the Brotherhood. Even now, pale riders on dark horses made their way towards this keep. Companies of skeletons and zombies were drawn to the call of his will. Ghouls scuttled in the graveyard below, and zombie servitors prepared the crypts for the arrival of his allies. Von Carstein smiled, and his white teeth gleamed in the moonlight. Soon he would have an army once more. Soon he would claim his lands back from the usurpers who had taken them. Soon he would cause mortal men to tremble.

His power had reached a peak once more. Almost he wished the Dwarf were present again so that he might break his bones and cast his bloodless corpse from the highest battlements. It still stung von Carstein's pride that he had been forced to flee through his own castle from a mere Slayer, and to hide until the Dwarf and his human henchman had grown tired of searching. Still, in his long unlife von Carstein had learned the value of patience. He knew there was a time to fight and a time to flee. At that point flight had been the most sensible course. At Hel Fenn he had learned the power of Dwarf rune weapons and that Slayer had borne one of the most potent rune weapons of all. Cold hatred filled his heart. One fine night he would make them pay for their insolence. After all, he had all the time in the world to take his revenge.

He pulled his dark cloak close about him. He should not be distracted by thoughts of revenge. He had a larger goal to achieve. Once the army had gathered he would strike west and, one by one, the small, ancient towns of Sylvania would become aware that their Lord had returned to claim what was rightfully his. In his

mind's eye he recreated the splendour of the old days. He saw the great black carriages carrying the white-fleshed nobility between their brooding keeps. He saw the glittering balls where human blood was served from crystal decanters, and masked Vampires pursued their frightened prey through the gloriously rotting gardens. He saw the deferential peasants doff their caps to him, their eyes as full of bovine stupidity as cattle. Soon, he told himself, those days would come again.

For was it not the destiny of the Vampire to feed upon humanity? Were not short-lived men simply cattle to their undying superiors? It was their doom to provide nourishment for the aristocracy of the night, just as it was the doom of cattle to be slaughtered to provide humans with food.

Von Carstein shook his head, knowing such a train of thought was dangerous. Humans were no mere cattle. They were more like the wild boar that he had hunted before he had put aside his mortality. They were dangerous and cunning and to be feared too, for they had numbers and powerful magics. He must never underestimate them as he had done in the past, when he had been filled with self-confidence by the potency of his Vampiric powers.

He caught the gleam of plump and blood filled flesh in the courtyard below. He stood quiet for a moment and listened. He heard the soft tread on the stairs behind him, and turned smiling. It was the girl the Slayer and the youth had rescued from the dungeon below. She smiled nervously back at him. She had returned, as he had known she would. Slowly he glided towards her. She threw back her head, baring her neck, ready for his kiss.



UNDEAD

SKELETON HORSEMEN



SKELETON HORSEMAN
WITH BOW
74519/4



SKELETON HORSEMAN
WITH AXE
74519/2



SKELETON HORSEMAN
WITH SWORD
74519/1



SKELETON HORSEMAN
WITH SPEAR
74519/3

THESE MODELS ARE SUPPLIED WITH PLASTIC SHIELDS WHERE APPROPRIATE AND A PLASTIC SKELETON STEED SPRUE AS STANDARD



EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED SKELETON HORSEMEN

UNDEAD

DIETER HELSNIKT ON MANTICORE



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED DIETER HELSNIKT ON MANTICORE

THE COMPLETED DIETER HELNSNIKT ON MANTICORE CONSISTS OF:

- 1 x BANNER TOP
- 1 x DIETER HELSNIKT LEGS
- 1 x DIETER HELSNIKT BODY
- 1 x MANTICORE HEAD
- 1 x MANTICORE LEFT BODY
- 1 x MANTICORE RIGHT BODY
- 1 x BACK LEG
- 1 x FRONT PAW
- 1 x MANTICORE TAIL
- 1 x LEFT WING
- 1 x RIGHT WING



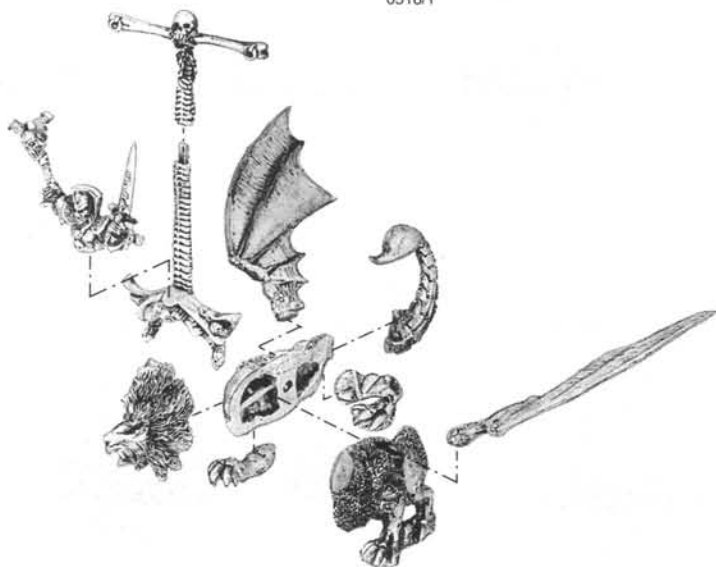
BANNER TOP
0518/3



DIETER HELSNIKT BODY
0518/1



DIETER HELSNIKT LEGS
0518/2



UNDEAD



LEFT WING
0810/5



RIGHT WING
0810/6



MANTICORE HEAD
0518/4



MANTICORE TAIL
0518/9



MANTICORE RIGHT BODY
0518/6



MANTICORE LEFT BODY
0518/5



MANTICORE BACK LEG
0518/7



MANTICORE FRONT PAW
0518/8

GHOULS



GHOUL 1
74522/1



GHOUL 2
74522/2



GHOUL 3
74522/3



GHOUL 4
74522/4



GHOUL 5
74522/5



GHOUL 6
74522/6



GHOUL 7
74522/7



GHOUL 8
74522/8



GHOUL 9
74522/9

UNDEAD

ZOMBIES

THESE MINIATURES ARE SUPPLIED WITH PLASTIC SHIELDS WHERE APPROPRIATE



ZOMBIE STANDARD BEARER 1
74514/1



ZOMBIE MUSICIAN
74514/2



ZOMBIE STANDARD BEARER 2
74514/3



ZOMBIE 1
74515/5



ZOMBIE 2
74515/13



ZOMBIE 3
74515/9



ZOMBIE 4
74515/7



ZOMBIE 5
74515/11



ZOMBIE 6
74515/6



ZOMBIE 7
74515/10



ZOMBIE 8
74515/8



ZOMBIE 9
74515/12



ZOMBIE 10
74515/4



ZOMBIE 11
74515/2



ZOMBIE 12
74515/3



ZOMBIE 13
74515/1

UNDEAD

MUMMIES



MUMMY 2
74510/4



MUMMY 1
74510/3



MUMMY 3
74510/2



MUMMY 4
74510/6



MUMMY 5
74510/7



MUMMY 6
74510/1



MUMMY 7
74510/8



MUMMY 8
74510/5

WRAITHS



WRAITH 1
74518/8



WRAITH 1
74518/7



WRAITH 1
74518/5



WRAITH 1
74518/6



WRAITH 5
74518/4



WRAITH 6
74518/1



WRAITH 7
74518/2



WRAITH 8
74518/3

UNDEAD

WIGHTS

THESE MINIATURES ARE SUPPLIED WITH PLASTIC SHIELDS WHERE APPROPRIATE



WIGHT 1
74517/4



WIGHT 2
74517/3



WIGHT 3
74517/2



WIGHT 4
74517/1



WIGHT 5
74517/7



WIGHT 6
74517/5



WIGHT 7
74517/8



WIGHT 8
74517/6

VAMPIRE LORD

THE COMPLETED VAMPIRE LORD CONSISTS OF:
1 x VAMPIRE LORD BODY
1 x CLOAK



VAMPIRE LORD BODY
74520/1



CLOAK
74520/2



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED VAMPIRE LORD

NECROMANCER



NECROMANCER
74521/1

GHOST



GHOST
GH1

UNDEAD

SKELETON COMMAND



**SKELETON STANDARD
BEARER 1**
74516/7



**SKELETON STANDARD
BEARER 2**
74516/5



**SKELETON STANDARD
BEARER 3**
74516/6



SKELETON DRUMMER 1
74516/2



SKELETON HORNBLOWER
74516/1



SKELETON DRUMMER 2
74516/3

CARRION



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED CARRION



CARRION HEAD 1
88420/3



CARRION HEAD 2
88420/4



CARRION HEAD 3
88420/5



CARRION WINGS
88420/2



CARRION BODY
88420/1



CARRION RIDER 1
88420/7



CARRION RIDER 2
88420/6

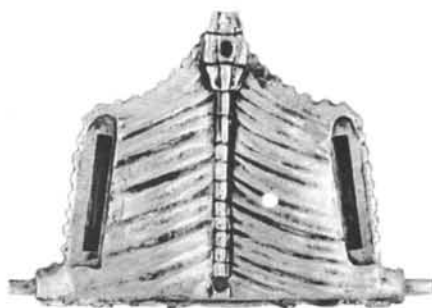
**THE COMPLETED CARRION
CONSISTS OF:**
1 x CARRION RIDER
1 x CARRION HEAD
1 x CARRION BODY
1 x CARRION WINGS

UNDEAD

LICHE KING'S CHARIOT



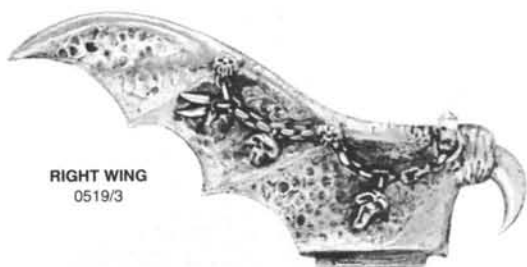
WHEEL
0519/9



CHARIOT BASE
0519/2



LECTERN
0519/7



RIGHT WING
0519/3



LEFT WING
0519/4



YOKE
0519/6



HAFT
0519/5



BANNER
0519/8



ARKHAN THE BLACK
0519/1



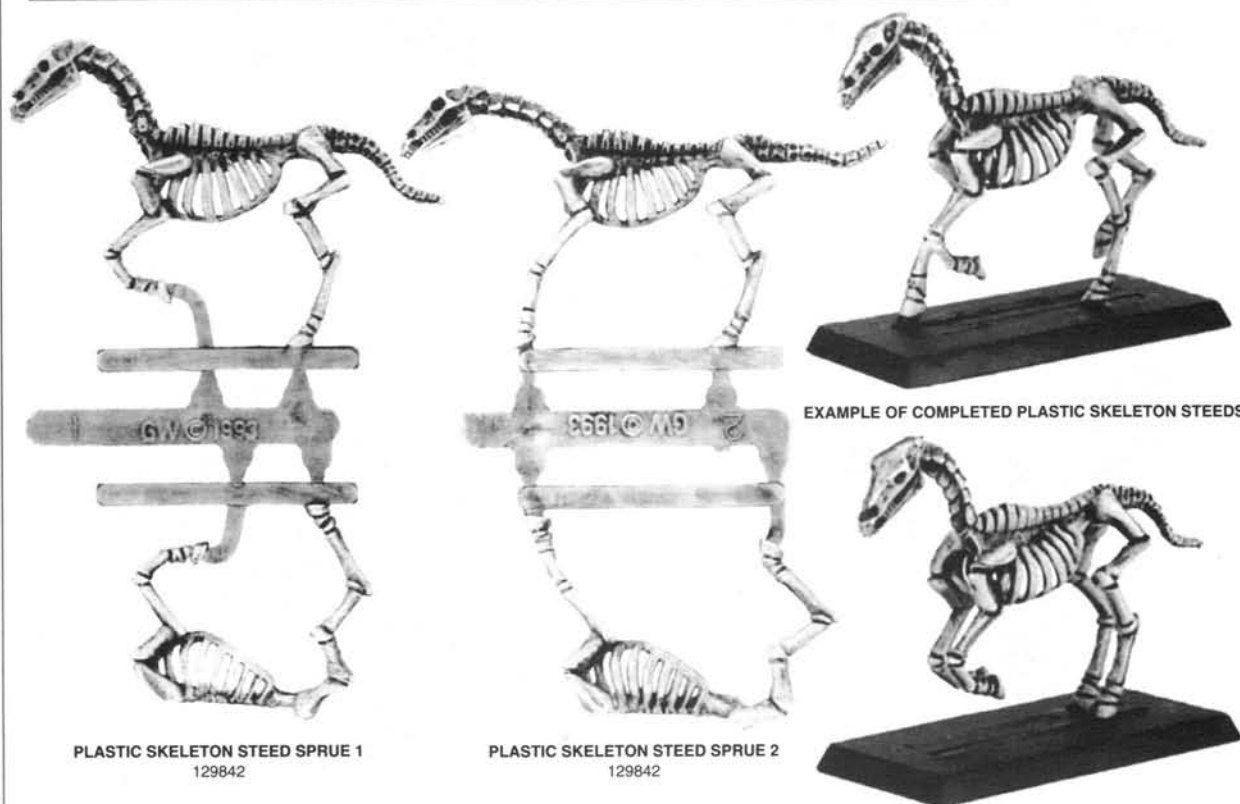
UNDEAD

LICHE KING'S CHARIOT



THE COMPLETED LICHE KING'S
CHARIOT CONSISTS OF:
1 x ARKHAN THE BLACK
1 x CHARIOT BASE
1 x LECTERN
1 x CHARIOT HAFT
1 x BANNER
1 x LEFT WING
1 x RIGHT WING
2 x YOKE
2 x WHEEL
4 x PLASTIC SKELETON STEEDS

EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED LICHE KING'S CHARIOT



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED PLASTIC SKELETON STEEDS

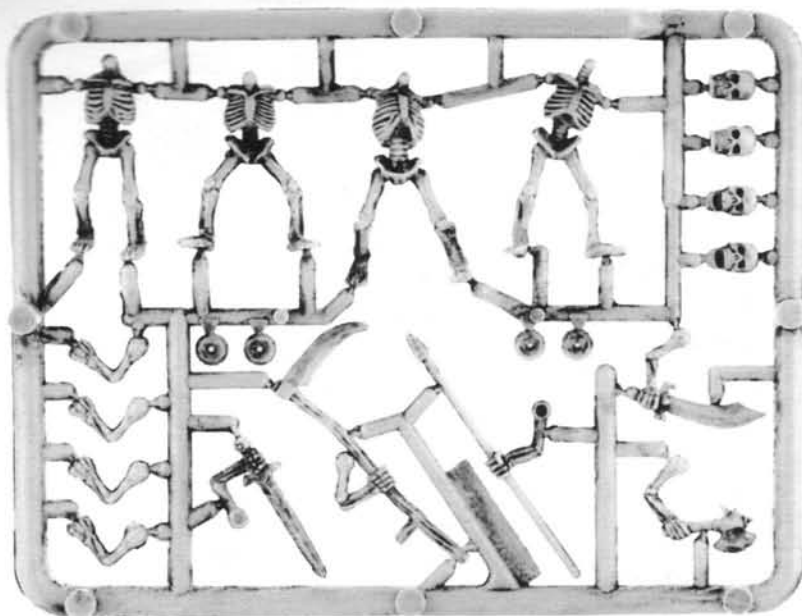
PLASTIC SKELETON STEED SPRUE 1
129842

PLASTIC SKELETON STEED SPRUE 2
129842

PLASTICS

SKELETON WARRIORS

THESE MINIATURES ARE SUPPLIED WITH A PLASTIC SHIELD SPRUE AS

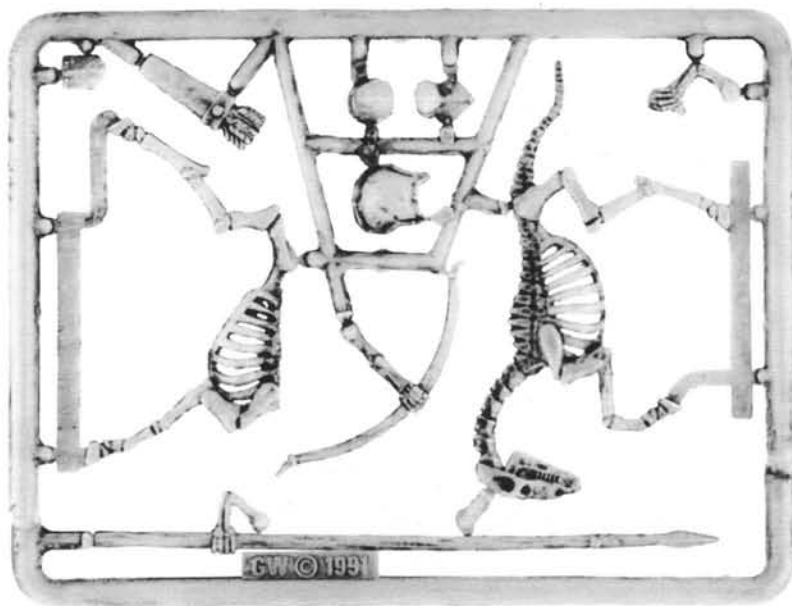


SKELETON WARRIORS SPRUE 101462



EXAMPLES OF COMPLETED PLASTIC SKELETON WARRIORS

SKELETON HORSEMEN

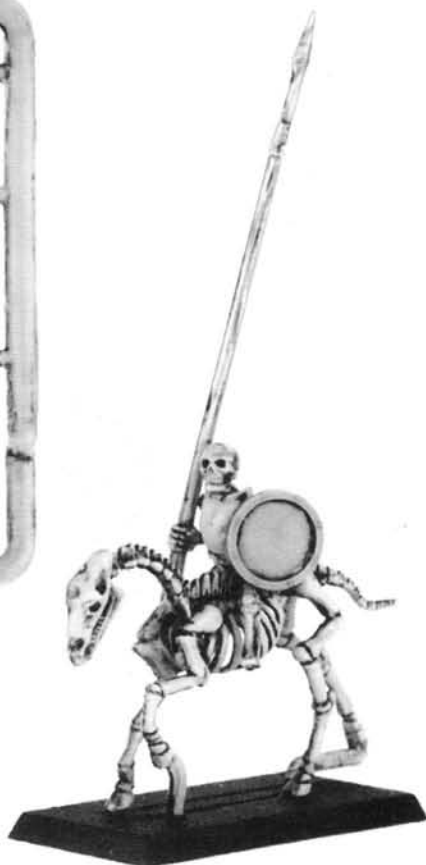


SKELETON HORSE SPRUE 129843

THE COMPLETE SKELETON HORSEMAN
CONSISTS OF:

- 1 x PLASTIC SKELETON WARRIORS SPRUE
- 1 x PLASTIC SKELETON HORSE SPRUE
- 1 x PLASTIC SHIELD SPRUE

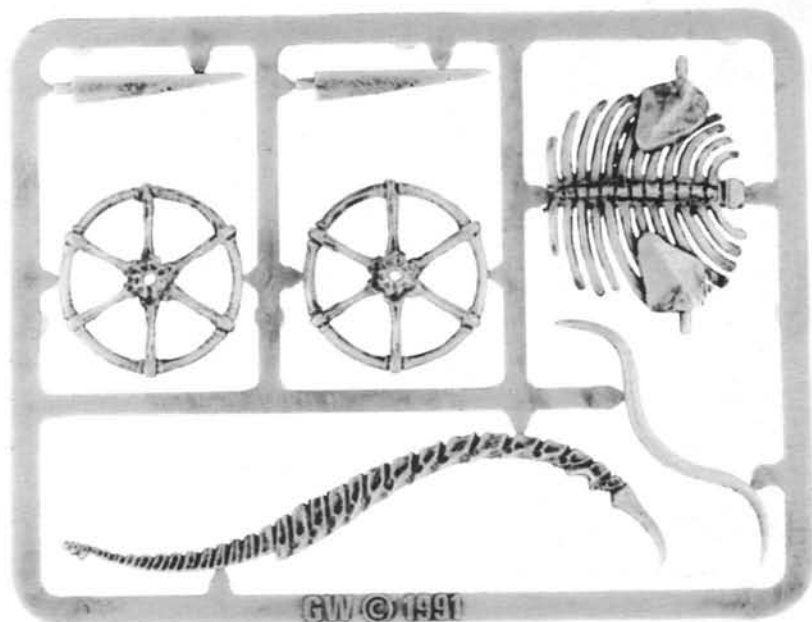
NOTE: ONLY THREE OF THE FOUR
PLASTIC SKELETON WARRIOR BODIES
CAN BE MOUNTED ON THE HORSE.



EXAMPLE OF COMPLETED PLASTIC SKELETON HORSEMAN

PLASTICS

UNDEAD CHARIOT



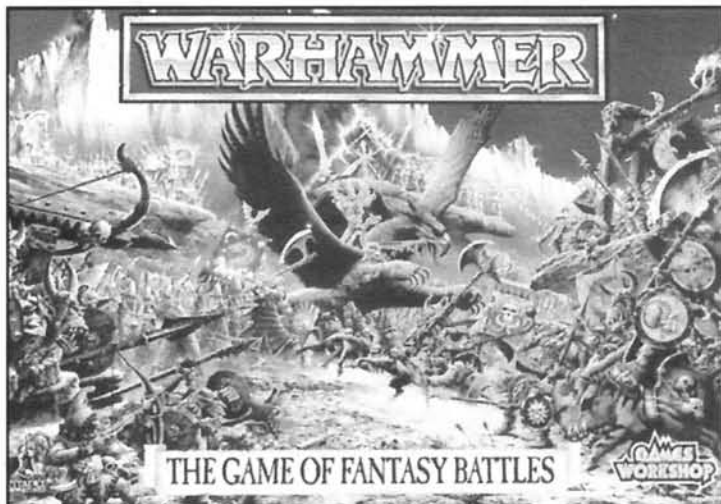
UNDEAD CHARIOT SPRUE 131769

THE COMPLETE UNDEAD CHARIOT CONSISTS OF:

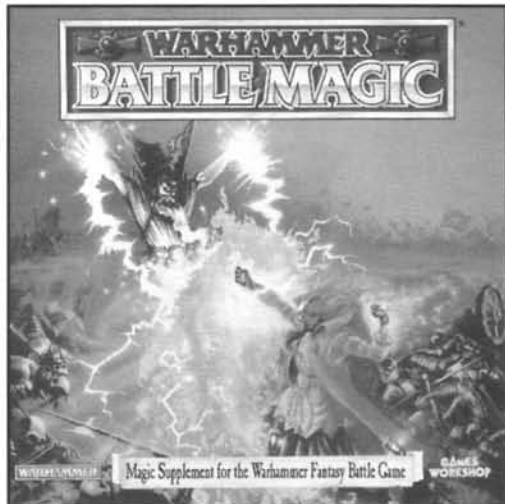
- 1 x PLASTIC SKELETON WARRIORS SPRUE
- 2 x PLASTIC SKELETON HORSE SPRUE
- 1 x PLASTIC UNDEAD CHARIOT SPRUE
- 1 x PLASTIC SHIELD SPRUE



EXAMPLE OF THE COMPLETED PLASTIC UNDEAD CHARIOT



In Warhammer – the game of fantasy battles – mighty armies clash in mortal combat. This boxed set contains all you need to get started in the Warhammer hobby: rulebook, Bestiary (which describes the races and creatures of the Warhammer world), scenario book, dice, over 100 plastic Citadel Miniatures (40 Elves and 64 Goblins), plus many magic item cards, self-assembly card buildings, playsheets, card templates, etc.

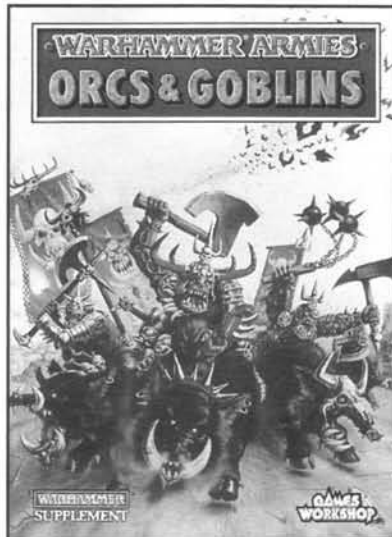
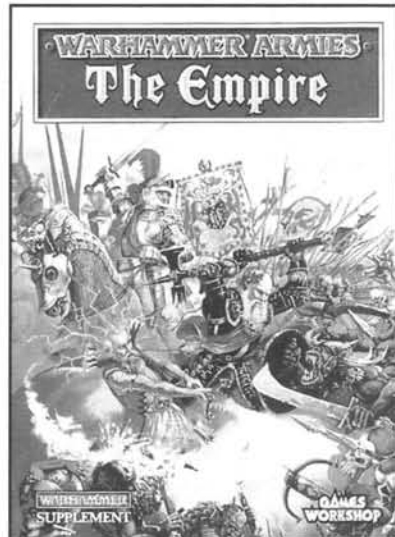
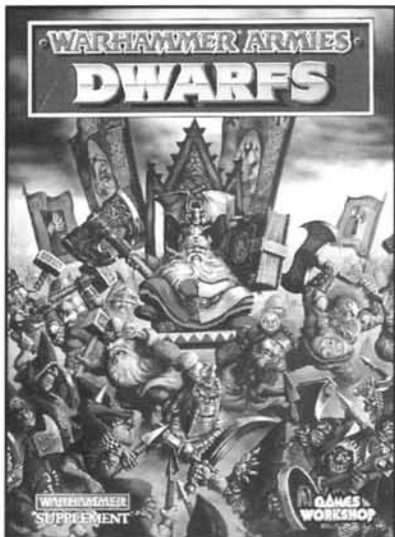
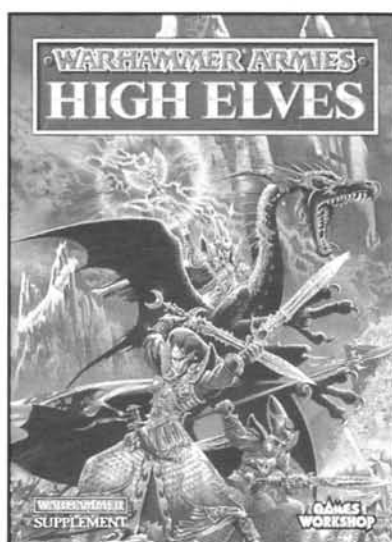


Warhammer Battle Magic adds wizards, spells and magic items to the Warhammer game. The magic items include powerful swords, armour, talismans and rings. This supplement contains an illustrated rulebook, 135 spell cards, over 100 magic item cards, templates and counters.



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A MIGHTY UNDEAD HORDE

WARHAMMER® ARMIES

UNDEAD

In the Warhammer World the dead do not rest easy. Vampires lurk in haunted castles in the sinister forests of Sylvania. Necromancers seek to escape their mortality by searching for forbidden knowledge within the pages of accursed books. In lost cities buried beneath the desert sands of the Land of the Dead, the Tomb Kings rule over legions of corpses, their servants in death as they were in life. And behind all of this towers the gigantic shadowy figure of Nagash, the Great Necromancer, once human but now powerful enough to rival the gods themselves.

THE REALMS OF THE DEAD

A detailed history of the Undead beginning with the birth of Nagash over 4,000 years ago. The Land of the Dead is described together with the many other enclaves and Undead strongholds that are scattered throughout the Warhammer World. A special section reveals the terrible history of the dreaded Vampire Counts of Sylvania, from their rise to power under Count Mannfred von Carstein to the present day.

ARMY LIST

The Undead army list includes Vampire Counts, Wight Lords, Mummy Tomb Kings, Wraiths, Zombies, Screaming Skull Catapults, and more Undead warriors and war machines. A full list is provided for Undead heroes, including the Great Necromancer Nagash, Dieter Helsnicht the Doomlord, Arkhan the Black, Heinrich Kemmler the Lichemaster, and many more besides.

RULES SPECIAL

Complete game rules are provided for all Undead creatures, warriors and war machines including Undead Chariots, Carrion, Zombie Dragons and Undead Horsemen.

A complete set of 10 Necromantic Magic spell cards is provided, along with expanded rules that cover in more detail this unique and terrifying form of battle magic, as well as over a dozen new Magic Item cards including the Book of Nagash, the Black Axe of Krell, and the Tomb King's Crown.

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A special scenario that pits the Doomlord's Undead legions in a deadly battle against a large Empire army with contingents from Middenheim, Nordland and Kislev. The Doomlord must attempt to defeat each Empire contingent separately before they can combine and overwhelm his small but powerful army.

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