

THE NEMESIS CROWN

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To War!



War approaches once more. In the depths of the Great Forest, at the very heart of the Empire, armies from all over the world are engaged in a desperate search for one of the greatest magical artifacts ever created – the Nemesis Crown.

The Nemesis Crown is Games Workshop's latest worldwide campaign. These multi-national happenings are your chance to throw yourself completely into our gaming universes and immerse yourself in the visceral experience of tabletop war.

Each campaign has a specially written storyline, the outcome of which your games help decide. The hub of the campaign is an online web site, where you can post the results of your own battles and edge your faction closer to victory...or defeat. These campaigns are a great period of hobby activity, where everyone is

playing games to help tell a story set in one of our gaming worlds.

This time around, we reveal a tale of the dangerous forests of the Warhammer world. The Nemesis Crown, an item of immense magical potency, was hidden away in the deep woods of the Empire by its creator Alaric the Mad many long millennia past. There, he hoped it would remain undiscovered and the world free of the evil he had inadvertently created.

Perhaps it would have been so, were it not for the activities of a group of Dwarf Miners who stumbled upon the crown while investigating an old mine. News of the discovery has spread throughout the Old World, and now armies from many nations are combing the woods, searching for the crown, and trying to claim it for their own.



Dwarf Runesmiths such as this one are capable of creating immensely powerful artifacts. The Nemesis Crown is one such item.

Join Games Workshop's global campaign and lead your army to glory, as whole nations struggle for the powerful Nemesis Crown.



The campaign charts the struggles of these armies and presents a chance for glory for one or more factions. The campaign is also a chance for you to meet new opponents and write a glorious history for your own army in the blood of your foes and perhaps make a few friends along the way!

Throughout the period of the campaign, there will be participation events in Games Workshop Hobby Centers and independent retailers as well as at larger gaming events like Games Days. Through these events and the games played in your own home or gaming club, the campaign will take shape. As the results are reported online, the campaign's storyline will unfold on a weekly basis through a series of ongoing reports and stories describing the progress of the war as the hunt for the Nemesis Crown intensifies. Keep your finger on the

pulse of the conflict by means of regular web bulletins and Hobby Center activities.

While the history and setting of the campaign is detailed here, the final result is up to you, the gamer, to decide. Any faction can emerge victorious, and it is possible that there will be more than one winner. What is certain is that the more victories you gain for your faction, the better its chance of winning the campaign.

You can find out more about how to sign up and join in later on in this supplement. There are also more details in *White Dwarf* magazine and on the internet.

But first, let us look, my liege, to the field of battle. The fate of your army, your honor, and maybe your people rests upon your shoulders.

The Nemesis Crown awaits you, somewhere within the beast-haunted depths of the Great Forest!



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The Nemesis

For long centuries, the Nemesis Crown has rested hidden deep beneath the Howling Hills. Few know of its origins, of its mad creator, or of the terrible curse that will echo down the ages if ever it is disturbed.

A Bygone Age

Two and a half millennia ago, the Old World was a wild and benighted land. Savage beasts and fell beings haunted the forests and plains, and survival for the warring tribes of Men who dwelt there hung ever in the balance. It was into this savage world that Sigmar was born, and his first great deed was the rescue of the Dwarf King Kurgan Ironbeard from a greenskin raiding party. Ironbeard gifted Sigmar with a great runic warhammer – Ghal Maraz – with which Sigmar fought against the greenskins and ultimately united the scattered tribes of Man.

Years later, Sigmar and Kurgan stood together at the Battle of Black Fire Pass, and in recognition of their great victory, Kurgan ordered his Master Runesmith to forge the Runefangs.

Alaric the Mad

That Master Runesmith was Alaric, creator of some of the greatest weapons ever wielded in battle. A century in the making, the Runefangs were gifted to each of the Empire's Elector Counts. Some say that the century Alaric spent toiling at his forge drove the Runesmith to obsession and paranoia. His peers considered the Runefangs Alaric's greatest achievement, but the Runesmith himself refused to accept that he had reached the height of his art.

Alaric sought a new rune, and in time, found a variation on the Rune of Kingship – the Rune of Ages. This rune would not only retain and distill the wisdom of each of its bearers and pass it on to those who followed but also give the bearer control of his very destiny. Any who carried the rune would become master of his fate and that of his entire race.

But Alaric found that no matter what material he set the Rune of Ages upon, it would shatter as the last blow was struck. Stone, iron, gromril, dragon scales – all proved too weak to contain the mighty energies of his new Master Rune. He set out upon a great quest to find a substance strong enough to bear the rune's awesome

power. For long decades, Alaric wandered the dark roads of the Old World, through mountains and forests. Nowhere could he locate the material he sought. As time went on, he became more and more obsessed, prompting Dwarfs and men to give him a new name – Alaric the Mad.

While passing along what is now the Old Forest Road, which at that time, was little more than a well-trod woodland path, Alaric was ambushed by a band of Skaven. Though now aged and stooped, Alaric was a veteran of many battles and dispatched the vile ratmen with ease. From nearby, he felt the presence, as only a Master Runesmith could, of some unknown but incredibly powerful ore. He followed his uncanny instinct. Deep beneath the knotted roots of a twisted oak, he found a chunk of material strong enough to hold the Rune of Ages – warpstone. Alaric barely hesitated before he pried the chunk of rock out of the ground. Perhaps his once wise mind was clouded by his overwhelming desire to prove himself the greatest Runesmith the world had ever seen, or perhaps the evil of the warpstone reached out and touched his already weakened powers of reason.

The next chapter of Alaric's story is rarely told. It is said that he traveled to the Grey Mountains, where he constructed a mighty forge fueled by the volcanic lifeblood of the peaks. Alaric worked upon the weirdling ore day and night, until he had produced a gleaming crown, upon which was struck the Rune of Ages.

As Alaric looked upon his creation, his mind cleared. He had been blinded by madness and obsession. The crown would not distill the destiny of those who wore it, but would instead draw out even the smallest shred of evil intent and transform him into the vessel for all the malice of every former wearer.

Alaric was horrified by what he had created, but he knew that the crown could not be destroyed. Thus, he resolved to hide it away. He traveled to the Great Forest and the wind-swept Howling Hills and descended into the depths of a worked-out

Crown

Dwarf mine from the times before the War of the Beard. There, he sought a place in which to hide the crown for eternity. Alaric hewed a chamber from the living rock, placed the crown within, and sealed the chamber with the most potent of warding runes.

Evil Reawakened

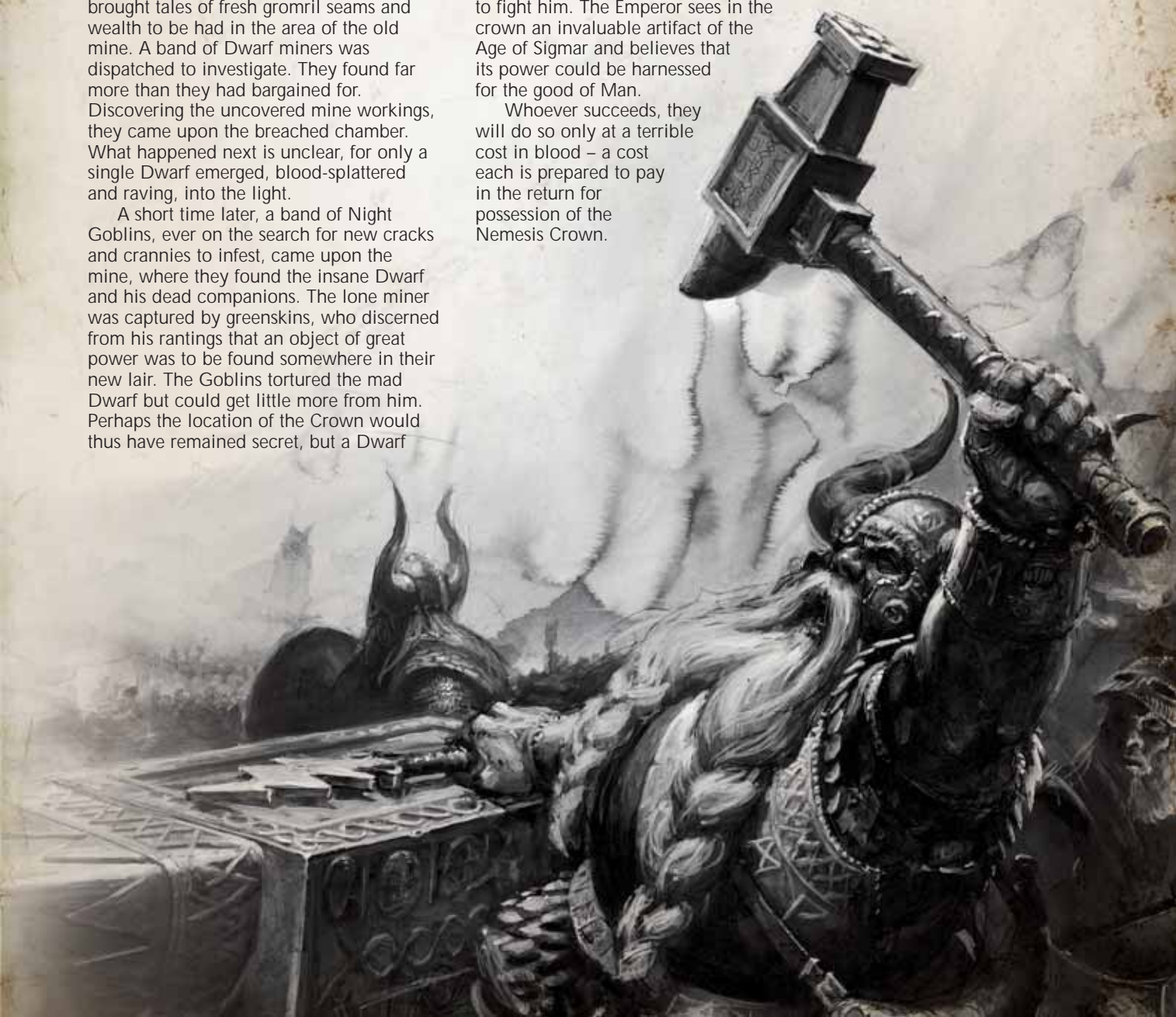
The crown lay hidden for many long centuries. The chamber remained intact, even as the mine entrance eventually collapsed upon itself. Then, a mighty earthquake shook the Howling Hills and brought tales of fresh gromril seams and wealth to be had in the area of the old mine. A band of Dwarf miners was dispatched to investigate. They found far more than they had bargained for. Discovering the uncovered mine workings, they came upon the breached chamber. What happened next is unclear, for only a single Dwarf emerged, blood-splattered and raving, into the light.

A short time later, a band of Night Goblins, ever on the search for new cracks and crannies to infest, came upon the mine, where they found the insane Dwarf and his dead companions. The lone miner was captured by greenskins, who discerned from his rantings that an object of great power was to be found somewhere in their new lair. The Goblins tortured the mad Dwarf but could get little more from him. Perhaps the location of the Crown would thus have remained secret, but a Dwarf

rescue force led by Thane Grombold of the famous Krud clan came in search of the lost miners. During the chaos that followed, a black-hearted Night Goblin came upon the crown by chance, slaughtered his fellows, and fled with it into the forest.

Now, armies muster to retrieve the crown, for wild rumors of its powers have spread far and wide. The Dwarfs seek to return it to their holds where Alaric's madness can be hidden for all time. Grimgor thinks that, should he gain it, the strongest warriors in the land will come to fight him. The Emperor sees in the crown an invaluable artifact of the Age of Sigmar and believes that its power could be harnessed for the good of Man.

Whoever succeeds, they will do so only at a terrible cost in blood – a cost each is prepared to pay in the return for possession of the Nemesis Crown.



Using the Map

The named locations on the map will act as the settings for Mega Battles and special games that will be held all over the world. You'll also find other locations to use as the settings for home, club, and in-store games.



Villages

There are thousands of villages, large and small, throughout the Great Forest. Some of these are peaceful places; others are fortified against Beastmen or greenskins.



Ruined Villages

Plague, war, fell magic, and natural disasters cause many villages to fail. They rot away until only hearth stones and chimneys remain in the forest.



Town

Towns are those settlements large enough to raise a stone wall and receive a charter from the local government. They are rich centers of commerce and tempting targets for marauding armies.



Ruined Town

The ruined towns of the Great Forest are haunted, perilous places. Their roofless halls and tumble-down manses are home to mutants and dangerous beasts.



Manor

The nobility often live apart from the villages they own in fortified manor houses. Other such places may be the hunting lodges of town-based aristocrats.



Fortified Inn

The inns in the Great Forest are fortified. Travelers poor and rich alike seek sanctuary within, for the roads through the woods are no place to be at night.



Fort

One can find numerous forts in this region. Some delineate provincial borders. Others watch the wilderness. Some exist to tax the roads. All are stoutly built.



Ruined Fort

Peace as well as war can take a toll on fortifications. Many forts on old, unused roads or in areas where threats have long passed are abandoned and left to the trees.



Bridge

The rivers of the Empire are fed by countless tributaries, and the bridges that cross them are strategic places, possession of which can deny an enemy retreat or force an army to take the long way.



Watchtower

Towers stand like sentinels upon the high places and guard the roads and rivers. With their heliographs and beacons, they send warning of threats and trouble.



Ford

All rivers are fordable at some point; it is simply a matter of knowing where to look. Some districts are too poor to afford bridges and must rely on fords instead.



Tomb

Ancient tribal chiefs from Sigmar's time, Elven and Dwarf princelings from before, great Chaos champions, and long-forgotten wizards are buried in the leafy fastness of the Great Forest.



Stone Circle

Places of worship from time immemorial can be found in the hills and glades. Some are great magnifiers of the Amber and Green winds of Ghur and Ghyran. Others are dark centers of more dread magic.



Caves

Caves of all sizes can be found in the woods. From deep cracks in granite to huge limestone caverns, all are potential lairs for monsters, large and small.



Herd Stone

There are places men do not go; if they do, they do not return. These are the realms of the Beastmen, and at their hearts stand these blood-drenched monoliths, surrounded by trophies taken in battle.



Orc Encampment

Orcs are not prolific in the forest, but some tribes make their home there. These bands of brutes wander from place to place, camp, and make war before moving on.



Skaven Lair

Scattered Skaven watch-posts and garrisons can be found throughout the Old World, particularly in the sewers of cities and deep in the forest glades.



Goblin Lair

These diminutive greenskins are a plague in certain places. Goblins attack and steal from isolated villages. Some are Forest Goblins who ride great spiders into battle.

Terrain

Trees

The search for the Nemesis Crown is happening in the depths of the Great Forest. What better way to represent a battle between two searching enemies than to include more trees than normal in your games? Often, just adding a few wooded areas can make your games of Warhammer very different, with more maneuvering of units and less ranged fire. If you add still more trees, you'll find that your games are entirely different, and you will have to use your Scouts and Skirmishers wisely indeed.

Hills

There are many ranges of hills within the Great Forest, including the Howling Hills, the Barren Hills, and hundreds of other, minor rises. Adding more hills than normal will make for a very different game of Warhammer, with ownership of the heights making for great tactical advantage. You can also make wooded hills by placing plastic trees on your hills.

Buildings

The Empire contains many settlements. Some are no bigger than a handful of buildings. Others are substantial, walled towns. It's easy to use the Warhammer buildings to create such settlements and use them in your games. Best of all, you can use the Special Features rules found in the Warhammer rulebook and count one or more of the buildings as a feature. Doing so will incorporate your terrain into the narrative of your games and of the entire Nemesis Crown campaign. You could even combine the buildings and a Mighty Fortress to create the edge of a town.

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The Great Forest

The Empire is a vast country, ringed by soaring mountains from which flow the sparkling waters that are the lifeblood of the land. Though there are mighty rivers, rolling hills, downs, fetid swamps, and mires in the region, the majority of the Empire is a thick, gloomy forest. Though men have attempted to beat back the wooded eaves to make way for cultivation and pasture, still the forest is the master of the land and home to all manner of nameless terrors.

The Great Forest stretches across the Empire and encompasses the lands between the Middle Mountains in the north to Nuln in the south, and from Altdorf in the west to Kislev in the east. Its heart, however, lies right at the center of the Empire, and it is this area that is referred to as the Great Forest on maps.

It is an ancient forest of great size, with trees ranging from hoary old willows to majestic, towering oaks. The majority of the cities, towns, and villages scattered throughout the region are located along the mighty waterways that flow from the mountains to the sea, for river travel is far

safer than passing along the dark roads. Few settlements exist any distance into the woods, for only the foolhardy would venture out of the safety of a walled town or fortified coaching inn.

Less than a dozen yards from the forest's eaves, the trees grow so thick in places that few can pick a way through them. Evil, glinting eyes spy on passing travelers. Mutants, Beastmen, Goblins, and worse are known to make their lairs within the tangled undergrowth.

Chains of rugged hills break the endless sea of green – the Howling, Barren, Färlic, and Kölsa Hills. All are bleak and wind-swept and shunned by right thinking men, who look on their ancient, ruined towers and even older, time-worn monoliths with superstitious and entirely warranted dread.

As the armies of Men, Dwarfs, and greenskins converge beneath the dark canopy, the glades and hills are set to become the scene of much bloodshed and woe. Somewhere within lies the Nemesis Crown, and all the power it might offer to he who does it.

The Draken Downs

To the northeast of the Drakwald Deeps, the Drakwald forest grows cold as the land rises into the Draken Downs. Birches give way to pines as the forest crosses into the Grand Duchy of Middenland. The soil here has always been poor, and the climate harsh. The people of Middenland are by necessity tough and rugged, for theirs is a hard existence, a constant struggle against hunger, cold, and the dangers of the trackless forests.

To the northeast of Middenland are the wild peaks of the Middle Mountains. These are home not only to Orcs and other natural foes of men, but also to the largest populations of monstrous beasts in the Old World. Some fanciful tales have it that even such bizarre and rare creatures as manticores and jabberwocks nest there and that, in the cold depths of winter, they prowl from their mountain dens to prey upon the lands of Men. Perhaps it is no great surprise that the notorious Black Orc Warlord Grimgor Ironhide has made his current base in the Middle Mountains, from which he seeks to slay or enslave such beasts for his own sadistic amusement.

It is little wonder that such a land has a deity as harsh as Ulric for its patron. The Wolf God is venerated by the Middenlanders, simply because he is as unforgiving as the country he watches over and demands of his followers the strength they need to survive there. Though Ulric has no time or sympathy for the weak, those who show strength of body and character will gain both his favor, his respect, and perhaps, his blessing in their continued fight for survival.

As with so much of the Great Forest, the Draken Downs are afflicted with ever-increasing numbers of Beastmen living and breeding beneath the dark forest canopy and in its hidden, thickets and valleys. Boris Todbringer, the Elector Count and Grand Duke of Middenland, is particularly robust in his persecution of such creatures and sends out his troops every year to sweep the woods of these monsters. He knows only too well that to allow their numbers to swell is to invite destruction. Should they ever combine their efforts with those of the followers of Chaos to the far north, the alliance could bring down disaster upon the entire Empire.

Delberz

Delberz stands at a vital point where the Middenheim–Altdorf Road crosses the River Delb, and the town is well known as a sanctuary for travelers. Adventurous spirits sometimes set out from Delberz to seek their fortunes in the haunted depths of the Dragon's Cave. Most never return, but enough make it back bearing ancient treasures or dragon scales and bones to be used in magic and alchemy to ensure there is a steady stream of hopefuls drawn to the town.

Ancient Dragon's Cave

In the side of a tumble-down peak in the Draken Downs is a yawning cave around which no living thing will grow. Myth has it that deep within lies the tomb of one of the mightiest dragons ever to have lived, its desiccated corpse wrapped around the last clutch of eggs it laid. If such a tale is true, then those eggs remain there still, awaiting life-giving heat to hatch their contents. Should that occur, the Great Forest would once more be haunted by the most voracious and dangerous of all predators.

Wulfric's Barrow

Atop a small cluster of hills in the deeps stands an ancient stone circle known as Wulfric's Barrow. The name is a Reikspiel rendition of something far older, referring to a chieftain of the tribe that occupied the area before the coming of Sigmar's people. The locals shun the barrow and tell of vengeful spirits who hold the heirs of Sigmar responsible for crimes committed against them long, long ago.

Schwarzlache's Tower

This half-ruined tower stands hidden on a dreary heath skirting the River Delb. Its environs are avoided by most, yet each year, large numbers of the old, enraptured by a dirge emanating from the tower's top, are drawn to it. Local legend has it that a Necromancer dwells there and works the pumps and bellows of some infernal instrument whose voices are those of bewitched spirits. It is said a mournful droning fills the air on nights when Morslieb is full, drawing drooling elders across the dark lands toward the tower.



The Drakwald Deeps

Situated in the north and west of the Empire, the Drakwald forest covers huge swathes of land around Middenheim. Taking its name from the now-vanished province of Drakwald, it is a sparse forest, the land being particularly infertile. Little of the Drakwald has been cleared for cultivation, and few farmers would venture to do so even were its soils the most fertile in the region.

The darkest parts of the forest are known as the Drakwald Deeps and are said to be haunted by some ancient evil predating the coming of Sigmar's people to the region some 3,000 years ago. The nature of this evil is subject to much speculation. Some tales claim it is the unquiet spirits of the long-slain dragons that once preyed upon the Unberogen tribes when they first settled the area. These dragons are now awakening to snatch travelers from horseback on the forest roads. Certainly, many itinerant merchants tell of the bestial roars that echo from the Drakwald's dark depths, spooking mounts and shaking even the most experienced travelers. Other stories tell of creatures that were born to human families, but were marked by Chaos and cast out

into the cold night lest the witch hunters come and arrest the parents. Such creatures, mutated and twisted, are said to congregate in some numbers, drawn to their own kind in the ghost-haunted depths of the Drakwald. There they gather and plot, intent upon exacting revenge against those who rejected them.

Most terrible of all the features of the Drakwald Deeps are the so-called hag trees. These trees are impossibly ancient, perhaps older than the forests themselves. They have been made huge and gnarled by the passage of eons. Beastmen warbands flock to such trees from far and wide, adorn them with grisly trophies and skeletal remains, and engage in blasphemous, moon-lit worship of foul gods. Perhaps worse still, some say that human cultists, too, are drawn from the villages and towns to cavort with the children of Chaos beneath the twisted branches and offer their own gifts to the ruinous powers. Those who witness these gatherings soon find themselves hanging next to the other trophies, so the hag trees are grim warnings to those who attempt to travel through this haunted place.

The Bergerhoff

Also known as the Drakwald Keep, this large fortress stands near the the Five Sisters hills. The Bergerhoff, built by Dwarfs in centuries past, is the strongest fort in the region. Garrison duty within its barracks is held as a highly desirable posting among soldiers, who sleep well within its thick walls. In the shadow of the Drakwald Keep are many inns servicing travelers passing between Altdorf and Middenheim. The fortress, no doubt, goes a long way toward keeping these inns safe and in service.

Marbad's Tomb

Marbad was chieftain of the Endals tribe, and he stood beside Sigmar at Blackfire Pass. Though he was cut down that day, Marbad's bold deeds were celebrated in song, and he was buried with great ceremony. His tomb has been desecrated many times over the centuries, for Marbad wielded Ulfshard, a magical Elven blade, and many tomb robbers sought it. Though the sword is gone, no one has breached the deep vaults, and what secrets lie with Marbad remain hidden to the world.



The Reik's Marches

One of the largest stretches of unbroken forest in the region, the Reik's Marches make up the southern portion of Middenland and sweep down to the River Reik and the Grand Principality of Reikland. The forest here grows dense and tall, and only narrow paths cross it, for no major roads have been cut through the interior. To the east, the forest thins, giving way to the mist-shrouded Midden Moors and Midden Marshes, whose silvered waters are said to be haunted by the ghosts of long-dead defenders of the Empire.

The primary reason the Reik's Marches have not been cultivated or settled to any great degree is the area's proximity to the Empire's capital of Altdorf. Many nobles serving at the Emperor's Court maintain holdings in the woodlands. From palatial lodges, aristocratic hunting parties range far and wide across the forests in pursuit of the great stags that reside deep within. A thousand decrees and edicts maintain the area as the strict preserve of the idle rich, while the commoners are limited to the few lands allotted to them.

Though this constant attention from the

rich keeps the area relatively free of dangerous creatures, the fact that the common men and women of the Empire are barred from travel throughout vast swathes of the Reik's Marches has given rise to all manner of rumors and vicious gossip. Many hold that it is not only hunting that the nobles engage in at their forest lodges, and some whisper of corruption given free reign far from prying eyes. Some say that a large number of the nobles are engaged in various forms of proscribed cult activity deep within the woods, and that there is an increasing weight of evidence to support it, though when asked to verify such material, the wagging tongues grow still.

The truth of the matter is that some deep forest clearings have been used as cult meeting places. Few, however, have witnessed the ceremonies enacted around burning pyres under the sickly light of Morslieb and survived. The identities of the worshippers remain carefully hidden, even from each other, behind ornate masks or beneath velvet hoods lest the court of Altdorf be rocked to its very foundation with controversy.



The Howling Heights

The Howling Hills form a ridge of craggy peaks that sweep from Middenheim at their western-most extent almost to Talabheim to their east. The tallest of the hills are bare and rocky, their plateaus an endless series of sodden moors covered in heather and coarse grasses, lending them a desolate aspect, while the lower ranges and deep valleys are wooded with dense and rain-swept forest.

Along the entire length of the hills, the winds never tire. The hills derive their name from the dreadful, keening wail that this wind carries. Its terrible sound is loudest upon the bare peaks and takes on a low, ululating moan in the shallow dales. Some say that it is not merely the whistling of the air that gives voice to the constant shrieking, for it as shrill and plaintive as the wailing cries of the damned, and sometimes pleas, piercing screams, and unholy threats can be caught amid its endless moans.

The eastern stretch of the Howling Hills is known as the Howling Heights, the tallest peaks of the range. The area is home

to scattered settlements of shepherds, none larger than a few huddled buildings made from rough-hewn black sandstone. The inhabitants of these villages are regarded by others as a strange and taciturn lot, their minds blasted by the ever-present winds, their dialect thick and uncouth. They are among the most superstitious people in all of the County of Middenland.

It is not without reason that the locals warn against travel through their lands, for in the lonely hills are ancient cairns, stone circles, and toppled monoliths, stark reminders of a time long before the rise of the Empire, when Man lived closer to the land but huddled in fear of the unseen forces at work upon the world. The merchants who pass through the Howling Heights trade with the locals for wool and have many an eerie story of voices upon the wind, of standing stones bathed in pulsing lights, and of misshapen silhouettes crossing the skyline or glimpsed out of the corner of their eyes. The Howling Heights is an ill-favored region, the domain of elder powers, upon which Men should think twice before trespassing.

Mandredsfield

In the year 1124, the Empire was ravaged by a terrible plague, and the land was attacked by a host of Chaotic beasts. It fell to Count Mandred of Middenland to repulse the invasion. The site of the battle is marked by a taint in the air, and bones, unnaturally whole after so long a time, still jut from the ground. Mounds of mass graves of long-dead Imperial soldiers litter the field. Despite the Empire's victory, the camp was ravaged by the plague shortly after the battle, and it is rumored that the dead do not rest easy there.

Khrazi Drudd

The mines of Khrazi Drudd were excavated long ago by Dwarfs seeking iron and other, less common ores. By the time Alaric came upon the workings, they were long played out, making them the perfect place in which to hide the Nemesis Crown. As the centuries passed, the mines collapsed, and it was only when the Howling Hills were afflicted by a great earthquake that the mines were uncovered once more, revealing the crown's hiding place.



The Räuberthal

West of the Howling Heights, the jagged peaks of the high moors give way to rolling hills and vales. Though lower, they are equally wind-swept and blasted by the ever-present wailing gales that afflict the entire range. This stretch of the Howling Hills is known to the locals as the Räuberthal, for it is haunted by bandits and robbers, and is the haven of murderers who have fled to its creeks from hundreds of miles all around.

At the center of the Räuberthal, atop the tallest rise for many miles, stands the castle of Middenstag. This ancient and imposing edifice dominates the entire region and guards the Delberz-Hergig Road against the many bandits hiding among the hills. The castle is tall and spindly, its highest towers able to see for many miles all around. Its tumble-down walls have been patched up and repaired many times over the centuries, giving the castle a ramshackle appearance. Within the Middenstag Castle are garrisoned the wardens of the Räuberthal – dour, professional warriors who ride out over the dales to track down and capture the bandits of the hills. Once in the wardens'

custody, few such bandits ever walk free again. Many are imprisoned deep beneath the castle in its rotting dungeons or are hanged from its highest towers as a grim warning to all who transgress the laws of the Grand Duchy of Middenland.

On at least three occasions over the last two centuries, the bandits of the Räuberthal have swelled sufficiently in numbers to present a serious threat to the stability of the entire region. Demagogues and rabble-rousers have risen within their shabby ranks to lead ill-disciplined but bloodthirsty bandit armies against the settlements of the southern Middenland and northern Talabecland. In these short, but terrible wars, appalling vengeance has been meted out by the bandits upon the law-abiding folk of the region, bitter revenge for past punishments. On each occasion, the Middenstag castle has remained a solid rock around which an ocean of banditry has crashed. At such times, the fiery beacon atop the castle calls the Middenland militia to the defenders' aid. Now the militia has ridden to the aid of the Emperor, their local knowledge employed in the hunt for the crown.

Untergard

The town of Untergard is situated beside the River Drelb, a tributary of the Delb. It is a strategically vital crossing point, and many battles have been fought over the town. Any army controlling the town has access to the heartland of the Empire. At present, however, the town lies in charred ruin, having fallen to a ferocious attack by ravening Beastmen. Now, mutants and Beastmen dwell within its shattered walls. Despite this fact, the bridge remains intact, and so possession of Untergard may still bring great advantage to any army that can hold it.

The Temple of Leopold

Half a mile outside the town of Priestlicheim stands the Temple of Leopold. This Sigmarte monastery was founded with the purpose of guarding against the beasts that descend from the Barren Hills to prey upon men. In times of conflict, the Temple of Leopold becomes a rallying point for the whole region's forces, the fiery oratory of the Warrior Priests stealing the hearts of militiaman and state soldier alike.

The Wytherglade

Deep within the forests to the south of the River Talabec, fey voices call, or so local legend states. To heed the call of the woods is to invite disaster for all but the purest of heart. Those judged worthy might eventually come upon a lost woodland glade. Those deemed unworthy might find themselves hopelessly lost or, worse, transported to some faraway place and time from which they may never return.

The Northern Green Heart

In the southernmost reaches of the Great Confluence is the darkest woodland in the entire Great Forest. Known also as "Taal's Tangle," this place is the subject of much legend, for none who have attempted to penetrate its depths have ever returned. Many hold the area as sacred to Taal, but some say the followers of gods other than Taal are strong there too. Whatever the case, the region is steeped in primal forces – not the refined magic of the Winds of Ghur and Ghylan, but a more primitive power that flows from the land and the forest itself.

The Great Confluence

The Great Confluence is a name used to describe the area where the Talabec and Delb rivers meet and ultimately flow to the Reik. The Talabec originates in the rapid streams of the northern reaches of the Worlds Edge Mountains between the Dwarf Fortress of Karak Kadrin and the ruins of Karak Ungor. The river steadily widens throughout its course to Talabheim, eventually becoming too wide to bridge.

At Talabheim, there is a major ferry point, providing the last reliable crossing before the river flows, heavily laden with dark soil from the plains, into the Reik at Altdorf. Many tributaries and streams drain into the Talabec from the hills in the Great Confluence region and swell the river to a massive size. Forests in the area are often flooded in spring.

A huge amount of river-borne traffic passes along the Talabec, the mighty waterway growing ever more crowded as it passes the many villages and towns along its length. As a result, much wealth flows into those settlements, and the merchant classes that populate them are wealthy and influential, and contribute much to the

political and economic power the Grand Duchy is able to exert over its neighbors, enough to rival even the mighty Reikland.

The entire region is highly fertile, with much cultivated land below the confluence of the Delb and Talabec, particularly where the Talabec basin borders the Reik's Marches. Many small farmsteads work the soil, the people ever pushing back the dark eaves of the forest to clear more land.

However, there are certain tracts of the region that the farmers and merchants fear to travel. Quite apart from the Beastmen that plague the darker parts of the entire Great Forest, the woods to the east are the subject of many folk tales. Some claim the forest takes on a fey, enchanted air the deeper one travels, the paths becoming ever more winding until the traveler is hopelessly lost. These green depths are said to be haunted by creatures akin to Elves, perhaps some lost kin of the dangerous peoples of Athel Loren to the southwest.

Whether this is the truth or not, none of the few, foolhardy men who have set out in search of a fair Elven wife have returned. Their bones instead nourish the loamy soil of the fertile eastern glades.

Vragthar's Monolith

The woods of the Talabec Borders are home to all manner of ancient barrows and stone circles, most long overgrown and toppled, and likely to remain forever hidden. Several though are known to the road wardens, who are beholden to turn back or arrest any who stray too close. Vragthar's Monolith is perhaps the greatest of these ancient structures. As big as a tower, it rears above the treetops and is visible for many miles around.

The Hanging Tree

The woods of the Talabec Borders are normally kept back from the Old Forest Road by teams of criminals, but lack of funds and threat of attacks have allowed the forest to creep forward once more. Near the junction of the Old Forest and Talabheim Roads, a terrifying sight rears up to greet travelers. Here, the Beastmen have adorned the largest tree in the region with the remains of their captives. To date, none have dared approach it to hack it down, and so its evil grows with each new trophy added to its gnarled branches.

The Talabec Borders

Northeast of the Barren Hills lie the Talabec Borders, an area of deep forest. Though dark and foreboding, the area is crossed by the Talabheim Road and the Old Forest Road, both of which carry travelers to the great city that gives the area its name.

The peoples of the region are counted among the canniest of woodland folk. They are trackers and hunters without equal, with a bond to the land far closer than any other people of the Empire. The region is the center of worship of the nature god Taal. His servants offer him praises in the deep woodland groves.

Though the forest is cut back some miles from the roads, and there are several large towns and many villages set on this broad verge, the woods to the west of the region have always been feared for the mutant lairs hidden deep within. When the Green Hills were blighted by Morrslieb's spite, many twisted creatures migrated to the area ahead of the crusade against them. The descendants of these mutant monstrosities still dwell there and emerge from the deep woods to wreak havoc on the countryside from time to time.

The forests of the Talabec Borders are also home to some numbers of Beastmen warbands, having established themselves in the woods during the last Great War Against Chaos. The Beastmen await the time when the next Chaos incursion will bring their kin sweeping down from the north, allowing them to rise up as a great horde and feast upon the flesh of men.

Of late, the Beastmen of the Talabec Borders have grown more daring in their attacks along the Talabec Road and the Old Forest Road. Fortified tollhouses have been attacked. Entire merchant caravans and pilgrim columns have been ambushed, the dismembered bodies hung from the forest's eaves as a grisly omen of some coming time of woe. Several villages have been burned to the ground, and their inhabitants devoured. Traveling the roads has become an expensive business, as no one will set out without a substantial guard of heavily armed and armored men. Despite the best efforts of the road wardens and army, the Beastmen remain a problem, causing some degree of political unrest in Talabecland, as the merchant class clamors for something to be done.



The Barren Hills

South and east of the Howling Hills runs another band of low peaks. Named the Barren Hills, they were not always the blasted place they are today and appear on many older maps of the Empire as the Green Hills.

The Green Hills were forested, teeming with game, and peopled by the families of stout woodsmen. The area was a haven of tranquility amid the otherwise dangerous, beast-haunted Great Forest.

It is said that the forces of darkness resented such an oasis of calm and that, one cold winter's night, the dark moon Morrslieb glowered down and spied this island of purity among the sea of dark forest. People say that out of pure spite, Morrslieb spat upon the peaceful land below. A gobbet of actinic spittle arced through the clear night sky to explode above the Green Hills and shower them with strange, glowing dust. Whatever fell from the sky that night, its impact engulfed the entire range in a tidal wave of destruction that affected every living thing.

As day came, a sickly green mist rose over the hills. Silhouetted against the drifting vapors were the skeletal remains of

once mighty trees. Across all the glades and villages of the hills nothing could be heard, and an awful silence reigned. Worse was to come, for a day later, the mists parted to reveal a sight most terrible to behold. Every living creature not killed by Morrslieb's malice had been twisted out of all recognition. Men and beasts alike were afflicted by appalling mutation. They wailed horribly in their anguish as they rampaged across the land.

It was only when the Elector Count of Talabecland declared a crusade against the mutated things from the hills that the threat to the area abated. In a hundred days of mournful slaughter, the army of Talabecland and the Knights of the Blazing Sun cut down their former countrymen and purged the lands. However, the damage was done. The Green Hills were no more and would be known forever after as the Barren Hills. The only things that stand upon them now are black and blasted trees. To this day, foul and mutated things descend from the hills to prey upon the unwary, and the militias of the settlements that look upon the bare hillsides must be ever watchful for the things that come in the night.

The Giant's Tump

The feature known as the "Giant's Tump" is a large, flat topped hill. Study has revealed that the hill once stood tall and proud but has somehow lost its peak, the remains of which lie scattered about. Legend has it that the peak of the hill was shorn off in a single swipe of a giant's club during some ancient battle, and that at any time, the titanic adversaries might return to conclude their duel and flatten the entire range in the process.

The Ruins of Tor Thana

A number of maps of the forest make reference to the site of a ruined Elven city in the western spur of the Barren Hills. However, very few have visited the site. The area is hazardous in the extreme, and it seems that the city is never to be found in exactly the same place. Legends say that at certain times of the year, when the sun is right, Tor Thana can be seen as it was when whole, that life still lingers within the ruins, and that the fey powers of the Elven folk might one day heal the Barren Hills.



The Taalford Lowlands

To the east of the Great Confluence region, the land dips and the forest becomes more scattered and patchy, before rising once more to form the blasted heights of the Barren Hills. The area skirts the River Narn, and the many rocky fords that break the course of this shallow river have led to the area being referred to as the Taalford Lowlands by the administrators of the Grand Duchy of Talabecland.

Although some settlements are to be found in Taalford, most hug the line of the Kemperbad Road, and the region is in the main sparsely populated. The riverbanks here are by no means as crowded with human life as those of the Talabec. The principle reason for this lack of population is the nature of the land, which is stony and ill-suited to cultivation. The thin woodlands bordering the Taalford are home to roaming bands of robbers, but the deeper woods are known to be the preserve of Beastmen.

The waters of the River Narn, flowing as they do from the Barren Hills to the east, are believed by many to be tainted. Certainly, many of the fish caught from the river are afflicted by mutation and sickness.

Some are said to sport multiple eyes, while others, the locals claim, have malformed and withered yet disturbingly human-like limbs. With the general level of poverty afflicting the region, many such catches make it to market and to the dinner table, despite the proscriptions placed upon eating them. Perhaps as a result of the locals eating this corrupted foodstuff, incidents of mutation in newborn children are high in the area, and the Witch Hunters are forced to make regular visits to the region's few, benighted villages and towns to guard against this unholy corruption becoming an epidemic.

To heap more woe upon the miseries afflicting the lowlands, the woods are known to be home to all manner of strange and unnatural creatures. They migrate from the Barren Hills, following the course of the River Narn before plunging into the deep forests in the west. This vast, unbroken tract of wildwood is rarely traveled, its depths almost entirely uncharted by man. What evil draws such foul beasts is unknown, though its power certainly grows strong under the moss-wreathed arms of the forest trees.

The Temple of Invidious Silence

Built to honor powers whose names it is forbidden to speak, the temple was old when Sigmar reigned and has lain dormant for many centuries. It is only when the powers of the Realms of Chaos wax that worshippers are drawn to the temple as if obeying some command none can recall receiving. The temple has lain empty since the last Great War Against Chaos, but once again, the faithful come.

The Southern Green Heart

The Green Heart is so vast that it stretches into the Taalford Lowlands. In the north, it is always unnaturally verdant and full of life. However, the southern part is a different matter, and the woods here are quiet and full of brooding malevolence. The Jade and Amber Wizards who make their homes nearby say that these areas wax and wane, with sometimes one, then the other being larger in size, as if two great powers are locked in a perpetual struggle for possession of its magic-saturated glades.



Dwarfs

Word of the reappearance of the Nemesis Crown has reached the ear of High King Thorgrim. Now, dust rises over the Old Dwarf Road as a vast throng of Dwarfs marches to war, determined to stop those who would meddle in Dwarf business.

To the Dwarfs, the tale of Alaric the Mad is a sad one, for the Master Runesmith was one of the greatest of his calling and his name is spoken across the Old World. Though Alaric created some of the finest runic weapons ever to exist, his last work, the Rune of Ages, earned him the name by which he has been known for two thousand years – “The Mad.”

The Dwarfs would dearly love to erase the memory of Alaric's folly. Time alone might one day have done so, were it not for the earthquake that cracked open the crown's hiding place and exposed its evil to the world. The first band of miners dispatched to investigate were lost, which provided Thorgrim and his advisors evidence that something had gone awry. Even as the second band was sent to confirm the fate of the first,

word was being sent to each of the great Dwarf holds in the Worlds Edge Mountains.

Within days, a great army gathered at Black Fire Pass, made from the hosts of Karaz-A-Karak, Karak Kadrin, and Karak Hirn. At the call of warhorns and to the beat of a thousand drums, the assembled throng marched forth along the Old Dwarf Road.

Passing through the lands of the Empire, Thorgrim learned of the forces massing to seek out the lost crown. He heard of his old enemy Grimgor Ironhide and the scores of Forest Goblin tribes throughout the Great Forest, and vowed that the crown would never fall into their greenskinned hands. Then, he heard that the Emperor Karl Franz desired the crown too, which filled him with sadness. He knew that he might have to fight the Men of the Empire to retrieve the crown. Though he would mourn the waste of lives, he would do what must be done.

At last coming upon the Great Forest, Thorgrim ordered his throng to encamp

The Dwarfs would dearly love to erase the memory of Alaric's folly.

amid the Färlic Hills, east of the Barren Hills. Before sundown that first day, the feverish sound of Dwarf Engineers erecting ironbound palisades rang for miles. By sunrise, the hill upon which Thorgrim's camp was erected was ringed with ditches and spikes, and Dwarfen artillery had been emplaced within fortified gun pits.

His camp secure, Thorgrim ordered his armies to scour the Great Forest and to bring him the Nemesis Crown – no matter what the cost and no matter who the foe.



Dwarf Lord



Dwarf Army Standard



Thorgrim Grudgebearer

Thorgrim Grudgebearer is the High King of all Dwarfs. His has been a glorious reign, and he has had many opportunities to strike ancient wrongs from Dammaz Kron, the great book of grudges. The rediscovery of the Nemesis Crown could be a source of great shame for the Dwarfs, and he will not let it become so.

Points: 780

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Thorgrim	3	7	6	4	5	7	4	4	10
Throne Bearers	3	5	3	4	-	-	3	4	-

Army Selection: Thorgrim Grudgebearer takes up a Lord and a Hero choice.

Equipment: Throne of Power, Axe of Grimnir, Armor of Skaldour, Dragon Crown of Karaz, The Book of Grudges.

Special Rules: *Large Target*, *Royal Blood*, *Thronebearers*.

Special Rules

Large Target, Royal Blood (see p. 29 of the Dwarf Army book).

Thronebearers. The four Dwarfs carrying the Throne of Power attack in combat with the single profile above. These attacks do not benefit from Thorgrim's weaponry and can be aimed at any enemy model in base contact with the throne.

Magic Items

The Armor of Skaldour. This gromril armor bears the Master Rune of Skaldour, which confers a 4+ ward save; a Rune of Preservation; and a Rune of Stone. On his throne, Thorgrim has a 1+ armor save.

Grungni-Wrought Throne. The throne is largely invulnerable to harm and protects Thorgrim. It provides the High King with a 5+ armor save, and gives him 4 additional Wounds. The Wounds have been included in his profile above.

The Great Book of Grudges. The bearer *Hates* all enemy. Thorgrim's Thronebearers are also affected by *Hatred*, as are the members of any unit Thorgrim joins.

The Dragon Crown of Karaz. The Dragon Crown has been worn by the High Kings of Karaz-a-Karak since the hold's founding. It bears the Master Rune of Kingship.

The Axe of Grimnir. Before Grimnir disappeared, he gifted his son one of his legendary axes. This axe has been passed down through his noble line ever since, and it is possession of this artifact that identifies a High King.

The axe bears the Master Rune of Skalf Blackhammer, the Master Rune of Alaric the Mad, and the Giantbane Master Rune. The Giantbane Master Rune turns each Wound inflicted by the axe into D3 Wounds, or D6 if the opponent is a Troll or Giant. There is no other runic item that combines three Master Runes in this way.

"Halt!" the deep Dwarf voice resounded down the winding forest path.

"What do you see?" asked Thane Torgald, coming up alongside the Ranger who led the column.

"Nothing, my lord. But that is what concerns me – it is too quiet."

"You fear an ambush, Froki?" asked the Thane.

"Aye, my lord," replied the Ranger. "I'll be a Grobi's uncle if there isn't a bunch of greenskins up ahead waiting in ambush."

"Give me dark tunnels beneath the earth or good mountain air," Torgald grumbled, "not this accursed forest. Pass the word. Form a shieldwall, front and sides."

Within moments, the order was carried out, and the column was edged with Dwarfen shields. Torgald waited patiently. The grobi must make their move now that their ambush had been uncovered.

"There, my lord, in that great oak."

Torgald looked where the Ranger indicated. At first he thought he saw only the movement of the branches, then realized that what looked like a tree limb was actually the long, serrated leg of a giant spider. Torgald scanned the treetops. Many more of the beasts were emerging from woods, each with a leering Goblin upon its back.

"Warriors of Karak!" Torgald bellowed, even as the Spider Riders prepared to leap down upon his column. "Let's crack us some greenskin heads!"



Dwarf Miner Champion



Miner Unit

Campaign Ideas

- Campaign-appropriate choices: Miners, Rangers, Runesmiths, Thorgrim, Sharpe Ironthorne.
- Organize a scenery night at your local shop or club to build a Dwarfen Hall.
- The Dwarfs are more invested than any in finding the Nemesis Crown. Do-or-die scenarios like Last Stand are particularly appropriate for Dwarfs.



Orcs & Goblins

News of the Nemesis Crown was fast to reach Grimgor Ironhide. From his camp in the Middle Mountains, Grimgor ordered his boyz to recover the crown. He believes that the very greatest warriors in the world will challenge him for it.

When Grimgor first heard tell of the Nemesis Crown, he had been brooding for many days in his camp in the Middle Mountains. As ever, he despaired, as much as an Orc could be said to know such an emotion, of ever finding a foe worthy of his attention.

He had taken on and slaughtered every one of his subordinates who even looked at him funny but still not enjoyed a good challenge. In between bouts of mindless violence, he had scoured the

Middle Mountains and plunged headlong into the stinking lairs of the bizarre beasts that

live there. But no chimera, manticore, or harpy offered more than a distraction, though the carcasses of his kills fed his hordes for many days.

Then, a panting goblin of the forest tribes ran into the camp, squealed in its high-pitched voice, and raved about events to the south. Grimgor was in no mood to endure such a racket and ordered the messenger silenced. Several hours later, a second forest goblin entered the camp. This one was not so high-pitched in voice, and thus, it avoided the fate of the first. The messenger reported, in its own, simplistic terms, the events unfolding

in the Great Forest. The armies of Men and Dwarfs, the goblin told, were mustering in search of the biggest, shiniest, bossiest boss-hat in the world, and the wearer of that boss-hat would be the greatest of his race, and all his enemies would try to kill him for possession of it.

Something in the tale penetrated Grimgor's sullen brooding. He saw that, were the tale true, he might capture this prize and with it draw every enemy in the world to fight him for it. He cared not whether it granted any special gifts – he had no need of them – he cared only that others would come to challenge him for it.

The wearer of that boss-hat would be the greatest of his race.

Grimgor sent word to all the tribes of the forest and ordered the chieftains to scour the lands for the crown. Soon, Spider Riders swarmed through the trees, and greenskins from as far abroad as the Worlds Edge Mountains were making their way to the Great Forest. All were eager to seek out the Nemesis Crown and to offer it to their overlord. Should Grimgor Ironhide obtain the crown, there will be no end to his reign of violence.



Black Orc Big Boss



Troll



Grimgor Ironhide

Grimgor Ironhide embodies the spirit of the wanton, bloodthirsty battle lust that drives every Orc. Armed with his magical axe, Gitsnik, and an unquenchable blood lust, Grimgor has slaughtered his way across great swathes of territory, from the Blasted Wastes to the Worlds Edge Mountains, in search of a worthy foe.

Points: 375

	M	W	S	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grimgor	4	8	1	5	5	3	5	7	9	

Army Selection: Grimgor Ironhide takes up one Lord choice.

Equipment: Gitsnik and the Blood-Forged Armor.

Special Rules: *Immune to Psychology, Hates Everybody, Da Immortulz.*

Special Rules

Immune to Psychology.

Hates Everybody. Grimgor is thoroughly unpleasant and wildly psychotic. He *Hates* all enemy models.

Da Immortulz. There must be a unit of Black Orcs in Grimgor's army. These Black Orcs are as scarred and grizzled as Grimgor, veterans of his days in the wastes. The bodyguard is infamous for its standard bearer Taugrek the Throttler, who recaptured Grimgor's personal banner when it fell in battle against the hordes of Vardek Crom.

Grimgor may join only this unit, and no other character may do so. If he does so, the bodyguard will be *Immune to Psychology* and will *Hate* everyone.

Magic Items

Gitsnik. This large and blood-spattered axe, whose name simply means "foe killer" in the crude Orcish tongue, has many charms and pouches chained to its haft. They contain powerful sorceries woven by mighty Orc Shamans that enable Grimgor Ironhide to wield Gitsnik with blurring speed.

This axe bestows +2 Strength. In addition, Grimgor always strikes first.

Blood-Forged Armor. Battered, scarred and twisted, just like its wearer, the Blood-Forged Armor has served Grimgor well in many battles.

The Blood-Forged Armor gives Grimgor Ironhide a 1+ armor save and a 5+ ward save.

"Boss! Boss!" The Forest Goblin's voice instantly set Grubgob's few remaining teeth on edge. Grubgob hated Forest Goblins. Their stink was all wrong.

"Out with it!" Grubgob snarled as the Goblin leapt from its spider and threw itself to the ground.

"Stunties, boss."

"How many?"

"Erm..." The Forest Goblin's face twisted hard. "Lots, boss?"

"How many!" Grubgob bellowed. If he messed this up, Grimgor would have his head on a pole.

"Erm, all of them?"

Grubgob's brow furrowed. That could only mean a large mob, or throng, or whatever. This was just the news Grimgor was waiting for. If Grubgob got the message to Grimgor first, he would avoid the same fate as the last boss to return to the camp without having located the Dwarfs. He winced involuntarily as he thought about that. Born of fear, a rudimentary plan began to form in the boss's simple mind.

"Right lads," Grubgob called. "Here's the plan. Yous," he pointed to the milling Forest Goblins. "Go tell Grimgor we've found the stunties and that we won't let 'em get away until he gets 'ere. Us lot," he slapped the backs of two Orcs with his mighty, green claws. "Are gonna break out da fungus beer. And den we's got some hairy little stunties ta bash!"



Black Orc Unit

Campaign Ideas

- Campaign-appropriate choices: Forest Goblin Spider Riders, Spider Banner, Black Orcs, Grimgor Ironhide, Nobber Fangadom.

- Play games with forest terrain on the table to represent Grimgor's troops searching the Great Forest.

- Play games with the Grimgor's 'Ardboyz army list from the Storm of Chaos book (also available at www.games-workshop.com) to represent Grimgor's personal troops.



The Empire

Karl Franz has embarked upon the quest to recover the Nemesis Crown. Such a potent talisman from the age of Sigmar can be turned to good for the benefit of all, a prize beyond reckoning upon the brow of the Prince of Altdorf.

When news reached the court of Karl Franz that a relic of the age of Sigmar, so powerful that Thorgrim Grudgebearer himself was marching to recover it, he sent out his agents to gather information. News was quickly forthcoming.

A young Captain from the Talabecland Militia claimed to have come to the aid of a beleaguered Dwarf band in the Great Forest. The Dwarfs were ambushed, outnumbered, and surrounded by Goblins and all but destroyed before Weimar, the Captain, and his men came to their rescue, and drove the greenskins into the Drakwald. From the surviving Dwarfs, the Captain could glean very little, for they eschewed further assistance and refused to explain their business.

Only a single fragment of information held any value, two small words blurted out by an insane member of the Dwarf band – Nemesis Crown.

The Grand Theogonist and the greatest historians of the Empire began to piece together the truth – a legend concerning a relic of incredible power from the age of Sigmar. The Emperor offered his assistance in locating the crown to the Dwarf Ambassadors of the High King, who grimly refused even to acknowledge its existence.

When pressed, the Dwarfs

simply left Altdorf in the dead of night. Other Dwarfs, those many artisans who make their home in the great city, went from friendly banter to hostile silence when asked of the crown.

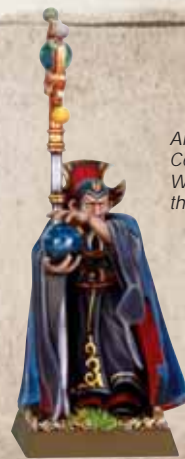
The arrogant silence of the Dwarfs worried Karl Franz. Either this artifact was of incalculable power, or it was so dangerous that it needed to be destroyed. He ordered the Reiksmarshal to muster his armies. If proven safe, such a powerful device could be harnessed for the good of the Empire. The master wizards of the Colleges of Magic could unlock its secrets for the betterment of all men.

Within weeks, a vast army was assembled on the plains outside Altdorf.

If the Nemesis Crown is truly lost in the Great Forest, then the Empire will claim it.

With Kurt Helborg at its head, the army set off toward the Great Forest along the Talabheim Road. Huntsmen and Outriders raced ahead to scout out the terrain while hundreds of regiments tramped the roadways. Above it all soared Karl Franz himself upon Deathclaw, his Griffon. If the

Nemesis Crown is truly lost in the Great Forest, then the Empire will claim it.



Amethyst and Celestial Battle Wizards answer the call to war.



Emperor Karl Franz

Karl Franz is a magnificent statesman, capable general, and cunning diplomat. He presides over a Golden Age of the Empire, in which the arts and science flourish, and has won numerous victories for his people. He is determined that the Nemesis Crown, if proved safe, shall become an heirloom of the house of Altdorf.

Points: 350

	M	W	S	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Karl Franz	4	6	5	4	4	3	6	4	10	
Deathclaw	6	6	-	5	5	4	5	4	8	
Dragon	6	6	-	6	6	6	3	5	8	
Pegasus	8	3	-	4	4	3	4	2	6	
Warhorse	8	3	-	3	3	1	3	1	5	

Army Selection: Emperor Karl Franz takes up one Lord choice.

Equipment: Runefang, the Silver Seal, full plate armor.

Special Rules: Leader of Men.

Options: May replace the Runefang with Ghal Maraz (+30 pts). May ride Deathclaw (+225 pts), an Imperial Dragon (+320 pts), a Pegasus (+50 pts), or a barded Warhorse (+21 pts).

Special Rules

Leader of Men. The presence and unflinching courage of the Emperor greatly raise the morale of his soldiers and inspire even the humblest of fighters to mighty acts of determined heroism. The Emperor and any unit he joins are *Immune to Psychology*. In addition, the Emperor's Leadership can be used by friendly units in a range of 18" (instead of the 12" range for normal generals).

Deathclaw. Many years of war and adventure have developed an unbreakable bond between the Emperor and his beloved Griffon that transcends rider and mount. Deathclaw will automatically pass the Leadership test he needs to take if Karl Franz is slain. In addition, Deathclaw will *Hate* for the remainder of the game the character/unit that kills Karl Franz.

Magic Items

Ghal Maraz. Ghal Maraz is the legendary Dwarf-forged Runehammer wielded by Sigmar himself when the Empire was forged over two and a half millennia ago. Its name means "Skull-splitter," and it is among the most potent weapons in the world. Any hits caused by the Hammer of Sigmar wound automatically, and no armor saves are allowed. Each unsaved Wound becomes D3 Wounds.

The Silver Seal. The Warrior Mage Fredrik von Tarnus crafted this artifact for Magnus the Pious when he became Emperor after the Great War Against Chaos. The Silver Seal wards away harmful blows and even disrupts hostile magic spells directed against the Emperor. It confers a 4+ ward save and Magic Resistance (3) to the Emperor.

"Dwarfs," barked Sergeant Brunn, pointing with his sword toward the curve in the road ahead. A large group of heavily armored, heavily bearded warriors barred the way. Each held an axe in his ham-sized fist, and the Dwarfs did not look like they were in the mood for talking. Brunn heard the rasping of steel as the soldiers of the Ninth Talabheim Regiment of Swords drew their own weapons. From the corner of his eye, he saw the colors of the Reikland Halberdiers come into position, the Knights of the Blazing Sun beside them.

"Our orders are simple, men," bellowed the grizzled sergeant. "The Emperor says we're to get that damned crown, and nobody, not even the Dwarfs, is going to stop us."

Silence fell over the Empire ranks as General von Groppen rode forward. Brunn watched as he cupped a hand to his mouth and shouted to the waiting Dwarf throng.

"By the order of Karl Franz, clear the road or suffer the consequences." His voice rang clear down the woodland road but was greeted with silent faces glowering from behind the Dwarf shieldwall.

"This is imperial territory! Let us pass!"

The general waited for several moments before riding back to the expectant Empire regiments.

"Stubborn fools," he said grimly, sickened to his heart that he must shed the blood of an honored ally this day.



Crazed Flagellants flock to the Empire army and preach of the End Times.

Campaign Ideas

- Campaign-appropriate choices: Huntsmen, Outriders, Warrior Priests, Flagellants, Karl Franz, Maximilian von Schädel.

- Even if your army hails from a different province, paint a unit or two of Talabecland Free Companies with red and yellow uniforms to represent local militia seconded to your allied provincial force.



Wood Elves

As the search for the Nemesis Crown begins, dire tidings reach the Wood Elf realm of Athel Loren.

Fighting had already broken out within the Great Forest when Naieth the Prophetess addressed the Wood Elf Council of Kindreds. She spoke of the visions that haunted her slumbers and of the foul children of Morghur – the Beastmen – spreading their evil in the woodlands.

At the heart of it all lurked a dark presence, believed by Naieth to be Morghur himself – the immortal spirit of Chaos from whom all corruption springs.

Scarloc, the legendary archer whose keen arrows had once slain Morghur's mortal form, lent his support to Naieth's claims. He had recently been abroad in the Empire of Man on errands of his own. There, Scarloc had seen entire brayherds of Beastmen on the move, driven from their squalid encampments by the approach of great armies. Thousands of the foul creatures had been slain in the process, true enough, but many thousands more now descended upon the Great Forest and spread corruption in their wake.

Horried at the unfolding events, the Asrai council was of one mind. The horn of awakening was sounded, and Athel Loren responded. Warrior kindreds gathered in King's Glade. Archers, Glade Riders, and warriors of the Eternal Guard all answered the summons. Waywatchers returned from their lonely vigils to pledge themselves to the coming war. In the deep wood, Glamorweavers sang to mighty Treemen and roused them from slumber, while Branchwraiths summoned their Dryad handmaidens. Soon, a mighty host stood at arms.

Though the Beastmen were too numerous to be exterminated, the children of Morghur would be contained and driven back into their dank heartlands. So too would the Asrai cast the trespassing armies of Man, greenskin, and Dwarf from the Great Forest and call them to account for the evil that their blundering trespasses had unleashed upon the world.

The Great Forest would be cleansed of the taint of Chaos.



Wood Elf Noble



Bretonnia

War has been thrust upon the lands of King Louen Leoncoeur once again and will have to be met in kind.

Hordes of lowly Goblins are pouring into Bretonnia through the Grey Mountain passes, as if fleeing a larger conflict further east. The valor of Bretonnia's knights prevented many of the realm's vulnerable border towns and villages from being overwhelmed. Hundreds – perhaps even thousands – of the diminutive, wicked greenskins have been slain.

Many a bold knight has made a name for himself in recent days. While this affirmation of chivalric principles warmed King Louen Leoncoeur's heart, it presented him with a problem. In Bretonnia, tradition dictates that valor upon the field of battle be rewarded with land. However, so successful have his knights proved that Leoncoeur has run short of land to award.

So it is that King Louen has issued a decree. It is clear, he has said, that the Empire is beset, and that Bretonnia must rise to defend her cousin. An Errantry War has been declared, its aim to purge the Empire of all threats. Furthermore, knights

with the rank of Baron or higher are permitted to extend the protection of the crown to any Empire township that wishes greater protection from the strife besetting them and a more stable form of governance than that offered by the Emperor Karl Franz.

Within a day of the decree, the first Bretonnian armies marched for the Empire, heraldry bright in the sunshine. Knights from every corner of the realm had responded to the king's declaration. Amid the column of armies, the blues and whites of Quenelles jostled with the yellow of Montfort, gold of Bastonne, and the red of Gisoreux. Pegasus Knights have come from Parravon, Grail Knights from Châlons – even a few Questing Knights had set aside their travails and joined the cause. All around flowed the sea of peasants, retainers, yeoman, and squires that gather in the wake of any knightly crusade.

The knightly sons of Bretonnia ride to war once more, in pursuit of honor, glory, and land!



Bretonnian Damsel

Vampire Counts

Beneath the Howling Hills, the Vampire Waldakir Rahtep is forced to abandon his foul experiments and defend his lair.

The second Empire scouting party had been obliterated as swiftly as the first, but this victory did not set Waldakir at ease. While it was clear that the lackeys of Karl Franz were searching for something, Waldakir could not be sure whether that something was him.

It was possible that Waldakir's forays into Talabheim had finally drawn enough attention to merit a determined hunt. This is possible, but unlikely. However, one does not remain alive and immortal by taking reckless chances.

Waldakir took wing to the haunted land of Sylvania. As one of the eldest of his kind, other Vampires heeded his call. Many of Sylvania's Undead had been leaderless since the death of Mannfred von Carstein and were easily bent to Waldakir's will. Those that he could not dominate, he deceived. Those he could not deceive, he slew. In a matter of days, Rahtep had

roused a mighty host, a host that swiftly descended upon Stirland.

After setting the wheels in motion, Waldakir swiftly returned to his lair. The plan was working. In Waldakir's absence, the Undead host had soon overwhelmed the garrisons of Stufbad and Tymvald. None but a fool would waste time hunting

Rahtep roused a mighty host that swiftly descended upon Stirland.

for a hidden Vampire when so many Undead were in plain sight.

Waldakir was pleased. He was in receipt of plenty of raw material from the failed incursions into his lair. A new Undead realm could yet spring from the ruins of the eastern Empire, while the attentions of Waldakir's enemies remain fixed elsewhere.



Vampire Count

Skaven

The tunnels of the Under-Empire cross the entire Old World, and nothing goes unnoticed by the beady eyes of the ratmen.

The Skaven have spies everywhere, from the foul sewers beneath the teeming cities of the Empire, to the dark abandoned mines beneath the Dwarf holds of the Worlds Edge Mountains. And so, the Skaven knew of the reappearance of the Nemesis Crown as soon as the other races did.

The Council of Thirteen deliberated, and a handful of their vile number remembered half-whispered tales of a powerful artifact, wrought from precious warpstone that had been stolen many centuries ago by a mad Dwarf. The dread council laid its plans and set in motion an attempt to recover this valuable warpstone, wickedly taken from them so long ago.

As the armies of Men, Dwarfs, and greenskins march, so they are shadowed every step of the way by Skaven spies. By night, Skaven agents listen in as generals hatch plans. Thus, the ratmen anticipate

the actions of their foe and always work to disrupt them for the ultimate benefit of the Skaven Under-Empire.

For the time being, the Skaven do not have the numbers in the Great Forest to launch a direct attack and must bide their time. However, with every passing day, more and more ratmen from all the greater and many lesser clans arrive through twisting tunnels to emerge at the isolated

Doom shall rain down upon the races that dwell above the ground...

Skaven warrens in the Howling and Barren Hills. Soon, the Skaven will be able to strike in force, and the time to regain their lost possessions will come. And then, aided by the power of the warpstone, the Skaven shall rain down doom upon the races that dwell above the ground.



Skaven Assassin



Beasts of Chaos

The fires of war sweep across the Drakwald as Morghur's rebirth rouses the Beasts of Chaos to claim the forest.

Unable to stand before the mighty armies converging upon their territories, the Beastmen of the Great Forest have been driven out. Some fled east into the plains of Talabecland or north into the Middle Mountains. Entire brayherds have been slaughtered by Karl Franz's provincial militias, and the Captains of the Empire now talk openly about the possible reclamation of the Great Forest from the foul beasts within.

But far to the west of the Imperial host, the Drakwald is more oppressive than any can remember. Even at the height of midday, an unnatural gloom lingers in the tangled woodland. Branches and boughs sway and dance as if the forest itself writhes in agony, and fevered dreams haunt the local villagers. In the heart of the Drakwald, hidden from the eyes of outsiders, Morghur, the essence of Chaos, lives once again.

First to feel Morghur's wrath were the villages of Koldust and Kelp, which were razed by rampaging brayherds. In Fort

Schippel, madness seized the guard commandant who opened the gates and allowed Morghur's hordes to slaughter the garrison. Two days later, the army of Middenland was routed at the Battle of the Battered Shield and the entire eastern Drakwald abandoned to the Beastman hordes. Knowing his armies to be outmatched, for the numbers of Morghur's forces were greatly swollen by Beastmen from the hills to the east, Boris Todbringer, the Elector Count of Middenland, begged the Emperor for aid. With the bulk of the Empire's armies committed to Karl Franz's search, those pleas went unanswered. Todbringer's armies fight on, but against such odds their valor has availed them little. Here and there, a fortress stands in a sea of Beastmen. However, across the Drakwald, the Children of Chaos dance and bellow in the smoldering embers of civilization. From the ruins of Hovelhoff, Morghur viewed the destruction and roared his approval. The Drakwald will soon belong to the Children of Chaos.



Morghur

Hordes of Chaos

The followers of the Ruinous Powers are determined that, if they cannot gain the Nemesis Crown, then none shall.

Far to the north of the Old World, sorcerers and shamans cast their sinister runes, scry the lights in the northern skies, and study the entrails of sacrificial victims. They seek word of this artifact of power that has arisen in the south, for they dread that the Men of the Empire or the Dwarfs might come into power enough to rival the gods of Chaos themselves.

Darkling councils of fell emissaries have gathered under soul-binding truce, to plan what might be done to undermine the armies marching forth to claim the crown. Chaos Sorcerers whisper their counsel to their lords, and the warbands of the north move according to a new plan. Already, sea-borne Marauders set out to harass the coastal towns of the Old World, and the most daring warlords lead their raiding vessels up the great rivers to attack towns far inland. As the attacks increase,

so the attentions of the armies scouring the Great Forest are diverted. Warriors are detached from their efforts to guard against attacks from an unknown quarter, and so the plans of the Sorcerers of Chaos unfold.

Aspiring Champions of Chaos prepare to lead their warbands forth on the trail of war. With an artifact as powerful as the Nemesis Crown in their possession, it may

All the while, blood, skulls, and souls are offered to the Ruinous Powers.

be possible to muster another grand Chaos host, fulfill whispered prophecies of the End Times, and plunge the world of mortals into ruin and darkness.

And all the while, blood, skulls, and souls are offered to the Ruinous Powers, for whom there is no greater an expression of loyalty and faith.



Chaos Sorcerer

High Elves

The High Elves have long stood sentinel against the fell forces of Chaos and battled the arch-enemy at every turn.

Far away from the Old World, on the island continent of Ulthuan, the High Elves have learned of the existence of the Nemesis Crown. Finubar the Seafarer's ambassadors in the courts of the Empire have sent word back to the Phoenix King. Normally, the High Elves remain aloof from the petty affairs of the lesser races, but an item as dreadful as the Nemesis Crown must not be found.

Aware of the carnage that would be unleashed should the crown be retrieved and aware also of the factions vying to control it, Finubar has dispatched several of Ulthuan's greatest champions into the fray, each leading an army of battle-hardened High Elf Warriors.

Teclis, one of the most traveled of Elves returns to the Old World once more. His orders are simple: to patrol the Sea of Claws and ruthlessly suppress Norse Raiders and Dark Elf invaders. Korhil, Captain of the White Lions, is tasked with destroying Orc and Goblin warbands outside the bounds of the Great Forest.

Caradryan is tasked with intercepting any of the Undead menace who attempt to gain access to the Great Forest.

The seers and mystics on Ulthuan cannot yet predict the outcome of this campaign, a conflict they dub the Nemesis War, but all are in agreement that, should an Orc don the crown, it will be a dread time for the forces of light. Already, factions within the courts of Ulthuan have begun politicking and pushing for Ulthuan to support either the Dwarfs or the Empire more fully. Some argue that, should the High Elves assist Karl Franz to gain the Crown, then it will pay dividends in the long term by making an unbreakable bond with the powerful Empire. Others claim that out of the two races, only the Dwarfs possess the wisdom to dispose of the crown safely, and helping them gain possession of it might go some way toward convincing the Dwarfs to return the Phoenix Crown. On one thing alone are the High Elves in agreement: it is their efforts that will determine who claims the Nemesis Crown.



Teclis, High Elf Mage

Dark Elves

If Malekith's spies can misdirect and interfere with his enemies' plans, he may be able to take the crown itself.

The activities of the High Elves have triggered the Dark Elves' interest in the Nemesis Crown. Any matter that concerns the Elves of Ulthuan might affect their Dark Kin, and so the Witch King of Naggaroth sent forth his spies as soon he learned that something was afoot in the lands of Men.

The tales brought back from the Old World piqued Malekith's interest. He knew that he could not challenge the Men, Dwarfs, or greenskins directly for possession of the crown, yet he hoped to turn the growing strife to his benefit. At the very least, he reasoned, the Dark Elves might increase their raids while the other races squabbled. The Druchii could take many captives to be slaughtered upon the dark altars of Clar Karond. If Malekith's spies and assassins can misdirect and interfere with his enemies' plans, he might, one day, be in position to take the crown itself. But that

day, Malekith knows, is far off. For now, he is content with offering up blood and pain to Khaine, the bloody-handed god of murder.

As the armies of Karl Franz, Thorgrim, and Grimgor clash in the Great Forest, the Dark Elves attack undefended positions. From the ominous Black Arks, raiding parties strike coastal towns and seize the weak and the vulnerable in the dead of night. The slave pens of the temples of

For now, Malekith is content to offer blood and pain to Khaine, god of murder.

Khaine swell with new occupants, Man, Elf, Goblin, and Dwarf alike. A constant stream of offerings is made to the Dark Elves' vile god, and the blood flows from the altars in gushing rivers. Thus does Naggaroth profit when the lesser races go to war.



Black Ark Corsair



Ogre Kingdoms

As war comes to the Great Forest, so the Ogres of the Mountains of Mourn smell blood on the winds.

The Ogres care not one ounce for the Nemesis Crown, who claims it, or what power it might grant. To them, it is a worthless trinket created by those too weak to dominate their foes by proper means, and therefore proof, if ever it were needed, of the inferiority of the smaller races.

Ogres are simple creatures, for whom the world is a simple place. They seek only to prove their might either through violence or eating vast quantities of food. In so doing, the Ogres give praise to their deity, the Great Maw.

What the Ogres care for most is violence – violence and plunder, but mostly violence. As armies gather in the Great Forest, so the prospect of both arises, and the Ogres are traveling west in great numbers. Some seek to hire themselves out to the highest bidder as mercenaries. Many armies will hire them on simply to prevent the enemy from

doing so. Ogres are formidable opponents to face in battle, and their presence can spell the difference between victory and defeat. In return for their services, the Ogre tribes ask for the first choice of the loot and plunder after a battle is won.

There are also many larger tribes present. Some even say that Greasus Goldtooth himself has been seen

The crown was created by those too weak to dominate a foe by proper means.

heading toward the forest at the head of a vast caravan of victuals. It appears that the Ogres will fight for themselves also, for what better way can there be to honor the Great Maw than to prove one's strength against powerful enemies and to consume the fallen in the feast of the victor?



Ogre Maneater



Lizardmen

In Lustria and the Southlands, the Slann Mage-Priests have felt the reappearance of the Nemesis Crown.

A great rippling in the ether, a shift in the ebb and flow of the Winds of Magic, has awakened many Slann from their sleepless trance, and caused great concern and unrest in these impossibly ancient and implacable minds. The Mage-Priests have had their Skink servants consult ancient the plaques of the Old Ones and the stars yet can find no explanation for the phenomenon.

Whatever it is that has been discovered across the World Pond, it should not, the Mage-Priests are sure, exist. It is most certainly not a part of the Old Ones' plans. Thus, they will do everything in their power to see its removal from the world and the great plan restored.

The inscrutable reptilian leaders of the Lizardmen's jungle empire know that their forces cannot take a direct hand in the strife engulfing the nations of the Old World. However, they know that they can lend their aid, even if indirectly, to those

who might stand for the forces of order against those who would disrupt the proper path of the Old Ones' schemes. And so, the Lizardmen launch attacks against those who might use the power of the crown for ill. They hope against hope that some among the Younger Races might see the truth of the artifact and hide it away once more or, better yet, destroy it entirely. The Dwarfs, they hope, might do so, despite

Whatever it is that has been discovered across the World Pond, it should not exist...

the fact that it was one of their number that created the abomination. Of the other races, the Slann cannot be so sure, for ever they work unwittingly against the grand designs of the sacred Old Ones and to the detriment, so the wise and knowledgeable Mage-Priests believe, of the entire world.



Skink Priest

Tomb Kings

Word of the war reaches even the lands of the dead, and Settra, Lord of Khemri, sees opportunity within the madness.

Settra's spies, living and dead, are legion. Their reports now speak of opportunity, for anarchy has been loosed upon the Old World. An insanity of sorts seemed to have gripped the mightiest living rulers, who are even now at each other's throats.

Settra's agents cannot determine why this should be so, but the Tomb King does not care for the motivations of the living – provided they can be turned to his advantage.

Over the centuries, adventurers from distant lands have stolen much from Settra's domain. Powerful artifacts, thousands of years old, languish in wizard's vaults or as curios for the nobility of the Empire and Bretonnia. Even dormant servitors and counselors have been taken, their undying bodies seized while sealed in their golden caskets. These trespasses have long weighed on Settra's mind. Now the time for revenge is nigh.

At Settra's command, the Liche Priests have mustered a mighty army. Tomb Kings

and Princes have arisen from their interment, their legions of Skeleton Warriors and Tomb Guard again imbued with ghastly life. Bone Giants and Ushabti have been stirred from slumber, and the rituals of war were performed. So it was that the dreaded black-hulled fleets of Khemri slipped their moorings.

The Bretonnian city of Brionne was the first city to feel Settra's wrath, its defenders the victims of the Tomb King's terrible efficiency. The coastal towns of L'Anguille, Bestarne, and Guildarie swiftly suffered similar fates. In each case, the loss of life and damage was mercifully slight, for the attackers were single-minded in their goals. They made no attempt to raze the towns or slaughter the inhabitants and returned to their ships once their prize had been reclaimed. A week later, the scope of the attacks widened and began raids on the Empire. Settra himself has landed east of Marienburg and begun the long march to Altdorf – home to the Colleges of Magic and many hundreds of stolen items.



Tomb King



Gaming Ideas

The Nemesis Crown campaign is a chance for players to get together and play loads of games of Warhammer. Why not try a few of the ideas on this page to spice up your gaming even more?



Global Campaigns offer the gamer many opportunities to play battles that are a bit out of the ordinary – special scenarios, big battles, and new opponents. We've done our bit; now it's time for you to do yours.

Make New Friends

With so much gaming activity going on, you'll want to play as many games as possible. Now's the time to play those gamers you know that you haven't battled yet. Pop down to your store or club and meet new people (and crush them!).

The Map

Obviously, an easy way to play a Nemesis War game is to set it in the campaign area. On p. 6 are descriptions of the kind of places battles are likely to occur. We have placed examples of all of these places on the map, but they are only representative. Check out Black Library novels and Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay for detailed descriptions of the typical settlements that can be found in the Empire. Why not try re-creating one of these locations for a special battle at home or at your local

club? This is an especially good excuse for a huge, multiplayer battle!

Campaigns

Running your own series of linked games within the greater global campaign is a great way to set up some memorable battles. This could be as simple as keeping a battle journal for your own entertainment with stories based on your games. Alternatively, you could run a map-based, multiplayer affair. We're releasing *Mighty Empires* in July, a supplement that helps you link your games. Just report each victory or defeat within the game as you charge your way to strategic victory.

Doing It Your Way

Play what you want to play, how you want to play it. We're releasing loads of models, but you can play with your favorite army if you don't want a shiny new one. You can play Warmaster or one of our other games based in the Warhammer world, and you can still register the results.

Lastly, the Great Forest is a huge place (the map is roughly the size of Poland), so don't feel restricted by what we suggest!

Extra Details

Chaos Temples

There are many ancient stone structures to be found throughout the Great Forest, some overgrown or toppled, others served by dark and secretive congregations of Chaos worshippers. The Arcane Ruins set is ideal to represent these stone circles, barrows, and run-down temples. Why not make use of them in your Nemesis Crown games? They make great objectives, and counting them as Special Features makes perfect sense. The Arcane Monolith and Fell Ruins are particularly appropriate.

Other Features

There are plenty of types of terrain you could include in your Nemesis Crown games. Rivers and roads cross the Great Forest and make the ideal focus for an ambush game. Bridges and fords across such rivers make the natural focus for your games, as each side would want to control these crossings in order to bring more warriors across to search for the Nemesis Crown.

Scenarios

There are a number of scenarios you can use for Nemesis Crown games.

- The three on pp. 26-31 of this booklet.
- The six special U.S. Nemesis Crown scenarios that will be played in U.S. Hobby Centers, clubs, and independent retailers (see pp. 32-33 of this booklet for info, and *WD328-331* and *nemesis.games-workshop.com* the full scenario descriptions).
- The four scenarios in the rulebook.
- The scenarios in the Grombold's Oath campaign from *WD 326 & 327*.
- Any scenarios you and your gaming buddies come up with yourselves.

THE NEMESIS CROWN

WARHAMMER®

FIGHT FOR THE GREATEST PRIZE IN THE OLD WORLD'S HISTORY

In taverns, inns, and meeting places throughout the Old World and beyond, rumors have spread that a great prize, an arcane artifact of untold power, has been unearthed deep in the Great Forest of the Empire. It is said that the relic – an ancient Dwarf heirloom – remains unclaimed, and now nations and races from all over the world are mustering their forces to enter the Great Forest south of the Middle Mountains.

It is now time to call your force to arms and ready yourself for an epic

campaign in which you will aid your faction in the search for the artifact, the fabled Nemesis Crown.

Signing up for the campaign couldn't be easier. Go online and log on to nemesis.games-workshop.com and follow the simple registration process. You will then be given a unique code that will activate your free account. Once you have an account, you will be able to access special areas of the web site and post your results to influence the campaign and help your faction win the ultimate prize.

Web Site Features

- Campaign background
- Interactive war-room and map
- Useful downloads
- Weekly hobby articles
- Details of local, in-store campaign events
- Army storylines and results updated weekly
- Personal statistics and leader boards



The campaign takes place deep in the Great Forest.

Special Events

All Games Workshop Hobby Centers and many independent stores will run battles and other events over the duration of the campaign. Check out pp. 32-33 and ask your local Hobby Center staff for details.

New Releases

There are loads of brand new Citadel miniatures coming your way during this campaign, including many new terrain pieces and plastic kits.

Timeline

5/16/07
Web site goes live with ongoing weekly updates

6/25/07
Registration begins

6/27/07
Six weeks of frantic gaming commences

8/6/07
Campaign ends

8/10/07
Results posted

NEMESIS.GAMES-WORKSHOP.COM



Council of War

In this scenario, a mighty general is ambushed while holding a council of war. Can he and his commanders hold out long enough for their army to respond?

In the opening days of the search for the Nemesis Crown, the Emperor Karl Franz himself led a mighty army into the Great Forest. Making camp around a small, fortified settlement, the Emperor's army joined with that of Talabecland, and a great council of war was held.

While the leaders of the two Imperial armies met to plan their next move, a horde of Beastmen descended, determined to eject the intruders from their dark realm, and to offer up the broken bodies of men to the dark gods of the woods. The battle was intense, and the bloodshed terrible. Every man of the Emperor's bodyguard of Greatswords sold his life so that his lord might live. Though a victory for the

Empire, the Battle of Taal's Bowers cost the Emperor dearly.

This scenario represents a "historic" event – one that actually happened during the frantic search for the Nemesis Crown. While Karl Franz and his most senior advisors met to discuss the coming campaign, the Beastmen burst forth from the forest as the sun set. Historically, the Emperor led a bold counterattack against the Beastmen while his army mustered to drive them off. But how else might the battle have ended? Why not try out the scenario presented here, with the "historical" sides, or with different ones, and see how you fare as commander of either army.



Attacker Deploys Here

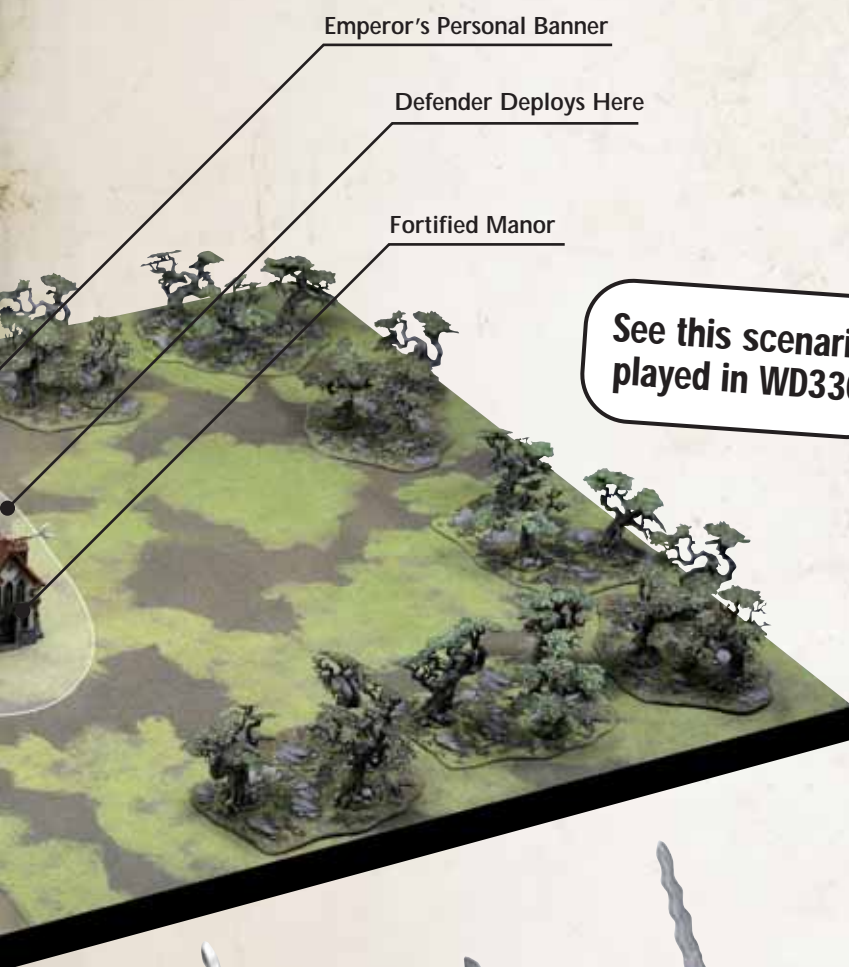


Road



Victory Conditions

The Beastmen seek to repel the Men of the Empire from their realm, while the Empire soldiers are concerned with protecting their lord at all costs. In addition to the Victory Points rule described in the Warhammer rulebook, the Defender gains 200 Victory Points if his General is alive at the end of the game, while the Attacker gains this amount (for a total of 300 Victory Points) if the General is slain. In addition, each Defending unit that flees from the table is worth an additional 100 Victory Points to the Attacker.



Greatswords make ideal defenders for this scenario.

Armies

Both armies are chosen to an agreed total per the rules in the Warhammer army lists. If following historical events, the Defender must play an Empire army, which must include Karl Franz as its General and at least one unit of Greatswords, representing the Foot Reiksguard. The Attacker chooses a Beasts of Chaos army per the normal army list restrictions.

Battlefield

See left for battlefield set up. Concentrate as many woods and hills as you own around the table edges, with the fortified building in the center. A road runs the width of the table from one long table edge to the other. Other terrain features may be added if both players agree.

Deployment

The Defender deploys only his Lords, Heroes, and a single Special unit at the beginning of the game, with the remainder arriving as described in *Special Rules*.

If the Attacker is a Beasts of Chaos army, then all units with the *Ambush* Special Rule (not just half of them) must deploy per the terms of their Special Rule. Units without the *Ambush* Special Rule deploy within 18" of a short table edge once the starting Defenders have been deployed.

Who Goes First?

The Attacker goes first.

Length of Game

The battle lasts for 6 turns, or until one player concedes.

Special Rules

A vast army of the Empire is encamped near the site of the Emperor's Council of War and is ready to answer the call to arms. At the beginning of the Remaining Moves segment of the Movement Phase, the Defender rolls a D6 for every unit in his army not already on the table. On a 4+, the unit enters play, moving on from either road end, in the same manner as a unit that has pursued an enemy off the table (see p. 43 in the Close Combat chapter of the Warhammer rulebook).

Special Feature

The Emperor has hung his personal banner from the fortified building, making it a focal point for the Defenders to rally to but also the subject of hatred for the Attackers. The fortified building counts as a *Monument of Glory*, as described in the Special Features chapter of the Warhammer rulebook.



The Unquiet Dead

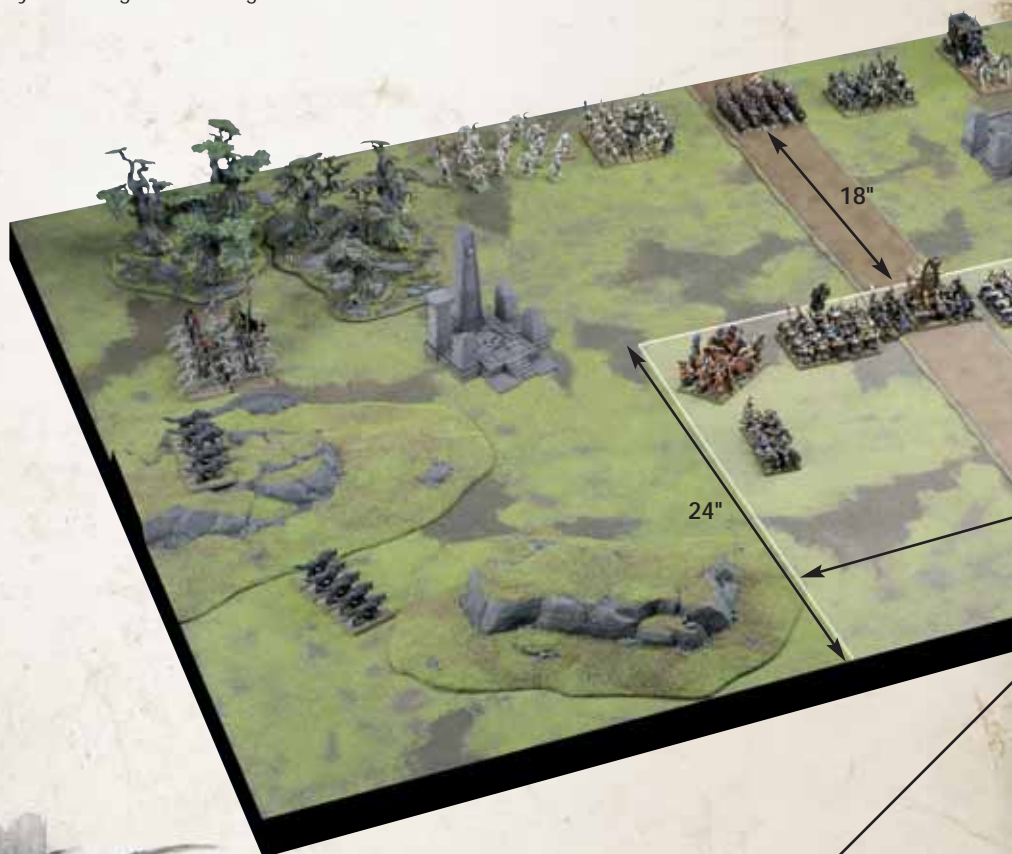
In this historical scenario, one army must smash through the other's lines in order to reach its objective. Can the beleaguered force survive against the odds?

Having gathered together the throngs of three of the greatest Dwarf holds and many lesser ones, Thorgrim Grudgebearer marched from the Worlds Edge Mountains toward the Empire to prevent the Rune of Ages from falling into the hands of evil-doers.

His route took him along the Old Dwarf Road and then up over the River Talabec into the Howling Hills. He passed many ancient sites where the dead rest uneasily in their graves. Thorgrim and his

army had only just entered the Howling Hills, the reputed resting place of Alaric's masterwork, when they were attacked. As the Dwarfs neared the range, the forested ground rising before them, the Undead rose from ancient barrows lining the road all about, as if called by some implacable evil to stop him from gaining the crown.

Thorgrim and his kin fought with grim resolve, smashed through the Undead ranks, and drew nearer to the lost mines of Khrazi Drudd.

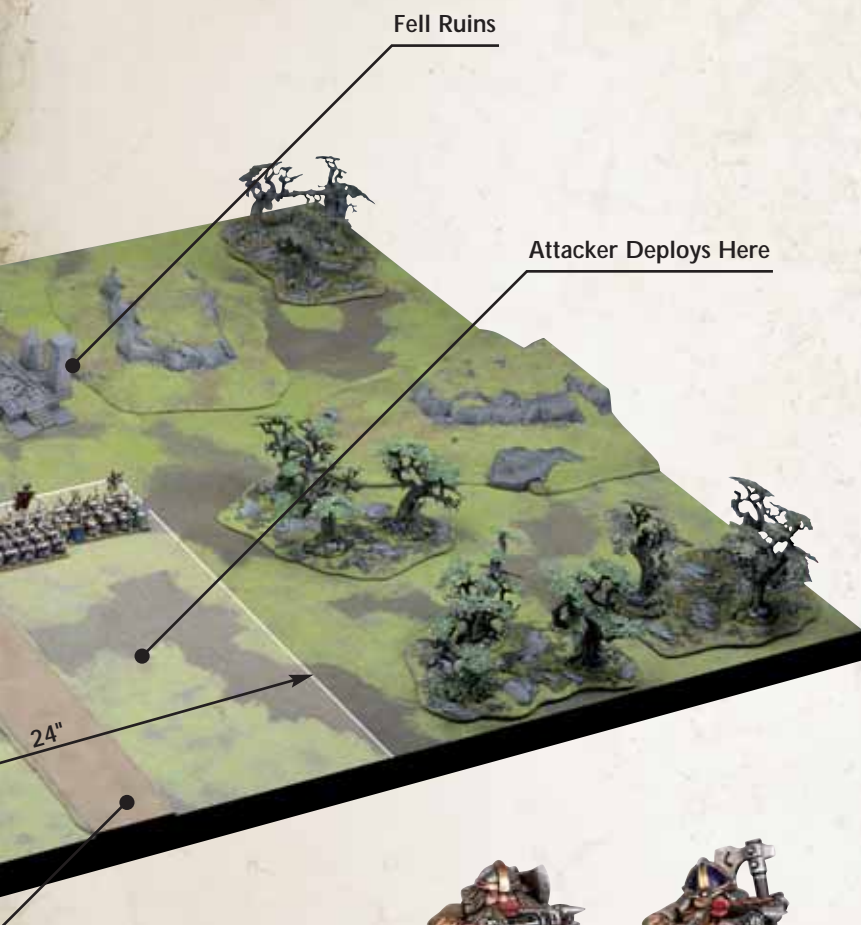


Road



Victory Conditions

The Attacker seeks to smash through the enemy lines and escape via the road. At the end of the game, the Attacking army gains an additional 100 Victory Points for every unit it has within 6" of the point where the road exits the table.



Rangers can give the Dwarfs a head start.



Armies

Both armies are chosen to an agreed total per the Warhammer army lists. If following historical events, a Vampire Counts army led by a Master Necromancer is the Defender, while a Dwarf army led by Thorgrim Grudgebearer is the Attacker. The Dwarf army must include at least one unit of Miners and one unit of Rangers, brought along by Thorgrim to clear a route through the hills.

Battlefield

See left for battlefield set up. A road bisects the table from the center of one long table edge to the other. Concentrate lots of woods and hills on either side of the road, but not within 12" of it.

Deployment

The Attacking army is placed anywhere in the areas shown in the map. The Defending army is then deployed anywhere else not within 18" of an attacking unit.

Who Goes First?

The Attacker goes first.

Length of Game

The battle lasts for 6 turns, or until one player concedes.

Special Feature

The hills hereabouts are rife with lonely barrows of ill aspect. After the terrain has been placed, but before deployment, the Defender may place one Fell Ruins Special Feature on each side of the road but not in the Attacker's Deployment Zone.



The Fell Ruins in this scenario can be represented by the plastic Arcane Ruins set.



Blood Beneath the Branches

In this third historical scenario, one army is engaged in a search of the battlefield, while another seeks to expel its rivals from the region.

As Grimgor's forces spread far and wide in search of the Nemesis Crown, the greenskins left no stone unturned and no enemy unbloodied in their desperate need to obey the orders of their brutal master.

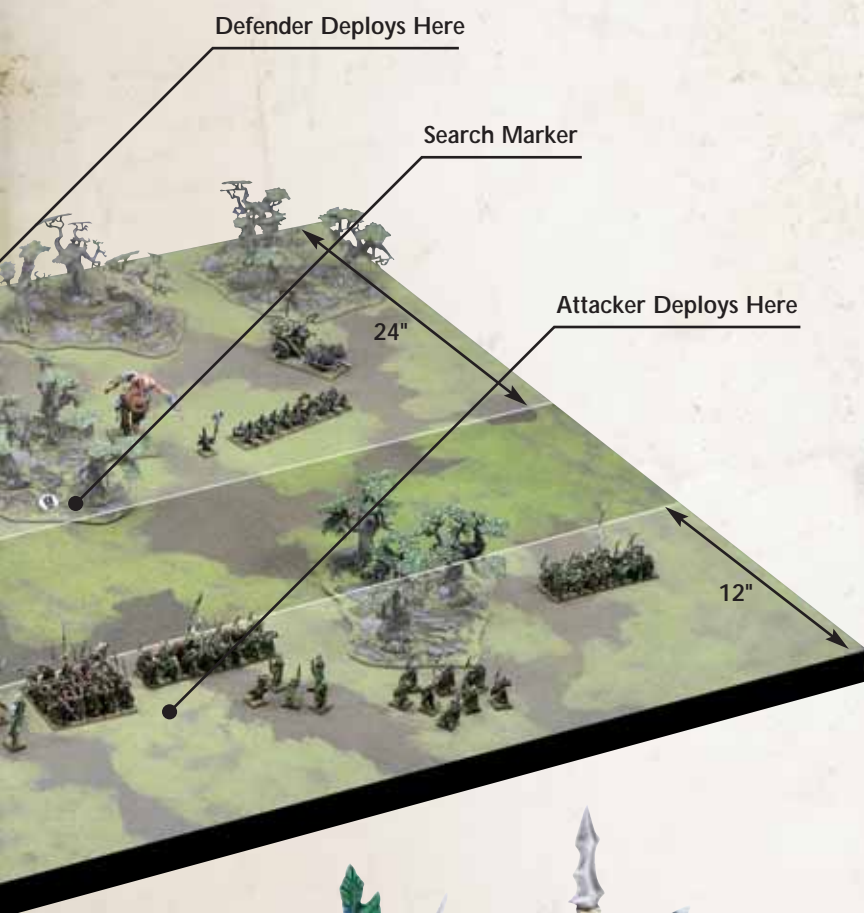
On many occasions, Grimgor Ironhide himself took to the field, his very arrival driving the greenskins to yet greater efforts in their search. Much to his delight, Grimgor's presence drew many powerful enemies to challenge him.

On one such occasion, Grimgor was interrupted in his search for the crown when Wood Elves, maddened by his army trampling through the verdant glades of the Great Forest, descended upon the greenskin horde and attempted to eject him from a realm they regarded as their own. The Elves made short work of Grimgor's force, but were ultimately bested in bloody close combat by the Warlord and his Black Orc bodyguard, thereby providing a fleeting diversion for Grimgor.



Victory Conditions

Victory Points are used to determine the winner. Each search marker is worth an additional 100 Victory Points to the side that controls it at the end of the game. Search markers are controlled in the same manner as a unit controls a Special Feature – see the Special Features chapter of the Warhammer rulebook for details.



Spider Riders can help redress the balance in this scenario with their ability to ignore Difficult Terrain.

Armies

Both armies are chosen to an agreed total per the Warhammer army lists. If following historical events, the Defender has an Orcs & Goblins army led by Grimgor Ironhide, which must include at least one unit of Black Orcs. The Attacker chooses a Wood Elf army that must include at least one unit of Waywatchers.

Battlefield

Concentrate as many woods and trees as you own around the edge of the table, with a few scattered areas around the rest of the battlefield.

Deployment

The Defender chooses a long table edge, and deploys his entire army within 24" of it. The Attacker then places his entire army within 12" of the opposite table edge.

Who Goes First?

The Attacker goes first.

Length of Game

The battle lasts for 6 turns or until one player surrenders.

Special Rules

To represent the desire to find the Nemesis Crown for Grimgor, the Defender places D3+3 small "search markers" on the table before deployment, each of which represents a location the greenskins are planning to search. Each must be within a terrain feature and may not be within 12" of another marker. Apart from these restrictions, search markers may be placed anywhere on the table.

Search Markers



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The Warhammer logo, featuring the word "WARHAMMER" in a stylized, metallic, yellow and red font with a black outline.

THE NEMESIS CROWN

Campaign in the U.S.A.

Campaign games played and reported in America will be set in the Talabec Borders (see p. 10 of this booklet), an area of deep forest with many sizable towns and villages populated by skilled woodsmen and stout-hearted men. Unfortunately, the region has experienced an increasing number of attacks by Beastman War Herds and mutants, surely a sign that conflict is coming.

In the U.S., many special events and thousands of games in clubs, homes, and shops will contribute to the ongoing story of the Nemesis Crown. Here are just a few of the

things you can look forward to: four Nemesis Crown Mega Battles with special scenarios in U.S. Hobby Centers and independent retailers; the Big Game at Baltimore, Chicago, and Los Angeles Games Days; the conclusion of the Path to the Crown Roadshow; two scenarios for the special locations in the Talabec Borders not contested in the in-store Mega Battles; and much, much more.

Keep checking *White Dwarf*, the GW web site, the Nemesis Crown web site, and your local game shop for regular updates about events and news happening in your area. To war!

Nemesis Crown Personae

In times of war and great peril, the character of true heroes – and villains – emerges. Of those searching for the Nemesis Crown and fighting in the vicinity of the Talabec Borders, a few greats have shown their true colors. To read about these personalities and use them in your games, check out their descriptions on the Nemesis Crown web site.

PATH to the CROWN

ROADSHOW

It's not too late! Join us for the last two dates of the Path to the Crown Roadshow. At each stop on the Roadshow, Golden Demon winners, *White Dwarf* staff members, and scenery gurus Dave Taylor, John Shaffer, and Tim Lison will be on hand to answer your questions, swap war stories, and let you in on their painting and modeling secrets. Plus, there will be special Mega Battles for Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000, and The Lord of The Rings. For more details, check out

us.games-workshop.com/pathtothecrown/

Orland Square GW Hobby Center – May 12 & 13 | Springfield GW Hobby Center – May 19 & 20
Orland Park, IL • 708-226-95463 Springfield, VA • 703-719-9300

Nemesis Crown Mega Battles

U.S. Hobby Centers and independent retailers will host four Mega Battles, each with special scenarios and terrain. The outcomes of these Mega Battles will have a significant impact on the Nemesis Crown campaign as a

whole, so be sure to join us for the following gaming events. Bring in 1,000 points of troops to play at each event. Full scenario descriptions can be found in WD328-331 and on the Nemesis Crown web site.

June 30 **Defend the Headless Badger**

The fortified inn known as Headless Badger is a safe haven for travelers who can rest easy within its stout walls...normally. The hunt for the Nemesis Crown has brought the enemies of the Empire to the vicinity. Join us to save the defenders of the Headless Badger or to bring down the forces of light and raze the inn.

July 21 **Under the Hanging Tree**

This gnarled, twisted tree full of hanged men, gibbets, and other grisly trophies is grim evidence that the taint of Chaos has fouled the lands of the Empire. Though cautious men fear the tree and the dark magics that, no doubt, have been worked upon it, bolder hearts would see this corrupted tree torn down. Grab axe and torch and join the angry mob.

July 14 **Capture the Tower of Moonrise**

The Tower of Moonrise is a gigantic structure with an impressive array of gears and mirrors that can project beams of moonlight through the forest for many miles. This tower can help the wardens search for lost travelers, watch for enemies, and assist allies in battle. The forces of darkness want to destroy this strategically important tower.

August 4 **In the Shadow of Vratthgar's Monolith**

Many stone circles, monoliths, and edifices of origins both dark and terrible punctuate the landscape of the Talabec Borders. By far the most conspicuous – and most feared – of these is Vratthgar's Monolith. Rumor has it that the forces of darkness intend to use the ancient magics of the Monolith to summon daemonic forces. The forces of light are marching to prevent this from happening.

Big Game at Games Day Baltimore, Chicago & Los Angeles

Each year, the gigantic Warhammer 40,000 "Big Game" draws hundreds of fans for a day of insane gaming. This year, we weren't content with giving only 40K fans all this great gaming, so we added a Warhammer game and made it part of the Nemesis Crown campaign. Check the Games Day web site for background information on this exciting event!

gamesday.us.games-workshop.com

Games Day Baltimore
June 23 • Baltimore, Maryland

Games Day Chicago
July 28 • Chicago, Illinois

Games Day Los Angeles
August 11 • Ontario, California



nemesis.games-workshop.com



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