

TAMURKHAN

THE THRONE OF CHAOS



WARHAMMER



Norsca

Sea of Chaos

Cold Mires

Kislev

Troll Country

Praag

Uzkulak

Worlds

Sea of Claws

Erengard

Edge

Marienburg

Middenheim

Kislev

Mountains

Plain of Zhar

The Empire

Talabheim

Altdorf

Averheim

Nuln

Bretonnia

The Grey Mountains

Quenelles

Athel Loren

The Vaults

Black Mountains

Black Water

Mad Dog Pass

Crookback Mountain

The Dark

Tilea

Border Princes

Mount Greyhag

Tower of Gorgoth

Death Pass

Karak Eight Peaks

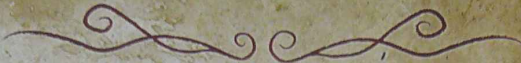
Black Gulf

Badlands

Desolation of Nagash

Ash Ridge Mountains





Tamurkhan

The Throne of Chaos



by
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Based on an original story by Rick Priestley & Alan Bligh







*Beware the Lore of Chass, for it knows already the secrets of thy
soul, and awaits, whispering horrors in the darkness*



Contents

Chapter One	Page 6
Chapter Two.....	Page 22
Chapter Three	Page 36
Chapter Four.....	Page 52
Chapter Five	Page 68
Chapter Six.....	Page 84
Campaign.....	Page 104
Altar of Battle	Page 114
The Conquest of Giants	Page 115
The Crossing of Fire.....	Page 116
The Tide of Ruin	Page 117
The Sundered Pass.....	Page 118
The Battle of the Bloody Levees.....	Page 120
Chaos Bestiary.....	Page 121
Chaos Army List Appendix.....	Page 138
Empire Bestiary.....	Page 146
Empire Army List Appendix	Page 160
Chaos Dwarf Bestiary.....	Page 162
The Legion of Azgorh (Chaos Dwarf Army List)	Page 186
Scrolls of Binding.....	Page 198
Author's Afterword.....	Page 206



Honoured Masters,

Iechmar Vanic is dead. I have the pleasure to report that the renegade — whose continued life has long been a thorn in the side of our most august college — is no more. I took his life personally following a battle just outside the village of Gunnertag between his own forces — a mixture of degenerate cultists and duped villagers for the main, who he had suborned and corrupted under the alias of a Witchhunter come to rid them of the very Ruinous Powers he in truth so willingly served. My army — such as it was — was formed from a contingent of state troops from the nearby fort at Breganhal and such mercenaries and zealots as I could stir up given the time.

The battle itself was hardly the largest I have seen, but was bitterly contested and left the locality desolate and Gunnertag itself in flames, an outcome perhaps for the best given the vile proclivities of Vanic and his followers. The renegade himself I caught attempting to flee the field after the disciplined fire of Breganhal's handgunners had finally turned the affair in our favour, and his own untamed conjurations had turned upon him in misrule. It was with some satisfaction that I called upon the power of Ulgu to beset him and strangled him to death with the darkness of the very thorn thicket in which he sought to flee.

Afterwards I had his body incinerated under the usual precautionary measures and set about the task of doing the same with his lair, which I had discovered in the cellars of the profaned shrine to Sigmar within the village. Here, along with the expected foul paraphernalia of the cult-master, I uncovered a number of strange and forbidden manuscripts, which no doubt constituted the Sorcerer's arcane library of sorts. Among those more widely known blasphemous tracts and tomes such as Von Jhuntz's *Daemonaltria* and the *Red*

Fragments of Cha'ham'bre the Mad and others that I shall not trouble to name, was a most singular and curious manuscript I have not encountered before. Bearing the eponymous title of 'Tamura Khan or The Throne of Chaos' this strange work, extensive in range and strangely illuminated takes as its subject the rise and fall of the great warlord of the Northern Wastes vaguely known to Imperial scholars as having led a savage invasion of the Empire's southern lands nearly a decade ago, to the great sorrow and desolation of Wissenland.

The work purports at least to have been penned by one actually within the ranks of the great and foul host, and as such I do not need to stress upon you, honoured masters its rarity or potential importance if genuine. The great foe is one whose malevolence we must suffer time and again, just as the hurricanes lash the isles of the western seas, and like those great storms to those that cling precariously to life in the sun-lands, we know that each fresh calamity could be the end of us. Yet still we endure, the Empire endures, and long may it do so.

This strange manuscript then could be of supreme significance, for it deals with events and peoples in the dark and terrible lands far removed from our own, yet where many of our troubles are born, and we may learn much from it. Or of course, it may also be no more than a tissue of lies and fabrications, spewed from the forked tongues of the servants of Chaos to mislead and corrupt.

It is for you, honoured masters, to decide.

Your obedient servant

N




The Gallows Tree

Tom

Kings

The Cold Mires

The Vale of
Nightmares



Chapter One

Blind Tam, who was once far in sight and swift in malice, curs'd and punished to receive not mine own glory and mine own tragedies, but the glorious and terrible sagas of others who have born the bloody blade of Champion before the great gods of Chass. It is I, their chronicler, alone who may tell their tales, spilling their secrets with my viper's tongue and burning-venomed ink, for those with the wisdom to see, and the wit to tell steel-edged truth from honeyed lie. Beware, for such knowledge is as treacherous as the path to greatness in the service of Chass itself.

Know then, that this is the saga of Tamerkhan, Maggot Lord, Son of the Great Korgan of old, Favoured of Norgle – warlord, tyrant, capker-worm and false king – Tamerkhan the Great, Tamerkhan the Fool, pawn of prophecy and bringer of slaughter.

Tamerkhan, he who sought the Throne of Chass.



Carnage before the Laughing Gods



In the Year of the Crow in the sixth reign of the Black Moon by the Norscan reckoning, the never-ending tempest that crowns the storm that is known to men as the Realm of Chaos waxed gibbous and grasping. All across the north lands the earth shifted and moaned as if it were a sleeper beset by nightmares; battle-graves vomited forth their unquiet dead, and she-beast and mortal woman alike were greatly blessed with the taint of Chaos in their birthings. All men knew that a time of great portents was at hand, and rumours spread like grassland fires of sundered prisons and baleful visitations, of great monsters bestirred from their slumbers in the caves and mires of the wastes, and of sorceries leaping eager into the minds of those with the wit to seize them. War was coming, as it had countless times before and would do so countless times again — red war the likes of which every Northman be they Dolgan, Chi-An or Kharzag feels the calling of in their bones and cannot resist. War at the pleasure of the Chaos Gods.

With the call to battle tugging at their minds and souls, some wasted no time in falling first upon their own, striving in bloody combat to prove their worth before their tribe and their gods for the battles to come. Others, tormented by dreams and visions, quested alone, travelling ever northward to where the world itself was ripped apart. Of these dark pilgrims, some found paths to bleak and nightmarish shrines where they came to claim a blessing and pledge their allegiance to one of the Great Powers, while many merely found death.

Feeling the breath of Chaos at their neck and hearing its honeyed whispers of promises of their ascendancy and destruction in equal measure, many exalted champions and would-be warlords across the north lands bestirred themselves for battle. For some the prospect of fighting familiar foes and settling ancient feuds was enough to call on their savagery and spur them to action alone, while others, superstitious and pious in their dark religion sought the favour of the gods by divining prophecies and the calling of daemonic summonings for lore and guidance as to where their blow should fall. Fickle and contradictory are the gods of Chaos, and treacherous their daemon-kin. For each visitation and augury was a different answer given, and for each a different path to glory illuminated. Yet within this cacophony of maddening lies, lickspittle-truths and burning secrets, there were names and whispers that reverberated and echoed time and again to some — of The Everchosen Yet to Rise, of Zambaijin the Fallen City, the Serpent's Moon and the Dead Grail, of the Kingdom of Fire and Ash, and of the Throne of Chaos — of undying dominion over the mortal world in daemon's flesh — a prize ripe for the taking.

So it came to pass in the Kurgan lands where the legend of the blasted plateau of K'datha and the ancient ruins of Zambaijin that surmounted it were well known, that many warlords and mighty Champions of Chaos were drawn to quest for its cold heights. Although said to exist somewhere to the east, the K'datha was known to shift and wane like a mirage on the horizon, and an unfavoured warrior might be driven mad or starve without ever reaching it, though it hovered on the horizon before them. But now, as the Realm of Chaos waxed in power, the great plateau of blasted K'datha lay open for any that would dare climb the razor-sharp rocks of its passes to give battle in the shadow of the ancient ruins

at its summit. Zambaijin — the Fallen City was older than Man, and had long served as an arena where the Chaos Gods watched their mortal followers vie for their favour in violent conflict. When the Champions and their armies came to battle here each hoped to prove their worth and the superiority of their patron over all others, and now would be no exception. A Champion who was a victor here would be marked for greatness, and by ancient tradition become master of those they vanquished. The fame of such a warlord would spread throughout the Northern Wastes, and many would flock to their banner in promise of the glories to come.

DEATH IN K'DATHA

Eventually three mighty armies came to make war in the shadow of the timeless twisted pillars of Zambaijin. First from the west came the brazen-armoured warriors of Hakka the Aesling, his axe-men drawn up in brutal column, each accompanied by packs of blood-crazed Gore-spawn and flayed hounds snapping at their leashes. From the east came Sargath the Vain, horse-lord of the Yurtsak, at whose bequest the paramours of Slaanesh danced. Sargath, though but young in years was already a legend among his people, and his marauders and horse-mounted reavers were legion in number and weighed down with unnatural appetites that hungered to be satiated. From the south came the witch-cabal of Urak Soulbane, Arch-Sorcerer and daemon-priest, at whose beckoning the earth and rocks themselves spat forth twisted killing shapes, and above whose head vultures whirled on wings of flame. Although comparably few compared to the other greater forces, the witch-cult was deadly, and its fanatic acolytes and sorcerers could match many times their own number in combat.

Soon battle was joined and the slaughter was great. By spell and sword, fanged maw and burning talon, lives were claimed and blood was shed in profusion for the gods' pleasure. The dead plazas of the fallen city echoed once more to the song of steel and the piteous cries of the dying. Hour after hour, day after day the forces clashed and parted in the heartbeat rhythm of war. Of the three forces none gained the upper hand, for while the fury of Hakka's berserkers was unsurpassed, it was countered by the numbers of Sargath's vast host, who spitted themselves on their foes' blades in unholy bliss and dragged them down, only to be beaten back from victory in turn by the scouring hellfire of Urak's witch cabal striking when triumph seemed assured.

Each force grew more desperate for victory as the bodies stacked deep in the cold dust as the moons passed overhead, and a great tumult of baleful light caught hold in the skies above K'datha, both as a sign of the gods' pleasure and as a beacon to draw in others with the promise of glory like moths to a flame. The fighting ran on unabated, and soon where thousands had battled before, tens of thousands now flocked to join the conflict, both swelling the armies of the mighty champions who already fought, and adding a roll of a score of petty warlords, hungering creatures of Chaos and their followers as minor factions into the fray.

When the moon of Mannslieb died in the east, and the Black Moon, Morrslieb, rose in the ascendancy, another host appeared on the horizon carrying with it a great miasma of shadow and pestilence. It had begun as a flood of distorted, nightmare things, dredged up



THE DOOM OF THE GREAT KURGAN

It was said that in ancient days, before even the Great Wall of the East was raised, or hammer-banded Signar rose in the verdant lands of the Reik, that there grew in the east, beyond the Mountains of Mourn, the mighty empire of Kurgan whose cruel dominion covered the vast steppe lands and ranged wide — an empire of swift horsemen, snarling beasts and dread sorceries that struck down its foes swifter than any arrow, and whose warriors' blades were ever-wetted with blood. So mighty was this empire without fortress or border that its ruler was known only as the Great Kurgan, for his domain was nought but an extension of his will. By war and conquest the Great Kurgan gathered all of that vast and warlike race that bore his name beneath his yoke. Those who opposed him he crushed utterly. Those who threw themselves prostrate before his feet he made slaves. Only the mighty did he deem worthy to recruit into the ranks of his vast host, and only before the gods of Chaos did he kneel.

With a never ending hunger for power over the steppe lands and their people, the Great Kurgan prayed to the winds of the north, south, east and west. He prayed to the earth and to the sky and to the rain. He prayed to the sun by day, and by night to the moon and to the black moon that followed in its wake he gave up many offerings of captives and plunder. The Great Kurgan was mighty, but he knew the forces that ruled the insane realms of the Uttermost North were mightier yet — and so in pact with them he became bound, and power they had given him, and in his due he would not falter. The Great Kurgan had many wives, but they had born him only four sons: four brothers who were fierce rivals for their father's favour and the glory of conquest, sons who had now come of age — sons promised to the Chaos Gods.



One day the Great Kurgan drew his sons to him saying, 'My sons, it has pleased the gods to give me dominion of all the lands of the Kurgan and far beyond. My realm runs far and my conquests have been many. Mighty armies of Men, Orcs and Dwarfs I have driven before me, and I have heaped their dead in piles as high as the mountains to attest to my glory in the realms beyond. Never before have the Kurgan known such greatness, nor such glory in battle, and our name alone now strikes fear into the hearts of the world.'

The sons of the Great Kurgan cheered for they were eager to shed the blood of their father's enemies, whoever they might be, but at that moment within the tent-city of the Kurgan a storm erupted to quell their laughter. A harrowing wind assailed the Kurgan multitude, bringing with it strange scents of blood, rot, perfume and scorching fire. At this omen all cast themselves upon the ground in obeisance be they warrior, sorcerer or slave, for the Chaos Gods were at hand.

In the tent of the Great Kurgan, banners and trophies were cast contemptuously down and the four sons were struck dumb with fear as their father fell to his knees knowing it was time to pay the heavy price that had been set by the Chaos Gods for his victories. Casting a bitter look upon his precious sons he said, 'But for each bargain, there is a price, and it is the gods' pleasure to take from a man what he most treasures, though he might not know its value before it is too late. And now I must pay my dues.'

The tent-city was suddenly filled with the minions of the Dark Gods in all their endless variety. Daemons came then, cavoring and savage, daemons of rot and slaughter, daemons of excess and transformation, come to collect their due for a bargain paid in full. The Greater Gods of Chaos took the Great Kurgan's sons from him, four souls screaming as each was transfigured with the stigmata of each of the Great Kurgan's patrons: Khorne — Gore-clad Lord of Battle, Nurgle — Corrupt Father of Plagues, Slaanesh — Prince of Fell Pleasures and Tzeentch — the Changer of the Ways.

With his only sons taken the Great Kurgan shed no tears, but raised up his skull-chalice in thanksgiving to his masters, even though from that day after every victory would be a hollow one for him and every pleasure would taste of ashes. The bargain complete, the fickle gods turned their attentions elsewhere, and met the Great Kurgan's prayers with cold silence. Although still mighty, an ill-omened shade now befell the Great Kurgan, and men whispered dark things at his passing and warriors made offerings to the gods after his shadow fell over them to avoid his curse.

Soon, with no bloodline to follow him, intrigue and murder grew rife among his chieftains and sorcerers, each vying for their own glory and power now his succession was marked as ended. So it was that in a handful of years did the Great Kurgan see his vaunted empire fall to ruin, its glory trampled into the dust. And when the Great Kurgan finally fell, none would speak of his final fate, and so he became all-but-forgotten, a fireside legend among the men of the north.

But as for his four sons, given over to the Winds of Chaos, it was said that the gods had other plans for these their playthings, and in time, each would have a fitting doom of their own.



from the depths of the Cold Mires – hungering Bile Trolls, worm-men and hideous, nameless things dripping rot and slime. At the head of this monstrous horde was a rotted yet living cadaver astride a mighty Toad Dragon – a huge beast that shook the earth with each bloated stride it took – a cadaver that called itself Tamurkhan the Maggot Lord, servant of the God of Pestilence and father of all diseases, Nurgle.

THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE MAGGOT LORD

Like the other Chaos warlords, Tamurkhan had been drawn to K'datha by the promises of power beyond mortal imagining. But from the beginning, he amongst the four had been marked for glory by his patron god. As Tamurkhan had set out from his foetid lair, the Lord of Decay – the great and pestilential god Nurgle himself had sent forth a dark and noxious storm that howled and screamed before the rancid column of beasts and half-men he commanded, carrying the certain promise of death and ruin to follow. Whilst the moon had dwindled in the night sky the horde of Tamurkhan wound ever westward towards blasted K'datha where battle already raged. Drawn in his wake were many fierce warriors who owed fealty to the corrupt Father of Plagues, heedless of loyalty to tribe or warband, so highly blessed in Father Nurgle's favour Tamurkhan clearly was. From all the domains of the north lands, champions of decay clamoured to the cavalcade of their new master and soon names already legend for the desolation they had wrought such as Kayzk the Befouled, master of an order of corrupt and rotted Chaos Knights, and the dragon-rider, Ornbal Vipergut, came to pledge to him their filth-stained blades in allegiance. With every great warrior of renown came also a host of lesser fighters, tribesmen and sub-human dregs in profusion, and in places known for pestilence and corruption so many flocked to join the horde of Tamurkhan that where they marched the land was emptied by the cry to war. Most of those who rallied to the ragged banners of Nurgle were already marked by the rank favours of their patron lord, the god of plague and some were so corrupted by disease and disfigurement, they were barely recognisable as the broken remnants of men, yet all were eager to serve in their fashion.

Tamurkhan's coming to blasted K'datha was heralded by dark signs and portents, and even as his mouldering host mounted the passes to the plateau, the dead of battle that littered fallen Zambaijin started to shudder and seethe with unholy life – not though the dark animation of necromancy, but with huge, bloated carrion flies that had bred in the rotted organs of the dead. The juddering corpses now burst forth in a hateful, biting swarm to cloud the skies in sickly clouds and fill the fallen city with their murmurous wing-beats. With this foul omen at hand, the witch-cult of Urak Soulbane, Acamist of Tzeentch, fled Zambaijin, spitting burning curses in their wake – their master having divined of doom should he stay to fight, for the arch-enemy's hour was at hand. For the bitter rivals Sargath and Hakka and many of the rest caught up in the conflict however, nothing could stay their enmity, even the coming of this fourth host to contest the city and the hellish swarms of biting flies that preceded it.

So it was that Tamurkhan's plague-ridden host fell upon the two greater armies as they were already engaged in bloody battle for the wide plaza at the centre of the dead city. The slaughter was great and swiftly many of the minor warbands were crushed or driven from the field in disarray, and those not trapped between warring factions or blinded by bloodlust – took to flight rather than risk overwhelming destruction, while Sargath's and Hakka's forces fought on unbowed.

THE TRIBES OF CHAOS

The vast and desolate steppe land and rocky wastes of the far north are, despite their bleak and barren appearance, far from uninhabited. In addition to the scattered tribes of Orcs, savage trolls and all manner of strange beasts and unnatural horrors, they are first and foremost home to many ancient semi-nomadic clans and tribes of humans known chiefly in the Old World as the Marauders of Chaos. These are a fierce, warlike people, and although there exists marked differences in appearance and culture between their individual tribes, they are without exception savage-hearted and touched by Chaos, both in body and soul. Only the strong prosper amongst their kind as war, hardship and the continuous danger of living so close to the literal edge of Chaos take their toll and winnow out the weak and foolish early on. Raised to survive in this harsh environment, there is no man nor woman of the northern tribes that reaches adulthood without having become inured to violence and horror, and who is not fully prepared and skilled enough to take another's life, either for gain, honour or the glory of the Chaos Gods. To them the folk of the southern lands are weak and self-deluded wretches who place value in petty godlings and follies of stone that they believe will protect them from the oncoming storm. The common folk of other lands are to them nothing but snivelling cowards who kneel to their masters – not to the strong by right of arms – but because they are little more than cattle, slaves in their souls to their soft priests and the demands of their grasping liar kings and lords, and therefore deserve no better than to be crushed by the strong.

To the tribes of the north, be they of the raven-haired Kurgan, the pale-skinned Norscans or the lithe Hung, power and might is all, and that a man or woman may carve such a legend for themselves that they may be remembered in story and gain the favour of the Dark Gods is their greatest desire. Beyond the often tenuous links of tribal affiliation, family and bloodline, they have little concept of allegiance to state or nation, and certainly no loyalty save that which they have given freely to a warlord or champion. These ties are strengthened only through victory and clear sign of the favour of the gods, and will swiftly evaporate if they are defeated or if their commander shows any sign of weakness. Even within their own tribal groups, they will often fight to the death over slights to their honour, petty insults – whether perceived or real – or simply to test and prove their martial prowess. They are a nomadic people, who care little for borders, and simply take what they want from other lands if they are strong enough to do so, be it by longship raids in the case of the Norse, or under thunderous hooves as their tribes ride into battle, sweeping across the steppe like a great swarm of locusts.

Despite all of this, and the inhuman savagery their reputation speaks of in more 'civilised' lands, the Marauders of the north are still human, and the differences between them and the southern folk of the Old World and far Cathay are paltry, compared to say a human and an Elf or Orc, and the wise know them not as some separate race, but as merely a dark reflection of what lies in all men's hearts – the desire to conquer and survive despite all odds. The true difference then lies in the shadow of Chaos that swallows their lives, customs and beliefs like a shroud.

Here in the north, in the shadowed lands that lie within the grasp of the Realm of Chaos, the dark and ruinous Gods of Chaos, and the sanity-blasting, flesh-warping influence of raw magic is as real and accepted a force in men's lives as wind and rain, birth and death — they are both undeniable and indefatigable. To live under their gaze is to know the world remade anew in nightmare at the whim of daemons, and to see all sense of permanency or control swept aside to satiate the appetites of the Chaos Gods and their myriad petty rivalries and insidious games, played out with Mankind as their favoured and chief gaming pieces. Confronted with such malign omnipotence, the tribes of the north are both fearful and devout, and seek to propitiate and gain the favour of the gods with appropriate sacrifices and deeds carried out in their honour, so to gain their favour or at least mollify their spite. In doing so, the strength of their belief and emotions complete the circle and sustain the Chaos Gods in power.

The vast majority of those men and women live and die under the shadow of Chaos worship and revere each of the four greater powers: Khorne, Nurgle, Slaanesh and Tzeentch in turn, as well as lesser and more numerous daemons and spirits of Chaos to whom they have connection by bloodline, history, pact or place. Thusly might a warrior pray to Khorne the Blood God for prowess and victory in battle, offer up sacrifices to Nurgle the Desolate One in time of famine or plague or to afflict their enemies, Slaanesh the Decadent for plunder and for fulsome feasting and celebration in victory, and to Tzeentch for cunning and that the rage of storm and sea might submit to their will. Every facet of the world and life belongs in some way to one of the Gods of Chaos, and there are many among the tribes of the north who account it suicidal folly to spurn one of the Great Powers their due. There are however some who claim the patronage of a single Chaos God, disavowing worship of all others in the name of a single, supreme master, and in return — and should their hellish divinity find them worthy — they may be granted the boon of an unholy pact which empowers and harnesses but the merest sliver of their god's might and nature, but this alone is enough to set them apart from other men in strength and unnatural abilities. Such a pact is a perilous one for as power is given, so too is great risk, and the dark path of such devotion can lead to the warrior being entirely consumed, body and soul, either becoming little more than a hollow extension of Chaos's immortal will or physically devolving into a mutated, mindless spawn.

The greatest of these zealous devotees and god-sworn warriors will rise to become the champions of Chaos — warrior lords and sorcerers whose power and skill is all but unmatched in the world, peerless killers and conquerors whose burning desire for dominion and ascendancy is fuelled and amplified by the immortal fury of the Chaos Gods. Theirs is the will and fame that gathers the marauders and warriors of the north into armies of such mettle that the world trembles at their tread, theirs is the gaze that quells the hearts of beast and spawn alike, and theirs is the favour of the gods such that even Daemonkind is theirs to command. It is these Chaos lords alone that have the ability to weld the disparate and warlike tribes and nomadic warbands of the wastes into ravaging

armies numbering in the thousands and even tens of thousands, folding within their ranks Giants, Trolls, Ogres and other beasts too singular and horrific to have a common name. In doing so they may forge a force strong enough to challenge the very existence of the empires of the Old World. Then they pour down from the north to threaten every land and realm, bringing with them raw madness and merciless destruction in attacks some scholars know as the Great Inursions which occur when the power of Chaos waxes strong. Yet even for these few chosen sons and daughters the path is a treacherous one, for while each may dream of gaining the Chaos Gods' ultimate and rarest gift — immortality in the incarnation of a Daemon Prince — most will succumb to a glorious death in battle and damnation or even betrayal by their own.





*Death is the only true Coin of Chads,
and in spectacle is it spent for the 'Dark Gods' favour*



At the height of the battle the skies were rent open and foul, and caustic rain fell in great sheets. At the tainted rain's touch the flesh of the dead petrified and ran like melting wax, and open wounds festered as the vanguards of the three great warlords met in battle at the plaza's centre. The proud and vicious steeds of the Yurtsak marauders were soon mired and lamed as obscene tendrils of rancid liquid rose up to drag them to drown within the horrific mass, as the horde of Tamurkhan smashed into their flank with shattering force. The embattled combatants turned and counter-attacked this new enemy, and pox-scarred madmen screamed their misery and joy as they fell while bloated daemons droned the count of the dead and the dying. Sargath's sworn sorcerers responded with twisting enchantments of their own, searing the oncoming plague-beasts with pavanes of coruscating energy, blinding and misleading its warriors with murderous illusions. But all was in vain as the disordered lines of Sargath's marauders and cavalry — caught in place and robbed of the advantage of mobility — crumbled before the implacable tide of rot and terror before them, while Sargath's most powerful troops. His mutant Forsaken, were caught between the onslaught of Kayzk the Befouled's Chaos knights on one side and the frenzied flayed-hounds of Hakka's forces who had been driven utterly insane by the corrosive rain and devouring flies, on the other. Seeing the tide of battle turned against him, Sargath, his pride stung and his rage uncontrollable at the prospect of defeat, charged his own bodyguard of Chaos knights at the heart of Tamurkhan's forces, calling for the head of the one who had so insulted him with the 'presumption' of the attack on Slaanesh's favoured son.

His white-enamelled armour splattered with blood and unmentionable filth, Sargath, whose blade-skill was legend, hacked and slew his way to face his new enemy. With his narrow rune-blade — as sharp as sin — slicing through rusted armour and decayed neck alike, he carved his way to face Tamurkhan directly. Arrogant and scorning the forces that surrounded him, Sargath, Prince of Chaos poured insults upon the withered figure that slumped bonelessly atop the vast hulking beast before him. The Toad Dragon Bubebolos was the size of a tower house, its armoured bulk already scored and scratched with dozens of wounds that had done nothing to stop its rampage, while its great claws were clotted with the crimson gore of scores of victims caught in its path. The rotted figure atop the monster spat back its own taunts in reply, and at the slightest gesture of command, Bubebolos reared up and opened its vast and reeking maw wide. But even as the Toad Dragon unleashed a blast of unspeakable foulness from its gaping mouth, the inhumanly lithe Sargath leapt from the back of his Chaos steed and high into the air, as a mere instant later, his former mount was liquefied into screaming, necrotic ooze. Sargath's leap took him to the very head of the beast itself, and his once-white armour rusted in the backwash of Bubebolos' vile breath, but he had found his purchase on the Toad Dragon's horn. With a cry of triumph Sargath swung himself upwards at the Toad Dragon's rider, and with the speed of a striking serpent sunk his rune blade deep into Tamurkhan's heart. Tamurkhan merely laughed and Sargath's howl of triumph was choked off

as the withered cadaver before him squirmed, bulged and split open like rotten fruit, and Tamurkhan's true form was revealed. A child-sized maggot, streaked with greyish slime, its multifaceted black eyes glittering, pulsed and leapt at the exposed throat-piece of Sargath's armour, tearing it aside and boring deep into the perfumed flesh beneath. The maggot's fatted body writhed and twisted obscenely as it pushed its way behind Sargath's rib cage which splintered and cracked, the maggot-thing devouring and boring ever deeper into the living organs within. The Champion of Slaanesh's body fell limply into the foetid mire of the battlefield, and when it rose again, Bubebolos bellowed in deafening exaltation and the servants of decay gibbered and capered in bleak joy, as Tamurkhan, newly fleshed, mounted again his war beast.

The heart ripped from them by their master's defeat, Sargath's marauders fell into full and panicked retreat and hundreds were cut down, caught between the braying beasts and madmen of Tamurkhan's forces, freshly invigorated by their master's triumph, and the tireless blades of the Aesling's blood-worshippers at their backs. Many hundreds more escaped, calling upon their god for deliverance, fleeing down the crazed and pillared paths of the fallen city and becoming swallowed up by the labyrinth. Hakka himself, now vastly outnumbered and out matched committed his own soul and the souls of his followers to Khorne, and hurled himself and his bodyguard into the thick of Tamurkhan's bestial vanguard. At this sundering charge of savage fury, the battle-line of Nurgle's children wavered but did not break, and as the weight of the forces against them pressed down, Hakka the Aesling was swept apart from those about him by the tide of battle, and despite the whirlwind fury of his twin-axes, he was soon torn apart by the grasping claws of Bile Trolls, his body so shredded and devoured that no part of him could be found for trophy after the battle. With victory in Tamurkhan's grasp, the skies were rent with sickly green lightning and the foul rain fell in a great downpour, tainting the dead stones of Zanbaijin with filth, and the sound of the great storm's thunder carried with it the bleak echoes of Father Nurgle's laughter.

Tamurkhan proclaimed his victory to the gods from a mound of heaped and rotting dead as the banners of the vanquished were cast down at his feet. Before all he cried out his name and lineage, claiming to be the twisted son of the Great Kurgan of old returned to his savage birthright to slay and conquer. He praised Father Nurgle had brought him his blessings and declared his intention to claim the Throne of Chaos for his own.

By right of conquest, the surviving warband leaders and Chaos Champions vowed him their fealty in battle — so long as he bought them victories they would follow him. Amongst them were many who, until this moment, had considered themselves implacable enemies — rivals for mortal power and divine favour, bitter foes who would rather perish than make common cause. Yet even these swore to fight as one in the name of Tamurkhan the Maggot Lord, agreeing to lay their feuds aside for the while at least. News of Tamurkhan's great victory spread, and soon the sons of the marauder tribes, wandering killers, unspeakable horrors and power-hungry cults began to flock to his banner as he departed from the charnel-bedecked ruins of Zanbaijin and headed again northward. In this manner the horde grew each day as it tramped across the steppe lands towards the foothills of the snow-topped Altayan Hills and Tamurkhan's next goal.

THE GAMBIT OF THE FAITHLESS ONE

By the time that the moon had grown full and ebbed once more, the horde's column of march stretched almost from horizon to horizon and the flies and carrion crows clung about it as to a rotting carcass. Those that were cleaved close to Tamurkhan travelled at the head of the great horde, while those that kept divine loyalties of their own, or kept no single god, formed parasite columns that shadowed the main body of the force, keeping a wary distance, well aware that Nurgle's pestilence cared little for whose flesh it corrupted. Within a moon's passing, the horde reached the Altayan Hills and the roughly defined territory of a fierce confederacy of marauder tribes called the Dolgan. The Dolgan were one of the largest and most powerful of all the nations of the Kurgan peoples, renowned for their fractious nature and insular hatred of other Northmen. Tamurkhan desired greatly to bring these warriors into his cause, and particularly to add to his host the powerful war mammoths they were famed to ride into battle — huge creatures able to trample legions of lesser troops underfoot and serve as living siege engines should the need arise.

The overlord of the Dolgan tribes at that hour was the infamous sorcerer Sayl the Faithless, a malformed and treacherous creature whose many betrayals, murders and atrocities were as famed as his great powers as a seer and battle-wizard. Sayl had not been deaf to the tales that had already reached the Dolgan lands of Tamurkhan's victory and the favour the Chaos Gods had shown the Maggot Lord, and the size of the host he had already amassed to his banner. Having foreseen Tamurkhan's coming in the entrails of sacrifices, the scheming sorcerer sought not to meet the oncoming horde head on, for in that he saw at best a costly victory and more likely bitter defeat, but instead to use Tamurkhan's ascendancy to his own advantage in some way. Despised by much of his own people, Sayl's grip on power among the Dolgan was a tenuous one and he was beset on all sides by many enemies, both within and without the Dolgan tribes. Sayl cunningly used his influence to send many of those who he suspected of disloyalty to harass and delay Tamurkhan's horde, and in doing so consigned them to their doom. Then, instead of meeting the horde in open battle as they ravaged across the Dolgan heartland, Sayl opted instead to parlay from a position of strength with the full intention of joining his forces to those of Tamurkhan, at least as long as it proved expedient to do so. Tamurkhan was eager to oblige this 'alliance', and while Sayl pledged no oath of loyalty only comradeship and common cause, Tamurkhan was satisfied that his goals were met, and his forces had not been squandered to gain what he wanted. In this bargain Sayl, at first confident that he had gotten the better of the bargain, soon found himself caught within his own web of scheming, for while he had assumed Tamurkhan's intention was to lead his horde in a swift crashing attack against the southern lands directly (as had been the wont of many of the prior incursions of Chaos), thus enabling Sayl to share in the glory and plunder and return soon in triumph to the Dolgan — he soon learned that Tamurkhan had other, stranger, plans in mind.

Instead of turning south and west, towards the rich prizes of Kislev and the Empire, Tamurkhan led his horde — now numbering in the tens of thousands with the addition of those Dolgans Sayl had pledged to the cause — ever northwards on an erratic path into the harsh climate and horror-infested wastes on the very edge of the hellish storm of the Realm of Chaos itself. This caused consternation in the ranks of the newly formed host, and some began to tremulously whisper that Tamurkhan sought to make war upon the

gods themselves. Such fears at least proved unfounded when, like a great serpent coiling in the dust, Tamurkhan turned the column north-eastwards, and those versed in the dark lore of the Plague God soon divined where Tamurkhan was headed; a place of nightmare and legend to rival any in the Chaos Wastes — the Gallows Tree.

THE EDGE OF DARKNESS

The Gallows Tree was a warped and horrific entity in its own right. Its tangled limbs were coiled and spread as if distorted in pain, and held high above a rot-strewn swamp of vine-choked thorns, looming higher than a temple's steeple above the desolate wastes. Foul and unutterable things dwelt beneath its canopy and crawled through the filthy loam beneath. The tree was also a living gateway to the horrors beyond, and it was said that deep within its putrescent depths dwelt an unclean hag-daemon, shunned even by her own kind, who would bestow hidden secrets and dark prophecy on those who pleased her. Those however who failed to meet her standards of noisome devotion to Father Nurgle ended their time as grisly adornments hanging from the boughs of the great tree above, food for maggots and crows alike — after they had been subjected to a fate more terrible than a sane mind could conceive of by the hag-daemon first.

Tamurkhan brought his vast horde to the edge of the foetid mire that surrounded the Gallows Tree, and none save the most devoted and insane disciples of Nurgle would venture further. It was Tamurkhan alone that braved the deadly path to the foot of the

Gallows Tree and stepped within. Left under the nominal command of Kayzk the Befouled, the nascent war host arrayed itself across the plain to await the judgement of the gods, isolating itself into wary camps, distrusting of their neighbours, even while brought together in divinely ordained cause. Long days passed, and while the horde remained encamped in the wastes, with the black and many-hued storm radiance from the Realm of Chaos rending the distant skies above them, the host's numbers continued to swell with warriors keen to taste battle and savour the rewards of victory. Some came from as far away as the lands of the Gharhar in the north and of the Avags in the east, while dozens of renowned Champions of Chaos born of many races, some from far beyond the wastes were led to the camp by strange visions and whispered promises.

As the days went on Sayl, seeking to establish himself as a power in the horde, sent parties of Dolgan horsemen roaming the wastes, gathering together such reinforcements as they could, as well as stealing the lion's share of the forage available in the windswept and desolate land about them. Soon piquet forces needed to be sent out by the various warlords of the host to guard against attack by the warlike Dragon Ogres and other creatures that lived in the high mountains nearby, although sometimes when their parties failed to return, they rightly suspected each other rather than the appetites of the denizens of the wastes as the cause of their demise. Despite these privations, overall the horde rested and grew stronger as it awaited the return of Tamurkhan. But as its master's absence dragged on into



near a moon's passage in time, the monstrous and bestial members of the horde grew restive and ever hungrier with nought but erstwhile allies on which to dine, and both growing acrimony between disparate factions and other, more mundane dangers threatened to undo the horde before it ever saw a foreign land to ravage. Soon, what wells could be dug in the barren land had become so foul and exhausted that there threatened ignominious death from thirst for many if the delay carried on.

When Tamurkhan at last returned from within the stygian depths of the Gallows Tree, it was to the immediate rejoicing of the devotees of Nurgle within the horde, and the wary respect of those who shared the goal of conquest rather than Tamurkhan's faith. All could plainly see that the Maggot Lord had been marked by the Chaos gods such was his transformation.

It is said that time may flow differently for a mortal who steps foot in the beyond, that it may rush by like a river in flood, or trickle slowly like blood from a wound that will not close, and for Tamurkhan it seemed at least, his sojourn had ravaged Sargath's once handsome features as if a lifetime of befouled degradation had passed by. His eyes were now sunken luminous orbs which shed a sickly, greenish light, while Sargath's once gleaming armour was now a mass of pitted corrosion and was swarming with bloated parasites. Nor had he returned empty handed for with him he bore rancid scrolls of power upon which were graven the true names of daemons and monstrous

creatures in shifting, blighted script and a huge, filth-stained amphora in which festered the poisoned waters of Nurgle's hellish domain.

Upon his return, Tamurkhan set about gathering together a score of the most powerful champions and sorcerers in the horde in a war council in order to share with them the revelations he had been given and plan the horde's march to conquest. Sargath's honeyed voice had been transfigured to no more than a guttural rasp since Tamurkhan had taken the Chaos princeling for a host but it had lost none of its power, and indeed fired by Tamurkhan's overwhelming arrogance and self-belief, he held his audience of warlords and dark magi all but spellbound for many hours. Tamurkhan declared once more his desire for what the legends of the wastes referred to as the 'Throne of Chaos' — dominion over the mortal world upon a heaped mountain of bodies which if won, would buy such favour from the Chaos gods that immortality and ascendancy to the ranks of the arch-daemons of Chaos was certain reward. Tamurkhan meant to claim the Throne of Chaos for himself, and so surpass the deeds of his father, the Great Kurgan, in glory and destruction. He declared that those that went with him upon this sacred war would know battle and renown as in the greatest sagas of the wastes, a thousand, thousand lives perishing before their blades in unholy prayer to the Dark Gods and their names and deeds carved into the skin of the world for the powers beyond to see. In the dwelling of the hag-daemon he had been shown much — hellish visions of what would be, and what could be



The mire of unspeakable filth surged and splattered and from within its noisome depths something thrashed, struggling to break the surface through the compacted mass of rotting limbs, writhing grave worms and putrescent flesh.

A squealing clutch of saw-grinned Norglings skittered from their perch as a green-mouldered ribcage they'd been looting on was dislodged by something which broke free from the filth beneath it. An arm clad in rusted metal speared up into the fetid air, groping and gaining purchase on an unrecognisable carcass. An immense, leprous hand snatched down from above and handed for the armoured figure which broke free from the sucking filth and cast it down in the dead briars along the bank of the mire.

Tamarkhan's mind reeled, and he opened his stolen lungs to the noxious fumes that constituted the air in Norgle's bleak garden. Although what he had become was far from human he was still mortal, even as he rode one stolen body after another, and this place, somewhere in the Realm of Chaos itself was an anathema to sense and sanity, and were he not already blessed by the Father of Plagues he would have been destroyed in mere moments. Even with all his gifts he had barely survived the passage to reach this place — this paradise of rot — where the incessant drowning of the tally of the souls dead of plague in the mortal world murmured and reverberated, punctuated by the dull creaking and bellowed screams of innumerable horrors. He had fought, struggled and suffered; time had slipped from him and his flesh had boiled from fever, a feast for parasites that sang and gizzled in his putrescent brain as they devoured it from within, but he had endured and proved himself worthy. He was here.

A voice rasped above him, clotted and thick, cloying and rasping all at once. "Are we ready, my pretties? Are we prepared? Is the cauldron of pestilence bubbling? Are the maggots wriggling? And what of my darling... my favourite... my beautiful boys?"

A great shadow loomed over him in the rotational brown and grey light that dimly cloaked this realm beyond the mortal sphere.

"Pox mother, I have come... victory... mine." Tamarkhan managed to work the unfamiliar flesh of his mouth and throat, spitting out unmentionable clods of foul matter as he did so.

The Great Unclean One's cankerous mouth, wider than a church door, split open in a grin and she laughed, spilling tides of yellow bile across her corpulent bulk. Her mirth joined from all around by screeching, gurgling daemonic voices.

"And so you have my dear, and so you have! Ah, it saddens me to think of my beautiful one hidden away in that bag of skin."

"Father Norgle!" howled Tamarkhan, almost drunk on the foul vapours that emanated from the nightmarish Daemon that towered over his supine form, "Favour me, ten thousand souls have I sent for your tally, a hundred wells I have poisoned with filth, and the champions of those who would put themselves before you I have slain."

"Hush Tamarkhan, hush pestilent son. Remember," chided the Greater Daemon wagging her finger at the maggot, "Norgle loves you!" She turned about and spread tree-trunk sized arms wide. "Norgle loves all his little children... his pretties... his pets. And I love you! Bless you all! Bless you all!" As she spoke the whole cavalcade broke into a chorus of braying and meeping. Little Norglings scurried and simpered over the abundant body of the Daemon, lapping at the pus that flowed from her open sores, while daemonic tallymen carted and misshaped Plague Tads pumped and brayed with mindless enthusiasm.

"I have seen..." Tamarkhan whispered, almost overcome, "...the mighty city of marble and smoke, the shattered kingdoms, the dead of nations, the fires of the Horned Darkness, the throne... the throne of Chaos."

"Yessssss..." the Pox-mother chortled, "...if you would claim the throne, become as us, you know what you must do. You must be a scourge upon the world Tamarkhan, an unstoppable plague of muscle and bone your war-hoist must be, a spreading disease that consumes all before it with a thousand, thousand iron teeth and which leaves nothing but famine and destruction in its wake so that all of Father Norgle's little children may breed and multiply."

"It shall be so," Tamarkhan whispered as he was tenderly gathered up in the vast gangrenous limbs and laid back into the sucking mire, "Grant me your favour and I shall shatter the city of Magnus the Pious, and all shall be made desolate at my hand."

"Do you swear it Tamarkhan, Maggot Lord, blessed son, swear in Norgle's name?"

"I swear."

Then the pact is made. The Great Unclean One chuckled and with one massive hand pushed Tamarkhan gently head-first back under the slime. "Dream now little son, dream the dreams of the Lord of Decay."

As Tamarkhan disappeared the Pox-mother smiled wide enough to swallow the world.

made real by the will to make it so; he had foreseen a mighty host of Chaos, as numberless as a locust swarm covering the mountains and fallen cities of the dead titans like a spreading contagion. He had seen mighty giants bow down before him in homage and the fires and hellish forges of Zharr beating out his name. He had seen the countless dead in their wake as a forest of spitted corpses, and verdant plain and barren waste alike watered in blood, and mighty rivers dammed by the bloated carcasses of the fallen — and found it pleasing. Above all else in his dark communion he had seen a great city of iron and marble torn down, its walls crumbling into dust, fire running through its streets like water in flood. It would be here that the skies would open for him, boiling away all that was wholesome into pus-yellow and cancerous black, and he would be transfigured in glory. The city he knew, though he had never laid eyes upon it, for it lived and breathed in the tales of the Kurgan; it was a city in the heart of the domain of the old enemy — of thrice-damned Sigmar's empire. Although none of those gathered in the horde — not least of all Tamurkhan himself, had ever set foot within the Empire of men, all knew of it in story and oft-repeated legend. It had been a place of great and glorious battle for many generations, and many a powerful warlord had writ his saga there or died in the attempt. It was a land of deep forests and mighty cities, the size and strength of which could barely be conceived of by the men of the North to whom such things were an anathema given their nomadic, bellicose culture, their closest point of reference being the ancient ruins, such as Zanbajjin, that lay here and there about the shifting landscape of the wastes. Tamurkhan knew however that mere numbers and warlike strength alone had not been enough to crush the Empire in the past, for it was a realm of steel and wizardry, blasting fire and bleak castles. They had long withstood the plethora of enemies that surrounded it and

looked upon it with envious eyes. No matter his own arrogance and hubris, Tamurkhan judged that to wrest this great prize for the glory of Chaos, he would need to match Sigmar's heirs power-for-power. He would need to counter their strong walls and towering fortresses with unholy and unstoppable engines of war, and overwhelm their vaunted black powder and battle wizardry with great beasts and savage daemons to whom such things were a mere distraction. Then would the superior martial skill and battle-lust of the scions of Chaos prove ascendant. Then would the Dark Gods' will be done and the Empire would be drowned in a sea of its own blood. Tamurkhan's plan of attack therefore would be an indirect one. He would not, as had so many Chaos lords of the past, assail the Empire from its north-eastern border, through Kislev and the strongest and most well-tried defences of the realm. Instead, as his visions foretold, his host would travel the length of the Mountains of Mourn, crushing all in their path and lining their way with charnel monuments to the Chaos Gods. From there they would then cross the Dark Lands and join with the forces of the Fire Lords of Zharr. They would cross the mountains and rip up into the Empire from the south, like a dagger striking at the heart up through the belly where the flesh was soft and weak. The journey would be long, but glorious in souls, battle and plunder. Tamurkhan promised the warlords gathered before him, the weak would perish along the way, and the strong be made stronger, tempered by battle and blessed by the Dark Gods for their victories and the carnage inflicted in their name. A great roar of triumph and anticipation of the glory to come went up from the host, as each renewed their pledge of fealty to Tamurkhan while the Chaos Gods favoured him. Only Sayl, withdrawn in the shadows remained silent, the Faithless One keeping his own council.



THE CHOSEN OF NURGLE

The warriors and champions of the Lord of Plagues are dreadful and nightmarish to behold. As well as being skilled and powerful fighters, Father Nurgle is never parsimonious in bestowing upon them his gifts: gifts of horrific corruption and bodily torment, agues and morbidities, diseases and poxes without number or cure. Though their flesh may fester and warp, and their bodies bloat and split open like rotting carcasses left abandoned under a merciless sun, the chosen of Nurgle live impossibly on, their agonies sublimated and their broken bodies invigorated by the power of their foul god. These foul and seculent warriors band together, shunned by their fellows, forming noisome warbands led by the strongest and most horrifically blessed among them and seek out the enemies of their dark god. Their armour, cruelly barbed weapons and fleshing flails are rusted but are as unnaturally sturdy as their masters.

Nurgle's chosen are brutal opponents, uncaring of further injuries inflicted to bodies already beset with suppurating wounds and skin, and when this bleak brotherhood takes to the field of battle, a foul pestilence and carrion reek goes with them, foretelling the doom which they seek to bring to all in the service of decay and eternal rot.



Marauder shields display the warrior's personal achievements in battle and, sharp-edged or barbed, are used as both a weapon and for defence



Fear the sworn brethren of Chaos

The skulls and bones of worthy foes or those particularly blessed with strange mutations are fashioned as trophies and used as ritual objects



Among the Korym the weak perish swiftly, and all that remain are fitting servants for the Dark Gods, savage, ruthless and cruel

The Marauder Tribes of the North



*The Arrows of Chaos, symbol
of the dominion of the Dark
Gods over the world*



*Axes and hacking blades are favored arms,
the better to spill blood before the gods*

Black Fang

Lake of Eyes

Rock Skulls

Suncater

Angry Fist

Garrison
Craggs

Karak Azorn
(Abandoned)

Crossed
Clubs

Red Maw



Glowing Crater



Levy Road

Mountains of Mourning



Chapter Two

The great host of Tamerkhun the Mazgot Lord set forth with the baleful lights of the Realms of Chaos warring above them, casting down their sickly and fabulous radiance on those below. Under this unhallowed light many were stricken with visions and others were blessed with the touch of insanity by the Dark Gods' revelations. Men and beasts fell and were changed, their bodies contorting and mutating anew into shapes more pleasing to their masters, and those around them rejoiced, letting out great howls of triumph, for surely by this omen was their cause blessed.

So it was that Tamerkhun led them forth from the Northern Wastes. They were as a stain upon the land – a spreading plague of despoil and devastation that burned like a fire through the arid grasslands of the Eastern Steppe, driving all before it. Ever swelling with the promise of victory was the host, as warriors and madmen, marauders and beasts flocked to Tamerkhun's flyblown standard, and fell in with the horde. Soon their number could not well be counted, for as numerous as a swarm of locusts they had become. They shook the ground as they walked, and all that was sane and natural recoiled at their touch. The Hobgoblin wolf-tribes of the steppes, as vicious and numerous as they were, were yet cowards and fled in vast numbers before the horde's coming rather than offer battle, their small and blackened souls quailing before the shadow of Chaos. For its prerogative the great horde emptied the sparse lands about it as it travelled, and ahead of its three legion-strong columns an arrowhead of thousands of swift-mounted horsemen went abroad, sowing out the land and falling in savagery on anything they encountered for meat and murder.

The Scouring of the Stone Lands



here are more forces which govern the mortal world than mere intractable nature and reason, for the Winds of Magic hold dominion over all, and magic is Chaos.

So great was the horde, so dark the souls and bloody their intent that the invisible breath of magic was drawn to them, and found form in their collective desire. So it was that time and distance began to twist and blister in the barren stone lands where there was no will but the will of the horde, and within a single moon's passing, they had devoured a span of many hundreds of leagues, leaving it desolate and ashen in their wake, scoured of life and with none but the rot-glutted carrion vultures that circled above to witness their passing. Hard by the north-eastern edge of the Shardback Mountains, where the rust-red hills rose for many leagues the horde of Tamurkhan faced its first true battle. Here the feared Orcs of the Withered Eye, frenzied and primitive, tainted by warpstone dust and shunned even by their own kind for their wanton savagery, stood before the horde. Unafraid although vastly outnumbered, the hulking greenskins streamed from the hills, their obsidian axes held high, braying and howling in their battle-lust, their malformed boars grunting and snarling in bloodlust while their

shaman spat curses from behind crude copper masks. The Orc tribe and Tamurkhan's Marauder vanguard met in a single great annihilating clash and all was butchery and bloodshed. Barbed black-iron spears pierced Orc-hide, clouds of crude fletched arrows felled rank after rank of snarling warriors and screaming horses as fury was met with fury. Torn from the air, Gul Grog, the Orc warboss that was master over the Withered Eye tribe and his ravaged wyvern mount fell like a tattered comet to the ground, streaming a trail of ichor, rent asunder by the iron claws of Corrasun, the Chaos Dragon of Orhbal Vipergut, and as their leader was smashed apart on the rocks, the Orcs wavered and faltered, just as Tamurkhan led the warriors of the main column into the fray. Like a storm-tide, the horde washed over the Orcs and ground them into the stony dust, and they were but the first of many armies to be destroyed by the horde of the Maggot Lord. Their battle won, the horde set upon the bodies of the fallen greenskins. The Orc flesh was tough and foul, but welcome, and the horde cast down the rough-hewn idols of the twin Orc gods of Gork and Mork and raised up huge mounds of clean-picked carcasses in their place, capped with icons and symbols dedicating the slaughter to the Dark Gods of Chaos, and there was much rejoicing in the horde. After the horde's passing through the region, Tamurkhan's pestilential acolytes poisoned and tainted the wells with their own filth, thus ensuring death to any that drank from them in times to come.

DOOM AT ASHSHAIR

The great horde carved its scouring path down along the eastern flank of the great range of mountains, journeying further south than any within it had ever seen. Laying all before it unto waste, the horde pressed ever onwards at the urgings of its tainted master who shouted rasping exhortations to his followers from atop his colossal mount. Beneath the fabled hanging ruins of many storied Ugruht they passed — the rubble of the shattered towers of the Fortress of the Dawning of the World, circling and crashing together above their heads, while the cerulean lightning played between the broken sky-ruins in an endless dance of insane destruction. The horde carried on into the thorn-thick foothills of Shem'ash, where crooked-backed and goatish Beastmen and their grotesque Minotaur kin slunk from the dark places and fell in with the horde. The Bray-shaman and Gor-chiefs of these twisted children of Chaos, long bitter enemies of both the Ogre Kingdoms of the mountains

THE CHILDREN OF CHAOS

'Beastmen' is a collective term given by the people of the Old World to several related breeds of bestial mutants that haunt the dark places of the wild. Twisted hybrid mockeries of man and animal, they are creatures born of Chaos in whose nature all that is brutal and foul is concentrated and amplified into feral savagery. Thick-witted, but cunning, their cruelty is boundless and they live short, violent and vicious lives as raiders and despoilers, gathering together in rough tribes known commonly as Brayherds or Warherds to plunder and despoil under the leadership of the strongest amongst them. These savage tribes, as well as including the common run of Beastmen warriors — or Gors as they are known — also number in their ranks hulking Minotaurs, massive blood-hungry monstrosities favoured of the Dark Gods, winged Harpies, swift-boofed Centigors and all manner of other strange and unnatural creatures.



beyond and the Celestial Empire to the east, offered much lore of the lands before the horde and sought the death of their enemies as a boon from their new lord, but the gods called to Tamurkhan and he would not stray from his path. Instead the Beastmen were swept along on Tamurkhan's course, but leapt upon any chance to raid their ancestral foes. So it was that while the main force of the horde tramped on southwards at the mountains edge, the Beastmen allied with the forces of Sayl the Faithless when his side-column split from the horde's path to seek out the Tower of Ashshair, a watchtower and outpost of far Cathay amid the Stone Lands. Long had Sayl heard of the ancient power of the men beyond the Great Bastion and he hungered to plunder their secrets. Choosing to seek his own path for a while, he led his followers in an assault against them.

The jade-green tower — a thing as much of magic as stone — sat high and all but unassailable upon a jagged promontory of rock overlooking the ancient Silk Road that led from the gates of the Great Bastion to the south-east, and the inhospitable mountain passes of the Ogre Kingdoms to the west. From here the servants of the Eternal Dragon Emperor surveyed the great road and kept watch for signs and portents of woe and threats from distant lands, and so they were well forewarned of the terrors arrayed against them. The warriors of the East, oath-sworn and stalwart, stood firm behind the ramparts of the tiered fortifications that encircled the outpost beneath the tower, lined as they were with snarling-mouthed bronze cannon and deadly stone-fleshed temple dogs and crow-men, ready to crush the foe in their granite claws. Wary of the arts and devices of this unfamiliar enemy, Sayl's twisted tongue worked upon the chieftains of the Beastmen and convinced them to commence the assault with a night attack — a tactic at which they were expert and well-suited. The Faithless One's own forces, notably including a dozen war mammoths he had worked loose from the main column for the attack, he planned to keep in reserve until a gap in the defences was breached for them to exploit.

From the beginning the attack went awry for the forces of Chaos, and as the braying, savage tide of Gors and Ungors, Minotaurs and Spawn erupted from the darkness, the skies above them were given by explosions of lambent green and ice white light as enchanted fireworks turned the night into a rippling phantasm of spectral figures which turned and roared in crazed display. Cannon spat forth clusters of bronze javelins which showered through the onrushing Beastmen, accompanied by wave after wave of barbed crossbow bolts which felled hundreds in mere moments. The fury of the Beasts of Chaos however did not falter, and within minutes the barbarous tide, loping and running with phenomenal speed had reached the outer wall, and spurred on by the whips and cries of their Beastlords and Bray-Shaman, scores began to scale the high wall of the outer bastion, their clawed hands and crude picks finding purchase, augmented by the sudden rampant growth of twisted black vines mutated by the incantations of the shaman. At the outer gate, hulking, multi-armed Ghorgon pounded at the gates with petrified tree-trunks as hard as iron, only to fall back maimed and dying as Dragon-blooded Shugengan hurled blasts of white fire and blizzards of murderous ice-shards against them. Heedless of their losses, the Brayherd pressed on, and by sheer reckless fury overwhelmed the outer wall, spilling over it as a storm-driven tide breaks over a levy wall. The warriors of the East stood their ground, though vastly outnumbered, their emerald green back-banners flickering in the gaudy light from above, their long blades of thousand-folded iron weaving and cutting a red dance through the rough flesh and snarling jaws of the cloven-hoofed ones. But it was not enough, and

one by one the Cathayan Bannermen fell. The fortified compound beneath the tower was taken, the Brayherd screaming and howling its triumph and gorging itself frenziedly on the flesh of the dead.

Sayl the Faithless watched on from atop his war mammoth mount, but no matter the entreatments of his Dolgan chieftains and the Exalted Champions that followed his banner, Sayl held them back and would not attack. The warriors and marauders muttered and grew angry at the glory denied them, the victory they were forced to watch given to the hands of others — to the Beastmen no less! But they held back yet, for Sayl had promised to feed the souls of any that defied him to the reapers of the void, and such threats all knew were far from idle in nature, and so the Dolgans kept their place grudgingly and did not rush to re-enforce the attack. Like knows like, and so it was that Sayl felt the twisted skein of magic being drawn tight and the Ætheric winds, drawn in an ever intensifying vortex by the blood spilled before him, pulled into a deadly pattern by a will other than his own. Suddenly, at the height of the Beastmen's bloody revelry in the fortress compound at the foot of the tower, the glowing phantasms in the skies above were snuffed out into deepest black, a black into which a single, bright, burning star was born. Screaming aloud, Sayl and the other Chaos sorcerers present sought frantically to abjure the doom that was about to befall the battlefield, but to no end. Sayl knowing bitterly that even as he tried to disrupt the magics that had been wielded, he had little chance of undoing what had been set in motion. The comet fell from the heavens like a speeding bolt of blue-white fire, the burning rune of Celestial magic graven upon its flanks in flickering starlight for all with the art to see it. It struck dead-centre on the fortress compound with a roaring blast that shook the earth and a blinding flash of power that caused even the war mammoths to buck and bellow in pain. Inside the fortress all was carnage, as scores of Beastmen and Minotaurs were incinerated in an instant, gone to ash and dust with only their shadows blasted against the walls to mark the sudden agony of their passing. The surviving Brayherd reeled, blinded and burned in the wake of the thunderbolt from the heavens, but were given no respite as the baleful counter-attack was launched. Strange creatures of living stone swam down the jade walls of the tower and up through the rocky ground as if it were water, and the Beastmen became their prey. Encircled and trapped, the Brayherd's savagery was soon overwhelmed, and Sayl watched on in grim fascination with his witch's sight as great Minotaurs were dragged bellowing and helpless into the air by living statues of onyx — neither raven nor man in shape — and gutted by glittering talons, while fresh Bannermen, their long blades and wickedly curved polearms flashing poured from the tower gates and into the fray. Bitter and angry that his prize was so readily slipping from his grip, Sayl raised mighty magics of his own and sent hurricane winds and spiteful arcs of lighting to vex the enemy and blast and scatter its winged avengers, but could do little more than cover the surviving Beastmen's rout from the walls. With a scornful sweep of his clawed hand, Sayl signalled the retreat from the tower, and his Dolgans, resentful but cowed by the hurricane storm that now blanketed the tower unabated, obeyed him.

Sayl had come to Ashshair seeking the power of the East, and he had not been disappointed in the demonstration, but was now left with the humiliation of retreat to rancour at his tainted soul. He swore a vengeance that would be many decades yet in the fruition, but for now had Tamurkhan to answer to, for having spent thousands of the Brayherd for little gain, save for wisdom. And answer he did before the paragon of the Chaos host.



Sayl the Titchless swept into the acrid, fume-filled shadows of the high-domed tent with an air more of anger than supplication, his ragged-edged crimson cloak snapping behind him impatiently. From behind the visor-aperture of his high-horned helm, the Chass Sorcerer surveyed the hideous darkness and its inhabitants with wary distaste. The witch-sight that burned within him having no difficulty in discerning the true nature of the corrupt beings and sub-human shapes that skulked and menaced within. Many were Niergle's get and Tammorkhan's chosen companions, but there were others present also — champions and war leaders, all come knowing the danger of the pestilent abode of Tammorkhan to share in what was to come.

Sayl walked forward imperiously to the tent's central open space — a circle of greenish half-light before the throne of bones and broken blades upon which the master of the horde reclined.

The tall and gangrenous shape of Kayzk the Befouled rose before him menacingly, silent save for the steady drip of pus and the rusted rasps of his armbone joints moving. Kayzk's blade flexed in his coiling tentacle fingers barring his way, and in reply the bristled serpents that crowned Sayl's staff hissed and hissed with inhuman malignancy.

The shadows of the tent seemed to quiver in anticipation at the promise of bloodshed.

"Enough!" Tammorkhan the Maggot Lord's voice growled liquescently.

Kayzk grudgingly sheathed his blade and withdrew as silently as he had appeared.

"You summoned me great one?" Sayl's voice was as oil upon water, slickly sheened with scorn and hinted secrets.

"News of your defeat at the jade tower has reached the camp Sayl, and there are those here that say you should pay for your failure with your life." Tammorkhan said with scorn of his own.

Sayl laughed loud and mockingly.

A reaction of anger hammered throughout the tent, fangs were bared in the darkness, and murderous incantations readied, but Tammorkhan himself did not stir.

"Do you mock me Sayl?" The Maggot Lord almost whispered and the promise of death hung heavy in every syllable.

"Why no dread lord," Sayl rejoined in a voice that bespoke a wounded heart, and assayed a sudden sweeping bow. "I laughed only that such falsehoods and intricacies should be taken seriously by those that would pretend to counsel you."

Now it was Tammorkhan's turn to laugh. "Your lies are infamous Sayl, and yet this is a greater deceit than any you have yet attempted. The Beauthorn lies half-slaughtered and burned, and what remains of it brays for your blood Sayl, as their betrayer. The flash and thunder of the falling star we heard and saw even here, leagnes hence from the tower, and yet you deny it?"

"I deny that it was I that suffered any defeat Tammorkhan, not that a defeat took place and I swear here and now before the four Great Gods that not a single one of my Dolgan fell in battle at the Tower of Ashishain; may they strike me down if it is not so..." Sayl's voice trailed away and the expectant silence was still, for such oaths were not taken lightly, even by the insane and twisted.

When no sudden calamity befell the Chass Sorcerer, the creatures in the tent drew back, not so much mollified in their anger, but resigned that in calling upon the Four, Sayl had gambled upon the judgment of higher powers than even the horde's master. Were Tammorkhan to go against that judgement now, he risked perhaps the Gods' wrath himself — it had been a deadly risk Sayl had taken, but he had taken it and it seemed won.

It was Sayl that broke the silence, "Maggot Lord, exalted of the Plague Tithen," he declared, "What care you for the paltry lives of a few hundred misbegotten Gods, or a thousand, or thousand-thousand? Are you not Tammorkhan, are the Kierzan and Tokmar and the Dolgan who march under your banner not power enough for any warlord? Is the renowned might of the ones blessed by the gods and the fangs of those that hunger in the realms beyond at your beck and call not sufficient to embolden your cause?"

Tammorkhan leaped from his throne angrily. "You go too far false one!" he growled as the misshapen figures of tiny Nierglings scattered in a panic from beneath him.

Sayl again bowed low and stepped backward. "I meant no insult lord, only that those that died failed you. They were weak and they died for that weakness, and deserve nothing but scorn — your true servants remain."

"Get out..." Tammorkhan growled lowly. "Be thankful you did not squander better warriors and beasts in this folly Sayl, or you would adorn my throne even now."

Sayl bowed again, and departed, head held high.

Tolly? He thought, his helm concealing the distorted smile that played across his mutated features. To see another die in one's stead and avoid their fate by it? Tolly? But one tower, and yet they hoped to cast down a whole city so defended?

THE DARKER ROAD TAKEN

The great horde of Tamurkhan the Maggot Lord moved ever onwards, on in to the bleak lands that bordered the darkly-storied Ghost Fells — ragged upland moors and desolate foothills, many leagues in expanse that flanked the eastern side of the ancient lands of the Giants, and mountains higher and more primordial even than the fabled Mountains of Mourn dominated the horizon. These peaks or the Sky-Titans' Wrack are known in certain dark texts of Chaos lore, although long history has given them many names to wear. It was these lands that Tamurkhan sought to penetrate, there to find the tools for his future conquest of the Empire of Men as he had foreseen in the blighted visions given him in the Chaos realm. In his haste and pride Tamurkhan sought to cross the Ghost Fells to reach them sooner, rather than venture further south to the vitrified black deserts that separated the southern mountains from Great Cathay where the Ivory Road passes — a realm with its own manifold dangers, but preferred by the wise to walking in the shadows of the benighted fells.

The Ghost Fells themselves proved no small obstacle to pass, for these were too the remains of empires and dark realms gone asunder in ages past; here the dead rested only fitfully in their graves and the palely glowing murder-grass that rose to bloom in the night was unnatural poison to all life that it cut with its ghostly fronds. Worse still the presence of the great horde thundering and ravaging its way across the hills seemed to awake every peril and malign will that slumbered there, and it was as if the very earth beneath their feet rebelled against them. For the first time was the horde truly slowed, and was forced by the terrain to break up into hundreds of smaller channels like the tributaries of a great river. Their passage was plagued by phantoms and baleful fires upon the road, sucking pits of corpse-strewn bog that seemed to snap around men and horses like waiting beasts and splintered, crag-strewn paths that turned back upon themselves without warning. Strange cloying mists of maddening thickness rose up and faded again without rhyme or reason and entire warbands and hunting parties, hundreds strong, went missing without trace in the mazes of rock. A more mundane but no less threatening danger also soon presented itself, and no meat or water could be found that proved safe to consume in this malign wilderness — even for the disease-churned stomachs of Nurgle's followers — threatening starvation for the horde. Soon dissent whispered that Tamurkhan had brought them to a place of evil sorcery he did not comprehend, and ancient Chaos lore found echoes in the stories of hulking shapes lurking in the mist, their misshapen forms crowned each with a single burning eye. Against the rising discord in the host Tamurkhan and his chieftains instilled order by the lash and bloody reprisal, the dissenters and the weak providing welcome provisions for the horde's many hungry bellies. Unwavering, Tamurkhan pressed them on relentlessly, refusing to be balked or stay to give battle to a foe he could neither see nor grasp, until the Ghost Fells were at their backs and the mountains loomed vast and snow-capped before them. After much travail the ancient lands of the Giants beckoned.

THE SHUNNED LANDS

Beyond the Mountains of Mourn and between the trackless steppe lie many forgotten and savage lands whose names and inhabitants are nothing more than dark myth to the peoples of the Old World. This is a barren and masterless realm, an expanse of bleak and fog-shrouded wilderness, spirit-haunted fens and shattered cities — A howling, desolate place saturated with the darkest magics, where the malice of dread souls and the whisperings of daemons hold more sway over the land than sanity and mundane geography, and travellers can become unutterably lost as the very land around them shifts with malignant intelligence and entities older than the fall of the Old Ones slumber beneath their black sands. It is a place where the winds of magic are drawn to swirl and eddy invisible, and great and terrible storms of magic rip unexpectedly into being, bringing further literal chaos, sending forests crawling across the landscape like damned souls, and upending mountains to drift through the hurricane-wracked air as reality liquefies and remakes itself in twisted new patterns. It is little wonder then that even the mighty Ogres of the west and the treacherous Hobgoblin hordes of the east avoid these shunned lands where they can, ignorant of their true nature, but not the evil that dwells within them.



A HARVEST OF TITANS

The horde, a few thousand dark-sworn souls fewer than before it had stepped into the accursed Ghost Fells, entered the high valleys of the mountains, battling through sudden rock falls and freezing gales, and cut into the Ivory Road, deep in the high country. Following the road it turned south and west into a great rift valley that held the ruins of one of the fabled cities of the Sky-Titans. Here cyclopean pillars of granite soared as high as the mountains about them, once the foundation-stones of cities that had towered in the skies above. Wild and lush growth had long since overcome the cracked paving and broken rubble that had tumbled down from the fallen skycastles, and game, huge and primal — rhinoxen, razortusk, stonchorn and dire elk — were abundant as was fresh water, and the horde soon flooded out to despoil all before it and dispel the shadow of hunger and thirst it had endured. The horde paused for the first time since the Gallows Tree and made a vast, sprawling series of encampments in the shadows of the gargantuan ruins, allowing for the first time a period of rest and recovery, already it had travelled thousands of leagues in a span of time impossibly short by mere mortal reckoning, but where the will of Chaos was concerned, such likes counted little. The weak and the ill-fortuned had fallen by the wayside, and the chosen, strong and faithful endured. Great altars were raised up to the Chaos Gods, each to its desire and measure, and celebrations were held of sacrifice, morbidity, slaughter and debauchery as was pleasing to each fan's patron, daemons dancing in the shadows of the celebrants' fires.

The arrival of so great a horde, still tens of thousands strong in this savage and half-forgotten land had not gone unnoticed. Giants dwelled here still in an abundance not seen elsewhere; man-like creatures, Bonegrinders and Foecrushers, colossal in stature, steeple-

tall, slow-witted but bellicose and with a hunger to match their size. Now on the fringes of the horde the Giants gave battle, each the match of a hundred men, bellowing and smashing marauder and spawn-beast alike to bloody ruin with chunks of ancient masonry hurled down from the high crags, or rampaging through them like a maddened boar through a sheep-fold. Legend had it that it had been the Giants' forebears — mightier in both strength and mind — that had built the now fallen cities and prospered here long ago when the world was young and fought with ancient empires now gone to dust, fading first into an isolated echo of their past glories before the Ogres came from the east and sundered their once unconquered realm forever. Giants Tamurkhan had of his own, mutated and savage, scions of the high crags of the Chaos Wastes, but they were too few to serve his purpose. Tamurkhan's order was simple and it brooked no disobedience save on pain of death; the attacking Giants were not to be slain, but taken alive, subdued either by brute force or sorcery he cared not, only that they were gathered before him. Those he could not gather by force he opted for other means to ensnare, and so sent (often unwilling) emissaries to tempt and coerce them — not by threat, for Giants by nature care little for such things and answer only with violence, but with promises of abundant meat and strong spirits to slake their thirst, and of battlefields yet to come filled with spoil and plunder. Others were baited with poisoned carcasses tainted with the sickening philtres of Slaaneshi cultists, which drugged them as helpless as a babe to be taken, while others heard the bestial song of the Bray-Shaman and so were lost to the fathomless, black fever-dream of the Brayherd. Within a moon's turning, near on a hundred Giants had been taken into the host; some willingly, others bound in chains of foul sorcery, the irreplaceable coin of the arcane binding scrolls gifted to him by the unclean hag spent in submitting them to Tamurkhan's will.



*How the Mighty Fall, Once the Masters of the Mountains and the Breakers of Cities were they,
Undone by Fate, Folly and Time*



TAMURKHAN DENIED

Time soon became the enemy, for as powerful as the will and desires of the horde were, they were as nothing compared to the primordial power of the Mountains of Mourn to the west that they must cross, and now in the dying of the year, already the high mountains sowed the signs of a dire and spiteful winter drawing close and even the plentiful game within the wide valley was thinning at the horde's hunger. The Ivory Road west was the path the great horde would take, and the only pass accessible to so great a number as they through the mountains. It was also a pass that would see them walk through the Ogre Kingdoms and through the heart of Greasus Goldtooth's realm, Overtyrant of the Ogres. The warriors and Chaos Champions of the horde were eager to see battle against so worthy and strong a foe whose fame had reached even to the Northern Wastes, and Tamurkhan was content to smash his way through the Ogre Kingdoms if needs be, conquering and destroying all for the glory of the Dark Gods. Bargaining also that if he could slay the Overtyrant, many of the bloodthirsty and mercenary Ogre tribes would flock to his banner themselves after such a display of strength.

Strange fates were instead to play Tamurkhan for a fool, and see his plans to ruin, when his outriders reported that the road ahead into the Mountains of Mourn ended in an impassable wall of rock, the dusty path simply cut off as if severed by an axe blade. Tamurkhan ranted and raged at the folly of his servants, and slew those who brought such news to his flense-skin tent. At his behest he drove the horde on until he was forced to confront the truth himself — where the wide pass had been since time immemorial was now no more than the sheer and crooked crags of the mountainside. So denied he believed the feat some illusion wrought of magic, but his sorcerers could not detect it, let alone undo any such great spell-craft. Indeed those who sent out their wills on the winds of magic to uncover the truth recoiled at the cold and hungry touch of something older and darker than mere mortal magic, and Sayl the Faithless whispered in the ear of those that would hear him that the spirits of the mountains laughed at Tamurkhan and scorned the vanity of his presumption. Dissent again reared its head, and brawling and bloody combat broke out between those who served the Maggot Lord directly and shared his faith, and those who followed other fell masters, and Tamurkhan himself took to the fight aback the mighty Toad Dragon Bubebolos in order to restore order, grinding those who would gainsay him under his mount's clawed feet. It was the Dragon-rider Orhbal, who had flown far and braved the wrath of Ice Wyrms and winged Manticores in the frozen heights in order to scout a fresh path for the horde that espied a route out of the valley which now seemed to threaten to enclose on Tamurkhan and his host like the jaws of a trap.

Far to the south, the broken valley walls gave way though a narrow, high-sided ravine to a wide plateau of rock, which itself sunk in its outer reaches towards endless hills of lifeless grey and a wide stagnant river flowing westward from a soot-black lake. But to reach this breach in the mountains, the ravine must first be crossed, and as Orhbal intoned, its high crags were studded with tattered banners and trophy skulls, each marked with the signs of the Great Maw and a gore-covered fist. As he had drawn close, the stirrings of bulky figures could be seen in the caves above the ravine, and he was met with volley upon volley of great iron-shot bolts hurled from concealed war engines, some fitted with grappling barbs and great chains to drag him down. Ogres awaited the horde in force and were arrayed in strength where in the narrow pass the horde's numbers would count for little against such determined and brutal resistance.

Yet there was no other path to take where the horde could march as one. There was no choice, the plan to cross the Mountains of Mourn via the Ivory Road would have to be abandoned and a new road carved. Tamurkhan roused his chieftains and commanders and told them his will: The horde marched south.

THE BATTLE OF THE PASS

From the first day's march southwards, the host's progress was watched by those who made their homes in the high mountains. These were the lands of the Ogres — fierce, brutal creatures, intolerant of trespassers and long accustomed to preying upon intruders into their domains and battling against the myriad of strange beasts that inhabited the Mountains of Mourn and against would-be invaders human, greenskin and worse. The high pass south was under the control of the infamous and intractable Red Fist tribe, one of the strongest Ogre kingdoms in the southern mountains, held in the iron-fisted grip of the Ogre Tyrant Karaka Breakmountain, a warlord whose prodigious strength had seen his fame spread among his own kind and was possessed of a certain low cunning, not commonly found in his dull-witted kin. The Red Fist would not stand by and allow the horde of Tamurkhan by without a fight, and a heavy price in blood would have to be paid.

When the horde's vanguard reached the defile between two mountain peaks that marked the entrance to the ravine pass, the Kurgan riders found their progress barred by a hastily constructed wall of boulders and broken stones. The dry, thorny brush under their mount's hooves was peppered with mantraps and other vicious snares. As they approached closer to the barrier they were pelted with rocks and bombarded with huge spears and volleys of scrap thrown from the pinnacles above, and were soon thrown back in disarray. Heavier forces were immediately brought up — the steel-sheathed Chaos Warriors of Alvas Hurl, the howling cultists of the Pox-mantle and even screeching waves of impossibly mutated war-spawn, driven on by the goads of their flesh masters and sent into paroxysms of savagery by the hellish pipes of daemons — none though could force the passage. Though the horde of Tamurkhan outnumbered the Ogres that balked them perhaps a hundred to one, the narrowness of the defile made it impossible for the Chaos horde to bring more than a few score of warriors into battle at a time.

The fighting raged for several hours without making any apparent dent in the Ogres' defences, as each fresh charge was met by a solid wall of hulking muscled flesh and iron. Soon the pass before the defile was heaped so high with bodies, that they threatened to rise above the deceptively crude barrier the Ogres had raised, and beady-eyed Gnoblar — the degenerate race of greenskins that served the Ogres — were soon frantically scouring the corpse piles and using armoured bodies and whatever else solid they could find to make the barrier higher, even while the battle thundered around them.

Tamurkhan raged again at the delay, although unlike the impassive mountain that had bared his progress to the north, this was an enemy he could get to grips with and destroy. He had observed the fighting from a high shelf of rock that overlooked the battle from behind the horde's line of attack and learned much. Every time his warriors appeared to be about to breach the wall, a huge and fierce Ogre chieftain, a creature whose immense girth outmatched even the brutes around him would rush into the gap and immediately turn the tide of battle against the horde. A great pile of Chaos champions and their warriors now lay dead about the Ogre Tyrant's feet and his bodyguard — thick-skinned brutes bearing huge black



cleavers – bellowed defiantly and smeared their fists with the blood and ichor of their victims. Observing this contemptuous behaviour, Tamurkhan vowed that it would be he that slew the Tyrant personally. Forming up his own warband of decaying and corrupt Nurgle-sons, he directed the efforts of his sorcerers against the makeshift fortification closest to where the Ogre Tyrant stood. Soon the corresponding portion of the barrier lay in shattered ruins – its stones broken and pulverised by sorcerous blasts. The air hung heavy with smoke and foul fumes, and before the dust cleared Tamurkhan urged his mighty steed forward – Búbebolos, the greatest of Toad Dragons, roared its challenge and charged the wall.

The mountain shook and the sound of shattering rocks and splintered stone reverberated around the canyon. From the high pinnacles above a fresh wave of spears and broken blades showered down against the filth-stained tide that ran headlong towards the breach, bellowing joyful war-cries in rasping, disease-wracked voices. Sorcerers hurled their shrieking spells and the Ogre Butchers answered with their own guttural incantations until the air boiled with the passage of dark magic and the mountains shook with the thunder of a thousand iron-shod feet in deafening clamour. Boulders dislodged by the bombardment tumbled from the mountainside and plunged upon the armies below. Huge stones bounded down the narrow valley, crushing and burying warriors from both sides and soon the air grew so thick with dust it hid the sun and cast the steep-sided defile into near darkness. Near unseen as ghosts in the choking dust, the warriors of Tamurkhan the Maggot Lord smashed into the barrier breach in a blind whirlwind of hacking, screaming carnage until the corpse-mounts shifted and toppled and the barrier crumbled. In the confusion both sides smashed and trampled foe and friend alike underfoot and after minutes that seemed an eternity the lines parted, reeling away from each other, neither yet broken although the ravine was now carpeted in the dead and the dying. At

last the shrieks of magic ceased and the echoes of devastation slowly stilled but for the agonised cries of the maimed and mutilated.

In the cloud of dust a vast shape took form and began to lurch purposefully forward. From the gloom emerged the warty head of Búbebolos followed by the Toad Dragon's vast festering body. The bloated creature's rotting scales dripped and spat as he heaved his gargantuan carcass over the stony ground. Tamurkhan the Maggot Lord surveyed the spectral scene from his seat high upon the broad haunches of the gigantic monstrosity. Before his foes knew what was upon them Búbebolos was in their midst. The monster's enormous bulk easily pushed aside the few remaining boulders and toppled what little was left of the Ogres' crude barrier. The mighty creature raised its warty head, opened its tusked maw and spewed a vast liquid cloud of foulness that stripped the bubbling flesh from the dozen Ogre Bulls caught before it and sent a dozen more stumbling over themselves in a panicked flight to escape.

A terrible rank stench rose from Búbebolos' rancid body and the dissolving remains of its victims, few if any could stand before such a terror and even the savage Ogres seemed momentarily stunned. But Ogres are wont to feast upon the rankest flesh, and they quickly regrouped to stand their ground. At their head stood the Ogre chieftain whose broad-headed axe, near a cartwheel's size in span, had already slain so many of Tamurkhan's mightiest warriors that day. Bigger than his fellows by a head or more, Karaka Breakmountain raised his blood-drenched axe and bellowed defiantly, his warband rallying to the Tyrant's defiance to take up the cry. Soon the whole Ogre army, which moments before had been all but ready to flee, turned to face their enemy to fight once more.

Tamurkhan snarled as the Ogre Tyrant hurled insults at him in the Dark Tongue, and their eyes met with a flicker of unquenchable

OF THE OGRES AND THEIR DOMAINS

Ogres are hulking, brutish creatures, human-like in many ways, but savage beyond what little reason they possess and filled with tremendous hunger not easily satiated. Each Ogre warrior — and all of their kind hunt and make war in some manner, and to them there is little distinction between the two — stands nearly twice the height of a man and half again as broad. Only a fool would take their great girth for soft fat, instead it is hard muscle, tough hide and insulation that protects them from the ravages of cold and climate. Their strength is prodigious and they can snap human bones like matchwood with little effort and their jaws can crush and devour even stone and metal it is reckoned, although meat, juicy, red and dripping is by far their favoured fare. For Ogres might makes right, and they are dominated by the largest and most violent among them, forming petty tyrannies and tribes that war and bicker amongst themselves for food and for the simple joy of battle.

The Ogre Kingdoms lie far to the east of the Old World and the civilized lands of the west, beyond even the desolation of Dark Lands which lie on the other side of the expanse of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Here within the numberless crags and valleys of the foreboding and primal Mountains of Mourn, the tribes of the Ogres have made their homes since migrating here after the coming of the Great Maw, their destroyer and god who ravaged their ancestral lands on the borderlands of far Cathay. It is an immense wild and windswept country, whose climate is harsh and cold, and it is the abode of all manner of strange and terrible beasts, against which the Ogres happily make war, hunt for food and subdue as beasts of battle or burden. At its eastern flanks can be found the shattered and often unquiet ruins of ancient

civilisations and dead realms which even the Ogres believe are best left undisturbed. Here in the Ogre Kingdoms an Ogre Tyrant often rules as far as he may see — in practical terms a valley or high pass — by strength and fear, and while undeniably savage and brutish, the best (or worst perhaps) of them possess a certain cunning and intelligence that sees them open to extorting tribute and captives from rivals and trade caravans alike for 'protection' (often from their own followers). Many tribes allow the sub-race of greenskins called Gnoblar to fetch and carry for them and trade with them such baubles and plunder as they might take, the better to acquire things they hold in true value, such as weapons and more meat (ie, captives). Indeed mercenary Ogres are a far from uncommon sight in other lands where they ply their bloody trade for gold and food. These Ogres, sometimes known as maneaters, are valued and dreaded in equal measure, and when the high crags and valleys of the Ogre Kingdoms become too full with their own kind, they march on other realms to appease their hunger and the lands of Men and Orcs tremble to the footsteps of this monstrous race on the march.



hatred. The Ogre stepped forwards and bellowed a challenge in the coarse, guttural tongue of Chaos, daring Tamurkhan to face him in person rather than let the Toad Dragon fight his battles for him. Tamurkhan's pride rancoured at the barb, and even though Bubebolos might have easily trampled the Ogre into the dirt and been done with the foe, Tamurkhan knew that the eyes of his own warriors and champions were upon him, and that they too had understood the Tyrant's words. Cunning indeed was this Ogre amongst his kind. He would not show weakness *"and what was this brute compared to the power of one favoured by the rotting blessings of Father Nurgle?"* he thought.

Drawing his dark-edged runeblade, Tamurkhan slipped down from the Toad Dragon's back and prepared to meet his enemy's challenge, while behind him the Chaos host rasped and bellowed its approval. The two armies drew back as Tamurkhan and the Ogre Tyrant approached one another. They began to circle – each looking for an opening to launch its attack. The great Ogre towered above Tamurkhan and the cadaverous Chaos lord in his rusted finery seemed impossibly fragile in comparison. Yet not even an Ogre could fail to recognise the power of Nurgle's chosen champion, and approached his foe warily.

The Ogre was first to strike, hefting a wide swing with his axe and Tamurkhan darted out of reach with derisory ease, only to be caught almost flatfooted when with unforeseen skill the Ogre reversed the blow and sent the axe's brass pommel flying at the centre of Tamurkhan's head with murderous force. Tamurkhan barely rolled with the impact which sundered his helm and reposted with a savage series of stabs against his hulking enemy's exposed flesh. The combatants parted, both sporting wounds, and the battle was joined in earnest. The great axe swung in deadly arcs, while Tamurkhan's runeblade spat and hummed as it slashed and stabbed at his foe, and all around them Ogre and Chaos Warrior alike shouted and bellowed for their champion's victory. Minutes passed and both were bleeding and battered, neither having gained the upper hand, but Tamurkhan saw his opportunity when his foe's axe blade, striking downwards was momentarily caught in the armoured breastplate of a fallen Chaos Knight. Screaming a prayer to his dark patron, Tamurkhan thrust his black blade swift as an arrow straight towards the Ogre's eye and sank its point deep into the monster's head. The Ogre staggered back clumsily, dropping his axe and waving his arms jerkily about as if fending off an irate wasp, but did not fall, and Tamurkhan lunged in to deliver the killing blow. But Karaka Breakmountain was far from dead. Bellowing in rage the Tyrant charged his enemy with a shocking burst of speed, his great armoured belly slammed into the Chaos Lord and smashed him sprawling and stunned to the ground. Tamurkhan rolled to his left as a moment later the Tyrant's body slammed into where he had lain. Stunned and reeling Tamurkhan staggered to his feet, broken bones grinding together inside his withered body but could not escape as the Ogre caught hold of Tamurkhan by the shoulder and shoved him hard upon the ground. A deep moan came from the Chaos host as they saw their master fall.

Now the Ogre stood astride Tamurkhan and, with both hands, first tore the runeblade from his hand and snapped it asunder. It then grasped the Chaos Lord's upraised arm and snapped it off at the elbow as a man at a feast might tear the wing from a roasted fowl. Tamurkhan's maimed arm wagged back and forth as if he were attempting to fend away his enemy with a limb that was no longer there. The Tyrant made a breathless noise that might have

been a hollow laugh but as he did so a gout of black and crimson liquid fountained from Tamurkhan's severed stump and struck the creature full in the face. The Ogre roared and wiped his eyes but the foul liquid was not blood, it was a torrent of writhing grave-worms. The Ogre staggered back and clawed at his eyes and mouth, pulling away great handfuls of the vile worms that even now burrowed into the open wounds in his face. Jerking to his knees like a puppet with severed strings Tamurkhan tore off his ruined helm and from behind the mask of flesh, the Maggot Lord's true form emerged. Behind him the body of the Chaos Lord he had stolen on the killing fields of Zambaijin lay as nothing but a crumpled and empty shell, like the sloughed skin of a serpent. The maggot-thing uncoiled and leapt at the thrashing Tyrant and in a second had bored into the soft flesh of the Ogre's exposed throat, the Tyrant toppling backwards like a felled tree.

The greatest warriors of Chaos are favoured by the gods like no other race. Such favours often give them near-daemonic powers unimaginable to other mortals. Yet even so, the sight of Tamurkhan's destruction and that of his enemy was no common thing. All who watched stood in awed silence as the sky above them darkened a foetid green and the field of corpses began to twitch with blooming rot and steamed with noxious amber vapours. The Tyrant's huge body seemed to churn and pulse and the Ogre's skin rippled back and forth a while, like waves upon the sea, then stilled as if some conflict had been won. Tamurkhan the Maggot Lord opened his eyes and gasped in huge gulps of air, filling the Ogre's ravaged lungs as if for the first time like a new-born beast. He rose up – standing on broad feet upon squat muscular legs – and stood, a little unsteadily. For a while he flexed his arms and stretched the huge muscles either side of his thick neck. Gradually he gained his balance. He took a step forward and as he did so there was a mighty roar from the Chaos host. As for the Ogres, some had already begun to flee, scaling the rocks and crags with surprising speed while others fought on but soon were overwhelmed. Many of the Red Fist tribe were confused by this strange turn of events. Was this creature still their leader or was it now their destroyer? Some were simply awed by the Maggot Lord's victory, but in any case they knelt in submission to a new and terrible master.

Tamurkhan then picked up the broken remnants of his black warblade from the ground – how tiny it seemed in his monstrous hands. He tossed it aside and instead took up the Tyrant's axe and held it aloft as all around him the great horde roared in victory and he too bellowed his triumph in a brute voice that was now Tamurkhan's own. The way to the west was his.





Fetishes and charms are commonplace, often stolen by the bloodthirsty and superstitious Ogres from the creatures they have killed and eaten



The Ogres of the high mountains are even more barbaric than their mercenary kin, clad in rough furs against the killing cold



The Ogres of the Red Fist



Degenerate Gnoblars exist as the Ogres servants; and as minions and playthings when hunger or boredom set in.



An oversized club or cleaver is the favoured weapon of the Ogre Bulls, allowing them to bring their phenomenal strength and size to bear on their victims.



To Ogres their Gut Plates are more than armour for their prized bellies; they are a statement of their power and appetites, and many are fashioned to honour the Great Man, their fickle and ever-hungry god.

DEADLOCK
GAP

MOUNT GRIMFANG

THE DARK LANDS

THE GATES OF ZILAI

THE
DARK
LANDS

TO MAD DOG PASS

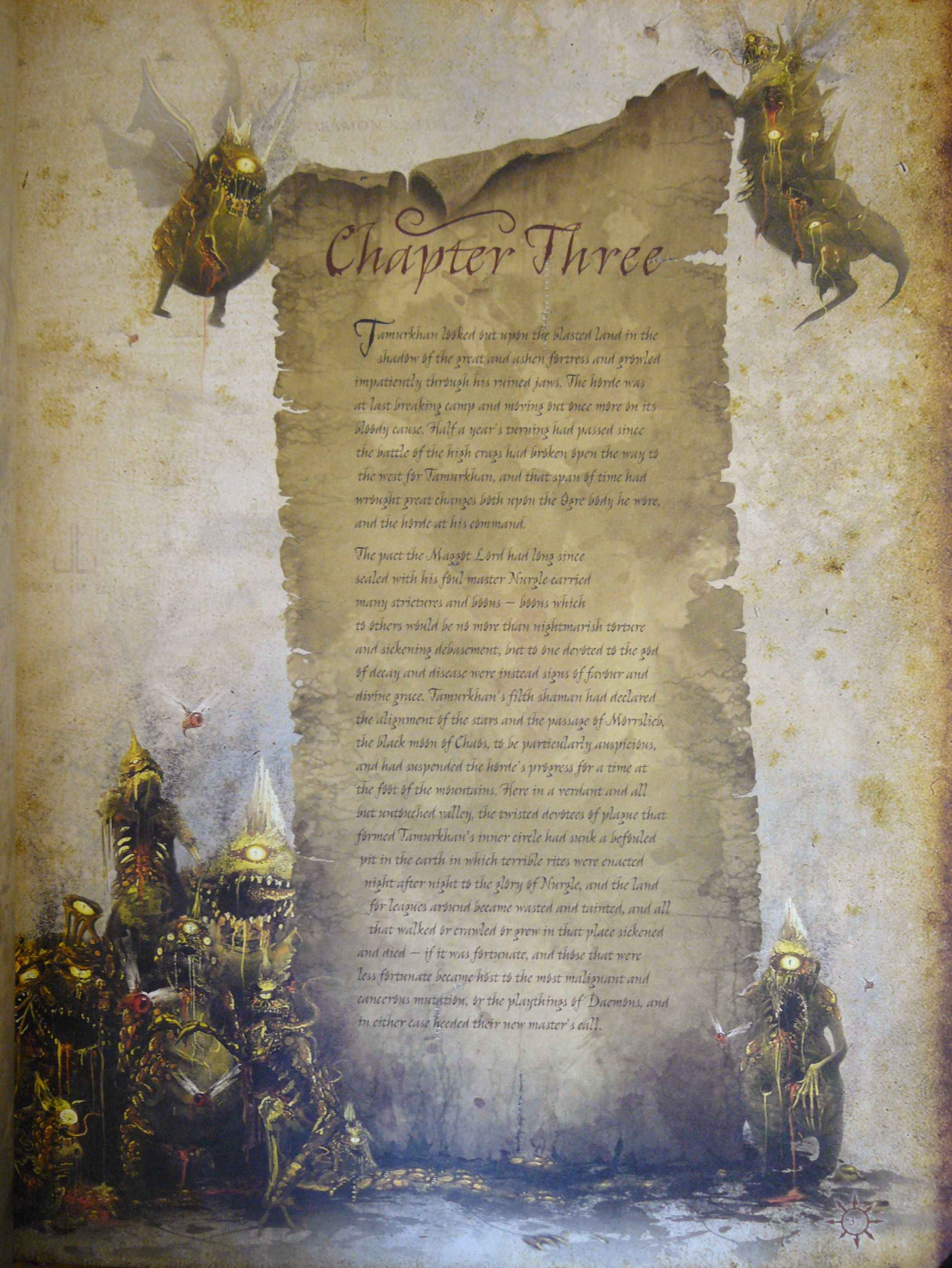
CROOKBACK
MOUNTAIN

MOUNT CHOL

THE DESOLATION
OF AZGORH

AND RIDGE MOUNTAIN

THE PLAIN OF BONE



Chapter Three

Tamurkhan looked out upon the blasted land in the shadow of the great and ashen fortress and growled impatiently through his ruined jaws. The horde was at last breaking camp and moving out once more on its bloody cause. Half a year's turning had passed since the battle of the high crags had broken open the way to the west for Tamurkhan, and that span of time had wrought great changes both upon the Ogre body he wore, and the horde at his command.

The pact the Maggot Lord had long since sealed with his foul master Nirzle carried many strictures and boons — boons which to others would be no more than nightmarish torture and sickening debasement, but to one devoted to the god of decay and disease were instead signs of favour and divine grace. Tamurkhan's filth shaman had declared the alignment of the stars and the passage of Morrslieb, the black moon of Chaos, to be particularly auspicious, and had suspended the horde's progress for a time at the foot of the mountains. Here in a vermin and all but untouched valley, the twisted devotees of plague that formed Tamurkhan's inner circle had sunk a befouled pit in the earth in which terrible rites were enacted night after night to the glory of Nirzle, and the land for leagues around became wasted and tainted, and all that walked or crawled or grew in that place sickened and died — if it was fortunate, and those that were less fortunate became host to the most malignant and cancerous mutations, or the playthings of Daemons, and in either case heeded their new master's call.

Pacts of Blood and Darkness



Those of the horde that did not share Nurgle's faith steered well clear of the noisome encampment of their leader at this time, and instead roamed the hill country nearby, foraging and culling the primal beasts that roamed the hills for meat, setting up store for the arduous and bleak lands they knew lay ahead. It was testament to the favour that the Dark Gods had shown Tamurkhan that when the year began to wane they returned once more to his banner when called, although reluctantly for the most part the lure of glory to come still weighed favourably with the Kurgan.

The winter had seen the Chaos host make its way along the grey river through league after league of rolling, barren hills caught between the mountains to the north and the trackless Haunted Forest to the south. They had battled their way through teeming Gnoblar swarms, gigantic black scorpions the size of watchtowers and a score of brutal Ogre tribes which had to be broken, driven off or overmatched in turn. Although given more open battlefields than before, none ever posed the threat that the Red Fist tribe had. The battles had been glorious and the Ogres a worthy foe, and many of the warriors of Chaos had seen transfiguration and blessing in the eyes of the Chaos Gods for their prowess and death toll, while others, dealt a ficker hand by the dark fates, now replenished the ranks of the war-spawn that thronged around the beast-born shrines to the Chaos Gods at the centre of the host. By the time the horde of the Maggot Lord

had reached where the great and polluted River Ruin cut across their path from north to south, marking the borders of the fabled Dark Lands, perhaps a little more than half of the original Kurgan warriors that had gathered to Tamurkhan's banners after the great battle of Zambaijin remained. His force though still numbered in the many thousands, and Beastmen and Giants now added to the ranks, as did Ogres, many of whom had taken on a terrible aspect.

It had pleased Tamurkhan to bring those of the Red Fist tribe that had bowed before him now he wore their dead Tyrant's body close into his circle, and he assuaged their hunger with gifts of the foulest and most decaying and corrupted meat, thus inducting them into the ways of the Great Plague Father. The change upon them had been profound, and mutation was rife — even these creatures so usually resistant to the touch of Chaos could not help but succumb to so concentrated and malignant a corruption. Whole regiments of Plague Ogres now fought alongside Tamurkhan, whose own stolen flesh had bloomed and rotted in turn, his features no more than a sagging ruined mass, while a single twisted and pustulant horn had sprung from his crown. It was this bloated and decaying figure, mounted as ever aback Bubebolos the Toad Dragon, that had confronted the Dark Empire of Zharr at the great river crossing over which, like an obsidian dagger thrust into the burning, smoke-laden skies, the Black Fortress of the Chaos Dwarfs stood sentinel.

THE CHAOS DWARFS

Malign, dark-souled and merciless, the Dwai Zharr or Chaos Dwarfs as they are known in legend to the other peoples of the world, are a warrior race of daemon-smiths and craftsmen, slavers and brutal killers who dominate the northern reaches of the Dark Lands and have done for thousands of years.

Long separated from their fading kin of the west, the Chaos Dwarfs have given themselves over to their dark master, and Chaos has worked subtle changes on their bodies, slowly mutating even the notoriously resilient Dwarfen physiology, inflicting twisted terrors on their minds and souls so that they have become a spite-filled and calculatingly cruel reflection of what they once were. The most extreme examples of this change can be found among the Sorcerer-prophets and Daemonsmiths who rule them, who must pay a heavy price for the power they gain from their dark god, and the grotesque and murderously bestial Bull Centaurs, mutated beyond almost all recognition and unmatched in savagery.

The centre of their power is Mingol Zharr Naggrund — the City of Fire and Desolation. It is a place of unimaginable suffering for the countless slaves of other races they use to fuel the turning of their ceaseless industry and to appease the appetites of their nightmarish god, Hashut the Father of Darkness. Their empire has come to encompass the vast fire-scorched volcanic plain of Zbarrduk at the heart of which Zharr Naggrund sits, and delves deep below the surface taking in countless miles of cavernous, magma-lit delvings, furnace chambers and hellish mine-works. For many miles around it the Plain of Zharr has

succumbed to the hand of the Chaos Dwarfs and it is littered with the scars of vast open mines, fiery rivers of lava, ash dunes and stagnant pools of foaming yellow and blood red alchemical spoil worse than the foulest natural poison. Far from dying away, the Chaos Dwarf empire is slowly and steadily expanding its influence and maintains several major outposts and fortified citadels in the southern Dark Lands, most notably the Tower of Gorgoth and the Black Fortress, although none could truly claim dominion over the shifting, desolate landscape of the Dark Lands, nor its monstrous inhabitants.

Unlike other Dwarfs the Chaos Dwarfs are deeply learned in the sorcerous arts, and have become obsessed with the control of hellish forces and the fires of the deep earth, combining the dark lore they have gleaned with an artisanship and skill for metalwork and industry undimmed from their ancient past. This has produced a bewildering variety of strange and infernal war-engines, daemon-bound weapons and deadly tools of war, many of which they have long traded for resources and captives to the Chaos-worshipping tribes of the northern wastes, but the greatest of their creations they have jealously guarded for themselves, and so decade after decade their power has grown. Deep within the Dark Lands, shielded by deadly mountain ranges and set amid desolation and the haunts of monstrous beasts, the empire of the Chaos Dwarfs has faded into legend to many in the Old World, but those forced to confront their implacable black-iron clad armies and savage engines know the truth. The day may yet come when the armies of dread Zharr-Naggrund march forth in force to crush the world beneath their heels.





*The Black Fortress
Bastion and Prison of the Legion of Azorah,
Throne of Power, Fire-pit of Hailua
- here Malice dwells in many a Withered Heart*

THE SONS OF FIRE

On the opposite bank of the river, across the shallow causeways that were the only place a force as large and unwieldy as Tamurkhan's horde might cross into the Dark Lands for many leagues, Lord Drazhoath the Ashen, master of the Black Fortress had drawn up his army. Here Tamurkhan's thousands were matched with rank after rank of compact regimented figures encased from head to toe in thick ornate armour woven from smouldering steel scales and thick blackened plates; brutal blades and strange ornate weapons beating a deadly rhythm in unison against brazen shields. All throughout their lines were batteries of nightmarish war engines, daemon fused cannon and gaping-mouthed mortars. At the flanks great mobs of Hobgoblin slave soldiers cowered and fretted under the cruel lashes of their overseers, ready to be spent as a living shield of blood and bone for their callous masters.

Tamurkhan knew that he had the power and might to force the crossing, even against the legendary wrath of the Chaos Dwarfs of Zharr Naggrund, the sheer fury and monstrous power of the horde would see to that, but the cost would be high indeed. As for the commander of the defending force, Drazhoath knew that he faced a battle of a kind unwitnessed in the land of Zharr since time

immemorial and his reason calculated the odds poorly in his favour. Yet even in the face of certain defeat Lord Drazhoath was unafraid – for he was of a race prouder and more stubborn than any upon the face of the world, and thus was his charge and the charge of all those consigned to garrison the mighty Black Fortress that marked the boundary of the Chaos Dwarf dominion – to fight and die with the breath of hatred upon their lips against the foes of Zharr Naggrund. Though death and destruction were inevitable, he would not disgrace the Chaos Dwarfs of Zharr nor sell cheaply the legacy of Hashut, his Father in Darkness. Each perhaps had the echo of some other outcome of the confrontation than mutual destruction in mind from the start, but first both pride and the desires of the Dark Gods must be borne. There would be blood.

For many hours the tide of Chaos crashed upon the army of the lords of Hashut. In wave after wave it advanced upon the thin line of Chaos Dwarfs only to be beaten back under a hail of arrows and gunfire. Strange missiles leapt from the Chaos Dwarf ranks and fell upon their enemies with great resounding crashes like thunder. Warriors and beasts were blown into so many pieces of shredded flesh and mangled iron or burned, the flames charring their flesh even under the waters of the black River Ruin. Yet, like the tide,



The Plain of Bone. Here the detritus of the Dead covers the earth as deep as desert sand, and the souls of the vanquished scream without rest or cease

the army of Tamurkhan came on relentlessly. As one warrior fell another stepped into his place and soon by storm and winged beast the supply trains of the army of Zharr began to come under attack from above. Rotting-wing corpse-vultures and daemon-furies struck from the skies, while sorcerous lightning arced down to burn and blast, causing powder kegs to erupt in lethal fireballs incinerating all around them. The dragon-rider Orhbal Vipergut led the aerial assault behind the Chaos Dwarf lines, scattering Hobgoblin caravan guards and butchering screaming slaves bound in their traces and unable to flee. Soon enough however, the Chaos Dwarfs' guns slowed and many were struck silent, their ammunition and powder spent.

Slowly the horde regrouped to renew the attack, and this time the Dolgan war mammoths were to lead the assault, and behind them heavily armoured Chaos knights and warriors were taking up key positions before the foe. The morning's battle had simply been a preliminary attempt to draw the enemy's fire. The Chaos Dwarfs had unknowingly wasted their cannons and powder on the most expendable parts of the horde: mutated cultists, wild monsters, savage or mindless spawn, and those so blessed by Chaos' corrupting touch they were glad to seek death rather than live another day. Of course some sacrifice had been necessary: thousands of Kurgan lay

dead or dying as well as hundreds of Tamurkhan's Plague Ogres. That the path to glory was awash with blood no one would ever deny.

Drazhoath the Ashen was neither fool, nor inexperienced as a general, and saw immediately the peril his forces were in. Swiftly he commanded a detachment of his Infernal Guard to hold the line until slain and ordered his fellow Daemonsmiths to work with fear and mind-clouding magics to hurl the Hobgoblin slave-soldiers at their command into the teeth of the foe to delay them while the greater and more valuable Chaos Dwarf force and its engines of war sought a retreat. The plan however did not survive the charge of the ground-shaking war mammoths across the causeway, and even the Infernal Guard could not hold back such a weight of muscle and fury and the centre of the line on the far bank was shattered in the huge beasts' first mighty assault. The retreat became a disarrayed rout, as the weapons of the Kurgan, fell mercilessly upon the Orcs and Hobgoblins who made up the greatest part of the slave army, and many more of the cowardly creatures died in the rush to escape as the panicked Hobgoblins fought and clawed over each other in their eagerness to flee. Those not trampled to death by their comrades were simply buried and suffocated in the press. Isolated blocks of Chaos Dwarfs stood their ground rather than face the ignominy of being cut down in flight, both at their war machines and in defensive squares of steel-shod warriors. They fought savagely and bravely, but they stood little chance as the horde washed over them. There was great slaughter on both sides, but soon the victory was Tamurkhan's, and Drazhoath, his Daemonsmiths and the core of his Legion made good their retreat, covered by a great cloud of ash and sulphurous darkness, back to the safety of the Black Fortress.

THE BARGAIN STRUCK

It was Sayl the Faithless, he of the twisted flesh and serpent's tongue, that was chosen as emissary in Tamurkhan's stead to deliver his word to the Chaos Dwarfs, now holed-up in their near-impregnable fortress — a great hollowed-out and sculpted mountain surrounded by cinder-pits where molten magma flowed like water at the whim of its masters. Sayl, who had by this time become the de-facto — if untrusted — leader of all within the horde who were not pledged to the Plague Lord, was some whispered a far from wise choice, but from Tamurkhan's view, no less than a quarrelsome if useful tool, and ultimately expendable should the Dwai Zharr choose to make a point of destroying him.

Tamurkhan's message to the Chaos Dwarf Lord was thus:

"Know that I Tamurkhan, son of the Great Kurgan, Master of Hosts, Bringer of Desolation, Champion of the Lord of Decay speak:

Would you Lord Drazhoath, perish knowing that your land will be despoiled and your fortress plundered?

By all witness of the Dark Gods you have fought with honour and brought glory to thy Master — now yield without shame. Our war is not with the Lords of Hashbut but with the lands of Men. Join us, grant us the blessing of steel and thy fell arts of war, and the spoils of victory shall fall to all alike.

As it has been before between the Kurgan and the sons of Zharr, let it be again and a pact struck between us."

Drazhoath heard these words and dismissed Tamurkhan's threat to the Black Fortress as an idle one, and yet all around the lands he



Wargear of the Chaos Dwarfs

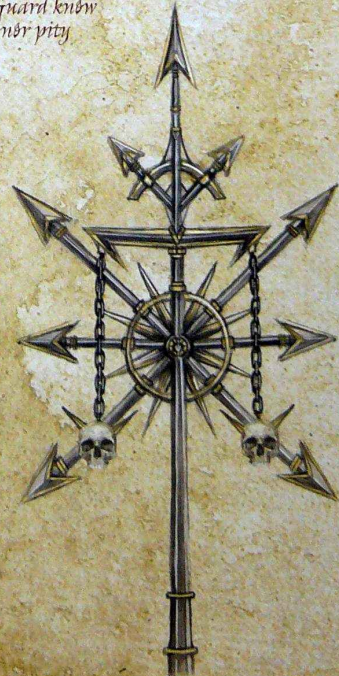
*The Bull of Hashut is their
battle standard and holy icon*



Beast Head Trophy



*The Infernal Guard know
neither fear nor pity*





*Daemondmirths craft elaborate
and individual helms and
armor for themselves,
enchaining them in macabrous
rituals of power*



*Hobgoblin
Backstabber*

*Peerless fabricators of weaponry,
the Chaff Dwarfs fashion their
arms and armor from black steel
and blood-forged grimmil, twisted
with runes of malice and hate*







had sworn to dominate were scourged, ravaged by the wolf now at his door — a calamity his brethren in distant Mingol Zharr Naggrund would not forgive. But his wicked heart leapt as he thought of the legendary riches of the west, of iron and stone and gemstones, of the plunder of slaves, of gold and flesh and blood. But most of all of the lore he might glean. For many years now stories had reached the dark empire of the Chaos Dwarfs of the powerful battle magic and war engines that had risen in the human lands of the west — tales spoken of by caravan-masters seeking to curry favour and confessions extorted under torture from captives and freshly bought slave stock. No doubt was in Drazhoath's mind that these purely human creations would prove inferior to the craftsmanship of the Daemonsmiths of Zharr, but there would be great merit in their measuring. Should he lead an expedition and match the might of his legion against the humans of the west in victory and take their secrets for his own, then among Hashut's dark priesthood his star would rise anew, and so the flames of glory to come were fanned in Drazhoath's cold and spiteful breast. None of this reasoning the lord of the Black Fortress allowed to slip before the baleful Chaos Sorcerer before him. Drazhoath would ensure the bargaining would prove long and arduous before at last a pact was sealed.

DEATH IN PAYMENT OF DEATH

The horde marched south-west under the guidance of Hobgoblin outriders where the horde encamped for three moons at a wide, long-disused mine known as *Ghulaktha* in the Chaos Dwarf tongue. Here by bloody battle (as a part of their bargain with the Chaos Dwarfs) they drove out the Black Orc tribe that had infested the ruins and set about ranging far and wide with great slaughter along the Scalded Delta, sending a steady stream of captives to the dark empire to the north. In return caravans pulled by strange, ash-blackened beasts and steaming, clanking machines the likes of which no Kurgan had ever seen arrived by night and day at *Ghulaktha* bearing bushels of weapons and darkly forged wargear to re-equip the horde. Without mercy or cease, deep within the bowels of the Black Fortress and the distant Tower of Gorgoth hellish furnaces which burned flesh and souls as much as coal and tinder, blazed and hammered and resounded with sacrificial screams as under Drazhoath's directions preparations were made for the Legion of Azgorh and its malevolent engines of war to go west with Tamurkhan's horde — not as followers, but allies against a chosen foe. The sworn pact was that for the aid of the Daemonsmiths' might in bringing down the great city, the Legion of Azgorh would in return have their pick of prisoners and battlefield plunder, and then would the bargain be complete.

As preparations were made for the journey west, and in honour of the bargain struck, Tamurkhan and his warriors joined in battle alongside the Legion of Azgorh against one of their most terrible and ancient foes, the Dragon Omdra the Dread. This monster of legend had stirred once more and soon its dominion carried across the northern Plain of Bones and its colossal black-winged shadow scattered all before it in nightmare and terror. No mere beast — however great its size — was Omdra, but an ancient and wicked creature with dark magics to match even the vaunted Sayl, and at whose inhuman will gargantuan Maw Wyrms rose up from the black sands to give battle alongside packs of wanton and hungry Crypt Ghouls, to whom the dragon was no less than a god, and threw themselves with savage piety against the Kurgan. In this battle were thousands slain, both Kurgan and Chaos Dwarf together, and here did the Great Chaos Spawn Garth'grak fall, and even mighty Bubebolos suffered grievous wounds as the Nightmare Dragon and its servants ambushed the horde's main column in the





*Some Nightmares slumber but lightly, knowing neither Death nor Diminishing, and arise to mock
the Petty Powers of such mortals who dare to think themselves Lords of the World*



dead of night. At great cost in blood and sorcery was the Dragon-god herself gravely injured and driven away to slumber beneath the bones of her dead kin, her threat to the Desolation of Azgorh broken — at least for a time. In return for this effusion of slaughter on their behalf, the servants of Hashut honoured Tamurkhan with the gift of a war-axe fit to his stature, a darkly enchanted blade to replace the Tyrant's which had shattered in the granite-hard skull of a Maw Worm in battle. Also, at Tamurkhan's behest, they took the near hundred Giants that still fought with the horde and worked their arts of forge-craft and sorcery on them, encasing them in plated iron and fitting them with great hooked blades and picks, the better to scale and sunder the fortifications the horde must face when it reached its destination.

THE STORM APPROACHES

Soon however, Tamurkhan grew impatient to move onwards, wary that his horde's numbers were steadily bleeding away, battle by battle, and conscious too that the omens were beginning to turn against him. Dark rumours and whispered words born upon wings of sorcery from a thousand leagues northward spoke that other forces even now assailed the Empire, and other mighty champions clamoured for the Dark Gods' attention with their great and terrible deeds. Even within his own ranks, while his might remained unquestioned as did Tamurkhan's devotion to the Father of Decay, some spoke of the changes recently wrought upon his stolen Tyrant's body, and that they were perhaps a mark that the Plague God's judgement — either for ascension or destruction — was soon to be at hand. Great had been Tamurkhan's glory, for he had carved a trail of desolation across half the world it seemed. He had led the horde where warlords before him had feared to tread and the number of bodies that lay at his feet could not easily be counted, but the city of thrice-cursed Magnus he had promised the Dark Gods, he had yet to deliver.

At last in a council of war Tamurkhan declared the time had come to render up a final victory to the Chaos Gods, and the horde of the Maggot Lord set forth once again westward where they meant to cross the Worlds Edge Mountains at Death Pass, which was both the closest route and at that time the least opposed crossing, great armies of Orcs and Skaven having fought each other to near annihilation in battle to control it in recent years. With the lands of the west so close now, and the horde having slaughtered and slain its way so far, fresh impetus and vigour filled the horde as it crossed the Dark Lands in the shadow of the Ash Ridge Mountains and all were driven before it, Tamurkhan's savage legend having become common currency among the misshapen Ghouls-kin, brutal Orcs and predatory Hobgoblins that lived in the western Dark Lands. At the entrance to the wide pass they were met by a full third of the strength of the Legion of Azgorh, the serried regiments of the Infernal Guard waiting lockstep for them with Drazhoath himself at their command, mounted upon a great burning beast like a winged bull. With them were drawn up strange iron and bronze engine caravans, half supply train and half war machine, driven forward by steam-hissing wheeled carriages they called Iron Daemons. They were a bizarre and frightening sight to behold.

They drove on to the Death Pass all but unopposed, its denizens skulking terrified in the shadows at the baleful sight of the great horde and the smoke belching armoured column that ran beside it. So it was that in the dying time of summer in the year 2510 of the Imperial Reckoning that like the wrath of a terrible and despoiling god, the horde of Tamurkhan fell upon the unprepared lands of the Border Princes.



Such carnage have Blind Eyes seen, such carnage as they shall see again

All around him the hellish din of battle resounded, the ground shook and trembled and he felt every shock transmitted up through the hocks of his war horse, shuddering his spine. Every bone in his body sang with pain and his armour weighed him down as heavy as his sins, but beneath his visor his teeth were bared in a feral smile.

"Hell this may be," Liecpold thought with bitter joy, "but it's the hell I was born for!"

His horse pranted hollowly as he directed it with spur and knee into a sudden rearing turn, noting calmly with one part of his mind that its nasp indicated just how close to collapse even this magnificent beast was. It was little surprise; they had been caught up for more than an hour in a morning battle and he'd no time to gain a fresher mount — if any such lived.

The dark knight came out of the bloody mist of the battlefield like a vision of death incarnate: grotesquely fashioned armour covered in clotted gore and grave mould, the half-helmed face a seething mass of eyes and rancid boils, its cadaverous horse's death-grin lathered in greenish foam. Without conscious thought Liecpold brought up what was left of his shield, the lower half having been ripped away by a Minotaur's axe-blow, and turned the slashing scimitar blade deftly, bringing up his own sword, no matter the protesting lead that seemed to be moving through his veins.

He saw the Chass Warrior's dozen eyes flicker in shock as Liecpold's own burning black sword hovered into view and the mercenary general allowed himself a brief moment of satisfaction as the rotting knight was shown into pieces, mottled head, sword arm and torso falling in separate directions underneath his ensorcelled blade's sting.

Off ahead in the mists something hulking and half-seen reared up as high as a church-steeple and opened a circular maw of serrated tusks, drowning out the battle with its distressingly human scream.

"Sigmar take this!" He spat through his visor and wheeled his lurching horse away from whatever the thing was.

A crackle of gunfire, depressingly sparse to his ears, led him back to a score of his own men, still formed in a square and firing. He recognized one of the petty nobles from Tannulder Key with them, pistols held limply in his hands, and trailing behind him, a terrified looking white charger.

The men cheered when they saw him, easily identifiable in his sable and gilt armour, not matter how battered and scored it had recently become. Their cheers though sounded more of desperation than pride.

Liecpold struggled from his flapping mount, which wandered drunkenly away as soon as it was free of him, flung off his dented helm and cast down his ruined shield.

"Hold fast lads!" he shouted before the pale-faced young noble could form words, "Redeye's column is coming right up behind you to press the blade home! We've held them lads, we've matched them!"

Somewhere in the darkness was the sound of heavy, regimented marching, and with it the grinding clank of metal — but not from behind them.

Liecpold took the reins of the man's horse with a sardonic smile and was on the steed in a trice, raw fear lending him a fresh surge of strength, not that his face or voice betrayed it.

"I'll bring them up to you, just stand your ground and the day is ours. Sigmar and Shallja are with you! Victory, victory and gold!" He cried in a voice resounding in fire and confidence, and they even cheered again while the young noble just looked up at him, a mute spectator to his own demise.

Stupid, dead, fools.

He kicked his spurs to the charger and she flew, as eager to be far away and put the stench of blood and terror behind her as Liecpold was.

The mist closed round him as he heard the distant scatter of gunfire answered by a bellowing, blood-curdling cry.

The sound of metal on metal became dimmer and more distant, the screams fading as he rode away.

SUNDERED KINGDOMS

Life within the Border Princes is hard and full of danger, and yet the coming of the Chaos horde of Tamurkhan was a disaster unlike anything these hardscrabble lands had seen for centuries. After their long travail and the hardships they had endured in the Dark Lands, the Kurgan, Ogres and foul beasts within it looked upon the rolling green downs and tangled, verdant forests before them and had never before seen a land so rich and ripe for despoil, and they fell upon it like starving jackals set loose in a sheepfold. All but uncontrollable in their frenzy, the horde broke up almost at once into a thousand independent bands that ravaged all before them like a wildfire, drowning one petty kingdom after another in its own blood and leaving all barren and blasted in their wake, great heaps of bodies mounded beneath gristly standards where any had the temerity to stand before them. Vastly outnumbered and outmatched, even the largest and most militarily capable alliance of baronies and principalities, the so-called 'Confederation of the Eagle' whose army of skilled and veteran mercenaries met the oncoming horde under the generalship of Lietpold the Black — an infamous self-sword general of great renown — could not slow let alone stop the horde. The human army, comprised of armoured knights and well-disciplined pikemen was crushed utterly, and the fleeing saviours ridden down by death-hungry Kurgan, Lietpold being almost alone in escaping the field, albeit at the expense of his own troops' horrific demise.

It was only after weeks of slaughter and destruction that Tamurkhan's outriders, by messages both of command and unveiled threat, were able to bring back the horde, now in good spirits after the carnage they had wrought, back to heel and under his control. By the time this was done, the heart had been torn from the Border Princes and it had suffered a cataclysm that would not see its population recover

for nearly a generation, and unquiet and vengeful spirits haunted its downs instead. Not all of the horde did return to his command, some small bands and vile beasts, tiring of Tamurkhan's yoke, fled to the Border Princes hinterlands and trouble its successors to this day.

Restoring order in the host cost Tamurkhan and his chieftains valuable time, and meanwhile the Legion of Azgorh, which had seen its own rich pickings and already begun despatching trains of captives and plunder back to the Dark Lands, proved infuriatingly difficult for Tamurkhan to hurry, as he himself seemed to his followers less human and less sane with each passing day. Sayl the Faithless counselled speed, lest the Empire of Men know their danger and block the passes over the Black Mountains against them, and yet he seemed to frustrate his stated goal at every turn, allowing his Dolgans to wreak havoc ever further afield despite pretence to unite them once more.

Matters worsened as without warning hurricane storms rolled in from the mountains, driving sheets of rain that turned the downs into sodden quagmires of mud, while the voices of hungry spirits in the winds howled between the peel of thunder. Day after day the storm went on unabated, unnatural and horrific in its intensity, driving Chimera and other fell creatures down from the heights to rip apart fleeing refugees and their pursuers, driven mad by the ceaseless hammering of the rains and the unearthly howling on the wind. News reached Tamurkhan that Black Fire Pass was awash with a flood like a great cataract and there was no way the land-machines of the Chaos Dwarfs could hope to attempt its crossing, even if hauled bodily by the great beasts and Giants at the horde's despoil. Tamurkhan raged murderously, lashing out at his own followers and raving that he heard the laughter of the Dark Gods in the storm's voice.

It was Lord Drazhoath who unexpectedly provided a solution, in collating such scorched books and blood-stained parchments as his forces uncovered from their path of destruction, he had learned of a pass named in some texts as the Winters Teeth. Splintered and inhospitable it was said to have been the site of Dwarf mines and citadels long since abandoned, and the pass itself was all but forgotten, but it offered an alternate route further west that might allow them to cut up into the belly of the Empire from an unexpected quarter. The unnatural storm lessened in its intensity the further west it went, and when war parties sent to scout the pass vowed it all but untouched by the havoc that rained down, Tamurkhan immediately seized upon it and set the drums of the horde beating in frenzied motion. The acolytes of Nurgle, joyful in their suffering of the agues and miasmas that the foul weather brought them and inviolate in their faith in the Maggot Lord, answered the call keenly but others did not. Many of the ever superstitious Kurgan saw the unnatural storm as a sign of the Dark Gods' disfavour. Others muttered yet that the lands westward lay open and ripe for the taking and were yet untouched by the despoiling horde. Those champions who did not embrace the Plague God demanded the omen's meaning — Sayl threw burning runes of prophecy across lattices of boiling elf-marrow, all presaging disaster and death. When informed of these omens, Drazhoath merely smiled coldly and turned away while Tamurkhan would have none of such predictions, his fate, his glory was but a handful of footsteps away. After all, Tamurkhan declared, the vanguard that breached the pass reported only some scattered resistance from black-cowled Goblins that fled in panic when confronted by the Kurgans' bared blades. They had sent such weaklings to flight and slaughter many times before. Why should they fear them now?

THE BORDER PRINCES

The Border Princes are a disparate and ever-shifting collection of petty kingdoms, rough-hewn territories and principalities that lay to the south of the Empire. Given no overall state or control, power in these renegade territories depends both on the sword and the strength of those that wield it, and the shifting web of alliance and feud between its colonies and denizens is all but incomprehensible to outsiders. Although its hardy inhabitants are primarily human, both greenskins as well as darker forces hold sway here, while the threat of rampaging monsters from the mountains and Orc raids from the Badlands to the south is constant. The exact rulership and size of any domain within it is in a constant state of flux. This is held testament to by the fact that the land is littered with the wreckage of fallen watchtowers and overgrown settlements that have failed, often dying by violence rather than slow decay. Despite the many hardships, privations and dangers of life in the Border Princes, this lawless frontier of human civilisation remains an irresistible draw to many in the Empire, and indeed in Tilea and Bretonnia, for it offers freedom from oppression, outlawry and discrimination in their homeland. Thus are the Border Princes a haven for disinherited noblemen, defeated claimants to title and land, the bastard-born and criminal, as well as mercenaries and outcasts of all stripes from strange cults to peasant families fleeing a life of servitude and chattelage.



VAULTS

Karak Izor

Lidestrom River

Kharos Forest

The Shattered Teeth

Dead Man's Vale

Black Lake

LAST HOPE

The Desolation of
Dead Coast

Principality
of
Starosio

Lost Khronia

Lost Khronia

Lamoria

Barony
of
Mirasino

THE BLACK GULF

Five Fingers
Ores

BORDER

Chapter Four

The great horde of Tumerikhan ascended the southern sides of Winters Teeth Pass, and the chill of the high mountains quickly fell upon them, a cold mist clinging to the shadowed sides of the near-vertical network of wide ravines that awaited them after the steep, central, zigzag pathway that rose up from the forest below. As the footfalls of thousands quickly scattered the upper layer of detritus and forged through gnarled underbrush, the truth of Lord Druzhnath's lore became apparent. This indeed was no natural terrain feature, but one heavily worked and augmented in ancient days — a great thoroughfare intended for trains of caravans and wagons. The artisanship of the Dwarfs that had carved it had stood the test of time, long after its creators had perished and their kinfolk had retreated to a few scattered refuges. The great bulk of the Korym and the Ogres went first, clearing the way, bringing up war mammoths to shift aside boulders where they had fallen from on high. Behind them came the disciplined engine-trains of the Chads Dwarfs like great black-iron serpents, hissing steam and scolding ash and smoke into the frigid air, flanked by implacable columns of heavily armored Infernal Guard, watching warily their masters' works and taking to the strain of the climb and the relentless pace the horde's vanguard set without discernible effort. Some distance beyond them came the rest of the horde in snarling, snapping and fractious disorder — beasts and mutants, heretics and hulking ministers too large and too dangerous to be allowed anywhere near the rest in such tight confines, trailing back for more than a league, like a dark stain in the land.

Yellow Eye
Goblins

Death from the Darkness



Once they had attained the high pass through the Black Mountains, the going grew easier as the pass was far more level than might have been imagined, and high above them the peaks and rock faces were crowned with effigies of ancient Dwarf ancestor gods, heroes and runic inscriptions, weathered by time and the fury of the elements, but far from erased. Setting a brutal pace, by midday the foremost warriors soon found themselves marching through recently abandoned encampments and litter piles at the open mouths of caves. Foul and unkempt, they showed clear signs of Goblin-kind as their makers, and many of the campfires at their fore still smoked and the stench of charred flesh hung upon the air. Further on, the Kurgan came across the remains of their own kind — those riders that had scouted ahead of the horde and not returned. They passed the grisly mutilated bodies of former comrades staked or hung beside the path where the pitiless greenskins had left them to be found while heat-cracked human and horse bones littered throughout the campfires spoke of the fate of others. At these crude barbarities the Kurgan laughed, for they honoured the Dark Gods and had seen far worse in their time — indeed had done worse themselves. The Chaos Dwarfs were indifferent, their demeanour neither heightened nor dimmed by the findings, and as for the Ogres, the scent of burning flesh merely stirred their famously insatiable appetites and made them only more impatient for battle.

The sun was past its zenith, and the high pass taken in by gathering shadow when the horde first sighted the enemy. Flitting small shapes moved along the ridges and Dwarf workings above the pass, sometimes taking pot-shots at the passing column with their crude bows, but never closing with the horde completely. In response their shots were answered by desultory arrow-fire in return, but whenever an enraged force broke off from the horde to chase them, the shadowy figures melted away, leaving only the echoes of their mocking laughter.

THE SERPENT SEVERED

As the hours progressed towards true nightfall the horde's casualties started to mount, but Tamurkhan ordered the horde onward still — he would brook no delays now he was so close to his prey, and pushed his host on until they had reached a point where the ancient maps they followed described a wide shoulder of the mountain, its surface hammered flat, where it might be possible for the horde to encamp with some measure of cohesion and security before the sun's setting. So it was that after a day of almost continuous harassment the forward column of the horde turned into the shadowed vale beneath the high peaks and was faced by a vast sea of black cloth and leering green faces spread across the wide, stony expanse, lurid banners flapping and snapping in the chill wind. The Night Goblins had waited for the Chaos force to reach a point where there was room enough for its massed tribes to deploy their numbers. Not only did the greenskins' battle-line spread across the valley edge-to-edge, perhaps as much as a league across, behind it stretched a mass of shifting darkness as far as the eye could see. Shrouded by the setting sun, the immense forms of mountain Giants and hulking spiders the size of mill-wheels, their many-faceted eyes glittering malevolently in the dark, towered over the Night Goblins below them.

As Tamurkhan fixed the foe with his ogre's cataract-white eyes he knew that many more Night Goblins were likely to be lurking in adjoining caverns and hidden dens within the peaks ready to spring

upon the flanks and rear of his warriors once battle had been joined. Night Goblins were wicked and cowardly creatures that would not have dared to bar his path, even in such numbers, unless the spite-filled warbosses that led them felt assured of some chance of victory. That they believed this was the case now, against so mighty and terrible a force as his host, spoke either of mass insanity on their part or some dark scheme he could not yet see.

The Night Goblins did not attack immediately, but instead stamped and clashed their weapons, screaming and howling taunts from across the barren space, clearly waiting for the horde to make the first move. Tamurkhan used this pause to swiftly dispatch orders to his commanders and array his vanguard into battle order, sending word along the long line behind him that battle was about to be joined and warnings of imminent ambush. He summoned both Sayl the Faithless and Kayzk the Befouled to his side, while Orhbal flew high above the horde in an effort to gain the measure of their foe and any trickery they had planned. The Kurgan were eager to spill blood however, and the tainted Ogres more so, and soon, by order or not, the horde would make its assault, and would not be held back, bridling as it was for carnage after long hours of being taunted and picked at by the Night Goblins hidden in the heights.

No sooner had Kayzk's pestilent and reeking form reached his warlord's banner, and with Sayl yet far behind in the column of march, did Tamurkhan's own Plague Ogres break from the ranks and tumble headlong at the enemy, bellowing and frothing in their rage. At the sight of this a great roar went up from the horde and scattered bands of Kurgan Marauders joined the charge, along with a maddened pack of mutant warhounds three-score strong that fought loose of their keepers and leapt slaving at the foe, swiftly outpacing the Plague Ogres with their long, loping strides. Knowing that the disordered charge would lead to disaster for the horde, Tamurkhan, roaring in rage, was forced to sound the general attack, the blaring cry of war mammoth-tusk horns momentarily drowning out even the din of the Kurgans' war-cries. The mighty drums struck up in their wake pounded a rapid beat and the horde lurched forward, hoof beats and thousands of heavy footfalls echoing like a rolling peel of thunder and kicking up great clouds of dust in the cold air. With the horsemen and hounds taking the lead, Tamurkhan himself led the centre of the advance, surrounded by the rust and filth spattered ranks of Chaos Warriors and a great fly swarm — an eternal accompaniment to the armies of Nurgle — rose before them like an angry black cloud, casting a shadow across the valley floor. The great mass of the Night Goblin army wavered and rippled in fear at the sight of what confronted them, but they held together, bristle jagged spear-points levelled before them, partly supported by their own numbers and the prisoning rock walls to either side. With the advance half way to the enemy, boulders and long spears, and even more bizarrely, ragged, winged shapes which proved to be screaming Night Goblins bound to crude winged harnesses, began to be flung wildly out at the Chaos horde, propelled by ramshackle contraptions hidden in the mass of the Night Goblins' rear ranks. Many of these projectiles fell short or careened off the rock walls, but such was the number of the onrushing horde that many found their mark regardless of the greenskins' poor aim, and men and horses alike were brutally impaled, crushed to bloody pulp or cut down by spinning fragments in their headlong charge. As the ground was closed by the horde, cloud after cloud of black-fletched arrows

THE NIGHT GOBLINS

Goblin-kind has long spread across the face of the world as a verminous stain, despoiling and devouring, and preying on anything weaker than themselves where they can. They are also highly adaptable creatures and down the ages isolated tribes of Goblins have diverged into 'sub-breeds' (some would say devolved into them), distinct from their more commonplace scavenging kin. The most widespread, successful and feared of these subspecies are the Night Goblins. They are strange, spiteful and vicious creatures, considered insane even by the pitifully low standards of their kind.

Adapted to dwelling in the lightless depths of their underground lairs, Night Goblins have developed a strong aversion to sunlight that leads them to habitually wear dark hoods and cloaks to keep off the rays of the sun, and all the better to crawl and skulk unseen in their subterranean realms. As such they prefer to move

around at night and usually hide away during the day, sometimes welling up from the deep places under cover of darkness to conduct brief but brutal raids on the surface, stealing away livestock and prisoners for their larders — human children being a particular favourite as the folklore of many lands such as the Empire and Bretonnia will attest. Although scrawny and gangrenous looking things under their stained and blackened robes, Night Goblins nevertheless can be both sly and quick-footed, and while as cowardly as the rest of their kind, they find strength in numbers and can overwhelm more skilled and powerful fighters by swamping them in combat and dragging them down to be hacked and stabbed with merciless delight. They are also infamous for the use of bizarre and strange weaponry and tactics — often fuelled by the over-use of powerful fungus-brewed poisons and hallucinogens which their shaman and the petty warlords who lead them use to instil some spite and fury in their forces. Also counted within their numbers are infamous drug-frenzied

ball-and-chain wielding fanatics who hurl themselves at the enemy in a whirling frenzy of death. Alongside these fight weird barely controlled fungus-beasts known as 'squigs' which are used as suicide weapons and haphazard mounts along with mutated and gigantic spiders coaxed up from the deep caverns.

It would be easy to underestimate the threat posed by the Night Goblins to the other peoples of the world, but the truth hidden in the dark reaches beneath its surface is that they swarm and multiply by the tens of thousands, if not in the millions, and were they somehow united they would perhaps soon overwhelm the kingdoms above. For countless years they have fought an unending battle for control of the undermountains and deeps with the Skaven and the Dwarfs, as well as far worse denizens of the lightless depths. This warfare, as well as their own cutthroat treachery and rampant infighting, creates a continuous attrition that has kept their numbers below epidemic proportions. But despite the never-ending death-toll they endure, their domain has slowly and cancerously spread down the centuries. Already much of what was once the great Dwarf realm of holds along the Worlds Edge Mountains is now theirs, and their foul nests can be found dotted from the trackless peaks of the Vaults, to the frozen rocky wastelands of Norsca, to the edge of the ash-strewn Dark Lands and the borders of far Khemri.





went up from the Night Goblins, and the carnage in the pass was doubled, and suddenly intensified as shaman cast spells that began to crackle and spatter amongst the charging Kurgan. Curious green lights played upon the Chaos Marauders and many were suddenly cast to the ground and crushed beneath the invisible weight of powerful magic. Their forces much thinned by the onslaught, the Kurgan slammed into the Night Goblin horde and the entire black-clad mass seemed to shudder and quake as the line of battle quickly became a swirling melee of blood, dust and iron, stabbing spear points and hacking axe blades rising and falling in frenzied savagery. Insane spinning figures lurched clear of the crush almost drunkenly carried along by the momentum of blood-spattered weighted balls and chains. Tamurkhan's own sledgehammer-column of Nurgle-blessed warriors thundered to the fore and behind them more and more warriors were pouring into the gap the charging vanguard had left in their wake — for there were thousands more eager to do battle in the name of the Chaos Gods and prove themselves in their dark master's eyes.

Bubebolos fell upon the Night Goblins with a cascade of rancid breath that momentarily stunned the greenskins and drove them back in terror, the Maggot Lord spurring his mount onward into them. Tamurkhan's blade swept out in swooping arcs, cleaving heads from bodies as Bubebolos' jaws seized mouthfuls of his enemies and spat out their mangled bodies. Others the Toad

Dragon simply stepped on and crushed beneath his incomparable bulk while Tamurkhan gutted a mountain Giant and yanked out fistfuls of its innards as bloated carrion flies swarmed into its body, devouring it from within as it wailed its piteous death cry.

Without warning, the mountains themselves shuddered as strange green lightning flashed high above the battle. An instant later a colossal grinding sound vibrated through the fabric of the world, momentarily stilling the frenzied battle and causing beast, warrior and greenskin alike to stumble and fall. High above at the entrance to the valley and at a dozen other narrow places along the pass, vast slabs of rock and ancient Dwarf statuary untouched by time slowly shuddered into motion and began with almost galling slowness to slip from their foundations and tumble with cataclysmic force into the pass below. Hundreds were annihilated in the blinking of an eye and within moments the great serpent of the Chaos horde had been severed into a dozen pieces, all writhing in shock at what had been wrought upon them. Vast billowing clouds of choking dust rolled through the pass and scores of Night Goblins and brutish Stone Trolls emerged from their concealment in the wake of the earth-shaking attack and fell upon the horde screeching and screaming in drug-induced madness and gnawing horror. Where there had once been a single great clash, now a dozen smaller battles were joined, split over mile after mile of the snaking pass. Tamurkhan's horde now faced its most dire trial yet.

THE FEASTERS FROM THE DEPTHS

Away from the front line Sayl the Faithless had been trapped with the advance party of the Chaos Dwarf contingent as the mountains fell within a narrow stretch of the pass surrounded by the remnants of high sided citadels. No sooner had the pall of dust settled and the screams of the crushed and broken died away then the attack began. A shower of black-flighted arrows flew down from the heights above, while from the rock walls about the pass, further deep rumbles emanated.

Pack-beasts howled and slave bearers shuddered and fell as arrows sunk into their hides, but against the Chaos Dwarf Infernals, who swiftly fell into square defensive formations, the hail of missiles did little. A few shots inevitably found their mark, but they were few indeed, for their Chaos Dwarf-made armour was close-fitting with barely a chink between overlapping plates.

Quickly, from behind the spreading dust, screaming steam like the death-cries of damned souls, an Iron Daemon engine hove into view dragging behind it a double carriage train, one of fuel and the other a heavy tubular cannon around which a trio of Hellsmiths were hurriedly chanting and spraying boiling hot blood from golden thuribles onto its bell-like casing. The clanking and hissing machine quickly became the favoured target of the unseen archers in the heights, and the enemy fired their arrows as hastily as they could, but the Iron Daemon thundered forward undaunted, shaking clear of the rubble and debris to take up the rear of a now triangular formation of Chaos Dwarf warriors, into the centre of which Sayl retreated with his own bodyguard-thing, the chattering Chaos Spawn Nightmaw stumbling and rolling along behind him. No sooner had Sayl gained the centre of the formation than the import of the ominous rumbling noises bore fruit, and ancient stone doors swung slowly open and here and there in places the stony ground fell away to reveal wide passageways into the earth. These, like the now gaping entrances into the mountainside, were ancient Dwarf works, utterly undetectable until revealed, and they were now controlled by far fouler masters than their creators. Unfolding like nightmarish, oversized parodies of men crafted from pallid blue-grey flesh and warty scales, Stone Trolls surged from the blackness within the mountains. There were scores of the huge creatures, their yellow eyes rolling crazily in their lumpen heads and their faces splitting in moon-wide grins of hunger. Behind them the black-shrouded figures of Night Goblins teamed and swarmed forth like rats, their wicked knives flashing in their hands. Gunfire crackled from the Chaos Dwarf ranks striking down dozens as they poured forth from their tunnels, but the ambush was well planned, and the distance between the combatants too close for the assault to be halted in time. In seconds the battle was joined, and a bloody, chaotic melee ensued, the lumbering trolls and gibbering Night Goblins surrounding and engulfing the far outnumbered defenders. With pitiless savagery the Chaos Dwarf Infernals cut down their foes, hacking and slashing through the Night Goblins, smashing them down and crushing their squealing bodies underfoot. The Infernals trusted to their own great resilience and the strength of their hell-forged armour to protect them from the frenzied press of bodies and stabbing blades, and although some fell, dagger-points finding eye-slits, carnage was wrought on the attacking Goblins by the cruel warriors of the Black Fortress. The Stone Trolls however, offered a far graver threat. The dull-witted but brutal creatures wielded crude mauls and double-handed axes with incredible strength that were able to pulverise even the heavily armoured Chaos Dwarfs with a clean strike, while the wounds they received in return fused close with frightening speed

THE WARLORDS OF THE HORDE

The horde of Tamurkhan the Maggot Lord was, like many of its kind, made up of not only its master's personal disciples and sworn warriors, but also scores of smaller warbands and Champions of Chaos drawn to Tamurkhan's standard by the Maggot Lord's strength and the promise of victory. Foremost of these was the Dolgan, Sayl the Faithless, who men called the Twisted Seer of the Wastes, a sorcerer whose power and skill for treachery had already made him a dark legend in the north long before Tamurkhan's horde was formed, and Kayzk the Befouled, master of the Rot Knights whose slaughters in the name of their patron Nurgle were innumerable. In addition to these most infamous war leaders were others such as the Dragon Rider Orhbal Vipergut, the insane Gulvah Crowclaw, false prophet to hundreds of screaming mutant cultists, and the beast master Hu'll Dreth, whom legend had it had once been one of the storied Truthseers of Albion before the venom of Chaos seeped into his soul and corrupted his flesh. Each sought their own personal glory and advancement, as well as the chance to conquer and destroy in the name of their Dark Gods; their loyalty to Tamurkhan holding true only so long as their ambition would allow and the Maggot Lord's strength and favour in the eyes of the gods remained strong.



as was the gift of their monstrous kind. Where the Stone Trolls attacked in number, the Infernals' lines began to buckle and fray, and even though some of the bestial trolls were cut down or hacked apart and dismembered beyond even their abilities of regeneration, Chaos Dwarfs lay shattered and slain in their wake and the teeming Night Goblins — still spilling in great number from beneath the earth — rushed in to press the advantage.

Surrounded suddenly and fighting for his life, Sayl the Faithless, greatly wroth that his vaunted seer-craft had failed him, was consumed by rage and drew upon the powers of Chaos with wild abandon, channelling his sorcerous might into blinding blasts of incandescent lightning which rippled like a scythe through the Night Goblins and turned even the hulking Stone Trolls to charred skeletons despite their legendary resistance to witchery. About the Chaos Sorcerer, trailing its own web of smoky shadow capered and snapped Nightmaw, its mangled, shifting limbs plucking screaming greenskins within range of its three greedy maws which snickered and flashed almost too fast to see, sending up a mist of blackish-red blood around it.

The Iron Daemon ground once more into motion and dragged unknown numbers of Night Goblins to their deaths beneath its wheels and against the many barbs and blades that adorned it. The hellish machine's cannonades fired, shredding Troll and Night Goblin apart before it in a welter of gore, and the war machine seemed to howl and roar like a living thing at the slaughter it wrought. In answer, a weird whistling double cry echoed around the press of the pass, and in hearing it the Night Goblins answered with whoops and shrill cries of their own as from a vast yawning gateway in the mountainside two freakish and enormous creatures half-crawled, half-bounded into view. Even Sayl the Faithless was momentarily struck aghast for he had never before seen their like. They were colossal pumpkin-like things with rubbery fungoid flesh of unwholesome yellow-flecked scarlet. Their bodies were swollen like rotting heads, with slaying slit-mouths filled with sword-length fangs as wide as a tower-gate. Even as Sayl watched he saw the first of the hulking monsters throw itself heedlessly into the press of the battle, uncaring whether it crushed friend or foe beneath its bulk, its impossibly wide mouth working hungrily, devouring fangs dragging out screaming-rasps of tortured metal as they pierced and severed its steel-plated prey. Beneath the onslaught of the colossal things, one of the Infernal regiments disintegrated in bloody mayhem, collapsing one point of the defensive triangle, its survivors overwhelmed and dragged down as they attempted to flee the all-devouring monsters behind them.

Sayl retreated, coughing blood and crackling with stray discharges of power from his sorcerous exertions, Nightmaw carving a path for him as he sought refuge, putting the smoke-spitting and gore-spattered Iron Daemon and its carriage train between him and the twin feasters from beneath the earth.

As he did so, the Hellsmiths atop the weapons carriage spun the blackened-bronze cannon to face its target, twisting runes and sigils glowing white hot, swimming and flowing like water across its tarnished surface. A single, thunderous report sounded and a mighty bolt of molten fire flew from the muzzle and struck the foremost of the monsters, blasting it apart in a sheet of ichor and flaming grue like a hammer-struck rotten fruit. The thing's huge carcass rolled sideways and seemed to deflate as it fell, spilling a slew of its undigested victims into the dust and crushing a dozen greenskins

unlucky enough to be caught in its way. The Hellsmiths on the magma-cannon carriage had little time to celebrate their victory however as they frantically sought to reload as the second terror was upon them. The Iron Daemon shuddered to turn away, but a shrill hiss of escaping pressure foretold the lurching stop that was to follow as the carriages suddenly shunted into one another with bone-breaking force, and the monster was upon them. Smashing into the gun carriage, there was a grinding clatter as the iron and bronze contraption was overturned and toppled, burning ash and cinders scattering into the air. Hellsmiths, flames licking about them, scrambled to be clear of the vast, slamming jaws, but the Iron Daemon itself — one side of its wheels hauled clear of the ground by the huge weight that had twisted the carriages — was powerless to move or bring its own weapons to bear. The remaining Infernals, still besieged on all sides by an enemy whose bloodlust had been only heightened by the carnage the monsters had caused, were too heavily pressed to mount a counter attack and looked set to be devoured or crushed one after the other while Sayl knew that for him to conjure a spell sufficiently powerful to harm, let alone have a chance to slay the monster would likely kill him too in his exhausted state. Sayl the Faithless cursed Tamurkhan loudly for his folly and pride, and prepared to gather the wild vortexes of magic that rippled across the battlefield unseen to mortal eyes to him and make an end to this enemy even though it might consume him, knowing such an action would mark a fitting pyre of destruction for one such as he. Lightning and storm winds played about the Chaos Sorcerer as at last with a tortured shriek of metal, the steam-carriage's couplings snapped, flinging metal explosively in all directions and the monstrous thing rolled forward, its vast jaws opening wide. Sayl laughed in triumphant madness but before he could loose his spell, the ground beneath the colossal beast erupted upward in a great sheet of blackness and flame. The blast threw the Chaos Sorcerer off his feet and he fought with every ounce of his twisted body and tainted soul to maintain his grip on the powers he had summoned, but to no avail. The power ripped out of him like a thrashing whipcord, smashing and withering all it touched, and Sayl screamed voicelessly as he too burned.

A TIDE OF BLOOD

Out at the front of the horde, the great battle in the enclosed valley was beginning to turn. For even though the Night Goblins numbered in the tens of thousands and had cut off the head of Tamurkhan's horde from any help, they soon found that they had woefully underestimated the strength and savagery of the warriors of the Northern Wastes. Iron-shod hooves shattered skulls, and spear-shafts and razor-edged blades of newly-forged black steel from the furnaces of Zharr cleft shields asunder and hacked apart the Night Goblins cowering behind them as if they were no more than rag dolls. Footstep by bloody footstep the Night Goblin throng was pushed back, the ground thick with bodies as great wedges were thrust deep into the greenskins' ranks where the Chosen Warriors of Chaos, tall and inviolable and sheathed in otherworldly armour, contemptuously tore through the greenskins' embattled defence like reapers scything down wheat. Panic and disorder started to ripple through the sable-shrouded mass, and those caught before the fury of Tamurkhan's horde tried to flee but were prevented by the press of bodies behind them, only to be savaged by the ripping fangs of Chaos warhounds as they attempted to flee. The Night Goblin archers and soon their slipshod war machines began to fire into the very thick of the battle line in desperate fear of their own lives as the Chaos forces pressed ever closer killing as they came, and more often than not the greenskins' shot and stone fell short, and their fire fell

THE BEASTS BELOW

Beneath the surface of the world lies another realm, a realm of darkness, horror and blind creatures crawling eternally in the blackness in search of prey. Aside from the nameless and numberless monsters that haunt the depths, nearer the surface is a vast network of tunnels and caverns formed both by natural and magical forces and the toil of two diametrically opposite species, the Dwarfs whose ancient empire, now fallen to ruin, once ran for thousands of miles under the World's Edge Mountains and beyond, and the insidious Skaven whose wicked delving spread out from their accursed city of Skavenblight through the earth like cancer through a dying body. Here, sheltered from the light of day and hidden from the sight of the world, scurry Goblins in profusion and with them noisome beasts such as Stone Trolls, weirdly mutated fungus-things and worse dwell. This is by no means the full extent of terrors that haunt the depths. Here it is that ancient Dragons

gloat jealously over golden hoards gathered from fallen Dwarf kingdoms amid bones piled higher than hills in vast caverns lit by an unholy phosphorescent glow. Deeper yet, legend has it, can be found strange vistas that the men of the surface world scarce can imagine — sunless seas where eyeless kraken-kin are worshipped as hungering gods by twisted half-ghouls that lurk in lost cities that have never known the touch of a fire's warmth to vast, formless horrors of plasm-flesh born of the dark winds of magic that have sunk into the bowels of the world moving through subterranean passageways like a living, all-devouring tide.

It is better then that most that live and war on the surface remain in ignorance of the beasts that dwell below, for they have enemies enough until the day the nightmares that abound in the darkness rise up to make war upon the world of light above.







When Blood is spilt and lives taken, so do the Winds of Magic gather and howl, their capricious might the sorcerer's to wield ruin on his foes, or doom his own as the Mad Gods decree



directly into the tightly packed greenskin ranks and great showers of foul Night Goblin blood burst over the battlefield like rain. Soon the panic became a rout and those at the front of battle abandoned their weapons as they clawed and scrambled over those behind in their efforts to escape.

Even now as the tide of battle turned, the greenskins were not entirely without guile or power, for hidden amongst their ranks were many vile and dangerous creatures as well as shaman whose

THE SAGA OF GRISAK THE BLOATED

As with many who followed in the Maggot Lord's wake, the story of Grisak began in the harsh and forgiving Northern Wastes. A young and proud son of the Tolkmar tribe, Grisak first blooded himself in raids against rival clans and in brutal conflicts with his kin until the heads he had taken far outnumbered the winters he had seen. He travelled to Zانبaijin lured on by the promise of battle and glory, and after suffering a mortal wound which festered in the fighting, soon pledged his soul to Nurgle in exchange for the chance to live. Soon his body bloated and his strength increased prodigiously as the god's favours were manifest upon him as he battled from the Stone Lands to the Plain of Bones, only to meet his end in the great ambush in

Winters Teeth Pass, where surrounded by the bodies of the Night Goblins he had slain, he was brought down with a bolt hurled from the heights by a spear chukka, impaling him like a bloody totem to the ground.



spells now began to fizz and spatter amongst the Kurgan line. Eerie green lights played upon the Chaos troops and several dense knots of armoured warriors were suddenly cast to the ground and crushed to gore-stained pulp beneath the invisible weight of powerful magic. The horde's own sorcerers concealed in the ranks frantically wove their counter-spells, but the magic of the greenskins was strange and elusive, and blasts of verdant energy fell upon the leading Chaos warrior bands like hammer blows.

At the head of one great-thrust of Nurgle's blessed warriors which punched into the Night Goblin throng was Tamurkhan. As he hacked and crushed his way forwards, Bubebolos was struck again and again by sorcerous bolts that caused the beast to roar in pain. The onslaught of the Night Goblin magic left a strange, bitter tang in the air that unsettled the great beast and even the fly swarm that clustered about them drew high into the air to escape it. Tamurkhan's warband had almost reached to the very heart of the Night Goblin army, where beneath a blanket of woven darkness an ancient and wizened Night Goblin shaman perched malevolently, enthroned aback a giant albino spider dredged up from the dark bowels of the earth and armoured with the bones of a thousand victims lashed to its carapace with flayed skin fetishes. Around the great corpse-pale spider flew the banners of the tribes who opposed Tamurkhan and claimed the Winters Teeth Pass for their own: the Murda Grinz and the Corpse Cuttaz, the Empty Skulz and the Dead Moonz. On catching sight of his enemy, Tamurkhan lowered his great axe and bellowed a challenge, spurring on the decaying and nightmarish warriors that surrounded him on to greater heights of fury and destruction. Coiling fogs of glowing green vapour filled the air and drove the Night Goblins into a whirling frenzy, and they hurled themselves heedless into their enemies, only to be speared or beaten down beneath the crushing charge of Kayzk's Rot Knights, or smashed apart by the skull-headed flails of Nurgle's Chosen. Sorcerer-acolytes were swift to answer the Night Goblins' fog with infinitely more lethal magics of their own, and soon bilious yellow-black fumes descended upon the enemy, spreading baleful contagion and ugly death wherever they went. In the face of this horrific onslaught, the Night Goblins' counter-attack first began to falter, and then failed.

Sensing that the end had come, the Night Goblin army fled in abject terror and the Chaos horde pursued. At the head of the fighting, Tamurkhan's axe rose and fell, carving a bloody arc through all before him as the greenskins scattered like mice before the harvest sickle. Bubebolos roared with all his might, and his rancid breath was a poisoned wind that choked the life out of the panicked Night Goblins. All was mayhem and confusion. In their eagerness none held back, but gave full vent to their fury, so that the greenskins were pressed together into the valley's narrow exits where their bodies were soon piled ten deep and their fellows clambered over them to be free from the wrath of Chaos unleashed. Still Tamurkhan did not stop, but drove on as the valley narrowed, pursuing the Night Goblins through a defile with his decaying disciples and blood-drenched Bile Trolls close behind. The great beasts shoved aside the mound of corpses to reach their foes, but frustratingly the great albino spider — now short a chitinous leg where one of Tamurkhan's Plague-spawn had ripped it free, and bleeding pink ichor from a dozen wounds — made its escape up the sheer rock face; the ancient shaman clinging desperately to its back, and disappeared behind a weathered statue and into the darkness. With their leader taken flight, the rout of the Night Goblins became an insane stampede to escape, and the victorious slaughter belonged to the horde.



AFTER THE STORM

Elsewhere along the many winding miles of Winters Teeth Pass, battles both great and small were fought, and in many the forces of Chaos were triumphant, but in some places the Night Goblin ambush had proved more successful and victory for the horde had only been bought at great cost. In others Tamurkhan's followers had been wiped out completely, their bodies carried away into darkness so only blood-caked dust and shattered weapons remained to mark their passing to their surviving comrades. In the aftermath it had been clear that not only had Night Goblin tribes been involved in the attack, so had many Orcs — tall, muscle-bound greenskins armed with heavy cleavers and massive iron shields that had thrown themselves too upon the horde's rearguard only to be slaughtered in droves by the myriad fangs and claws of the Chaos beasts and mutated monsters they found there.

The horde encamped that night where it had fought, surrounded by the burning pyres of the dead to light the darkness, sore and weary. No second attack came — the enemy had been spent, not only in numbers but in the will to resist. With the pale light of dawn came a war council, fractious and bitter with recrimination, but on it Tamurkhan imposed his will once more, although now more through outright threat and fear than any sense of the Chaos

Gods' promised glory or duty to him in the others. Only Kayzk, his ever-rotting flesh seeping through many fresh rents in his armour, stood foursquare with his leader without qualm or dissent. The greatest cause for trouble was not the ambush or the bloodshed of the previous day but the need of labour. In order to overcome the shattered rocks that had fallen to block the pass in a dozen places, great ramps needed to be built to allow for the passage of horses and beasts, and most particularly for the war machines of the Chaos Dwarfs to move over them. Accordingly the Kurgan chiefs, whose fighters still made up the bulk of the horde's manpower, along with Tamurkhan's own sworn Plague Ogres would be the muscle and bone needed to accomplish this. This rankled the proud warriors of the north, who saw such labour as the work of slaves, and flatly refused to be under the direction of the Chaos Dwarfs while doing so. Eventually, through threat of bloody reprisal and dire necessity was accommodation reached between them, and although none were happy with the arrangement, the crude ramps were built with piled debris for stones and pulped Goblin flesh for mortar, and the horde once more struggled into life and movement. Resentment simmered now within the ranks where all should have been eager for battle, their final goal at last in sight. But Tamurkhan cared not for this, for the Throne of Chaos was nearly in his grasp.

Lord Drazhbath surveyed the scene of fire and destruction around him and allowed himself a cursory grimace of displeasure, the expression touching the left side of his face only, the right having long since petrified into a granite-like horror of jagged bone and calcified flesh. While the Grobbi ambush had been fought off, five steam carriages were badly damaged, two of which, including the one that had been bottled up, irreparably. It would not do.

Behind him, the waves of heat radiating from his wound, the mighty winged Bale Tanorus Cinderbreath, told him of the beast's satisfaction if nothing else as it tore off another haunch of meat and splintered bone from one of the Hellsmiths who had so shamefully failed him in the battle with a wet crouch. *Z*

The smoke from the burning dead hung thick about him and with care Drazhbath ran his gauntleted fingers through the film of ash that covered a nearby boulder with exaggerated care. He watched the motes dance in the wavering heated air studying for portents and shadows in their movement, the distant sound of fireglave shot telling him that the battle was not quite over yet, and waited.

Soon the broken figure was dragged before him in the armored grasp of two of his Infernal Ironborn and dumped unceremoniously on his knees. His robes were little more than acid-stained tatters now, the twisted armor scored and pitted, and patched here and there with jagged curls of midnight-black ice despite the heat, while every faltering movement and hissing breath from the man within spoke of agony, but still there was arrogance and spiteful power in the burning gaze that shone from beneath the visor. *E*

"Sayl," Drazhbath mocked, "Can you speak?"

The corroded helm nodded slowly, "Yes, Drazhbath, Lord of Ashes, I yet can speak."

"You owe me your life. It was by Harsht's grace that I slew the beast."

A strangled rasping sound that might have been a laugh echoed from beneath the visor.

Drazhbath was not amused and with the merest gesture the brass-shot stock of a fireglave slammed into the Chads Sorcerer's back, striking him to the floor.

"A life that is mine to now take, if I so choose," Drazhbath pronounced, the distorted noises in his armor beginning to pulse like a fiery red heartbeat, while behind him Cinderbreath stirred, sensing his master's will to destroy.

"Enough," Sayl rasped, "I owe you my life, dread lord of the Black Fortress, is that what you wish to hear?"

"Yes, enough from your viper tongue Sayl the Twisted, Sayl the Faithless, broken one. We Drazhbath Zharr always collect our debts."

Sayl nodded slowly and made an expansive gesture with his bloody hand. For the moment he had little choice, so mangled was his body and soul, but already his mutated flesh was beginning to heal and his strength would be slowly regained. He would live, no thanks to Tamerkhan's folly.

"This ambush, it was ill-done," Drazhbath pronounced as if expecting the prone sorcerer to contradict him, "coming but botched in its execution, had the tables been turned, and it had been my forces in such a superior position, not a soul of the horde would now be left alive."


"Strange is it not," Sayl rasped in answer, "That neither mine own warded arts in scer-craft, nor your fire-borne visions foresaw the danger, dread lord?"

"Do not provoke me, ears'd one," Drazhbath snarled.

"I mean no insult, favored of darkness, but only state the truth, and curious is it not?"

Drazhbath's grip reflexively tightened around his war-staff as he looked down on the Chads sorcerer with his glittering eyes like flecks of obsidian. He trusted nothing this one said, but now Sayl did no more than echo his own thoughts on the matter.

"What do you imply Sayl? Brandy not words with me, lest you have the desire to be so much ash on the wind?"

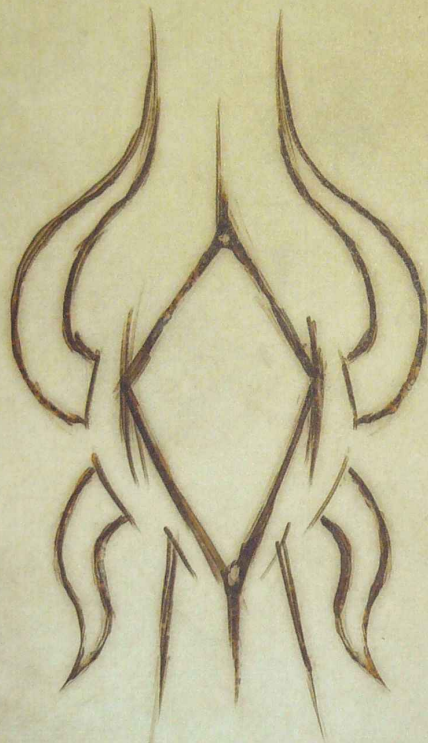
"Something moves against us dread lord, something subtle and powerful, a murderous and hidden current in the unseen vortex of the eighthfold storm, do you not feel it? Long have I known this, and the closer we tread to the soil of the ancient foe, the stronger it does become." 

A troubled look flickered across Dmochdath's half-face before he snorted derisively. "If it is mortal, then it will die, such is the fate of all who would oppose Hashort's will." The Chado Dwarf pronounced before turning away dismissively, leaving Sayl to sprawl in the ash and dust.

Sayl laughed bitterly again, scolding out a mental summons to recall his spawn Nightmar to return to him from whatever bolt-hole it had found to heal its own hurts - for while Sayl lived, so too did the spawn, avatars of his past sins and transgressions.

He knew Dmzhoath was no fool, and unlike the Sluggot lord they followed, nor was he blinded by the promise of absolute power — yes, he had seen the flicker of doubt and even fear in those coal-black eyes. "If it is mortal, then it will die..." The Churo Dmzof sovereign-prophet had said, and left the rest unsaid, for as the Kergan proverb had it — "Whom the Gods destroy, they first make mighty..."

Soon they would set foot upon the soil of thrice-damned Mazows; soon the matter would be decided.



॥ श्रीगणेशाय नमः ॥

The Murder Grimz favour
ambush tactics, assailing
their foes with arrows and
hurled bolts, before closing
in for the kill



Standards made from
the flayed skins of
their victims, which
the tribe consider
'lucky'



The Murder Grinz Night Goblins Tribe

Shaman's staff,
heavy with
foul curses and
malignant energies



The weapons of the Night
Goblins are crudely fashioned
but effective, often using
scavenged parts from their
victims' war gear and bound
with bone and spoil



Serrated Orc axes
favored by their
leaders as a sign of
status





Chapter Five

It was nearly a full moon's evening before the greater bulk of Tannirkhan's horde was able to descend from the Black Mountains and into the lands of Sigmar's Empire. Over the previous days the horde had unleashed parties of scouts and raiders to assay what lay ahead of them and those that returned had made report of what they had discovered. Some had explored the rolling, half-wild hill country of Wissenland and found only embers and ruin, deserted roads and abandoned farms — there could be little doubt that the horde was expected. Others had encountered enemy patrols and came back bearing the trophies of victory — or not at all. A few had succeeded in taking prisoners, though few of these survived to reach the camp of the Chaos horde. Some captives died of their wounds before they could be interrogated while others succumbed to the attentions and appetites of their captors en route.

The Wrath of Chaos



Tamurkhan had grown increasingly impatient and brooding since the battle against the Night Goblins. The many wounds he had suffered had since become increasingly infected and suppurating in a manner which pleased the followers of Nurgle that attended him, but to those not of his faith, made him even less human both in aspect and in mind and ever more difficult to deal with. It was left then to Sayl the Faithless, still half-crippled himself but slowly recovering his strength, to listen carefully to the reports of all the raider bands as they returned and piece together what lay before them. Whilst captives lived he oversaw the work of their torturers, and when they died Sayl watched as the shaman bound their spirits and continued to question them long into the night. He inspected the weapons of war that the raiders brought back as trophies and bid the Hellsmiths of the Black Fortress examine the arms and armour of the enemy with all their considerable expertise, of which they took a special interest in the few firearms taken by the Chaos Marauders. By these means Sayl learned all he could of the enemy's capabilities and of the lands of the Empire before them.

Once the horde had assembled its forces in the cold downs at the foot of the Black Mountains, at Tamurkhan's bidding was a council of war called. Here Sayl spread a great map of fresh-sewn skins upon the ground before them, and anchored the corners of the parchment with chunks of slowly pulsing warpstone so that all could see what was inscribed upon it, and the figures and signs thereon danced as if alive. With gluttonous greed Tamurkhan looked on as the Sorcerer spoke of the wide green lands the reavers had encountered, and the signs that terror of the horde had gone before it and so emptied the countryside and forests, save for a few stubborn holdfasts, high-walled towns and watchtowers to contest them. At the furthest reach of the dragon's wing-beat, far to the north-west had their quarry been sighted, a great city rising from the land where two mighty rivers met, as great as any the northmen had ever seen — tower after tower, as white and pale as sea cliffs, and between them roof after roof of glittering slate piled one atop another in great profusion. Below them stood a vast tangle of streets as maddening as any labyrinth of the underworld and walls bristling with cannon whose thunderous shot had driven off the interlopers of the air.

"Nuln!" went up the cry from Tamurkhan in bloodlust and ardour, and the warlords and shaman, bray-beasts and fell sorcerers echoed it in turn, drowning out Sayl's words of caution so that he fell silent as others were swift to draw in and make their feverish plans of conquest. Of all the war-leaders present only Drazhoath the Ashen kept his own council and viewed the gathering with an unreadable, cold contempt.

"The city of Magnus will fall, I will crush first Nuln and then with Father Nurgle's blessings I shall ravage this land and sweep away the Empire of Men!" exclaimed Tamurkhan triumphantly.

More mundane matters of division and attack were then settled quickly upon, and first of those was the matter of provender and spoil, and with this in mind the horde was split into three columns that would spread out, before coming together again to ravage the city that harboured their goal. The greater part of the horde with Tamurkhan would take the most direct route over the rolling hill country northward, and Sayl's Dolgans would take a more westerly

route along the river, smashing a series of petty towers and keeps that had been espied along the way. The only narrow but serviceable roadway — a remnant of the days centuries before when this land was far more populated and trade strong, would be given to the Legion of Azgorh, its more passable terrain being most suited for use by the Chaos Dwarf machine-train. All would depend on speed, for it was clear that surprise was lost to them; some survivor of the destruction they had wrought in the Border Princes had somehow survived to tell of the horde, but if fortune favoured them, the Empire would still be slow to rally its full might to counter a massive attack from this unexpected quarter as Tamurkhan had bargained all along.

THE HORDE STRIKES NORTHWARD

The great horde of Tamurkhan departed its camps north of Winters Teeth Pass moving rapidly and with hunger for the destruction they ached to wreak; it spread across the region quickly, splitting apart into its divisions and rolling forward with frightening speed. Much of the lands before it had been emptied of people and livestock, but here and there holdouts remained — walled towns and way fortresses either too stubborn to flee or placing their faith in sturdy stone fortifications that had seen off Orcs and other marauders before, or ill-fortuned garrisons which had been ordered to fight to the last man to delay the onrushing enemy. Neither however had any true inkling of what was to befall them or the true horror and power of the death that was about to reach out and take them. None could guess that Tamurkhan's horde now numbered perhaps a third of what it had, even re-invigorated by Ogres and Chaos Dwarf allies, from the size it had set out at. But in truth it did not matter, for against the tens of thousands that remained — screaming Dolgan horsemen, nightmarish Chaos creatures and the fire of Hashut's chosen there was no defence.

Hornfen was the first to feel the wrath of Chaos. The town, well-used to raids being situated in the barrens of the former realm of Solland, was protected by a wide moat before its banked walls and the town's bridge had been destroyed by its inhabitants, but the terrified townsfolk could do little but look on in horror as the Dolgan war mammoths simply waded through the water under their guns and sundered the gates; not one of the men and women of Hornfen lived to see the dawn after the ritual orgy of violence to honour the Dark Gods that was to follow. The story was repeated time and again as the horde's three-pronged assault ate up the ground and fell upon any unfortunate or foolhardy enough to be caught in their path. Rookberg was taken in the night; emptied of civilians who had fled upriver in boats, its garrison of state troops and peasant militia stood little chance against the screaming horsemen and the devilish magics of the Chaos Sorcerers ranged against them. Castle Greymane, whose infamous claw-shaped keep had been in legend the birthplace of Arch-Lector and damned Necromancer alike over its long history, was laid waste, the power of the Chaos Dwarfs' daemon-forged artillery smashing it apart with sustained bombardment; the lords of the Black Fortress eager to test their firepower against a worthy target.

The driving pace was not without its cost however, and as the siege engines and wagon trains lumbered along and the vanguard pressed ahead, soon the column became so strung out that an attack would have surely destroyed many of the machines and wreaked great slaughter amongst the army. But of the enemy there was no sign.



Neither high walls or sharp steel offer Salvation against the Savage Horde.

THE EMPIRE

The Empire of Man is the most powerful and influential nation of the Old World. To some it is a realm of progress and civilisation, a bulwark against the tide of savagery and darkness that has long drowned much of the world in its grip, but to others it is no more than an alliance of steel and blood as callous and ruthless as any of its enemies, its order and justice a thin veneer over feudal tyranny, rampant superstition and the power-mongering of its military elite. Regardless, the Empire has stood since the time of its founder and now principal deity Sigmar, some two and a half thousand years ago, and over the years it has survived



invasions and calamities, disasters and wars without number. Its power and prestige has waxed and waned many times, savaged by greenskin assaults and Skaven plots, deadly Chaos incursions and the dread predations of the Vampire dynasties of Sylvania, but it has always endured.

The lands of the Empire are divided into provinces and demesnes under the overall notional rule of the Emperor and the Electors; each ruled by their own warrior aristocracy and provided for by their own mercantile class and clergy, and their culture and custom can differ greatly from one corner of this mighty realm to another. This can be both a boon and a detriment, as while each province is largely self-sufficient and unified under its rulers, the divisions can and have led to long standing rivalries between them which has led in turn to civil war and bloodshed in the past, and in times of crisis it can be slow to react as a unified whole, but when it does, the combined might of its diverse and battle-hardened armies are a match for any in the world.

The muster of the Empire represents a powerful mix of warriors of a myriad different stripes. From the disciplined ranks of its standing state troops — well drilled spearmen, halberdiers, swordsmen and handgunners that form the backbone of every province's armies, to elite men-at-arms such as greatswordsmen and the powerful Knightly Orders, to half-mad cavalcades of religious zealots who have lost everything to the horrors of the world, but gained a savage fanaticism in its place. Alongside these fight a profusion of professional mercenaries and free companies to whom war is as much a paying concern as a matter of survival, and more esoteric warriors such as battle-engineers with strange and experimental weaponry of clockwork and gunpowder or those whose faith is so strong they can channel the Winds of Magic to achieve minor miracles with their religious fervour, and the exotic beasts such as Griffons and Demigryphs raised and trained for war in the Imperial Menagerie. Even rarer and more dangerous are the Battle Wizards of the Imperial Colleges of Magic, who, though mortal, have adapted to specialise in the study and control of one of the eight fractured Winds of Magic and become in part its master. The Battle Wizards are a power in the Empire in their own right, and their presence in the field can make the difference between victory and defeat, particularly against the many unnatural and nightmarish foes that would overthrow Sigmar's realm and use its multitudes as a larder to slake their hunger.

The current successor to Sigmar's throne is the Emperor Karl Franz who rules from his royal court in the city of Altldorf. No mere figurehead but a mighty warrior, Karl Franz was at the time of Tamiarkhan's invasion still a young man and an active general who was preoccupied on a war on many fronts, and it was not his fate to confront the Maggot Lord's horde, but rather the defence of its second city, the great metropolis of Nuln, fell to its ruler, the Countess Emmanuelle and her allies, who met the threat with iron resolve and guile.

The rapid pace of the advance took its toll upon machines and beasts, and a wake of wreckage and corpses lay strewn behind the route of march. Here and there lone parties of Chaos Dwarfs grappled with broken down engines, bent drive shafts and shattered wheels, while the Kurgan abandoned the weak and the dead at will, and the beasts of Chaos devoured any that fell to assuage their hunger. Outriders roamed far to the north and reported the land northward now deserted save for a flurry of activity around the great city, and such was Tamurkhan's rage on finding the town of Gunnertag utterly deserted and left aflame when only days before Orthal Vipergut had reported a stalwart defence prepared, the Maggot Lord ordered the flames extinguished and the land foully defaced and desecrated in honour of Nurgle. It was here that the horde once again came together for the final assault.

THE DEATH OF THE PALE CITY

Twenty-one days after breaking their camp at the foot of the Black Mountains, the Chaos horde beheld the white-towered city. The Kurgan regarded its high walls and stern defences, and knew that whole armies might break upon such fortifications, so high that not even a giant might scale them unaided, their blood and fury spent without ever stepping one foot inside their enclosure, cut down by shot and shell. Tamurkhan brought the Lord of the Black Fortress before him and bid him speak to the matter — after all why else had the Dwarfs of Zharr dragged their machines and great siege-mortars half way across the world if not to topple fortifications such as these?

Drazhoath laughed. *"Walls?"* he scorned. *"I see only piles of sand crafted by children. Bring my brothers close enough and we shall take pleasure in fulfilling our bargain and topple them for you."*

The Chaos horde arrayed themselves for battle five leagues due south of the great city and marched towards their goal. Tamurkhan rode up and down the lines of troops aback his Toad Dragon, bellowing and exhorting them to fight with utmost savagery for the Dark Gods

were watching. Wherever he went he was greeted by warcries, the unearthly howls of beasts, vile oaths and the hammering of blade on shield for now at last the Kurgan would see battle — not battle against the cursed greenskins such as they had fought at Winters Teeth Pass, but battle against the men of the Empire. Around them was a pall of dim and acrid fog, a sorcerous concoction designed to hide their true number and strength.

The Emperor's army had taken up position before the city walls on a low, palisaded rise with cannon arrayed across its front, as well as on the walls above so to maximise its firepower; the mass of the opposing army standing behind the cannon line, with ranks of spearmen and gunners set to receive the horde's charge, while providing room for swift withdrawal should the Chaos horde press too close. Tamurkhan knew well the stories of the battles and warlords that had gone before him, and knew that the cannon of the Empire were to be feared as much as those of the Dwarfs of Zharr. The weaponry of the Empire's soldiers shone brightly in contrast to the black and scored armour of the Kurgan and the tainted and sickly, greenish metal that adorned his own followers. Tamurkhan grinned lopsidedly with the great, degenerate wound his mouth had become, for his enemy had already made a fatal error — they had arrayed for battle expecting a headlong charge which they might cut down with their guns, but he had brought guns of his own.

The horde bought up to a halt just beyond the range of the enemy's cannon, a handful of which cracked and splattered up mud and soil before them impotently. Once all was ready Tamurkhan raised his colossal axe high and let it fall — the signal was given. From beneath



the fog with a deafening roar, the brazen and black-iron vessels of destruction began the battle, eerily glowing projectiles arcing up through the dense mist soon began to fall with frightening accuracy down on the closely packed Empire batteries behind the outer palisade. The explosion of the Chaos Dwarfs' Dreadquake mortar shells, filled as they were with powerful alchemical explosives was

THE TAINTED

When the Ogres of the Red Fist tribe were defeated by Tamurkhan's horde, a great many submitted to his will and joined the monstrous host and were lost, body and soul, to Chaos. Fleshed in the body of their Ogre Tyrant, Tamurkhan led them through a series of foul rituals and tainted feasts which sealed their fate. Soon all manner of plagues and diseases were visited upon their desecrated bodies, and their suffering was only elevated by embracing Nurgle as their god. In battle after battle they slaked their hunger and smashed their enemies in praise of the Lord of Decay; those that survived becoming ever more stricken with mutation and the stigma of corruption until scarcely recognisable as the Ogres they had been.



devastating — great plumes of flame lanced upwards, shredding men and cannon with equal ease while the ground itself shook where they fell like a wounded animal. As the wave of destruction rippled through the enemy and confusion and horror broke out in the ranks, a great bloodthirsty cry went up from the horde, and in an instant the great mass leapt forward as one. Dolgan horsemen and Kurgan knights surged forwards, twisted hounds braying at their heels, and behind them came the roiling spawn and thunder-footed Ogres and Trolls — an unholy mass of hate and muscle, bent only on slaughter.

What followed was a shockingly quick descent into madness and death, cannon roared on both sides and men and beasts were torn apart. Rather than stand and die before the onslaught, a wedged column of armoured knights broke forward in counter charge, while behind them regiments held their ground stonily, while panicked militia cowered in terror or tried to flee back through the city gates. The skies above blackened with swarms of flies and resounded to the doom-laded wing-beats of dragons and Chimera which descended to smote cannon from atop the high walls and rampage through the city streets. Horsemen from both sides clashed over the open ground between the two armies. Black-armoured Kurgan Chaos knights fought against glittering Reiksguard, each charging through the ranks of the other and turning to charge again. Around them swirled a loose mass of lightly armed cavalry — the Marauders of the wastes on one side and Empire pistoliers on the other, the crack of the Empire horsemen's pistols carried above the shouts and trumpet blasts. Behind the advancing horde came the gun-carriages of the Chaos Dwarfs. Hauled slowly forward by the smoke-belching Iron Daemon engines, they unleashed a steady creeping barrage on the foe, keeping their fire ahead of the battle line until the walls and towers shook with their wrath and burst aflame one after another.

The cavalry battle proved brutal and short, with the Empire forces, wildly outnumbered, soon overwhelmed and scattered, and with a mighty roar the whole Chaos horde surged forward and crashed like a tidal wave into the outer palisade as the Empire forces tried to sound a general retreat behind the walls. Shells and fireballs fell before the gate, forcing those who would flee to run a gauntlet of death, while those who survived on the battlements above rained down handgun shot and crossbow bolts with frantic desperation in the hope of slowing the unstoppable tide. There was an almighty blast as a dozen hellish war engines spoke at once, and the great portcullis gate of the city — even then beginning to draw closed — exploded in a river of fire and disintegrated slowly into rubble; its ponderous collapse dragging wall towers to ruin around it and crushing hundreds in its death throes. The horde's warriors, all but knocked flat by the thunderclap and rush of hot air, howled in triumph, while the soldiers of the Empire screamed hopelessly, their spirits broken. Hook-handed giants scrambled over the debris dragging huge lengths of chains behind them, tearing cannon and mortars down from the walls from within and serving in death as scaling ladders for the hundreds of screaming fighters following behind. Plague Ogres smashed and slashed their way through desperate pockets of defenders and fell ravenously on the bodies. The dust-filled sky darkened to unnatural twilight riven with screaming incendiary rockets casting a lurid glow over the carnage as the horde of the Maggor Lord poured into the city, insane with the joy of battle.

The city burned.

Bloodbols smashed a way clear through friend and foe alike in the marshy at the shattered gate, and bore Tamorkhan into the city proper where he bellowed fruitless challenges for his enemy to come forth and face him through empty streets.

Above all else he desired to slay this 'Emperor' of men if he be here, for there could be no more fitting sacrifice to the Dark Gods than the crushed and lifeless body of Sigmar's heir. But the tangled streets and windswept market squares were deserted and lifeless doors hung open, sprawling litter and the detritus of abandoned lives lay strewn about and all was abandoned.

Tamorkhan laughed aloud — the cowards had all fled their walled city and left their soldiers to die for them in their stead — truly did these weaklings deserve no more than the death and slavery the Kurgan bought, and with it Father Nurgle's special blessings.

Caught between frustration at the paucity of victims within the walls and jubilation at their capture of the city, the warriors of the horde tore through the empty streets and houses, destroying and burning. Within hours vast sections of the city were ablaze or torn bodily into ruins.

As last as the city fell around him Tamorkhan found a high and ornate temple bearing the twin-tailed comet emblem of Sigmar, lit in the blackness of the fallen night by the flickering fires of destruction — just as he had seen in his visions — and entered within. Others of the horde had found it first and already its sanctuary had been cast down and shattered, its stained glass windows smashed, and a heap of fresh body parts now profaned its high altar.

Here Tamorkhan stood and howled his triumph to the dark skies beyond; again and again he called upon his god Nurgle the Lord of Decay, but was greeted only with silence.

Tamorkhan turned from the defiled altar, reeling in confusion and sick with fury. Why did the gods refuse to answer him? Sayl the Tactless stood silently waiting in the shadows.

"Why Sayl, why will he not answer me, I have brought my master victory?" Tamorkhan snarled through his ravaged features, "I have given Lord Nurgle the city of Magnus — it dies this night!"

Sayl said nothing but held out his still-humanlike left hand and let a golden chain dangle from his grasp. Glimmering in the reflected firelight from outside, a large and ornate seal flashed at the end of the chain.

Enraged at this fresh riddle, Tamorkhan bounded sagaciously down from the altar, fecid entrails slapping noisily from out of his open gut. He raised his axe above his head to strike down the sinner, but Sayl stood before him, unmoving. Tamorkhan wavered vacillatingly and watched the offered trinket, holding it up to his catamnet-whited eyes. On one side was the hated symbol of the twin-tailed comet and on the other the image of a citadel before a blazing sun. There was a word graven on it, but to him the letter-work of the Empire held as much meaning as chicken-scratches in the dirt.

Seeing the Maggot Lord's confusion, Sayl whispered a single word of explanation, his voice a macking whisper: "Pfeildorf."

Slowly realization bloomed in the decaying matter of his brain and Tamorkhan howled so loudly that the larynx of his stolen body ruptured in his throat, and reeling almost drunkenly away from Sayl with a single sweep of his axe cleft the profaned altar stone in two.

The Tactless One faded away into the shadows and left Tamorkhan amid the ashes of his hollow victory.



The Shadow over Nuln

In the court of the Countess Emmanuelle von Leibwitz of Nuln, the coming of the horde had driven out all other cares and concerns. The great city of Nuln lay at the heart of the Empire of Men and was a realm of industry and intrigue, and the only true rival to Altdorf — the Imperial capital, in both size and power. Protected somewhat by its geographical position, it had long wielded its position of wealth and influence to arm and rebuild the war-torn Empire, growing rich upon the recurring trials of civil dissent, invasion and catastrophe that have plagued the realm's long history with the frequency of seasonal storms, but now it unexpectedly faced the dire threat of an enemy at its own gates — an enemy with a strength unseen in generations by the city.

It was not only the sheer size and power of the horde that was the cause of grave concern for the safety of the city and wider Empire, but also its speed and deliberation that magnified its threat. Rumours of Tamurkhan's coming had first surfaced several months earlier when stories of a dark army ravaging the southern Border Princes had been abruptly cut off with sinister swiftness. The flood of refugees fleeing ahead of the danger had been suddenly stilled which offered a dire suggestion of what had happened on the other side of the Black Mountains, but it was not till the arrival of the infamous mercenary warlord Lietpold the Black, bloodied and battered in the frontier fortress of Mendhelhof which guarded the approaches of Black Fire Pass, that an impending threat to the Empire was first truly realised. Although sought under pain of death by several of the Empire's noble houses — and considered an unscrupulous butcher and dishonourable turncoat by most — Lietpold's reputation as a general was however unquestioned, and when he spoke of his own shattered principality and the ravages of the Chaos horde from the east, the Castellan of Mendhelhof listened.

The Margrave of Wissenland, Olger Hoch, upon learning of the impending threat, had immediately despatched strong reinforcements to the defence of Black Fire Pass, while Lietpold himself was escorted under armed guard back to Nuln to give evidence before the Countess's court. While the Margrave raised his banners and stirred his far-flung principality for war, in the great city-state of Nuln, in whose thrall Wissenland largely stood, the impending invasion was treated with growing concern. Auguries were taken, and the portents of the city's churches of Sigmar and Myrmidia, as well as the prognostications of the resident wizards of Nuln's Celestial Orrery all prophesied onrushing doom. But for the Countess Emmanuelle who ruled her fractious city-state from behind her impassive mask of porcelain, it was the re-appearance at court of the Amethyst Magisterix, Elspeth von Draken — known in whispers to some as 'The Graveyard Rose' in the myths and legends of the city — that was the surest indication that a cataclysm was at hand. Elspeth von Draken was feared and renowned in equal measure by those who ruled Nuln. The powerful wizardess usually stood apart from the politics of imperial power and the Empire's Colleges of Magic, engaging with the city only when some dire peril or deadly rival plagued it, and that von Draken's eerie voice was now added to the chorus of predicted bloodshed was proof enough for the Countess that Lietpold's story held validity. The Magisterix in closed session of the Countess's war council spoke of the restless, invisible winds of magic, and of how they waxed strong and savage. She spoke of how the souls of the dead had spoken to her

of the coming storm, and how for long moons she had felt Shyish, the deathly force that empowered her own arcane art, drawn like iron filings to a lodestone, flowing ever southwards hungrily to the horde and the stain of slaughter it wrought upon the world. With the dread Catmine Dragon that was her steed, enslaved to her will by the Amethyst magic that flowed like blood through its veins, she had followed the invisible currents of death into the ravaged Border Princes and hovered like a carrion crow above the fields of the slain and stolen secrets from the dying souls she had found there. Elspeth von Draken knew the face of the enemy and the horror they would visit upon Sigmar's Empire.

THE DOOM OF PFEILDORF

Nuln's preparations for war were already gathering pace when reports came to the city of a vast Chaos horde — not in Black Fire Pass as expected — but having already crossed over Winters Teeth Pass was massing in the barrens of the southern Empire. Confusion reigned and Olger Hoch immediately ordered the evacuation of his forces from the sparsely inhabited lands nearby. This country, formerly counted as part of Solland (a province of the Empire long ago destroyed and annexed to Wissenland), was left largely to fend for itself while the Margrave massed his forces to defend his heartlands and suffered before the Chaos onslaught. Wissenland has ever been a sparse, bleak place, its people dour and well-used to the privations of raiders and beasts, as well as killing winter cold and the murderous wrath of nature. The abandonment of so much widely flung land to fend for itself was a tactic that had been employed before, to fall back and leave nothing to the invader — to weaken and starve the attacker before meeting them in battle at a time and place of the Empire's choosing — was a tried and tested tactic to the Wissenlanders, but against Tamurkhan's horde, it would prove a doomed enterprise. This was no erratic and ill-disciplined Orc raid, nor even a half-unseen war of ambush and brutal surprise attack as might be expected from a marauding Bray-herd of Beastmen. Instead the sheer size, speed and ferocity of the Chaos horde caught the Wissenlanders off-guard and made a mockery of any attempts to delay or impede its progress. Fortified holdfasts, fortresses and watchtowers were smashed to rubble with contemptuous ease, their attackers barely pausing to loot the remains, and it was not until the three-pronged tide of destruction closed with frightening swiftness on Pfeildorf, the province's capital, that the sheer scale of the threat was realised with horror. Reinforcements recalled from Black Fire Pass had not yet arrived and Olger Hoch, the old Margrave, saw his doom in the dust and smoke that the great horde in its tens of thousands kicked up on the horizon, but refused to abandon his city to the enemy, despite calls to do so from the Countess's emissaries. But he did order its evacuation but for his soldiery, and the last eddies of frantic refugees had barely departed when the thunderous sound of hooves and drumbeats were heard in the distance.

Hoch, the veteran of a score of battles had drawn up his forces before the city walls, supported by troops and cannon lining the battlements. In forcing his enemy into an attack on a narrow front and into the teeth of his firepower, he had hoped to break their charge and prevail, but he had not counted on the dark war engines of the Chaos Dwarfs nor the savage strength of the monstrous army before him. He paid for that mistake with his life, and the lives of four thousand and more of his men as the emptied city met its doom.





Death Wears a Thousand Faces

News of Pfeildorf's destruction came like a thunderbolt to the people of Nuln, and threatened panic in the tide of refugees entering the city, and it was met with a swift and brutal crackdown of law, with the imposition of fines and impressed service in the militia as favoured punishment for troublemakers (or anyone who happened to be standing near them at the time while order was imposed). For the forces of Nuln, who arrayed for battle knowing the enemy was no more than a handful of days march away at best, the destruction of Pfeildorf and its defenders represented a blow, but also bought them time and precious intelligence about their foe — not least news of their sorcerous might and the strange and terrible siege engines they possessed, and the Countess Emmanuelle and her council of war drew their plans accordingly.

Tamurkhan's rage had been such that he had ordered the city of Pfeildorf laid waste, and the legion of Azgorh had been happy to comply, showering the gambrel-roofed tower-houses and warrens of narrow streets with incendiaries until the ruins blazed in a great conflagration. The pall of smoke from the burning city was clearly visible many leagues away in the wavering light of the following dawn, so that even from the high battlements of Nuln's outer curtain walls, Pfeildorf's dark fate was unquestionable.

Within the horde's ranks the festering sore of discontent had wept out violence and distrust as the truth that their target had not been the desired one became known. Those who favoured differing masters succumbed to infighting, scorn and recrimination, although many in truth did not care whose blood they spilled or what walls they tumbled so long as they had the chance to deal death and destruction in the sight of the gods. It was rather the fact that Tamurkhan had been in error — that he had been made to look fate's fool — that was the cause of the acrimony and foreboding, for the warriors of the North Lands and the servants of Chaos both despise weakness and some saw in it the cruel humour of the gods themselves directed at Tamurkhan. Hundreds died as the malcontent of the horde bore fruit over the following days, and fissures opened up within its unity, such as it was, until it began to split along divisions of race and dark faith, while Tamurkhan himself retreated within the private circle of Nurgle's followers, burying himself for days in foul rituals of appeasement and propitiation to his master, the Lord of Decay. The Chaos Dwarfs under Drazhoath showed great displeasure that they had expended valued munitions and machinery against the 'wrong target' and demanded recompense, and while Tamurkhan was sequestered in foul ritual, perhaps surprisingly, it was Sayl the Faithless who stepped into the breach of leadership and offered them the 'right' to a victim of their own, the fortified town of Dakarhaus to the north-west to keep them occupied, to besiege and despoil unimpeded as they saw fit. This they did with swiftness and brutal efficiency, taking the town by storm in a savage night attack, sundering the gates with modified Iron Daemon engines they called 'Skull Crackers' fitted with steam-driven arsenals of massive pulverising mauls and whirling scythe blades which made appallingly short work of stone, wood and flesh in their path. Supported by magma-cannon fire and a searing cloud of ash conjured by Lord Drazhoath and his cabal of Daemonsmiths to bedevil the defenders at the battlements, Dakarhaus was taken largely intact, the disciplined warriors of the Infernal Guard making short work of the defenders once they were within the walls, gunning down any that resisted and profaning the temples of the human gods with the blood of their priests and re-dedicating them to the supremacy of Hashut, their own dark deity, constructing sacrificial pyres where once their altars had stood. Unfortunately for the townfolk of Dakarhaus and

the refugees that had flocked there, they were offered no quick death, for the scions of Zharr-Naggrund had come not to slaughter, but enslave, and soon the whole town became a fortified slave-stockade as the Legion of Azgorh took it over for their base of operations, quickly shoring up the defences they had destroyed and cutting off the river crossing. Meanwhile, as the days ticked by like the passage of a clock's hand, the rest of the horde began to slowly fracture into desperate warbands, pillaging almost aimlessly across the lands to the south of Nuln while the forces of the Empire were content to rally in the great city and wait for the inevitable attack each day bolstering their power slowly but surely, as just as fractionally, the horde's cohesion and power wasted away.

It took an attempt on Tamurkhan's life to rouse the Chaos-Lord from his filth-tainted reverie. Unseen, silent and shrouded by subtle magics, the lone assassin had stalked through the cinders and scorched ruins of Pfeildorf to the noisome encampment the Maggot Lord's closest acolytes had made in the broken and burned remnants of Sigmar's temple that now jutted from the ruins like a cracked ribcage. Here a thousand rotting bodies had been heaped up around a great pit dug into the crypts below, their necrotic juices seeping into the carrion earth to form a sluice of surpassing foulness in which daemon-things crawled and Tamurkhan himself bathed in the befouled darkness. Knowing that it could not long remain unnoticed despite the spell-weavings around it, upon stalking over to the mouth of the corpse pit, the assassin threw off its coverings and leapt burning into the abyss below, lightning pouring from its eyes and mouth, its outline flickering and blurring out of step from the world around it like a phantasm.

It struck the black waters with a thunderous discharge of power and a hiss of boiling ooze, the foul gasses that filled the crypt igniting in unearthly waves of green and amber flame at the touch of the assassin's shivering skin. Blackened sword blades dancing with witch-fire licked out with impossible speed as the assassin flickered through the black water, slicing and burning the boated flesh of hulking daemon Plague Toads that rose up against it. A Bile Troll came howling from the darkness, its long boneless arms reaching out to claim the assassin, but it was too slow and a burning blade plunged into each of its eye sockets as the assassin spun on past it, knowing it had to reach its quarry before it was too late and it was overwhelmed by the nightmarish forces which filled the crypt. The assassin sped along a line of stone biers half submerged in the reeking waters ever closer to the heart of darkness, when its quarry came instead to it, as Tamurkhan, more bloated and terrible than ever in aspect, came roaring from the darkness, trailing a miasma of sickening fog in his wake.

A fist like a battering ram came flying towards the assassin and it barely dodged aside in time as the stone statue of some forgotten priest shattered under the blow instead. The blackened blades danced out, lightning arced and rotted flesh burned. Tamurkhan laughed, a hideous gurgling sound in his ruined throat as the blades sank into his swollen flesh, which pulsed obscenely around them and scared shut, trapping the swords and a backhanded blow from the Maggot Lord sent the assassin tumbling away into the black waters. The assassin resurfaced moments later, power burning bright within it, showing the outlines of its skull and bones through flesh grown translucent with the blue-white flame from within gathering all of its power for a desperate final attack. The Maggot Lord did not give it the chance, smashing the stone lid of a sarcophagus across the assassin like an oversized club, shattering stone and the body it



struck, a thunderclap erupting through the crypt. Like a broken doll, the assassin once more struggled to rise from the black waters, but it was not alone in the foul wash, and long bony fingers grasped at it, baleful eyes glimmered in the filth and leering grins met its final struggles with savage mirth.

After Nurgle's tallymen and their pets had had their way with the assassin, Tamurkhan looked over the remains with eyes now a blind, cataract white and glowing like marsh-lights. Spell-stitched and soulless, his would-be killer had been bound up with power burning it away from within — his enemies had drawn their plans and hidden their tracks well; a body too damaged for him to possess should he have needed to, and with no spirit for his shaman and sorcerers to torture into confession, only a near-mindless animating force woven from the winds of magic, driven to kill and know nothing more. Who had sent it? The battle wizards of the Empire or a dark master closer to home — a would be usurper of

his lordship perhaps? It did not matter to Tamurkhan, it was no longer important. The thing that dragged its way out of the pit was far removed from the Ogre Tyrant the Maggot Lord had possessed in the Mountains of Mourn, the creature's body had rotted further, swelled larger yet and was twisted into a mockery of life-in-death, the stigmata of Nurgle writ clearly upon it. Around it hung the reek of the grave and the murmurous voices of flies, and all those of Nurgle's faith who saw it fell to their knees and rededicated themselves afresh to their master, so clearly now on the edge of apotheosis. For Tamurkhan the Throne of Chaos was at hand. Tamurkhan was no longer capable of mortal speech it seemed, but his words could be discerned well enough by the acolytes around him in the maddening drone of the corpse flies that fed off their master, and as a bleak procession of tainted daemon-kind followed him up from the black pit, scores of inhuman things leering and cavoring on palsied limbs, the Maggot Lord's meaning was clear. The hour had come and Nuln would know the wrath of Chaos.

A REALM AT WAR

Times of peace are rare in the Empire and the hour of Tamurkhan's coming was not of them, with brushfire wars taking place in the north, heavy Orc raids in the west and the blighted lands surrounding horror-haunted Sylvania once more stirring into unhallowed life. These conflicts, as well as bloody dynastic squabbles in the province of Talabecland, had already seen state troops dispatched from both Nuln and Wissenland to aid the Empire's defence, thinning the forces that would be available to meet this unforeseen threat. Indeed the armies of the Empire had seen several rough seasons of campaigning over the past few years and were stretched thin in many places. Aid for Wissenland from the Empire's other provinces would likely be slow in coming. It is not entirely true however to claim that the Empire was, at the time of the Maggot Lord's approach, as weak as it might seem. The realm of Sigmar has endured for more than two and a half thousand years, despite endless plagues, disasters and wars, thanks in no small part to the hardness of its people and the often ruthless acumen of its leaders, but most of all because while it may be riven with rivalry, intrigues and discord, when attacked from without it grows stronger and unity before a common enemy is the normal state of affairs rather than its exception. Furthermore Nuln, even though a sizable proportion of its standing armies were elsewhere when the dark news of the horde's approach reached the great city still had a standing body of several thousand armed men it could call upon to defend it, along with strong contingents from several knightly orders who maintained chapter houses in the city. As one of the greatest seats of industry in the Empire, its warehouses and forges were also well provisioned with arms and armour, cannon and blackpowder with which it could both raise a great militia from the teeming masses which flocked to the city, and supply its professional soldiery without fear of shortage in a protracted battle. The Countess Emmanuelle of Nuln, while no frontline general herself, was nevertheless shrewd of mind and iron of will, as attested to by her long and relatively stable reign over the city-state, and had survived many threats and challenges to her life and power in the past. She had also been known to quote an old proverb of Tilean origin when her lack of personal martial prowess had been called into question. "Wars," the proverb went, "are waged by warriors, but won with gold." And gold Nuln, and the Countess in particular, possessed in abundance, and as the dire import of Tamurkhan's threat became apparent, she was wise enough to realise that an empty coffer was infinitely preferable to a slaughtered city.

To this end with proffered payment, open bribery, along with called on ties of duty and not a few veiled threats, the Countess's court was quick to impress upon a number of powerful and largely independent factions within the great city state of Nuln the need to prepare for war, and to do so sooner rather than later. Some, like the warlike Church of Sigmar, needed no convincing to raise its might against the ancient arch-enemy, and soon preachers and warrior priests could be found on any street corner, screaming and exhorting the masses to holy war, while crazed flagellant bands scourged themselves bloody at their feet and ruthlessly hunted down and put to death any they suspected of Chaos-taint. Others, such as the venerable and lauded Imperial Gunnery School required a little more finesse (and purse-filling) before they would release the full might of their artillery trains and their own Ironside regiments to Nuln's defence, above-and-beyond what duty and standing contract required. Alongside these, scores of smaller bargains were struck between Nuln and dozens of mercenary companies, both great and small, as well as notoriously acerbic and independent battle-wizards and engineers who made the city their home, and even the half-dozen experimental 'land ships' ordered by the city-state of Marienberg and being built in the city were impressed into service at exorbitant cost. All the Countess had determined would be needed for Nuln's defence though even now as news trickled in of massacres and destruction to the south, naysayers among the nobility and mercantile houses claimed that the horde, like a dozen greenskin incursions and Beastmen ravages before it would spend its strength long before it reached the city, and that even if it did, the city was impregnable. These ne'er-do-wells muttered at the expense, poured scorn on the threat and seditiously whispered of the Countess's ill-judgment and weakening mental state. It was not until Theodore Bruckner — the Countess's hulking Champion and Headsman, mounted a dozen heads belonging to vaunted and important men upon spikes above the gate of the trade quarter, that such talk was — if not silenced — then reduced to private whisper.



*Bravery and Desperation, Madness and Bitter Bile, what matter the reason
that holds the line, so long as it is held?*



Outriders and Pistoliers
use swift mounts and
blackpowder guns to
overwhelm and destroy larger
forces in the field. Stallwart
riders all, they patrol the
borders of their province in
sleeping squads.



The Twin-Tailed Comet is a symbol of the coming
of Sizar and the Empire's victory, while the
Blazing Sun is a talisman against the powers of
night and shadow.

The Guardians of Wissenland



The livery of Wissenland is grey, accented with crimson and gold, the armour and plate are of burnished steel



As a border province Wissenland is often beset by raiders and minsters, and its state troopers know well that there is no such thing as being too well-armed.



Armoured warding proffs the valiant steel from injury, and adds to the weight of the charge, its visage intended to strike fear in the foe



NULN

Reinforcements

River Aven

Empire
Battle Line

Crow's
Levee

Besieged

Destroyed
Dakarnus

Undercampment

Reik

Reinforcements
The Monastery
of the
Black Lilies

Wissenburg

Besieged
Pfeildorf

Line of Retreat & Destroyed

Horde
Recombines

Bu

Riv

Sacked
Rook

Chapter Six

On the day of the final battle, the Chiss Horde moved as one towards the great city, a great strong but line nearly a dozen leagues across advancing in the darkness before dawn from the south-west. There was little order or unity, but with Tamiorkhan's reappearance and transfiguration a sense of purpose and destiny had fallen upon the horde again, a purpose that would not be denied. This was to be the day of days, the day when the merciless gods looked down and rewarded glory and punished failure – a red day, a day of blade and spell and claw, of carnage and triumph. For Nidhi, perhaps, it was the end of days.

The Bloody Tempest



At the centre of the Chaos battle line was the Maggot Lord himself riding a-back the Toad Dragon Bubeolos, the great beast cowed somewhat by what its master had become; the foul miasma that poured in brackish floods like ochre-black fog from Tamurkhan's body a heady elixir for the devotees of the Plague God who clustered around him. In his train came the remnants of the followers, champions and warriors who had been his boon companions and acolytes since the battlefield of Zambaijin which for them seemed a life-age ago, many of them now transformed beyond all recognition by the blessings and afflictions of their corrupt patron. With them came a fresh coterie of Nurgle's Daemon-gets: Plague Riders and Tallymen, half-formed slug-like nightmares and chittering roils of foul Nurglings. At the flanks of this core of retainers came those who enjoyed the Maggot Lord's favour — packs of hungering Bile Trolls, decaying Chaos Spawn, brute warbands of Plague Ogres, and the rusted and mouldering armoured hulks of Kayzk the Befouled's Rot Knights. Trailing behind and not too close, lest the Lord of Decay's touch caress them, came the mass of the horde in their thousands — a hundred petty war bands, the subhuman detritus of Chaos, the lost and the damned, mutants and rabble, the half-starved remnants of the Brayherd, chained siege Giants and such monstrous beasts and nameless creatures of Chaos that yet lived to be swept on in Tamurkhan's wake. Far away on the horde's left flank, following the banks of the Upper Reik, came a second shadow army — a sea of dark riders, Chaos Knights and Kurgan Marauders, Dolgan Khans and wastelander wagon-altars draped with skeins of flesh. At its centre rode Sayl the Faithless atop a carved throne of ivory borne on the back of a scarred war mammoth, one of only a dozen that had survived the long trek to this final battle. It was Sayl now those Kurgan who did not share Tamurkhan's faith looked to for leadership and direction, and to interpret the Chaos Gods' signs.

Tamurkhan's horde was a shadow of death on the land. A third threat to the city came slowly but inexorably from the south-east. Between the two Chaos forces the horizon southward of Nuln was blackened into twilight and its voice was the rumble of an oncoming storm. Crossing the river at the Dakarhaus tower-bridge came a disciplined five-bar column of black iron and hissing steam — the Legion of Azgorh, the burning wing shape of Cinderbreath the Bale Taurus circling low overhead, with Lord Drazhoath gazing down with calculating malice on the scene unfolding below him. If any had been in a position to observe, they may have divined that of the three armies that now snaked their way towards Nuln's walls, the Chaos Dwarfs were the most cautious in their progress, and also whereas the horde had deserted the lands behind them, leaving them barren and empty, the Legion of Azgorh had left a garrison to await them at Dakarhaus and keep open a line of retreat.

The defenders of Nuln had deployed to prepared positions to defend their city in the chill hours of dawn. The fate that had fallen Pfeildorf foremost in their minds, Countess Emmannelle's generals and Knights-masters had determined to operate a defence-in-depth, the majority of their forces meeting the horde in the open field where they would be able to manoeuvre and if needs be fall back through a series of defensive lines, finally ending in the city's fortifications. In this, they hoped to prevent the horde massing its strength either in numbers, monstrous beasts or magic against a single point on the city walls and shattering through a breach as they had done at

Pfeildorf. Nor would they allow the strange and devastating war machines that had crushed Pfeildorf to advance within range of the city — the plan called for their destruction at any cost. To this end nearly a full thousand knights, mounted pistoliers and free riders had drawn up on the rolling downs to the west of the city, while serried ranks of state troops: spearmen, halberdiers, handgunners and cannon batteries awaited the horde upon the raised banks of the flood levies that dominated the peninsular where the mighty rivers of the Aver and the Upper Reik met. It was this boggy expanse that was the Empire's chosen killing ground, and the bulwark on which they hoped to shatter the horde, in sight of the great city but no closer. Among the thousands that defended the city of Nuln were more than mere soldiers, for this was a matter of faith as much as survival to some, and for the insane flagellant cults devoted to Sigmar and the zealots of half a dozen other faiths martyrdom in the face of the Great Enemy was a fate to be almost embraced; while at strategic points in the Empire lines battle wizards from the Colleges of Magic awaited the ultimate test of their own arcane craft in the fight to come, many having never before witnessed such portentous turbulence in the unseen Winds of Magic that whipped and eddied across the skies and sank formless like fast-rushing rivers through the earth, heralding what was to come.

Fate had drawn many to this hour of deadly conflict, and while Elspeth von Draken watched from the back of her Carmine Dragon as it clutched to a high cathedral spire like a terrifying, living gargoyle, she could feel the almost heartbeat-like pulse of the talisman she had gifted to Theodore Bruckner — the Countess's champion — to protect him from the foul magics of the arch-enemy. Bruckner's role in the battle plan was a simple if almost impossible one; he was to seek out Tamurkhan, the master of the horde and slay him, an act that alone might make the difference this day between victory and defeat. Her occult senses, attuned to the ebb and flow of life and death as only an initiate of the Amethyst Order could be, picked out a score of bright burning souls below her who might find glory beyond lesser men, or see their spirit-candles brutally snuffed out as merciless chance determines, not least of all that of Lietpold the Black, given command of the free riders, whose lust for vengeance was so great she could almost taste it like bitter blood and copper on her tongue.

The day of destruction was born slowly, pale mists clinging to the damp earth, and a thousand breathless prayers were offered up to the gods of mankind and screamed in exhalation to the Lords of Ruin. The sun rose up like a bloody beacon to light the way, and battle was joined.

CLASH AND CARNAGE

The Empire's forward batteries spoke first. Wasting no time, they hurled rapid volleys of cannon fire into the advancing mass of Tamurkhan's vanguard at extreme range, these long-barrelled cannon lighter than their counterparts at the centre of the Empire lines, but still as deadly, and against so great a target they could scarcely fail to find their mark. Bodies of men and beasts were torn asunder by the steady bombardment, but the horde carried on without fear or regard, its ranks seeming never to falter as shot after shot was poured from the soon red hot cannon. Closer and closer came the horde, and soon the state troops arrayed in defensive squares could begin to see the true horror of the foe that had come to claim their lives.



Some quaked, others began hurried prayers for deliverance, but the ranks held steady, hard-eyed veterans adding quiet steel to the resolve of those around them as firebrand warrior priests went up and down the lines calling upon Holy Sigmar's wrath to smite the hated servants of Chaos.

Horns sounded in the low mists at the extreme west of the Empire line where the defences butted up against the river bank, but were soon drowned out by the thunder of hooves as the Kurgan came screaming in a tide of blurred motion and flashing iron. Along the banks of the Upper Reik, the defences centred on Asher's Levee were commanded by Graf Esmer Tolbruk, and four regiments of state troops from the Nuln Grey Cloaks, backed with a detachment of the Knights Bloodied Spur and a strong battery of cannon — some four hundred men and a score of war machines, but it was as nothing against the onslaught of the Kurgan. They came on like a great black spearhead and the Empire line shivered and shattered at its touch. Redoubts were overwhelmed in moments, horsemen

trampling down fleeing artillery crews and a whirlwind of flashing blades cleaved bloody slaughter through those brave enough to stand before the storm. The glittering, armoured knights of the Empire counter-charged and were instantly smashed apart and sent reeling and splintered through a vortex of stabbing spears and flailing axes, and at the heart of the storm was Sayl the Faithless, raining down blasts of bale-lightning and malevolent curses from his high throne like a wrathful god, as the shifting horror that was Nightmaw the Spawn screamed and flailed behind him to be let loose in the carnage below. Through the defences of Asher's Levee the Kurgan rode, and none could stand before them.

In the centre of the Empire's line, removed from the carnage by the river by several leagues, a huge ball of fire suddenly soared high into the air before seeming to hang immobile in the sky like a second sun. Then at last it began the inevitable fall to earth. The plunging missile blazed so brightly that the whole army of the Empire was bathed in its angry light. The ranks faltered for a moment and then the fiery

CREATURES OF WAR

The Empire of Man has a long tradition of taming the beasts and monsters from its lands where possible and harnessing them as weapons of war. The most famous establishment where these dangerous creatures are housed and trained is the Imperial Zoo, founded in the Imperial capital of Altdorf by the despised Emperor Dieter IV. This large menagerie has long outlived its founder's infamous reign and now serves as both a popular attraction within the city as well as a precious resource for the breeding of beasts. Smaller establishments than the Imperial Zoo can be found in many of the Empire's major cities, each often specialising in a particular kind of creature upon which their reputation is founded, although across the Empire, the savage Griffon is perhaps the most common monster trained in captivity and widely sought after by Elector Counts and powerful Knightly Orders as monstrous mounts. The addition of these strange and bellicose monsters to the forces of the Empire can prove invaluable as it allows the defenders of Karl Franz's realm to meet the terrifying creatures they must fight with equal force - be they the reptilian Wyverns favoured by Orc warlords to lead their hordes, or the dread necromantic horrors raised in the nightmare lands of Sylvania.



orb struck the ground with a mighty crash, erupting into a ball of all-consuming flame. The whole battlefield felt the impact, and troops from both sides clung to weapons that shook in their hands. Horses bucked and their riders struggled to hold them. So it was that the Legion of Azgorh announced their presence. The fiery invocation had come from the centre of a great iron-caged pyre mounted on the back of an iron-wheeled altar so large it needed to be pulled by three Iron Daemon engines, and around it the Chaos Dwarfs swarmed with uncanny and unnerving position, forming a diamond shaped deployment at the edge of cannon-range from the Levee defence lines of the Empire troops, quickly setting up firing positions with their snaking war machine trains, whose clanking and hellish hissing cries could be heard clear to the city walls.

Where the fireball landed nothing remained but a huge smoking crater – a great black pit upon the green sward. Fortunately for the men of the Empire, the blazing missile fell just short of their main gun line, and had instead obliterated one of the furthest forward battery dugouts. Though some of the other gunners behind had abandoned their positions in sheer terror, they soon returned and

began to open up with the full panoply of cannon and mortar at their disposal. White clouds of smoke broke out all along the front of the Empire army and soon cannonballs could be heard whistling through the air in ferocious numbers as they plummeted upon the Chaos horde. Within a short time the artillery duel grew intense. Missiles of all kinds flew between the armies, and the battlefield was soon clouded with drifting gun smoke as the horde, heedless to its casualties, drew inexorably on.

Each side aimed to destroy the artillery of the other – as without artillery either army would be obliged to close upon the other at a great disadvantage. The Imperial army possessed many more cannons than the Chaos Dwarfs, but at such long range only the largest guns had enough reach to strike back at Chaos Dwarfs' position, and so most were forced instead to try to thin the ranks of the horde as best as they could before the inevitable and unholy charge. The death-toll on both sides was hideous, and once the skilled gunners of the famous Nuln Artillery School found their range, they dropped fire accurately into the Chaos Dwarf positions. One shot carried away an Ogre loader, who burst apart showering the Hellsmith



artillerymen with the creature's toxic innards. Another cannonball landed into a caisson of mortar bombs and ripped a gash into the earth with an explosive blast which shook the ground for a league around and sent Infernal Guard flying into the air like scattered toys. The Chaos Dwarf-made-weapons were designed for the slow pace of siege warfare, and their missiles were time consuming to prime and cumbersome to load. For every shell that hurled towards the opposing ranks, a hundred cannonballs spun and bounced towards the horde, but despite this they accounted for themselves with lethal force. The firepower of the Chaos Dwarf weapons was suffused with all manner of horrific and daemonic force, from great gouts of screaming power that devoured everything it struck, to bolts of molten metal hurled like blazing arrows across the field and eldritch rockets which exploded their wrath high in the air, to see it race down screaming with diabolical intelligence to hungrily burn the flesh of its victims. Every missile the Chaos Dwarfs loosed towards the enemy inflicted intolerable damage, cannon after cannon disappeared beneath a ball of flame, and soon the front ranks of the Imperial army were in visible disarray, although they held fast, their banners high in defiance.

The lines closed, crossbow bolts shivered through the air, hideous war cries went up from both sides as the bravery of mortal men held fast to confront an army of inhuman horror and unquenchable bloodlust that hammered towards it. At two hundred paces the Empire handgunners opened fire, a snarling crackle of flame and smoke suddenly shrouding the defenders' lines, and a wave of bodies fell from the horde into the dirt, cut down as before a reaper's scythe, but the hideous creatures and mutated warriors of Tamurkhan came on unchecked, clambering over the bodies of their fallen. Close now the horde broke up, the longer gait of the huge Bile Trolls and multi-limbed Chaos Spawn running ahead of the pack in their frenzied desire to destroy, while the Daemon Tallymen of Nurgle droned on, maddeningly counting out a litany of the slain while festering clouds of blood-hungry flies swarmed towards the men of the Empire from the decaying ranks of Nurgle's children, as thick as a cloying fog. Meanwhile, high above the battlefield the Dragon-rider Orhbal Vipergut led a force of carrion-vulture winged Daemons, tainted harpies and leather-winged Manticores to darken the skies, to be met in rushing, screaming combat by white-winged griffon-riding knights and a trinity of fire wizards mounted atop a burning wheel of fire and coal-black iron, while all around them the air was rent with shrieking rockets, arcane blasts and whistling shells, and blood fell like misted rain as they clashed.

Below, Kayzk the Befouled cantered at the head of his Rot Knights forming the honour guard which rode in front of their master Tamurkhan. The ground between the armies was now so loose and pitted that the pace of the heavy Chaos riders was reduced, but sluggish progress mattered little now that the Empire's cannons had been largely silenced. In front of them, the enemy infantry tightened their formation to withstand a charge as the first of the beasts that ran ahead of the horde ravaged into their lines, closing ranks to stand shoulder to shoulder. Those in front braced their halberds against their right foot and readied their swords grimly to receive the charge, and Kayzk smiled wetly at their folly and false hope that they could withstand the death that closed on them. At a hundred paces a hail of arrows and bullets flew from behind the halberdiers, arcing upwards and then down upon the Chaos knights, but most rattled uselessly against the rusted and slime-coated armour of the Rot Knights and bounced harmlessly from the heavy plates that protected their mounts. Only here and there did a missile find its

mark, piercing the wearer's armour at a joint, or perhaps finding some spot weakened too far by corrosion and canker. A few riders tumbled to the ground and horses fell screaming but the horsemen of pestilence rode relentlessly on.

The Chaos knights levelled their cruelly barbed lances and charged, their hellish, gaunt steeds foaming black at the mouth with savage effort. A hundred paces distance became fifty, and fifty ten when unexpectedly the front ranks of the enemy peeled away in desperate flight, revealing a trio of squat multi-barrelled iron cannon chased in gleaming bronze. It would have been too late to abort their charge even if they had wished, and in the bleak joy of their tainted existence the Rot Knights cared not for the danger. As the Helblaster volley guns erupted in sheets of flame from their spinning muzzles, each barrel discharged its load of a dozen or more small cannonballs. They cut a swathe through the armoured knights and opened great gaps in the Chaos ranks. Those who survived the cannon fire plunged straight into the enemy infantry. In places the valiant footmen held their ground, but in others they were scattered or cut down. Those Rot Knights mounted upon their monstrous steeds had little difficulty overcoming the fence of gleaming halberd blades raised before them. Chaos-bred mounts crashed down upon the poor infantrymen, crushing the leading ranks and slashing those behind with steel-sharp hooves, as the riders impaled men bodily one to another with their lances in screaming slaughter and lay about themselves with festering, skull-headed flails which champed and bit with venom-dripping teeth.

But even where the Imperial regiments broke and fled, others quickly took their place as the second line advanced and among them were regiments bedecked in the crimson and sable livery of the Countess's personal men-at-arms, steel-plated Greyswordsmen of the Exchequer Guard with gold chased double-handed blades as tall as they, and grim, grey-cloaked sell-swords with the coat of a dozen realms nailed to their bucklers. Behind them came the great gleaming war altar of the Arch-Lector of Nuln, pulled by scores of bare-backed and bloody flagellants, while barely armed and crazed zealots screamed and scourged themselves in a great throng of unwashed bodies pressed around it, shouting out their eagerness for martyrdom in Sigmar's name. Soon, even the most deadly of the Chaos knights and rampaging spawn at the fore of the fighting found themselves outnumbered and surrounded by glittering spear points and blood-stained blades. But just as the tide appeared to turn again, with a deafening bellow Bubebolos the Toad Dragon and its terrible master entered the fray, with mutated Giants and great plague-demon things at his heels. Flesh liquefied before the Toad Dragon's foul breath, and scores of men fell screaming as terrible diseases and afflictions erupted without warning, kindling like fire in their flesh as the daemons of Nurgle drew close. Swift-footed Beastmen came screaming from behind the tide of monsters, falling with animal savagery on the wounded and the isolated in a welter of blood.

The battle raged on and the Empire line began to buckle and be pushed back despite the desperate bravery and skill of the soldiery of Nuln — for against such wanton savagery and nightmare-birthed might even they could not prevail. Sensing victory was at hand, the Champions of Chaos howled their cries to their Dark Gods and pressed on with renewed vigour, their cruel and tainted blades rising and falling in a tumult of death while rippling mutant beasts already gore-splattered and panting threw themselves at the foe with renewed hunger to kill and devour.





*Look upon us and Despair, for we are the End, the Decay of all things,
the horror of rot and the blessing of plague.*



THE BATTLE OF CROW'S LEVEE

While battle roared on in the centre of the line, further west near the banks of the river, it seemed victory had already been won for Chaos, and all that was left was for the forces of the Kurgan horsemen to wheel round from their shattering of the Empire flank and turn on the centre from the side with crushing force, and tip the balance of the entire battle at a single stroke. However, as Sayl struggled to call the unruly and eager riders to order and began to manoeuvre and form his army up to a charge, the Kurgan found themselves suddenly under fire from the river at their backs. Floating pontoon forts had made their way down from the city's river gates, their armoured decks crammed with mortars and archers bearing the green and black livery of the River wardenry. The explosive shells falling on the Kurgan scattered them just as Sayl and the Khans were doing all they could to concentrate them, panicking horses and making the task of reforming for a charge all but untenable. Enraged Marauders that attempted to counter attack were quickly dealt with as they attempted to swim the wide, fast flowing Reik to reach the enemy or were quickly swept away, and even the frightening spectacle of a war mammoth attempting to wade toward the pontoons was cut short as every short fused mortar shell, swivel gun and volley after volley of arrows rained down on the mighty beast and it soon sank beneath the thrashing black waters.

Sayl and the Khans restored some semblance of order eventually and succeeded in pulling their riders away from the river and towards their intended target, but they had wasted precious time. This gift of respite had been used by the Empire forces to form up a second lateral defensive

line to try to hold the Kurgan horsemen from smashing into the bloody central melee where the bulk of the horde was fighting, and which was even now sucking in more and more defending troops in an effort to stop the horde's advance, but which was still steadily losing ground to the monstrous foe.

A single deployment from the city reserve had managed to form along the banks of Crow's Levee in time to meet the Kurgan charge — the Nuln Ironsides, the pride of the Imperial Gunnery School under the command of their castellan, Jubal Falk. As the Kurgan Marauders came on, they were met with wave after wave of disciplined gunfire as Empire snipers took aim and felled war-beasts and Khans, causing confusion in the ranks. Alchemist-wizards of the College of Metal — long allied to the Ironsides by ancient bond and contract wielded their arts to burn and scorch the enemy, igniting their foes' weapons into molten fire in their hands while hidden mines were detonated in the sod, ripping apart horses and causing one war mammoth to rampage through the Kurgans' own ranks, blinded and driven insane with pain from the fiery blast. Despite the carnage inflicted on them, bands of Kurgan Marauders slammed into the Ironsides, but their foe's discipline and the heavy armour of the Empire troops held them fast against the repeated attacks from the horsemen, although their casualties were great. At the height of the combat, Sayl the Faithless was himself struck down, a burning bullet of mercurial shot smashing into his helm and toppling him, insensible, from his throne. Soon the last of the great war mammoths of the Northern Wastes still fighting fell crashing to the ground, its hide riddled with hundreds of bullet wounds — a titan laid low by bee stings.

Leaderless and beset, the Kurgans' assault began to waver when a deafening howl from the heavens drowned out all else in the tumult as a dark shape crashed to earth from the skies above. The dragon carcass, burning with livid purple flame, came apart like an over-ripe melon as it hit the ground, the headless, broken body of Orhbal Vipergut pin-wheeling across the ground nearby. Stunned into paralysis all looked up as a wide pair of shadow-black wings darkened the sun and cast all in a shadow that bore with it the chill of the grave. Above them the Carmine Dragon of Elspeth von Draken lowered its glass-fanged maw and unleashed a blast of arcane power which scored across the Kurgan like a knife-blade. Where the blackly

burning amethyst light touched all was sundered into oblivion, flesh and steel withering like candle-wax hurled into a blast furnace and the ground itself screamed where the blast-line touched. The pale scythe in Elspeth's hand flashed and far below men and beasts died, the life ripped from them leaving nothing but desiccated husks. The battle wizards of the Golden College could do nothing but turn their masked faces away from the display of power and shudder, while the Ironsides that regained their wits redoubled their efforts, pouring fire into the staggering Kurgan who as one, broke and fled. The Battle of Crow's Levee had been won, the Empire flank, against all odds had held.



THE KNIGHTLY ORDERS OF THE EMPIRE

The noble-born warriors of the Empire do not form part of any state's standing army, instead they typically fight for one of the Knightly Orders of the Empire; warrior brotherhoods who ride into battle atop barded warhorses, clad in full suits of heavy plate armour and armed with weaponry of the finest quality. There are many of these Knightly Orders throughout the Empire. Some are small in size and their members are recruited from the local aristocracy of a province, such as the Knights Griffon and the Knights of the Broken Sword. While other Orders restrict their membership to devout worshippers of a particular god (and are known as Templars), or form widespread and powerful covenants with chapter houses spread across the Empire such as the Knights of the Blazing Sun, whereas the order of the Reiksguard, the most politically powerful of all the Empire's Knightly Orders, have long been afforded the duty of bodyguard to the Emperor and are in a wider sense traditionally charged directly with the protection of the Empire itself.

The Knightly Orders of the Empire are organised along strict lines of hierarchy, ascension in which is dependent on both valour and victory in the field, which given the brutal realities of the many threats the Empire faces, counts for more than mere blood or noble provenance. The greatest veterans of a particular Knightly Order make up its inner circle, each a legendary warrior who has survived many battles and performed feats of arms lesser warriors can merely dream of. The Knightly Orders of the Empire are a military force no Elector can do without, and the thunderous charge of these heavily armed and armoured warriors has decided too many battles to count.



WEAPONS OF IRON AND OAK

The day well advanced now passed noon, and the entire battlefield was a shifting mass of mud and mayhem, with thousands toiling and killing in the mire. The swathe of combat had interjected itself between the Chaos Dwarf contingent and the rearward Empire gun lines, cutting short their artillery duel. In response the Legion of Azgorh had taken advantage of the respite to lick their wounds and was now moving in column to redeploy to a more advantageous position to the west of the main battle line. Lord Drazhoath had no intention of miring his troops in the slaughter before him, and already had paid more in blood and machinery than he cared for Tamurkhan's cause. Instead he would be content for his Legion to wait out the outcome of the carnage, and make his plans accordingly, preserving his war machines as needed, perhaps even shelling the battle indiscriminately should it go against the Chaos forces.

It was then however that there was a sudden commotion in the rearward ranks of the enemy. From the western flank of the great melee there burst a company of fresh mounted troops who broke away from the Empire lines and skirted the edge of the battle, galloping towards the Chaos Dwarf position at break-neck speed. These were followed moments later by war engines the like of which

Lord Drazhoath had never seen. Strange and spectacular these four bizarre machines belched smoke and wheezed and clanked as if they were about to burst apart. At first he thought them to be the famed Steam Tanks of the Empire but soon realised they were something else entirely. They were huge creations, far larger even than his own Iron Daemons and fashioned incongruously in the image of sea-warships, but hoisted high on wheels and propelled by some crude steam engine which even at this distance sounded fit to explode at any moment. Their decks teemed with soldiers and were frantic with activity, and with sudden shock he watched armoured gun ports open in their bows to reveal the jutting barrels of cannon. Lord Drazhoath swore some terrible oath in dwarfish and immediately snapped orders to his attendants who made haste to obey, and the column's machine-train began to scream and clank slowly towards forming a defensive circle. The Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer-Prophet watched the enemy's machines steam rapidly forward and they did so at far greater speed than he had ever seen any Chaos Dwarf engine of their size move. The 'land ships' he realised had distracted him utterly from the darting horsemen, which were now drawing close at the gallop. As these riders approached, Drazhoath observed that some were armed with strange mechanical weapons of a kind he had never seen before. Their use and purpose was quickly revealed when



clattering gunfire — faster than any Drazhoath had ever witnessed bar from the weird experimental weapons of the hated Skaven Clan Skyre — rattled forth from the riders, spraying indiscriminately into the still-turning Chaos Dwarf column. The Infernal Guard moved lock-step into defensive positions and returned withering fire with firelock and hailshot blunderbuss, shredding horses and riders alike, but Drazhoath cursed foully again seeing the damage was already done, as the riders were already in amongst the column. Their target was now clear, as those few that still lived hurled iron-sphere bombs with fizzing fuses into the guns and gears of war machines and munitions carriages with devastating results.

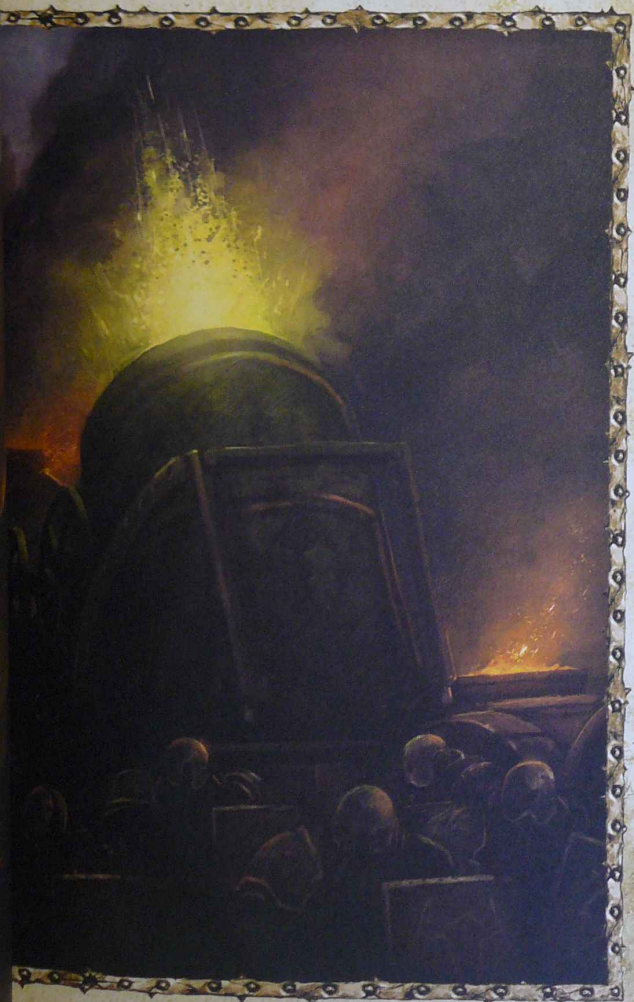
Lord Drazhoath urged Cinderbreath into the air as the land ships closed quickly upon the siege-mortars and magma cannon, still stowed for transport, their Hellsmiths frantically trying to make them ready to fire. With thunderous retorts, the Land Ships began to shower the weapon carriages with shot from their bow-mounted cannons and fusillades of small-arms fire from the fighting decks. A well-aimed cannonball struck one of the vast mortars and in a shrieking explosion knocked it completely from its mounting, the Chaos Dwarf crew lying dead and mutilated amongst the mangled metal of their war machine. As the Chaos Dwarfs rallied

to the defence, another wave of riders came through the trundling formation of Land Ships. There were near a hundred this time, liveried in ivory cloth and enamelled black armour and armed with firearms of diverse kinds. Some carried multi-barrelled musketoons, some braces of pistols and others bore brass-mouthed guns that gaped open like blunderbusses. The cavalry stormed around the weapon-carriages, loosing their fire upon the crewmen and slaves and causing great slaughter. As they did so, hard-eyed swordsmen rappelled into combat from the sides of the Land Ships and fought off all attempts by the Dwarfs of Zharr to rescue their comrades.

Enraged, Drazhoath issued the mental command for Cinderbreath to plunge into the attack. The huge burning beast did as he was bidden, and Drazhoath felt a thrill of pleasure as Cinderbreath bathed the deck of the nearest Land Ship in its breath of flame; the death screams of the crew caught in the open sweet music to the black-hearted sorcerer. With a sweep of his gnarled hand he summoned the power of his Dark God and covered a second Land Ship in a pall of cloaking black ash while the first careered away burning merrily. More hooves thundered, vastly more, and Drazhoath's alarm was replaced with triumph as hundreds of Kurgan horsemen thundered into view, but instead of joining the battle they rode on by at speed, leaving the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer to shout bitter curses after them for their cowardice.

Meanwhile, undeterred, the two remaining Land Ships turned clumsily about to attack the next column of machine-carriages, but by now the Infernal Guard were engaged in a bitter fight with the enemy's horsemen and were quickly gaining the upper hand, although the ragged looking swordsmen fared better, their weird-looking standard seeming to shriek like a damned soul in torment. The Land Ships lumbered onwards more slowly now, for it appeared that they had expended much of their power during their rapid advance. They had taken fire from the Chaos Dwarfs and now steam spat from gaping holes in the machines' sides. One Land Ship belched black smoke and flames sputtered from its chimney stack as the engine backfired noisily. Its companions blundered about, one blinded by ash and the other now blazing like a furnace, but the fourth incongruously slammed down its heavy anchor and used the drag weight to turn sharply, crashing into a detachment of Infernal Guard that had formed up to fire on it. Its bow cannon spoke suddenly and grapeshot lacerated the Chaos Dwarfs, even as their vaunted Blackshard armour next to useless against the cannon at point blank range. Lord Drazhoath launched Cinderbreath into a knot of enemy riders and laughed cruelly as the Bale Taurus burned and gored them into unrecognisable hunks of scorched meat. The burning Land Ship crashed into an Iron Daemon head on and the pair exploded in a roaring fireball which sent splinter shrapnel scudding across the battlefield, punching a hole through Cinderbreath's wing and ricocheting off Drazhoath's armour. Bit by bit the Land Ships were worn down: wheels blasted apart, boilers pierced and weeping, and weapons bent and useless. A Skullcracker engine found one that had stalled broadside, its teeth bit into iron plate and chewed a hole through the hull with a cracking sound and erupted from the other side in a shower of splinters, cutting the wooden beast in half. The few surviving riders and swordsmen beat a desperate retreat, as did the single rickety Land Ship that remained, smoking and bullet ridden, as fast as its off-kilter wheels would carry it. But the damage had been done and the Chaos Dwarfs were in no state to pursue.

"*Treachery!*" Drazhoath howled into the skies.



A VORTEX OF BLOOD

Then came the sound of trumpet blasts and the roaring thunder of hooves from the east, loud enough to drown out even the clangour of the bloody battle and soon the ground itself shook and vibrated in omen of what was to come. At the sound Tamurkhan reared up his Toad Dragon and looked out across the swirling slaughter around him and saw a great wall of shining steel rushing toward them like a foaming wave; banners and pennants of black and gold, grey and scarlet snapping and flying above the knights of a dozen orders, lance points levelled in a glittering wall of promised death. The fetid lord of Nurgle spurred into Bubebolos who let out a deafening cry of his own and turned to counter charge this new threat, the Maggot Lord swinging around his great axe in wild demand for the horde to follow. Now it was the turn of the horde to feel the keen-edged blades of their enemy and withstand the hurricane-force of the knights' massed charge. The shock of the Empire cavalry's impact sundered into the horde, which fractured but did not break before the onslaught. It was those humanoid warriors on foot — the whirling marauders, howling Beastmen and degenerate mutants that took the worst of the blow and died in their hundreds in the first moments as the glittering column of steel and vengeful ire slammed into the melee, but they were not alone and even hulking Plague Ogres clad in Chaos Dwarf-forged black metal fell in scores, pierced in a dozen places by the lances of the knights. Behind the first arrowhead wave of knights came a second charge of free riders and pistoliers, who darted through the melee seeking targets of their own, discharging Wheelock guns into towering monstrosities at point blank range, or hurling demilances into the backs of hulking Chaos Warriors already caught up in savage combat, little caring if a few of their fellow soldiers were struck in the process. Here and there the actinic flashes of magic revealed the presence of battle wizards in the thundering charge, as searing blasts of pure white light burned into the rancid flesh of Nurgle's Daemon Tallymen, scorching them into oblivion, while a vast tangle of murderous living thorns erupted from the earth, catching a clutch of festering Bile Trolls in their deadly embrace, and try as they might, the hulking monsters could not break free, and only managed to rend and puncture their ever-knitting flesh over and over in the attempt.

But if the charge of Nuln's massed cavalry was meant to be a decisive blow to end the battle in the Empire's favour, it failed, and instead only managed perhaps to even the battle once more. Within minutes the warring forces became hopelessly interpenetrated, and the impetus of the charge was completely lost as the knights and free riders became mired in countless separate hand-to-hand struggles. The savage axes of the Chaos Warriors were turned on the new foe, cutting down rider and horse alike with their inhuman strength, and soon the bloated beasts of Nurgle were pulling knights from their mounts and even picking up horses, riders and all, before crushing and rending them in their tentacled grasps. A great Bonegrinder Giant, taller than a watchtower, its pale flesh mutilated by masses of weeping sores, strode over a battery palisade and began to pick up the great cannon there and flung them towards the oncoming Empire cavalry as easily as a boy might hurl stones at skittles. The carnage the flying metal caused to the onrushing knights was abruptly ended when the Giant toppled screaming to the ground as a wound-crazed Griffon, a riderless and bloody saddle trailing behind it slammed like a cannonball into its chest and powered away with whooshing wing-beats, taking what was left of the Giant's face with it as red tatters trailing from its gleaming claws.

Where there had been the central defence line of the Empire forces, was now a vast, whirling melee miles across — an orderless, leaderless slaughter on a nightmarish scale where no quarter was given and the screams of the dying hung in the air, echoing as far as the streets of the great city where refugees huddled in fear at the sound. The ground, already a morass of blood and mud, became a quagmire of gore and twitching bodies. Both sides knew instinctively that whoever won this deadly gauntlet would win the day, and more and more reinforcements from both sides were fed into this vortex of blood and the skies above grew black and turbulent, as if the sun refused to look upon the horror visited below.

As the day waned, the bloody stalemate drew on with no sure victory in sight for either side who fought desperately on with thousands now left dead at their feet. Tamurkhan broke free of the battlefield, and Bubebolos, now bearing the scars of a score of weeping wounds, sheared off lance points jutting from its armoured scales, limping on its rear limb where a fireball had charred its knee down to blackened bone. The Maggot Lord's mind, half insane with the unbridled savagery of the day and the reek of carnage around him, still grasped that by simple attrition the Empire would eventually win as matters stood, and perhaps had already slain enough of his forces so that they had not enough strength to breach the city's defences. Enraged beyond measure, he called to him his commanders, mortal and daemon alike to answer for the failure, *"Where were the Kurgan riders, why had they not joined the fray?"* And with his own eyes he could see the plumes of black smoke from the Chaos Dwarf machine-trains withdrawing from the field, *"Did they believe their work was done, Nurgle take them!"*

Tamurkhan listened aghast to reports of the Kurgan riders' flight from the field, to scatter across the rolling hills behind, and choked with mounting fury to the realisation that victory was being stanchd away from him. All was lost, the Throne of Chaos, so tantalisingly close was being snatched from his grasp, and yet... and yet... the Daemons whispered in his mind, there was perhaps another way.

THE DANCE OF DEATH AND DECAY

As twilight fell on the great field of slaughter, the battle finally ebbed away, and the acolytes of the Plague God broke off their assault, leaving only a few insane and uncontrollable monsters to fight on in their stead, falling back into the gathering gloom. Behind them they left the survivors of the Empire armies numb and exhausted — and in no fit state to mount any kind of pursuit even if they wished it. The death toll had been staggering, and no right accounting could easily be given of the losses Nuln had sustained, but they were without doubt appalling. That fact could be plainly seen and felt by the empty-eyed, stumbling and wounded soldiers that staggered back across the great bridge that spanned the river to the city — handfuls of men remaining from regiments that had numbered in the hundreds. The citizenry that awaited them; women and children, old folk for the main, curiously silent attended to them as best they could with bandages and food, ale and blankets, but over the whole city a pall of foreboding and quiet had fallen where perhaps there should have been triumph, the skies above grew darker yet, blotting out the moon and stars. All could feel the fearful change in the air — a nameless horror was about to be born.

The air was heavy with a sick reek of rotting blood and bodily corruption, and to Tamerkhan it was well and good as he mounted the shattered steps to the marble wellhead. The freshly defiled rain that had once been an abbey devoted to the pathetic goddess of healing the squalling men of the Empire called Shallyn, the entrails of her decaying, freshly uncoiled in its walls.

He had been wrong — he understood that now — his thinking, this best for paltry conquests, all had been wrong, his desire petty, mortal.

His Tamer in Decay cared not for the banners of victory or the trinkets of kingship. It was the silence of the grave, and the moans, the voices of flies, the wisdom of the canker worm and his prayer was the dying, tainted breath of a plague-racked body. Now Tamerkhan would take this Empire of Men and remake it into a shape more pleasing to his master.

Death, death and decay were all.

The battle had served its true purpose, and now ten thousand and more bodies lay rotting, scattered across the earth, and had given him the power to work this dark malvolence. It was never enough though, all must die. He had sent his followers to slay and die in Morgle's name in the night, unleashed all his beasts of war as aimless and indiscriminate as maxima in the wind, and dispartly at Dakerhous the treacherous *Chaos* Dwarfs had unleashed their fires in a vain effort to survive the vengeful assault of Kyzek and the chosen, while winged avian-things now hunted horsemen that had sworn to serve him long ago in the Wastes. He had taken the life of his faithful servant

Baagolds with his own hands, opening its throat with his great axe and letting the black blood soak into the earth and fester. He was severed now of all ties to his mortal past.

Tamerkhan staggered down into the waters of the sacred wellhead and appended the black amphora of contagion over himself, grinning as at its touch his diseased flesh sloughed liquidly from his distracted bones under the caress of the filthy waters of Morgle's *Amman*.

The waters around him immediately began to boil and twist, the wind rose and fell and rose again until it became an unending howl of despair. The ground shook in virid protest. Trees wayed in agony beneath the wind's relentless battering, while the waters of the river churned as if trying to flee the bondage of its banks. But nothing could escape from the grip of the fierce Tamerkhan had wrought, not even the earth itself.

A oily slick spread over the waters, which congealed and thickened in seconds, and the skies were wracked by peels of thunder and flashes of lurid green lightning. From bank to bank no water stirred beneath that maelstrom, for all had curled to bubbling sludge and slime, the stink spreading across the waters with nightmarish speed. Dark and hideous forms stirred and began to drag themselves up from the slime, and from the shadows of the desecrated abbey drone-voiced Daemen Talliguen shambled forward to greet the tide of their foul kin erupting in scores from the beyond.

Tamerkhan reggled up his wrecked Ogre body *blotting* and *dissolving*, the maggot worm within shuddering and pulsing. There was very little left of mortal flesh, however tainted within him now, and when the daemonic stain flowed as far as the great city and the countless legions of plague brought death to its streets, there would be nothing mortal left of him at all and he would be as they, reviling in corruption and despair for all eternity, not without end.

A sudden flash of purple-white fire flared on the landward edge of the abbey compound, throwing into sharp relief the steaming multitude of hellishly twisted flesh dragging itself out of the river.

Tamerkhan *marled*. They could not stop him, not now.



*Men are no more than Meat, and mortal flesh Rot in waiting
Soon or late, all come to Father Nurgle for his pleasure*

In the court of the Countess Emmanuelle, all was a frenzy of activity washed over with mounted shock as news of the fallen came in. It was the almost ghostly figure of Elspeth von Draken, who it seemed had paled to a mere shadow, that cut through the court with news of the direst import. Something was happening on the banks of the Upper Reik south of the city, something terrible that might yet spell the doom of them all.

The assault on the fallen Abbey of the Lilies was a desperately arranged affair, and would not have been possible without the combined reserves of arcane power possessed by the near-exhausted battle wizards of Nuln. The conjurations that let them speed and twist distance back upon itself to allow the war party to strike before it was too late were so grave that the Grey Wizard who wove the spell was consumed by it, burning coldly away to a cloud of fine ash in the casting.

The ragged column of knights — the bloodied survivors of a dozen orders who had endured the battle of the day launched the attack — spearheaded by the Countess's Champion, Theodore Bruckner riding the savage Demigryph Reaper, the talisman at his neck flaring with amethyst light as it encountered the supernatural miasma that fogged the desecrated abbey. With them came warrior priests and foot soldiers, swordsmen and wizards, all volunteers who knew their survival was far from likely. Above them the Carmine Dragon's wings beat the wind-tortured air and the shadowy form of Elspeth von Draken raised up her glimmering scythe which crackled with pale fire. The armies of hell rose up to meet them.

Daemon savagery tore at the knights, fetid claws gutting warhorses and dragging them down, but even as they died the armoured warriors slammed their lances into cataracted cyclopean eyes and drove their blessed blades deep into swollen daemon-flesh. Zealots screamed and flung themselves fearlessly to their deaths, scourges swung wildly while holy prayers drove back hulking Plague Toads, burning them as if the purest vitriol acid had been poured over their flesh. The shifting savage form of a wizard from the Amber College matched claw for claw and fang for fang against the horror but was quickly smothered and disappeared beneath a mass of rusted blades and scabrous limbs. The sorcerous breath of the Carmine Dragon lashed out, burning a blinding light across the abbey and smote the chest of a Great Unclean One which struggled to free its house-sized bulk from the choked river of decaying flesh and writhing limbs, but it was evident it would all be for nothing if they could not act quickly, for they were simply too few and the coming Daemon legion seemingly without number or limit. Tamurkhan was the key, and it was he that must die before the ritual reached its zenith and a plague the likes of which had never been seen was unleashed upon the Empire.

Reaper bounded with long talon-sure strides towards Tamurkhan, shouldering the Plaguebearer Tallymen who rose up to bar its path aside, pausing to savagely grab one and shake it to pieces in its razor-sharp beak and fling it aside as a cat might a mouse. Bruckner raised his cold blade above his head and shouted out his challenge, undaunted. The enraged Tamurkhan, fearless and defiant, was swift to answer, yanking out the great axe from the tainted earth beside the body of the Toad Dragon and running full pelt towards the Demigryph with a staggering gait, bones rattling wetly within his decaying flesh. Arcane fire burst upon Tamurkhan and swathed him in torment, causing him to stagger, and in that

moment of distraction Reaper was on him, its scythe-like talons a blurred frenzy, slashing rotting meat from diseased bone, its beak shooting forward and plucking the rotted head of the Ogre clean from its body. Tamurkhan reeled but did not fall and the great axe licked out in a whistling side-sweep and caught the Demigryph in the breast, stoving in the noble beast's rib cage and cleaving its beating heart in two. Reaper reared up, screaming in death agony, dragging the axe from the Maggot Lord as it did so. Bruckner barely managed to scramble clear in time as the Demigryph collapsed, dead as a felled tree, and came up swinging, his enchanted blade stabbing and hacking relentlessly at the flailing bulk of the headless Tamurkhan, scoring wound after wound on the tainted flesh. The inhuman horror collapsed to one knee under the onslaught. Gushing foulness filled with writhing black worms spilled across Bruckner, and gagging he staggered backwards — staggered and slipped. It was enough for the maggot to do its work.

The obscene creature lurched forth like a striking cobra and fastened itself over Theodore Bruckner's terrified face, crunching through leather and bone and pulsing and writhing within the flesh, delicate bones splintering like pistol shots as the maggot forced its way down.

"Here was a proud vessel that would be the last he would ever need. He would not be denied. He was eternal. He was..."

The talisman around Bruckner's neck burst into furious life, like a burning star unleashed in the night. In a roaring flash there was nothing but blackened crumbling bone where the Countess Emmanuelle's champion had stood, and in an instant later even that had been consumed, and Tamurkhan the Maggot Lord with it.

High above the battle Elspeth von Draken watched the fire-flash and allowed herself a brief moment of satisfaction in the instant before the storm of magic the Maggot Lord had drawn to himself abruptly cut and folded back on itself catastrophically. Her design had come to fruition. A whip cord of oblivion snapped shut over the spot where Tamurkhan had stood within a hair's breadth of daemonhood and all was laid waste. The banks of the river thundered upwards and quaked, and the Children of Nurgle were scattered and withered to filthy ribbons of ash in the span of a heartbeat. The Abbey of the Lilies and all within it ceased to be, and in the wide crater that replaced it a tangle mass of tortured green-black glass pierced the ground like a vile dagger stabbed into the earth. The Carmine Dragon fell lifeless from the sky and Elspeth von Draken faded like smoke in the night.

And so ended the saga of Tamurkhan, he who sought the Throne of Chaos.

And what of I his chronicler?

Blinded by burning metal, abandoned and scorned by my people, I who had risen so high — who men called Faithless — was left a beggar upon the road in a realm of the lost and desolate. Condemned by the Dark Gods to my black penance. A stranger in a strange land, but far from helpless.

And soon my story shall also be told.



*The Knightly Orders of the Empire
are its most skilled and able
warriors, and fought to the death in
the defence of Nubia*



The Battle of the Bloody Levees



The famed Grimory School of Necromancy produces the finest artillery pieces in the Empire, and without their wrath the line would never have been held against the horde.



Norsca

Sea of Chaos

Cold Mires

Sea of Claws

Kislev
Troll Country

Praag

Erengard

Worlds

Uzkolak

Marienburg

Middenheim

Kislev

Edge

The Empire

Talabheim

Altdorf

Mountains

Plain of Zhar

Bretonnia

The Grey Mountains

Averheim

Quenelles

Athel Loren

Black Water

Black Mountains

Mad Dog Pass

The Vaults

Black Princes

Crookback Mountain

Tilea

Mount Greyhag

Tower of Gorgoth

Death Pass

Karak Eight Peaks

Black Gulf

Badlands

Desolation of Nagash

Ash Ridge Mountains





K'datha

Northern Wastes

Eastern Steppes

Ogre Kingdoms

Lands

Howling Wastes

Ancient
Giant
Lands

Vale of Titans

Black
Fortress

Greasus Goldtooth's
Kingdom

Great Hall
of Greasus

The
Great
Maw

Haunted Forest



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Karak Eight
Peaks

Death
Pass

Desolation
of
Nagash

Campaign

The following section provides you with a variety of rules, options and inspiration for conducting your own Warhammer campaign based on the events that occur in Tamorikhan: The Throne of Chaos.

Here you will find unique battle scenarios, a narrative campaign system as well as Warhammer Bestiary entries and army list additions for the various personalities, heroes, villains and monsters that play key roles in Tamorikhan's saga, allowing you to use them in your games and as expansions to the forces found in existing Army books.

As well as all this, also included in this section is a Chaos Dwarf army list for the grim Legion of Azgorh. This should be considered an official army list for Warhammer.

Campaigning for the Throne of Chaos

The following section allows you and your friends to fight your own battles to decide the fate of Tamurkhan, a Chaos warlord, who by dint of conquest and slaughter seeks to gain the favour of the Dark Gods and attain immortality as a Daemon in the service of his master, Nurgle, the Lord of Decay. In order to do this, this section provides you with a narrative campaign framework that echoes the main story elements and momentous events of Tamurkhan's reign of terror.

Narrative campaigns differ somewhat from other styles of organised campaign frameworks (such as league play, Mighty Empires campaigns and node campaigns), in that they are very focused on the story and background to events in the Warhammer world to determine the nature of the games you will play (hence the 'narrative' bit!). To this end the special scenarios and campaign rules may err more on the side of following the storyline rather than being scrupulously 'balanced' — by which I mean they may have unusual conditions for victory, consequences for future games and indeed be harder for one side to win than the other. But the spice of this kind of variety is one of the most interesting elements narrative campaigns have to offer, and getting into the spirit of this is a key part of the enjoyment (not only for yourself, but also for the other players).

HOW THE THRONE OF CHAOS CAMPAIGN WORKS

The Sides: This campaign can be theoretically played with as many people as you like, with the proviso that they be split roughly into two sides, as ultimate victory in the campaign is decided by which side — rather than which player — wins the final battles, with the results of the prior games determining just what forces and advantages the two sides bring to bear in this last round of combat.

There are two sides to the Throne of Chaos campaign. One represents Tamurkhan and his horde, and the other (slightly more abstractly) represents the opposition he encounters through his travels and the various armies and enemies that oppose him.

The armies played by the Chaos Horde side in any given game can be drawn from any Chaos Army book as desired (and also by using the Legion of Azgorh army list found further on in this section of the book). Depending on the availability of other forces (see What armies do you need to play? on page 107), you might also want to include other allies of dark hearted allegiance if you can and as is practical for your gaming group.

The armies played by the Opposition side are a varied lot indeed as Tamurkhan's horde ravages through many lands on its way to its ultimate goal of besieging Nuln. Each Campaign phase as shown further on offers a selection of appropriate armies for each locale on the campaign map (see page 109) as well as special units or army types that may be used in a particular phase.

Selecting armies: Unless specified by a particular scenario, the following restrictions should be applied to army selection for games played as part of the Throne of Chaos campaign.

Points Cost: Games should be played to a mutually agreed points cost, with a value of 2,500 points recommended per side for games in phases one through five, with Grand Battles of 3,500 points a side recommended for games played as part of the sixth phase.

Character Limitations: Unless using special characters found within this book, special characters drawn from the Warhammer Army books should be limited to a maximum of one per army (who may be assumed to be 'stand-ins' which operate with the same rules). In addition, Wizards with a higher Magic level than 2 should also be limited to one per army maximum, regardless of the game's size unless a Storm of Magic scenario is being played.

Magic Item Restrictions: Unless specified as being part of a special character's equipment or selected as a part of the bonuses for winning a Campaign phase, the following restriction applies to characters used in armies in the campaign:

No individual magic item of more than 30 points may be taken as part of a character's usual magic item allowance, with the exception of the army's General who may also take a single magic weapon, piece of magic armour or talisman of up to 50 points as part of their usual magic items allowance.

(Note that this restriction has no effect on access to other optional special abilities, such as those derived from Ogre Big Names or Vampire Bloodline Powers).



The Phases: The campaign is separated into six phases, each phase roughly corresponding to one of the chapters in the story of Tamurkhan.

Each phase has a number of games played within it. This can be as few or as many games as you like during a particular phase as it is the overall outcome of the total number of games played that determines who wins that phase, and therefore which side accrues bonuses for the final phase.

The recommended number of games played per phase is equal to the number of players involved.

One of the games played in the phase should use the special Campaign scenario shown for that phase (see pages 114 to 120). The rest should be determined randomly — a chart for each phase is provided, and the missions used can be found in the *Warhammer* 8th edition rulebook.

Each game played offers a number of Campaign points to the sides involved. At the end of the phase, the side with the greater number of Campaign points has won that phase. If the number of Campaign points won by each side for the phase is equal, then the winner of the special scenario wins the phase.

The Grand Finale: Phase six of the Throne of Chaos campaign represents the cataclysmic final conflict fought in the shadow of the great city of Nuln. All rides on this turbulent storm of blades and sorcery, and all that has gone before is but a prologue to this mighty

clash of arms. The results of the previous phases will determine which bonuses (and also penalties) the two sides fight with during the last phase.

The side with the most Campaign points accrued in this final phase is the Victor!

CHARACTER CASUALTIES (OPTIONAL RULE)

When playing campaign games, one additional exciting element can be determining the fate of a particular special character between games. Have they fallen never to rise again or will they be back with a vengeance?

If a unique special character* used by a player is removed as a casualty during a campaign game (this includes routing back off the board, etc), after the game has concluded, roll a D6 for the character, the results of the following then apply:

If you won the game, add +1 to the D6 roll!

D6 Result

- 1 **Casualty!** The character may not be used again in this Campaign phase.
- 2 **Wounded:** The character must start the next game with one wound fewer than normal (down to a minimum of 1).
- 3 **Shaken:** The character must fight the next game with -1 Ld.
- 4-5 **Fight Another Day:** The character has escaped permanent injury or hurt, and may be used again freely if you wish in the next game.
- 6 **Enraged!** The character has not only escaped injury and can fight again normally, but is subject to Hatred (of everyone) for their next game!

***Note:** This covers not only the special characters included in this book (Tamurkhan, Lielpold the Black, etc), but also any drawn from other Warhammer Army books for the army being used, including any 'proxied' ones the player has renamed to theme with their army. It may be noted by astute players that this optional rule can have more effect on the Chaos Horde than its opposition (who may effectively take an entirely different army with different characters every game). This is somewhat intended and is counterbalanced to a degree by the army selection restrictions for the campaign.

WHAT ARMIES DO YOU NEED TO PLAY?

The saga of Tamurkhan is one of the many wars of Chaos fought against the mortal races of the Warhammer world, and as such the number of different forces involved when following the story and the horde's lengthy travail in order to reach Nuln might seem intimidating to say the least. However, if your personal collection of armies or that of your gaming group can cover them all that's great, this is far from 'required' to play the Throne of Chaos campaign or get enjoyment from it. It is however recommended that if you are going to use all the extra scenarios and units provided here, that at least a single Warriors of Chaos army appears on the Chaos Horde side, and you have at least one Empire army on the Opposition side for the final phase. If you don't have the other armies listed at your disposal (or indeed only have those two!), you should still feel free to use the campaign system listed as follows with the armies you own, and modify it where appropriate.

Suitable opposition armies for each Campaign phase can be found in that phase's description.

Armies suitable for inclusion on the Chaos Horde side are: Warriors of Chaos, Daemons of Chaos, Beastmen and the Legion of Azgorh (see page 186). This represents a 'pure' interpretation of the forces present in Tamurkhan's saga. However, depending on the players in your campaign, you can also open this up to include the following armies which could have conceivably allied themselves with the Maggot Lord at various stages of his dark journey: Ogre Kingdoms, Skaven, Orcs & Goblins, and Vampire Counts.

HOW MANY PLAYERS DO WE NEED?

The Throne of Chaos campaign can be fought with as little as two players with no real upper number limit except practicality! However, somewhere between three and six players a side will let you get the most out of the range of games and scenarios included.



Designer's Notes: Running a Successful Campaign

When running any campaign there are certain practical considerations you should always keep in mind, not least of all the ability of players to regularly play games and just how long the campaign is going to take you in the 'real world'. Commitment to seeing the campaign through is essential, and if you get this sorted out ahead of time, things will not only run smoother, you're likely to have a lot more fun in getting there! Here then are a few tips for running successful campaigns:

Appoint an organiser: Find a volunteer among the players to organise things and keep a record of what's happened (eg, who's played, to record results, to stick pins in maps, etc). Then be nice to them! It's everybody's responsibility to help the organiser out, and also display a little gratitude for the good job they're doing. In more simple set-ups like the Throne of Chaos, this can be one of the players, but in larger more complex campaigns, it's often better that this organiser doesn't play, but remains impartial as a 'Games Master'. This allows them to referee disputes and also allows them a freer hand to modify and invent new missions and special rules.

Have a plan for ending the campaign: Keep an eye on time and the real world, and tailor your campaign to fit the lives and needs of your players. Be realistic about your players' ability to commit to games and the length of time you can all handle. Doing this will be the most sure fire way of getting your campaign off the ground and seeing it to a satisfactory conclusion. As well as any in-game timescale (such as the games-per-phase ratio in Throne of Chaos), also have a series of real world deadlines which moves the campaign on, regardless of anything else, towards its conclusion. This can be very helpful particularly when running a campaign for a sizable group who may not have very regular and uniform attendance, such as at a gaming club, as it keeps the campaign moving.

For example: For a gaming group of less than a dozen people playing a game or so each per week, I would suggest a timed cut-off of two weeks for the different phases of the Throne of Chaos campaign. This means as long as at least one game is played, every two weeks the phase ends and the Campaign points are counted up and a new phase is begun. The campaign will move forward, and after twelve weeks, you'll be done! If you have a lot more players (such as an entire club meeting on a regular gaming night) or just a lot more games being played on average, you could decrease that to a phase per week. Conversely, you can slow things down if you want the campaign to last longer or if you and your friends can only get together infrequently to play, you could expand this to a phase a month or longer! In any case, this kind of up front framework lets everybody know where they stand and how things will work.

Give people time to prep: One of the great things about campaigns, particularly the ones with a rich backstory such as narrative campaigns, is that they can be a fantastic spur to paint models and build stuff you've had lying around for ages with the intention of doing something with (well, they are for me at any rate!), as well as encouraging you to put together a themed army or one that complements either in style or appearance that of your allies'. A lot of people really like this aspect of the hobby, and it can be a very cool thing to factor in some time to prepare for. So, rather than sit down with your friends and decide you're all going to start playing the campaign the next day, work in a month or so's prep time to get started (and then finish during play perhaps or expand new units as you go along). This in my experience adds to the camaraderie and commitment of the players, and overall increases what everyone involved gets out of playing in a narrative campaign (and also leaves plenty of time for spurious challenges, bragging and tough talk before kick-off!).



The Campaign Phases

The campaign is broken down into a series of phases, each with their own special scenario, suggested opposition and other appropriate scenarios, as well as any appropriate phase special rules and effects leading up to phase six.

CAMPAIGN PHASE 1: THE CHAMPIONS OF THE DARK GODS

Special Scenario: Altar of Battle (2 CP to the victor)

Suggested Opposition: Warriors of Chaos, Daemons of Chaos, Beastmen, Empire, and Dwarfs.

Other Scenarios: (See the *Warhammer* rulebook)

D6	Result
1-2	Battleline (1 CP to the victor)
3-4	Blood and Glory (1 CP to the victor)
5	Meeting Engagement (2 CP to the victor)
6	Battle Royal (2 CP to the victor) as a Grand Battle (if the models are available) or a Storm of Magic scenario (2 CP to the victor) as chosen.

Special

Chaos Wastes: The battles in this phase take place in the Northern Wastes under the baleful influence of the winds of magic and watched by the Chaos Gods.

When a Miscast result is suffered by any Wizard, this may be re-rolled, but the second roll must be taken even if it is worse. Additionally, if Power Drain is the result of this re-roll, treat the result as Dimensional Cascade instead.

Victory Effects: Signs and Portents

Chaos Horde: The nightmare realm waxes open: +1 to all casting rolls in the battles of the final phase.

Opposition: The doom of the enemy has been foretold. At the start of the game, after deployment but before the first turn, pick a single enemy unit in play – if a character and mount are chosen, then both are affected. For the entire game To Wound results of a '1' against this unit may be re-rolled.

CAMPAIGN PHASE 2: LANDS OF STONE AND DUST

Special Scenario: Conquest of Giants (2 CP to the victor)

Suggested Opposition: Ogre Kingdoms, Empire (standing in for Cathay), Beastmen, Orcs & Goblins, Vampire Counts, and Hobgoblin Tribes (see Special).

Other Scenarios:

D6	Result
1-2	Battleline (1 CP to the victor)
3-4	Meeting Engagement (1 CP to the victor)
5	Surprise Encounter (2 CP to the victor)
6	Dark Monoliths of Zhulgozar (2 CP to the victor)

Special

Hobgoblin Tribes: The lands of the Steppe are infamous for the nomadic tribes of marauding Hobgoblins that plague them. You can use stand-in Orc & Goblin models to represent these. Core units for these armies can be comprised of Hobgoblin Cutthroats, Wolf Raiders and Hobgoblin Khans as Hero choices (see the Legion of Azgorh army list for details). In addition, Goblin Shaman can also be taken as Hero choices, Goblin Wolf Chariots and Spear Chukkas as Special choices, crewed by Hobgoblins with the appropriate profiles, and with Giants as Rare choices (see *Warhammer Armies Orcs & Goblins* for details - their costs remain unchanged).

Dust Storms: Scenarios played in the Stone Lands are subject to the cruel and freakishly unpredictable winds that howl ceaselessly through the area, kicking up dense clouds of blinding dust. At the beginning of each player's turn, both players roll a D6. If the result is a double then for this turn only all units count as being 6" further away than they actually are for the purpose of shooting attacks, and a penalty of -1 is imposed to all charge distances rolled.

Victory Effect: The Long March

Chaos Horde: In the battles of the last phase, one unit chosen by the player after deployment but before the game has begun may be given one Veteran Ability (see further on).

Opposition: The Opposition forces have longer to prepare against the foe in the final confrontation thanks to an over cautious enemy. Opposition armies in phase six add +1 to their roll to determine who has the first turn.

CAMPAIGN PHASE 3: THE LORDS OF FIRE AND ASH

Special Scenario: The Crossing of Fire (2 CP to the victor)

Suggested Opposition: Legion of Azgorh, Orcs & Goblins, Ogre Kingdoms, Dread Hosts (see Special), Vampire Counts, and Skaven.

Other Scenarios:

D6	Result
1-2	Dawn Attack (1 CP to the victor)
3-4	Meeting Engagement (1 CP to the victor)
5	Battle line (2 CP to the victor, fought as a Grand Battle if the models are available)
6	Surprise Encounter or a Storm of Magic scenario (2 CP to the victor)

Special

Dread Hosts: These reflect the creatures of the strange and inhuman domains of the dragons of the Plain of Bones, and may be used as an Opposition army if you have access to the *Storm of Magic* expansion. Each Dread Host must be commanded by a single Great Dragon or Emperor Dragon chosen from the *Storm of Magic* expansion. This is the only 'character' in the army and there is no % limit on the points cost for them as part of the army. In addition, the army's Core choice may be made up of units of either monstrous infantry or monstrous beasts from the *Storm of Magic* expansion with the exception that Daemons may not be selected. For the army's Special choices, Monsters costing less than 150 points from the *Storm of Magic* expansion each may be taken, and for its Rare choices Monsters costing more than 150 points from the *Storm of Magic* expansion each may be taken, again with the only proviso being that in either case Daemons may not be taken.

Deadly Ground: The Dark Lands are one of the most inhospitable realms in the Warhammer world, filled with boiling rivers of sulphur and hills that are little more than treacherous mounds of bone and ash among which many foul things lurk. In addition to any other terrain effect, hills are counted as being Dangerous Terrain and any water or swamp scenery inflicts 2D6 Strength 1 hits on any unit caught in it during the Compulsory Movement phase of the player's turn.

Victory Effect: Ancient Plunder and Curses Unleashed

Chaos Horde: Chaos Horde armies may now purchase magic items for a single Lord character without the usual Throne of Chaos magic item restrictions.

Opposition: In the battles of the last phase, one unit chosen by the player after deployment but before the game has begun may be given one Veteran Ability (see further on).

CAMPAIGN PHASE 4: THE SCOURING

Special Scenario: The Tide of Ruin (2 CP to the victor)

Suggested Opposition: Empire, Bretonnia, Dwarfs, Orcs & Goblins, and Ogre Kingdoms.

Other Scenarios:

D6	Result
1-3	Hired Swords (1 CP to the victor)
4	Loot and Pillage (1 CP to the victor)
5	Blood and Glory (2 CP to the victor, fought as a Grand Battle if the models are available)
6	The Watchtower (2 CP to the victor, the Opposition always begins the game in control of the Watchtower)

Special

Blood Money: The Border Princes are filled with unscrupulous killers and hired blades, willing to sell their swords for blood-money. As a result, any army in this phase can take on a single unit of mercenary troops if it wishes from its normal points value. Use the rules for Allies found on page 136 of the *Warhammer* rulebook to determine what troops are available, with a single Core or Special choice from an army that would be classed as either a Trusted or Suspicious ally for your army available. Mercenary units may be used normally but are still subject to the Alignment matrix effects as shown on page 139 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

Victory Effect: The Shadow on the Land

Chaos Horde: Glutted by conquest, in the battles of the last phase one unit chosen by the player after deployment but before the game has begun may be given one Veteran Ability (see further on).

Opposition: Refugee warriors from the Border Princes have escaped to fight another day. In the battles of the last phase, one unit chosen by the player after deployment but before the game has begun gains Hatred (Chaos).



CAMPAIGN PHASE 5: DEATH AND DARKNESS

Special Scenario: Sundered Pass

Suggested Opposition: Orcs & Goblins, Dwarfs, Vampire Counts, Empire, and Skaven.

Other Scenarios:

- | D6 | Result |
|-----|--|
| 1-3 | Battle for the Pass (1 CP to the victor) |
| 4 | Meeting Engagement (1 CP to the victor) |
| 5 | Heroic Last Stand (2 CP to the victor - the Chaos Horde player is always the one making the Last Stand) |
| 6 | Hold the High Ground (2 CP to the victor, fought as a Grand Battle if the models are available) |

Special:

Ambush!: This phase represents the darkest hour for the Chaos Horde forces in Tamurkhan's saga as they are divided and trapped with nowhere to run. Regardless of the scenario being played one unit of the owning player's choice in an Opposition army can be given the Ambushers special rule. The Chaos Horde player can re-roll their first failed Panic test.

Victory Effect: The Final Trial

Chaos Horde: Searching the deep mountains, the Chaos horde brings forth strange beasts ensnared from their hidden lairs. If a model is available, a Chaos army may include a single unriden monster for the final phase from the following list at no points cost (see the *Warhammer* rulebook's Bestiary section for details): Giant, Wyvern or Feral Manticore. Unfortunately the arcane bindings on the beast are not strong and its controlling player must take a Monster Reaction test at the beginning of each turn. In addition if two rolls of a '1' are made for this test during the game, control of the monster passes to the player's opponent. The monster is worth no Victory points if slain.

Opposition: The delays caused by the ambushes in the high mountains allow the defenders of the Empire to bring in superior reinforcements. In the battles of the last phase, one unit chosen by the player after deployment but before the game has begun may be given one Veteran Ability (see further on).

CAMPAIGN PHASE 6: THE THRONE OF CHAOS

Special Scenario: The Battle of the Bloody Levees

Suggested Opposition: Empire, Dwarfs, Vampire Counts, Warriors of Chaos*, Legion of Azgorh*, and Daemons of Chaos*.

(* Representing revolt in the horde's ranks!)

Other Scenarios:

- | D6 | Result |
|-----|--|
| 1-2 | Invasion (2 CP to the victor) – (note this uses a larger than normal table size, if this is not available re-roll the scenario instead) |
| 3-4 | Raze and Ruin (1 CP to the victor) |
| 5 | Heroic Last Stand (1 CP to the victor - the Opposition player is always the one making the Last Stand) |
| 6 | River of Death or a Storm of Magic scenario (2 CP to the victor, fought as a Grand Battle if the models are available) |

Special:

War on an Epic Scale: All games in this phase should be fought using Grand Armies if the models are available, and in addition for particularly large games, the special Hosts of Chaos rules (see page 142) may be used by the Chaos player if they wish for truly spectacular battles with which to show their devotion to their Dark Gods and perhaps gain their favour!

Victory Effect: None. The victory effects from previous campaign phases come into effect for the battles of this phase. If the Chaos forces are Victorious this phase, they win the Throne of Chaos and their leader ascends to daemonhood on the back of indescribable slaughter. If the Opposition wins, Tamurkhan is cast down and the great city of Nuln endures!

CAMPAIGN VETERAN ABILITIES

Over the course of the campaign, the two sides can earn Veteran abilities for their units. These abilities can then be applied to the units in their armies fighting in the final battles of the campaign in phase six. No more than one Veteran ability can be granted to any particular unit, and what unit gains what ability should be noted down before the battle:

Stalwart (Infantry & Monstrous Infantry only): The unit becomes Stubborn.

Bloody Butchers (Infantry & Monstrous Infantry only): The unit gains Killing Blow on the first round of combat where it charges.

Hell Riders (Cavalry, Monstrous Cavalry and Monstrous Beasts only): The unit gains the Devastating Charge special rule.

Beast of Legend (Monster only): The monster gains +1A and +2 Wounds.

Watched over by the Gods (Any unit): The unit gains Magic Resistance (2).

Hard to Kill (Characters only): The character gains +1 Wound.

Destroyer of Cities (Any unit): The unit has +1 to wound against buildings and fortifications.

Notorious Cutthroats (Fast Cavalry and Infantry only): The unit gains the Ambushers special rule.

Doom Engine (War Machine only): The strength of the war machine's attacks is increased by +1.

Cleaving Steel (Any unit): The unit gains the Armour Piercing special rule.

Fated Destiny (Any unit): The unit gains a Ward save of 5+. Note that this does not combine with any other Wards the unit has.

Expert Defence (Infantry only): The unit may fight in an additional rank on the first turn of any combat where it receives the charge.

Note: One thing you can do before going into the final stage of the campaign is to convert, paint and name your Veteran units for an extra degree of personalisation!

DESIGNER'S NOTES: EXPANDING THE NARRATIVE

For many players narrative games are amongst one of the most enjoyable ways to play Warhammer, and allow them to be inspired by something that captures their imagination and provides some rhyme and reason to their hobby. It's also a great excuse to customise and convert your miniatures, 'theme' an army and may even inspire you to make some special terrain. The possibilities are endless!

This campaign is focused on the progress of a Chaos warlord, but it has also been designed with a degree of flexibility in mind. It can be easily modified for different forces or other goals, creating entirely different tales of battle of your own devising set within the grim and fantastical milieu of the Warhammer world. Perhaps it is the rise of a long-thought dead Vampire Count in the dread lands of Sylvania or the bitter quest of a Dwarf king to recover an ancient heirloom of power stolen by Skaven raiders and now lost deep within the swamps and jungles of Lustria — whatever grips your imagination, and of course on a practical note, fits the kind of armies and scale of games you and your friends enjoy playing.

Likewise, the Throne of Chaos campaign format as shown here has been deliberately kept quite simple, so as to be as easily accessible as possible for players, and also to provide you with a framework to expand upon as you wish, and with the mutual agreement of the players involved. I actively encourage you to add your own special rules, house rules, invent new scenarios and unique units to make your own struggle for the Throne of Chaos as enjoyable and as memorable as possible. Indeed, one of our principal goals in creating *Tamurkhan: The Throne of Chaos* has been to hopefully inspire and entertain in just this way.

For further ideas, the latter sections of the *Warhammer* rulebook (the full size edition) also have a wealth of options and inspiration for helping you do this in addition to what's contained here.



Throne of Chaos Scenario 1:

Altar of Battle

This scenario represents the final stages of the nightmarish battle at Zانبaijin. Here Tamurkhan and the other Chaos lords vied for the favour of the Dark Gods.

THE ARMIES

This scenario is for two, four or six players, forming teams of an equal number of players for the Chaos Horde (in this case representing Tamurkhan) and the Opposition. Each player chooses their army list from a Warhammer Army book to an equal points value, with reference to the outline of phase 1 of the Throne of Chaos campaign.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The table is set up using the rules presented on page 142 of the Warhammer rulebook, with a bias given towards ruins, fallen statues and impassable pillars. In addition, at the centre of the table a single large ruined temple building should be set up (if you own the Warhammer Temple of Skulls terrain piece this will be perfect!). This ruin, an Altar of Battle, has its own special rules as shown further on and counts as an objective. In the case of six players, if possible a large (double sized) gaming table should be used.

DEPLOYMENT

Each player rolls off (re-rolling ties). The player with the highest score immediately selects a table edge and deploys their army within 8" of that edge, and then the second highest player selects a table edge and deploys their army within 8" of that edge and not closer than 12" to any enemy model, then the third highest and so on. If all the table edges are occupied, then players may deploy on any friendly board edge (ie, one already occupied by someone on their side). Any player may hold up to half the units in their army in reserve if they wish.

FIRST TURN

The player who set up first has the first turn. If more than two players are involved then the special multi-player turn sequence shown on page 407 of the Warhammer rulebook is used instead.

GAME LENGTH

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

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The Altar of Battle has special victory conditions based upon gaining Victory points other than in the usual way (see below). Victory points are also counted for each side rather than for each player.

- Destroying a unit or having an enemy unit flee off the table: 1 Victory point
- Per enemy General killed: 1 Victory point
- Being in control of the Altar of Battle at the end of the game (fleeing units cannot claim or contest this objective): 5 Victory points.

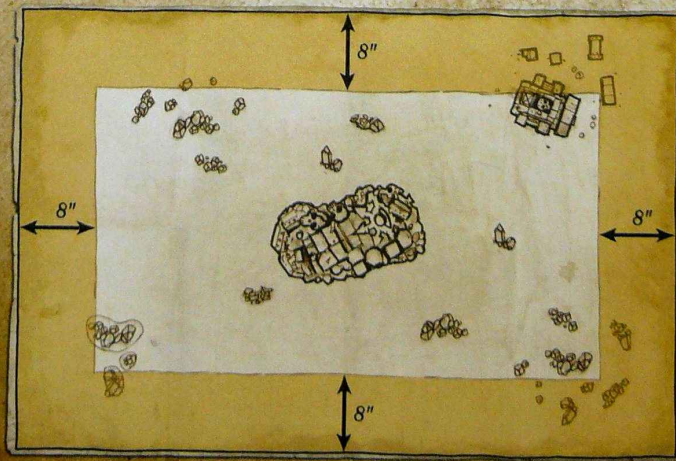
At the end of the game, the side with the most Victory points wins.

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

The Altar of Battle: This ruin is a focal point for the swirling vortex of power that surrounds Zانبaijin. In order to control the altar, a side must have a unit within the ruins and no enemy units may also be present within 12" of the ruin's centre.

Any unit on entering the ruin for the first time is assailed by malevolent spirits. The unit must take a Leadership test on 3D6 and for every point it fails this test by it suffers a Strength 2 hit with no armour saving throws allowed. This is a magical effect and the spirits only attack a unit the first time they enter the ruin.

Once a side is in control of the Altar of Battle, that side's Wizards gain a +1 bonus to all channelling attempts, and can summon the wrath of the gods on their enemies. This is treated like a Bound Direct Damage spell (Power Level 5). Select a single point anywhere on the battlefield to place a large template, then roll a D6. On a 2+ any model under the template suffers a Strength 4 hit. On a 1, the enemy player whose unit was targeted gets to place the template instead!



Throne of Chaos Scenario 2:

The Conquest of Giants

This scenario represents Tamurkhan's plan to enslave the giants of the Mountains of Mourn to do his bidding.

THE ARMIES

This scenario is for two players: the Chaos Horde and the Opposition player (who takes on the part of the Giants!). The Horde of Chaos player has an army of up to 1,500 points to use, while the Opposition player has five Giants! (see Warhammer Armies *Orcs & Goblins*, *Warriors of Chaos* or *Storm of Magic* for details).

THE BATTLEFIELD

The table is set up using the rules presented on page 142 of the Warhammer rulebook, with a bias given towards ruins, hills and crags as suggested.

DEPLOYMENT

The battlefield is divided into a central deployment zone which is 24" x 16" in size, and a second all round table edge deployment zone 6" wide. The Giants deploy first in the central zone and the Chaos Horde player deploys second, placing all their units within the deployment zone around the table edge.

FIRST TURN

Roll off for the first turn.

GAME LENGTH

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

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The goal of this scenario is for the Chaos forces to capture rather than kill the Giants which is no mean feat (see the scenario's Special rules).

For every captured Giant, the Chaos Horde player gains 1 Victory point.

For every Giant still alive at the end of the game, the Opposition player gains 1 Victory point.

If no Giants remain captured at the end of the game, the Opposition player wins by default.

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

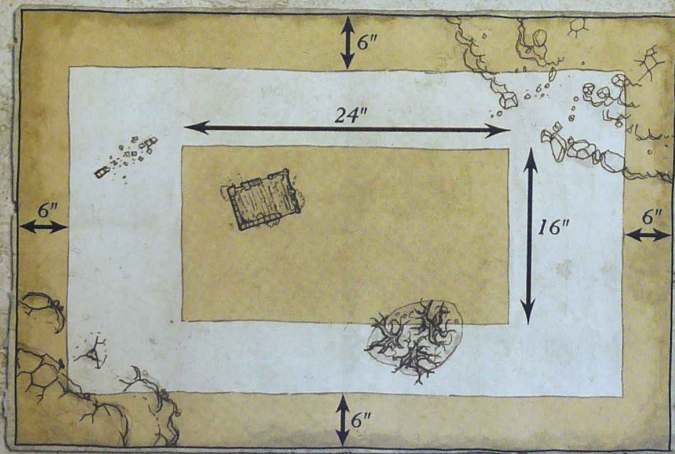
Capturing Giants: Each Infantry, Cavalry, Monstrous Infantry and Monstrous Cavalry unit in the Chaos Horde army counts as being equipped with grapples and nets.

Grapples: These are used as a shooting attack with a range of 8" (roll once to hit per unit, if the unit is more than two ranks strong, re-roll misses). This attack may be used against Giants engaged in combat. At the end of the Shooting phase the grappled Giant must make a Strength test, with a -1 penalty for every grapple attached to it this round after the first grapple. If the Giant succeeds, it breaks free of the grapples and can act normally. If it fails, it falls over!

Nets: If a unit with nets charges a Giant which has fallen over and passes a Strength test (rather than fighting), the Giant has been trussed up. The Giant has been captured and can only escape by passing a Strength test of its own at the start of the owning player's phase to break free.

GIANTS, BUT...

If you don't have enough Giant models for this scenario, simply use stand-in models on appropriately sized bases (or some similar — no doubt odd looking — stand-ins), and don't forget to photocopy a Fallen Giant template from the appropriate book!



Throne of Chaos Scenario 3:

The Crossing of Fire

This scenario represents the Legion of Azgorh's attempts to block the Chaos horde's passage into its dark realm.

THE ARMIES

This scenario is for two players. The Chaos Horde represents the Attacker, and the Opposition the Defender. Each player chooses their army list from a Warhammer Army book to an agreed points value, with reference to the outline of phase 3 of the Throne of Chaos campaign, and the proviso that the Defender's points value should only be 75% of that which the Attacker has.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The table is set up using the rules presented on page 142 of the Warhammer rulebook, with a bias given towards craggy hills, lava pools, sinkholes and ruins. The board is then divided up diagonally into deployment zones as per a **Meeting Engagement** mission (see page 149 of the Warhammer rulebook). The Defender may then place a watchtower anywhere within their deployment zone, and may then place three 6" x 1" obstacles, representing fire vents (barricades or strips of material are fine for this) in the gap between the deployment zones, but no closer than 2" together. These fire vents do not block line of sight, but models moving through them suffer a Strength 5 automatic hit (counted as a flaming attack).

DEPLOYMENT

First the Attacker sets up their entire army in their deployment zone. Next the Defender sets up their entire army within their deployment zone. This represents the Defenders being prepared for their enemy's slow advance through the hostile Dark Lands.

FIRST TURN

In this scenario the Attacker gets the first turn.

GAME LENGTH

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

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The player that scores the greatest number of Victory points (worked out normally) wins the battle, with the special condition that if the watchtower is controlled by the Defending player at the end of the game, they gain a bonus of +500 points.

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

The special conditions for fighting in the Dark Lands are used in the scenario (see the details for Campaign Phase 3), except that any hills on the Defender's side are not considered dangerous terrain to them.



Throne of Chaos Scenario 4:

The Tide of Ruin

This scenario represents the savage wave of destruction the Chaos horde drove across the Border Princes, where many isolated holdfasts were soon surrounded and beset by a vastly outnumbering force.

THE ARMIES

This scenario is for two players. The Chaos Horde represents the Attacker, and the Opposition the Defender. Each player chooses their army list from a Warhammer Army book to an agreed points value, with reference to the outline of phase 4 of the Throne of Chaos campaign, and the proviso that the Defender's points value should only be 50% of that which the Attacker has.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The table is set up using the rules presented on page 142 of the Warhammer rulebook, with a bias given towards rolling hills, woods and pools, leaving a 24" x 24" area at the centre of the board clear for the movement of scenery. The Defending player may then set up either a hill with a watchtower, a cluster of three small buildings or a single multi-part building along with four 6" obstacles anywhere within the central cleared area as they wish.

DEPLOYMENT

First the Defender sets up their entire army in their central deployment zone. Next, the Attacker sets up their entire army anywhere outside of 12" of the Defender's deployment zone.

FIRST TURN

In this scenario the Defender gets the first turn.

GAME LENGTH

The game lasts until the defending player has been wiped out or driven entirely out of their initial deployment zone - the game ending as soon as this has occurred, or until the sixth turn has ended.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Victory in this scenario depends on how long the Defender manages to last.

1-2 turns Crushing Attacker win

3-4 turns Attacker wins

5 turns Defender wins

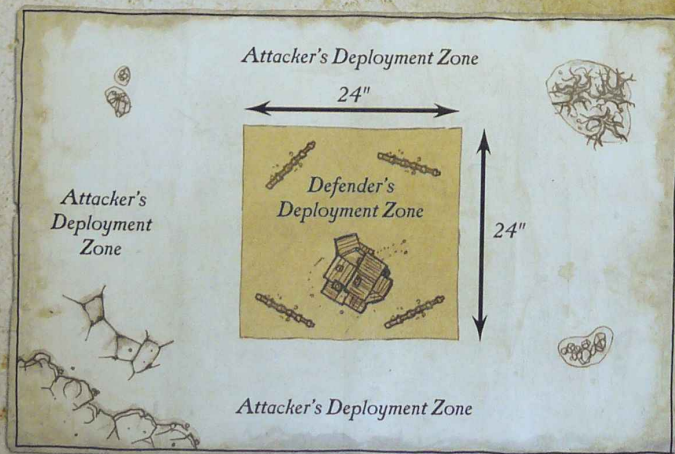
6 turns Crushing Defender win

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

Nowhere to Run: The Defenders know that nothing but death awaits them should they flee. While they are within their deployment zone all Defender units gain a +1 bonus to their Leadership, and while outside it a -2 penalty to their Leadership.

Blood Hungry: Overwhelmed by bloodlust and the scent of fear from a cornered enemy, all attacking units have the Hatred special rule.

Wrack and Ruin: This scenario uses the Destroying Buildings special rules as found in the Raze & Ruin scenario on page 399 of the Warhammer rulebook.



Throne of Chaos Scenario 5:

The Sundered Pass

This scenario represents a key battle in the near-catastrophic series of ambushes Tamurkhan's horde suffered while attempting to force their way through the deadly heights of Winters Teeth Pass.

THE ARMIES

This scenario is for two players. The Chaos Horde represents the Defender, and the Opposition their Attacker. Each player chooses their army list from a Warhammer Army book to an agreed points value, with reference to the outline of phase 5 of the Throne of Chaos campaign. If a Grand Battle of 3,500 points or more is agreed on then the Chaos Horde player should feel free to use the Great Hosts of Chaos rules (see page 142) if both sides agree to this.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battlefield is set up in an identical way to the Battle for the Pass scenario found on page 146 of the Warhammer rulebook. With D6 pieces of scenery scattered along the length of the pass (in this case rock falls, ruins and pools are particularly appropriate, Mysterious scenery should not be used in this scenario). In the case of a larger Grand Battle, a double size table may be more appropriate. The long edges of the table represent the jagged and impenetrable rocks of the mountain pass (see the scenario's Special Rules).

DEPLOYMENT

Roll to see which player picks the half of the table they wish to deploy in. Their opponent deploys in the other half. Note that the game in this case is played along the length of the table, rather than across it.

Units may be placed anywhere in their player's half of the table that is more than 12" away from the centre line.

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

The Attacker, if they wish, may place a single unit per full 1,000 points of their army, of their choice (other than a character), in reserve and have them arrive later (see Sneaky Tricks in the scenario Special Rules below).

FIRST TURN

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

GAME LENGTH

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

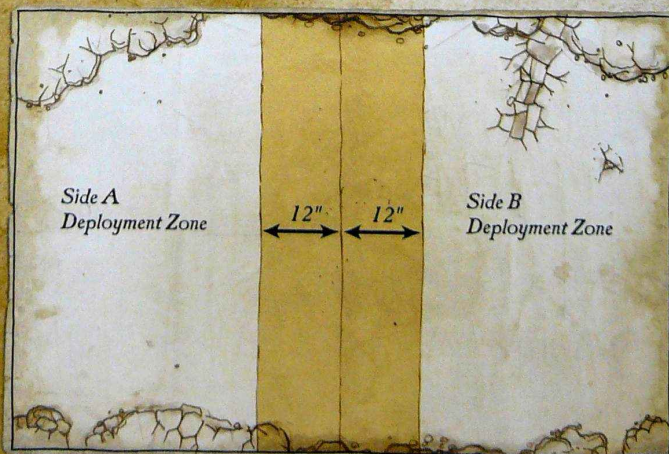
VICTORY CONDITIONS

Standard victory conditions are used to determine the winner of the battle, and in addition any Defender units within 12" of the Attacker's table edge at the end of the game gains a bonus 100 Victory points each (fleeing units don't count!).

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

Bottleneck: See page 146 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Sneaky Tricks: Attacker units held in reserve must enter the board from the otherwise impassable long table edges (representing them attacking after hiding in the caverns and ruins within the mountains).



SPECIAL OPTION: NIGHT GOBLIN ATTACK!!!!

As a special variant of this scenario, if the Attacking force can be described as a Night Goblin army (ie, its General is a Night Goblin character and its minimum Core units are made up of Night Goblins) then it gains a special bonus in the form of terrifying (and terrifyingly unpredictable) Colossal Squigs in the game if they have models for them. You can model these yourself using a suitably large base such as the one for the Arachnarok spider, and if inclined can even make use of spurious pumpkins and angry faces drawn on balls if the insanity strikes you to do so! The Night Goblin Attacker receives one such Colossal Squig per full 1,000 points in their army. They are held in reserve and enter play as per a Sneaky Tricks unit as described previously.

Colossal Squigs have the following profile:

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Colossal Squig	4D6	2	0	6	6	6	1	D6	3

Troop Type: Monster

Special Rules: Large Target, Terror, Random Movement (4D6), Falls Apart, and Dinner's Dinner!

Falls Apart: When a Colossal Squig dies, it collapses in a tide of offal and half-digested meat. Every model in base contact suffers a Strength 3 automatic hit.

Dinner's Dinner! When the Colossal Squig's random movement brings it into contact with a unit, either friend or foe, it will attack it normally as if it was an enemy, and counts as charging that unit. This combat will continue until resolved normally. These appalling creatures are too dull witted and hungry to care!



Throne of Chaos Scenario 6:

The Battle of the Bloody Levees

This scenario represents the battle along a key part of the battle line outside the city of Nuln - a line its defenders must hold at all costs or see their great city slaughtered as a sacrifice to the Chaos Gods.

THE ARMIES

This scenario is for two players, but can be increased to incorporate several players a side, but if this is done then larger playing areas should be used (doubling roughly per pair of players lengthways thus creating a wide front). This is intended to be a Grand Battle with the Opposition player(s) representing the Defenders and the Chaos Horde player(s) the Attackers. The total points of the army used by the Defending player(s) should amount to 75% of that which is used by the Attacking player(s).

THE BATTLEFIELD

The table is set up using the rules presented on page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook. The rules for Mysterious scenery should not be used.

A water ditch is marked along the centre line of the battlefield as shown below (you may could use sand or cloth to indicate this if you like).

The battlefield is split into two halves and the players roll to see which picks a table side to be their deployment zone.

The defending player may then place two hills anywhere they wish inside their deployment zone, along with up to 12" of obstacles anywhere they wish within their deployment zone.

DEPLOYMENT

Players take it in turns to place units on the table using the alternating method of deployment as described on page 142 of the *Warhammer* rulebook. The Defending player deploys a unit first, then their Attacker, etc.

Units must be placed within the player's deployment zone and not within 18" of an enemy model.

FIRST TURN

Roll off after deployment to see which player receives the first turn. The side that finished deploying their armies first adds +1 to their roll.

GAME LENGTH

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

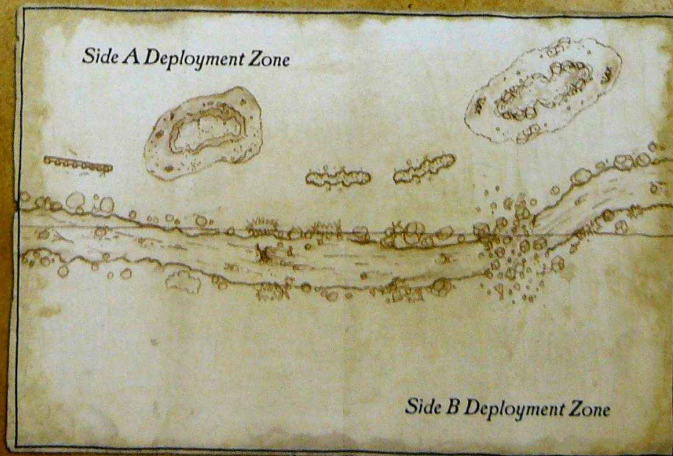
VICTORY CONDITIONS

Standard Victory points are used to determine the winner, with the special condition that all Lord level characters slain (by either side) are worth double the usual Victory points, and any unit, not fleeing, in the enemy deployment zone at the end of the game gains an additional 50 Victory points for its side.

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

The Levee: The water ditch of the levee should make for an erratic line between 4" and 8" wide across the centre line of the battlefield - it has been flooded and staked to form a defensive barrier. This area counts as dangerous terrain for everything except Monsters in this game.

Fortunes of War: Special bonuses and abilities gained from playing the prior phases of the Throne of Chaos campaign apply to this climatic battle.



Chaos Bestiary



Tamurkhan the Maggot Lord

One of the most powerful Champions of Nurgle to rise up in the Chaos Wastes for many centuries, numerous legends and lies clustered about Tamurkhan long before he had gathered his great horde and in fulfilment of prophecy struck out like a poisoned talon at the wider world beyond the Chaos Wastes. Some tales speak of him to be the millennia-old scion of the Great Kurgan, one of four sons, mighty and terrible, who each set out to the four winds to conquer in the service of the four great powers of Chaos. Others had it that he was no more than vermin once – a corpse-canker grown fat and clever on the spoiled entrails of the battlefield, swelled up and transfigured in the basking light of the Eternal Battle in the uttermost north. In either case he was an arrogant, savage and monstrous warlord, and a true reveller in decay and death, fated as one of Father Nurgle's most favoured children for the carnage and suffering he had wreaked in his god's name. As the leader of a decaying war band of fanatical acolytes and twisted monstrosities, one of which was the infamous Bubebolos the Toad Dragon, Tamurkhan carved a bloody path for himself on the road to victory, amassing around him a great host in his master's name.

Tamurkhan, as he called himself was not as other warlords and warriors of Chaos, but was subject to a terrible mutation, as truly hideous as it was rare. In mortal form he had been transformed into a befouled, maggot-like creature the size of a human child, grey-green and rotting, studded with lambently glowing corpse-light eyes and a needle-like snout that split open to reveal row upon row of glassy, razor-barbed teeth. More awful yet than even his form was the creature's ability to fall upon a human or near-human victim and spear into its flesh, bore deep within and devour it from the inside out, inhabiting its dead flesh like a puppet, turning his victim into a stolen second skin in which to do battle. Thus empowered did Tamurkhan prove all but unstoppable, and many mighty foes fell before him. Even if the enemy managed to best him, the true beast would show its face and the temporary victor would become Tamurkhan's newly rotting host.

At the outset of Tamurkhan's attempted incursion into the Old World, he wore the flesh of Sargath the Vain, once a powerful Champion of Slaanesh, and took great joy in the slow decay of the warrior's formerly beautiful flesh and the corrosion of his bejewelled armour. This body, which he had worn for nearly a year, failed him however in single combat against the raw strength and brute skill of the Ogre Tyrant Karaka Breakmountain and was cut down, only for Tamurkhan to rise again in the Tyrant's flesh and bone. This perhaps proved his undoing, as never before had Tamurkhan tasted such unrestrained strength and fury, and even though the body continued to rot and sustain grievous injury, he would not abandon it. There were those even in his own camp that maintained that something of the Ogre king's savage spirit remained within it to worry at the Maggot Lord, who seemingly became increasingly dull-witted and crude as the hulking frame rotted around him.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sargath	3	7	3	5	5	3	5	4	9
Tyrant	5	7	3	5	6	6	3	5	9
Possessor	*-1	7	3	*	*+1	*+1	*-1	*	9

* Same as the possessed model's stats.

Troop Type:

Sargath's Body (Infantry, Special Character).

Tyrant's Body (Monstrous Infantry, Special Character).

Mount:

In either form Tamurkhan rides the Toad Dragon Bubebolos into battle.

SPECIAL RULES

Feast of the Maggot Lord

If Tamurkhan's current body is slain, the true beast inside, a rotting maggot-like parasite, will immediately attempt to attack and possess a new host, gnawing its way beneath their flesh and consuming their brain and organs from within.

The Possession Attack: If Tamurkhan is slain in close combat, a special possession attack is made against the model that delivered the final wound to Tamurkhan. If Tamurkhan's death occurs as a result of shooting or other means, the attack will be made against the nearest eligible model (friend or enemy) within 6". If multiple models fall into this category, Tamurkhan's player chooses which to attack.

Both players roll a D6 and add the Weapon Skill value of their respective models. If the result is a draw, roll again until one side wins. If Tamurkhan's player wins, the victim is killed outright and their body is possessed. From then onwards, Tamurkhan takes over the victim model, which is detached from its unit and placed 1" away from it. The model is now controlled by Tamurkhan's player for the rest of the game exactly as if it were their own character model.

Only Infantry and Monstrous Infantry models are eligible to be possessed.

The Possessed: The Possessor profile modifiers as shown previously are applied to the victim model's profile, but any wounds they previously suffered are still in effect. So, for example, if a model has only one wound remaining when it is possessed, it now has two wounds including the +1 for the Possession modifier.

Tamurkhan now uses any weapons or armour the victim had (including magical types), discarding both his own and any other equipment the victim has. Likewise, any enemy mounts are not used (monstrous mounts now count as having their rider slain) and any ability the victim had as a Wizard is lost. This includes any special rules the victim formerly used other than their unit type.

If no eligible model is available or the possession attack fails, Tamurkhan is killed outright. Also, Tamurkhan's power cannot save him if he is destroyed by an attack which causes a model to be slain outright rather than causing wounds (the Lore of Death spell *Purple Sun of Xereus*, for example).

Nurgle's Favoured Son

If Tamurkhan is taken as part of an army, he must always be its General. Such is his pride he will kneel before none but his rotting Father in Plague.

Will of the Gods, Eye of the Gods and Mark of Nurgle (see Warhammer Armies *Warriors of Chaos*), **Unbreakable** and **Fear** (see the Warhammer rulebook)

MAGIC ITEMS

Tamurkhan's Rune Blade (Magic Weapon - Sargath only)

While Tamurkhan was in possession of the rotting remains of the Slaaneshi Champion Sargath the Vain, he also wielded that fallen warrior's murderous Chaos Rune Blade - an ancient weapon finally shattered in combat with the Ogre Tyrant Karaka Breakmountain.

Attacks with the Rune Blade are Armour Piercing and inflict Multiple Wounds (2).

The Black Cleaver (Magic Weapon - Tyrant only)

As part of his pact with the Chaos Dwarfs of the Black Mountains, Tamurkhan was gifted by them with a great double-banded axe, fitted with a smouldering, cleaver-like pitted blade, borne up from deep within their vaults. The strange greyish fumes the massive weapon exudes when swung are foully poisonous, which pleases the Maggot-Lord greatly.

The Black Cleaver is a Great Weapon and follows all the usual rules for this. In addition, any model that suffers a wound from the weapon and survives must take a Toughness test or suffer a permanent reduction of -1 to their Toughness score.

There Can Be Only One!

Only one Tamurkhan model can ever be chosen as part of your army, and may be either in his Sargath body or that of the Ogre Tyrant. In either case Tamurkhan is a Lord Choice for a Warriors of Chaos army.

Bubebolos the Toad Dragon

Toad Dragons are huge, reeking, primeval horrors. They are, for the fate of the world, blessedly few in number, and confined largely to the trackless, otherworldly fens known as the Cold Mires under the coruscating skies of the uttermost north. It is here it is said that Tamurkhan, chosen son of Nurgle tracked, and using unspeakably foul rites bound to his will Bubebolos, greatest of all Toad Dragons and carrion-thing of Nurgle to be his mount and carry him southward.

Bubebolos is an impossibly huge creature – a lumbering horror from a forgotten age whose flesh festers with unwholesome rot, and whose black blood is clotted with maggots and carrion worms. The strength of this colossal beast is prodigious, as is its appetite, while its tainted breath is so corrosively foul it can liquefy flesh and whither steel in moments. Those it does not devour or smash flat it can smother beneath its feculent bulk as it crawls across the earth – its questing tongue darting out with terrifying speed to snatch up more victims to disappear down its yawning maw.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bubebolos	8	5	0	8	7	10	2	4	7

Troop Type: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES

Colossal Beast

Such is the vast size of the beast, it is uncommonly hard to kill by 'normal' means. Its bulk and resilience is such that arrows and blades are of little more account than pinpricks and even, cannon fire and powerful magics must strike at the vitals of such a creature in order to slay it.

The creature may only be wounded by attacks of Strength 4 or higher, and regardless of an attack's strength, the great beast may never be wounded on better than a 4+.

If the great beast is subject to a magic spell or special attack that would cause it to be slain outright, it suffers D6 wounds instead.

This creature is so massive it can crush dozens beneath its bulk and annihilate great swathes of men with a lash of its tail. The monster's Thunderstomp inflicts 2D6 hits.

Large Target, Scaly Skin (3+), Immune to Psychology, Mark of Nurgle and Terror (see the *Warhammer* rulebook)

Unspeakable Foulness

Bubebolos may exhale a blast of flesh-rotting foulness from his gaping jaws. Any unfortunates caught in the path of this tide of horror suffer the most appalling fate imaginable as their flesh sloughs from their bones and their lungs fill with blood and pus. This is a breath weapon attack and any model caught within its template is automatically hit and must take a Toughness test at -1 or suffer D3 wounds. No armour saves may be taken against this attack.

Tongue Lash

In addition to the Toad Dragon's normal attacks, it may also make a single special Lash attack with its befouled and venomous slurping tongue. This single attack may be inflicted against any enemy model in base contact with the Toad Dragon; it is a Strength 4 Poisoned attack with the Always Strikes First rule. Should the victim survive, they suffer -1 to hit that combat turn.



Sayl the Faithless, Twisted Seer of the Wastes

Sayl the Faithless, infamous arch-sorcerer of the Dolgan tribe, is an utterly self-serving egotist and practiced murderer. His powers have as their cornerstone a mastery of betrayal and treachery which has seen him rise supreme over rivals whose arcane powers were greater and champions who have enjoyed the favour of the Dark Gods. Such is Sayl's paranoia and hubris that he has never himself sworn allegiance to any single Ruinous Power, but rather paid lip service to many, and pursued pacts and bargains with numerous petty Chaos godlings and daemons, betraying each in turn when expedient, earning him the epithet of 'the Faithless'.

Sayl's ascendancy within the Dolgan tribe began with his swearing allegiance to the powerful Shaman-sorcerer Schalkain the Vile as one of his cabal of seven seer-apprentices, the covenant of which used their prophetic powers to guide the tribe in war and in propitiation of the Chaos gods. From the beginning Sayl served no-one but himself and worked on the inherent paranoia and suspicion of the sorcerers, and with honeyed lies turned them against each other and fanned the flames of suspicion into murderous strife. He goaded Schalkain into conducting a daemonic ritual involving Sayl and his master's three other remaining 'loyal' sorcerers, to gain vengeance



on the 'traitors'. This ritual Sayl sabotaged, causing Schalkain to be torn to pieces and the other surviving apprentices to fuse together into the horrific entity known as Nightmaw the Spawn. Although victorious, Sayl was not untouched by his treachery in the ritual, his flesh mutating and his mortal sight lost to be replaced with hellish and maddening senses of the Daemon realm.

Hated and feared by his own people, Sayl the Faithless was nevertheless a strong war-leader whose mastery over the unholy storms of the northern Chaos Wastes and prophetic seer-craft made the Dolgan tribes under his sway greatly feared. However, as his reign stretched into scores of years, the list of Sayl's enemies, both mortal and daemon grew long, and Sayl's throne was ever-threatened. When Tamurkhan's burgeoning horde crashed through the Dolgan's lands, Sayl shrewdly turned impending calamity to his advantage and allied his forces with those of the Maggor Lord. That is for as long as it suited his purposes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sayl	4	6	3	4	4	3	6	3	9
Nightmaw	2D6	3	0	4	5	3	5	D6+1	10

Troop Type:

Sayl: Infantry (Special Character).

Nightmaw: Monstrous Beast.

Magic: Sayl is a Level 3 Wizard who can choose his spells from the Lore of the Heavens or Lore of Shadow, and in addition always knows the spell *Traitor's Mist*.

Traitor's Mist

Cast on a 6+

With this spell, Sayl can both evade his enemies and sow death in his wake.

This is an Augment spell that Sayl can cast upon himself. If successful he may immediately make a move using the Fly special rule as if it were the Remaining Moves sub-phase. In addition any model (friend or foe) in base contact at the start of the move suffers an automatic Strength 3 hit with no armour saves allowed.

SPECIAL RULES (SAYL)

Mutant Sight

Sayl's particular mutation has turned his head into a lumpen inhuman mass of boiling flesh, opening in a single baleful eye which stares through the mortal realm into the spheres beyond time and matter. This preternatural vision and precognition means that any Characteristic test Sayl fails can be re-rolled and he may channel an extra Power dice on a 5 or 6.

Will of the Gods, Eye of the Gods, Mutant Sight and Immune to Psychology.

MAGIC ITEMS (SAYL)

The Viperous Staff (Magic Weapon)

A foul heirloom of the Dolgan tribe, this dark-iron staff is entwined with serpents which come alive at the wielder's command, glowing venom dripping from their fangs as they strike with formidable speed and power to defend their master and slay his enemies.

This weapon has the Killing Blow special rule and also grants the wielder a Ward save of 5+.

Schalkain's Teeth (Arcane Item, one use)

This corpse-skin bag contains numerous sigil-etched teeth and fangs Sayl has torn from the skulls of the various wizards and magical beasts he has defeated in his unholy career, not least of all those of his first master, Schalkain. Should his magic go awry, Sayl may hurl a handful of the teeth as part of a treacherous curse against an ally to divert the wrath of the winds of magic.

If he incurs a Miscast he may choose to inflict its effects on a single friendly model within 12" instead of himself. This must be decided before the effects of the miscast have been rolled, and may be done only once per game. If the subject of the miscast is not a Wizard and Power Drain is rolled, then the effect is voided.

Sayl the Faithless is a Lord choice for a Warriors of Chaos army. If Sayl the Faithless has been chosen as part of the army, you may also take Nightmaw the Spawn. Nightmaw is used as a separate unit of a single model but the points spent on him do not count towards the Rare selection total for the army.

SPECIAL RULES (Nightmaw)

Shadow-kin: Nightmaw is accompanied by a shifting veil of darkness and shadows, which blur and distort his outline, and only at close range is the true horror of the creature's form apparent.

Nightmaw is at -1 To Be Hit with shooting attacks.

Fear, Unbreakable, Lurching Horror, Flailing Appendages, Regeneration (3+), and Always Strikes First (see the *Warhammer* rulebook).



Kayzk the Befouled, Champion of Nurgle

The Kurgan warrior known as Kayzk has given much in the service of his god, Nurgle the Lord of Decay. He has given his flesh, which is now a rotting, pestilent mass, robbed of form and feeling. He has given his voice, for his vocal cords are no more than an open wound, and he long ago gave his soul to be the Plague Father's trinket. Kayzk stands as a living (if it can be called such) testament to the full horrors of Nurgle's blessings, earning him the epithet 'the befouled' by those of the Plague-God's bleak faith.

A mighty champion in his own right, Kayzk came to command his own warband of Kurgan horsemen, who followed his path of decay and became known as the Rot Knights for the foetid, half-Daemon beasts they rode into battle – vile, mutilated creatures whose cancerous flesh rapidly wept pus over any wounds they sustained, suturing them shut. Kayzk the Befouled was one of the first to flock to Tamurkhan's banner, joining with the Maggot Lord in the Chaos

Wastes and sweeping down through the lands of the Kurgan at his side, serving as Tamurkhan's chief lieutenant and master of his mounted troops. During the Battle of the Black Pit, Kayzk is said to have fallen, not to the shot or sword of the Empire defenders, but in Drazhoath's sorcerous fires as he led the ill-judged attack on the slave encampment to secure fresh sacrifices for his master's dark rites.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kayzk	4	7	3	5	5	2	2	4	8
Rotbeast	7	2	0	4	4	2	2	2	6

Troop Type: Monstrous Cavalry. (Special Character)

SPECIAL RULES

Corrupted Flesh

Kayzk's ravaged flesh is a rotting mockery, little more than a roughly human-shaped bag of putrescence and corruption which feels neither pain nor hurt. This grants him phenomenal resistance to injury meaning that Kayzk must be all but hacked apart before he can be stopped. All non-Flaming attacks are at -1 on their To Wound rolls against Kayzk the Befouled.

Fear, Regeneration (5+), (see the *Warhammer* rulebook), **Will of Chaos, Eye of the Gods, Poisoned Attacks and Mark of Nurgle** (see *Warriors of Chaos*)

Kayzk the Befouled is a Hero choice for a Warriors of Chaos army.

Option – Rot Knights

Chaos Knights with the Mark of Nurgle may be upgraded to ride Rot Beasts using the profile shown previously in place of their Chaos Steeds in a Warriors of Chaos army for +15 points each. If this option is chosen, the entire unit must be upgraded. Their unit type then becomes Monstrous Cavalry, and has the Fear and Regeneration (5+) special rules.



Bile Trolls of Chaos

Trolls are hideous and malformed creatures, among whom a wide variety of different mutated sub-species and terrible deformities can be found. Perhaps the vilest of these are the Bile Trolls – cursed, tortured creatures with an appalling hunger that can never be satiated. Corrupt of flesh and dwelling in living agony, who, unlike many of Father Nurgle's children, receive no respite from the horror of their existence in their dark god's worship. Furthermore, although their ability to heal fresh injury is less than that of their kin (as overtaxed as it is by their own endless suffering), their touch is a lethal poison and their corrosive bile rots away living flesh in seconds.

Encountered in the most fecund Cold Mires of the northern Troll Country under the malignant shadow of the Chaos Wastes, the ancient lore of the Kul tribes holds a tale that claims the descent of these creatures can be traced to an ancient Troll chief named Raak Stoneshatterer. A beast afflicted with unusual intelligence and endless gluttony who, it is said in elder days before the rise of the Great Bastion of the east, united many of his monstrous kin in a great warband to challenge the Champions of Chaos themselves for the favour of the Dark Gods.

Victory after victory fell before them, and Raak and his monstrous kin grew fat and arrogant, until on the plain of Scorched Bones they confronted the vast horde of Gulvas Bloatchild, favoured son of the Plague Father. After days of fighting beneath the howling aurora, Raak and his kin stood triumphant. Wracked with unholy hunger from their exertions, the Trolls descended on the dead of the battlefield and devoured the bitter, cankerous meat of the fallen and so sealed their doom. The infected flesh turned and writhed in their guts, and they were filled with the most potent diseases and cankers of Nurgle's devising. So concentrated was this malediction it was more even than the vaunted regenerative power of the Trolls to overcome, but the plague-gifts of the Rot-lord did not consume them. Instead the infected Trolls became even more twisted, tormented creatures, their bodies bloated and agonised, endlessly regenerating only to be devoured again from within. Father Nurgle's mirth was said to be great at their suffering and fallen pride.

The Bile Trolls that haunt the Cold Mires today, although mercifully few in number, are the decedents of Raak's followers and those among Troll-kind who have since shared their fate. They are shunned and feared, even by other Trolls who, despite their infamous stupidity, do not wish to share their curse.

SPECIAL RULES

The Mark of Nurgle

Vile beyond belief and shrouded with leprous vapours, the Bile Troll is difficult to target. Ranged attacks that target them are at -1 to hit. Models that target them in close combat strike at -1 WS.

Infected Vomit

The stew of plagues and meat maggots that swim in the guts of the Bile Trolls is so infamous and horrific it has given these creatures their name. Instead of attacking normally, the unit may forgo its usual attacks to make an Infected Vomit attack. Choose one enemy unit in combat with the Bile Trolls, every Bile Troll in base contact with this unit inflicts an automatic Strength 5 hit with no Armour saves allowed. This hit also has the Multiple Wounds (D3) rule. These attacks are treated as magical.

Fear, Stupidity, Poisoned Attacks and Regeneration (5+) see the *Warhammer* rulebook.

Bile Troll units are a Rare choice for a Warriors of Chaos army

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bile Troll	6	2	1	5	5	4	1	3	5

Troop Type: Monstrous Infantry.



Plague Toads of Nurgle

The blackest, filth-choked lagoons and lightless sumps of the Plague-Father's realm have served as a spawning ground to all manner of daemonic beasts and foul creatures. Among the lesser of these blasphemous creatures, although by no means the least nightmarish, are the Plague Toads, also known as rot-eaters and sewer-kin. They are toad-like bags of brackish filth and pus whose wide maws can swallow a man whole.

These semi-sentient Daemon-vermin are, by some reckoning, bloated Nurglings swelled by indulging their appetites and wallowing in the worst noisome decay. Others maintain they are devolved and accursed Plaguebearers, punished for their failure to maintain Nurgle's tally. In either case they are the victim of the petty abuses and ire of Nurgle's other get. As well as being dragged along like pestilent flies in the wake of Chaos summonings and daemonic incursions, these malignant Daemons are drawn to places of disease and decay in the mortal world such as the dank reaches of sewer-pits and stagnant mires, devouring the unwary that cross their path and finding sustenance in suffering and befoulment. It is in such locales as these that those well-versed in the lore of the Plague Father can corral the beasts and bind them to their will, offering them the chance to glut their appetites on yet uncorrupted flesh.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plague Toad	6	3	0	4	4	2	1	2	5

Troop Type: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic Attacks

The Plague Toads are a manifestation of Chaos, and all their attacks are magical.

Unbreakable, Unstable, Immune to Psychology, Fear, Poisoned Attacks and Ward Save (5+)

Plague Toad units may be taken as Core choices in Daemons of Chaos armies, and as Special choices in a Warriors of Chaos army which also feature at least one character bearing the Mark of Nurgle.



Pox Riders of Nurgle

Plaguebearers are distorted, cankerous daemons, condemned to spread the rot of Nurgle. These loathsome creatures are lesser servants of the Lord of Decay but still deadly, clawing and hacking at their foes with their diseased plague-swords and spreading all manner of pox and contamination wherever they go. Shambolic but purposeful, where they can these vile daemons capture and harness Plague Toads to be their mounts, stalking and squeezing them from their filth-choked lairs in the darkest cesspools of the realm of decay. The Plague Toads themselves are none too happy with the imposition, but with Plaguebearers clinging on precariously to their slippery, slime-covered backs they have little choice but to comply with the wishes of their parasitic riders and carry them into the fray. These Pox Riders, as they are known, often take the vanguard of a Plaguedaemon battle line, crashing into the ranks of mortal foes like bloated cannonballs, their rider's tainted blades slashing about them, necrotic filth and brackish blood spraying up from them as they fall, heedless of their losses. Such attacks can shatter the resolve of the hardiest soul, and even if not, they will have held their enemy in place long enough for the rest of the Lord of Decay's favoured children to engulf the enemy in horror.

SPECIAL RULES

Daemonic Attacks

The Plague Toads are a manifestation of Chaos, and all their attacks are magical.

Unbreakable, Unstable, Immune to Psychology, Fear, Poisoned Attacks and Ward Save (5+)

Pox Rider units may be taken as Special choices in Daemons of Chaos armies.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plaguebearer	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	1	7
Plagueleaper	4	3	0	4	4	2	2	2	7
Plague Toad	6	3	0	4	4	2	1	2	5

Troop Type: Monstrous Cavalry



Chaos War Mammoth

Of all the terrible beasts that roam the wastes of the uttermost north, few are as dangerous as the great primeval creatures tainted by Chaos and known to the scholars of the Old World as Mammoths. These massive creatures, whose footfalls shake the earth like thunder, are capable through sheer bulk and roused fury of demolishing buildings, trampling forests flat and crushing anything smaller than themselves (which is just about anything alive) into an unrecognisable, bloody smear. Although not actually evil as such, they are entirely belligerent and uncaring beasts that cut a swathe of destruction wherever they go, a factor magnified a thousand-fold by the fact that when they have young they travel in communal family herds, are fiercely territorial and respond to any other creature that manages to gather their notice by smashing it into the ground, or if it is a large enough monster in its own right, impaling it with huge tusks the size of mighty tree trunks.

To the Chaos-touched tribes of the Northern Wastes, the Mammoths are living totems of might and power – beasts which go where they will and destroy what they will, and are so considered sacred creatures in their own right, and to tribes which through fortune, sorcery or the favour of the gods come to bring one of these creatures into the fold (for none can ever be truly tamed) great honour and fear is attached. The Mammoths roam all across the north, feeding off blasted scrubland and thorny barrens and, from the shores of the Sea of Claws to the cold wastes of K'dathi they are venerated by Norscans and Hingalike; but it is the Dolgan tribes

that have historically had the most success in adding the prodigious strength of the Chaos Mammoths to that of their tribes through the jealously guarded secrets of their shaman. These Chaos War Mammoths, or *vraszas* is the name given to them by the Dolgan, make fearsome foes in battle against which little mortal has a hope of standing firm against. The greatest warriors of the tribe ride into battle on their backs, fighting from fortified wooden platforms while others, given over to the tribe's shaman-sorcerers, carry the mighty war-altars of the Chaos Gods, held aloft and inviolable for all below to see.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mammoth	8	3	1	10	7	10	1	*	5
Battle Howdah	-	-	-	-	6	6	-	-	-
Chaos Warshrine	-	-	-	-	6	4	-	-	8

Troop Type: Monster (Special).

SPECIAL RULES

Immune to Psychology, Large Target and Terror (see the *Warhammer* rulebook).

Mammoth Attacks*

Chaos Mammoths are huge beasts who rely on their near unstoppable mass and tree trunk sized tusks to gouge and crush their foes. When the Chaos Mammoth attacks, roll on the appropriate following table to determine its action:

Mammoth attacking Swarms, Infantry, Cavalry or War Beasts:

D6	Attack Type
1-2	Trample
3-4	Stomp
5	Bellow
6	Pick up and...

Mammoth attacking any other target:

D6	Attack Type
1-2	Butt
3-5	Gore
6	Bellow

Trample: The Mammoth tramples and crushes the enemy, splattering its victims like over-ripe fruit beneath its feet. A single enemy unit it fights suffers D6 Strength 10 hits for each rank of five or more models it has.

Stomp: The Mammoth does not make a normal attack this turn, but its Thunderstomp attack causes 4D6 hits this round!



Below: The Mammoth trumpets and roars with deafening force. Neither the Mammoth nor any unit in contact with it fight if they have not already done so this turn. The army fielding the Mammoth automatically wins the combat by 3 points.

Pick up and.... The Mammoth uses its agile trunk to grab a helpless victim. This may be a target model in base contact or touching a model in base contact (the trunk has a long reach!). The target may make a single attack to fend off the trunk. If this attack hits and wounds the Mammoth, then the Mammoth's attack fails. If not then the Mammoth grabs the model. Roll a D6 to see what unfortunate fate befalls the victim.

D6 Result

- 1-2 Throw back into combat:** The victim is hurled back into their own unit like a missile. This causes D6 wounds on the grabbed model with no armour saving throws allowed, and 2D6 Strength 4 hits (saves as normal) on the enemy unit. If the thrown model survives, place it back in the unit where it may carry on as normal.
- 3-4 Hurl:** This works as per the 'Throw back into combat' result above except that the target unit may be any chosen enemy unit within 18". If no such unit is available, treat this as a 'Throw back into combat' result instead. In either case should the hurled victim survive, it is placed in the back rank of the impacted unit.
- 5 Eat:** The Mammoth swings the victim into its maw and bites down. The victim model is removed as a casualty, and the Mammoth may immediately recover a single wound it has lost previously in the game.
- 6 Squash and grab another:** The Mammoth's trunk constricts around the target, crushing their bones to splinters. The model is removed as a casualty and the Mammoth then picks another victim. Roll again on the 'Pick up and...' chart to see what happens. Note this can happen repeatedly if you keep rolling 6s!

Butt: The Mammoth charges, ramming its victim with its massive head. The Mammoth inflicts one automatic hit against one model in base contact (your choice), causing D3 Strength 10 hits with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

Gore: The Mammoth gouges at the enemy with its massive tusks. The Mammoth makes D6 attacks against a chosen unit in close combat with the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

Battle Howdah

The Battle Howdah is a heavily armoured platform intended to carry the forces of Chaos into battle, effectively turning the Mammoth into a mobile fortress! The Battle Howdah has a separate profile as shown and is otherwise treated as a building in the Warhammer rules with the following provisions:

The Battle Howdah can carry up to a single unit of infantry (and/or infantry characters) drawn from the *Warriors of Chaos* Army book totalling no more than 20 models. The unit may move into and out of the Battle Howdah exactly like it would a building, but other units may not use the Battle Howdah. Units may not get on or leave the Battle Howdah if the Mammoth moves that turn (or intends to). This unit may be targeted by shooting attacks, exactly as per a unit garrisoning a building.

Thanks to the Howdah's chains and weapons, any unit carried by the Howdah counts as being armed with Throwing Axes while carried onboard.

The Battle Howdah can be targeted separately by shooting attacks and in close combat by any monster or model counted as being itself a large target. It may not otherwise be 'stormed' as a normal building might, and if the Mammoth is charged, the carried unit does not make any charge reactions.

If the Battle Howdah is destroyed or the Mammoth is slain, every model carried inside at this point must pass an Initiative test or be removed as a casualty. Survivors will then be placed as a single unit next to the Mammoth (or where it stood).

Up to five models carried by the Battle Howdah may use any shooting attacks they possess, exactly as if firing from a building, on the proviso that if the Mammoth has moved, then the unit it carries also counts as having moved. If the Mammoth is in combat, these shooting attacks may be used against a single unit in combat with the Mammoth (the unit in the Battle Howdah are otherwise too high up to fight!).

Reinforced structure: The Battle Howdah has a 4+ Armour save.

Chaos Warshrines¹

Rather than having a Battle Howdah to carry troops into the thick of the fight, up to one War Mammoth in a Warriors of Chaos army may instead carry one of the dark tribal warshrines of the Chaos Marauders.

The Warshrine may be targeted separately by shooting attacks and in close combat by any monster or model counted as being itself a large target.

If a Warshrine is taken as an upgrade, then its Leadership score is used by the Mammoth instead of its own while it survives.

While the Warshrine survives, both it and the Mammoth have the **Ward save (5+)** and the **Giver of Glory** special rules (see the *Warriors of Chaos* Army book for more details).

Reinforced Structure: The Warshrine has a 4+ Armour save.

Mark of Nurgel¹: If the Warshrine carries the Mark of Nurgel, its effects apply to both the Warshrine and the Mammoth that carries it while it survives.

Mark of Khorne¹: If the Warshrine carries the Mark of Khorne, the Mammoth may re-roll the number of attacks it has as the result of one of its attack types, but is also subject to the Berserk Rage rule (see Frenzy in the *Warhammer* rulebook, however none of Frenzy's other provisions apply) while it survives.

Mark of Tzeentch¹: If the Warshrine carries the Mark of Tzeentch then the Ward save of both it and the Mammoth is increased to 4+ while it survives.

Mark of Slaanesh¹: If the Warshrine carries the Mark of Slaanesh, the Mammoth carrying it is Stubborn while it survives.

Chaos Siege Giant

Giants are some of the mightiest creatures to stride across the Warhammer world. They are simple-minded brutes whose huge strength and callousness alone is enough to wreak havoc simply by their passing. Their appetite for meat and drink is legendary, as is the destruction their rampages can cause. A single Giant is more than enough to devastate a village without much effort, and if bribed or goaded into battle, a Giant can smash through ranks of troops and crush heavily armoured cavalry with contemptuous ease. Unfortunately for a Giant's victims, it often saves a few choice screaming morsels to devour later after it has done with gleefully hammering those who scurry before it like mice into a bloody paste.

The Chaos Dwarfs have not been slow to take note of the power and military potential of Giants, as they have often encountered them as foes within the ranks of the Orc and Goblin hordes that infest the Dark Lands, and the southern Mountains of Mourn that border their empire have long been inhabited by a unusually high number of the creatures. It is said this is because it once was the home of a great kingdom of giant-kind in elder days, now shattered into ruin and desolation. As a result Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers have long had the idea of bringing Giants that they are able to capture or enslave through trickery or trade with the Ogres under their will, and in doing so have been unable to resist 'improving' upon them in order to make them living weapons.

The most common result of these modifications is the Chaos Siege Giant, a mutilated, half-insane creature whose body has been armoured against attack by layer upon layer of heavy iron and bronze plates. These are firmly secured to the unwilling Giant by heat-fusing, riveting and nailing them deep into the Giant's flesh, and in some cases in bolting them directly into its massive skeleton. The end result is a towering, iron-clad monster, even more clumsy and unwieldy than before, but now all but impervious to arrows and shot thanks to its armoured shroud. Likewise suitable weapons such as immense hooked blades, steel pick-axes the size of carts and even massive weighted chain-flails are lashed or implanted directly to the Giant's arms to enable it to scale or tear down fortifications and slaughter the largest monsters. Some even are further fitted with scaling hooks and chains, enabling the creature's dead carcass to be used as a scaling platform should it fall, while the most unfortunate have the burning runes of Hashut branded into their armour and flesh, driving them to ever greater heights of savagery at their master's command.

Not all such 'improvements' prove survivable for the creature forced to undergo them and so Chaos Siege Giants are scarce and highly prized commodities, both within the Chaos Dwarf empire and as weapons bartered in trade with the Chaos-worshipping tribes of the north, who often lack the means or patience to build conventional siege weapons. A living siege engine that merely requires a steady diet of carcasses and spirits is therefore for them ideal.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Siege Giant	5	4	3	6	5	6	3	Special	10

Troop Type: Monster.



SPECIAL RULES:

Siege Armour

Chaos Siege Giants are encased in massive plates of iron and bronze armour inches thick, alternately strapped, nailed and fused into their flesh. This, coupled with the Giant's bulk, makes them all but impervious to arrow fire, although it proves less effective against a foe brave (or foolish) enough to get in close enough to attack the Giant's less protected thews and vitals. The Giant has a 5+ Armour save, which increases to 3+ against shooting attacks.

Fall Over

Chaos Siege Giants, thanks to the fact they are covered in iron plates hammered and bolted over their bodies, are even more unstable on their feet than 'unmodified' Giants. This can prove as dangerous to friend and foe alike when several tonnes of angry flesh and spiked metal comes toppling down!

A Giant must test to see whether it will fall over if any of the following apply:

If it is beaten in close combat. Test in this case after the combat results are determined but before a Break test is taken.

If it is fleeing at the start of the Movement phase.

When it crosses an obstacle. Test when the obstacle is reached.

If the Giant decides to Flail and Crush an enemy. Test immediately beforehand.

To see if a Chaos Siege Giant falls over, roll a D6. On a roll of a 1 or 2, the Giant falls over. A slain Giant falls over automatically.

To determine in which direction the Giant falls, roll a Scatter dice. Place the Fallen Giant template with its feet at the model's base and its head in the direction of the fall. The Fallen Giant template is a special shaped template which otherwise uses all the template rules from the *Warhammer* rulebook (so any models lying completely or partially under it are automatically hit).

A model hit by a falling Chaos Siege Giant takes a Strength 7 hit that has the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. If the unit is in combat and the Giant has fallen over while attempting to Flail and Crush, wounds inflicted by the falling Giant count towards combat resolution.

A Giant that falls over automatically suffers 1 wound. If the Giant is in combat, then this wound counts towards combat resolution.

Once on the ground (you may lie the model down if you wish), a Giant may get up in its Movement phase, but may not move that turn. Whilst on the ground a Giant may not attack, but can still defend itself after a fashion so the enemy must still roll to score hits. If forced to flee whilst on the ground the Giant is slain – the enemy swarm over them and cut them to pieces, stabbing through the chinks in the Chaos Siege Giant's armour. If the Giant gets the opportunity to pursue their foes whilst on the ground, they stand up instead. A Giant may attack in close combat as usual on the turn they stand up.

Chaos Siege Giant Attacks

Giants do not attack in the same manner as other creatures, being too large, fractious and in the case of the Chaos-tainted and mutilated Siege Giants, too insane to carry out a coherent plan of attack. In order to determine what a Chaos Siege Giant does in each Close Combat phase, pick a unit in base-to-base contact with the Giant and roll a D6, applying the result shown on one of the following tables. Which table you use depends on the size of the Giant's victim. When fighting characters who are riding monsters, decide whether to attack the rider or mount before rolling on the table.

Big Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Monsters, Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Chariots, War Machines and anything else with the Large Target special rule (except buildings, see Special Rules below) and characters riding any of the above.

D6	Result
1-2	Legbreaker!
3-4	Smash with Pick
5-6	Eadbutt

Man-sized or Smaller Chart

Use this chart when fighting anything not covered by the Big Things chart.

D6	Result
1	Yell and Bawl
2	Smash with Pick
3-4	Flail and Crush
5-6	Ripping Blades

Legbreaker!

The Giant targets the legs of its outsized enemy with its Ripping Blades and Pick, tearing open hamstring muscles, severing limbs and slamming their foe into the ground. The Giant targets a single enemy model in the target unit that is in base contact. The Giant and its victim both roll a D6 and add their Strength, and for each point by which the Giant beats its victim's score, it inflicts D3 automatic wounds with no armour saves allowed. In addition, regardless of the result, any models other than the Giant inflicting the attack in base contact with the victim must pass an Initiative test to get out of the way or suffer an automatic wound from the struggling beasts!

Smash with Pick

The Giant brings down its pick on the head of an unfortunate victim, most likely leaving little left but a blood red smear. The Giant chooses a single target model from the enemy unit that it is in base contact with. The target may attempt to avoid the blow by passing an Initiative test. If the test is failed, the model suffers 2D6 wounds with no Armour save allowed. If a double is rolled, the Giant's pick has imbedded itself in the ground and the Giant cannot attack at all in the following round of the same combat whilst it yanks it free.

Eadbutt

The Giant targets a single enemy model from the target unit that is in base contact, automatically inflicting 1 wound with no Armour saves allowed. If the victim is wounded but not slain, then the victim is dazed and loses their subsequent attacks. If the victim has not yet

attacked in the combat round, they lose their attacks this round, or if they have already attacked, then they lose all their attacks in the next round instead.

Yell and Bawl

The Giant screams and howls at the enemy in an inarticulate but utterly terrifying hail of abuse. Neither the Giant nor models in base contact with them fight if they have not already done so this round. The Giant's side automatically wins the combat by 2 points. If both sides have a Giant that Yells and Bawls, the combat is a draw.

Flail and Crush

Being too heavy to jump up and down as a normal Giant might when moved to a frenzy of violence, the Siege Giant however does its best to mash anything close underfoot and flails blindly with its oversized weapons. First test to see if the Giant falls over (see previously), with any wounds caused if they do counting towards the combat result. If the Giant remains on its feet, select a target unit in base contact. That unit sustains D6 Strength 8 automatic hits. Resolve wounds and saves as normal as the armoured bulk of the Giant batters them into the ground.

Ripping Blades

Equipped with massive hooked blades or oversized flails mounted on bundles of chains, Chaos Siege Giants are equally at home smashing apart buildings and fortifications as they are sweeping mere mortals into a jumbled heap of torn flesh and broken bones. The Giant's enthusiasm however can sometimes mean they prove more dangerous to themselves than the enemy.

Select a target unit in base contact, that unit suffers 2D6 Strength 6 automatic hits, resolve wounds and saves as normal.

If a double 6 is rolled, as well as inflicting twelve hits on the enemy, the Giant must immediately test to see if it falls over. Any further damage done in this way counts towards combat resolution.

If a double 1 is rolled, something very unfortunate has occurred. If this has happened no damage is inflicted on the enemy unit. Instead the Giant suffers D3 wounds (no saves) and immediately falls over (the chain has wrapped around their neck, they've managed to stab themselves or something equally unpleasant has occurred). Any wounds caused by the fall count towards combat resolution as usual.

Wall-Ripper

A Chaos Siege Giant may always choose to attack and destroy buildings, regardless of the scenario (see page 399 of the *Warhammer* rulebook and use the Watchtower description for fortified buildings where appropriate), and may always choose to assault the building even if it is occupied, potentially bringing it down on top of any unlucky garrisoning troops inside. A Chaos Siege Giant always attacks a building with the **Smash with Pick** attack and need not roll for a random attack type.

Large Target, Terror, Stubborn and Immune to Psychology (see the *Warhammer* rulebook).

A Chaos Siege Giant is a Rare choice for either a Warriors of Chaos or a Legion of Azgorh army.

UPGRADES

Runes of Hate: Some Chaos Dwarf Daemonsmiths go further when encasing Giants in their siege armour, binding the metal with the hellish and twisted runes of Hashut which serve to push the weak and primitive mind of the Giant further into malignant insanity. A Giant with Runes of Hate becomes subject to the Berserk Rage rule (see the Frenzy special rule in the *Warhammer* rulebook, but note that the other rules for Frenzy do not apply). In addition, whenever the Giant's player is called upon to roll for a random number of attacks, this may be re-rolled. The second result must be used, even if it is worse than the first.

Scaling Spikes: A Chaos Siege Giant's armour can be fitted with scaling spikes, hooks and chains to aid the Chaos army's assault against fortifications and these may prove useful even if the Giant perishes in the attack. If a Chaos Siege Giant with this upgrade perishes and falls over an obstacle such as a moat, ditch or wall (with the Falling Giant template laying across it), either leave the template in place or otherwise mark the obstacle, which now may be crossed by the Chaos player as clear ground. Additionally, if the Chaos Siege Giant dies at the foot of a building or fortification, Chaos models assaulting any garrison across the location of its body (see previously) gain a special +1 bonus to their Combat Resolution.



Warriors of Chaos

The following army list entries represent the various creatures and characters found in the previous section and are intended to be used in connection with either the *Warriors of Chaos* Army book, and/or where noted the *Dæmons of Chaos* Army book.

Tamurkhan the Maggot Lord

In Sargath body 645 points
In Tyrant body 835 points

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Sargath	3	7	3	5	5	3	5	4	9	Tamurkhan (Infantry, Special Character – Sargath form)
Tyrant	5	7	3	5	6	6	3	5	9	Tamurkhan (Monstrous Infantry, Special Character – Tyrant form)
Possessor	*-1	7	3	*	*+1	*+1	*-1	*	9	
Bubebolos	8	5	0	8	7	10	2	4	7	Bubebolos (Monster)

Special Rules (Tamurkhan)

Regardless of his form, Tamurkhan has the following special rules:

- Will of the Gods
- Eye of the Gods
- Mark of Nurgle
- Unbreakable
- Fear
- Feast of the Maggot Lord
- The Possession Attack
- The Possessed
- Nurgle's Favoured Son

Special Rules (Bubebolos)

- Large Target
- Scaly Skin (3+)
- Terror
- Immune to Psychology
- Unspeakable Foulness
- Tongue Lash
- Colossal Beast
- Mark of Nurgle

Equipment

- Chaos Armour (Tamurkhan)
- Tamurkhan's Rune Blade (Tamurkhan – Sargath only)
- The Black Cleaver (Tamurkhan – Tyrant only)
- Huge maw, jagged claws, crushing bulk – counts as a hand weapon (Bubebolos)

Mount

- In either form Tamurkhan rides the Toad Dragon Bubebolos into battle.

If Tamurkhan possesses another character, the special rules from Tamurkhan's host form are not retained with the following exceptions if relevant: *Scaly Skin*, *Regeneration* and *Monstrous Infantry*.

Tamurkhan is a Lord choice for a Warriors of Chaos army, and you must select which of his two forms you use.

Sayl the Faithless & Nightmaw

Sayl the Faithless 325 points
Nightmaw the Spawn 105 points

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Sayl	4	6	3	4	4	3	6	3	9	Sayl (Infantry Special Character)
Nightmaw	2D6	3	0	4	5	3	5	D6+1	10	Nightmaw (Monstrous Beast)

Magic

Sayl is a Level 3 Wizard who can choose his spells from the Lore of the Heavens or Lore of Shadow, and in addition always knows the spell *Traitor's Mist*.

Special Rules

(Sayl the Faithless)

- Will of the Gods
- Eye of the Gods
- Mutant Sight
- Immune to Psychology

Special Rules (Nightmaw)

- Fear
- Unbreakable
- Lurching Horror
- Flailing Appendages
- Regeneration (3+)
- Always Strikes First
- Shadow-kin

Equipment (Sayl)

- The Viperous Staff (magic weapon)
- Schalkain's Teeth

Equipment (Nightmaw)

- Gibbering Maws (hand weapon)

Sayl the Faithless is a Lord choice for a Warriors of Chaos army.

Options

If Sayl the Faithless has been chosen as part of the army, you may also take Nightmaw the Spawn for +105 points. Nightmaw is used as a separate unit of a single model but the points spent on him do not count towards the Rare selection total for the army as would be usual for a Chaos Spawn.

Kayzk the Befouled

190 points

Kayzk
Rotbeast

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	7	3	5	5	2	2	4	8
7	2	0	4	4	2	2	2	6

Troop Type

Monstrous Cavalry (Special Character)
Monstrous Cavalry (Special Character)

Equipment

- Hand Weapon
- Chaos Armour
- Shield
- Lance

Special Rules

- Will of Chaos
- Eye of the Gods
- Mark of Nurgle
- Corrupted Flesh
- Fear
- Poisoned Attacks
- Regeneration (5+)

Kayzk the Befouled is a Hero choice for a Warriors of Chaos army.

Option – Rot Knights

Chaos Knights with the Mark of Nurgle may be upgraded to ride Rotbeasts using the profile shown above in place of their Chaos Steeds in a Warriors of Chaos army for +15 points each. If this option is chosen, the entire unit must be upgraded. Their unit type then becomes Monstrous Cavalry, and they gain Fear and Regeneration (5+).

Chaos Siege Giant

275 points

Chaos Siege Giant

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
5	4	3	6	5	6	3	Special	10

Troop Type

Monster

Equipment

- Hooked blades, picks, chains, rage (hand weapon)
- Siege Armour

Special Rules

- Large Target
- Terror
- Stubborn
- Immune to Psychology
- Fall Over
- Chaos Siege Giant Attacks
- Wall-Ripper

Options

- Runes of Hate.....+25 points
- Scaling Spikes.....+10 points

A Chaos Siege Giant is a Rare choice for either a Warriors of Chaos or a Legion of Azgorh army.

Plague Toads of Nurgle

24 points per model

Plague Toad

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	3	0	4	4	2	1	2	5

Troop Type

Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment

- Tainted horn and vile tongue (hand weapon)

Special Rules

- Daemonic Attacks
- Unbreakable
- Unstable
- Immune to Psychology
- Fear
- Poisoned Attacks
- Ward Save (5+)

Plague Toad units may be taken as Core choices in Daemons of Chaos armies, and as Special choices in a Warriors of Chaos army which also features at least one character bearing the Mark of Nurgle.

Bile Trolls of Chaos

60 points per model

Bile Troll

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

Troop Type
Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules

- Mark of Nurgle
- Fear
- Stupidity
- Poisoned Attacks
- Regeneration (5+)
- Infected Vomit

Bile Troll units are a Rare choice for a Warriors of Chaos army.

Equipment

- Suppurating claws, fangs and rusted cleavers (hand weapon)

Pox Riders of Nurgle

35 points per model

Plaguebearer

M WS BS S T W I A Ld

Troop Type

Plagueleaper

4 3 0 4 4 1 1 1 7

Monstrous Cavalry

Plague Toad

4 3 0 4 4 2 2 2 7

Monstrous Cavalry

6 3 0 4 4 2 1 2 5

Monstrous Cavalry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules

- Immune to Psychology
- Fear
- Poisoned Attacks
- Ward Save (5+)
- Unbreakable
- Unstable
- Daemonic Attacks

Options

- Upgrade one Plaguebearer to a Musician +5 points
- Upgrade one Plaguebearer to a Plagueleaper +10 points
- Upgrade one Plaguebearer to a Standard Bearer +10 points

Pox Rider units may be taken as Special choices in Daemons of Chaos armies.

Chaos War Mammoth

550 points

Mammoth

M WS BS S T W I A Ld

Troop Type

Battle Howdah

8 3 1 10 7 10 1 * 5

Monster (special)

Chaos Warshrine

- - - - 6 6 - - -

Monster (special)

- - - - 6 4 - - 8

Monster (special)

Unit Size

One Mammoth

Special Rules

- Immune to Psychology
- Large Target
- Terror
- Mammoth Attacks

Options

- The Mammoth may be upgraded to carry a:
 - Battle Howdah for +50 points
 - Or a Chaos Warshrine for +100 points
- The Chaos Warshrine may be devoted to one of the powers of Chaos by taking one of the following Marks of Chaos*:
 - Mark of Khorne +50 points
 - Mark of Nurgle +50 points
 - Mark of Tzeentch +40 points
 - Mark of Slaanesh +30 points

A Chaos War Mammoth is a Rare choice in a Warriors of Chaos army.



*The Clashing Ruins of Ulgrith
The wrath of Chaos manifest on the land*

The Great Hosts of Chaos

The following alternate rules allow Chaos players to unify the armies of the Dark Gods in a single great host with which to sweep all before them and conquer the Old World – or at least that's the idea! The children of Chaos are fractious and savage, and only the greatest warlord who brings glory to his dark master is likely to survive long at the head of such a powerful and unpredictable gathering of might. The rules are also intended to create a host drawn from the myriad followers of Chaos, such as those found during the great Incursions that surge forth like terrible hurricanes from the northern Chaos Wastes to ravage and beset everything in their path when the powers of Chaos wax strong, rather than a single powerful war band, Daemonic horde or great herd of Beastmen and their allies. A Chaos Host is a very powerful and potentially extraordinarily diverse Warhammer army, but it is also a fickle one, and players wishing to use an army that won't turn on them when the battle goes awry will be better off sticking to the relative safety of a single Army book rather than using these rules.

Mastery of the Host

Each Chaos Host is controlled by a single individual, a warrior of legend or mighty sorcerer whose saga and strength has led the myriad foul beasts and brutal foot soldiers of Chaos to flock to his banner. No matter how mighty this leader is, however, there will be those within the ranks that follow them grudgingly at best, and some that sow rancour and strain malevolently at the halter, waiting for the first opportunity to turn on those who would set themselves above them in their Chaos God's service. As a result each chosen warlord must bring their followers victory or expect to be torn down by their own warriors.

The Chaos Host rules operate in a similar fashion to the rules for Allied armies found in the *Warhammer* rulebook (see page 136), except that they are unified under the control of a single player, and the relative loyalty and reliability of the army is more dependent on success, rather than on the initial composition of the combined force.



The Composition of a Chaos Host

Each Chaos Host force has a single leader known as the **Paragon of the Host** and may draw units from different Army books, with certain restrictions based on who (and what) their Paragon is. Furthermore, during battle the two sides must keep track of the **Tide of Conquest**, which is a basic measure of in whose favour the battle is going. If they are in the ascendancy, the Chaos Gods will bestow their gifts on them to further their victory, but if they are suffering at the hands of the enemy, the scorn of the gods may result, and the cohesion and loyalty of the horde may begin to fray and fracture.

Forces of the Chaos Host

The following army lists can be used as part of a Chaos Host, and a Chaos Host **must** take units from at least two of these army lists as part of its composition and may choose units from all three:

- Warriors of Chaos
- Beastmen
- Daemons of Chaos

SELECTING UNITS

A Great Host army may be chosen freely from any of the army lists shown previously within the usual provisions of selecting a Warhammer army (ie, with % maximums for Special, Rare, etc), with the following extra provisions:

One Lord character must be chosen as the **Paragon of the Host** (see the following section).

Only one Battle Standard may be chosen, and this must be from the same army list as the Paragon.

The minimum Core units requirement of the army must be chosen from the same army list as the Paragon and qualify as **Sworn Disciples** (see the Paragon rules). These units represent the Paragon's most loyal supporters and the foundation of their power.

As long as the Host is not suffering **The Scorn of Chaos**, all units within it may be used as if they were all trusted Allies (see page 137 of the *Warhammer* rulebook). In addition, certain units will either be counted as being **Sworn Disciples** or as being **Antagonistic**, as noted in the following rules:

Sworn Disciples

Units which qualify as Sworn Disciples can always use the General's Inspiring Presence and the Battle Standard's Hold Your Ground! special rules, regardless of the Tide of Conquest.

Note that this does not make them immune to becoming Antagonistic, but mitigates its worst effects.

Antagonistic Units

Some units are classed as Antagonistic. This means that their alliance with the Host is tenuous and resentful at best and they may even turn against their erstwhile comrades during the game! Antagonistic units may not use the General's Inspiring Presence and the Battle Standard's Hold Your Ground! special rules. Antagonistic units cannot be joined by characters other than would usually be found in their own army list, and other friendly units must take Dangerous Terrain tests when fleeing through them. Antagonistic units **never** benefit from the bonuses gained from the Chaos Host's Paragon being in Ascendancy.

***Not One of Us!** It is possible for units to become Antagonistic during a game. If this is the case and they have in their ranks a character that couldn't join them because they originate in another army list, immediately take a Leadership test for that character. If this is passed the character retains control of the unit and may carry on normally for that turn (or leave it if they wish). If it is failed they are immediately slain and removed from play and the unit suffers D6 wounds with no saves. If this situation persists, the test must be taken at the start of every turn.*

THE TIDE OF CONQUEST

The power and cohesion of the Host is very much dependant on its success in battle. When a game is being played with one or more Great Host armies, a tally should be kept from turn-to-turn of the **Tide of Conquest**. This tally, which should be kept by both sides, counts the number of enemy units both fleeing at the end of each player turn and that have been destroyed during that player turn.

At the start of the second game turn and every game turn afterwards compare each side's tallies. If the Host's tally is higher, then they are in the **Ascendancy** and if the enemy's tally is higher, the Host will suffer the **Scorn of Chaos**. If the tally is drawn (or nobody has been broken or destroyed – boo!), the game carries on as normal with no particular effect either way.

Ascendancy: If the Chaos Host is in the Ascendancy, they will gain a special blessing based upon their Paragon (the rules for which can be found in the listing for each 'type' of Paragon). This blessing lasts from the start of the Chaos Host's turn until the Tide of Conquest is next worked out, and any bonus or penalties involved are cumulative with those already in effect unless noted.

Scorn of Chaos: If the Chaos Host is subject to the Scorn of Chaos, then the player must roll on the Scorn of Chaos table at the start of the turn (see page 145).

Designer's Notes

The Great Hosts of Chaos rules presented here are intended for use with a Grand Army of 3,000 points or more in massive battles and narrative campaigns – where having a good time and a great scrap is the primary goal, rather than winning at all costs. The reason for this is that the cross-use of units from several Army books in practical terms is going to present certain anomalies and needs a bit of additional bookkeeping – not to mention the perils of drawing so much attention from the Chaos Gods for the master of the host! It is quite possible for a player to greatly mitigate the dangers inherent in using a Chaos Host by careful selection of units, but the rules presented here are designed less with this slightly mean-spirited ideal in mind. Rather, it is more for the player who wants to wield a wide range of Chaos models from their collection at once, and be the general of a hugely characterful force that is genuinely 'Chaotic' to boot!

The Paragon of the Host

The General of the Chaos Host is referred to as its Paragon. Exactly who and what they are is used to determine the bias of the army, special blessings of the Chaos Gods, and just what units are likely to be loyal and which are likely to seek their own glory when the opportunity arises.

Touch of Destiny: A Paragon possesses a 5+ Ward save reflecting their favour with the Chaos Gods. If they already possess a Ward save (by other means) it is bettered instead by 1 to a maximum of 3+. In addition, if they are slain outright by the particular effects of a spell which does not cause wounds, they may ignore this by rolling a 6 on a D6.

The Death of the Dark Lord: The Chaos Host is held together largely by the might and will of the Paragon that commands it, and if they are slain, the Host begins to shatter and unravel. If the Chaos Host's Paragon is destroyed, roll a Leadership test for every unit in the Host individually. If this is failed the unit is destroyed and removed from play. From this point on the Tide of Battle rules are no longer used and all units in the remaining Host are considered to be Antagonistic (including former Sworn Disciples).

THE PARAGON OF SLAUGHTER

A Paragon of Slaughter is dedicated to the service of Khorne, the Chaos god of bloodshed and battle. Khorne expects carnage without end in his name, and ultimately cares not whose blood flows – that of the enemy or a loyal follower.

A Paragon of Slaughter may be one of the following:

Warriors of Chaos: Chaos Lord (Mark of Khorne only) Daemon Prince† (Mark of Khorne only) and Valkia the Bloody.

Beastmen: None.

Daemons of Chaos: Daemon Prince† (dedicated to Khorne only) and Bloodthirster of Khorne.

† The rules and options for Daemon Princes differ somewhat between these two Army books. Which army list the model is from should be noted as this will influence which units are considered Sworn Disciples. Also, for the purpose of the ...And Hell followed with Them special rule (see page 145), a Daemon Prince chosen from the Daemons of Chaos Army book counts as a daemonic leader for the horde.

Special Rules

Sworn Disciples: All units either carrying the Mark of Khorne or that are dedicated to Khorne (such as Bloodletters, etc) count as the Paragon's Sworn Disciples.

Ascendancy – Bringer of Carnage: While the Paragon of Slaughter is in the Ascendancy, all units in the army gain +1 to their Combat Result scores, and all Sworn Disciples gain Magic Resistance (1).

Antagonists: Any unit dedicated to Slaanesh or carrying the Mark of Slaanesh in the Great Host army is counted as having the Antagonistic rule, regardless of the current Tide of Conquest.

THE PARAGON OF CHANGE

A Paragon of Change is dedicated to the service of Tzeentch, the Chaos god of mutation and magic. Tzeentch is the master of intrigue, deception and knowledge, and his followers wield devastating sorcerous powers that can prove fickle indeed if they do not remain within his favours.

A Paragon of Change may be one of the following:

Warriors of Chaos: Chaos Lord (Mark of Tzeentch only) Sorcerer Lord (Mark of Tzeentch only), Daemon Prince† (Mark of Tzeentch only) and Vilitch the Curseling.

Beastmen: None.

Daemons of Chaos: Daemon Prince† (dedicated to Tzeentch only) and Lord of Change.

† The rules and options for Daemon Princes differ somewhat between these two Army books. Which army list the model is from should be noted as this will influence which units are considered Sworn Disciples. Also, for the purpose of the ...And Hell followed with Them special rule (see page 145), a Daemon Prince chosen from the Daemons of Chaos Army book counts as a daemonic leader for the horde.

Special Rules

Sworn Disciples: All units either carrying the Mark of Tzeentch or dedicated to Tzeentch count as the Paragon's Sworn Disciples.

Ascendancy – Lord of the Eightfold Storm: While the Paragon of Change is in the ascendancy, all Wizards in the Chaos Host add +1 to their Casting rolls and all enemy Wizards suffer -1 to their rolls to Dispel.

Antagonists: Any unit dedicated to Nurgle or carrying the Mark of Nurgle in the Great Host army is counted as having the Antagonistic rule, regardless of the current tide of battle.

THE PARAGON OF EXCESS

A Paragon of Excess is dedicated to the service of Slaanesh, the Chaos god of depravity and licentiousness, their hordes despoiling and ravaging all before them with savage abandon. Those caught in the Chaos Host's path must suffer a nightmarish wave of ecstasies and torments that can snap mortal minds asunder.

A Paragon of Excess may be one of the following:

Warriors of Chaos: Chaos Lord (Mark of Slaanesh only) Sorcerer Lord (Mark of Slaanesh only), Daemon Prince† (Mark of Slaanesh only) and Prince Sigvald the Magnificent.

Beastmen: None.

Daemons of Chaos: Daemon Prince† (dedicated to Slaanesh only) and Keeper of Secrets.

† The rules and options for Daemon Princes differ somewhat between these two Army books. Which army list the model is from should be noted as this will influence which units are considered Sworn Disciples. Also, for the purpose of the ...And Hell followed with Them special rule (see page 145), a Daemon Prince chosen from the Daemons of Chaos Army book counts as a daemonic leader for the horde.

Special Rules

Ascendancy – Roiling Madness: Assailed by terrible visions and unearthly desires, all enemy models suffer -1 Initiative (to a minimum of 1) in close combat, and all Wizards in the Chaos Host add +1 to their casting rolls for Hex spells.

Sworn Disciples: All units either carrying the Mark of Slaanesh or dedicated to Slaanesh (Daemonettes, etc) count as the Paragon's Sworn Disciples.

Antagonists: Any unit dedicated to Khorne or carrying the Mark of Khorne in the Great Host army is counted as having the Antagonistic rule, regardless of the current Tide of Conquest.

THE PARAGON OF DECAY

A Paragon of Decay is dedicated to the service of Nurgle, the Chaos god of plague and desolation. His followers exist only to taint and corrupt the world and see all brought to destruction.

A Paragon of Decay may be one of the following:

Warriors of Chaos: Chaos Lord (Mark of Nurgle only) Sorcerer Lord (Mark of Nurgle only), Daemon Prince† (Mark of Nurgle only) and Tamurkhan-the Maggot Lord.

Beastmen: None.

Daemons of Chaos: Daemon Prince† (dedicated to Nurgle only) and Great Unclean One.

† The rules and options for Daemon Princes differ somewhat between these two Army books. Which army list the model is from should be noted as this will influence which units are considered Sworn Disciples. Also, for the purpose of the ...And Hell followed with Them special rule (see below), a Daemon Prince chosen from the Daemons of Chaos Army book counts as a daemonic leader for the horde.

Special Rules

Sworn Disciples: All units either carrying the Mark of Nurgle or dedicated to Nurgle count as their Sworn Disciples.

Ascendancy – Plague and Pestilence: While the Paragon of Decay is in ascendancy, the land is befouled and the skies darken with poisonous murk. All enemy units suffer -1 to their BS when shooting at targets more than 12" away and spells cast from the Lore of Light and Lore of Life suffer -D3 to their casting rolls.

Antagonists: Any unit dedicated to Tzeentch or carrying the Mark of Tzeentch in the Great Host army is counted as having the Antagonistic rule, regardless of the current Tide of Conquest.

THE PARAGON OF RUIN

A Paragon of Ruin is dedicated to the triumph of Chaos as a whole, rather than the service of a particular god, although they might be as equally concerned with their personal power or simply in bringing ruin to the world in order to watch it burn.

A Paragon of Ruin may be one of the following:

Warriors of Chaos: Chaos Lord (Unmarked), Sorcerer Lord (Unmarked), Daemon Prince† (Unmarked) and Archon the Everchosen.

Beastmen: Beastlord, Doombull and Great Bray-Shaman.

Daemons of Chaos: Daemon Prince† (undedicated)

† The rules and options for Daemon Princes differ somewhat between these two Army books. Which army list the model is from should be noted as this will influence which units are considered Sworn Disciples. Also, for the purpose of the ...And Hell followed with Them special rule (see opposite), a Daemon Prince chosen from the Daemons of Chaos Army book counts as a daemonic leader for the horde.

Special Rules

Sworn Disciples: All units from the Paragon's own Army book count as their Sworn Disciples unless they are either dedicated to a particular Chaos god (such as Plaguebearers, etc) or carrying a Chaos Mark (see the Tide of Conquest rule).

Ascendancy – Despoiling Horde: When the Paragon of Ruin is in ascendancy, all infantry units (and infantry units only, not characters) under their command gain the Devastating Charge special rule if they did not already possess it. The range of the Paragon of Ruin's Inspiring Presence is also increased to 18".

Antagonists: Units only suffer the Antagonistic rule if the Tide of Conquest goes against the army (see Scorn of Chaos rule below).

THE SCORN OF CHAOS

When the tide of battle goes against the Chaos Host, the alliances they have made through blood-oaths, dark rites and the promise of victory begin to break apart, and the Dark Gods themselves may intervene to show their displeasure. If the Tide of Conquest is against them, at the start of the Chaos Host's game turn roll 2D6 on the following chart. The result applies until the Tide of Conquest is worked out again, unless noted by a specific result.

2D6 Result

2-4 Discord: All units in the Chaos Host not considered Sworn Disciples become Antagonistic. If there are no such units in the Chaos Host, re-roll this result.

5-6 Desertion: A single unit chosen by the enemy which is not a Sworn Disciple immediately breaks and flees as if they had failed a Panic test (note that this is not a Panic test as such, and any unit which is not either a Sworn Disciple or subject to the Unbreakable rule may be affected). If there are no units eligible for this in the Chaos Host, re-roll this result.

7 Treachery: A single unit chosen by the enemy other than the Paragon and any unit they have joined turns traitor, and may be controlled by the opposing army. In the case of treacherous Wizards, the enemy player's Dispel dice are used as Power dice for casting their spells, not the Power dice of the Chaos Host. The treacherous unit is under the control of the enemy until the Tide of Conquest goes once more in the Chaos Host's favour. If this happens, any on-going combats immediately end and the units involved reform.

8-9 Death: A single unit chosen by the enemy other than the Paragon and any unit they have joined suffers 2D6 automatic wounds (saves may be made as normal). If the chosen unit is a horde, it suffers 4D6 wounds instead.

10-12 The Judgement of the Gods: The Chaos Host's Paragon suffers D6 automatic wounds. No Armour saves or Ward saves may be taken against these.

...AND HELL FOLLOWED WITH THEM

For Chaos' mortal followers to be swept up in a Daemonic host is a woeful and terrible thing, as Daemons care little on whose flesh and sanity on which they sup, and the laws of reality break down around them like melting wax. All non-daemonic units in a Chaos Host led by a Paragon chosen from the Daemons of Chaos Army book gain the Immune to Psychology rule if they did not already have it, but if this is the case they also suffer a -1 Leadership penalty.



River Aver

NULN

Reinforcements

Empire
Line
Levee

Jankarhaus
Uppercampment

Reik

Wissenburg
Monastery of the Black Lilies

Pfeildorf
Besieged

Line of Retreat
& Destroyed
Horde Recombines

Burn

River
Rookbu
Sacked

Empire Bestiary



Castle Greymane
Destroyed

Horde Splits

The Horde
crosses the
mountains



Theodore Bruckner

The Hand of Judgement, the Titan Headsman, Champion of Nuln

The feared warrior Theodore Bruckner serves as the Countess Emmanuelle of Nuln's headsman and personal and judicial champion – a role that exists to meet the ancient right of trial by combat available to the Empire's aristocracy, except after the commission of the direst of crimes. This makes Bruckner, in effect, both the personification of bloody-handed justice in the city and death incarnate to the Countess' political enemies. A giant of a man, dour, ruthless and taciturn, he towers head and shoulders over even the sturdy folk of Wissenland who make up the majority of Nuln's citizenry, and it is of little surprise that many tales have grown up to surround him. Some stories attribute his great size to sinister origins in Norsca, darkly tainted blood or even alchemical experimentation at the Countess's behest. The truth however lies unknown, save to Bruckner himself and perhaps his patron. He is famed as a savage and skilled (if unsubtle) fighter and most of all for his prodigious – some say inhuman – strength. Such is his physical power that during his judicial duel with the noted swordsmen Lord Hanz Kraster, that after Kraster by virtue of superior speed and technique had managed to disarm the hulking Bruckner, undeterred, the Champion of Nuln grappled his plate-armoured opponent, lifted him aloft and snapped his back with his bare hands.

For Bruckner such mystique as his mysterious origins and might have created serve him well, enhancing the reputation his bloody record has inspired, sowing fear and apprehension in those that would face him in combat or scheme and plot behind the Countess Emmanuelle's back. Bruckner is however no general or war-leader, and he has no talent or taste for such things, even if others would follow him – which is doubtful given the hatred his name engenders amid the burghers and lordly families of Nuln. Instead he is content to fight and kill at his mistress's command, and has lasted over a decade in his highly paid office, making him the longest serving Champion of Nuln in living memory.

With the threat of Tamurkhan's host ravaging its way northward, Bruckner rode out with Nuln's army, as he had before, astride the huge and near-uncontrollable Demigryph 'Reaper' – itself a freakishly large example of its kind taken from Nuln's war-menagerie. At the Countess' command, Bruckner had taken an oath, sworn before the great council of the city to slay Tamurkhan for his crimes and despoliations against Wissenland, and at his mistress's insistence, he had taken with him a talisman from the hand of the Wizard, Elspeth von Draken, to protect him from the malign powers of the enemy – a decision that would have fateful consequences as events unfolded.

Troop Type:

Theodore Bruckner (Infantry, Special Character).
Mounted on Reaper the Demigryph (Monster).

SPECIAL RULES (BRUCKNER)

The Hand of Judgement

Bruckner is the Judicial Champion of Nuln and the Countess' headsman – a figure hated and grudgingly respected in equal measure. While a feared warrior, given his grim demeanour and single-minded devotion to his craft, he is no leader of men. As a result Bruckner cannot be the army's General under any circumstance, and so a force containing him will need to include another character to lead it. In any turn in which Bruckner fights in a Challenge, he has the Unbreakable rule.

SPECIAL RULES (REAPER)

Terror, Large Target, Slashing Claws* (see the *Warhammer* rulebook)

*Armour Piercing attacks – Thunderstomp attacks are not affected

MAGIC ITEMS

Liarsbane (Magic Weapon)

For centuries this long blade has been used by the city's champion in preference over the more traditional headsman's axe where the executioner's duties are concerned with the great and powerful of Nuln. Bruckner wields this mighty sword as easily as a lesser man might a rapier and a great many dissenters, renegades and the Countess political rivals have found themselves a head shorter at his hands.

Rolls To Wound and To Hit with Liarsbane are made at +1.

Stormlance (Magic Weapon, One use)

With a bladed tip crafted from meteoric iron and graven with the runes of the heavens, this lance strikes its target like a bolt of lightning, both burning and blasting them. This weapon may be used once per game when Bruckner is conducting a charge while mounted on Reaper.

The weapon counts in all respects as a lance, but in addition its attacks have the Killing Blow special rule.

Baleflame Amulet (Talisman)

Gifted to Bruckner by the Magisterix Elspeth von Draken to protect him from the foul sorceries of the oncoming horde, this black gem possessed powers unguessed at, and served the Magisterix's own deadly schemes.

The amulet provides Bruckner with a 5+ Ward save. In addition, if Bruckner is slain by a model in base contact, that model then immediately suffers D6 wounds, with no armour saving throw or regeneration possible. This attack has no effect if Bruckner is slain in any other circumstances.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Theodore Bruckner	4	6	4	5	4	3	4	3	9
Reaper	7	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	6

Theodore Bruckner is a Lord choice in an Empire army.

Castellan-Engineer Jubal Falk & the Nuln Ironsides

Nuln, as one of the greatest cities of the Old World and formerly the capital of the Empire in times past, is rich in history, wealth and power, and possesses many lauded institutions famed far and wide. One of the greatest of these in Nuln's case is the Imperial Gunnery School, a College of Engineers rivalled in the Empire only by that of Altdorf, as well as the largest and most productive blackpowder works and cannon-foundries anywhere west of the Worlds Edge Mountains, save perhaps for those hidden in the deep Dwarf holds. Apprentices and military men from across the Empire and beyond are drawn to study at the Gunnery School, while the weapons and branded powder kegs that pour out from it are traded across the world, and have long been a keystone of Nuln's wealth and economy.

What is perhaps less well known is that the Gunnery School also maintains its own force at arms – the 'Iron Companies' – who serve both as part of the standing armies of Nuln itself by ancient treaty with the line of Electors, and also are active in the defence of Wissenland as well as standing guard on the famous artillery trains of Nuln in service of the wider Empire.

Most numerous of these are the Ironsides, regiments of handgunners made up from the apprentices and retainers of the School, who are fitted out in a panoply of black-enabled iron plate armour reflecting the wealth and status of their patrons. The current field commander of the Ironsides is Jubal Falk, an engineer with a flair for tactical



matters who many see as a rising star and future Guildmaster of the school. Born a cooper's son on the river wharfs of Nuln, Falk's natural talents and dogged enforcement of discipline have seen him rise rapidly in the ranks of the Ironsides, and he is respected by those under him both for his skills as a military engineer and as an honourable man if one notoriously unforgiving of slackness or incompetency.

Already a seasoned soldier at the time of the Chaos assault of Tamurkhan's host, Falk held command of the muster of the Ironsides at Crow's Levee and was instrumental in holding the line against the

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Jubal Falk	4	3	4	3	3	2	4	2	8

Troop Type:

(Infantry, Special Character)

SPECIAL RULES

The Nuln Ironsides

This regiment is drawn from the guards and apprentices of the famous Imperial Gunnery School of Nuln, and are some of the most widely respected and well equipped Handgunner regiments in the Empire. In order to represent this, if you have Jubal Falk, their current commander, in your army, then you may choose to upgrade any regiments of Handgunners in your army to be Ironsides at +2 points per model, upgrading them to wear heavy armour (this must be suitably modelled).

Blackpowder Discipline

Any Ironsides Handgunner unit that contains Jubal Falk may re-roll shooting to hit rolls of '1' with its handguns. Note that this does not apply to Jubal himself.

Engineer

Falk is an Engineer, and all the normal rules for this in the *Empire Army* book apply.

Dolgan cavalry charge during the Chaos vanguard's attack on the first day of the great battle. Here the Ironsides' steady, disciplined fire raked the marauder onslaught before they could crash into the line, weakening them fatally and blunting their heedless charge which otherwise might have collapsed the Empire flank completely. Jubal Falk was wounded in the battle by an axe-blow, but despite his injury continued in command, and is said to have personally slain a Chaos sorcerer with his Hochland Long Rifle, blasting the creature's distorted head clean from its shoulders mid-spell using specialised alchemically-forged shot taken from the secret vaults of the Imperial Gunnery School.

MAGIC ITEMS

Mercurial Shot (Magic Weapon, One Use)

Made from a special hollow bullet filled with alchemical turpilot, this bullet shatters on contact and can bring down even the most inhuman target.

This is a one use attack which is used in conjunction with Falk's Hochland Long Rifle (with all its usual rules applying). The player must declare its use before rolling to hit. If it strikes the target, it hits with Strength 6, Armour piercing and Multiple Wounds (2). If the shot misses, it is wasted.

Castellan-Engineer Jubal Falk is a Hero choice in an Empire army.

Magisterix Elspeth von Draken

Wizard of the Amethyst Order, the Dark Lady of Nuln, the Graveyard Rose

For three generations the name of Elspeth von Draken, Magisterix of the Amethyst College and arch-wizard of the Lore of Death, has been spoken of in hushed tones in the reeking tavern gutters and vaulted noble halls of Nuln alike. And for three generations her lonely, blackened tower has stood at the edge of the Gardens of Morr on the outskirts of the great city, and stories of the 'Graveyard Rose' have been used to frighten recalcitrant children home before nightfall lest 'the dark lady snatch them up!'. Yet despite these stories few have ever paused to think what exactly the admitted presence of von Draken in the city actually means, and fewer yet could guess at her true power or influence. Furthermore the few foolhardy or overenthusiastic witch hunters, unaware of her relationship to the governing powers of Nuln or too fanatically sure of their own righteousness to care, who have attempted to delve deeper into her business or storm her tower have been swallowed up so completely that they have never been able to share anything they have learned.

The truth is that Elspeth von Draken is but one in a long bloodline touched by the winds of magic, a bloodline that has produced both monsters and saviours in its time. She is also one of the most powerful Amethyst wizards of the age, but one who will have little to do with the daily machinations or power-politics of the Imperial Colleges of Magic in which she was once student and still in theory holds fealty (for which many within its ranks are profoundly grateful), and with whom she now sits in an uneasy truce. Instead she is an obsessive experimenter and mystic who goes where she will, and has collected and collated a storehouse of mystical artefacts and lore which she guards jealously and has become so saturated with the force of Shyish, the Amethyst wind of Death, that there are some who whisper she is no longer human at all, a theory perhaps given credence by her almost spectral, pallid aspect, which has remained unchanged for decades.



Despite her reclusive nature, dividing her time it is said between her tower in Nuln and another like it hidden within the Grey Mountains, or in search of lost lore, she is however a true scion of the Empire, and the bane of its foes where they cross her path. She also has long standing pacts and alliances both with the Church of Morr and the ruling council of Nuln to come to its aid in times of war in return for their alliance in turn. Balthazar Gelt, current patriarch of the Imperial Collages of Magic, is understandably wary of von Draken's independence and power, and has long had his agents keep track of her where they can. Over the last score of years they have reported a dozen conflicts both widely known and hidden where von Draken has proved the victor against terrible enemies such as the Mire Hulk Rawbones who had been devouring whole villages along the lower River Sol and demanding a bloody tribute in young lives, to the Vampire Vashara of Lamia who had sought to corrupt the noble Jaegersbruk family of Pfeildorf and turn the city into a shadow-realm of undeath. While Elspeth von Draken continues to concern herself with her own affairs, and stand as a protector of the Empire, Gelt must do no more than watch, but there are those beneath him in the hierarchy of Wizards who fear that Gelt's suspicion of the powerful von Draken may yet provoke a deadly conflict one day between them.

During the crisis of the Chaos host of Tamurkhan, Elspeth von Draken appeared in the Council of the Countess Emmanuelle like a spectre of death itself, gowned in robes so black as to appear as living darkness and bearing a keening scythe so sharp it seemed to murder the still air. It was her council that the Countess Emmanuelle took in forming up her armies to defend Nuln itself rather than meet Tamurkhan in the open field of battle, and such was the fear that came with Elspeth von Draken's presence that few gainsaid her despite the cost the strategy entailed in lands, livestock and human life. On the seventh day of the great battle, when Tamurkhan sought to raise up a great and nightmarish ritual to appease his dark god and brought forth an unholy tide of Daemons to attack the city, Elspeth von Draken took to battle aback a Carmine Dragon. The dragon's wrath unleashed all-consuming blasts of amaranthine lighting while her magical power contested with the might of the Servants of Decay. After the battle, those that saw her claimed she had faded to no more than an insubstantial shadow from her trials, and it was years afterwards before she was seen abroad again, her pale and youthful aspect restored once more.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Elspeth von Draken	4	3	3	3	4	3	4	2	10
Carmine Dragon	6	5	-	5	6	6	5	6	8

Troop Type:

Elspeth von Draken (Infantry, Special Character).
The Carmine Dragon (Monster).

Magic

Elspeth von Draken is a Level 4 Wizard who uses the Lore of Death.

SPECIAL RULES (ELSPETH VON DRAKEN)

Darkwalker

Von Draken's body has become so suffused with dread magical power to the extent that she stands halfway between life and death, and at will she can become an all but insubstantial spectre in human form. She is Immune to Psychology and all To Wound rolls made against her are at -1. Unfortunately, she also suffers any extra effect that is listed as specifically damaging Daemons or the Undead (such as the Lore of Light Exorcism attribute).

Loremaster (Lore of Death) see the *Warhammer* rulebook.

SPECIAL RULES (THE CARMINE DRAGON)

Terror, Large Target, Fly and Scaly Skin (2+) see the *Warhammer* rulebook.

Coruscating Blast

The Carmine Dragon's breath weapon is a sorcerous blast of powerful Amethyst magic capable of withering metal and rendering flesh to dust as if millennia had passed in mere seconds. This breath weapon works similarly to determining the effects of a cannon shot (see the *Warhammer* rulebook). The maximum range of the attack's target point is 12" away from the monster and may be treated just like a normal breath weapon. After the target point has been selected, roll the Artillery dice to create a line of effect for the blast travelling in a straight line away from the dragon (just as for determining a 'bounce' for a cannon shot). A Misfire result should be re-rolled. Any model caught in the line of the blast suffers D3 wounds, with no Armour saves possible.

MAGIC ITEMS

The Pale Scythe (Magic Weapon)

A pale scythe more made of shadow than substance, this weapon said to be of Elspeth's own making is attuned to the power of Shyish, the wind of death, focusing and concentrating it to her will.

This weapon has the Killing Blow special rule, and as a focus for deathly energies it adds +1 to Elspeth von Draken's dispelling rolls.

Death's Timekeeper

This hourglass is an ancient and storied artefact, it is said to contain as its measuring sand the dusty remnants of a dead god of old, and Van Draken has spent much of her unnaturally long life studying its mysteries. With it she has perfected some limited measure of control over time and death itself.

Once per player turn Elspeth von Draken's player can re-roll a single dice of their choice concerning her or the Carmine Dragon (this can include attacks, saving throws, magic dice and the Artillery dice used to determine the Carmine Dragon's Coruscating blast if desired). If this re-roll is not used, at the end of her player's turn Elspeth von Draken may recover a wound previously lost in the game.

Elspeth von Draken is a Lord choice in an Empire army.

The 'Marienberg' Class Land Battle Ship

The Wonder of the Age

One of the wealthiest cities in the Old World, a nexus for trade and crossroads for many lands, such is Marienberg's wealth that in the year 2429 by Imperial reckoning, it effectively 'bought' its secession and independence from the Empire by a vast transfer of gold into the Imperial coffers, its merchant-lords having grown tired of the factious wars and intrigues of the Imperial state and their effect on the only thing they cared for – the pursuit of profit. This independence, hard schemed for and defended many times with blood both against outside forces and from within as well as those in the Empire who would see it undone, has been the making of Marienberg's power, which stands greater than it ever has, but has also proved in some circumstances to be a two-edged sword,

particularly in military terms. Without the vast manpower and veteran men-at-arms the Empire can call upon, Marienberg has often been forced to 'buy' its way out of trouble, and its merchant guilds have long learned to rely upon mercenary forces and even privateers to supplement their own small standing armies and retainers when the need has arisen, which has been often. In particular, allied troops from the Empire, its former realm and largest trading partner have sometimes proved thin on the ground in recent years when a great threat has come to endanger Marienberg and the Empire both. In particular elite Imperial units have proved an exorbitant expense to hire, leaving the security of Marienberg vulnerable.



A case in point has been the legendarily powerful and extremely rare Empire Steam Tank, examples of which have been 'loaned' in the past at bank-breaking cost (under close Imperial supervision of course) and had proved unavailable to purchase outright at any cost. The genius behind the Steam Tank is all but unreplicable at any rate, and such secrets as known by the Imperial Engineers guarded upon pain of death. So, in recent years, with ever increasing threats to their city-state growing all around them, the guild-masters of Marienberg sought to do what they had always done and spend their way out of the problem, and as they could not buy a Steam Tank, they would commission something better! Wary of the political ramifications, the Imperial School of Engineers at Altdorf would have nothing to do with the contract, while the Dwarfs merely scorned such human folly. To a cabal of engineers at the Imperial Gunnery School of Nuln however the proposition and the vast sums of money offered proved irresistible, and with the Countess Emmanuelle's tacit approval (and no doubt reasons of her own beyond a cut of the price), they entered into a secret bargain with the Marienbergers to build them 'Steam Tanks' of their own. There was one problem with this – they didn't know how to.

There were countless disasters at the prototype stage and the whole project became known as the 'coffin filler' by the young apprentices attached to it in dread. Steam boilers such as they could construct couldn't be made small enough and retain the necessary power without becoming dangerously unstable, hull mounted ordnance proved just as likely to smash the machine to pieces when fired, and the whole thing had a tendency to fall apart when the smallest change in direction was attempted. Justly are the forges of the Imperial Gunnery School famed for craftsmanship and productivity but not for innovation, and with every delay and cost overrun, the Engineers found themselves agreeing to more and more concessions from the hard-bargaining Marienbergers in return – "yes, it would be able to navigate the wetlands of the Cursed Marshes"; "yes, it could be crewed by Marienberg troops rather than dedicated engineers," while the costs kept spiralling and still with no working war machine in sight. As the delay turned into years, the Merchant-lords of Marienberg began to suspect they'd been had and their monies disappeared as if tossed down a privy, and dark rumblings of a vengeful trade war were in the offing which Nuln could little

afford. It was then that one of the more unstable of the Gunnery School Engineers, a man named Hezekiah Guttmann (known less than affectionately as the 'burnt scarecrow' to his fellows), had an epiphany. If they could not construct a small, powerful boiler such as the Steam Tank had, why bother? Why not use a larger, cruder one instead and the machine could be scaled up accordingly, and conversely the cannon could be made smaller, and as for the rest of the demands, they would appeal to the Marienburgers' vanity – the machine would take the shape of a boat (or as it transpired at least a caricature of a boat), after all, they liked boats did they not? Once seized upon by the desperate Engineers, this plan, as crazed as it might have been, took hold very rapidly and in a remarkably short time a prototype was assembled hybridizing steam power, boat building and some 'inspired' innovations by Guttmann. The end product looked more like a grotesquely-sized theatrical prop than either a ship of war or a Steam Tank, and was a pretty shameful imitation of either, but somehow it worked – well, mostly! The provost-marshal of the Imperial Gunnery School proclaimed them 'The Wonder of the Age' upon announcing their success to the Countess Emmanuelle and the Marienberg legation, and even managed to keep a straight face while doing so. The Engineers' relief at the acceptance of the design turned to something resembling panic however when the Marienbergers ordered not one or two, but a squadron of ten, and the functioning prototype proved less than easy to successfully replicate and the project continued to 'fill coffins' apace.

Three 'Marienberg' Class Land Battle Ships (to give them their official title) had been completed, with a fourth on the way, when Tamurkhan's horde darkened Wissenland's horizon. The Merchant Lords of Marienberg had already made to secure their investment by moving a number of heavy barges and a sizable guard of veteran mercenaries, the infamous Manann's Blades, to escort the first part of the 'fleet' back to Marienberg upon completion. The Countess Emmanuelle swiftly demanded the use of these 'wonder weapons' in defence of the city, and the Marienbergers were happy to oblige – for the right price!

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Land Ship	*	-	-	6	6	12	-	-	-
Crew	-	3	3	4	-	-	3	D6	7

**See Special Rules*

Troop Type:
Unique unit



SPECIAL RULES

Unbreakable, Fear and Impact Hits (D6) see the *Warhammer* rulebook.

Culverin

This is a type of light cannon, installed in the prow of the Land Ship after the inclusion of larger ordnance proved disastrous. The Culverin is treated exactly as a standard Cannon (see page 112 of the *Warhammer* rulebook) that fires directly ahead, except that it is Strength 7 when firing normally and its grapeshot attack is only Strength 3. Otherwise all the normal rules for Cannon apply.

The Land Ship may still move and fire the Culverin, and may even fire it if engaged in combat contrary to the usual rules (but can only nominate a target point in the unit in base contact with the ship's front). If the weapon is destroyed by a Misfire result, the Land Ship also immediately suffers D3 Wounds with no Armour save or Ward save possible.

Fusillade

The deck crew, along with the complex operation of piloting the ship and avoiding imminent catastrophes such as it toppling over or the boiler exploding, do their best in battle to let fly with a wide number of sweepers, deck pistols and handguns laid on and loaded for the purpose. In addition to firing the Culverin, each Shooting phase the Land Ship can fire a fusillade at a single target in any direction (this does not need to be the same target at which the ship's Culverin is firing). This generates D6 shots that use the following profile:

	Range	Strength	Special Rules
Fusillade	18"	4	Armour Piercing

Unlike the Culverin, the Fusillade cannot be used if the Land Ship is engaged in combat – the deck crew are too busy repelling boarders!

The Wonder of the Age

Something of a poor imitation of a true Steam Tank in terms of sophistication, the Land Ship does at least have size and ambition in its favour – from its bulky armoured and over decorated hull to its oversized, life-threatening boiler and a steering mechanism that can only be described as the fruits of an unhinged mind! In battle the Land Ship is an insane sight, almost a mobile fortress in effect towering over the battlefield, discharging its thunderous gun and crushing the enemy underfoot while its crew remain (almost) safe high on the deck above. That is when it works, and the wheels don't fall off, or the boiler explodes, or the magazine catches fire...

The Land Ship uses the same general rules as a Chariot, except where noted in the following section:

Moving the Land Ship: The Land Ship, lacking anything like the control of a Steam Tank, has two modes of movement: slow power and full power. The player must declare which they are using before the Land Ship is moved each turn.

Measure all move distances for the Land Ship from the front edge of its wheels.

Slow

The Land Ship may move up to 6" directly forward without penalty or risk, but may not charge.

Full Power

The player may pivot the Land Ship in any direction in its front arc and roll 2D6 for the distance it travels. The first unit contacted by it counts as having charged (friendly units suffer impact hits but no combat is actually fought). However, if a double 1 or double 6 is rolled, something has gone disastrously wrong. Roll immediately on the Land Ship Calamity chart and apply the result.

A Marienberg Land Ship is a Rare choice for an Empire army.

The Land Ship Calamity Chart

D6	Result
1	Abandon Ship! With an appalling cracking sound, the main axles snap, spars shatter and the wheels are crushed, dumping the ship unceremoniously to the ground in an almighty crash. The Land Ship is destroyed but is left on the table as an area of dangerous terrain. Any unit in base contact when this happens suffers D6 Strength 8 hits.
2-3	Arrrrgh! The boiler backfires, sending the Land Ship hurtling forward. The ship moves the rolled distance and an additional "D6" as well as suffering D3 wounds with no Armour save or Ward saves allowed.
4-5	All hands to the Wheel! The Land Ship slews perilously out of control. Roll a Scatter dice and move the ship the distance rolled in the direction shown on the dice. If a 'hit' is rolled, the crew manage to drop the emergency anchor and the Land Ship remains stationary.
6	Boom! Between the over-pressurised boiler and the powder magazine, the Land Ship explodes in a spectacular fireball. Everything within D6" of the Land Ship's hull suffers a Strength 6 hit and the Land Ship is destroyed and removed from play.

The Land Ship in Combat: The Land Ship inflicts impact hits just as a Chariot when it charges. If locked in combat it may inflict a Thunderstomp attack against a single enemy unit on each of its own player turns as its 'engine' grinds it forward. In addition the crew generates D6 attacks of their own each round using the profile shown (generally jabbing down with spears, shooting people in the face and throwing things from the high deck).

Damaging the Land Ship: The Land Ship is a massive, bulky contraption. It is covered in decorative work, armour plating and a whole host of other things not entirely germane to its continued function. Its high Wounds value represents a combination of the overall damage needed to wreck the structure or kill off the crew. This difficulty in inflicting telling damage is also represented by the Land Ship's 3+ Armour save and a Ward save of 6. Additionally, when the Land Ship loses its last wound, roll a D6. On a roll of 1, it suffers the effects of the **Abandon Ship!** result on the Land Ship Calamity chart and on a 6 the **Boom!** result. On any other roll the Land Ship is removed as normal.

Captain Edward Van Der Kraal & Manann's Blades

Pirate, mercenary, smuggler, gallows thief and renowned blackguard, Captain Edward Van Der Kraal has been many things in his life, almost all of them disreputable. He has escaped death a great many times over the years, fought against the dark-mist kindred of the Cursed Marches and lived, raided the Norsean Coast with fire and sword and it is said even survived shipwreck on the infamous Vampire Coast of Lustria and somehow returned to tell the tale. Many of these stories and scores more like them that dog his heels may be no more than tall tales and tavern gossip, but what is certain is that Van Der Kraal is a hard man to cross and a born survivor, albeit his adventures have left him grizzled, scarred and maimed, but only a fool would think him slowed down any by his injuries. Although a black-hearted cutthroat of the first order, he is also notoriously a man of his word, which makes him rare indeed and sought after as a mercenary. For Van Der Kraal, a contract signed is an oath in blood never to be broken by either party except upon pain of deadly vengeance and as more than one treacherous employer has found to their cost, the Captain is a hard man to kill and one who makes an art form of revenge when riled.

Marienberg is Captain Van Der Kraal's home port, and in recent years he has commanded a mercenary company of dark repute that goes by the name of Manann's Blades, named for the quixotic and violent sea god of the Empire. This troop of hired killers, cutthroats and brigands are as at home on the battlefields of the Old World as they are serving as marines on privateer ships out on raids of plunder along the Sartosan coast. Under Van Der Kraal's command, the Manann's Blades have gained a reputation as dark as their captain. At the time of Tamurkhan's invasion, the Blades had taken the rather unusual job of guarding Marienberg's "investment" in the shape of the prototype Land Ship war machines they had commissioned from Nuln's famous Gunnery School. Along with these machines, Manann's Blades were drawn into the heart of the battle against the horde.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Captain Van Der Kraal	4	6	4	4	4	2	5	3	9

Troop Type

(Infantry, Special Character)

SPECIAL RULES

Manann's Blades

Van Der Kraal is the dreaded field commander of the infamous Blades of Manann, a powerful mercenary regiment owned and operated via intermediaries of the shadowy Merchant Lords of Marienberg. This gang of disreputable cutthroats and villains have seldom sold their blades for gold in the Empire, and it is doubtful any but one so feared (and as born a survivor) as Van Der Kraal could keep them in check. The core of the Blades is made up of a band of skilled swordsmen, marines and brigands without honour or quarter, around which other militant sear-scum, free companies and outlaws gather.

In order to represent the Manann's Blades, a single unit of Swordsmen in your Empire army may be given the Sea Bride Standard for +50 points. This unit must be bought a full command group and may not be a detachment, but may have detachments of its own as normal. Van Der Kraal must begin the game as part of this unit – the better to keep an eye on them! In addition, while he remains part of this unit, both he and they are Stubborn (see the *Warhammer* rulebook for details). Note that this only counts for units chosen as Manann's Blades.

Dirty Fighter

Van Der Kraal may always parry in combat as if he were equipped with a sword and shield, and in addition, at the end of any round of combat he is in (and survives), and after all other blows have been struck, he may make an additional single attack with the Killing Blow rule against a model of his choice in base contact.

Hard to Kill

Some say he's a witch's get with a devil's luck, some that Manann himself won't let Van Der Kraal die until the Lord of the Deep's himself takes Van Der Kraal to a watery and well-deserved grave, while still others say that he's just too mean to die. In any case he has survived calamities and wounds uncounted, although he's lost a few bits and pieces of himself along the way! Van Der Kraal has the Regeneration (5+) rule and is immune to the particular effects of Killing Blow.

MAGIC ITEMS

The Sea Bride Standard (Magic Banner)

Known by some less favourable names in the ranks, the Sea Bride standard contains an effigy of one of Manann's mer-brides, fearsome she-beasts that imperil the unwary and drag them into the sea to drown them in its depths. When the smell of blood reaches the banner, it screams and wails in an unholy and thoroughly disconcerting fashion, exhorting those that fight beneath it to cruelty and bloodlust.

The unit carrying the banner causes fear and adds +1 to the distance rolled when pursuing an enemy.

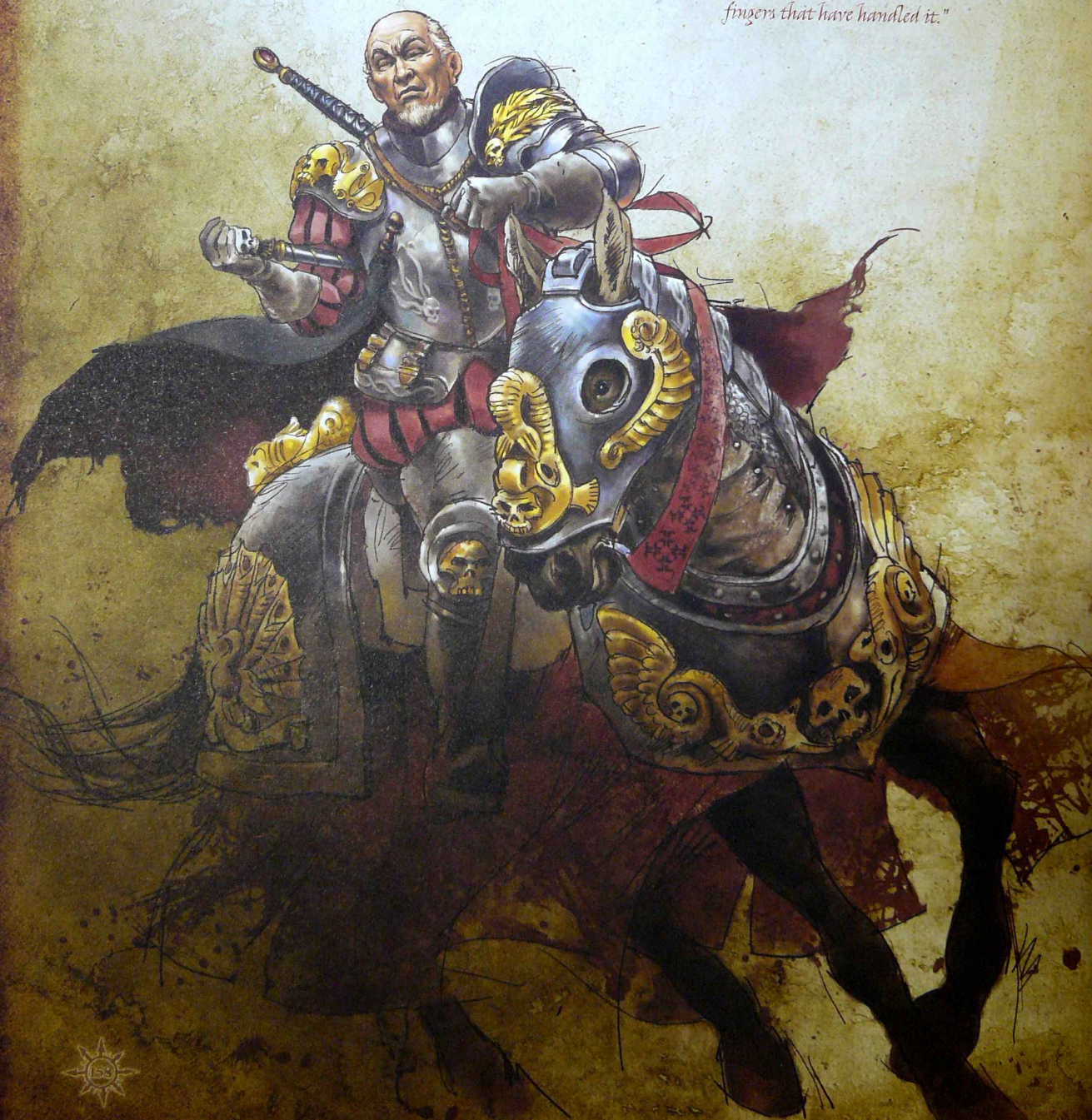
Captain Edward Van Der Kraal is a Hero choice in an Empire army.



Lietspold the Black

*Also Lietspold the Bloody, Lietspold the Butcher, Lietspold the Liar, Lietspold Turnelsak, Lietspold the Thrice-Cursed, the
Coin-bought Prince, etc.*

*"Gold washes clean easily enough —
no matter how bloody or how rotten the
fingers that have handled it."*



A notorious mercenary commander, and in recent years, self-made Border Prince, Lietpold 'the Black' as he styles himself (although a number of far less complementary epithets have been commonly applied by former allies and tavern balladeers alike), is a warrior whose actions have earned him not only a petty kingdom but also a place in popular folklore for his exploits of bloodshed and treachery. As a man, Lietpold's flaws are both many and infamous – he is vain, arrogant, vicious, paranoid, false and cruel to name but a few. But even those he has wronged or betrayed would concede both his skill-at-arms and scorn of danger, as well as his innate mastery of battlefield tactics, the combination of which has led him to victory on battlefields as far apart as the scorching Estalian Plain and the frigid steppe of northern Kislev. If there is one factor that has governed Lietpold's life and career as a mercenary above even his vanity and pride, it is his avarice – for gold has always been his one true master. As such there have been times when he and his forces have turned upon one employer mercilessly when an enemy has made him a better offer, and other occasions when the chance to plunder a foe's baggage train while leaving allies still fighting, or to fall upon a defenceless settlement amidst a wider war without orders and uncaring of its allegiance, has been taken without a second thought.

Such behaviour wins a commander few long term allies and fewer friends, even among those who live and die in the sell-swords' trade. As such, Lietpold's forces often comprise the worst scum and battlefield detritus the Old World has to offer – wanted men, murderers and renegades willing to follow even so ill reputed a general as he, as there are few others, even among the many Free Companies of the Empire that would take such malcontents and villains in. Over the years the list of Lietpold's enemies (many former paymasters included) has grown long, and no hall or house in the Empire has proved safe for him and so he turned his sights on usurping the crown of the petty kingdom of Raven Barrow in the Border Princes over the Black Mountains to the south of the Empire. For a dozen years he ruled, as bloody-handed a tyrant as the Border Princes had ever seen, his hubris swelling to the point where he even began to claim to be bastard-blood to the line of Karl Franz and demanded fealty from the lands around him. All this however came to nought when Tamurkhan's host came from the east and swept away Lietpold's petty realm like the tide crumbles a castle made of sand. Defeated and driven before the Chaos horde, Lietpold and what remained of his army fled through Black Fire Pass and to the lands of the Empire beyond, bringing warning of the horrors to come.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lietpold	4	7	4	4	4	3	5	3	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Troop Type:
Cavalry (Special Character)

SPECIAL RULES

Blessings of Lethé

Lietpold has spent a fortune on spells and enchantments, sourced from the most dubious and sinister practitioners, and cast them about his person to further his life, maintain his youth and protect him from harm – no matter the cost. Such is the precarious balance of these magics however he risks agony and insanity if they fail. Lietpold has a 3+ Ward save, but should he fail this save, then from Lietpold's player's next turn onward the magic is disrupted; the save no longer applies and Lietpold suffers a -2 penalty to his Toughness and Leadership characteristics.

Murderous Charge

Lietpold and any unit he has joined gain the Extra Attack rule on the turn they charge. This does not apply to cavalry mounts.

Dark Renown

Lietpold's reputation is as a merciless and skilled general, as ruthless to those that fail him as he is to his enemy and he surrounds himself with bloody-handed men who will stop at nothing to achieve victory. But with a string of massacres and dark tales of contracts fulfilled for terrible and secret masters at his back, there are those that would rather see Lietpold burned at the stake than employed as a general in the armies of the Empire.

Lietpold must be the General of any army in which he is included. In addition, no Grand Master, Warrior Priest of any kind, Steam Tanks, the Emperor Karl Franz or any named Elector Count may be included in the army.

An army led by Lietpold can take a single Core choice unit chosen from between the *Brettonia*, *Ogre Kingdoms* or *Dwarfs Army* books, representing renegades, outcasts and ner'do wells found in the Border Princes acting as mercenaries. These may not form part of the army's minimum Core units which must still be chosen from the *Empire Army* book.

An Empire army led by Lietpold is treated as a Non-Aligned force if used as an Allied Army (even to other Empire armies). See page 136 onwards of the *Warhammer* rulebook for details.

Immune to Psychology (see the *Warhammer* rulebook).

MAGIC ITEMS

Gore Prow

It is said by some that Gore Prow was plundered from an ancient barrow in the Border Princes and others whisper it was given in payment to Lietpold by a dark master for a fell deed done. This black-bladed sword burns and smoulders when it spills blood and darts in its wielder's hand like shadowed lightning.

Gore Prow has the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule and grants Lietpold the Always Strikes First rule on the first round of any particular combat only.

Lietpold the Black is a Lord choice for an Empire army.

Theodore Bruckner

335 points

Theodore Bruckner
Reaper

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	6	4	5	4	3	4	3	9
7	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	6

Troop Type

Theodore Bruckner (Infantry, Special Character)
Reaper (Monster)

Equipment

- Liarsbane
- Stormlance
- Baleflame Amulet
- Full Plate Armour
- Pistol

Mount

- Reaper

Special Rules (Bruckner)

- The Hand of Judgement

Special Rules (Reaper)

- Terror
- Large Target
- Slashing Claws – Armour Piercing attacks*

Note

- Bruckner cannot be the army's General under any circumstances (and so a force containing him will need to include another character to lead it). In any turn in which Bruckner fights in a Challenge, he has the Unbreakable rule.

Theodore Bruckner is a Lord choice in an Empire army.

*Thunderstomp attacks are not affected.

Lietpold the Black

245 points

Lietpold
Warhorse

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	7	4	4	4	3	5	3	9
8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Troop Type

Cavalry (Special Character)
Cavalry (Special Character)

Equipment

- Full Plate Armour
- Shield
- Gore Prow

Mount

- Barded Warhorse

Special Rules

- Blessings of Lethe
- Murderous Charge
- Dark Renown
- Immune to Psychology

Note

- If Lietpold is chosen then he must be your army's General, and affects the army's composition (see page 159 for details).

Lietpold the Black is a Lord choice for an Empire army.

Captain Edvard Van Der Kraal & Manann's Blades

120 points

Captain Van Der Kraal

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	6	4	4	4	2	5	3	9

Troop Type

(Infantry, Special Character)

Special Rules

- Dirty Fighter
- Hard to Kill
- Manann's Blades

Equipment

- Heavy Armour
- Hand Weapon
- Brace of Pistols

Option

- One unit of Swordsmen may be bought the Sea Bride Standard for 50 points.

Captain Edvard Van Der Kraal is a Hero choice in an Empire army.

Magisterix Elspeth von Draken

590 points

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Elspeth von Draken	4	3	3	3	4	3	4	2	10	Elspeth von Draken (Infantry, Special Character)
Carmines Dragon	6	5	-	5	6	6	5	6	8	The Carmines Dragon (Monster)

Magic

- Von Draken is a Level 4 Wizard who uses the Lore of Death and, thanks to the Loremaster Special rules, knows all the spells from the Lore of Death.

Special Rules (Von Draken)

- Loremaster (Lore of Death)
- Darkwalker
- Immune to Psychology

Special Rules (Carmines Dragon)

- Terror
- Large Target
- Fly
- Scaly Skin (2+)
- Coruscating Blast

Elspeth Von Draken is a Lord choice in an Empire army.

Mount

- The Carmines Dragon

Equipment

- The Pale Scythe
- Death's Timekeeper

Castellan-Engineer Jubal Falk & the Nuln Ironsides

95 points

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Captain-Engineer Falk	4	3	4	3	3	2	4	2	8	(Infantry, Special Character)

Special Rules

- The Nuln Ironsides
- Blackpowder Discipline
- Engineer

Equipment

- Heavy Armour
- Hand Weapon
- Pistol
- Hochland Long Rifle
- Mercurial Shot

Castellan-Engineer Jubal Falk is a Hero choice in an Empire army.

The 'Marienberg' Class Land Battle Ship (The Wonder of the Age)

300 points

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Land Ship	-	-	-	6	6	12	-	-	-	Unique unit
Crew	-	3	3	4	-	-	3	D6	7	

* See Special Rules: Wonder of the Age

Unit Size

- One Land Ship

Equipment

- Culverin
- Fusillade
- (3+ Armour save, 6+ Ward save)

Special Rules

- Unbreakable
- Fear
- Impact Hits (D6)
- The Wonder of the Age

A Marienberg Land Ship is a Rare choice for an Empire army.



DEADROCK
GAP

MOUNT GRIMFANG

CROOKBACK
MOUNTAIN

THE DARK LANDS

TO MAD DOG PASS

MOUNT CREV

AND RIDGE MOUNTAIN

THE DESOLATE
OF AZGORE

THE PLAIN OF BONE

TO THE FORTRESS
OF YON

Chaos Dwarf Bestiary



The Chaos Dwarfs

The history of the Chaos Dwarfs — the *Dawi Zharr* or '*Uzkul-Dbrath-Zharr*' as they refer to themselves in their corrupted tongue, is an ancient and terrible one. It is a saga of a great and hardy people whose nobility would become warped into utter malice, and whose stubborn refusal to die would lead them down a dark and bitter path to damnation.

THE SHADOWED PAST

The story of the Chaos Dwarfs begins many thousands of years ago during the great expansion of the Dwarf race northwards, long before the rise of Man. The Dwarfs, cleaving to those lands where metal and gems could be found, and firm rock could be delved, principally followed the track of what is now known as the Worlds Edge Mountains. Here they excavated and expanded an under-realm of mighty subterranean fortress-cities linked by countless miles of mine workings and passageways. Eventually this slow but steady expansion led one group of Dwarfs to the uplands in the far north of the Worlds Edge Mountains range they came to know as the '*Zorn Uzkul*' or the '*Great Skull Land*' — a vast and inhospitable plateau where the air was frigid and thin, and the dusty ground littered with the wind-scoured bones of the ancient dead. The mineral wealth was rich here, but the earth and stone to some seemed tainted and unclean. Many Dwarfs called the place accursed and turned aside from it, either retreating to the most established holds, or, if of more adventurous character, choosing to strike out into far Norsca or undertake the journey first east and south to the rich lodes recently discovered in the Mountains of Mourn. Some

however, refusing to be baulked, chose to remain in the Great Skull Land come what may. At first these distant Dwarf kindreds retained close ties of kinship and trade, but as the world darkened and foul things crawled from its depths to sunder the Dwarf under-realm, contact between the far flung Dwarf holds became erratic and infrequent, as each looked to their own survival and defence. When the Great Time of Chaos descended to sunder the world, these most forlorn of Dwarf kingdoms were lost forever to their kinfolk in the Worlds Edge Mountains, and given up for dead as a tide of horror spilled across the land. The Dwarfs of the West could not have been more mistaken, for the ravages of Chaos did not destroy the hardy, determined Dwarfs of *Zorn Uzkul*, but instead worked a dreadful change upon them.

It is impossible to say with any certainty exactly when the Dwarfs of the East became the malevolent entities now known as the Chaos Dwarfs, as the changes wrought to their bodies and spirits were slow and inexorable. Not even they themselves know the full saga of the dark times of their origins, save for that they were almost utterly destroyed, and it was only by their stubborn refusal to surrender in the face of unspeakable horror and death that they endured — endured and came to know a new patron god, Hashut, Father of Darkness. Slowly they began to increase again in number and restore themselves in power and dark majesty, now barely recognisable from what they had been before.

The Dwarf race is unusually resilient to the warping influence of Chaos — a reflection of natural Dwarf stubbornness, perhaps. None-the-less the Dwarfs who live in the shadow of the Mountains of Mourn have changed slowly but inexorably over time, and become twisted in both body and mind. Though they superficially resemble other Dwarfs, in all important respects they are easily distinguished. Chaos Dwarfs often possess protruding tusks that lend them a brutal, savage expression, and they are commonly grey-fleshed and red of eye. Many have small horns that jut from their forehead and some even have cloven hooves or worse — although such extreme mutations are rare amongst ordinary Chaos Dwarfs and common only amongst sorcerers and those that have the most direct contact with the stuff of Chaos.

If the influence of Chaos has worked terrifying changes upon the bodies of the Chaos Dwarfs this is as nothing compared to the transmutation of their hardy Dwarf minds. The traditional Dwarf values of stubborn determination, craftsmanship and industry have been twisted into a perverted mockery in the hearts of the Chaos Dwarfs. They became pitiless, macabre and cold-hearted creatures, devoid of mercy and consumed by a need to enslave and dominate everyone and everything they came into contact with, and from this need grew their empire. Year upon year, decade upon decade and then century upon century, with malevolent intent and monstrous patience the dominion of the Chaos Dwarfs has slowly grown. Down the centuries, their culture became as corrupted as their minds at every level, from their language and rune-craft, to the structure of their clans and their worship — all tainted by Chaos and poisoned by malice, but they are still uniquely dwarfed in many respects: oath and loyalty, grudge and kinship stand as solid as iron, but mercy and weakness are intolerable flaws to be contemptuously destroyed. Not for them the howling anarchy, slaughter and ravaging



THE FATHER OF DARKNESS

The god of the Chaos Dwarfs is Hashut, the Father of Darkness. A grim and malignant being, often represented as a great blazing bull wreathed in smoke and shadow, Hashut is a Chaos god (although some scholars of the arcane would label him as an arch-daemon rather than a dark god; while others insist it is some other form of foul entity let loose upon the world during the Time of Chaos). Hashut is closely associated with tyranny, greed, fire and hatred, and it is a being whose gift of power comes at a terrible price. As with much of their origins, just how the Dwarfs of the East came to seal their pact with Hashut remains shrouded in the dark times of the great sundering of the world by Chaos, and in truth the Chaos Dwarfs themselves may have only a dim and warped understanding of how they became bound up with their nightmarish god. The twisted runic carvouches that adorn their fire-temples do however speak of the abandonment of the Dwarfs of Zorn Uzkul by their Ancestor Gods during the Great Cataclysm, their finding of salvation and succour with their new god and the thirst of Hashut for sacrifice and subjugation in return for his patronage. Over the centuries, in return for flesh and blood, homage and devotion, Hashut has gifted the Chaos Dwarfs with malign secrets and powerful sorcery that fused with their mastery of industry and forgery to create many daemon-fused machineries and monstrous engines of war, dominion over the fires of the earth and arcane and malevolent lore that has brutalised their sanity and souls. The pact between the Chaos Dwarfs and their dark god has only deepened over time and grown to the point where the tendrils of Hashut's malevolence and the Chaos Dwarfs' own bitter souls have become as one.

madness of Chaos' human followers, the unthinking savagery of the Beastmen or even the desperate, labyrinthine intrigues and vicious aggression of the Skaven. Instead they are consumed with grim, cold cruelty, greed and calculated brutality.

AN EMPIRE OF SMOKE, BLOOD AND ASH

Chaos Dwarfs are irredeemably evil, bitter and self-centred creatures, caring nothing for the life of others and directing all their labours to the construction of their great city – *Mingol-Zharr-Naggrund* – the City of Fire and Desolation, and the slow expansion of their power and influence in the world. To this end Chaos Dwarf armies scour the Dark Lands and the deadly realms beyond for slaves to fill their city and labour deep beneath the earth in the pits that surround it, and to provide sacrifices for the furnace fires dedicated to their dark god Hashut.

Their empire has come to encompass the fire-scorched volcanic plain of Zharrduk at the heart of which Zharr-Naggrund sits, and like a black iceberg, its true extent lies not above with its armoured ziggurats and fire-lanced temples, but below the surface in countless miles of magma-lit delvings, cavernous chambers and vaulted mines which resound to the cries of tortured slaves and the ringing of hammers in an untold number of diabolic forges. For many miles around it, the Plain of Zharr has succumbed to the hand of the Chaos Dwarfs. It is littered with the scars of vast open mines, fiery rivers of magma, ash dunes and stagnant pools of foaming yellow and blood red – noxious with toxic spoil and fortified workings and watch posts which line the great machine-crushed roads upon which countless slaves haul ore and plunder to feed the ever hungry city of the Chaos Dwarfs.

Beyond their heartland in the plain of Zharr, they have raised great fortress-citadels and towers to establish their dominion throughout the far flung and perilous Dark Lands, although no force, even one as brutal as the Chaos Dwarfs can lay claim to true sovereignty over this vast realm of accursed, monster-infested shifting ash-deserts. At the edges of the Dark Lands, the outposts and black iron watch-towers of the Chaos Dwarfs extend as far the great Desolation of Azgorh and the coastline of the Sea of Dread to the south and High Pass to the north, while Uzkulak – the Place of the Skull, seat of the ancient Dwarf hold before the Time of Chaos, is still populated but is a strange, secretive place, and the bustling workings of its slave-port and anchorage hide an ancient inner-city that is little more than a heavily garrisoned tomb. The forbidden, lower levels of Uzkulak are shunned, even by its masters and to be consigned to its depths

is a punishment reserved for oath-breakers and blasphemers as the worst fate the Chaos Dwarfs can bestow. A fact which, given the malevolent inventiveness of the Daemonsmiths in such matters, speaks much of the horrors which must abide there.

The plans of the Chaos Dwarfs are the results of the intricate workings of their malign intelligence, deep paranoia and cold cruelty. They see no need to ravage the world in fury in a desperate bid to crush all before them, only to fall overextended and spent, as so many throngs of human marauders and hosts of greenskin savages have done in the past. Instead they horde their might slowly and rip from the Dark Lands the mineral wealth it contains in abundance. They venture forth foremost to harvest slaves but also to punish those that would oppose them directly, and under any creature or force that might wax powerful in the Dark Lands before it can become a threat. More rarely do they travel further afield, mounting expeditions into distant lands in search of strange plunder whose worth they have seen in the fires of Hashut's altars, avenge some slight or merely to callously test their weapons against the powers of the world. As a result of this policy, to many the Chaos Dwarfs are at best a dark legend, until that is they have the misfortune to encounter the dreadful truth for themselves.

The dominion of the Chaos Dwarfs is a slowly expanding power, which has with grinding, calculated savagery carved itself a realm from one of the most deadly lands conceivable and its masters' dreams of conquest are things of brooding hatred and bitter perseverance. They are content to see their plans unfold over the course of centuries, perhaps even millennia until one day all of the world lies a blasted plain in which the Chaos Dwarfs stand unopposed and alone, save for their cowering slaves and the ashen bones of the dead.

SLAVERY AND SLAUGHTER

Even though their numbers have shown a slow but steady increase down the long centuries in which they have carved their empire from the Dark Lands, the Chaos Dwarfs are still few, and are far outnumbered in their realm by those over who they claim dominion by virtue of might and cruelty – their slaves. The Chaos Dwarfs consider all life other than that of their own kind to have value only as raw resource and fitting sacrifice, and to them the muscle and sinew, and even the souls of those that bow and scrape at a gesture of their iron-shod hands and cringe before the stroke of their steel-barbed whips are no more than a commodity to be amassed, exploited and spent. Without slaves Zharr-Naggrund would not



have been built and its vast industries could not be maintained, and even now the need for fresh blood and labour only increases with each passing year and the desolate empire always hungers for more.

If the Chaos Dwarfs' grand and sepulchral plans bow to any pressure for speed in their execution, it is this increasing need for fresh slaves that is the cause. Should the levels of 'livestock' falter through disaster or over use, and are required at the commissioning of any grand new design, the Chaos Dwarf war host is gathered and a suitable target selected for despoil, while simultaneously iron-masked emissaries go out to the tribes of dark-hearted men, Ogres and even Orcs to barter razored steel for lives. This in turn can trigger fresh assaults and ravages far beyond the Dark Lands to meet the Chaos Dwarfs' tally, and captives taken in distant lands can eventually find their life's end drudging in the slave pits of Zharrduk or slaughtered upon its burning altars.

Unfortunate wretches of many races toil amid the poisoned air and burning ash of Zharrduk, and like the craftsmen they are, the Chaos Dwarfs prefer, when possible, to select the 'right tool' for the right job – from mutilated Elves flayed and bled to provide alchemical unguents to fettered and broken Chaos beasts from the Northern Wastes harnessed for their immense strength and tolerance for injury. By far the most common slaves in the Chaos Dwarf realm are Orcs and Goblins, and this is not simply because they are native to the Dark Lands and its bordering mountains, but

THE FORGES OF HELL

Chaos Dwarfs are master craftsmen, and their armouries produce an endless stream of armour and weapons, dark devices and works of daemon-fused occult engineering. Much of this wargear, the lesser products of their craft – blades and steel whose quality still outmatches any mere human craftsmanship is traded northwards to the warring Chaos-touched tribes and eastward to the Ogre Kingdoms in return for slaves, for which the Chaos Dwarfs have an unending demand, rare metals and gems, and to slake whatever strange desires the Sorcerer-prophet's experiments might require. By this trade blood is spilled across the world by their weapons, and in doing so the Chaos Dwarfs both enrich themselves and sow destruction in Hasbut's name, and moreover they spread their insidious influence further, gather intelligence in regards to their enemies and so bring their dreams of dominion closer, one drop of shed blood at a time.

The greater works of their hell-forges and the spawn of the dark intellect of their sorcerers, however, they guard jealously for themselves and it is on the bedrock of these malevolent engines, savage weapons and brutal sorcery that the Chaos Dwarfs' true power is founded. Chaos Dwarf warriors are themselves equipped to the highest standard and every Sorcerer Lord arms and outfits their soldiers to their own design and in their own distinctive livery. The majority of their troops are armed with masterfully crafted axes, vicious stabbing blades and barbed war-picks, and protected by heavy scale corselets of rime-hardened iron or bronze, tall helmets, and heavy, metal-clad shields. The most potent wear so-called blackshard armour, forged with hellfire and blood, stronger than mere steel and phenomenally resistant to the effects of fire and heat. A significant number of troops are armed with firearms, from intricate Wheelock pistols to the heavy, bladed fireglave repeating guns. But the hailshot blunderbuss – a powerful, short-ranged weapon whose murderous fire is amplified when used in ranked fusillade – is the most common and iconic. This last weapon was developed to combat the near-limitless Orc and Goblin hordes that abound in the lands around the Chaos Dwarfs domain and has become the terror of the greenskins in battle, able to blunt even their crushing charges and slaughter scores of howling Goblins in a single, thunderous blast from the warriors' ranks.

It is though for their war machines that the Chaos Dwarfs have become most infamous and dreaded on the battlefield. Unfettered by the usual Dwarf reliance on tradition and resistance to change, they have combined their intellect and sophisticated understanding of steam power and mechanism with the hellish lore of Hasbut to produce a nightmarish array of weapons. These range from cannons that fire burning goutts of magma, to steam-driven reapers, to fortress-shattering mortars and colossal siege engines of glittering brass. The most terrible of these war machines are bound with hungering daemons in their fabric, granting them both an unbody semblance of life and unmatched killing power. The might and bloodlust of these hell-forged artefacts cannot be denied and they are perilous even to their masters should their occult bindings shake loose. As a result of their unpredictability and the difficulty of their construction, hell-bound war engines are used and fashioned more sparingly than more conventional (although no less deadly) designs in the Chaos Dwarf arsenal. Such weapons are often 'tested' in battle by a pact of alliance with the Chaos Warriors of the north, so long as it serves the Dhrath-Zhar's purpose, and it is not uncommon to see small contingents of dreaded Chaos Dwarf war machines amid the ranks of the war bands and hordes of the Chaos Wastes, lending them their immense destructive power.

THE BLACK ORCS

Certain arcane lore and blasphemous histories state apocryphally that many centuries ago the dark arts of the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers sought to create a new breed of slave by means of blood magic and infernal power. They already of course possessed tens of thousands of Orc and Goblin slaves, but at best they were unruly, fractious and inefficient, lacking the useful intelligence of humans or the sheer stamina of Ogres. The new breed were to be powerful warriors in battle and able workers in the most hostile parts of their benighted realm, inferior to their masters and obedient to their will, but superior in every regard from the common Orc stock from which they were created. The great experiment worked at first, but the Chaos Dwarfs soon came to realise that their new Orc breed, dark-hued and hulking, while both far tougher and stronger than their slave stock, were also far too independently minded to make good slaves. Indeed their steadiness of will and brutal clarity of purpose compared to common Orcs was itself a dire cause for concern, and not long after their numbers swelled and spread, these 'Black Orcs' began to revolt, and even organise other Greenskins into obeying their will rather than that of their Chaos Dwarf masters. Some believe that in 'refining' the Black Orcs, the Chaos Dwarfs had also unwittingly concentrated the Orcs' own bellicose nature and love of battle to untameable heights, while some suggest that something of the arrogant desire to dominate and destroy that festered in the hearts of the Chaos Dwarfs themselves had somehow transferred and taken root in their progeny. In any case, the Chaos Dwarfs were soon troubled by revolt after revolt, and were beset on all sides by a powerful and deadly enemy of their own creation. In the greatest and final revolt, near-civil war broke out, the Chaos Dwarfs were besieged with their own weapons and Zharr-Naggrund itself became a battleground. The Dhrath-Zharr hovered on the precipice of destruction, until aided by the perfidious treachery of the Hobgoblins against their kin, the Black Orcs were finally defeated and cast out and driven from the Chaos Dwarf empire at great cost. The experiment has never been repeated.

also because they are hardy creatures who will often last the longest in the noxious fumes and murderous conditions under which they are made to labour. Of these, the Hobgoblins have a unique and favoured place – as much as a slave might be favoured by such cruel and callous masters. Perhaps the most distrusted, vicious and above all treacherous of Goblin kind, the Chaos Dwarfs seldom reduce the Hobgoblins to base toil but rather employ them as slave-overseers, lackeys and even as troops, providing utterly disposable reinforcements for their own forces, enabling a larger enemy army to be weakened without cost in Chaos Dwarf lives before they themselves move in for the kill. Hated by the other greenskins who would happily murder them if they could, the Hobgoblins of the Dark Lands have come to rely on the Chaos Dwarfs for patronage and protection. While they are so treacherously eager to betray each other for advancement; they are quite incapable of fomenting any cohesive rebellion against their brutal masters as they cannot even trust each other! Making them in some ways the perfect slaves.

Humans too have their place among the slaves of the Chaos Dwarfs, as they are adaptable and quick-witted if though less durable than greenskins and considerably more unpredictable. As do Ogres, who are valued for their raw power but always present a danger as their primitive, violent spirits can never be fully broken. Skaven are never taken alive unless to be worked almost immediately to death or used as paltry mass sacrifices, as they are simply too devious and the Chaos Dwarfs have learned from bitter experience that any group taken might well conceal untold spies, saboteurs and even deliberately infected plague-carriers placed in their midst. But of all the races to fall into the hands of the masters of Zharr-Naggrund, the darkest fate awaits their kin, the Dwarfs of the West. The fruits of the bitter malice of long, brooding millennia are reserved for the Dwarfs, and of all sacrifices to Hashut, none are more favoured than those loyal to the treacherous Ancestor Gods.

THE BLACK FORTRESS

Guardian of the south-eastern reaches of the Chaos Dwarf realm, the Black Fortress is a vast, jagged citadel stained black by the volcanic fires of the rocky plateau on which it sits. Along with the Tower of Gorgoth, it vies for prominence and power as the second most important fortress-citadel of the Chaos Dwarfs beyond their heartland on the Zharrduk Plain. But while the Tower of Gorgoth

exists to stand watch over a slew of deep mines and caverns, the purpose of the Black Fortress is as a purely military outpost, and is headquarters for the Legion of Azgorh. The legion is a mighty standing army which ranges across the desolation of the southern Dark Lands, escorts the far-flung slave caravans through the Howling Wastes and stands as a bulwark against frequent invasions of Ogres, Orcs and worse from the east. Even among their own kind, the warriors of the Black Fortress are renowned for their brutality and warlike nature, and far removed as it is from Zharr-Naggrund and the favour of the great temple it is often a place of internal exile for those who have suffered in the savage politics of the empire. The hellish caverns deep beneath the Black Fortress are also home to the Infernal Guard – a cult of disgraced warriors enslaved to the master of the Black Fortress who must redeem themselves in the eyes of Hashut and the Dhrath-Zharr or die in the attempt. For many centuries the lord of the Black Fortress and commander of the Legion has been the Sorcerer-Prophet Drazhoath the Ashen, a bitter rival of Lord Astragoth, feared and respected in equal measure by the Chaos Dwarfs bound to his service as a ruthless general and powerful wielder of Hashut's sacred fire.

Fighting games of Warhammer with the Chaos Dwarfs

Chaos Dwarfs can be used by incorporating their units into your existing Warriors of Chaos army, or by using them as Contingent Forces in a Chaos Great Host army (see page 142) or as allies in a Grand Battle (see page 132 onwards of the *Warhammer* rulebook).

The Bestiary section that follows and the Legion of Azgorh army list (see page 186 of this book) contains all the profiles, special rules and entries to enable you to do this, and in particular the Legion of Azgorh army list makes note of which particular units can be directly incorporated into a Warriors of Chaos army, and how this is achieved.

The Chaos Dwarfs

Each Chaos Dwarf, in addition to being a craftsman or artificer, is also a highly trained and disciplined warrior, often with scores of years of battle experience to draw upon. This martial skill is matched only by their cruel desire to utterly crush anything that would dare oppose them and grind it under their heels. There are relatively few Chaos Dwarfs, and each and every one of them belongs to one of the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers body and soul.

Chaos Dwarfs are an unnerving sight in battle. They are brutish, grotesque figures plated in black or burnished armour of heavy plate and jagged scales, crowned with tall helms mounted with flame tongue spiked coronas or sharpened horns. Their livery is bright and bloody, and their distorted faces, if they are seen at all, are bestial and filled with malice. Their presence is intended to inspire fear in their foes, and they have lost none of the toughness or skill-at-arms of their western Dwarf kin. To them there are few greater pleasures than the bloody sundering of a foe be it by crushing axe-blow or the flesh-shredding volley of blunderbuss fire.

The acquisition of slaves is of paramount importance to the Chaos Dwarfs. Their warriors are at the forefront of any major raid to achieve this goal, and most forays they undertake beyond the borders of the Dark Lands are in furtherance of this, rather than for conquest. War bands and expeditionary armies of Chaos Dwarfs will often travel hundreds of miles in search of suitable living plunder, and while it is the Orcs and Goblins of the Worlds Edge Mountains that most often are subjected to their wrath, realms as far as Kislev and the Border Princes have both been subject to such attacks in living memory. The more captives a raid

brings back, the more successful it is judged, and the greater prestige and honour is accorded, not only on the raid's leaders, but to each Chaos Dwarf warrior in measure to their station. Only by such vile endeavours can advancement be gained and ambition satiated.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Dwarf Crewman	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Chaos Dwarf Overseer	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

SPECIAL RULES

Resolute

Chaos Dwarfs fight with grim malice and determination, and are reluctant to abandon their positions on the battlefield. All Chaos Dwarfs therefore flee and pursue 2D6-1" rather than the usual 2D6", note that this penalty does not apply to their charge distance.

Relentless

Chaos Dwarfs are implacable and relentless when on the attack, and are scornful of the ability of anyone or anything to stop them. Chaos Dwarfs do not need to take a Leadership test in order to march when enemy units are within 8".

Contempt

Chaos Dwarfs despise all other forms of life and see them as nothing more than contemptible fodder to be exploited and disposed of as needed. They expect their 'lessers' to show cowardice and weakness in battle and be restrained only through fear.

As a result Chaos Dwarf and Bull Centaur units are not subject to Panic tests caused by friendly units which are destroyed or fail a Break test within 6" of them, unless the unit that is destroyed or broken is itself a Chaos Dwarf or Bull Centaur unit.

Characters with the Contempt rule may not join units other than those who are also subject to this rule as well as any other normal restrictions.

Hailshot Blunderbuss

	Range	Strength	Special Rules
Hailshot	12"	3	Armour Piercing, Multiple shots (D3)*, Hailshot

**Roll once for the unit and multiply the result by the number of models firing to determine the number of hits caused.*

Hailshot: Owing to the storm of fire a mass of these weapons create, their effectiveness increases the more concentrated their fire.

Hailshot Blunderbusses are not subject to the usual penalties for firing multiple shots.

As long as ten or more models from a unit are firing at once at the same target, they suffer no penalties for firing at long range or as a stand & shoot charge reaction.

As long as 20 or more models from a unit are firing at the same target at the same time, they may re-roll failed To Wound rolls.



The Infernal Guard

Among the Chaos Dwarfs of the Black Fortress a warrior-cult has long flourished. The Infernal Guard as it is known has the sworn task of defending the citadel to the death from any that would assail it, and to carry out the will of the Lord of the Black Fortress without question. The Infernal Guard's ranks are made up from Chaos Dwarfs to whom some stain of dishonour or failure has been attached, an occurrence which in their unforgiving society can result from merely being close kin to a failed battle commander, knowing defeat under the eyes of a Sorcerer, presiding over slaves who have revolted or a furnace that has exploded through overuse. The humiliation of such dishonour is more than the prideful Chaos Dwarfs can bear, and for them the Infernal Guard offers the solace of death in Hashut's grace and also anonymity, as upon taking its oath their names and past kinships are shorn away and their faces are seared and shut underneath red-hot iron and bronze masks. Only if they achieve great glory are the masks torn off, exposing the scarred and ravaged flesh of the redeemed warrior once again to the world.

The Infernal Guard are drilled ceaselessly by their cruel Castellans, and barracked in the burning deeps beneath the Black Fortress. Their lot is to fight an unceasing battle against the horrors that abound in the desolate wastes nearby — a regimen that only the strongest survive. The greatest amongst this warrior elite will be selected to join the Infernal Ironsworn — the personal bodyguard of the covenant of Sorcerer-prophets that make up the ruling echelon of the Legion of Azgorh.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Infernal	3	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	9
Infernal Ironsworn	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	1	9
Deathmask	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9
Castellan	3	6	4	4	5	2	3	3	9

Troop Type: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES

Resolute, Relentless, Contempt (see page 168) and **Stubborn** Castellan only (see the *Warhammer* rulebook).

Blackshard Armour

Rightly are the Chaos Dwarfs known as the armourers of the Dark Powers, and their creations are made not simply from iron and fire, but blood, souls and the hell-stuff of Chaos itself. Much like the Chaos armour the Daemonsmiths barter with the warrior-champions of the north in return for slaves, gold and stranger treasures, the Blackshard armour they forge for their own use is proof against the strongest blows in battle, but is also uniquely resistant to fire and heat and so suited to the hellish environs of the temple of Hashut.

Blackshard armour confers a 4+ Armour save and in addition a 5+ Ward save against flaming attacks. Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers and Daemonsmiths may also wear it and still be counted as Wizards.

Fireglaive

A weapon both cunning and brutal, the Fireglaive is a compact, heavily constructed repeating handgun. Unusually the weapon also incorporates a single-edged chopping blade allowing it to be wielded in close combat by a skilled fighter, much like a halberd. Fireglaives are complex to make, their mechanisms far beyond the inferior arts of humankind to imitate and are difficult weapons to master. As a result, their use is largely limited to the elite and the Daemonsmiths that fashion them.

	Range	Strength	Special Rules
Fireglaive (Ranged)	18"	4	Armour Piercing
Fireglaive (Close Combat)		+1	Requires Two Hands

Ensorcelled Hand Weapons (Infernal Ironsworn only)

The Infernal Ironsworn go into battle with the fire and suffering of their dark realm forged into the very fabric of their blades and hammers, graven in smouldering runes of torment and death. Ensorcelled hand weapons are magic weapons and add +1 to the bearer's strength in close combat and may be used to parry in combination with a shield as normal.



Chaos Dwarf Daemonsmiths and Sorcerers

Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers rule over the desolate empire of Zharr-Naggrund with iron-fisted malice, both as lords and masters of all they survey and as priests of their dark god Hashut. Their lore is terrible and ancient, and involves the study of machines, and the mastery of forge-craft, weapon making and the terrible Chaos magics gifted to them by Hashut. Combined these create terrifying weapons and arcane devices of power and destruction.

It was the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers, also known as Daemonsmiths and Hell-Workers, who led their people from the brink of destruction during the Time of Woe and first built the great and blasphemous city of Zharr-Naggrund in ages past, and it is they that still command it today. Their works of sorcery and engineering are legendary, from the great obsidian and basalt towers and ziggurats drawn forth from the earth, and the dark iron towers raised up throughout the Dark Lands, to the steam-hissing engines that crush rock in slave mines and the baroque armour which adorns the Chaos warriors of the north. All are their dark knowledge made manifest.

Daemonsmiths are few in number, with perhaps no more than several hundred amongst the whole Chaos Dwarf race capable of wielding their savagely powerful combination of science and sorcery. They possess no absolute hierarchy or single leader, although form and tradition dictates many layers and ranks of fealty and loyalty amid the great conclave of evil that is Hashut's Daemonsmith priesthood. Each is a power in their own right, controlling sections of the great city of Zharr-Naggrund itself or one of the outer citadels, and each has their own workshops, forges, strongholds, slaves and soldiers who owe fealty directly to them. The strongest voice however, belongs to the oldest and most powerful, as well as to those on whom Hashut's blessings are bestowed. Age and knowledge are respected by them just as much as by the Dwarfs of the West, but tied up with this is a merciless intolerance of weakness, and favour and respect with them is only maintained through strength, wealth and sorcerous might which makes the politics of the priesthood deadly at all turns.

The price the Sorcerer-priests and Daemonsmiths pay for their position and power is a dark one indeed, for should they show weakness they will fall and Hashut's demand for blood upon the altar-fires is unquenchable. Worse is the great curse that lays heavy upon them, as the magic they work seeps into their bodies, evoking changes in them that are both unique and horrific. Even the most cautious and adept of them are not immune, although for the desperate



or foolhardy, the curse comes on all the swifter, as inexorably their bodies are petrified into immobile stone.

In battle the Daemonsmiths of Hashut are terrifying and unpredictable opponents, their dark magics able to draw upon the fires of the earth and transmute the air to ash and choking smoke as well as fan the flames of hatred in the hearts of their followers. They are each also master artisans of war and may lend their skills to war machine crews or themselves bear savage and potent examples of their craft such as black powder weapons, mighty armour, flasks of burning alchemical oil, daemon-bound blades and ensorcelled weapons. Each however must display great caution when they wield their occult power, for each spell they wield could also be their last.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sorcerer-prophet	3	5	4	4	5	3	2	3	10
Daemonsmith	3	4	4	4	4	2	2	2	9

SPECIAL RULES

Resolute, Relentless and Contempt (see page 168).

Daemonsmith

Chaos Dwarfs with the Daemonsmith rule are Immune to Psychology, and also have both the Infernal Engineer and Sorcerer's Curse special rules.

Infernal Engineer

A model with this rule, if it is within 3" of one of their army's war machines, and not mounted on a monster, is allowed to take a "Look Out Sir!" roll as if they were within a unit of five or more models. In addition, one war machine that is within 3" of an Infernal Engineer may re-roll one Scatter dice or one Artillery dice per turn. If the Infernal Engineer uses this re-roll ability, they cannot shoot with their own missile weapon in the same Shooting phase (but they may still use magic normally).

Sorcerer's Curse

The sorcerers of the Chaos Dwarfs pay a terrible price for their powers, be they Hellsmith or mighty prophet of their dark god Hashut, as their bones and flesh slowly petrify over time into unfeeling, blackened stone. Each time the magic they command slips from their grasp for but an instant, the curse punishes them further, until one day the sorcerer is trapped, screaming silently within a prison of their own immobile body.

Whenever a Chaos Dwarf with this special rule suffers a Miscast during the game, after resolving the effects of the Miscast on them normally, they must take a Toughness test. If this is failed they suffer a single additional wound which may not be prevented in any way (even by Ward saves, etc). However the first time they suffer a wound in this manner, they also gain a bonus of +1 Toughness for the rest of the game (should they survive!). Subsequent failures simply cause additional wounds to be inflicted instead.

Naphtha Bomb

Containing atrocious concoctions of sulphurous chemicals and the filtered essence of fire-daemons sundered as a by-product of their dark arts, Naphtha bombs are unstable explosive flasks which break apart into masses of seething flame.

These bombs are thrown weapons as per the Warhammer rules with a maximum range of 6". If the enemy unit is struck, it suffers D3 Strength 3 Hits which are counted as having both the Armour Piercing and Flaming Attacks Special rule. However if a '1' is rolled to hit, the thrower instead suffers a single automatic wound. This is counted as a Flaming Attack and Armour saves may be taken as normal.

Darkforged Weapon

Paranoid and malign, the Daemonsmiths of the Chaos Dwarfs often retain their most potent work for their own use. These 'Darkforged' weapons can vary in style and shape according to the whims of their creator, as can the abilities granted to them by the twisted runes and nightmarish infusions bound within them. Each Darkforged weapon counts as being a magical hand weapon which possesses one random ability that is rolled for at the start of the game at the same time as the Daemonsmith's spells. Such weapons are unique and if you have more than one Daemonsmith in your army, you must re-roll any duplicated ability. Note down which ability a particular weapon has after you have determined it.

D6 Ability

- Spell-Wrought:** +1 to the Daemonsmith's channelling attempts.
- Furnace Blast:** Once per game the weapon may unleash a Strength 3 Flaming Attack Breath Weapon as the Daemonsmith's shooting attack.
- Malignant:** The Daemonsmith becomes subject to Eternal Hatred.
- Life Bane:** The weapon has the Multiple Wounds (D3) Special rule.
- Dweomer Leach:** +1 to the Daemonsmith's dispelling attempts.
- Possessed:** The weapon wounds on a 2+ regardless of the target's Toughness, however if a '1' is rolled on the To Wound dice, a further wound is inflicted on the Daemonsmith instead. Normal armour saves and Ward saves may not be taken against this self-inflicted harm.

The Blood of Hashut

The so-called 'Blood of Hashut' is a powerful alchemical substance saturated with daemonic magic that ignites metal on contact, bursting it into molten flame. Although precious beyond mere gold, the favoured of the Dark God sometimes carry a vial of this liquid into combat to the devastation of the most heavily armoured foe.

Each vial of the Blood of Hashut is a single use item that can be used in close combat in lieu of all the model's normal attacks for that turn. It is used to target a single model in base contact (in the case of a ridden mount, either rider or mount must be selected). The attack works on a 2+. If a 1 is rolled, the Blood of Hashut is wasted.

If the attack is successful, then D6 automatic hits are inflicted on the target. The To Wound score of these hits is always equal to the unmodified armour save of the target. For example, a model with heavy armour and a shield (for a combined 4+ save), is wounded on a 4+ and so on. However a roll of 1 always fails. Note that this means that a model with a 1+ save is only ever wounded on a 2+. No armour saves are permitted against the Blood of Hashut and the damage caused is counted as being from both a magic weapon and a Flaming Attack.

Drazhoath the Ashen

Sorcerer-Prophet of Hashut, Lord of the Black Fortress, Master of the Legion of Azgorh

For more than a thousand years, the dark, burning spire of the Black Fortress has stood sentinel over the crossing place of the River Ruin at the southern edge of the Mountains of Mourn and guarded the border of the Chaos Dwarf empire of ash and suffering. It is a nightmarish place of soot, blackened iron and jagged rock, and burning magma runs through it like lifeblood. For centuries the master of this dark demesne and the warriors and slaves that inhabit it has been Drazhoath the Ashen, a twisted, power-hungry creature and potent sorcerer. Drazhoath was first sent to the Black Fortress in effective exile after losing favour in the brutal politics of Zharr-Naggrund as a minor hell smith but has since risen to become its lord through his innate cunning and bitter, ruthless ambition.

In battle Drazhoath is both a mighty sorcerer and an able warrior who leads his war hosts from the fore mounted upon the Great Taurus, Cinderbreath, bringing fire and ruin down upon the enemy.

Drazhoath's power has grown over the decades, and there are few sorcerers now in the service of Hashut who can match him in arcane might or knowledge in the creation of war machines and daemon-binding. He also has undisputed mastery of the Legion of Azgorh – a potent army of Chaos Dwarfs and Hobgoblin slave-soldiers based at the Black Fortress whose duty it is to raid across the river and patrol the savage wastes of the southern Dark Lands to maintain the Chaos Dwarfs' tentative dominion over the deadly, monster-plagued expanse. But for all his power and the forces at his command, Drazhoath is all too keenly aware that he has reached an impasse and his black-hearted ambition can take him no further, for the Black Fortress is many leagues away from the centre of the Chaos Dwarf empire at Zharr-Naggrund and is ill-regarded. The voice of this lord of exiles carries little weight with the great conclave of Hashut's priesthood, and in particular none with Astragoth Ironhand, the oldest and most powerful living Sorcerer of Zharr-Naggrund, and the master who sent Drazhoath into internal exile long ago. Astragoth is ancient beyond measure though, and at last his powers have begun to wane. He is kept mobile only by sorcerous mechanisms of his own dark design, and so Drazhoath's dreams of a triumphant return to Zharr-Naggrund are slowly kindled in his spiteful breast. Drazhoath needs above all a great victory to seal his prominence for when Astragoth finally falls, and a great flow of fresh captives and plunder into the coffers of the Chaos Dwarf empire would go far to expand his influence beyond his own blighted domain. This however is not proving to be such an easy ambition for Drazhoath to achieve, thanks to the enemies which continually beset the Black Fortress (which are after all its reason for existing) and he has been left wanting.

When dark rumours began to reach the Lord of the Black Fortress of a monstrous horde rising in the east and crushing all before it, Drazhoath consulted the flames and embers of Hashut's sacrificial altars for what they portended. He saw in them both dire peril and opportunity in the coming of Tamurkhan, and so with the malefic intent that so characterises his cold-hearted race, he drew his plans accordingly.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Drazhoath	3	6	4	4	5	4	2	3	10
Cinderbreath	6	5	0	6	6	5	3	4	6

Troop Type:

Drazhoath (Infantry, Special Character)
Cinderbreath (Monster)

SPECIAL RULES

Resolute, Relentless, Contempt and Daemonsmith

Dark Renown

All Chaos Dwarf units (including Drazhoath himself) add +1 to their combat resolution results when within 12" of him.

MAGIC ITEMS

Hellshard Amulet (Talisman)

The dark product of Drazhoath's own labours in diabolic craftsmanship, the icy hate of his malice is caught and amplified a thousand fold within its black crystal depths and unleashed on any who would dare spill his blood.

The Hellshard Amulet confers a 5+ Ward save, and in addition for every successful wound that the Amulet fails to stop in close combat, a Strength 2 hit is automatically inflicted on the model that caused the wound.

Daemonspite Crucible (Arcane Item)

Forged from meteoric iron and blighted gold, quenched in innocent blood and bound with layer upon layer of hell-bound souls, the Daemonspite Crucible is said to have been the handiwork of the ancient Chaos Dwarf sorcerer Azgorh himself.

This bowl adds +1 to the bearer's casting attempts, and in addition if Drazhoath or Cinderbreath kills an enemy Wizard in close combat, their soul-stuff is consumed by the Crucible and the bonus increases to +2. Additional slain Wizards do not increase this bonus further.

The Graven Sceptre (Magic Weapon)

A badge of rank carried by the lords of the Black Fortress, this iron staff-mace carries the runic names of the masters of the Black Fortress since its founding, bound up with the baleful prayers of Hashut.

This magic weapon never needs to roll higher than 4+ to wound its target, regardless of the enemy's Toughness.

MOUNT

Cinderbreath

Cinderbreath is a Bale Taurus, as detailed on page 185.



Chaos Dwarf Bull Centaurs

Warped and malign creatures, Chaos Dwarf Bull Centaurs are, as their name suggests, twisted amalgams of Chaos Dwarf and ferocious bull in aspect, the unnatural fusion creating hulking, monstrous beasts far larger than either and filled with cannibalistic appetites. Many centuries ago, during the Time of Chaos, a fraction of those that survived the onslaught became horrifically mutated, their stubborn Dwarf resistance to the warping taint was overwhelmed utterly by the awful energies to which they were subjected, and so the first Bull Centaurs were born. They came to serve their wider kin as shock troops and temple guardians, and to them was entrusted the protection of the sacred fanes of Hashut, as they more than any other had been twisted into the closest semblance of the Father of Darkness' image. Into each successive generation of Chaos Dwarfs a handful of new 'blessed' kin has been born – usually to the death of their unfortunate dams, and such children are given over immediately to the Sorcerers to serve in turn. This number however has not proven enough, and Hashut's inventive priesthood have wielded their dark arts to make more, tampering with their offspring using horrific magics, and even fusing them into frameworks of metal and daemon-tainted flesh to swell the ranks of their temple guardians.

As well as serving as temple guardians, the Bull Centaurs are also entrusted with dangerous tasks by their masters who trust them implicitly. They are hulking, savage creatures whose strength and endurance far exceeds that of a Chaos Dwarf, and thanks to their strange forms, they are far swifter in battle. As they age, their flesh hardens and distorts almost to the consistency of a living metal, and rather than heal naturally from injuries, they must instead rely upon their Sorcerer-masters to repair their wounds with poultices of molten mercury, steel sutures and brazen splints. Although as keen-witted and intelligent as their Chaos Dwarf brethren, and utterly devoted to the worship of Hashut, their Father of Darkness, they are even swifter to anger, and are often otherwise preoccupied with a great hunger for flesh. A good number of the slave-sacrifices bound for Hashut's temples will actually be rent apart, limb-from-limb at the Bull Centaurs' holy feasts, as while slave meat is a common fare for the Chaos Dwarfs, the Bull Centaurs prefer their meals both alive and screaming.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bull Centaur Render	7	4	2	4	5	3	3	2	8
Bull Centaur Ba'hal	7	4	2	4	5	3	3	3	8
Bull Centaur Taur'ruk	7	5	2	5	5	4	4	4	9

Troop Type: Monstrous Beasts.

SPECIAL RULES

Contempt (see page 168), **Fear** and **Scaly Skin** (5+) (see the *Warhammer* rulebook).



Chaos Dwarf War Machines

It is for their nightmarishly powerful engines of war that the Chaos Dwarfs are most infamous and rightly feared. The arsenals of Zharr-Naggrund are replete with terrifying weapons that only the febrile imaginings of a madman could conceive of – let alone be able to construct. Alongside these stand a host of more conventional arms and siege weapons fashioned to exacting specifications of power and durability, as only a Dwarf could make them. The war machines of the Chaos Dwarfs run the gamut from simple armoured siege mantlets and bolt throwers, through to mighty black powder mortars, petards and cannon. Not content with these ordinary weapons, their skills are set to creating shoulder fired rocket-bombs, the esoteric horrors of the corpse-fuelled Hellcannon and great steam-clanking colossus the size of tower-houses, half-machine and half-daemonic beasts, whose tread shakes the earth and from whose fortified fighting platforms a score of Chaos Dwarf Warriors can let fly lethal volleys from their swivel guns.

The following section focuses on but a few of these war machines, although there are yet a bewildering variety of others not described here. Those shown form the greater part of the mobile siege train taken by Drazhoath's forces to accompany Tamurkhan's horde in their attack upon the Empire.

SPECIAL RULES

The following special rules may be applied to the Chaos Dwarf war machines listed here. Costs and options for changing their nature and mountings can be found in detail in the Legion of Azgorh army-list on page 193. Other than the rules presented here, these war machines conform to the normal rules for their type as found in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

Steam Carriage

Certain war machines may be upgraded to be mounted on steam carriages. These are elaborate metal gantries fixed upon wheeled chassis which allow them to be towed into battle by the steam-driven Iron Daemon. However if this is done, then while attached to the

Iron Daemon they may not move under their own power during the game, except to pivot on the spot (this may be a case of simply turning the weapon on its mounting depending on the model). War machines mounted on steam carriages always count as being in hard cover against shooting attacks, and their crews fighting as behind a defended obstacle (ie, a wall) when attacked. See the *Warhammer* rulebook for more details.

Hellbound

Although a touch of the dark powers of Chaos enters into all the works of the Chaos Dwarfs, some war machines have hellish, devouring entities and daemons of fury and destruction bound to their every frame and bolt, creating a truly possessed machine even more blood-thirsty than its creators and difficult to destroy. The most extreme examples of these are devices such as the infamous Hellcannon, fuelled by flesh and souls and spewing destructive blasts of arcane energy, they are unique entities whose treacherous power can prove almost as dangerous to their masters as the enemy. There are other lesser, infernal devices and examples of daemonic power augmenting more conventional war machine designs and engines. These are known collectively as the Hellbound.

Hellbound war machines cause *fear* and have their Toughness and Wounds characteristics both increased by 1. All attacks and damage caused by the machine are now classed as magical attacks. Also, whenever a Misfire is rolled for the machine, in addition to the usual effect as rolled, D3 wounds are automatically inflicted on the crew (or on the machine itself in the case of an Iron Daemon), as the dark forces within rebel against their binding.

MACHINES, MADNESS AND MASSACRE

In the creation of arms and diabolical engines of destruction, the Chaos Dwarfs of Zharr-Naggrund have no equal in the world save perhaps for the Skaven of Clan Skyre. Aside however from the superficial similarity of their desire to create ever more powerful devices, the approach and means to an end for the Chaos Dwarfs and the Skaven could not be further apart. Where the Chaos Dwarfs favour craftsmanship and reliability over mere speed of creation, the Skaven care not for such considerations in favour of raw power and getting the device in operation as quickly as possible, however unpredictable the result or potentially fatal it is to the crew. To this end the Skaven favour the use of the treacherous and potent Warpstone in their works, which while not unknown to the Chaos Dwarfs, they favour the arcane binding of Daemons through the sorcerous lore of Hashut in their most powerful devices instead. The end result can sometimes be no less dangerous to the Hell-smith or crewman called upon to direct such a weapon, but to the minds of Chaos Dwarfs, such calamity that may result will be caused by the result of weakness or ill-discipline by the operator, or the will of Hashut, rather than chance volatility or shoddy workmanship. This is not to say that one side has not kept a weather eye on the inventions of the other, or indeed sought to steal their secrets from the wreckage strewn on the battlefield, but such is the idiosyncrasies and inherent dangers in the two entirely alien approaches, that seldom has more than disaster and madness resulted from the attempts on either side. More cataclysmic still is when the war machines and infernal devices of the Chaos Dwarfs and the Skaven meet each other in open battle, as happened during the infamous 'Nightmare of Drakennoor' in the year 2037 by Imperial reckoning. Such were the terrible arcane forces unleashed between the actinic flashes of the Skaven Lightning Cannon, the howling destruction of the Chaos Dwarfs' hell-furnaced colossus, and the reckless devastating spell-craft unleashed by sorcerers and warlocks of either side, that a tear in the fabric of reality opened up over the battlefield and a howling storm of magic laid waste to both armies. Daemon-abominations were loosed and nightmare phenomena ravaged the lands a hundred leagues in all directions for almost a year before the arcane tempest at last died away. Both sides claimed victory.

The Iron Daemon War Engine

The Chaos Dwarfs possess a mastery of steam technology that far surpasses that of the engineers of the Empire. Their steam-driven devices are used first and foremost in the great mines that pit and scar the ash-strewn Plain of Zharr and the deep workings that riddle the earth beneath it like worms in rotting fruit. Here they drive great tunnelling and crushing machines, their flanks rusty with the blood of the slaves that toil to feed them. Beside these, other grand machines hammer and roar night and day. To retrieve their mineral wealth, small self-powered steam engines and traction carriages have been constructed to haul ore in lieu of beasts of burden such as horses or oxen which soon perish in the treacherous conditions, and in places where slave labour is impractical or inefficient. The Dwarfs of Zharr prefer to place their trust in iron and brass and in fire and steam rather than muscle and bone. So it was not long before these engines were also deployed due to their obvious merits for hauling cannon, rockets, mortars and other destructive weapons to the battlefield rather than ore or iron ingots. The driving power behind these engines comes from coal, which the Chaos Dwarfs mine in great quantities from beneath the Plain of Zharr and then infuse in arcane rites so that it burns hotter and far more constantly than naturally possible. Their furnaces will however willingly devour wood or other base materials if they happen to be the only available source of fuel with a temporarily acceptable loss in performance. Among the slaves of Zharr-Naggrund though, rumours abound of engines that run on blood, ground bones and screaming spirits, and such ingenuity is certainly not beyond the devious and inventive servants of Hashut.

One of the latest designs to see widespread service within the Chaos Dwarf empire is the Iron Daemon, a compact, armoured steam-driven traction engine. The steam boilers that provide these machines with motive power to haul heavy armaments and munitions to the battlefield are cunningly designed so that they can also be used to work pressure-fed weapons such as cannonades and wall-breakers. This means that every Iron Daemon is also a powerful war machine in its own right – a fully mobile artillery piece or murderous killing engine able to smash through fortifications and hack down ranks of living soldiers with equal ease.

Although the Chaos Dwarfs are skilful and determined artisans, their engines are not yet so sophisticated as to be completely reliable or entirely safe to operate in the anarchic field of battle.

Drazhoath had already met with great success in implementing the use of these deadly and versatile engines within the forces of the Black Fortress when Tamurkhan's horde descended from the east. He then swiftly decided when the bargain with the Chaos Lord was struck to make these machines the centre of his expeditionary force, and was eager to test their performance in traversing the hostile mountains and cities of the west. In particular he was keen to see them in battle against the vaunted war machines he knew the Empire was said to possess and he would not be disappointed.

The Iron Daemon, including its Chaos Dwarf crew, is considered to be a single combined model which should be treated as a Chariot except where the following rules apply. Any hits and wounds it suffers are all directed against the Iron Daemon as a whole. The characteristics for the crew have been included as they have separate attacks in close combat.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Iron Daemon	6	-	-	8	7	7	-	-	-
Chaos Dwarf Crew	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	3	9

Troop Type: Unique unit.



SPECIAL RULES

Unbreakable, Terror, Large Target and Impact hits (D6+2)

Ironhide

The Iron Daemon has a 3+ Armour save.

Lumbering and Unstoppable

The Iron Daemon is a mighty, smoke-belching powerhouse; slow but incredibly hard to stop. It may move normally up to its Move distance and fire its weapons without penalty while doing so. Alternately, it may choose to engage its steam boiler's power and move faster, but this is hardly a precise art. In this case, rather than using the normal rules for charging or marching, roll 2D6 and unless a double 1 is rolled then add this number to the Iron Daemon's movement score for the total distance travelled. The Iron Daemon moves this distance forward in a straight line and may not turn or wheel as it does so. If a double 1 is rolled, then something has gone wrong and the Iron Daemon does not move at all this turn.

If a charge is being attempted, this must be declared as normal before the extra movement amount is rolled, and if failed (ie, the distance rolled for movement is insufficient to reach the target unit), simply move the Iron Daemon forward the rolled distance instead.

If the total movement would bring the Iron Daemon into contact with a unit unintentionally (ie, not as the result of a declared charge), roll for impact hits as normal. The Iron Daemon does not count as charging if the unit is an enemy, and its enemy gains the Always Strikes First rule against it for the first turn of combat owing to the confusion on board. If by some error it strikes a friendly unit, resolve the impact hits and then move the Iron Daemon back 1" after the collision.

In each round of an on-going combat after the first, the Iron Daemon may make a Thunderstomp attack exactly like a monster to reflect it grinding over its victims with its bulk and power.

Iron Daemons cannot overrun or pursue in combat if they destroy or rout their foes.

Demolition

Low or comparably flimsy obstacles such as walls, hedges, light woods, shacks, privies and piles of rubble have little chance of impeding an Iron Daemon, and all such obstacles (up to the height of the Iron Daemon's wheels) are ignored for movement and combat by the Iron Daemon (this is a change to the usual rules concerning war machines and terrain). Furthermore, if a suitably sized chunk of this type of terrain can be removed from the battlefield after the Iron Daemon crashes through it, do so! All forms of marsh and water terrain however are still treated as impassable by the Iron Daemon which is simply too heavy to cross them without sinking or becoming helplessly mired.

Carriage Hauler

The Iron Daemon may haul one or more steam carriages behind it. If this is the case, they are treated as attached to the Iron Daemon model and move as it moves. They must though be targeted separately by shooting attacks if they can be seen. If the carriages are charged, they may be attacked separately as normal, but unless the Iron Daemon is also engaged, the carriages may not be locked in combat, and the whole train may move on in the next turn. If the Iron Daemon itself or a carriage 'ahead' in the train is destroyed, any carriages left behind are stranded.

Weapons mounted on carriages attached in a train may only fire if the Iron Daemon is stationary that turn.

The Iron Daemon may haul a single carriage without a reduction in its movement. It may haul two carriages, but if it does so, its basic movement is reduced to 3".

The Iron Daemon may 'uncouple' its carriages (either the rearmost or both, but not a 'middle' one obviously) at the start of any of its Movement phases, leaving them behind. The Iron Daemon may go on to act normally but the steam carriage model counts as moving that turn. When uncoupled, the carriage may be deployed facing in any direction the owning player wishes on the turn it is detached.

Steam carriages may not be re-coupled during the game.

Steam Cannonade

Powered by the channelled pressure of the Iron Daemon's furnace, a steam cannonade is a twin cannon used to blast a lethal storm of red-hot shrapnel and curse-laden shot into the ranks of the enemy. This weapon may only be fired at a target directly ahead of the Iron Daemon, and uses the following profile:

	Range	Strength	Special Rules
Cannonade	18"	6	Armour Piercing, Multiple Wounds (D3)

Select a target as per the other normal rules of shooting and roll two Artillery dice, picking the better result to determine how many shots are fired; this means the weapon will only misfire if a 'double' Misfire result is rolled. Assuming a Misfire does not occur, roll to hit the target with a number of shots equal to the highest number on the two dice.

If a Misfire does result, use the Black Powder Misfire chart (see page 113 of the *Warhammer* rulebook) to determine the outcome. If a Destroyed! result is rolled, the cannonade is destroyed and may not be used again. In addition the Iron Daemon it is mounted on suffers D6 wounds with no save of any kind possible.

Skullcracker

Designed for crushing fortifications and walls, the Skullcracker is a hissing and grinding arcane-mechanical conglomeration of iron hammers, hacking blades and brutal picks designed to literally pulverise and shred anything unfortunate to be caught in front of the machine. When conducting its impact hits or Thunderstomp attack, an Iron Daemon equipped with a Skullcracker may roll 2D6 instead of the usual D6 when rolling for its number of hits.

In addition, in the case of scenario rules where buildings can be destroyed, hits caused by the Skullcracker gain a +1 bonus on To Wound rolls against buildings and fortifications.



Magma Cannon

A fiendish weapon first conceived of for use against the ravaging Trolls and other unwholesome and hungry monsters that spawn and multiply in the Dark Lands, the Magma Cannon is something of a cross between a field artillery piece and a furnace. It is designed to spew molten metal and fire upon its victims, horrifically burning them to death. The Magma Cannon has seen long use and been the subject of considerable modification and experimentation by Chaos Dwarf Daemonsmith engineers. No two are quite the same, but rather the product of an individual's malign creativity. Some use pressurised steam-boilers to jet gouts of burning sulphur, caustic tar or pyretic acids, while others incorporate sorcerously bound volcanic glass shells in which molten lava drawn from the deep earth slumbers until its shell is shattered.

Regarded as one of the true works of a Daemonsmith's craft, neophyte Sorcerer-engineers vie with each other to produce the most deadly Magma Cannons of their own design. Many have perished as a result of such experimentation – either overcome by choking fumes, dissolved by acrid vapours, or blown to shreds when their volatile mixtures have exploded unexpectedly. To their overlords, in the priesthood of Hashut, this is only right and proper; as such failure is not tolerated in the service of the Father of Darkness.

The Magma Cannon is a relatively short-ranged but potentially devastating weapon, able to incinerate packed bodies of enemy troops or burn clear defended positions in close assaults.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Magma Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Chaos Dwarf Crew*	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

Troop Type: War Machine.

SPECIAL RULES

Resolute, Relentless and Contempt

	Range	Strength	Special Rules
Magma Cannon	24"	5	Flaming Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D3)

Firing the Magma Cannon

The Magma Cannon is fired using the usual procedure for firing a cannon as provided in the *Warhammer* rulebook, except that instead of rolling to 'Bounce' the shot, instead place the teardrop-shaped template with the narrow end positioned where the shot landed and the wide end placed straight ahead along the direction of fire.

A Misfire result means the weapon does not fire. Roll on the Black Powder Misfire chart to determine what happens next.



Deathshrieker Rocket Launcher

The Chaos Dwarfs utilise a number of different types of gunpowder-driven rocket weapons, ranging from shoulder-fired chain-dragging harpoons used to bind and bring down Lava Trolls in the magma caverns deep beneath the mountains, to massive warheads launched on pillars of fire to break enemy fortifications. The Deathshrieker is one of the more diabolic examples of these weapons, as bound up within its munitions are howling, malevolent fire-spirits harvested from the cinders of Hashut's sacrificial altars, and it is the hellish shrieking of these spirits when loosed that gives the weapon its name.

The packed multiple warheads of the Deathshrieker detonate in the air above the battlefield in a storm of fire – fire which has its own terrible hunger for life upon which to visit its touch. Screaming, fanged tendrils of flame plunge downwards from the blast and expend their strength actively seeking out victims. The tormented spirits are far from discerning though as to whose flesh they burn, and the Chaos Dwarfs must be cautious lest their own suffer from the wrathful weapon.

In addition to the hellish Deathshrieker rockets, the launchers they use are also able to fire more conventional demolition rockets if needs be. These use densely packed explosive rocket heads with delayed fuses in a strengthened iron tube to channel the blast against a single point. The rocket mounts a crown of spikes that drive the rocket into a vertical wall and hold it there whilst it explodes. In this fashion the rocket can punch through even very dense stone and can make a terrible mess of any large creature that gets in its way too.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rocket Battery	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Chaos Dwarf	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

Troop Type: War Machine.

SPECIAL RULES

Resolute, Relentless and Contempt

	Range	Strength	Special Rules
Deathshrieker	12"–48"	3	Infernal Incendiaries*
Demolition			
Rocket	12"–48"	8	Multiple Wounds (D6)

Firing the Deathshrieker: To fire the Deathshrieker, take a small counter or similar marker (no more than 1" across) and place it anywhere completely within the war machine's line of sight, outside of the Deathshrieker's minimum range and within its maximum range.

This target point cannot be placed over friendly units or enemy models from a unit that is engaged in combat with friendly units. The weapon may however strike friendly targets by mistake instead, as shown later.

Once the marker has been placed, roll for scatter using a Scatter dice and an Artillery dice. If a Misfire is rolled on the Artillery dice, something has gone dreadfully amiss. Roll on the Black Powder Misfire chart – see the *Warhammer* rulebook.

If there is no misfire, and a 'hit' is rolled on the Scatter dice, the rocket lands on its intended target and the number on the Artillery dice is ignored. If an arrow is rolled, the shot has scattered off elsewhere. This is carried out as normal for a war machine. In summation, move the target marker a distance in inches equal to the result on the Artillery dice in the direction shown on the Scatter dice.

Resolving Damage (Deathshrieker Rockets Only)

The malevolent ammunition of the Deathshrieker means that it operates somewhat differently to a normal war machine. If the target marker is directly in contact with a unit or model after the shot has been resolved, place the large (5") template over the target marker and resolve a hit against any model touched by it.

If the target marker is not in contact with a unit, roll another Artillery dice. If a Misfire is rolled, the rockets explode harmlessly in the air, the spirits scream and the shot is wasted. If a number is rolled, the target marker is moved towards the nearest unit (friend or foe) a distance equal to the number rolled on the dice, and the smaller 3" template is placed where the target marker lands. Any model touched by the template is hit. Note this latter effect may result in a nearby unit being 'overshot' if a high number is rolled.

In the case that the initial shot misses and two or more units are eligible for the direction of the rocket's secondary target (being the same distance away from the target point), the firing player may choose which is targeted.

Infernal Incendiaries

The hits caused by this weapon have the Flaming Attacks special rule, and any unit which suffers casualties must take a Panic test if they are eligible.

Demolition Rockets

Deathshrieker launchers may be used to fire special demolition rockets instead of their normal loads. These rockets inflict their damage on a single model on which they land, rather than explode in the air like the Deathshrieker and are not subject to its special scatter rule. If the rocket fails to land directly on a model, then the shot is wasted.

Dreadquake Mortar

Dreadquake Mortars are amongst the largest and most effective of all the mighty siege weapons deployed by the Chaos Dwarfs. They rank alongside other such mighty bombards and cannon able to rend the earth and smash through layered stone fortifications as if they were kindling. The Dreadquake's deadly projectiles are fired by steam pressure that is generated by a boiler and contained within a pressure vessel – conventional gunpowder being far too dangerous given the volatility of the Dreadquake's unique and powerful shells. As a consequence it takes quite a while for the machine to generate enough steam to fire a single shot – limiting its potential in battle. But even on the open field it is a supremely dangerous weapon against large and static targets and if successfully fired against enemy infantry, it can wreak carnage as more than one Orc tribe of the Worlds Edge Mountains has found to their cost.

The Dreadquake's shells are of a secret construction whose arcana is the sole preserve of the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer Lords and prophets of Hashut. When fired from the Dreadquake, they burst into a roaring, blood-red light, and when they strike they explode, shattering buildings apart and smashing into the ground like a hammer-blow from the gods, bleeding crimson energy from the wounded earth. These shells take the form of metal spheres and are so heavy and unwieldy that an Ogre commonly forms part of the machine's crew in order to speed up the loading.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mortar	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Chaos Dwarf	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Slave Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7

Troop Type: War Machine.

SPECIAL RULES

Resolute, Relentless and Contempt

	Range	Strength	Special Rules
Dreadquake	12"-72"	5(10)	Multiple Wounds (D6), Armour Piercing, Quake!, Slow Reload

Firing the Dreadquake:

The Dreadquake Mortar is fired exactly like a Stone Thrower (see the *Warhammer* rulebook) with the following exceptions and the profile shown above:

- The Black Powder Misfire chart is used when the weapon misfires, but all rolls on the chart are reduced by -1(!) in order to reflect the dangers of the unstable Dreadquake shells.

Quake!

All models in a unit suffering casualties from a Dreadquake Mortar in the previous turn must pass a test exactly as if they were moving through Dangerous Terrain if they wish to move (including charging, reforming, characters leaving the unit, etc) or use Move or Fire weapons in their next turn. War machines are treated as Chariots in this respect.

Slow Reload

The shells used by the Dreadquake Mortar are huge, temperamental and cumbersome, making the weapon slow to reload. Unless a Slave Ogre is present as a part of the war machine's crew, after the Mortar has fired once, you must roll a 3+ on a D6 whenever you wish to fire it again. If this roll is failed, you may not fire this turn but may fire again normally next turn.



*"We will remake the world into our domain, a land of cinder-
ash and the blackened bones of our enemies, until only we
remain and those broken bodies that cower at our feet"*

-Lord Astereth



Hobgoblins

Arguably the vilest and most treacherous of all the Goblin and Orc kin, Hobgoblins are taller and leaner than ordinary Goblins, yet nowhere near as burly and brutal as Orcs. In fact, their whole appearance is emaciated and vicious – with narrow eyes and sneering mouths full of pointed teeth that smile moon-wide in an idiotic grin at the merest suggestion of sadistic violence in the offing. The Chaos Dwarfs long ago realised the Hobgoblins were a servile, craven, malevolent and generally despised race, and so adopted the Hobgoblins of the Dark Lands as eminently suitable lackeys and disposable minions – in particular as slave masters, overseers, tribute-collectors, and even when pressed, as warriors. Hobgoblins are universally loathed by other greenskins, and only their relentless, twitchy vigilance and the protective shadow of their masters stops the other Orc and Goblin slaves from tearing them apart.

Whilst far from the best troops – in fact generally varying wildly between feverish violence and debased cowardice, they are too weak-willed and untrusting even of each other to mount any kind of cohesive rebellion and are so hated by other races their loyalty is assured – after a fashion. The Dwarfs of Zharr don't make much of an effort to equip their Hobgoblin troops on the basis that they are little more than battle fodder, and can be relied on to largely look after themselves (in other words pilfer loot from the battlefield and each other). Hobgoblins, given the choice, which they rarely have, favour razor-sharp curved blades – all the better to stab their foes in the back with and watch the blood flow, but if pressed into direct battle, they prefer whenever possible to fight from a distance using crude bows and then to pounce on an unwary or crippled foe.

Occasionally the spiteful infighting and backstabbing within the ranks of the Hobgoblins will throw up a particularly successful and feared killer who will rise to prominence and style themselves 'Khan', taking after the wilder nomadic Hobgoblin wolf-clans of the Eastern Wastes. These skulking killers can prove useful for marshalling their kin in battle, but should they prove too successful and are seen as even the remotest threat to their Chaos Dwarf master's dominance, they will most likely end up impaled over their lord's gatepost as a reminder to others of the rewards of getting ideas above their station.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hobgoblin Cutthroat	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Hobgoblin Murder Boss	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6
Hobgoblin Khan	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	3	7

SPECIAL RULES

Hobgoblin Animosity

Disreputable and fractious, Hobgoblins, like most greenskins, have a tendency to fight among themselves even in the midst of battle. This is a problem, which given a Hobgoblin's propensity for murderous spite and self-serving cowardice it is only their deep-seated fear of their Chaos Dwarf masters that can enforce them back into some semblance of order.

Unless a Hobgoblin unit is already in combat, fleeing, under five models strong, or unless a Chaos Dwarf or Bull Centaur unit is within 6" of them at the start of the turn, you must roll a D6 and consult the following chart for each Hobgoblin unit. Roll separately for each affected unit at the start of the turn.

D6 Result

1 We'll get a better view from further back!

The Hobgoblins' cowardly nature comes to the fore and they immediately must take a Panic test. If this is passed the unit may act normally this turn.

2-5 Cut 'em good

The Hobgoblins feel they have a good chance of being on the winning side and eating well tonight off the battle's victims. The unit may act normally this turn.

6 Bloody Murder!

One of the constant petty squabbles in the ranks is settled with the twist of a knife in a back or two. The unit suffers D3 Wounds distributed as from shooting attacks (these wounds however will not cause a Panic test). Afterwards they gain +1 to their To Hit rolls for this turn only, and may be used normally again.

Backstabbers

Of all Goblin kind Hobgoblins are rightly regarded as the most devious, cowardly, treacherous and outright murderous, and are utterly distrusted even by their fellow greenskins. These backstabbers and cutthroats habitually go around armed with all manner of man-stikkas, blades, daggers and razors, and for every knife they wear openly, it can be wagered there's at least a few more you can't see concealed about their person, just ready to be plunged into an unsuspecting foe's back.

If a Hobgoblin infantry unit with the Backstabbers special rule is at least 10 models strong and successfully restrains itself from pursuing an enemy that has broken in close combat, it immediately causes D6 Strength 3 hits on the fleeing unit before it moves for every 10 full models in the Hobgoblin unit. Wounds from this attack are distributed as wounds from shooting attacks and may be saved normally.

Hobgoblin Wolf Raiders

Some Chaos Dwarf armies also employ bodies of giant wolf-mounted Hobgoblin Raiders as scouts and light cavalry in battle. These are commonly drawn from the more nomadic Hobgoblin tribes from the east of the Mountains of Mourn and isolated bands which roam the fringes of the southern Dark Lands. They are lured into service with the Chaos Dwarfs as mercenaries, but their new lords treat them as no better than slaves regardless. These raiders, all bandits and robbers by disposition, are if anything, even less reliable than their footslogging kin — their mounts allowing them to flee with much greater speed when the need arises. This tendency is however outweighed somewhat by their usefulness as skirmishers and foragers, particularly to Chaos Dwarf slave-raiding expeditions who must travel far and wide, often into unfamiliar and hostile lands.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hobgoblin Raider	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Hobgoblin Wolf Boss	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3

Troop Type: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES

Hobgoblin Animosity and Fast Cavalry

Cowardly Despoilers

Hobgoblin Wolf Raiders gain +1 to their combat result on the first turn of combat if they successfully charge an enemy in the rear or flank, but if they are themselves charged, they suffer a -1 to hit on the first turn of combat. This rule applies to the Hobgoblins themselves, including any Hobgoblin character in the unit, but not to their wolves!



The K'daai

Chaos Dwarfs are arrogant, malign and paranoid beings who will bend their knee to none but their Father of Darkness, Hashut. The desires of their Sorcerers and Daemonsmiths are for power and domination, and for weapons and soldiers that will make them invincible – and it is from this desire that the K'daai Zharr – the scions of fire, were born. Rather than summon Daemons all but uncontrolled as a human sorcerer might or parley bargains with the greater fiends of Chaos, priests of Hashut have long sought to enslave the Daemon they summon by binding it into weapons and armour, war machines and constructs, thus harnessing and controlling them to the Sorcerer's will and giving them form. With the K'daai they have sought to do something more, to create a race of beings, half-daemon stuff and half-raging fire drawn from the magma of the deep earth and birthed in the boiling blood of Hashut's burning sacrifices, given form and contained within an armoured framework of articulated iron and rune-stamped bronze. The High Priests of Hashut have succeeded almost too well in the K'daai, for they are almost mindless, elemental forces of destruction, and need to be laid to rest as cold and silent metal until they are required in battle, where they burn bright and terrible, but briefly.

Only the greatest of the Sorcerer-Prophets is able to forge these monsters of metal and flame, and the process is both costly and arduous in the extreme. This limits their number, making them almost the stuff of legend. But with the dark imaginings and limits of deadly craftsmanship the only end to the terrible forms a K'daai can be fashioned and shaped into, there have been those of Hashut's priesthood who have met their cursed doom early, as the power required to make their glorious vision real has slipped from their grasp.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
K'daai Fireborn	6	4	2	5	4	2	4	2	7
K'daai Manburner	6	4	2	5	4	2	4	3	7
K'daai Destroyer	9	5	3	7	6	6	5	6	8

Troop Type: Monstrous Infantry (K'daai Fireborn and Manburner)
Monster (K'daai Destroyer)

SPECIAL RULES

Unstable, Unbreakable, Fear and Flaming Attacks

Blazing Body

Any model (friend or foe), except another K'daai, in base contact with a K'daai at the start of the Close Combat phase takes an automatic Strength 4 hit. This is counted as a Flaming attack. In addition, any non-magical attacks suffer a -1 penalty to wound them.

Bound Fire Daemon

The K'daai have bodies of sorcerous flame bound into shape by armour-like frameworks of metal and enslaved by the black arts of the Daemonsmiths. The K'daai are counted as Daemons for the purposes of any relevant spell or effect against them, and have a 4+ Ward save which increases to 2+ against Flaming attacks.

Burning Bright

Once unleashed the power of the K'daai's sorcerous fire is so great that it consumes even itself eventually and destroys the bindings holding them in shape. As a result, from the second game turn onwards, at the start of each turn a Toughness test must be made for each K'daai unit (roll once for each unit). If this is failed they suffer D3 wounds with no save of any kind possible, distributed as per a shooting attack.

K'daai Destroyers

K'daai Destroyers are massive constructs fashioned into the form of mighty warriors or iron-beasts, such as gargantuan monstrous bulls and other nightmarish creations, awakened by mass blood sacrifice and set loose upon the enemy.

A K'daai Destroyer is subject to all the special rules listed previously but is a Monster and treated as such in the game. In addition it also has the Terror (rather than Fear), Large Target and Frenzy special rules, gaining +D3 attacks each turn, rather than +1, while they remain frenzied.

Designer's Note - K'daai Destroyers

Forge World has not currently released a model for the K'daai Destroyer. Should you wish to create or convert your own, it should fit on a base the same size as the Orcs & Goblins Atchmarok, i.e. 100mm x 150mm.

The Great Taurus

The Dark Lands are a dread realm, a haven and birthing ground for all manner of monsters and unnatural creatures, but none are more sought after by the Chaos Dwarfs than the Great Taurus of the Volcanic Heights. The supreme terrors of the crags and craters of ash and fire, some claim the Great Taurus is less a beast than a manifestation of the rage and deathly savagery of the Dark Lands themselves. To the Chaos Dwarfs, their resemblance, both in form and molten fury to the icons of their terrible god, Hashut, Father of Darkness, is no mere coincidence.

In form no two Taurus are ever quite alike, and the mightiest of them are truly massive beasts that never die except by violence, named as Bale Taurus in dark legend. All bear the overall semblance of a huge, winged, daemoniac-bull whose flesh burns with the intensity of a living furnace sufficient to wreath it in smoke and spark the ground afire beneath its hooves and against which arrow and blade alike perishes to cinders and ruin. To many who would consider themselves wise in such things, the burning wrath of the Great Taurus is little more than a myth, for sustained by the fires of the Dark Lands, these unnatural creatures seldom stray far from their lairs. But those who inhabit the Dark Lands know better. They fear the ash-trailing shadows that might circle the sky, and the plummet of the Great Taurus like a red-wreathed comet to its prey – an onslaught no mere mortal creature can withstand.

None but the highest servants of Hashut and the most powerful of fire-wizards can hope to master these hellish monsters, and the infernal stables of the crimson and bronze Taurus beneath the great temple of Zharr-Naggrund are heated by sacrificial fires kept burning night and day to appease the sacred beasts kept there. Indeed, it is only by means of the most complex and dangerous spells that a Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer can even mount such a dangerous creature without themselves succumbing to their incinerating heat and voracious appetites.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Taurus	6	5	0	6	5	4	3	4	6
Bale Taurus	6	5	0	6	6	5	3	4	6

Troop Type: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES

Blazing Body

Any model (friend or enemy), except a Chaos Dwarf using it as a mount, takes an automatic Strength 4 hit at the start of the Close Combat phase. This is a Flaming attack. Additionally, any non-magical attacks suffer a -1 penalty To Wound them.

Fuelled by Fire

A Great Taurus cannot be wounded by spells from the Lore of Fire. In addition, if the Great Taurus is the target of a successfully cast spell from the Lore of Fire, it immediately regains D3 Wounds lost earlier in the battle.

Flaming Attacks, Fly, Large Target and Terror (see the *Warhammer* rulebook). **Breath Weapon** (Strength 4, Flaming Attack, Bale Taurus only).



The Legion of Azgorh

This army list represents the Chaos Dwarf forces that garrison the bleak and foreboding Black Fortress in the southern Dark Lands. It was this army of black iron, shot and sinew that confronted Tamurkhan's great horde on the blasted crossing ground, and divisions of which would later accompany the Maggot Lord in his attack on the Empire. Such are the diverse slaves and diabolic war engines of the Chaos Dwarfs that the Legion of Azgorh doesn't represent the full range of their power, but should provide a mighty and characterful force on the battlefield, allowing you to field a full-scale army of Chaos Dwarfs in your games of Warhammer.

Using Chaos Dwarf Units in Warriors of Chaos Armies

As mercenaries and weapon smiths, the Chaos Dwarfs are known to sell their services to the hosts of the north in return for slaves, souls and plunder. To represent this, the following Legion of Azgorh units can be taken as part of a Warriors of Chaos army using the options listed.

If you are fielding a combined force utilising the Great Host options on page 142, those options take precedence and the following options should not be used:

Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer-Prophets, Daemonsmiths and Castellans may be purchased as part of the army's Character allowance (as Lords or Heroes as listed) as long as at least one other non-character unit of Chaos Dwarfs, including war machines, etc, is also taken. Chaos Dwarf characters may not be the army General (and so at least one character from the Warriors of Chaos list must be taken).

One unit of Chaos Dwarf Infernals may be taken as a Special choice for every Sorcerer-Prophet or Daemonsmith also taken in the army. Magma Cannons, Deathshrieker Rockets, Iron Daemons and Dreadquake Mortars may be taken as Rare choices in the army.



ARMY SPECIAL RULES

Resolute

Chaos Dwarfs fight with grim malice and are reluctant to abandon their positions on the battlefield. All Chaos Dwarfs flee and pursue 2D6-1" rather than the usual 2D6". Note that this penalty does not apply to their charge distance.

Relentless

The Chaos Dwarfs are implacable and relentless when attacking, and are scornful of the ability of anyone or anything to stop them. Chaos Dwarfs do not need to take a Leadership test in order to march when enemy units are within 8".

Daemonsmith

Chaos Dwarf Daemonsmiths are Immune to Psychology, and have both the Infernal Engineer and Sorcerer's Curse special rules.

Contempt

Chaos Dwarfs despise all other forms of life and see them as nothing more than contemptible fodder to be exploited and disposed of as needed. They expect their 'lessers' to show cowardice and weakness in battle and be restrained only through fear.

As a result, Chaos Dwarf and Bull Centaur units are not subject to Panic tests caused by friendly units which are destroyed or fail a Break test within 6" of them, unless the unit destroyed or broken is itself a Chaos Dwarf or Bull Centaur unit.

Characters with the Contempt rule may not join units other than those which are also subject to this rule, as well as any normal restrictions.

Sorcerer's Curse: Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers pay a terrible price for their powers, be they Daemonsmith or mighty prophet of their dark god Hashut. Their bones and flesh slowly petrify over time into unfeeling, blackened stone. Each time the magic they command slips from their grasp for but an instant, this curse punishes them further until one day the Sorcerer is trapped screaming silently within a prison of their own immobile body. Whenever a Chaos Dwarf with this special rule suffers a Miscast during the game, after resolving the effects of the Miscast on them normally, they must take a Toughness test. If this is failed, they suffer a single additional wound which may not be prevented in any way (even by Ward saves, etc). However, the first time they suffer a wound in this manner, they also gain a bonus of +1 Toughness for the rest of the game – should they survive! Subsequent failures simply cause additional wounds to be inflicted instead.

Steam Carriage

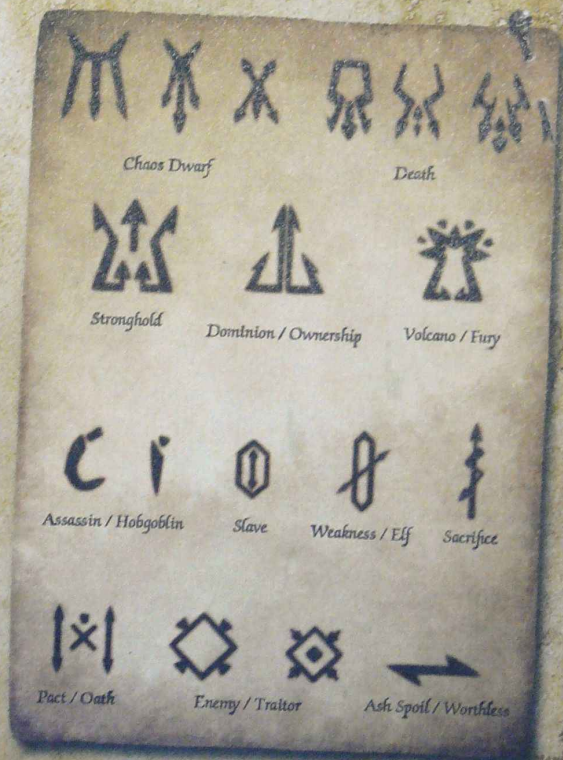
War machines mounted on steam carriages may be towed by Iron Daemon war engines. Other than this they may not move normally during the game except to pivot on the spot (this may simply mean turning the weapon on its mounting depending on the model). War machines mounted on steam carriages always count as being in hard cover against shooting attacks, and as fighting behind a defended obstacle (wall) when charged. See the *Warhammer* rulebook for more details.

Hellbound

Although a touch of the daemonic enters into all the works of the Chaos Dwarfs, some war machines have hellish, devouring entities and daemons of fury and destruction bound to their very frame and bolt, creating a truly possessed machine even more blood thirsty than its creators and difficult to destroy. The most extreme examples of these are devices like the infamous Hellcannon, fuelled by flesh and souls and spewing destructive blasts of arcane energy, and whose treacherous power can prove almost as dangerous to their masters as the enemy. There are other lesser Infernal devices and examples of daemonic power augmenting more commonplace war machine designs. These devices are known as the Hellbound.

Hellbound war machines cause *fear* and have their Toughness and Wounds characteristics both increased by 1. All attacks and damage caused by the machine are now classed as magical attacks. Also, whenever a Mishap is rolled for the machine, in addition to the usual effect that is rolled, D3 wounds are automatically inflicted on the crew (or on the machine itself in the case of an Iron Daemon), as the dark forces within rebel against their binding.

Infernal Engineer: A model with this rule, if it is within 3" of one of their army's war machines and not mounted on a monster, is allowed to take a "Look Out Sir!" roll as if they were in a unit of five or more models. In addition, one war machine that is within 3" of an Infernal Engineer may re-roll one Scatter dice or one Artillery dice per turn. If the Infernal Engineer uses this re-roll ability, they cannot shoot with their own missile weapon in the same Shooting phase.



Lords

Drazhoath the Ashen, Prophet of Hashut

570 points

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Drazhoath	3	6	4	4	5	4	2	3	10	Drazhoath (Infantry, Special Character)
Cinderbreath	6	5	0	6	6	5	3	4	6	Cinderbreath (Monster)

Magic

- Drazhoath is a Level 4 Wizard and uses spells from the Lore of Hashut.

Special Rules

- Resolute
- Relentless
- Contempt
- Daemonsmith
- Dark Renown

Mount

- Drazhoath rides Cinderbreath, the Bale Taurus. It is a particularly powerful Bale Taurus with an increased profile (as shown), and a Strength 5 Flaming Attack Breath Weapon but otherwise is identical to the Bale Taurus rules shown on page 185.

Equipment

- Blackshard Armour
- Hellshard Amulet
- Daemonspite Crucible
- The Graven Sceptre

Sorcerer-Prophet

265 points

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Sorcerer-prophet	3	5	4	4	5	3	2	3	10	Infantry
Great Taurus	6	5	0	6	5	4	3	4	6	Monster
Bale Taurus	6	5	0	6	6	5	3	4	6	Monster

Magic

- A Sorcerer-prophet is a Level 3 Wizard. They may chose spells from the Lore of Hashut, Fire, Metal or Death.

Special Rules

- Resolute
- Relentless
- Contempt
- Daemonsmith
- Sorcerer's Curse

Options

- May upgrade to a Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of.....100 points
- May be equipped with any of the following:
 - Pistol.....5 points
 - Naphtha Bombs.....15 points
 - Blood of Hashut (one use).....20 points
- May ride one of the following mounts:
 - Great Taurus (see page 185).....145 points
 - Eammasu (see *Warhammer Storm of Magic*).....195 points
 - Bale Taurus (see page 185).....225 points

Equipment

- Blackshard Armour
- Darkforged Weapon



Heroes

Daemonsmith Sorcerer

95 points

Daemonsmith Sorcerer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
3	4	4	4	4	2	2	2	9	Infantry

Magic

- The Daemonsmith is a Level 1 Wizard and may choose their spells from the Lores of Fire, Metal or Death.

Equipment

- Blackshard Armour
- Ensorcelled Hand Weapon

Special Rules

- Resolute
- Relentless
- Contempt
- Daemonsmith
- Sorcerer's Curse

Options

- May upgrade to a Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of50 points
- May be equipped with any of the following:
 - Pistol.....5 points
 - Naphtha Bombs15 points

Infernal Castellan

105 points

Infernal Castellan

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
3	6	4	4	5	2	3	3	9	Infantry

Equipment

- Blackshard Armour
- Hand Weapon

Special Rules

- Resolute
- Relentless
- Contempt
- Stubborn

Options

- May take Magic Items up to a total of75 points
- May be equipped with any of the following:
 - Shield.....2 points
 - Pistol.....5 points
 - Great Weapon.....5 points
 - Fireglave.....15 points

Upgrade – Battle Standard Bearer

One Dark Castellan in the army may be upgraded to carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. This Battle Standard Bearer may not be the army's general even if they have the highest Leadership value in the army. The Battle Standard Bearer can have a magic banner (no points limit), but in this case may not carry other magical items.



Heroes

Hobgoblin Khan

40 points

Hobgoblin Khan

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
4	4	3	4	4	2	4	3	7	Infantry

Equipment

- Hand Weapon
- Throwing Knives

Special Rules

- None

Options

- May take Magic Items up to a total of25 points
- May be equipped with any of the following:
 - Light Armour2 points
 - Shield2 points
 - Additional Hand Weapon (if on foot only)4 points
 - Spear (mounted only)4 points
- May ride a Giant Wolf+12 points

A Hobgoblin Khan may not be the army's General, and therefore a Chaos Dwarf character must be included to lead the army.

Bull Centaur Taur'ruk

155 points

Taur'ruk

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
7	5	2	5	5	4	4	4	9	Monstrous Beast

Equipment

- Hand Weapon
- Heavy Armour

Special Rules

- Fear
- Contempt
- Scaly Skin (5+)

Options

- May take Magic Items up to a total of50 points
- May be equipped with any of the following:
 - Blackshard Armour+15 points
 - Shield+5 points
 - Additional Hand Weapon+10 points
 - Great Weapon+15 points

A Taur'ruk may only be included in the army if at least one unit of Bull Centaur Renders is also included as part of the force. It may not be the army's General, and therefore a Chaos Dwarf character must be included to lead the army.



Core

Chaos Dwarf Infernal Guard

12 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Infernal	3	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	9	Infantry
Deathmask	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9	Infantry

Unit size: 10+

Equipment

- Blackshard Armour
- Hand Weapon
- Shield

Special Rules

- Resolute
- Relentless
- Contempt

Options

- The unit may also have one of the following:
 - Great Weapons..... 3 points per model
 - Fireglaves..... 5 points per model
 - Hailshot Blunderbusses* 6 points per model
- Upgrade one Chaos Dwarf Infernal to a Musician..... 10 points
- Upgrade one Chaos Dwarf Infernal to a Standard Bearer 10 points
- Upgrade one Chaos Dwarf Infernal to a Deathmask..... 12 points
 - The Overseer may be equipped with a pistol for 2 points and/or a Naptha Bomb* for..... 5 points
- One unit of Chaos Dwarf Infernals in the army may have a magic standard worth up to..... 50 points

*See Equipment page for further information.

Hobgoblin Cutthroats

4 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Cutthroat	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Infantry
Murder Boss	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	Infantry

Unit size: 20+

Equipment

- Hand Weapon
- Light Armour
- Throwing Knives

Special Rules

- Hobgoblin Animosity
- Backstabbers

Options

- May be equipped with shields..... ½ point per model
- May be equipped with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons..... ½ point per model
 - Bows..... 1 point per model
- Upgrade one Hobgoblin Cutthroat to a Musician..... 4 points
- Upgrade one Hobgoblin Cutthroat to a Standard Bearer 8 points
- Upgrade one Hobgoblin Cutthroat to a Murder Boss 10 points



Special

Chaos Dwarf Infernal Ironsworn

17 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Infernal Ironsworn	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	1	9	Infantry
Deathmask	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9	Infantry

Unit size: 10+

Equipment

- Blackshard Armour
- Shield
- Ensorcelled Hand Weapon

Special Rules

- Resolute
- Relentless
- Contempt

Options:

- Upgrade one Infernal Ironsworn to a Musician 5 points
- Upgrade one Infernal Ironsworn to a Standard Bearer 10 points
- Upgrade one Infernal Ironsworn to a Deathmask 10 points
- Any unit of Infernal Ironsworn may have a magic standard worth up to 50 points

Bull Centaur Renders

40 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bull Centaur Render	7	4	2	4	5	3	3	2	8	Monstrous Beasts
Bull Centaur Ba'hal	7	4	2	4	5	3	3	3	8	Monstrous Beasts

Unit size: 3+

Equipment

- Heavy Armour
- Hand Weapon

Special Rules

- Scaly Skin (5+)
- Contempt
- Fear

Options:

- May be equipped with shields 5 points per model
- May be equipped with one of the following:
 - Additional Hand Weapon 5 points per model
 - Great Weapons 10 points per model
 - Spears 5 points per model
- Upgrade one Render to a Musician 5 points
- Upgrade one Render to a Standard Bearer 10 points
- Upgrade one Render to a Ba'hal 10 points
- One unit of Bull Centaur Renders may have a magic standard worth up to 50 points

K'daai Fireborn

55 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
K'daai Fireborn	6	4	2	5	4	2	4	2	7	Monstrous Infantry
K'daai Manburner	6	4	2	5	4	2	4	3	7	Monstrous Infantry

K'daai Fireborn may only be included in the army if a Daemonsmith is also present.

Unit size: 3+

Special Rules

- Unstable
- Unbreakable
- Fear
- Flaming Attacks
- Blazing Body
- Bound Fire Daemon
- Burning Bright

Equipment

- Spite and hellfire (hand weapon)

Options:

- Upgrade one Fireborn to a Manburner 10 points

Special

Magma Cannon

145 points

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Magma Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine
Chaos Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	

Unit size

One Magma Cannon and three Chaos Dwarf crew

Equipment (crew)

- Heavy Armour
- Hand Weapon

Special Rules

- Resolute
- Relentless
- Contempt

Options

- The Magma Cannon may be mounted on a Steam Carriage if at least one Iron Daemon is in the army +25 points
- The Magma Cannon may be Hellbound +25 points

Deathshrieker Rocket Launcher

100 points

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Rocket Battery	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine
Chaos Dwarf	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	

Unit size

One Deathshrieker Rocket battery and three Chaos Dwarf crew.

Equipment (crew)

- Heavy Armour
- Hand Weapon

Special Rules

- Resolute
- Relentless
- Contempt

Options

- The Deathshrieker Rocket may be mounted on a Steam Carriage if at least one Iron Daemon is in the army +25 points
- The Deathshrieker Rocket may be Hellbound +25 points

Iron Daemon War Engine

285 points

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Iron Daemon	6	-	-	8	7	7	-	-	-	Unique unit
Chaos Dwarf Crew	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	3	9	

The Iron Daemon, including its Chaos Dwarf crew, is considered to be a single combined model. Hits and wounds are all directed against the Iron Daemon as a whole, although the characteristics for the crew have been included as they have separate attacks in close combat.

Unit size

One Iron Daemon War Engine

Equipment

- Steam Cannonade
- Armour Plating (3+ save)

Special Rules

- Unbreakable
- Terror
- Large Target
- Lumbering and Unstoppable
- Impact hits (D6+2)
- Carriage Hauler
- Demolition

Options

- The Iron Daemon may be Hellbound +25 points (in this case only the impact hits and Thunderstomp of the machine, not the crew, become magical attacks)
- The Steam Cannonade may be replaced with a Skullcracker +30 points



Rare

Hobgoblin Wolf Raiders

12 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Raider	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Cavalry
Wolf Boss	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	Cavalry
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-

Unit size: 5+

Equipment

- Hand Weapon
- Light Armour

Special Rules

- Hobgoblin Animosity
- Fast Cavalry
- Cowardly Despoilers

Options

- May be equipped with shields (the unit will no longer be counted as Fast Cavalry) 1 point per model
- May be equipped with one of the following:
 - Spears..... 1 point per model
 - bows..... 2 points per model
- Upgrade one Wolf Raider to a Musician 5 points
- Upgrade one Wolf Raider to a Standard Bearer 10 points
- Upgrade one Wolf Raider to a Wolf Boss 10 points

Dreadquake Mortar

195 points

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Mortar	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine
Chaos Dwarf	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-
Slave Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7	-

Unit size

One Dreadquake Mortar and three Chaos Dwarf crew.

Equipment (Crew)

- Heavy Armour (Chaos Dwarf only)
- Hand Weapon

Special Rules

- Resolute
- Relentless
- Contempt

Special Rules

(Dreadquake only)

- Multiple Wounds (D6)
- Armour Piercing
- Quake!
- Slow Reload

Options

- The Dreadquake Mortar may be crewed by an additional Slave Ogre.....+20 points (note this adds three extra wounds rather than one).
- It may be mounted on a Steam Carriage if at least one Iron Daemon is in the army.....+25 points
- The Dreadquake Mortar may be Hellbound.....+25 points



Rare

K'daai Destroyer

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
K'daai Destroyer	9	5	3	7	6	6	5	6	8	Monster

325 points

K'daai Destroyers may only be included in the army if a Daemonsmith is also present.

Options

- None

Unit size

One K'daai Destroyer

Special Rules

- Unstable
- Unbreakable
- Terror
- Large Target
- Flaming Attacks
- Blazing Body
- Bound Fire Daemon
- Burning Bright
- Frenzy (D3 Attacks)

Equipment

- Spite and hellfire (hand weapon)

Hellcannon As per Warhammer Armies: Warriors of Chaos

205 points

Chaos Siege Giant

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Chaos Siege Giant	5	4	3	6	5	6	3	Special 10		Monster

275 points

Equipment

- Hooked blades, picks, chains and rage (hand weapon)
- Siege Armour

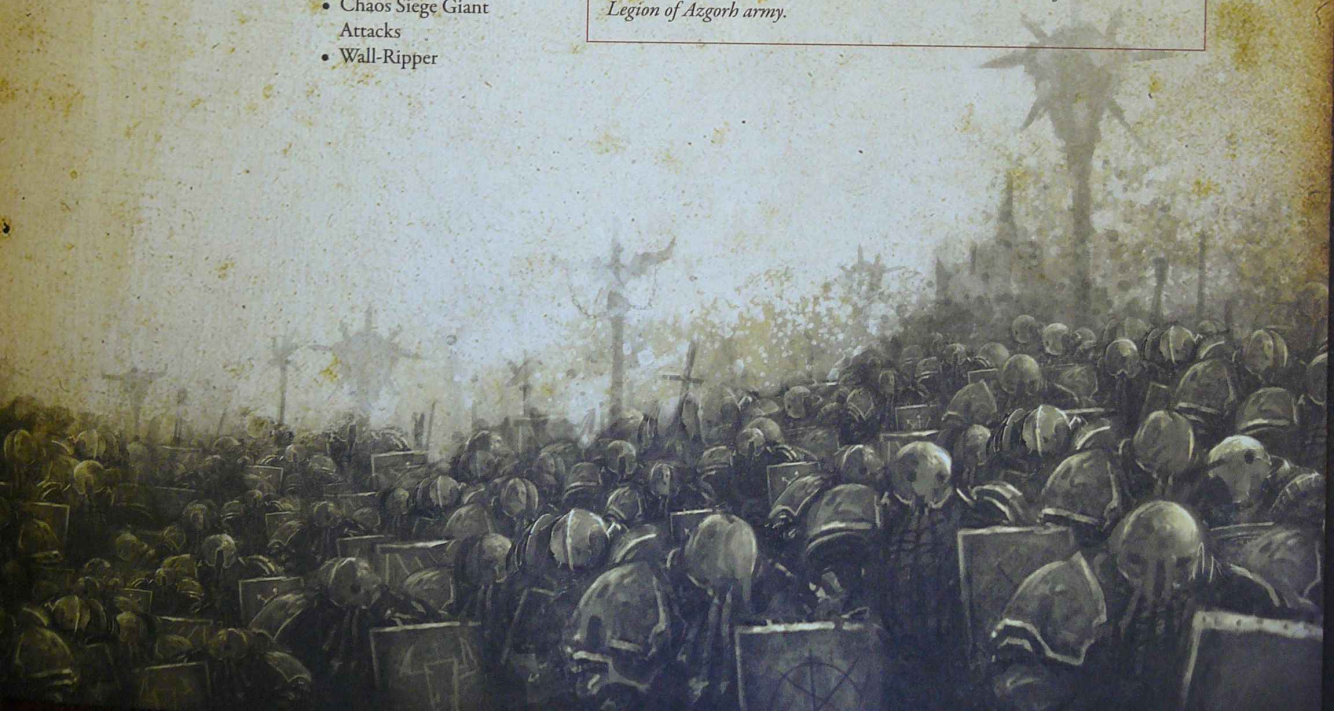
Special Rules

- Large Target
- Terror
- Stubborn
- Immune to Psychology
- Fall Over
- Chaos Siege Giant Attacks
- Wall-Ripper

Options

- Runes of Hate.....+25 points
- Sealing Spikes.....+10 points

A Chaos Siege Giant is a Rare choice for either a Warriors of Chaos or a Legion of Azgorh army.



The Lore of Hashut

KILLING FIRE (LORE ATTRIBUTE)

The flame of Hashut kindles best in living flesh, and always hungers to destroy. If a magic missile or direct damage spell from the Lore of Hashut is targeted on one or more models with the Flammable special rule, the Wizard adds +D3 to their casting total.

Breath of Hatred (Signature Spell)

Cast on 6+

The sorcerer's malice infects his chosen allies like an insidious malady, spurring them on to ever-greater depths of cruelty and savagery.

Remains in play. *Breath of Hatred* is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target unit becomes subject to Hatred while the spell is in effect. Alternately, the Sorcerer can extend this to affect all friendly units within 12", but if they do so the casting value is increased to 15+.

1. Burning Wrath

Cast on 6+

The sorcerer calls on the fires of the deep earth and conjures forth a torrent of burning lava to immolate their enemies.

Burning Wrath is a **magic missile** with a range of 8". It inflicts D6 strength 6 hits which count as flaming attacks. The Sorcerer can increase this to 2D6 hits, but if they do so the casting value is increased to 12+.

2. Dark Subjugation

Cast on 8+

Brooking the power of Hashut, lord of tyranny, the sorcerer wields their master's darkly malignant force to crush the will of their foes.

Dark Subjugation is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The target unit must pass a Leadership test at -3 or suffer a permanent reduction of -1 to their Leadership for the rest of the game (to a minimum of 2) each time it is the victim of this spell. Unbreakable units are immune to this spell.

3. Curse of Hashut

Cast on 10+

Channelling the malediction that inflicts his own twisted body, the sorcerer turns the dark curse of Hashut on others, causing their bones to petrify and their flesh to grow brittle and crumble to dust.

The *Curse of Hashut* is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 18". It targets a single enemy model of the caster's choice (even a character in a unit). The target suffers a number of hits equal to 2D6 minus their Toughness score. Hits from this spell cause wounds on a 4+, with no armour saves allowed.

4. Ash Storm

Cast on 12+

The sorcerer calls down a hellish storm of choking hot ash, scalding and blinding anything unfortunate enough to be caught in its path.

Ash Storm is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The target unit suffers -1 to hit in close combat and -2 to hit with shooting attacks until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. In addition, the target unit may only use its basic move and may not charge, march or fly. The unit also treats all terrain (except impassable terrain) as dangerous terrain while the spell's effect lasts. Wizards cannot cast magic spells except on themselves while under the effect of this hex. Any unit under the effect of the spell is treated as being flammable.

5. Hell Hammer

Cast on 13+

The sorcerer manifests the power of Hashut as a thunderous ram of roiling energy in the shape of an immense burning black hammer or a monstrous bull's head, which they can unleash across the battlefield with crushing force.

Hell Hammer is a **direct damage** spell. To determine what is hit, extend a straight line 3D6" within the caster's front arc and directly away from their base. Each model in the way (determined as for a bouncing cannonball) must take an Initiative test or suffer a Strength 6 hit causing multiple wounds (D3 wounds). Any unit suffering casualties from this spell must immediately take a Panic test. The Sorcerer may choose to double the *Hell Hammer*'s range (making the line's distance twice the total rolled). If they do so, the casting value of the spell is increased to 18+.

6. Flames of Azgorh

Cast on 18+

Fire leaps from the sorcerer's eyes and mouth as they call upon the most terrible incantations of fire and destruction, the ground cracking open and boiling magma exploding forth in a devastating eruption at their word.

Flames of Azgorh is a **direct damage** spell which may be cast on any point on the table within the caster's line of sight. Place the small (3") round template with the central hole on the chosen target point – the template then scatters D6" (remaining on target if a 'hit' is rolled). All models touched by the template suffer a Strength 6 hit. Hits from this spell have the Flaming Attacks and the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rules. In addition, the model directly under the hole in the template must take a Toughness test at -2 or be slain outright with no saves of any kind allowed. The Sorcerer may choose to increase the power of the *Flames of Azgorh* using the larger (5") round template, but if this is the case the casting value is increased to 25+.



Forged In Hell: Chaos Dwarf Magic Items

The following section contains rules and background for some of the most infamous and-insidious artefacts the Daemonsmiths of the Chaos Dwarfs have created. These may be used in conjunction with the Magic Items from the *Warhammer* rulebook.

Black Hammer of Hashut 35 points (Chaos Dwarf only, Magic Weapon)

This black-bafted hammer bears the horned rune of Hashut, Father of Darkness, and has been carried into battle for centuries by the champions of Zharr-Naggrund. Its burning wrath is terrible and can sunder the strongest armour and pulverise the bones of Ogres as easily as the brittle limbs of Goblins.

Close combat attacks made with this weapon are at +2 Strength. Any Flammable model successfully wounded is killed outright.

Dagger of Malice 20 points (Magic Weapon)

Said to have been found in an ancient barrow near the Plain of Bones, this hooked blade whispers thoughts of murder and violence to any that grasp its hilt. Its edge has never dulled, no matter how many lives it has taken.

The bearer of this weapon suffers Hatred.

Dark Mace 60 points (Magic Weapon)

The origins of this strange weapon have been lost to myth and legend, but it is known to have served many masters down the years. The weapon smoulders with a dark power that seems to eat the light around it and devours the warmth of its victims, leaving them withered husks.

Close combat attacks made with this weapon have Killing Blow, and in addition once per game, the bearer can inflict an automatic wound on every model in base contact, including their own mount, with no armour saves possible.

Armour of Bazherak the Cruel 50 points (Magic Armour)

Legend has it that Bazherak was an infamous Castellan-commander of the Tower of Gorgoth during the wars against the Great Empire of Nebekhara at its height, long before Nagash doomed its people. A general and slave-lord without peer, he threatened the dominance of the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers and he had this armour fashioned in secret to shield him from his rivals. It failed him however when his army was cut off by a vast Orc horde in the tidal flats on the edge of the Bitter Sea, where he drowned under its weight after being driven into the surf. The armour was later recovered in plunder from the Orcs and repaired, and stands as a testament to arrogant warriors of the price of hubris.

This armour provides a 2+ save that cannot be otherwise improved and Magic Resistance (2).

The Mask of the Furnace 65 points (Chaos Dwarf only, Magic Armour)

This brazen, Daemon-faced mask is no mere adornment, but contains bound within it the essence and agonies of all those who have perished before its snarling visage in the forge-fires of sacrifice. The power of these tormented souls guards the wearer while the echoes of their torment are reflected for all to see.

The wearer of this mask counts their armour as 1 point better than normal. In addition they cause fear and have a 4+ Ward save which increases to 2+ against flaming attacks.

Stone Mantle 40 points (Chaos Dwarf only, Talisman)

Said to have been created from the flayed greying flesh of those apprentice sorcerers who have failed Astaroth Ironhand, the Stone Mantle both preserves the Sorcerer-Lord's chosen acolyte and reminds them of the price of failure.

The bearer's Toughness is increased by +1, while their Initiative is lowered by -1 (to a minimum of 1).

Banner of Slavery 35 points (Magic Standard)

This mighty standard carries the emblem of the ziggurat of the great Temple of Zharr, and is richly embellished by runes of tyranny and destruction. Fire and ash bleed from it casting a pall of shadow and those under its influence have no choice but to acknowledge their subjugation to their dark masters and their inevitable victory.

All Hobgoblin units within 12" are Immune to Psychology.

Chalice of Blood and Darkness 50 points (Arcane Item)

Filled with boiling blood and cinder ash, this gem-encrusted chalice contains a powerful curse which can be unleashed to destabilise the winds of magic across the battlefield, drawing their power into its swirling depths.

In any Magic phase the bearer may, if they wish, reduce the number of dice held in both side's dice pools by D3 each. Roll these dice separately declaring before rolling which applies to which side. If a double '1' is rolled between the dice then the bearer suffers a wound with no armour saves allowed. If they roll a double '6' then the bearer may recover a wound previously lost in the game.

Daemon Flask of Ashak 100 points (Enchanted Item, One use)

This infamous iron vessel holds within itself a raging daemonic entity of phenomenal power. When unleashed its screams can shatter stone and cause the ground to split asunder as it flees into the Aether.

One use only. This effect takes place at the start of the player's Movement phase before charges are declared. All enemy units within 18" not Immune to Psychology or Unbreakable suffer a Panic test. Buildings, structures, Chariots (also including models with Chariot-type profiles) and other war machines within this range suffer D6 automatic wounds. Note that this item's effect is not a bound spell and so may not be dispelled normally.

The Cold Wires

Kveller's

Like Vale of
Nightmares

Narg

Kraka
Orak

Resling

Baenonings

Storm of Magic
Scrolls of Binding



Chaos Siege Giant

Giants are mighty but simple-minded brutes whose huge strength and callousness alone is enough to wreak havoc simply by their passing. Their appetite for meat and drink is legendary, as is the destruction their rampages can cause. A single Giant is more than enough to devastate a village without much effort, and if bribed or goaded into battle, a Giant can smash through ranks of troops and crush heavily armoured cavalry with contemptuous ease. The Chaos Dwarfs have not been slow to take note of the power and military potential of Giants, and as result Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers have long had the idea of bringing Giants that they are able to capture or enslave through trickery or trade with the Ogres under their will, and in doing so have been unable to resist 'improving' upon them in order to make them living weapons.

The most common result of these modifications is the Chaos Siege Giant, a mutilated, half-insane creature whose body has been armoured against attack by layer upon layer of heavy iron and bronze plates.

The end result is a towering, iron-clad monster, even more clumsy and unwieldy than before, but now all but impervious to arrows and shot thanks to its armoured shroud. Likewise suitable weapons such as immense hooked blades, steel pick-axes the size of carts and even massive weighted chain-flails are lashed or implanted directly to the Giant's arms to enable it to scale or tear down fortifications and slaughter the largest monsters. Some even are further fitted with scaling hooks and chains, enabling the creature's dead carcass to be used as a scaling platform should it fall, while the most unfortunate have the burning runes of Hashut branded into their armour and flesh, driving them to ever greater heights of savagery at their master's command.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Chaos Siege Giant	5	4	3	6	5	6	3	Special	10	Monster	1	275

EQUIPMENT:

- Hooked blades, picks, chains, rage (hand weapon)
- Siege Armour

OPTIONS:

Runes of Hate 25 points

Some Chaos Dwarf Daemonsmiths go further when encasing Giants in their siege armour, binding the metal with the hellish and twisted runes of Hashut which serve to push the weak and primitive mind of the Giant further into malignant insanity. A Giant with Runes of Hate becomes subject to the Berserk Rage rule (see the Frenzy special rule in the Warhammer rulebook, but note that the other rules for Frenzy do not apply). In addition, whenever the Giant is called upon to roll for a random number of attacks, this may be re-rolled. The second result must be used, even it is worse than the first.

Scaling Spikes 10 points

A Chaos Siege Giant's armour can be fitted with scaling spikes, hooks and chains to aid the Chaos army's assault against fortifications and these may prove useful even if the Giant perishes in the attack. If a Chaos Siege Giant with this upgrade perishes and falls over an obstacle such as a moat, ditch or wall (with the Falling Giant template laying across it), either leave the template in place or otherwise mark the obstacle, which now may be crossed by the Chaos player as clear ground. Additionally, if the Chaos Siege Giant dies at the foot of a building or fortification, Chaos models assaulting any garrison across the location of its body (see previously) gain a special +1 bonus to their Combat Resolution.

SPECIAL RULES:

Large Target, Terror, Stubborn, Immune to Psychology - see the Warhammer rulebook.

Siege Armour: Chaos Siege Giants are encased in massive plates of iron and bronze armour inches thick, alternately strapped, nailed and fused into their flesh. This, coupled with the Giant's bulk, makes them all but impervious to arrow fire, although it proves less effective against a foe brave (or foolish) enough to get in close enough to attack the Giant's less protected thews and vitals. The Giant has a 5+ Armour save, which increases to 3+ against shooting attacks.

Fall Over: Chaos Siege Giants, thanks to the fact they are covered in iron plates hammered and bolted over their bodies, are even more unstable on their feet than 'unmodified' Giants. This can prove as dangerous to friend and foe alike when several tons of angry flesh and spiked metal comes toppling down!

A Giant must test to see whether it will fall over if any of the following apply:

- If it is beaten in close combat. Test in this case after the combat results are determined but before a Break test is taken.
- If it is fleeing at the start of the Movement phase.
- When it crosses an obstacle. Test when the obstacle is reached.
- If the Giant decides to Flail and Crush an enemy. Test immediately beforehand.

To see if a Chaos Siege Giant falls over, roll a D6. On a roll of a 1 or 2, the Giant falls over. A slain Giant falls over automatically.

To determine in which direction the Giant falls, roll a Scatter dice. Place the Fallen Giant template with its feet at the model's base and its head in the direction of the fall. The Fallen Giant template is a special shaped template which otherwise uses all the template rules from the Warhammer rulebook (so any models lying completely or partially under it are automatically hit).

A model hit by a falling Chaos Siege Giant takes a Strength 7 hit that has the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. If the unit is in combat and the Giant has fallen over while attempting to Flail and Crush, wounds inflicted by the falling Giant count towards combat resolution.

A Giant that falls over automatically suffers 1 wound. If the Giant is in combat, then this wound counts towards combat resolution.

Once on the ground (you may lie the model down if you wish), a Giant may get up in its Movement phase, but may not move that turn. Whilst on the ground a Giant may not attack, but can still defend itself after a fashion so the enemy must still roll to score hits. If forced to flee whilst on the ground the Giant is slain - the enemy swarm over them and cut them to pieces, stabbing through the chinks in the Chaos Siege Giant's armour. If the Giant gets the opportunity to pursue their foes whilst on the ground, they stand up instead. A Giant may attack in close combat as usual on the turn they stand up.

Chaos Siege Giant Attacks: Giants do not attack in the same manner as other creatures, being too large, fractious and in the case of the Chaos-tainted and mutilated Siege Giants, too insane to carry out a coherent plan of attack. In order to determine what a Chaos Siege Giant does in each Close Combat phase, pick a unit in base-to-base contact with the Giant and roll a D6, applying the result shown on one of the following tables. Which table you use depends on the size of the Giant's victim. When fighting characters who are riding monsters, decide whether to attack the rider or mount before rolling on the table.

Legbreaker!: The Giant targets the legs of its outsized enemy with its Ripping Blades and Pick, tearing open hamstring muscles, severing limbs and slamming their foe into the ground. The Giant targets a single enemy model in the target unit that is in base contact. The Giant and its victim both roll a D6 and add their Strength, and for each point by which the Giant beats its victim's score, it inflicts D3 automatic wounds with no armour saves allowed. In addition, regardless of the result, any models other than the Giant inflicting the attack in base contact with the victim must pass an Initiative test to get out of the way or suffer an automatic wound from the struggling beasts!

Smash with Pick: The Giant brings down its Pick on the head of an unfortunate victim, most likely leaving little left but a blood red smear. The Giant chooses a single target model from the enemy unit that it is in base contact with. The target may attempt to avoid the blow by passing an Initiative test. If the test is failed, the model suffers 2D6 wounds with no Armour save allowed. If a double is rolled, the Giant's pick has imbedded itself in the ground and the Giant cannot attack at all in the following round of the same combat whilst it yanks it free.

'Eadbutt: The Giant targets a single enemy model from the target unit that is in base contact, automatically inflicting 1 wound with no Armour saves allowed. If the victim is wounded but not slain, then the victim is dazed and loses their subsequent attacks. If the victim has not yet attacked in the combat round, they lose their attacks this round, or if they have already attacked, then they lose all their attacks in the next round instead.

Yell and Bawl: The Giant screams and howls at the enemy in an inarticulate but utterly terrifying hail of abuse. Neither the Giant nor models in base contact with them fight if they have not already done so this round. The Giant's side automatically wins the combat by 2 points. If both sides have a Giant that Yells and Bawls, the combat is a draw.

Flail and Crush: Being too heavy to jump up and down as a normal Giant might when moved to a frenzy of violence, the Siege Giant however does its best to mash anything close underfoot and flail blindly with its oversized weapons. First test to see if the Giant falls over (see previously), with any wounds caused if they do counting towards the combat result. If the Giant remains on its feet, select a target unit in base contact. That unit sustains D6

Strength 8 automatic hits. Resolve wounds and saves as normal as the armoured bulk of the Giant batters them into the ground.

Ripping Blades: Equipped with massive hooked blades or oversized flails mounted on bundles of chains, Chaos Siege Giants are equally at home smashing apart buildings and fortifications as they are sweeping mere mortals into a jumbled heap of torn flesh and broken bones. The Giant's enthusiasm however can sometimes mean they prove more dangerous to themselves than the enemy.

Select a target unit in base contact, that unit suffers 2D6 Strength 6 automatic hits, resolve wounds and saves as normal.

If a double 6 is rolled, as well as inflicting twelve hits on the enemy, the Giant must immediately test to see if it falls over. Any further damage done in this way counts towards combat resolution.

If a double 1 is rolled, something very unfortunate has occurred. If this has happened no damage is inflicted on the enemy unit. Instead the Giant suffers D3 wounds (no saves) and immediately falls over (the chain has wrapped around their neck, they've managed to stab themselves or something equally unpleasant has occurred). Any wounds caused by the fall count towards combat resolution as usual.

Wall-Ripper: A Chaos Siege Giant may always choose to attack and destroy buildings, regardless of the scenario (see page 399 of the Warhammer rulebook and use the Watchtower description for fortified buildings where appropriate), and may always choose to assault the building even if it is occupied, potentially bringing it down on top of any unlucky garrisoning troops inside. A Chaos Siege Giant always attacks a building with the Smash with Pick attack and need not roll for a random attack type.

MAN-SIZED OR SMALLER CHART

Use this chart when fighting anything not covered by the Big Things chart.

D6	Result
1	Yell and Bawl
2	Smash with Pick
3-4	Flail and Crush
5-6	Ripping Blades

BIG THINGS CHART

Use this chart when fighting Monsters, Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Chariots, War Machines and anything else with the Large Target special rule (except buildings, see special rules below) and characters riding any of the above.

D6	Result
1-2	Legbreaker!
3-4	Smash with Pick
5-6	'Eadbutt

Bile Trolls of Chaos

Trolls are hideous and malformed creatures, among whom a wide variety of different mutated sub-species and terrible deformities can be found. Perhaps the vilest of these are the Bile Trolls – cursed, tortured creatures with an appalling hunger that can never be satiated. Corrupt of flesh and dwelling in living agony, who, unlike many of Father Nurgle's children, receive no respite from the horror of their existence in their dark god's worship. Furthermore, although their ability to heal fresh injury is less than that of their kin (as overtaxed as it is by their own endless suffering), their touch is a lethal poison and their corrosive bile rots away living flesh in seconds.

The Bile Trolls that haunt the Cold Mires of the Northern Wastes, although mercifully few in number shunned and feared, even by other Trolls who, despite their infamous stupidity, do not wish to share their curse.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Bile Troll	6	2	1	5	5	4	1	3	5	Monstrous Infantry	3-9	60 per model

EQUIPMENT

Suppurating claws, fangs and rusted cleavers (hand weapon)

SPECIAL RULES

Fear, Stupidity, Poisoned Attacks, Regeneration (5+) - see the Warhammer rulebook.

The Mark of Nurgle: Vile beyond belief and shrouded with leprous vapours, the Bile Troll is difficult to target. Ranged attacks that target them are at -1 to hit. Models that target them in close combat strike at -1 WS.

Infected Vomit: The stew of plagues and meat maggots that swim in the guts of the Bile Trolls is so infamous and horrific it has given these creatures their name. Instead of attacking normally, the unit may forgo its usual attacks to make an Infected Vomit attack. Choose one enemy unit in combat with the Bile Trolls, every Bile Troll in base contact with this unit inflicts an automatic Strength 5 hit with no Armour saves allowed. This hit also has the Multiple Wounds (D3) rule. These attacks are treated as magical.

Carmine Dragon

Carmine or Encarmine dragons as they are sometimes known to dark legend, are strange and rare beasts even among their storied kin, born it is said according to arcane lore when a dragon lair in which it is spawned has become saturated by Shyish, the Amethyst wind of death, which is gathered and magnified with the heart and soul of dragon to be born. They are named for their strange and lustrous scales, supple as sin and harder than steel, which begin a deep ruby red when they are young, darkening into a purple so deep as to be almost black as they age. Carmine Dragons are sinister, clever and deadly creatures, and considered spectres of death in many ancient tales, and one's appearance in the lore of the Dwarfs is always seen as omen that presages disaster. They are reputed to lair in dark swamps, ancient battle sites and the ruins of fallen cities — anywhere where death has had lease on a great scale, for in some way the echoes of destruction are said to feed their power, and the spirits of the dead whisper to them in the darkness.

The wrath of a carmine dragon is truly terrible to behold, and only rarely will they ever submit to an alliance, let alone to be ridden, save as part of some dark purpose or design of their own, although if they do, it is usually only to one themselves knowledgeable in dark and arcane lore.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Carmine Dragon	6	5	-	5	6	6	5	6	8	Monster	1	305
Emperor Carmine Dragon	8	8	-	8	9	9	7	8	10	Monster	1	700

SPECIAL RULES

Terror, Large Target, Fly, Scaly Skin (2+) see the Warhammer rulebook.

Magic (Emperor Dragon): Some Emperor Dragons are mighty wizards in their own right, able to instinctively wield the power of the winds of Magic. Emperor Carmine Dragons may be bought up to four Wizard levels for 35 points each. These spells are always drawn from the Lore of Death.

Coruscating Blast: The Carmine Dragon's breath weapon is a sorcerous blast of powerful Amethyst magic capable of withering metal and rendering flesh to dust as if millennia had passed in mere seconds. This breath weapon works similarly to determining the effects of a cannon shot (see the Warhammer rulebook). The maximum range of the attack's target point is 12" away from the monster and may be targeted just like a normal breath weapon. After the target point has been selected, roll the Artillery dice to create a line of effect for the blast travelling in a straight line away from the dragon (just as for determining a 'bounce' for a cannon shot). A Misfire result should be re-rolled. Any model caught in the line of the blast suffers D3 wounds, with no Armour saves possible.

Toad Dragon

Toad Dragons are huge, reeking, primeval horrors. They are for the fate of the world blessedly few in number, and confined largely to the trackless, otherworldly fens known as the Cold Mires under the coruscating skies of the uttermost north. These colossal beasts are near-mindless, violent and almost impossible to kill, and have a dire repute in the legends of the Northern Wastes which name them for their appearance and raw power, when in truth they are perhaps far closer to the lumbering beasts that inhabit the jungles of Lustria, than the true and ancient lineages of dragon-kind.

The strength of a Toad Dragon is prodigious, as is its appetite, while its tainted breath is so corrosively foul it can liquefy flesh and whither steel in mere moments. Those it does not devour or smash flat it can smother beneath its feculent bulk as it crawls across the earth – its questing tongue darting out with terrifying speed to snatch up more victims to disappear down its yawning maw.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type	Unit Size	Points
Toad Dragon	8	4	0	7	7	10	2	4	6	Monster	1	350

SPECIAL RULES

Large Target, Scaly Skin (3+), Immune to Psychology, and Terror (see the Warhammer rulebook)

Colossal Beast: Such is the vast size of the beast, it is uncommonly hard to kill by 'normal' means. Its bulk and resilience is such that arrows and blades are of little more account than pinpricks and even cannon fire, and powerful magics must strike at the vitals of such a creature in order to slay it.

The creature may only be wounded by attacks of Strength 4 or higher, and regardless of an attack's strength, the great beast may never be wounded on better than a 3+.

If the great beast is subject to a magic spell or special attack that would cause it to be slain outright, it suffers D6 wounds instead.

This creature is so massive it can crush dozens beneath its bulk and annihilate great swathes of men with a lash of its tail. The monster's Thunderstomp inflicts 2D6 hits.

Unspeakable Foulness: A Toad Dragon may exhale a blast of flesh-rotting foulness from his gaping jaws. Any unfortunates caught in the path of this tide of horror suffer the most appalling fate imaginable as their flesh sloughs from their bones and their lungs fill with blood and pus. This is a breath weapon attack and any model caught within its template is automatically hit and must take a Toughness test at -1 or suffer D3 wounds. No armour saves may be taken against this attack.

Tongue Lash: In addition to the Toad Dragon's normal attacks, it may also make a single special lash attack with its befouled and venomous slurping tongue. This single attack may be inflicted against any enemy model in base contact with the Toad Dragon; it is a Strength 4, Poisoned attack with the Always Strikes First rule. Should the victim survive, they suffer -1 to hit that combat turn.

Author's Afterword

Hello there! Well, if you're reading this afterword, I think it's safe to assume you've also read the story that has gone before it, the story of Tamurkhan, and I hope you've enjoyed it.

Tamurkhan: Throne of Chaos is the first in what will be an ongoing series of books produced by Warhammer Forge, just in the same way that our popular Imperial Armour books have been produced by Forge World. What this has meant for us is the chance to do something new and different, and has provided a wonderful opportunity to delve into the unique world of Warhammer and tell the same kind of far-reaching stories set in this exciting and dark milieu just as we have for Warhammer 40,000. This has also presented an interesting challenge (albeit a hugely enjoyable one), both in terms of narrative style and production. The results of which are yours to judge, and if you have any feedback we'd love to hear from you. I'd particularly like to sing the praises of our illustration and production crew, who I think have done a truly fabulous job in bringing to life both my writing and adding lashings of their own imagination and invention to the book, making it more than I could have hoped for.

A very big part of the challenge in producing *Tamurkhan* was doing the world of Warhammer 'justice', so to speak. The Warhammer world is a very unique and singular creation, built up through years

of imagery, game design, fiction and above all the shared experience of hobbyists and tabletop battles. Warhammer is a dark world of deadly battle and perilous adventure — a realm of magic and glory, savagery and strife that has its own essence and feel that sets it apart from mere 'generic' fantasy and I hope we have captured that thrilling and unique essence here. In order to do this we took what is one of the central themes of the Warhammer world — the threat of Chaos, and personified it in one warlord, Tamurkhan. In doing so I hope we have woven a grand saga of battle in the tale of the Maggot Lord and his ultimately doomed quest to seize the power of Daemonhood for himself while great armies clash, monsters run amok and cities burn. Key to this has also been allowing our talented model designers to create some great models for you to use in your games, and the ability to play Warhammer in new and interesting ways, as well as fight out Tamurkhan's quest for conquest for yourselves.

I also hope we've shown you something new and unfamiliar regards the Warhammer world you already know — be they strange and deadly lands that have been up until now no more than words on a map, or the inner workings and strife of a Chaos horde, or perhaps the capricious malevolence of the Dark Gods made manifest. This is an example of what we mean to do in the future — shine a spotlight on parts of the Warhammer world that may be familiar or less well known, and tell exciting and engrossing stories, and of course, expand and enhance your games of Warhammer and the enjoyment you can get out of your hobby.

It only remains for me to thank everybody who has been involved in the production and creation of this book, from its inception to playtesting. I couldn't have done it without you.

Thanks



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July 2011

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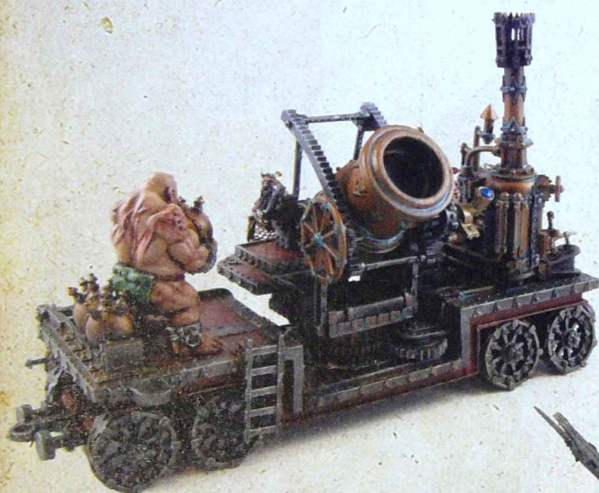


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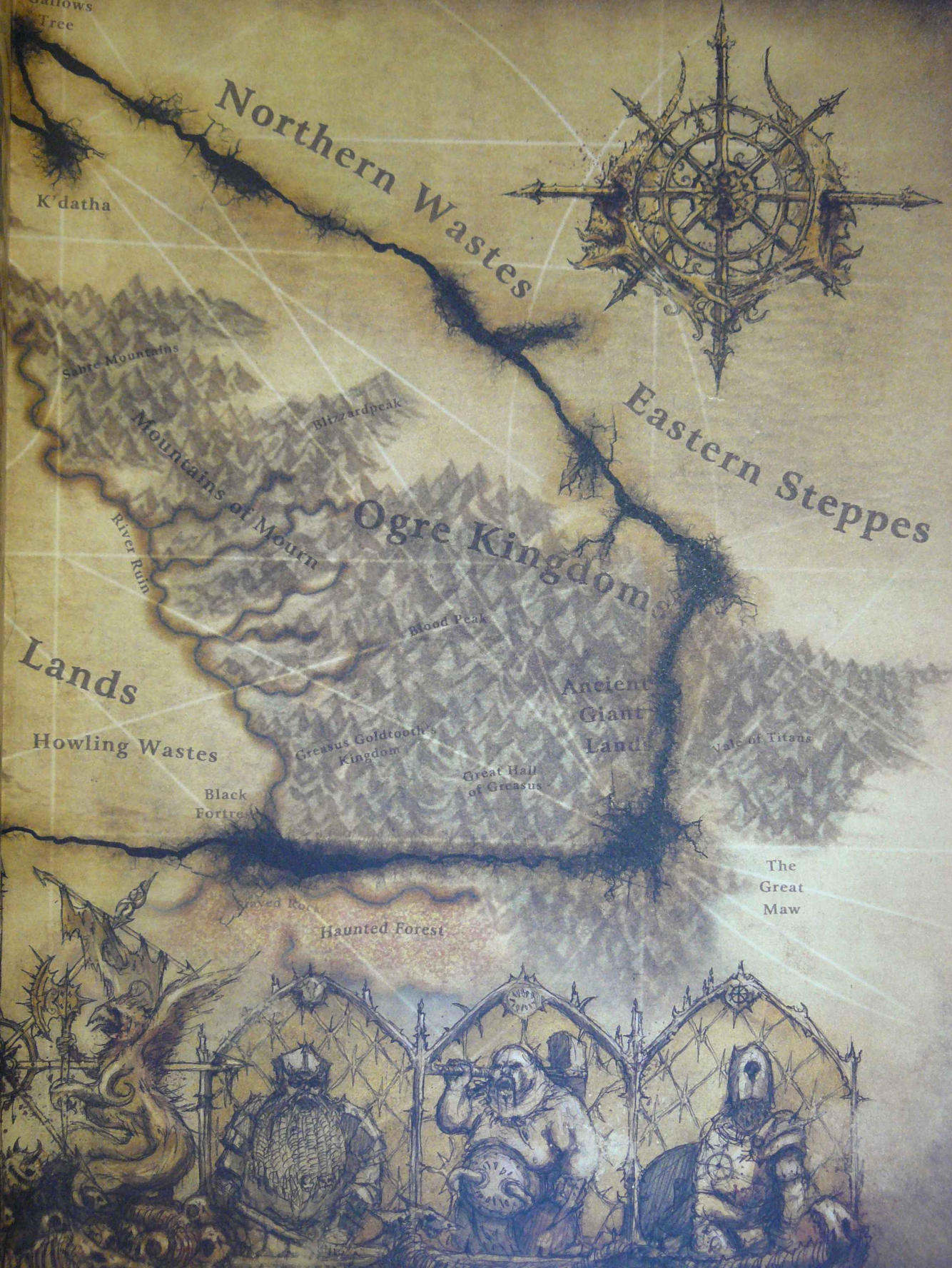
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