

WARHAMMER® BATTLE



WARHAMMER: BLOOD IN THE SNOW

This was madness, thought Lars Holt as he trudged through the knee-deep snow. There is a very good reason that armies didn't march during the winter, and Lars couldn't fathom why he and his lads had been called to arms and led off into the winter snows. They were Talabeclanders! They weren't a bunch of raucous, brawling Middenlanders, whose penchant for shaggy hair and beards would've been far better suited to such conditions. He had heard some old farmhand say that Ulric protects his own, and he was starting to wonder if he should ask the god of wolves and winter what he could do about his current predicament.

They had been trudging south-west through the snow for days now, marching across the Barren Hills and off towards Unterbaum. A bunch of peasants had gotten themselves killed there, the selfish bastards. It was Beastmen apparently, and Lars hated Beastmen. Not that he cared at this point in time. Right now, he would quite happily trade in his own mother-in-law for a flask of brandy to warm his belly. In fact, he'd probably do it for a single swig.

Lars wasn't sure, but he could swear that the storm was deteriorating. As much as his toes felt like they could drop off any moment and he could barely hold onto his halberd, he could just about put up with the snow. But this? Sigmar's bones, it was getting worse! The blizzard had been gradually condensing, and the sharp sleet pouring down in sheets was starting to lacerate his exposed skin. If it wasn't for the fact that he would be left on his own, and in the middle of nowhere, he would've almost considered desertion. Oh well, Lars thought with a resigned shrug. Maybe the weather will turn.

It didn't. In fact, the weather had gotten even worse. Lightning now wracked the sky and the wind was blowing something fierce. As if that hadn't been enough, General Tulwitz had only gone and led them straight into an ambush, despite scouting ahead from atop his Griffon. A Beastmen warherd. Lars should've known; it was the only way things could've gotten even more damnable. The Talabeclanders marched five-hundred strong, yet they were still outnumbered a good three times over. The cannons had been overrun before they had even been unlimbered from their horses. Oh well, thought Lars with a wry smile as he hefted his halberd. Maybe his luck will turn.

It didn't. In fact, his luck had pretty much run out. If he wasn't destined to die at the end of a Beastman's blade, or get trampled to bits by a rampaging Ghorgon, Lars was pretty sure that the weather was going to finish the job instead. As it was, General Tulwitz had already been blasted clean out of the sky by a stray lightning bolt. How the mighty had quite literally fallen. He didn't mind that the pompous old fool was dead, but the Griffon he rode around on was a vicious critter, and would be pretty damned useful right about now. So much for that.

Lars and his lads were busy sticking it to some horn-headed freaks at the moment, though these were only the runts of the litter. Ungors, the woodsmen called them. Not much of a challenge for his hardy lads. Lars had trained them well. The true test would come when their larger cousins finished chopping up Randall's gunners. If only they had spent more time practicing with their blades than they had polishing their fancy handguns, they might not be faring so badly. But who was he kidding? They were facing Minotaurs – ten-foot tall amalgams of steely sinew and mindless rage. Lars could only wince as he saw Randall picked up by one of the monstrous beasts and torn bloodily in half above its head. Evidently not sated by the crimson shower that splashed its face, the minotaur held Randall's rent torso over its open maw and drank greedily as his innards spilled forth into its mouth.



Lars was so appalled by the minotaur's gory display of greed that he retched what little food he had eaten for lunch all down his breastplate. It was all he could do to avoid being skewered by an Ungor's spear as he did so, twisting to take its rusty point in the shoulder instead of his chest. Roaring in pain, Lars tore himself free and brought his halberd slamming down, bifurcating the insolent creature's head in a spray of blood, splintered skull and grey matter.

The Ungors had evidently had enough by now, turning tail and fleeing into the storm. Lars wasn't going to let them off that easy. They had lost plenty of good men to their stabbing spears. He and his halberdiers gave chase, chopping down the cowardly beasts as they ran. It was at that point that they faced the minotaurs. Damn, but they were huge. Lars and his lads were no pushover when it came to a good fight, but he had no illusion as to what was about to happen. But then, over the din of the storm, Lars heard a roaring noise. It definitely wasn't the Minotaurs. And the sky was getting even darker. The wind was really beginning to pick up too. Lars cursed to himself, 'Oh, holy Sigmar, no! Not that!'

A violently rotating column of air had spiralled its way towards the ground in the distance and was starting to head their way. The cyclone was a swirling mass of brooding cloud as black as coal, its funnel wreathed in lightning that spat and coursed from its howling core. It was a darkstorm tornado – Lars had heard tell of them, but never in his worst nightmares did he expect to encounter one, let alone be fighting for his life when he did so.

Lost to their blood frenzy, the Minotaurs hadn't noticed the danger steadily creeping up behind them. They were only interested in their next meal and bellowed in mindless fury as they thundered forwards. Lars was a canny one, though, and wasn't going to hang about. He could see that the darkstorm was going to reach them before the Minotaurs did and had no intention of staying there to welcome death from either of them. The last thing Lars heard as he legged it for cover was the low braying of the Minotaurs turn into howls of bestial panic as they were swept up by the murderous winds and lost to the storm.



The background of the cover is a textured, painterly illustration. It features a dark, silhouetted landscape at the bottom, possibly a battlefield or a frozen expanse. Above this, a bright, hazy light source, likely the sun or moon, creates a strong glow and long, dark rays of light that sweep across the sky. The overall color palette is dominated by earthy browns, tans, and blacks, with the white text providing a sharp contrast.

**WARHAMMER
BATTLE**

**BLOOD IN
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MISSION

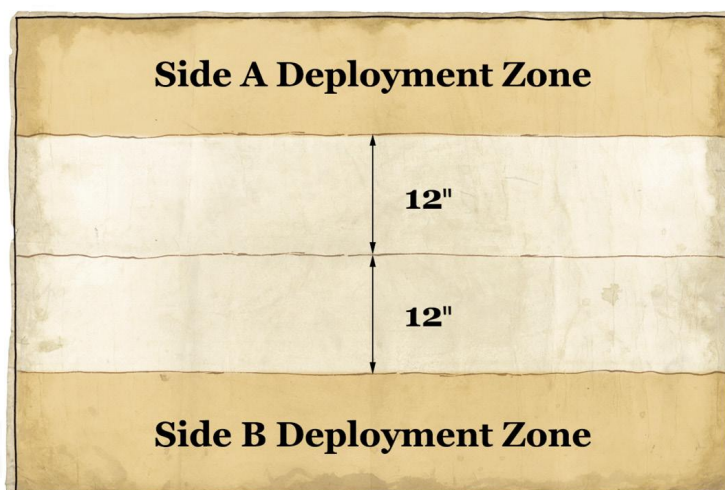
During the cold months of winter, an army on the march is a rare sight indeed. With the notable exceptions of the humid jungles of Lustria and the Southlands, much of the Warhammer world is blanketed beneath heavy snows and subjected to freezing temperatures. Even the Winds of Magic respond to the wintry cold much as its inhabitants do, the Wind of Ghyran blowing feebly whilst that of Azyr gusts its ascendancy across the lands. Only the boldest – or most foolhardy – commander would attempt to lead an army on the march before springtime, when winter's merciless grip on the land begins to weaken at last. Yet as the world grows darker and the End Times draw ever closer, these desperate measures are becoming increasingly commonplace.



Battles in winter are always brutal and bloody affairs, with both sides pitting their strength against the weather conditions as much as each other. Supply lines are especially hard to maintain, for the beasts and bandits of the world grow in confidence as the days grow shorter, and will readily prey upon caravans that are not adequately defended. For its part, the harsh winter climate is impartial in its murderous assault on those who would defy its wrath. As the snow is stained crimson with the blood of the slain, the hapless combatants are beset by iceshard blizzards and deadly lightning murderstorms.

THE ARMIES

Each player chooses his force from a *Warhammer* army book to an equal points value before the game.



THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up the battlefield as described on page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook or in a mutually agreeable manner.

DEPLOYMENT

Roll off to see which player picks the half of the table they will deploy in. Their opponent deploys in the other half.

Units may be placed anywhere in their half that is more than 12" from the centre line.

Players take it in turns to place units on the table, using the alternating unit method of deployment described on page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

FIRST TURN

Roll off after deployment to see which player takes the first turn. The player that finished deploying his army first adds +1 to his roll.



GAME LENGTH

The battle lasts for six game turns, or until a time limit agreed by the players is reached, whichever comes first.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Use victory points to determine the winner of the battle, as described on page 143 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

Designer's Note: As much as this scenario uses the same core scenario rules as *Battleline*, the special rules described can be used just as readily for any of the other *Pitched Battle* scenarios (see page 141 of the *Warhammer* rulebook) as well.

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

Aethyric Winter: The casting value of all spells from the Lore of Life are increased by 2. The casting value of all spell from the Lore of Heavens are

reduced by 2.

Cometh the Storm: At the beginning of the first player turn, roll a D6 and consult the following chart to see what effects the harsh winter weather has. The effects last until the weather changes (see below) and affect all units on the battlefield:

WINTER WEATHER TABLE

D6 Effects

1 Darkstorm Tornado: All units suffer a -1 Movement penalty unless they have the Fly or Swiftstride special rules. Units with the Fly special rule cannot march. Roll a scatter dice in the middle of the table and trace a line to the table edge in the direction indicated. A Darkstorm Tornado (use a large round template to represent this) moves 3D6" onto the battlefield from that point on the table edge towards the centre of the board. Any model under or moved over by the template must pass a Strength test or be removed as a casualty. Leave the template in place until the next roll for Winter Weather is made. If the weather conditions do not change in subsequent turns, do not roll to see where another Darkstorm Tornado arrives; instead, roll for scatter and move the Darkstorm Tornado already in play 3D6" in the direction indicated.

Units cannot voluntarily move through the Darkstorm Tornado. Units that begin their Movement phase under the template must attempt to move in their subsequent Movement phase to ensure they are no longer under the template. If forced to move through the Darkstorm Tornado for any other reason, units suffer the effects described above. Units cannot draw line of sight, shoot, or cast spells through the Darkstorm Tornado.

2 Lightning Murderstorm: Roll a D6 for every unit on the battlefield. On the roll of a 1, that unit has been struck by lightning and immediately suffers D3 Strength 6 hits. Units with an armour save of 4+ or better, or that have the Fly special rule, are hit on the roll of a 1 or 2 instead.

3 Iceshard Blizzard: All units suffer a -1 modifier to all To Hit rolls (both shooting and close combat) and to their Leadership. Shooting attacks that do not use Ballistic Skill must roll a 4+ on a D6 before firing, or the shot(s) is lost.

4 Torrential Downpour: Any shooting attacks suffer a -1 To Hit modifier. All pistols, handguns, jezzeils, rifles, blunderbusses and cannons of any kind cannot fire. All Flaming Attacks count as normal attacks instead (though spells still count as magical attacks).

5 Icy Winds: Any shooting attacks that target enemy units at a range of more than 12" suffer a -1 modifier To Hit.

6 Clear Skies: Though bitterly cold, the weather is bearable – for the moment at least...

At the beginning of each player turn after the first, roll a D6:

- On the roll of a 1 or 2, the weather worsens – the current result on the Winter Weather Table is lowered by 1 (for example, Clear Skies becomes Icy Winds).
- On the roll of a 3 or 4, the weather conditions do not change – the current result on the Winter Weather Table remains in effect.
- On the roll of a 5 or 6, the weather improves – the current result on the Winter Weather Table is raised by 1 (for example, Darkstorm Tornado becomes Lightning Murderstorm).
- If, after rolling, the weather effects cannot be raised or lowered any further, the current result on the Winter Weather Table remains in effect instead.

Masters of the Storm: Any Wizard that generates one or more spells from the Lore of Heavens automatically knows the following spell in addition to any other spells he generates:

Storm Caller Cast on 5+

The wizard commands the skies to do his bidding, either to relent in their fury or intensify in ferocity according to his whim.

Storm Caller is a spell that targets the entire battlefield. Roll a D3. The controlling player can choose either to raise or lower the current result on the Winter Weather Table by the amount rolled.

The background of the cover is a textured, painterly illustration. It depicts a dark, desolate landscape under a heavy, overcast sky. The sky is rendered in shades of brown, tan, and grey, with visible brushstrokes and a sense of atmospheric haze. The ground is dark and appears to be covered in snow or ash, with some lighter patches suggesting a path or a clearing. The overall mood is somber and epic.

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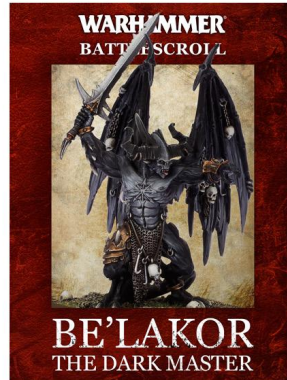
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