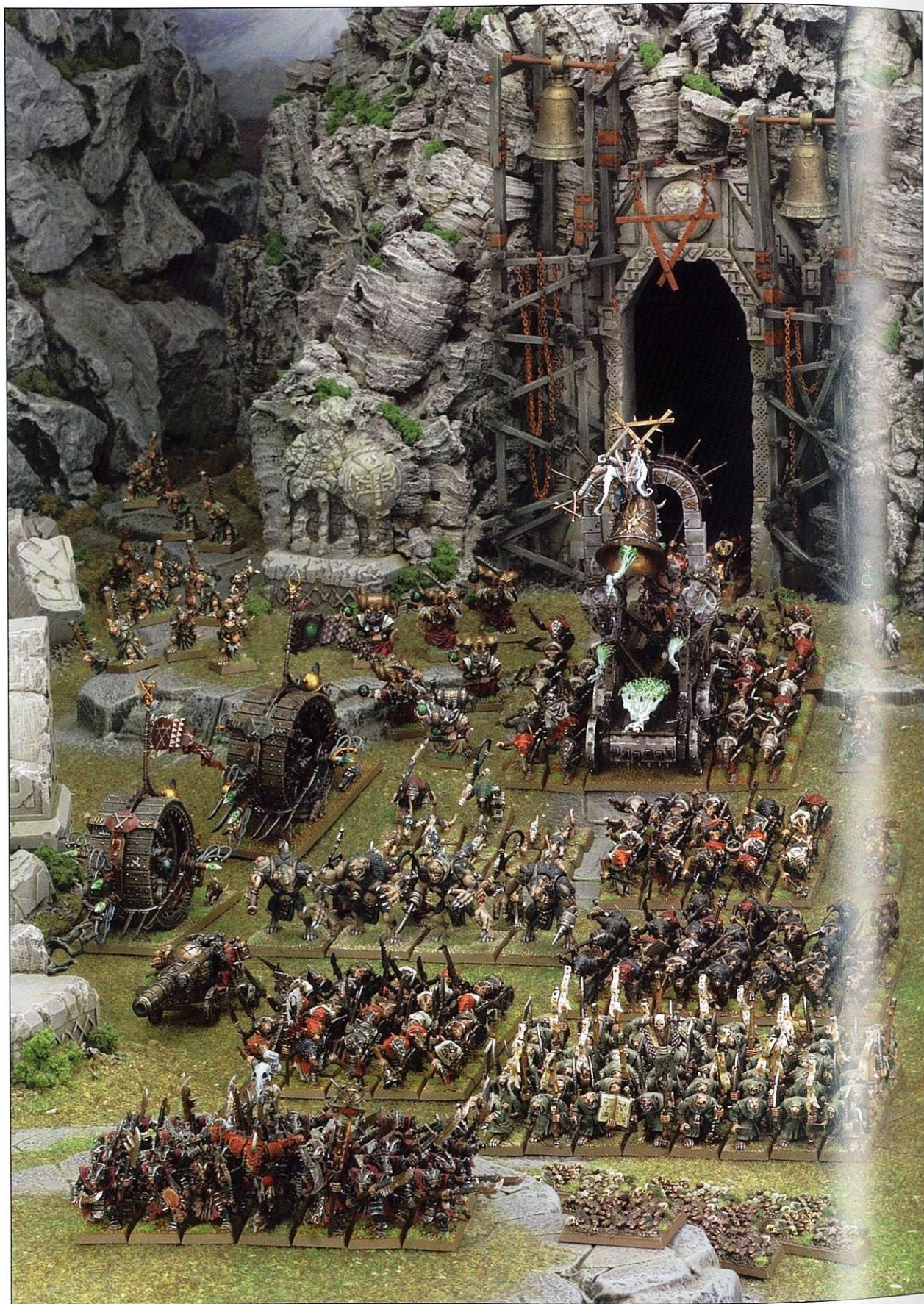


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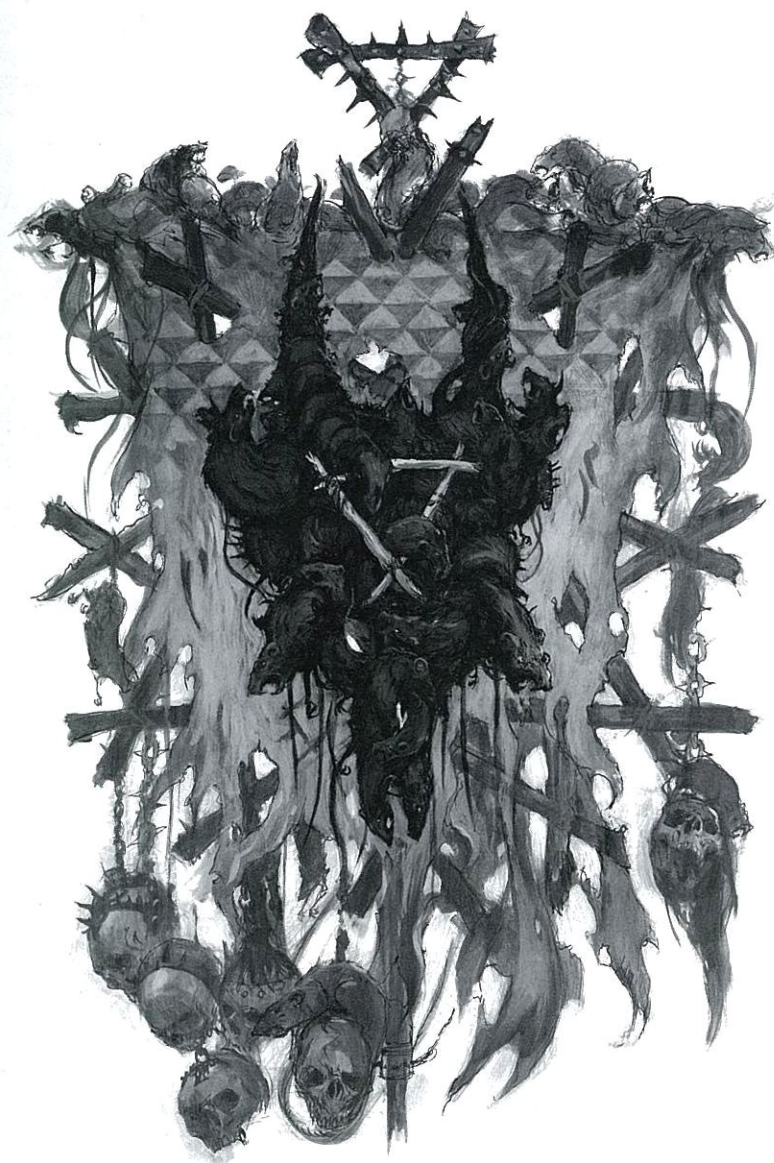
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Warlord Queek Headtaker leads his verminous army forth on a campaign of destruction.

SKAVEN



By Jeremy Vetock

CONTENTS

THE MENACE BELOW	4	SKAVEN BESTIARY	<i>Continued</i>
CHILDREN OF THE HORNE RAT	6	Giant Rats	54
SKAVENBLIGHT	10	Rat Ogres	55
THE UNDER-EMPIRE	12	Hell Pit Abomination	56
LAIRS OF THE UNDER-EMPIRE	14	Warlock Engineers	58
ORIGINS OF THE SKAVEN	16	Poisoned Wind Globadiers	59
The Doom of Kavzar	16	Weapon Teams	60
HISTORY OF THE SKAVEN	18	Warplock Jezzails	65
SKAVEN TIMELINE	30	Doomwheel	66
SKAVEN SPECIAL RULES	33	Warp Lightning Cannon	68
SKAVEN BESTIARY	34	Ikit Claw	69
Clanrats	34	Throt the Unclean	70
Stormvermin	35	Skweel Gnawtooth	71
Skavenslaves	36	Queek Headtaker	72
Rat Swarms	37	Tretch Craventail	73
Warlords & Chieftains	38	Lord Skrolk	74
Skaven Mounts	39	Deathmaster Snikch	75
Vermin Lord	40	Thanquol & Boneripper	76
Grey Seers	41	SKAVEN MAGIC	78
Screaming Bell	42	THE VERMINOUS HORDE	80
Plague Monks	44	SKAVEN ARMY LIST	97
Plague Priests	45	Lords	98
Plague Censer Bearers	46	Heroes	100
Plagueclaw Catapult	47	Core	102
Plague Furnace	48	Special	104
Night Runners	50	Rare	106
Gutter Runners	51	TOOLS OF SUPREMACY	107
Assassins	52	REFERENCE	112
Packmasters/Master Moulder	53		



INTRODUCTION

The Skaven are a malevolent race of ratmen that lair in the darksome tunnels of the Warhammer world. They watch, wait, and scheme until the time is right to rise upwards in a verminous tide to overrun and enslave all surface dwellers...

Welcome to Warhammer Armies: Skaven, the definitive guide to the ravenous and altogether evil ratmen of the underworld. This book provides all the information to collect, paint, and play an army of the sinister Skaven in the Warhammer tabletop wargame.

THE WARHAMMER GAME

The Warhammer rulebook contains the rules you need to fight battles with your Citadel Miniatures. Every army has its own book that works with these rules and allows you to turn your collection of miniatures into an organised and battle-ready force. This particular army book describes the Skaven.



WHY COLLECT A SKAVEN ARMY?

Skaven are a characterful, black parody of mankind and ultimately embody everything that is wrong with humanity, only more so. In addition to being cowardly, Skaven cheat, steal, and endlessly stab each other in the back for their own promotion. They will, quite literally, eat each other alive. Skaven are never culpable, being wholly unable to take the blame for even the most obvious and egregious errors entirely of their own making. But, unlike humans (at least, the better sorts), Skaven embrace this total lack of scruples or honour. In fact, the better at scheming and double-crossing a Skaven is, and the more swaggeringly arrogant he acts about it, the more suitable he is for leadership of a Warlord clan!

A Skaven army is a ragged mass of vicious cut-throats, eager to usurp civilisation and nest in its broken ruins. They are a multitudinous horde with a staggering amount of troops at their disposal, from rank after rank of warriors, such as Clanrats, Stormvermin, or Skavenslaves, to packs of war-beasts like Giant Rats or the hulking Rat Ogres. Specialist troops, such as the Poisoned Wind Globadiers or stealthy death squads of Gutter Runners, march alongside the larger blocks of infantry. Towering over it all are the devilish war machines of a wickedly clever race. Masters of an insane blend of magic and technology, the Skaven can field a number of infernal devices of destruction, such as the infamous Doomwheel or the highly feared war engine of ruination known as the Screaming Bell.

The Skaven are the ultimate scavenger army and they are led to battle by a Warlord or a Grey Seer, the powerful mage-rats that claim to be the prophets of their foul vermin-god, the Great Horned Rat.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

This book contains everything you need to know in order to collect an army of Skaven. To do this, Warhammer Armies books are split into sections, each of which deals with a different aspect of the army. Warhammer Armies: Skaven contains:

The Menace Below. The first section introduces the Skaven and their place in the Warhammer world. It describes the treacherous and hierarchical society of ratmen, their mysterious beginnings, the sprawling Under-Empire in which they live, and the history of the Skaven attempts at world conquest thus far.

Skaven Bestiary. Every unit, diabolical device of devastation and type of hero in the Skaven army is described here. You will find information for every entry, alongside complete rules and details of any special abilities or equipment they possess.

The Verminous Horde. Here you will see photographs of the range of Citadel miniatures available for the Skaven army, gloriously painted by Games Workshop's world-renowned 'Eavy Metal team. Colour schemes for the different units in the Skaven army, example shields and banners and a wealth of information and inspiration can be found here.

Skaven Army List. The army list takes all of the troop types, war machines, and famous Skaven individuals presented in the bestiary and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as either Characters, Core, Special or Rare units and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing. The list is followed by the Tools of Supremacy – the deadly and ingenious magic items of the Skaven.



FIND OUT MORE

While Warhammer Armies: Skaven contains everything you need to play a game with your verminous army, there are always more tactics to use, different battles to fight and painting ideas to try out. The monthly magazine White Dwarf contains articles about all aspects of the Warhammer game and hobby, and you can find articles specific to the Skaven and their vile ways on our website:

www.games-workshop.com



THE MENACE BELOW

An evil force unlike any other is watching and waiting. They are impatient, yet they bide their time. They are scheming, their nefarious plots stretch unseen across all lands. They are everywhere, yet they remain hidden. From the Worlds Edge Mountains to the jungles of the Southlands, from the arid dunes to the barbaric Northlands, no kingdom remains untouched. They are a heinous race that over the long centuries has brought low ancient Dwarfholds, grinding down that proud race to but a fraction of its former glory. In the past they have contaminated the temple-cities of the cold-blooded creatures of Lustria, and reduced the Empire, the greatest human nation of the Old World, to total starvation and near ruin. And they are planning for worse to come...

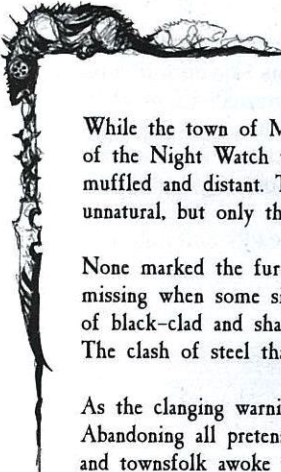
Across the surface of the world alliances are severed, plagues are spread and wars are started – all orchestrated by a shrouded and impalpable menace that lurks undetected under the very feet of those they conspire to destroy. They are the Skaven and they seek nothing short of complete mastery of the world.

The vile Skaven gnaw the roots of the world like a malignant cancer. They spread corruption, mercilessly undermining civilisation, waiting until the time is ripe to invade. Countless armies prepare to burst forth from their underground realm to claim the rightful heritage of the Skaven. To rule supreme is their ultimate destiny, promised to them a hundredfold in the furtive whispers of the Great Horned Rat, the malevolent god of the

ratmen that is forever scratching at the fabric separating the material world from the great beyond.

When the Skaven abandon their secretive ways and emerge from their subterranean lairs, they do so for only one reason: to unleash vicious and inhuman war. It is a nightmare vision – a ravenous horde, a chaotic and rolling tide of verminous ratmen in unimaginably vast numbers. Ranks of Clanrat warriors surge forwards, bristling with blades and spears, strange doom-laden symbols and runes scrawled on their shields and banners. The Stormvermin, hardened elites, stand out, their well-armoured and militaristic ways contrasting with the ragged masses of the Skavenslaves that are driven callously to the front. Amongst the tattered ranks of Skaven soldiers can be found troops more foul – packs of mutated beasts bred for battle, fanatical disease-ridden Plague Monks and arcane and terrible engines of destruction that blend science and sorcery in a diabolical and hitherto unseen fashion. A Skaven army moves at a speed that belies its staggering and unwieldy size, seemingly pouring over the landscape in flowing waves of chittering ratmen. After a battle a Skaven army will disappear like flood waters, draining back into countless unseen holes, leaving only scoured lands covered in cracked and well-picked over bones.

Who knows where the Skaven will surface next? The only certainty is that they wait in the dark beneath the world, ever watching with beady red eyes for the right moment to strike.



While the town of Mironia slept, the fog rose from the Blighted Marshes and engulfed the Tilean village. The lanterns of the Night Watch were all but lost in the thickening mist and the hourly tolling of the "All's-well" sounded muffled and distant. The men of the patrolling night watch were wary, for the fog seemed sinister and wholly unnatural, but only the soft lapping of the canal waters and the damp dripping of condensed moisture could be heard.

None marked the furtive scuffling of clawed feet across the cobblestones. Many of the town's patrol were already missing when some sixth sense caused Capitano Rizzilo to spin around. Behind him, outlined in the fog, were dozens of black-clad and shadowy figures. Underneath their cowls verminous eyes reflected crimson in the flickering light. The clash of steel that followed was brief, but enough to raise the alarm.

As the clanging warnings rang out they were, in turn, answered by a discordant clamour from the surrounding fog. Abandoning all pretense of stealth, a chittering horde rose up and advanced into Mironia. So it was that the soldiers and townsfolk awoke to find themselves under full-fledged attack. A wall of rune-marked shields stretched across the narrow streets. Doors and shuttered windows were smashed as man, woman, and child were pulled screaming from their homes. Near the garrisons, resistance was fiercest. Behind make-shift barricades the surging tide of ratmen was, for a time, stemmed. It was there that the green-tipped flames erupted and eldritch chain-lightnings flashed across the sky.

By morning every citizen, like the fog, had disappeared. Only smoking ruins remained and these too, in time, would be claimed by the rising swampland.



CHILDREN OF THE HORNED RAT

The Skaven are a race of bipedal ratmen that are so rarely seen that many deny their very existence. The majority of the man-sized vermin are slight of build and, if they abandoned their slinking hunched gait, stand between four to five feet in height, with the largest specimens reaching over six feet. Skaven are covered in close fur, save for their ears, muzzle, hands, and fleshy, worm-like tails. The eyes of the ratmen gleam red in torchlight and their mouths are lined with wicked teeth, particularly their yellowed incisors, which are razor-sharp for ripping and tearing.

Skaven move in rapid stop-start scurries. They exude nervous energy in twitchy, hurried bursts and always seem to be in an agitated state. Skaven metabolism burns at a ferocious rate, peaking with a spike of adrenaline if they feel angry or threatened. This hyper vitality gives rise to the quick reflexes, endless haste and the legendary speed of the Skaven. The drawback to such velocity is that the ratmen need to gorge themselves after a long march or battle to refuel their drained bodies. Amongst Skaven this phenomenon is

known as the Black Hunger and goes some way to explaining their propensity for feasting upon the fallen (of either side) after combat. Larger individuals have been known to devour an entire Skaven after a battle. A Skaven suffering the pangs of the Black Hunger and unable to replenish himself will visibly weaken and soon after die. This is why personal challenges so often end with the loser being eaten by the victor.

Although not regularly seen by surface dwellers, the Skaven are arguably the most numerous of all races. With a population of titanic proportions, the Skaven remain hidden away underneath unsuspecting nations. Mysteriously, little to nothing is known about the females of the Skaven race. The only sightings are by the Dwarfs, who occasionally encounter vast breeding pits during the bitter and merciless wars of extermination the two races continue to fight in the deep warrens far from the light of day. Dwarf reports claim that Skaven females are rare, large, indolent, and only semi-intelligent (at most). They do, it is guessed, produce frequent litters of a mind-boggling size.



THE WARLORD CLANS

A treacherous hierarchy of clans dominates Skaven society, with what are known as Warlord clans making up the bulk of the bulging population. At the top of the pyramid of clan power is the Warlord (hence the term) who must embody a kill-or-be-killed maxim. A Skaven Warlord is often physically larger and more imposing than his brethren, but he must also be a devious tactician to stay ahead of any would-be usurpers. As it is the Skaven cut-throat way to rise by any means possible, a Warlord is right to suspect anyone and everyone.

Beneath the Warlord, and therefore most likely to attempt a takeover, are any number of lesser commanders, Chieftains and pack leaders. The warrior class follows, and is largely formed of Clanrats as well as the elite Stormvermin. At the base, the bedrock on which the ratmen society is built upon, is the worker-class, the lowly and readily disposable Skavenslaves. Their miserable lives are freely expended on toil, dangerous experiments, or as cannon fodder in battle.

All of the teeming masses within the clan follow the same pattern of tyrannical hierarchy. It is a lawless world where the strong survive, but had better watch their backs. Back-stabbing and double-crossing are not considered dishonourable amongst Skaven, but are instead seen as the traditional way to advance. As every one of the ratmen is looking for a chance to stick it to his mate for personal gain, an act of treachery must be particularly cunning or well timed in order to work. This system naturally develops both extreme paranoia and the most insidiously cunning leaders at every level.

Skaven hierarchy is obvious, as underlings go to elaborate lengths to prostrate themselves (insincerely but with great ceremony) before any superior. Likewise, any Skaven in even a nominal command will lord it over inferiors. Every Skaven knows his status in a pack, but positions can change rapidly. A few betrayals or a single back-stabbing can elevate a warrior to a leader before the body of his victim drops. In the same vein, a ruler is only a single act of treachery away from being eaten alive. Daily life at all levels is marked by a shifting and jostling for power, as Skaven plot and scheme to raise their own personal standing. Alliances are formed, broken, and reformed again. Even amongst ratmen of similar status there is no equality; someone is always ahead. Every Skaven looks for weakness in the pack and is himself being marked by others. At any stratum, but especially amongst the lowest tiers, this squabbling takes the form of physical clashes with tooth and claw. Most Skaven are scarred by fights of this type, and many have lost an ear or eye. Skaven crippled in such contests do not last long. If the victor does not butcher them, the masses will rip them apart and eat them, as it is foolish to pass up such an easy meal opportunity.

All clans fluctuate in number, the population rising exponentially during times of ample food and crashing during lean periods. At its peak a single large Warlord clan could number in the hundreds of thousands and could be spread across a score of different lairs and strongholds. There is no knowing exactly how many different clans

there are scattered throughout the Under-Empire, as the vast interconnected Skaven nation is known. There are certainly thousands, but the numbers change daily. The larger, more powerful Warlord clans actively seek out and destroy smaller clans, absorbing their numbers as warriors or slaves, or simply gorging upon them. Clans that grow too large and fractious can, if the Warlord is not aggressive enough, split into rivalling factions.



To a non-Skaven all the hordes of the Warlord clans may look the same. However, to a keen observer, or the ratmen themselves, there are distinctive differences. Clan markings, freely interspersed with the foul symbols of the rat-deity, are often painted, scratched or smeared atop shields and banners. Some clans, such as Clan Grutnik or Clan Mordkin, are known to dye their fur in specific colours. Others brand vile Skaven runes or clan icons into their skin so their foes know whom they are facing. The most successful clans, such as Clan Mors, have better weapons and more armour than the others, looted over many long campaigns and jealously hoarded. Clan Carrion are such expert scavengers that they carry heaped detritus from battles as well as scraps from the ruins in which they lair. Warriors from clans like Clan Volkn bear blades of shiny obsidian metal, mined deep underneath their volcanic lairs. When the multitudes mass for battle though, these visual differences blur amidst the ravenous horde and even the ratmen tend to rely on their keen sense of smell to find their own clan.

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

*Albrecht of Nuln
Burned at the stake,
IC 1301 for pernicious declamation*



THE GREATER CLANS

Some Skaven factions are very different to the Warlord clans; the most famous of which are the Greater clans: Clan Moulder, Clan Skryre, Clan Eshin, and Clan Pestilens. Each of these clans is the equivalent of scores of Warlord clans in terms of influence, military might, and economic power. These four Greater clans have ascendancy over the Warlord clans and each has its own specialisation, armaments, and ways of waging war.

CLAN MOULDER

Clan Moulder rose to infamy by mastering the art of breeding, mutating, and surgically creating monstrous fighting-beasts. It is unknown how they stitch together disparate parts of mutated creatures, for they jealously guard their methods. It is no secret that Clan Moulder is one of the wealthiest of all clans, for the heinous creations are sold to the Warlord clans, who are eager to boost their fighting prowess by adding swarms of Giant Rats, packs of towering Rat Ogres, or perhaps something even more bizarre. A portion of many Warlord clan's military strength was birthed in Hell Pit, the loathsome stronghold of Clan Moulder.

While many are jealous of the power and might of Clan Moulder, few dare to openly deny them. At need, Clan Moulder can field an entire army of war-beasts.

CLAN SKRYRE

Clan Skryre specialises in the insane blending of sorcery and arcane technology. Its members, known as Warlock Engineers, are inventors that build infernal devices capable of fiendish destruction. Many are sorcerers in their own right, able to manipulate the Winds of Magic to cast spells and intertwine enchantments into mechanical form. From their warpforges under the verminous capital of Skavenblight, Clan Skryre has produced untold weaponry, including the poisoned wind globe, the Warfire Thrower, and the deadly Warp Lightning Cannon. Clan Skryre has risen to become, arguably, the most influential of all clans. By selling their weird arsenal of devastation to the Warlord clans as quickly as slaves can churn them off the assembly lines, Clan Skryre has grown as wealthy as Clan Moulder. None dare offend Clan Skryre for fear of ending up at the wrong end of any number of weapons that could melt, blast, desiccate, or otherwise cause grievous death.

FOUL RUNES OF THE NEFARIOUS SKAVEN

Skaven use scrawled or 'claw-marked' runes to proclaim their clan allegiance* or to bring the favour of the Horned Rat. Runes can be found on shields, banners, or scratched into stonework to mark out a clan's territory. Here are many of the most commonly seen runes.



*Clan Eshin
Rune*



*The Rune of the
Great Horned Rat*



*Clan Moulder
Rune*



Clan Skryre Runes



*The Rune of the
Grey Seers*



Clan Pestilens Rune

*As Clanrats switch allegiances, become enslaved, or scavenge gear it is common to see a host of different symbols even within the same clawpack.

CLAN ESHIN

Shrouded in shadow and mystery, Clan Eshin is by far the most nefarious of the Skaven clans. They are feared as murderers and the art of stealthy death is one that they have mastered. They are silent stalkers more than capable of infiltrating past any number of guards or traps. At their disposal are a range of troops trained to kill, from the solitary Assassins, to whole death squads known as Gutter Runners. For the right price Clan Eshin will slay any rival, steal any information, or commit any act of sabotage required. No Warlord wants to be targeted by a Clan Eshin contract and the mere mention of the black-clad killers is enough to make any ratman look over his shoulder. There are Clan Eshin agents scattered throughout the strongholds of many Warlord clans and even hidden within the cities of the surface dwellers.

CLAN PESTILENS

Perhaps the most ill-regarded of all clans is Clan Pestilens. They are known as the Plague Monks, for they are the disciples of disease and decay. Members of Clan Pestilens dedicate themselves with insane fervour to spreading pestilence and corruption in the name of the Skaven god, the Great Horned Rat.

Their warriors are recognisable not just by their distinctive chanting, but by the horrible poxes they bear, for it is Clan Pestilens doctrine that to spread disease one must bear the contagion within. Rather than sicken and die themselves, however, these infectious ratmen instead grow tougher, their hides thickened by the endless weeping sores and buboes. In battle the zealous Plague Monks charge recklessly into the fray, eager to unleash their rabid hate. Clan Pestilens does not sell the fighting services of their brethren for mere profit; however, they do lend their warriors to any cause likely to aid their own. They often negotiate hard-driven alliances or promises of future support from Warlord clans who are desperate for their backing. For major battles, Clan Pestilens has even been known to deploy some of its own specially created diseases, spreading such vileness upon the world as the Black Plague, the Red Pox and the Oozing Eye Death.

THE SKAVEN AT WAR

When the multitudinous Skaven march to battle, it is rarely ever a single clan, but instead a verminous conglomeration, an anarchic confederation of ratmen. This great rat-host will stream endlessly out of the tunnels from the dark underneath, forming a battleline that stretches and darkens the horizon. Numberless regiments from many different Warlord clans mass up, each ranking beneath a different foul symbol emblazoned on a tattered hide banner. What supports each horde depends on what the Warlords could buy, barter or steal. Some Warlords come equipped with a vast arsenal of destructive engines of war that tower to the skies and crackle with dire sorcerous energies. Others scuttle forward with a filthy tide of mutated war-beasts loping at their centre. The vanguard of an army might consist of stealth troops trained by Clan Eshin to move at speed to secure the high ground or slip around the sides to harass the enemy's flanks.

THE LEADERS IN THE SHADOWS

Regardless of clan, all Skaven are fractious, self-serving creatures, yet they share a remarkably singular vision, a united aim that can, for a time, quell even their own inter-rivalry. They mean to raze the world and rule over the ruins, for such is the will of the Great Horned Rat. All should feel the iron claw of Skaven tyranny. So it is destined to be and so it is preached by the Grey Seers, the Skaven sorcerers supreme.

Grey Seers make up their own small but highly positioned clan. It is possible they are a unique subspecies and this is a view that the Grey Seers themselves help to propagate. The mage-rats also claim many titles, including Prophets of the Great Horned Rat, and also the Grand Intermediaries to the Council of Thirteen, the shrouded high rulers of the chaotic Skaven society.

Pure white or grey fur and distinctive horns mark Grey Seers, who are perhaps the most powerful and mysterious individuals in the whole of a Skaven army. The potent mage-rats travel the Under-Empire seeking to coordinate and unite the bickering clans, as well as, furthering their own sinister plans of advancement. The solitary Grey Seers are the mysterious binders of the Skaven race, always seeking to pull the feuding clans along in some interwoven, but never fully revealed, scheme. Many Warlords fear, quite rightfully, that they and their clans are just pawns in the subtle manipulations of the horned sorcerer-rats.



SKAVENBLIGHT

Through magics more powerful than the unsuspecting world can imagine, the largest and most densely populated city in the world is kept secret, its location only guessed at by the very wisest. Deep in the rotting heart of the Blighted Marshes festers the vile capital of the ratmen, the decay-ridden nexus of all Skaven. This shell of a once-great city of mankind lies more than half sunken in the morass, a testimony to the corruption and ruin spread by the Children of the Horned Rat.

This is Skavenblight, a sprawling metropolis of endless caverns; a multi-layered under-city of twisting corridors, and nightmare squalor on an unimaginable scale. This evil capital of a nefarious race is the veiled lair from which rule the mighty Lords of Decay, the ruthless leaders of the Skaven who sit upon the Council of Thirteen. It is from here, amidst labyrinthine darkness, that the Skaven scheme for supremacy, gnawing over plots for the final apocalypse.

It would be impossible to reach the Skaven capital across the land surface, as the immense Blighted Marshes are certain death to cross. The noisome stench of the sucking mud and fetid waters rises high into the air, a vast and poisonous cover that prevents the full light of the sun from penetrating its gloom.



Well past the swampy borders are found deep-water channels where rotting slave-hulks, great barges the size of Empire villages, ply along the murky flow. Banks of oars or ingenious water-turbines propel the ships through the turbid waters. Vast flotillas of Skavenslaves launch out, either swimming or mounted in small shantycraft. They scour the reed beds for the foul crops that grow there. Overseers apply the lash as slaves struggle to make quotas before the slave-hulk moves on – sometimes churning over swimmers trying to get back onboard. Escape through the horrors of the Blighted Marshes is impossible and, as unbelievable as it sounds, the worst punishment any grain-slave can suffer is to be abandoned in that stinking quagmire.



Closer to the swamp's centre ruined towers punctuate the murky waters, the passing slave-hulks sending waves lapping over the crumbling edifices. As the banks become solid ground there reside teeming ports where endless trudging lines of bent-backed figures haul black corn or moonseed from the quaysides to the factories. Enormous mill wheels of worm-eaten wood and rusted iron relentlessly churn out grain to feed the starving hordes of Skavenblight. Periodically, armed patrols sweep the lines, enforcing speed and mercilessly gathering up any who have collapsed or expired under their weighty loads. Any such unfortunates are thrown in with the crops, literally more grist for the mill.

Beyond the great granaries the outline of a vast city rises out of the mud. Clammy green-tinted mists wrap the ruins of vast arches and shattered buildings. The ground trembles with rhythmic cadences and sudden pillars of flame leap out of fissures. The cracked paving stones tilt crazily up from the deserted streets and holes and vents pockmark the rubble-strewn byways. Shadowy figures flit or scurry amidst the crumbling structures. Some of the caves burrowed into the mounds of debris gleam with ominous lights, while others are gaping maws leading down into darkness.

"All tunnels lead to Skavenblight."

A common Skaven phrase alluding to the nexus of the Under-Empire. The phrase is also commonly used when admitting an exposed act of treachery. The Skaven see betrayal as inevitable, and the only regret of such acts is getting caught before succeeding.

The majority of Skavenblight exists underground in unfathomable levels, caverns, and shafts. No map could hope to account for the many districts or the ever-changing location of lairs, breeding pits, or strongholds – all connected by an intertwining network of tunnels gnawed out between sections. The deeper levels can only be reached by cages attached to massive chains and lowered into the depths. At the centre of the city lies the Great Temple of the Horned Rat. It stretches for miles beneath the surface but above ground is marked by a single, cloud-piercing tower reaching high over the desolation. The Shattered Tower is a piece of madness made manifest, in places marble-white and perfect, whilst in others decrepit and crudely patched together. Masonry from many realms and eras of architecture are stacked atop each other, but for all that it stretches upwards to impossible heights. It is the fabled black heart of Skavendom, about which are told many legends. The temple is the base for the Grey Seers and home to their ruler Seerlord Kritislik, who occupies the first seat on the Council of Thirteen.

Skavenblight houses innumerable clans – from the great powers to upstart and little-known Warlord clans. All areas are packed, crowded with seething hordes that demand constant expansion. At the lowest levels countless Skavenslaves toil away, never to leave the mines or factories for the whole of their short and horrible lifetimes. They are regularly worked to death and replaced. Armies of slave-workers shift mountains of rock drilled out by tracked machines of immense size that burrow out new tunnels for the ever-increasing population. Elsewhere in the Under-city can be found the unbreathable air produced by the Monastery of Clan Pestilens, that unwholesome clan's largest dwellings outside of the Southlands. The fort-like warrens of the Ironspike sector are maintained by Clan Rictus, and all know and fear the Caverns of Unyielding Shadow, the Clan Eshin quarter where treaty-pacts are claw-marked, and the doom of many assured.

With the exception of the Great Temple of the Horned Rat, perhaps the most prestigious precincts of Skavenblight are the warpforges and workshops of Clan Skryre. At one time the famed Warlock Engineers took control of the city, usurping whole quarters of the Under-city for their sorcerous machinery. The cathedral-sized halls are lit by glass spheres filled with lightning. Steel-wheeled carts are hauled along metal rails by tireless, smoke-belching iron beasts. Pistons, gears, and cogs the size of houses endlessly churn, generating power for relentless industry. All other clans resent the space, wealth, and power of Clan Skryre but few would dare to openly defy them.

As large and impressive as Skavenblight is, its reach is mightier still. Stone-gnawed and chiselled passages extend away from that den of despair, diving deep under the roots of the Black Mountains and extending thousands upon thousands of miles in all directions. So the Grey Seers routinely travel outward, checking all Skaven strongholds and spyposts and bringing their plans for supremacy to the multitudes.



WARPSTONE

Warpstone is the physical manifestation of raw magic. It is rare in the extreme and merely handling it can lead to a horrible mutation or agonising death. Despite the risk, it is coveted by dark sorcerers, necromancers, and alchemists. Yet none scour the lands as greedily as the Skaven, who prize the substance above all others.

Warpstone enters the world in a number of different ways. Clouds of warpstone dust drifts through the Realm of Chaos; blowing southwards out of the Northern Wastes during the great storms of Dark Magic that precede evil times. If powerful enough, Dark Magic can actually pool and crystallise into the distinctive nuggets that glow black with ominous hues of venomous green. The largest pieces of warpstone, however, plummet from the skies as meteors from the sickly second moon known as Morrslieb.

The role of warpstone in Skaven society is manifold, forming the power supply for their twisted technology and spellcasting, as well as the key ingredient in their mutating agents. Warpstone is added in minute quantities to improve metallurgy and poisons. It is even used by the ratmen as their debased currency – the foetid warptokens.

THE UNDER-EMPIRE

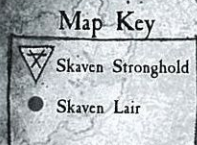
The Under-Empire stretches across the world, spreading outward from the decay-ridden nexus of Skavenblight. It is a complex spider's web of tunnels that spans the globe. The Under-Empire is unbound by oceans or mountain ranges and, in sprawling size, is inarguably the single largest and most expansive of known realms.

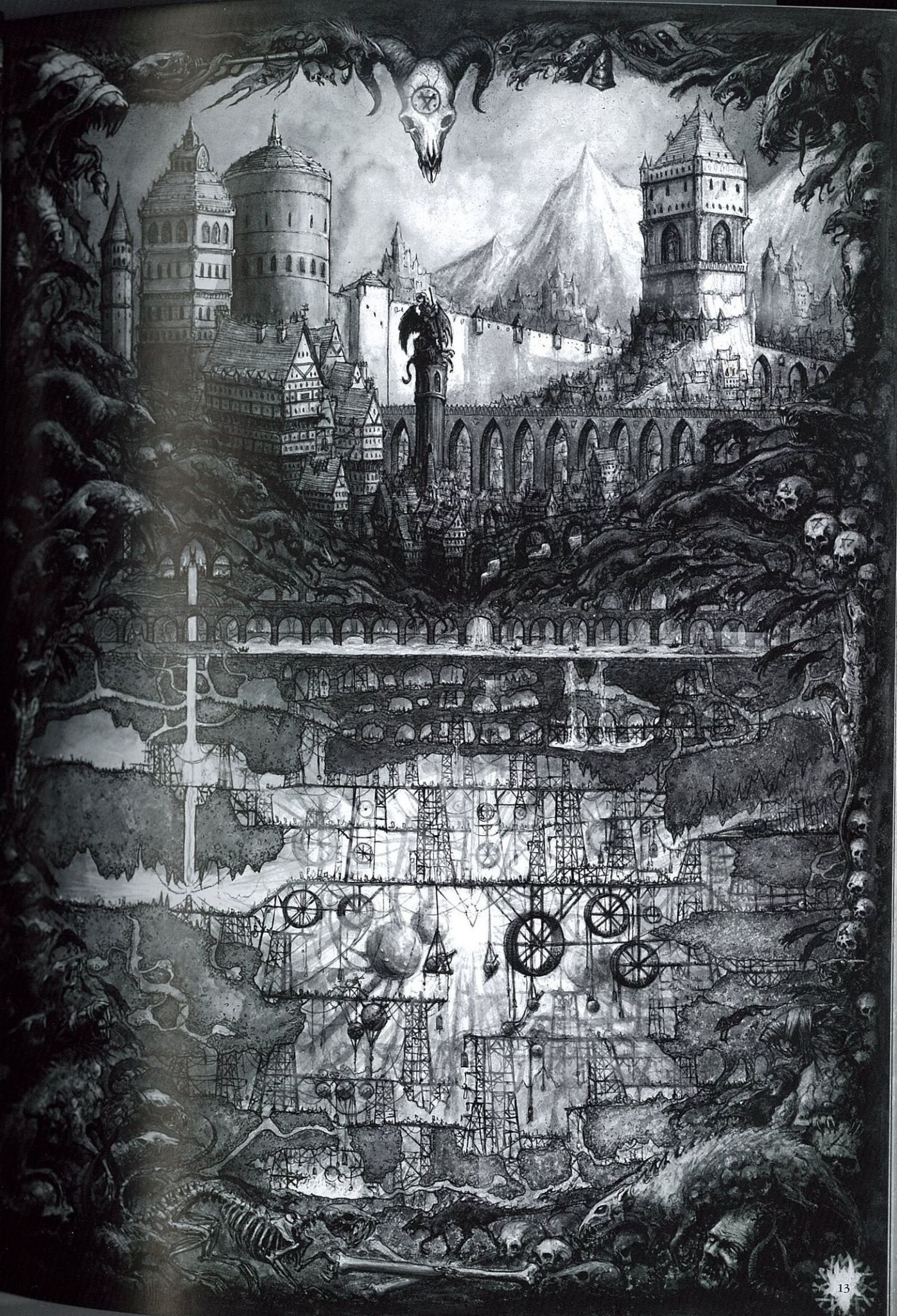
Despite its immensity, the majority of nations and races do not acknowledge that Skaven exist, or if they do, have little appreciation of the magnitude of the threat beneath their feet. Many Skaven cities are built directly under the unsuspecting cities of human realms. The deepest sewers and wells of men meet the uppermost workings of the Under-Empire. This easy access allows Skaven spies and saboteurs to slink to the surface. Indeed, the eyes and ears of the ratmen are everywhere.

The Dwarfs have an inkling of the true scale of the Skaven threat, but mankind little heeds such cautionary tales, for the complaints of Dwarfs are lengthy and seldom speak openly of defeats. Many Dwarfholds have been destroyed, turned into nest-lairs by the Skaven, while the remaining Dwarf bastions are already besieged from below.

As of yet, none of the human realms are assailed as openly as the Dwarf Kingdoms – but the days of the Old World are numbered. Tunnels spread under the unsuspecting nation of the Empire with major lairs beneath the cities of Nuln, Middenheim, and Marienburg. Further to the north, the fastness of Hell Pit can be found many days march past reason. The ratmen even operate spyposts under the skin-huts of the Dark God-worshipping barbarians. Bretonnia is rife with lairs, with Brionne and Quenelles heavily undermined by tunnels and nests. Estalia and Tilea are thoroughly corrupted beneath the surface. The Tilean city-state of Miragliano is aware of the menace residing in its sewers and there are daily confrontations, but not yet open war.

Skaven lairs can be found beneath the ruins of ancient temples situated along the leylines of magic or near the precious warpstone that the ratmen covet. Skaven tunnels push into Araby, the Southlands, the Dark Lands and as far away as Lustria, Naggaroth, and even far Cathay. Thus far pristine Ulthuan has avoided the penetrating tunnels, but the insidious tendrils of the Skaven Under-Empire are ever seeking a way.





LAIRS OF THE UNDER-EMPIRE

The Skaven realm is connected by the Under-way, a great sprawling series of tunnels. Sections of this hidden byway are crude and winding, while others make use of the ancient underground passageways built in straight precision by the Dwarfs during their golden age. The tunnel segments of dressed and masterly carved stone contrasts sharply with the rough-hewn construction of the ratmen, which seems gnawed out of the living rock. Between Skavenblight and the major outposts and verminous cities, many tunnels have been widened, subterranean highways engineered by a nation that requires armies to move at speed.

The Under-way branches off to a myriad different spyposts, minor fortifications, and the secretive nest-dwellings of lesser clans. Although Skavenblight is the unrivalled centre of the Under-Empire, there are many other important hubs along the Under-way. These are the major nest-lairs and strongholds of the Skaven, and most are dominated by a specific clan.

THE CITY OF PILLARS

The City of Pillars is the Skaven name for the ancient Dwarfhold of Karak Eight Peaks. High in the Worlds Edge Mountains, the Dwarfs built a city and fastness in the deep valley beneath eight majestic snow-capped

peaks. As large as the surface city was, the true glory of Karak Eight Peaks lay underneath. It was these endless miles of colonnaded halls and arched passages that made an impression on the Skaven. After centuries of bitter warfare, the hold was wrested from the mighty Dwarfs. The once grand mansion of the bearded-ones is now the fortress-lair of Clan Mors, one of the largest and most influential of the Warlord clans.

In addition to being a controlling hub for many passageways of the Under-way, the City of Pillars holds many riches. Such was the size and grandeur of the Dwarf-city that even many centuries after its fall to the Skaven, the ratmen are still finding sealed treasures, untapped mines or never-discovered vaulted hallways to be foul and despoil. All of this has assured Clan Mors continued wealth. The current leader of Clan Mors, the domineering Warlord Gnawdwell, has used this well-established base to launch many wars up and down the Worlds Edge Mountains and secure himself a membership on the Council of Thirteen. Countless lesser clans have been absorbed by Clan Mors, and they are augmented by an endless supply of conquered Night Goblin tribes that provide either able slaves or suitable, if chewy, foodstuffs. The ill-gotten gains fund whatever is needed at the time: war-beasts from Clan Moulder, Clan Skryre weaponry, the support of the fickle Grey Seers, or the assassin's knife to silence any who would impede progress.

The success of Clan Mors has not gone unnoticed. Rival Warlords, and even the four Greater clans, all keep wary eyes on the growing might and influence of Clan Mors. It is perhaps this barely concealed malice that has sustained the troubles that beset the City of Pillars. The surface ruins and the majority of the topmost levels of the subterranean city are bitterly contested once again. Eager for a share in the riches, the formidable Crooked Moon tribe of Night Goblins, led by the notorious Warlord Skarsnik, has forced entry into the ancient Dwarfhold. There, far from the light of day, the two races pit their might and guile against each other in a savage series of battles. Taking advantage of the ongoing warfare between Clan Mors and the Night Goblins, a small contingent of Dwarfs re-entered Karak Eight Peaks. Seeking to reclaim their long-lost kingdom, the Dwarfs battered their way into the sprawling complex, recolonising a few heavily fortified levels.

Outwardly Warlord Gnawdwell expresses his pleasure with the constant warfare over the topmost levels of his capital dwelling. It is a proving ground for Chieftains, a chance to grind the teeth of a growing cadre of elite warriors. Yet inwardly, Warlord Gnawdwell seethes at the loss of face. He smells a double-cross, for it is the Skaven way to manipulate others to do the dirty work. Someone is warning his enemies of surprise attacks and showing them secret tunnels to launch their own forays. Gnawdwell's minions will not rest until the plotters are discovered and ruthlessly destroyed!



HELL PIT

To the north, in the blasted wasteland known as the Troll Country, lie the infernal breeding pits of Clan Moulder. This bulgingly overpopulated stronghold is burrowed into the walls and floor of a ragged chasm in a snowy mountainside on the northern spur of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Volcanic pools at the bottom of the ravine raise a greyish plume of noxious steam and the foul stench is legendary. Worse than the olfactory assault, however, is the dreadful cacophony of howls, screams, snarls, and shrieks that clamour out of the frozen chasm. Not without good reason is this place known as Hell Pit.

The great labyrinthine tunnels of Hell Pit spiral in nine expansive circles, each worming and twisting like a great intestinal tract, each overburdened with numbers of preposterous proportions, and each full of mutated beasts that defy description. To perpetuate their crossbreeding, flesh-bonding crimes against nature, Clan Moulder requires constantly toiling slaves and captured creatures in staggering multitudes. The great circles of Hell Pit are riddled with unholy laboratories, breeding pits, flesh distilleries, gladiatorial arenas, and skin forges that allow Clan Moulder to continue seeking new, more stable breeds of fighting beasts to sell or hire out to the other clans.

The Chaos Wastes are barren around Hell Pit save for Packmasters scouring the lands for dangerous creatures to capture. Chaos monsters and mutated beasts offer the best chance for Master Moulders to extract enhancements for existing creatures or even to create a new breed of fighting brutes. Expert hunters will trail a Manticore, Hydra or Chimera for days waiting for an opening to strike. Captured creatures are led back to Hell Pit in iron cages for a horrible fate.

If the toxic fumes don't put off an enemy's approach to Hell Pit then perhaps the twisted death throes of failed experiments will. These shambling, still-mutating, beasts are ejected from the warrens to spend their last miserable days howling in agony amidst the barren rocks, attacking anything they happen to scent. Despite such defences, Hell Pit is regularly attacked. Every few generations a boastful over-reaching champion of the barbarian tribes attempts to conquer the sprawling stronghold. Warriors of Chaos may be individually mighty, but these assaults are foolish – daring to assail the overwhelming numbers housed under the steaming vents of Hell Pit. Merciless death awaits the lucky.

The only assault on Hell Pit to gain headway occurred during the Great War against Chaos. Warrior tribes and war herds of Beastmen allied in an attempt to raze Clan Moulder's capital. The Chaos armies forced their way inside the warrens, laying waste to the first three circles in a blaze of blood and ruin. The minions of the Dark Gods were halted, as innumerable Giant Rats were driven forward by Packmasters to bog down the foe. The invaders were eventually surrounded and wiped out when Throt the Unclean led an entire army of rabid Rat Ogres, many of them especially augmented, to completely clear out the tunnels and warrens.

LAIR-NESTS OF THE DARK LAND

Only to a race as malevolent and twisted as the Skaven would a terrible place such as the Dark Lands become a land of promise and opportunity. Yet it is so, for the lands east of the Worlds Edge Mountains are home to many of the richest meteor-struck craters in the world. Many warpstone comets can be seen blazing fiery green-tinged trails before ploughing into the dusty and bone-strewn plains of the craggy land. The incalculable value of the warpstone to the ratmen is only surpassed by the relentless way in which they seek it out.



But before a Skaven can scurry to the lair-nest beneath Mount Silverspear, the stronghold under Gnashrak's Lair, the volcano warrens of Clan Volkn, or any of the lesser holds built in the region, many warptokens must be paid to Clan Rictus at the Under-way hub below Crookback Mountain. Clan Rictus seized possession of the mountain at the eastern end of Mad Dog Pass long ago. Above ground, known as Varag Kadrin to the Dwarfs, the pass offers the best route through the mountains, but below the surface it is even more critical, serving as the underground gateway to the Dark Lands. In addition to their vast mining and slaving operations, Clan Rictus enforces a heavy toll for the use of such passageways, taking a steep tax on any warpstone found on the plains of the Dark Lands. Clan Rictus breeds an inordinate amount of giant black-furred Stormvermin and few dare to cheat such collectors. Already many attempts by various clans to open up offshoot tunnels to avoid the exorbitant fees have been violently dissuaded by Clan Rictus.

THE NEST-PORTS

Since the end of their second major civil war, the Skaven have expanded along the Tilean and Estalian coasts. Several lairs have been tunnelled out along the rocky-cliff lines. Clan Skurvy, based below the Tilean city of Tobar, controls the largest of these, but Clan Rikket and Clan Skuttel maintain rival fleets. Through tunnels that travel out to the nearby Isles of the Sirens, Clan Skurvy has gnawed out the cavern harbour known as Spineport. Protected by a maze of fog-enshrouded rocks, false lights and foul sorceries lead trading ships to smash themselves against the Spineport's protective barriers. The inflow of salvaged wealth funds the ever-growing navies. The Clanfleet ships are made of rotting worm-ridden wood clad in iron and powered by banks of rowing slaves. Negotiations with Clan Skryre seek to contract the Warlock Engineers to produce warpsteam engines that will surely increase the range of Clan Skurvy piracy along the coasts.



ORIGINS OF THE SKAVEN

A few radical scholars and academics argue endlessly over the origins of the children of Chaos known as the Skaven. Some maintain they are simply a variant form of Beastman, others insist that they are an entirely separate race mutated not from men, as it is surmised Beastmen arose, but from true rats. Most, however, simply refuse to acknowledge the existence of Skaven at all. Determining anything about Skaven is notoriously difficult: they are primarily a subterranean race, and usually only come to the surface during their

violent and inexplicable wars, after which they mysteriously disappear. Perhaps the best clue to the creation of the Skaven lies in the ancient Tilean folk tale known as the Doom of Kavzar. The following is a broadly translated text of its thirteen stanzas, and readers may draw their own conclusions. Copies of the Doom of Kavzar have all but disappeared from the Empire, with the last known manuscript consumed during the Great Fire of Nuln in the Imperial year 2499. The tale, however, is still well known in Tilea.

THE DOOM OF KAVZAR

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

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

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

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

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

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

At first some of the manlings did not worry, they waited for the rains to stop so that they might resume their work. But the rains did not stop, the winds blew stronger and lightning shook the high tower.

REMAINING IN THE SHADOWS

At the most foul of feasts, the ritual of Vermintide, the Great Plans of Supremacy are discussed by the full assemblage of Grey Seers. Interwoven plots are unwound, restructured and planned anew. The mage-rats then perform many covenous rituals – cursing foes, offering supplication to the Great Horned Rat, and also a spell intended to shroud the ratmen in secrecy. Taught the powerful sorcery by the darksome whispers of a summoned Vermin Lord, the Grey Seers rock tails, offer sacrifices, and weave sorcerous webs of concealing shadow that only the strongest willed might resist. Who knows if this veil of obscurity works, or to what level it enshrouds the Children of the Horned Rat?

Days stretched into weeks and still the rains did not stop. Each night the bell tolled thirteen times and each morning the darkness lay across the city. The manlings became fearful and prayed to their gods. Still the rains did not stop and the black clouds hung like a shroud over the fields of flattened corn. The manlings went to the Dwarfs and beseeched their help. The longbeards were unconcerned – what matter a little rain on the surface? In the bosom of the earth all was warm and dry.

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

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

In the ruins of the city above each day became more deadly than the last. The manlings despaired and called for succour from the dark gods, whispered the names of forgotten Daemon Princes in the hope of salvation. But none came – instead the vermin returned, bigger and

Perhaps when a citizen of the Empire says “the Skaven are myth, simply tales used to frighten small children” he might speak out of sheer ignorance rather than beguiling enchantment?

Never fully trusting the rituals, the Council of Thirteen further cover their verminous tracks with covert actions assigned to Clan Eshin. These particularly target Imperial records containing references to the Skaven. The few human-possessed artefacts of the ratmen, such as the Rat Ogre skull that had been displayed in a museum in Nuln, or the Clan Skryre rebreather apparatus studied at the Imperial Engineer’s School in Altdorf, have mysteriously vanished over the years.

bolder than ever. Their slinking, furred shapes infested the broken city, feasting on the fallen and pulling down the weak. Each midnight the bell tolled thirteen times on high, seeming now brazen and triumphant. The manlings lived as hunted creatures in their own city as great rat packs roamed the streets in search of prey.

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

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

Translated from the Tilean tale “The Doom of Kavzar” also called “The Curse of Thirteen”.

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HISTORY OF THE SKAVEN

Skaven are creatures of urgency – unless powerfully led they naturally seek the easiest and most immediate solutions to problems. If Skaven pause it is only to consider how they can explain their actions to reflect most highly upon themselves, or at least how they can better spin the events to disparage against rivals. Skaven have no sense of either history or posterity. Amidst the scheming and constant warfare, Skaven seek great achievements during their short lives for their own personal benefit. Being well remembered has no meaning to a Skaven and yesterday's hero is as easily forgotten as droppings and generally as well regarded.

As such, certainties are scant when dealing with Skaven history. Legend rather than recordings mark major events. The ratmen do appear regularly in the recordings of Dwarfs, occasionally in the Elfish tomes, and sporadically in humankind's histories. The few records maintained by Skaven are produced by individual clans and are so biased that they serve as propaganda at best.

THE FALL & RISE OF SKAVENBLIGHT

Little is known about the earliest Children of the Horned Rat after they overran the city that was to become Skavenblight. Perhaps they warred amongst themselves until only the strongest survived? Certainly they bred and began seeking more sources of warpstone. Regardless, it wasn't until around 1600 years before the coming of Sigmar that the first true Skaven began to emerge out of the black pit of madness beneath the ruined city.

The numbers of Skaven grew rapidly, despite the starvation and disease already rife in Skavenblight. Pressure mounted to expand the tunnels, as the surface world was too dangerous, being full of beasts, Orcs and Goblins, and barbarous human tribes. The nascent Skaven sorcerers gathered in a grandiose scheme to open great rifts beneath the surface where the ratmen could rule supreme. All their considerable quantities of warpstone were gathered to power a crude machine. It was hoped (and positively assured) that this arcane device would magnify the spell of the cabal of horned seers. The power to split rock, boulder, or mountain was to be at their command.

Deep beneath Skavenblight the invocation began. The diabolical device of spinning wheels, whirling gears, and makeshift power accumulators throbbed and smoked as it absorbed and magnified raw magic. The ground shook and the groans of shifting rock almost drowned out the shrill climax of the chanting seers. High above, the Great Bell of the indomitable tower of the Great Horned Rat tolled as the structure swayed and creaked like the mast of a ship at sea. Then, for the first time, but far from the last, the great device of the Skaven failed them. Some unknown part of the ingenious, yet imperfect device failed. Catastrophically. With a blinding flash a tidal wave of raw magical power was unleashed upon the world.

Tunnels collapsed, buildings fell, and the land heaved and convulsed. The entire undermined plain sank as geysers of flame erupted from the tortured ground. The damage was even more devastating as the energy emanated outwards. As great tidal waves swept across the seas to the west, in the east the surging energy crashed against the underspines of the Worlds Edge Mountains, which had already undergone recent mystical upheaval. Long dormant volcanoes were rekindled to wrath and snow-capped peaks trembled. Lava, earthquakes, and landslides devastated the ancient realm of the Dwarf kings. The bearded ones were ill prepared for such calamity, drained as they were from their long war with the Elves.

THE LORDS OF DECAY

Skavenblight lay under a pall of dust. No building stood undamaged, save for the indomitable Temple of the Great Horned Rat, which still towered over the ruins. Slowly, small knots of Skaven dug their way out and emerged to stare at the devastation they had wrought. A great mass gathered around the temple, none daring to enter, although all knew they must seek the guidance of the Great Horned Rat. Even as they squabbled before the towering edifice, the great doors creaked open and twelve figures emerged, eerily backlit by the mystical lights within the temple.

The twelve grey-clad ratlords spoke with one voice to the assembled multitude. The time had come for the Children of the Horned Rat to spread across the world, to multiply in the dark places, to gather strength. The Great Horned Rat had whispered his plan and it was the Lords of Decay, as they named themselves, who were to lead.

It took weeks to excavate back to the tunnels below, but when they reached the chamber of the machine, they discovered the seers had (at least partially) succeeded. Great cracks led away to blackness, into countless miles of dank, lightless passages that had been forgotten since the world was young.



THE GREAT MIGRATION

The surviving Skaven were divided into twelve parts, each under one of the grey clad Lords of Decay. Some remained in Skavenblight, a few led their followers across the oozing plains, but most descended into the roots of the world. So the Children of the Horned Rat spread from the depths of the Under-city like a cancer. Never again could a single disaster wipe out the Skaven race. Within months the ratmen were attacking the Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Soon enough, they would be everywhere.





THE COUNCIL OF THIRTEEN

Some decades after the Great Migration, the Lords of Decay formally created the Council of Thirteen to rule over the Skaven. The majority of the Council seats were occupied by the surviving Lords (now exceptionally old and wicked, even by Skaven standards), however the remaining places were allocated to any clan leader who was powerful enough to fight his way into the Council, disposing of a current ruler. Thus the leaders of the greatest lairs of the ratmen strove against one another. The Lords of Decay were always twelve in number, being completed symbolically by the Horned Rat. The first order of the Council of Thirteen prohibited the study of magic, so only Clan Skryre and the Grey Seers could pursue its use.

THE LONG WAR OF CRIPPLE PEAK

Over the next hundred years the Skaven became a widespread race, but most clans regularly sent operatives back to Skavenblight. So it was that word of the discovery of a great supply of warpstone travelled throughout the newly formed Under-way. In ancient times a huge warpstone meteor had smashed into one of the southernmost of the Worlds Edge Mountains. The shattered mountain, known as Cripple Peak, still housed a motherlode of the darkly magical rock deep within its sundered core.

Over time erosion had carried warpstone dust far, turning the region into a barren and twisted land. The water of the sea glowed green and was haunted by mutated serpents of alarming size. It was here that Nagash, the father of necromancy, had chosen to settle. Over long years Nagashizzar, the Cursed Pit, largest and most evil of fortresses, was constructed. Legions of Undead mined the warpstone below Cripple Peak to fuel the Great Necromancer's power, while surviving human tribes on the surface worshipped Nagash as a god and willingly did his foul biddings.

Initially each Skaven clan greedily attacked Nagashizzar separately, barely denting the formidable fortress. Then the newly formed Council of Thirteen took over, jointly planning the attack. So it was that not one clan but many hordes burst into Nagashizzar, seeking to overrun it from below as they had done already to many Dwarf mines. But against the minions of Nagash they faced limitless numbers that never tired. Savage fights in the tunnels lasted for days, weeks, and months, but the Skaven could not wear down their foes. Warlocks of Clan Skryre arrived to break the deadlock, but from his throne, high above the battle in the mines, Nagash exerted his will and the Skaven spells briefly flickered then died. The war of attrition stretched from months to years to decades.

Desperate to achieve victory, the Skaven struck the lands above, besieging Nagash's human followers. The cities burned and the streets ran red with

slaughter, but the humans feared Nagash more than any torture of the ratmen. After a century of conflict the Council realised that, at best, the war was a resource-draining stalemate. It was at this time that the Council received shambling envoys from Nagash – an offer of a pact. In return for Skaven aid, Nagash would supply the ratmen with warpstone mined beneath Cripple Peak. After much deliberation, the Council agreed. Although they desired the warpstone for themselves alone, the Skaven warriors were not inexhaustible and something was better than nothing. At least for the time being...

THE DEATH OF NAGASH

After claw-marking the pact, the Council of Thirteen ordered all Skaven to maintain a diplomatic distance while they attempted more stealthy methods to usurp the coveted resource. Most efforts failed, but by now the Skaven had discovered other significant sources of warpstone. When Nagash sent rotting emissaries offering the Council more warpstone for luring Orc tribes into the Cursed Pit, the Council redoubled their spying efforts to find out what Nagash was planning.

At first the scuttling observers could learn little, save that the growing armies of the Liche Lord set sail onto the Sour Sea in ships of bone. Upon their return the ships bore a single prisoner, a human king of some southern realm. Then something began which the Council needed no spies to report – a great and terrible gathering of dark power could be felt over Cripple Peak. Mounting storm clouds of energy heralded a mighty spell intended to reshape the world.

Nightmares stalked the surface world and portents of doom abounded. The Grey Seers were struck by visions and hurriedly the Council convened at Skavenblight. Using all the assets available to them, the Council scried far and wide for clues to Nagash's intentions. To their shock, far to the south they found it flowing like a dusty river of bone. Literally millions upon millions of restless dead were on the march, answering their summons to Nagashizzar. It was already the mightiest army the world had ever seen and more dead were rising to join. Before such a host the living world would be snuffed out like a candle before a black whirlwind.

Dread gripped the Council – surely the Skaven would be amongst the first to feel the wrath of Nagash? The network of spies, observers, and lookouts relayed that all was silent in Nagashizzar, the Great Necromancer was in a trance after his monumental undertaking. The Council realised they must destroy Nagash before his rotting legions arrived, but how to confront such power? No Skaven could be trusted to master his fear.

A scheme was suggested. In Nagash's dungeons still languished the mysterious king. After his long torment, it was doubtless that he would relish an opportunity to destroy the Liche Lord. The man-thing would need a weapon mighty enough to harm the Liche Lord. The weapon would be so lethal that to wield it assured certain death. It mattered not, as the unwitting user would be unaware that his own life was sapping away. The Council unanimously agreed on the plan (a first).

With utmost urgency the Council forged a blade made of warpstone from Cripple Peak. The Grey Seers wove spells of doom into the molten metal. Clan Skryre Warlocks added dire-runes so deadly that to read them was death. A device was set into the pommel to allow the Council to see through the eyes of its wielder and to allow the Skaven to channel power to its bearer. Before the blade was cool it was sheathed in lead and rushed through the Under-way using relay teams.

Using secret tunnels to gain access to Nagashizzar, the servants of the Council crept to the dungeons. Silently they freed the king and opened the lead casket before fleeing. The human grasped the sword and far away in Skavenblight the Lords of Decay willed him towards the throne room. Silently obeying, the king stalked empty corridors. Already the dust raised by the approaching Undead legions could be seen from atop Cripple Peak.

In the echoing darkness of the throne room Nagash sat alone. With faltering steps the king approached, hesitating before the towering figure. Aided by the Council's mental urgings, he struck. At the last moment the Liche Lord raised a claw to ward off the blow. The Fell-blade clove Nagash's upraised wrist, but the Great Necromancer snapped out of his stupor to unleash a deadly blast at his assailant. The Council reeled as they strove to protect their pawn. Two ancient Lords fell dead as they helped to deflect the titanic energy.

The human went mad, hacking at Nagash and at last the blade's deadly enchantments took hold. Soon the iron-hard bones of the Liche Lord lay in a thousand pieces. As the human staggered away, already driven to

madness or oblivion, the waiting Skaven cast Nagash's remains into the warpforges, destroying them utterly. With his death the Undead legions crumbled. Unknown to the rest of the world the threat to all life was averted and the most powerful necromancer the world has ever known was slain by treachery.

THE FALL OF FORTRESS RIKEK

The Council of Thirteen, in upheaval after the loss of its Seerlord, appointed Clan Rikek to control and mine Nagashizzar. The clan, led by Warlord Graskk, a rising member of the Council, quickly established itself. The humans of Nagash's empire were enslaved and over the following centuries never-before-seen amounts of warpstone flowed back to Skavenblight. Naturally Clan Rikek rose to dominance. Over 300 years later a cowed stranger brashly approached the gates of Nagashizzar, now Fortress Rikek, demanding entry. The Clanrats eagerly swarmed out to seize the fool, but before they could close they froze in fear. Ghouls slunk from the shadows. The figure gestured to the gates and the impenetrable doors swung open. Removing his hood, the skeletal face and glowing eyes of the Liche Lord were revealed. Nagash had returned from certain death and Clan Rikek was crushed in a single night.

When the handful of survivors reached Skavenblight the Council dispatched an army and the fruitless long war was reborn anew. The Lords of Decay sought to glean information, eventually divining that Nagash was still mighty, but not as before. The warpstone was nearly exhausted, so the Skaven withdrew. Nagash remained in his stronghold, unassailable, but too weak to venture out. So it remained for many long centuries.



THE RISE OF CLAN PESTILENS

At this time a new power arose from the jungles of Lustria. The clan was long forgotten and much changed since leaving Skavenblight. They had passed beyond the knowledge of the Council of Thirteen, but would one day return, eager for power.

The name of the clan that was led to the dry deserts of what is now Araby during the Great Migration is no longer remembered. How they found the tunnels beneath the Great Ocean to the jungle land of the cold-blooded ones is unrecorded. Yet the Skaven arose under a temple-city in deepest Lustria. Although the ratmen were accustomed to insect-filled swamps, the virulent tropical diseases began to take their toll. When the clan was reduced to only a few hundred surviving members, their fur soaked in cold sweat and their fevered brains wracked by insane visions, the clan was visited by an epiphany. If they dedicated their lives to the Great Horned Rat, they would be spared. If they scoured the jungle for victims to sacrifice, the Great Horned One's hunger would be appeased. If they grew to revere the very diseases that were killing them, they might be born anew. And so out of darkest desperation, a new breed of Skaven emerged – the zealous Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens.

The Skaven that rose out of the crumbling temple-city were hideous, covered in weeping buboes, their pox-ridden bodies toughened by the very diseases they

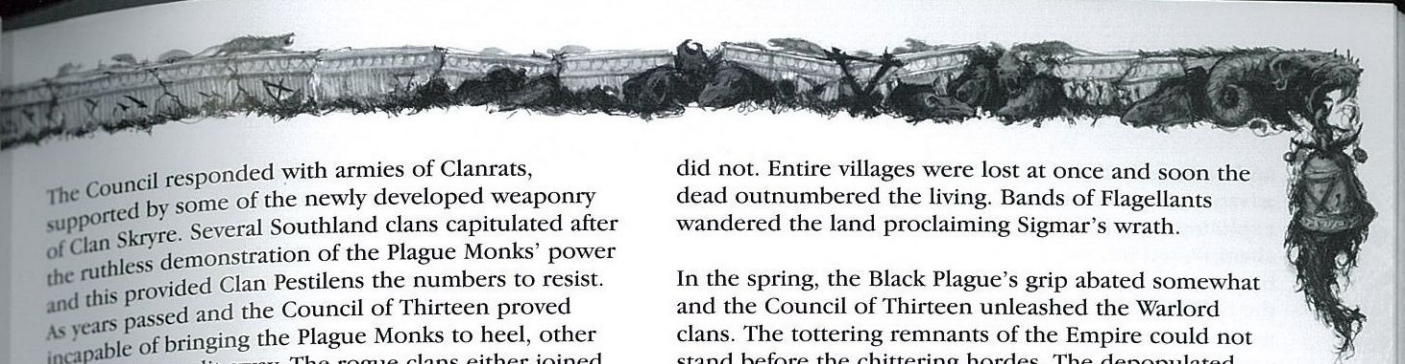
carried. Methodically, Clan Pestilens grew, plundering arcane secrets from the ruins over the centuries. Many of the cold-blooded reptilian creatures that sought to protect the jungle were sacrificed in the name of the Great Horned Rat. And always Clan Pestilens sought new ways to devote themselves to corruption.

The clan had grown strong and now Lord Nurglitch, the traditional name for the mightiest of the Plague Lords, deemed it was time for his brood to return. The pestilent host spent a decade fighting their way out of the jungle to the coast. From there, a hastily built fleet of ramshackle ships was constructed to carry the greater part of Clan Pestilens to the Southlands where several fortress lairs were established. Emissaries were sent to Skavenblight where the Lords of Decay convened. Clan Pestilens demanded breeding rights, tithes of warpstone, and positions on the Council. As expected, the emissaries were summarily butchered and the remains cast out of the city.

CIVIL WAR

So it was that Clan Pestilens opened its long-planned offensive against those loyal to the Council of Thirteen. Strongholds and lair-nests were destroyed. Clan Merkit was flooded by great cauldrons filled with warpstone mixed with offal and putrescence. The Plague Monks used great bellows to ensure all the caverns were filled with the noxious fumes. Only Lord Merkit and his bodyguard escaped hideous death or enslavement.





The Council responded with armies of Clanrats, supported by some of the newly developed weaponry of Clan Skryre. Several Southland clans capitulated after the ruthless demonstration of the Plague Monks' power and this provided Clan Pestilens the numbers to resist. As years passed and the Council of Thirteen proved incapable of bringing the Plague Monks to heel, other Warlord clans split away. The rogue clans either joined the Plague Monks or made war for their own gain. Soon the Council of Thirteen lost all control of the Southlands and the Under-Empire was slipping away.

For nearly four hundred years the Skaven remained divided: the north faction, led by the Council of Thirteen and the south, by the Plague Lords. Many clans stood apart, joining sides with whoever had the upper hand. Plagues, sorcery, and double-crossings were rife, but the war remained locked in stalemate. The deadlock was broken by the reappearance of another long-lost clan, for the assassin-adepts of Clan Eshin had finally returned from the mysterious Far East.

When the black-clad assassins of Clan Eshin pledged allegiance to the Council of Thirteen, the heads of Warlords, rebellious Chieftains, and Plague Lords themselves began to regularly disappear. Support swiftly eroded for Clan Pestilens. Realising their position was becoming untenable, the Plague Lords requested a parley. After surviving several assassination attempts on the way to Skavenblight, their representative, Nurglitch, abased himself at the Great Temple of the Horned Rat and unreservedly placed the resources of his clan at the disposal of the Council of Thirteen. Furthermore, he informed them all that he was carrying a vial of Yellow Skull Fever and further attempts on his life would leave him no option but to release the contagion there in the very heart of Skavenblight.

Thus were Clan Pestilens welcomed back and the Arch-Plague Lord Nurglitch earned the right to a trial by combat. Although it was a near thing, the Plague Lord used a poisonous bite to defeat his opponent – Lord Vask, the most vulnerable member of the Warlord clans on the Council. So Clan Pestilens joined the Council as the seventh seat, placing its resources at the disposal of the Lords of Decay.

THE BLACK PLAGUE

In the winter of the year 1111 a new strain of disease developed by Clan Pestilens was delivered by Clan Eshin adepts into the wells and sewers of many cities of the Empire. The scourge spread like wildfire. The first signs of infection were ominous blotches on the skin, followed by swelling of joints and agonising fever. Victims could last from minutes to a few weeks before the disturbing final stages, when the afflicted writhed in convulsions for torturous hours. The lucky died quickly, and in death the corpse turned a dark ashen grey.

The plague began simultaneously in the cities of Nuln, Altdorf, and Talabheim. The trade routes, the roads and rivers, helped the illness spread swiftly. Towns shut their gates against the many refugees. Middenheim closed its viaducts and avoided the Plague, but others

did not. Entire villages were lost at once and soon the dead outnumbered the living. Bands of Flagellants wandered the land proclaiming Sigmar's wrath.

In the spring, the Black Plague's grip abated somewhat and the Council of Thirteen unleashed the Warlord clans. The tottering remnants of the Empire could not stand before the chattering hordes. The depopulated regions of the Empire were overrun. Defenders were slain and eaten, while crops and livestock were looted. Against the tolling bells of the infernal Skaven war machines, even walled towns were breached with ease. The Imperial Army was helpless against the onslaught. Only the largest of cities in the south – Altdorf, Nuln, and Averheim – were still standing, while the plague still ran rampant in the north.



In 1115, the incompetent Emperor Boris Goldgather fell to the plague. Ironically, the little-loved leader was one of the last human victims, the disease having run its course. Yet over three-quarters of the population was destroyed. Skaven armies marched openly across Reikland, Averland, Wissenland and Talabecland. The few surviving cities were now faced with starvation.

Over the next seven years the Skaven began systematically enslaving the human settlements. Swarms of Clanrats would surround a farm or village, set fire to it, and capture any who fled. Long, shuffling columns were led to slave-pits constructed amidst the ruins of Ubersreik and Pfeildorf in Wissenland. The fortunate worked above ground growing food for the ratmen, but most were sent below to the mines of the Under-Empire, doomed never to see the sun again.

As slaves and booty were stripped from the Empire, the status of Clan Pestilens rose. Even the other Lords of Decay, try as they might, could not deny the potency of the Black Plague. The Plague Lords pressed their advantage and supplanted two of the Lords of Decay. Thus Clan Pestilens secured an unprecedented (and worrisome) three positions on the Council of Thirteen.

Skaven armies marched into the untouched province of Sylvania, searching for the meteors that were seen to land in that benighted land. To their dismay, the ratmen encountered plague-slain Zombies and packs of Ghouls. After several major battles for little gain, the Skaven withdrew from Sylvania to find easier prey.

In 1118, Middenheim came under siege. The fortress-city atop the rock of Ulricsberg proved difficult to crack. Although Jezzail teams relentlessly picked off defenders from the walls and raiding parties infiltrated the sewers

and broke into the city several times, all the Skaven advances were destroyed before they could be exploited. It was Elector Count Mandred who championed the defence, leading from atop the battlements or down in the labyrinth sewers, wherever the fighting was fiercest. Before the defenders could be worn down, disaster struck. The Skaven were struck with their own pestilence, their numbers rapidly dwindling. The ratmen established a hidden stronghold deep under Middenheim before withdrawing.

This was the turning point, for across the Empire the unbeatable verminous multitudes transformed into a bedraggled mass. Mandred rallied the surviving Elector Counts and led the anti-Skaven crusade. As their own plague raged through their ranks, the ratmen were defeated in battle after battle. A Skaven counter-attack, known as the Battle of the Howling Hills, was their last-ditch effort. The ploy almost worked until Mandred beheaded the Great Warlord Vrmik of Clan Mors (a member of the Council of Thirteen). All Skaven hope of victory was lost. By 1124 the ratmen were driven below ground and Count Mandred Skaven Slayer, who wore Vrmik's skull on his helm, was proclaimed Emperor.

The Skaven were too depleted by disease and war to continue fighting. They had captured so many slaves during the campaign that the Lords of Decay feared a revolt. So the Council decided to build up their strength before another assault, but it was not to be.



Over the next 25 years the man-things recovered more rapidly than the Lords of Decay thought possible. Under Emperor Mandred's dynamic rule, towns were rebuilt, land was resettled, and refugees returned. Even worse, Mandred ordered a constant guard against ratmen, creating organisations such as the Sewer Watch to halt further incursions. In the Under-Empire, the predicted slave revolt did occur, along with further outbreaks of the Black Plague that destroyed entire clans (suspiciously, many thought).

The Council of Thirteen convened at Skavenblight and recriminations flew between the Plaguelords and the rest of the Council. There were many compensation demands from disease-ridden clans and many accusations of assassination attempts were levelled. Eventually, a decision was made to delay all further Empire operations, save for a single act of vengeance.

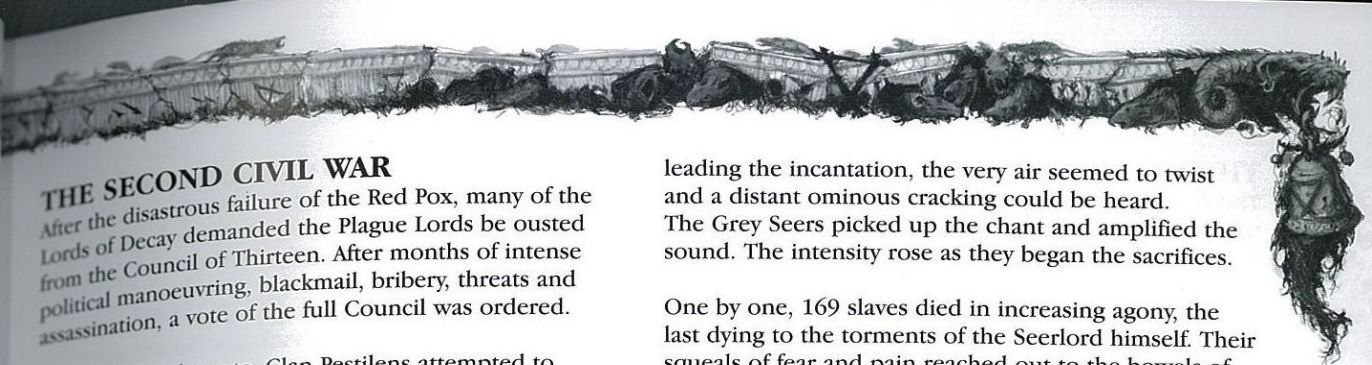
A Clan Eshin Assassin broke into the palace and slew Emperor Mandred. False evidence of a mutant atrocity was left before the agent escaped into the sewers. To this day scholars fail to connect the Black Plague, the Skaven incursion, and the murder of the Emperor. Over time Skaven were dismissed as a threat to the Empire and within centuries what was known about the ratmen became so enshrouded in myth that many men now refuse to believe in their existence at all.

THE RED POX

For years the Plague Lords on the Council of Thirteen were outmanoeuvred and forced to adopt a different approach. In place of direct attack, the Lords of Decay chose to rebuild their strength while using Clan Eshin agents to bring anarchy through assassination and political manipulation. The human crusades to Araby and the Tilean upheavals were examples of such campaigns instigated behind the scenes by nefarious plotting. Alas, no lasting victories were achieved using such insidious methods, and so it was that Clan Pestilens prevailed in persuading the Council to again attempt another invasion into the human realms.

Aiming to repeat the early success wrought upon the Empire, the Red Pox was delivered into the sewers of the Bretonnian city of Bordeaux. The scourge slew a third of the population, but Baron Giscard Du'ponte ordered the poor quarter to be burnt. This act, for its deplorable lack of humanity, halted the contagion.

The full assault was launched a quarter of a century later and all of Bretonnia and northern Tilea blossomed with a virulent outbreak of Red Pox. Once again the Council let the disease ravage and depopulate the region before signalling the Skaven armies to the surface. At first nothing could stop the ravaging hordes and many towns and villages were burned. The cities of Brionne and Quenelles were soon besieged. However, the combined forces of the Duc de Parravon and the Wood Elves of Athel Loren arrived in time to break the siege and soundly defeat the Skaven at the Battle of Remarche. And so another attempt to subjugate the man-things under the iron claw of Skaven rule ended in ignominy and paw-pointing.



THE SECOND CIVIL WAR

After the disastrous failure of the Red Pox, many of the Lords of Decay demanded the Plague Lords be ousted from the Council of Thirteen. After months of intense political manoeuvring, blackmail, bribery, threats and assassination, a vote of the full Council was ordered.

On the day of the vote, Clan Pestilens attempted to seize control, declaring the existing Lords of Decay to be heretics. Many Warlord clans rose up with them. Fighting broke out between the albino guards of the Temple of the Horned Rat, the Plague Monks and countless clans throughout Skavenblight. Anarchy ruled as factions gained and subsequently lost control.

Clan Skryre had long foreseen such an uprising and unleashed their own offensive. Technological wizardry confronted the rabid Plague Monks in the sprawling tunnels and ruins. Ikit Claw was promoted to Chief Warlock and it was he who led the charge, ostensibly to restore order. Within weeks Clan Skryre took command of the Temple of the Horned Rat. With Jezzail teams ensconced in the bell tower and every entrance covered by diabolic weaponry, all counter-attacks were repulsed. Lord Morskittar declared himself ruler of Skavenblight and sought to re-establish a Council (beneath his mighty rule) but it was too late. Fighting had spread through the Under-Empire and none could stop it.

So it went for 400 years. Dozens of factions existed and the war was marked by constant shifts of allegiance. Clan Pestilens, Skryre, and Moulder each headed a powerful faction with Clan Eshin remaining neutral and hiring out its deadly expertise to the highest bidder. It was during these centuries that Clan Skryre transformed their nest-lair in Skavenblight. Infernal devices and engines of destruction were assembled on a level previously undreamt. It was with this newly developed apparatus that Ikit Claw detected the rising tide of Dark Magic that preceded the Great Chaos Invasion. So it was that Lord Morskittar was prepared when the Grey Seers declared their intentions.

THE HORNED RAT WALKS AMONG US

As vast Chaos armies built up in the north, portents abounded – Morrslieb hung low and showers of meteors rained from the skies. The Grey Seers visited every Skaven stronghold up and down the Under-way. They gave a single ultimatum – be at the annual feast of Vermintide or suffer the wrath of the Great Horned Rat. The Grey Seers planned to invoke the Great Horned One himself in an effort to end the war between clans.

Some clans feared a trap and so sent representatives, but none dared to stay away altogether. On the eve of Vermintide each lord or agent arrived in Skavenblight. For only the second time in their history a member of each clan gathered at the foot of the Temple of the Great Horned Rat. An atmosphere of fearful expectation could be smelt upon the assembly as the temple doors swung open and the full order of 169 Grey Seers filed out. The Seerlord Kritislik was last of the thirteen thirteens and carried with him a great skin-bound book, which he set upon an iron lectern. As he squeaked,

leading the incantation, the very air seemed to twist and a distant ominous cracking could be heard. The Grey Seers picked up the chant and amplified the sound. The intensity rose as they began the sacrifices.

One by one, 169 slaves died in increasing agony, the last dying to the torments of the Seerlord himself. Their squeals of fear and pain reached out to the bowels of creation where the Horned Rat gnawed on the roots of reason. The Great Bell tolled as the brooding skies lashed chains of lightning to illuminate the scene. Again and again rang the unholy bell, so impossibly loud that it drowned out the sound of chanting and thunder alike. After the thirteenth toll the bell stopped, but its hellish reverberations could still be felt.

In the sudden quiet the Seerlord opened his jaws and screeched, emitting a cloud of dark vapour that poured endlessly up until it plumed to the height of the tower itself. A great claw reached out and ripped the very curtain of reality. Now a shape, blacker than black, could be seen amidst the vapours. Two blood-red eyes as wide as castle gates stared out. As one the Skaven fell prostrate, pressing their muzzles to the dirt. Some dropped dead as their hearts burst.

The silhouette of curving horns could be seen as the great claw reached out and leisurely scooped up a score of squealing Skaven. Yellow-fanged jaws flashed as the Great Horned Rat consumed them. The gaze of the Horned One swept over his quailing children and he reached out again and again. When the paw last withdrew, a glowing pillar of purest warpstone was revealed. It had 13 sides, each marked by 13 blocks of glowing runes. These runes contained the unholy verminous commandments of ruination and the dictates of rulership, along with prophecies of the Great Ascendancy.

Then the Horned Rat whispered to the assembled horde with the voice of a million scratching and gnawing rats. He told them their wars amused him, but they must cease. The Skaven must spread corruption in order to inherit the world and assure his full return. He demanded the reformation of the Council of Thirteen and promised that all must obey their commands or feel his wrath. Only his favoured could touch the pillar and thus only his chosen ones could join the Council. With that the awesome presence withdrew into the netherworld, the crack narrowing and sealing behind it.

The musk of fear hung heavy over the survivors as they blinked at the black pillar and reassured themselves that the Horned One had really been there and was really gone. Lord Rakin was the first to touch the pillar. He burned with black fire until only ashes remained. Over the long night no few relinquished their claims to the Council rather than face the test, but many more touched the pillar. Only twelve lived. Each of the Lords of Decay was imbued with an aura of dark power, truly the blessing of the Great Horned Rat. From that day, the Council of Thirteen has remained unchanged. Many Skaven have touched the pillar, some have survived, but none have defeated the existing Lords of Decay.

THE WAR BENEATH THE WORLD

The Skaven have fought with the Dwarf-things since their passageways first intersected each other deep underground. What the first Skaven thought when their crude picks broke into the ornately hewn Dwarfholds is not recorded, but the races have been at war ever since.

The Dwarfs of old established an everlasting realm, carved out of living rock and connected via the Ungdrin, their remarkable underground highway. This golden age of Dwarfs has long since ended, shattered in large part by the unrelenting attacks of the Skaven. Soon after unprecedented earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, the Skaven assaults began. The first major hold to be lost was Karak Varn. With the lower levels already flooding, the hold came under attack by Night Goblins. The bearded-things were tenaciously holding their own until a new foe entered the fray. Using the element of complete surprise, the Skaven erupted from the lower mine workings. Dwarfs were used to fighting the sneaky Night Goblins, but the rapid-tunnelling numberless hordes of ratmen came as a nasty shock.

In the cramped underground corridors, the superior Skaven numbers could not be fully employed. Instead, waves of frontal attacks swarmed hallways, literally crawling over each other to strike at the foe. In the meantime, other troops excavated new tunnels, seeking to burst behind or beneath the already sore-pressed defenders. The Skaven timed their attacks to coincide

with above ground assaults by Orcs and Goblins, often luring the greenskins into attacking at the right place or time to aid the ratmen. Beset from above and below, the Dwarfs lost mine after mine, hold after hold.

THE FALL OF KARAK EIGHT PEAKS

Although forced to relinquish many settlements, no Dwarf ever imagined losing the glorious and powerful Karak Eight Peaks – a city and stronghold with a vast network of mines. By the time Skaven tunnels were found deep underneath the lowest mine workings of Karak Eight Peaks, underground warfare had changed. The Dwarfs were now fully aware of the Skaven and moved to counter each new threat. Sturdy resistance was no longer enough and invasions, even from below, were now met with countermines, well-conceived death traps, and matchless Runesmith-produced arms and armour. With typical Dwarfen precision, Miners gave way to gromril-encased Ironbreakers that steadfastly guarded the narrow points. The circuitous tunnels of the ratmen broke open to face firing lines of stalwart Dwarfs with handguns. A vast amount of Skaven blood was spent for every gain and yet around each new bend could be found another well-protected defence.

It was then that the embattled Warlord clans sought the guidance of the Council of Thirteen. The Council's plan estimated ten generations before completion, but it guaranteed success. The first step was convincing local Orc tribes to stop fighting one another long enough to assault the Dwarfs on the surface. The next step involved slowly poisoning Dwarf wells with warpstone. This took time to build up toxins slowly, but over the months the Dwarfs began to weaken, their bodies straining to fight the corruption. Giant Rats, purchased from Clan Moulder, could squirm through cracks to launch sudden attacks, but it was the weaponry of Clan Skryre that made the largest difference.



WAR WITH THE GREEN-THINGS

Skaven and greenskins often benefit from the spoils of the same Dwarfhold, but not in the wildest of warpdreams could the two races be called allies. Battles between the Children of the Horned Rat and greenskins are common, with both sides seeking to wipe the other out by any means possible. However, as neither side has anything resembling scruples, alliances of convenience can happen when both sides see an advantage. When they can, Skaven manipulate any slow-witted Orc leaders (which is just about all of them) into doing all of the dirty work. Such pacts are always broken and the only real question is which side turns betrayer first. Night Goblins, although less brutish than their Orcish cousins, are shrewd, and therefore much tougher opponents in a prolonged war. Night Goblins in particular compete with Skaven for the best lairs (often old Dwarfholds) and so any Warlord worth his sharp, pointy incisors will do his utmost to slay or enslave any Night Goblin tribes that get within striking distance of his clan!

The powerful but portable Warfire Thrower could melt through gromril-reinforced gates, so it had no problems blasting the Dwarf shieldwalls that formed in front of such barriers. The bearded-things gave ground, but still grimly held on. It was then that the Warlock Engineers first deployed the poisoned wind, a deadly gas attack that proved highly lethal. Neither armour nor stoic determination could combat the fumes. Although still costly in terms of casualties, nothing could slow the inevitable Skaven advance. Level by level, hall by hall, the hold fell to the ratmen. Many Dwarfs, mighty warriors and unrivalled artisans alike, died agonising deaths in the pitch black beneath the world. After well over a century and a half of bitter and constant warfare, the last few hundred Dwarfs fled Karak Eight Peaks.



In the uppermost levels of the Dwarfhold and in the ruins of the abandoned city on the surface, the Skaven now battled the Orcs and Goblins that they themselves had first coerced into attacking. In a climactic battle in the ceremonial halls of the west quarter, Clan Mors collapsed the vaulted roof, sealing out the greenskins from the desirable levels and simultaneously crushing several rival clans (who were not told of the plan). Shortly after, the Council of Thirteen approved the Clan Mors claim to make the City of Pillars their stronghold. And so it remains to this day.

THE DWARF REALM BESIEGED

The fall of one of their largest and most prized settlements served notice that the Skaven were unlike the other threats to the Dwarfen realm. Although Orc tribes uniting to rampage or Chaos invasions were cataclysmic events, after such attacks the tide of war always receded and survivors had emerged. The lengthy and systematic campaigns of the Skaven threatened to destroy each and every hold. There was no respite, nor an ebb to the endless numbers. Since losing Karak Eight Peaks there have been attacks under every major Dwarfhold. Once deemed unassailable, even Karaz-a-Karak, the everlasting stronghold of strongholds, has been penetrated. Its lowest levels are now sealed with powerful runes and under constant guard, for the Dwarfs know what waits in the depths below.

Wherever the two races meet, the battle for domination continues. With each new tunnel invasion or bitterly contested counter-attack, the underground warfare has continued to evolve. The Dwarfs, steadily pushed back from the narrow hallways, began defending the grand halls and caverns. Here vast armies formed up, daring the Skaven to mass and assault. The Dwarfen shieldwall stretched unbroken for miles. The Skaven took the bait and only after suffering repeated massacres did the ratmen adapt once again. The efforts of dismantling

and reassembling the larger engine of war such as a Screaming Bell or a Plague Furnace is arduous, but has proven devastating in the high arched halls of the Dwarfholds. To be a Dwarf in such times is to be besieged. Although many of that proud race still seek to reclaim their lost realm of old, many feel it is ambitious just to maintain their current strongholds.

And so more of the Dwarf kingdom continues to be gnawed away. Karak Izril was plundered and its ruined halls left to the greenskins. The mines of Grim-Duraz in the Grey Mountains were taken by Clan Morbidus, however the plagues unleashed there were so virulent that the caverns proved uninhabitable even after the swollen Dwarfs were removed. It is rumoured that Clan Pestilens have now secretly claimed the mines.

A WOLF RAT AMONGST JACKALS

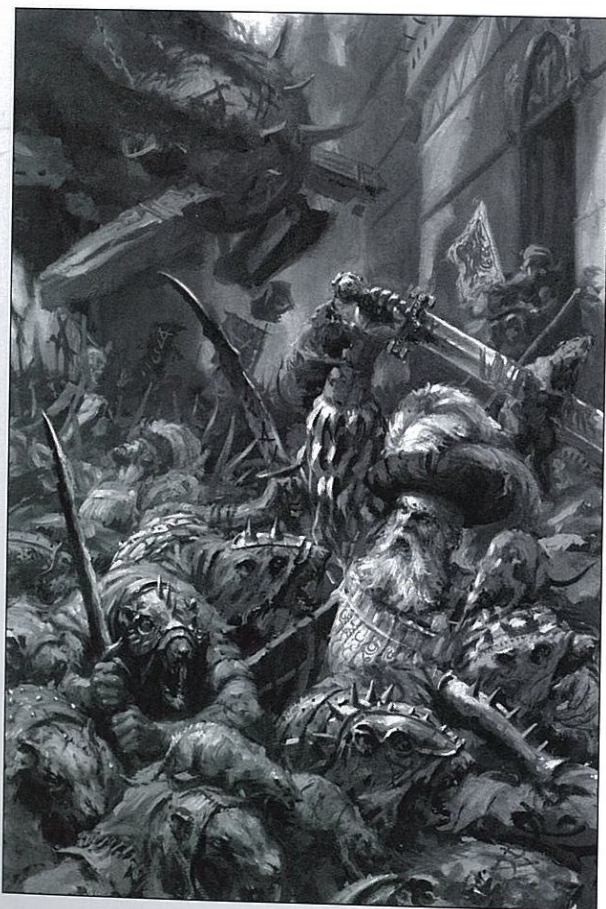
Like jackals surrounding a kill, many clans slink around the edges of the Under-way, keeping eager eyes on the faltering Dwarf kingdom. For the ratmen, however, there is one clan that dominates the abandoned mines and settlements of the Dwarfs – the dreaded Clan Mors. Since delivering the fatal blow at the City of Pillars, the Warlord clan has ransacked so many ancient mansions that full legions of Stormvermin now bear Dwarf armour. Queek Headtaker, Clan Mors' most active Warlord, has become so audacious as to send the bearded-things warnings before launching his organised dismantling of yet another Dwarf mine-working.



RISING PERIL

After the summoning of the Great Horned Rat, the fractious clans, the Warlord and Greater clans alike, were far more willing to assent to the biddings of the Grey Seers. Indeed, now all seemed eager to be the first to bow and prostrate themselves under the authority of the Council of Thirteen. Many clans competed to supplicate themselves more than the others. Open warfare between clans almost disappeared and once again the Children of the Horned Rat began to work towards their true destiny – mastery of the world.

The always teeming population of the Skaven had been held in check for nearly five centuries by the civil war. To grow again, the Lords of Decay looked to stop the clans from endlessly enslaving each other and instead, turn their beady eyes to other lands. Coordinated by the Grey Seers, a number of towns and villages that bordered the Blighted Marshes began to disappear. Some of the human settlements were left in burnt ruins, others ravaged by foul and mysterious plagues that struck suddenly and left no survivors. In some cases a town might be plucked clean of citizens, but left otherwise unmolested. These strange ‘ghost towns’ were a wonder to travellers and caused much rumour and speculation, but not nearly as much as the great holes. A few villages were simply consumed, swallowed whole by miles-wide sinkholes. Searchers could, from the edge of the vast craters, see broken timbers and smashed remnants in the darkness far below.



GNAWING AT THE EDGES

Grey Seers continued to rush outwards from Skavenblight, scurrying in all directions along the Under-way. The horned mage-rats bore special orders from the Council of Thirteen and went in person to coerce the plans and schemes into action. The largest lair-nests along the Under-way became the launching sites of new offensives. The Warlord clans of Foul Peak and Fester Spike all but ceased their feuding in order to combine their forces and overpower the many tribes of Night Goblins that had taken abode in the caves riddling the Vaults. Clan Pestilens, supported by Clan Septik, led the attacks out of Putrid Swamp that took many prisoners from the villages of Wissenland, in the southern part of the Empire. Many successes were boastfully reported to the capital before the pestilent host was driven back underground by a large army that marched out of Nuln. The Council's orders had been specific – scavenge along the edges, but that was all. The time was not ripe for full-scale assault.

From the Black Chasm and other lesser strongholds many attacks were levelled at small towns on both the Empire and the Bretonnian side of the Grey Mountains, as the Council hoped to drive a spike between the alliance of those two great nations.

THE ATTACK ON NULN

After long years of building up strength underneath the cities of the Empire, the Skaven once again brought full-scale war to Imperial lands. A campaign of manipulation and bribery culminated in open war in Nuln. It had long ago been discovered that man-things could be bribed or blackmailed into aiding the Skaven. Many key individuals, the most important of which was the Chief Magistrate of Nuln, had been involved in a Skaven scheme that hoped to spark another civil war in the Empire. Unfortunate interference led to the plot's untimely unravelling and, in an impetuous rage, a vengeance-attack was launched against the city.

Grey Seer Thanquol masterminded the Skaven battle plan, which included troops from the four Greater clans and several Warlord clans. The attackers infiltrated through the sewers and succeeded in destroying close to half the city. Clanrats emerged in a nigh-unstoppable surge, packs of savage Rat Ogres rampaged through the cobblestone streets and Stormvermin almost captured the Countess Emmanuelle. Several of the Council of Thirteen were furious with the attack, feeling it was launched prematurely to the Great Plan. Many more were upset with the attack's ultimate failure. Seerlord Kritislik was quick to point out that during the action a rebellious Warlord clan was all but eradicated. The attack also showed that the veil of secrecy was having some effect over the lands of the Empire. Despite a proportion of the city in smoking ruin and many casualties, the majority of the population still refused to believe that Skaven existed. Even Imperial soldiers who fought the ratmen in close quarters were persuaded that it was a mutant uprising or another Beastmen attack. By retrieving their dead and other cover-up actions by Clan Eshin, the Skaven ensured they remain a shadowy threat to all but the keenest of minds.

THE COUNCIL RULES

Skaven politics are convoluted and labyrinthine. The current dictates of rulership were laid down by the Horned Rat upon the Black Pillar of Commandments over two centuries ago. It must have been intended for the system to be as complex and intricate as possible. Scheming and plotting come naturally to Skaven and it is doubtless the Great One draws endless amusements from the machination of the Lords of Decay as they twist and turn within his convoluted laws.

The positions on the Council command a descending order of precedence. The first and twelfth places (the right and left hand of the Horned Rat) are the most important seats and the sixth and seventh places are the least. However, any Lord of Decay can abstain and by so doing veto a command from his 'opposite number'. Hence, Lord Kritislik, the Seerlord, can (and so frequently does) veto the orders of Lord Morskittar, the Lord-Warlock of Clan Skryre. This means that the Lords of Decay often need the help of others to set their schemes in motion. Thus the circle of maze-like plots continues, encouraging ever-shifting dynamics, blackmail, bribery, and all manner of corruption. Assassination attempts amongst the Lords of Decay are considered rather crude, but are not unheard of. It is more likely that the lower clans or even outside kingdoms will be manipulated, which in turn will affect the actions of the Council of Thirteen.

CONFLICT AGAINST THE ELF-THINGS

Although there were setbacks and chattering debate over policies and timings, everything was going according to the plan. Far from the light of the world, the clans were all growing in strength and power.

The Dwarfs were dying; the cold-blooded things were no threat, having been almost beaten once by just a single clan. The Skaven held the green-things in too much contempt to give them any concern. The lands of the man-things were riddled beneath with a growing horde of verminkin awaiting the orders to attack. The man-beasts were unworthy of attention. The men of the north that worshipped the Dark Gods were fearsome, but the Council knew how to deal with their kind. Who then would dare to stand before the Great Ascension?

But Lord Verminkin, the Packlord of Clan Moulder and he-who-is-eleventh accused Clan Eshin and the rest of the Council of cowardice and avoidance against the Elf-things. The Nightlord of Clan Eshin, Lord Sneek, spoke, his reedy whisper-squeak menacing and cold. He spoke of failures that were not the fault of his clan. He told of the inability to penetrate magical defences, of creatures that could feel the presence of Clan Eshin's best. He spoke of run-ins at trading ports and in the Far East. He spoke of a lone sea-fortress on the southern tip of Cathay. With the right support, perhaps it would be best to start there, far from the Elf-thing's power base?

BATTLE AT THE GATES OF CALITH

So it was that the Council ordered many Skaven to begin the long trek to the far side of the world. Gutter Runners led no less than seven Warlord clans through winding and seldom-used passageways far past the Dark Lands. The Lords of Decay commissioned a new Skaven fleet and the rotting dockyards of the Spineport heaved with toiling slaves.

It took years to plan, scout out, and build up a large enough force, but at long last the High Elf fortress at the Gates of Calith was attacked from both land and sea. Issuing out of tunnels a seething mass of Skaven advanced on a wide front towards the indomitable Elven fortress. The Skaven were led by the Grey Seer Lurkwoal, mounted atop a Screaming Bell, which was already causing the walls to splinter and crack. The ramshackle fleet included perhaps half of the Skaven's total vessels, and many of the ships housed complex machineries of destruction on their superstructures.

For their part, the High Elf garrison guarding the Gates of Calith were totally surprised – but they were highly trained warriors far from their home, and well-used to the lightning raids of their own twisted kin. They had been caught unawares, but not unprepared. To an Elf, they defended the walls. Their fleet, not waiting to be blockaded and besieged, sailed out from under arched gates to meet the foe upon the seas.

The fortress walls were breached and through these gaps Lurkwoal ordered his Hell Pit Abominations. The lurching horrors had caused untold casualties and eaten many slaves on the long trip through the Under-way, but now they were unleashed in their fury. Mighty fists swept the Elf-things aside and the mutated beasts crushed many more underneath their formidable bulk. Despite the hail of arrows that rained from the battlements, thousands of Clanrat warriors followed through the gaping holes. There they were pitted against the steel-eyed martial prowess of the Elves. Few creatures can rival a Skaven for speed, but the Elf-things were not found wanting. Locking shields, a thin white line of warriors advanced to hold the swarming Skaven from the final gates guarding the innermost fortress. It was then that disaster struck the verminous host.

The Elf fleet, having sunk the entirety of its ramshackle adversary, returned to pour broadsides of boltfire into the massing Skaven. The last Abomination fell twitching spasmodically to the ground. The Skaven, so close to a victorious feast, instead began to melt away, wavering and breaking from the storm of bolts and arrows piercing their ranks. The resolute Elven Spearmen charged and Grey Seer Lurkwoal only escaped thanks to the timely resurrection of a Hell Pit Abomination, which staggered back up, roared with a thousand voices, and crashed into the rear of the High Elves. Only a trail of splintered gear and dead was left behind.

Although the message was broken up by static interference, Lurkwoal reported by Farsqueaker his 'near success' to the disappointed Council before beginning the long trek home to Skavenblight.



SKAVEN TIMELINE

Unburdened by the weight of history, the Skaven enshrine no accounts of great deeds, tragedies, or inventions. Some clans keep records, but these are solely hyperbole, excuses, or apportioned blame. Thus, this brief outline of the Under-Empire's momentous events has been compiled from Dwarf records and the few remaining Imperial markings not destroyed by espionage. The dates are all recorded in the Imperial Year and many (c) are best guesses, as accurate dating for such an anarchic race is impossible.

ANCIENT HISTORY

c-2500-2000 The ancient city that later becomes Skavenblight is occupied by men and rapidly built to become the most populated human city in the Old World. The city is known to have traded with many of the wandering Dwarf clans from the Black Mountains.

c-1860 Construction of the great temple begins and goes on continuously for at least a century.

c-1780 The temple is completed and coincides with great flares from Morrslieb. Many meteors are sighted. Within a year the city is overrun by a tide of vermin of unusual size and viciousness.

c-1600 The Skaven emerge as masters of Skavenblight.

-1500 Disaster at Skavenblight. The Great Machine of the Seer Order explodes. The Slann, ignorant of the newly emerged race, registered the energy and attributed it solely to their own powerful spells. To this day they have failed to make any connection. The Great Migration out of Skavenblight begins.

-1499 Dwarf records from many holds begin to document (and curse) their first sightings of ratmen.

-1498 The flooded Dwarfhold of Karak Varn comes under full-fledged Skaven attack.

c-1450 The Lord of Decay known as Malkrit leads Clan Moulder into the Troll Country north of Kislev where they establish their stronghold that becomes Hell Pit. Lord Visktrin is mortally wounded by a Dragon in the Mountains of Mourn but instructs his successor to establish a colony far to the east – and so what is to become Clan Eshin passes out of knowledge for a time.

c-1420 At least one Skaven clan is sighted in Araby.

-1399 Clan Pestilens overruns the ruined city of Quetzal and claim it in the name of the Great Horned Rat. They begin a campaign of terror across the jungle.

c-1300 The War Against Nagash. The Long War of Cripple Peak is begun against the Undead legions.

c-1200 The treaty of Cripple Peak is marked in blood on Dragonhide and the Council of Thirteen enters into a pact with Nagash, the Great Necromancer.

-1197 Nagash is slain by Skaven treachery and his bones melted, save for his hand, which, unknown to the Council of Thirteen, crawls away to safety.

-701 Battle for Karak Eight Peaks. The Book of Grudges records that Miners in first break into a Skaven tunnel. The Dwarfs are shocked to discover the extent of the Skaven burrows beneath them. A terrible and bitterly fought underground war begins.

-513 The Dwarfs record that Karak Eight Peaks falls as King Lunn orders the last survivors of the fierce battle to seal the tombs, armouries, and treasure holds, and break out towards Karaz-a-Karak.

c-500 to c-300 The Skaven battle the greenskin hordes for domination of Karak Eight Peaks, or the City of Pillars as it is renamed. The top levels and ruined city are cleared of Orcs and Goblins by around -300.

c-250 Clan Rictus bribes the Council for exclusive rights to establish a foothold at Crookback Mountain, the underground gateway to the Dark Lands.

c-100 Nagash returns and Clan Rikek is destroyed.

FROM SIGMAR'S TIME ONWARDS

17 Three different Imperial records and a tapestry record that, in this year, Sigmar, the man-god of the Empire, destroys an army of ratmen. These accounts have since been lost and the section of the tapestry dealing with this era has been eaten away by pests.

c50 Lord Nurglitch leads the majority of Clan Pestilens to the Southlands and establishes new strongholds.

c100 Civil War. Clan Pestilens, long forgotten, makes a dramatic return to Skavenblight and starts a civil war. Back in Lustria, the remnants of the clan are destroyed or driven out of Lustria, although several key tunnels and strongholds escape notice.

c500 Clan Eshin, the long-lost clan led east in the Great Migration, returns from far Cathay having developed and perfected many nefarious skills.

c600 After consuming many Warlord clans, devastating the Southlands and killing a Lord of Decay in ritual combat, Clan Pestilens finally place one of their Plaguelords on the Council, thus ending the civil war.

1111 The Black Plague. A plague strikes the Empire.

1112 to 1124 The Man-things War. The Skaven Wars begin in the Empire. Few Imperial documents mention this period, leading many historians to brand it as an elaborate hoax (the kind favoured by university students with too much time on their hands).

1125 Warlord Krricht Dwarf-slicer defeats all comers to become the new Warlord of Clan Mors.

1152 The Emperor Mandred Rat Slayer is slain by Nartik of Clan Eshin by order of the Council.

c1435 Sultan Jaffar, a powerful Arabian sorcerer, welds together a coalition of desert tribes (and summons daemonic allies, it is said) and carves out a sizable realm. The Skaven spy for the Sultan and murder many rivals in exchange for warpstone.

c-1448 Jaffar is manipulated into invading Estalia and captures Magritta. This begins the Araby crusades by the human realms of the Old World, notably Bretonnia and the Empire. Distrust and anarchy are spread wide.

1563 The Tilean city of Tobaro is overrun by Skaven breaking in through the ancient Elf-carved tunnels that riddle the cliff.

1565 Tobaro is recaptured by a mercenary army mustered by the Prince of Tobaro, reinforced by a contingent of High Elves from Ulthuan.

1786 **Terror of the Red Pox.** The Red Pox breaks out in Bordeleaux in Bretonnia.

1812 Bretonnia and northern Tilea are ravaged by Red Pox. Brionne burns to the ground.

1813 Skaven armies emerge across Bretonnia, but are soundly beaten by fierce counter-attacks and driven off entirely at the Battle of Remarche by Bretonnian and Wood Elven forces.

c1850 **Uprising.** The Skaven Under-Empire is mired in another civil war. The Council of Thirteen is broken and all clans strive for supremacy or simple survival.

c2000 New Seerlord Kritislik leads Clan Scruten away from the battles in Skavenblight and establishes the major warrens beneath Marienburg.

c2150 Ikit Claw completes the great Iron Exo-skeleton after his major lab accident.

RECENT HISTORY

2302 **The Great Summoning.** The Grey Seers order all clans to Skavenblight and dare to summon the Great Horned Rat. The feuding ends as Warlords are terrified into a level of obedience previously unthinkable. Warlords Gnawdwell, Vrisk Ironscratch, Griznekt Man-carver, and Paskrit the vast join the Council of Thirteen.

2302-2320 **Terror in Tilea.** Many small towns near the Blighted Marshes are razed or disappear altogether.

2321 Skaven warships are spotted in the Tilean Sea. Many coastal raids begin at this time. The Dwarfs of Barak Varr report sinking a Skaven fleet.

2335 Following a warning from the Elven Mages that protect Lothorn, a Tilean vessel is stopped and

boarded. The search by the Sea Guard turns into a battle. Rumours persist that several ratmen escaped the ship, leaping overboard and disappearing into the city.

2387 Prince Karsten of Waldenhof employs Skaven to undermine the walls of the invincible Castle Siegfried in Sylvania. When refused their warpstone payment, the Skaven steal all the children of Waldenhof.

2473 to present The Dwarfs return to Karak Eight Peaks under King Belegar, descendant of King Lunn. They capture several levels and join the ongoing battles for the upper levels against both Clan Mors and the Night Goblins of the Crooked Moon tribe.

c2480 Throt the Unclean returns from the Chaos Wastes with a captured Blindwrym.

2491 The deadly artefact known as the Skaven Black Arc is stolen from Skavenblight but recovered at the Battle of the Monastery of La Maisontaal in Bretonnia.

2498 **The Battle of the Jaws.** Tipped off by Skaven spies, Goblin Warlord Skarsnik ambushes a Dwarf army.

2499 **The Battle of Nuln.** Half of the great Empire city is destroyed by invading Skaven and ensuing fires.



2504 Sea Lord Aislinn's Dragonship squadron engages a ramshackle fleet near the Shifting Isles. Despite the foe's arcane machines, the Elves triumph. The Skaven corpses that wash up on the north-east coast of Ulthuan are gathered and burnt by the shore patrols.

2513 to present. Towns and forts along both sides of the Grey Mountains begin to disappear due to Skaven attacks. The Empire and Bretonnia suspect each other. Although tensions are raised between the nations, only border skirmishes have thus far taken place.

c2515 In the Dark Lands Tretch Craventail begins to carve himself a reputation for greatness.

2518 Lord Throt the Unclean and his army from Hell Pit fight Chaos Lord Aelfric Cyenwulf and his barbarian force. Cyenwulf later leads his army the opposite way, preferring to take on the might of Kislev rather than the mutated beasts of Clan Moulder.

2520 High Mage Torinubar, Mage Lord of the Gates of Calith, is mysteriously slain. None of the typical signs of Dark Elf outrages can be found.

2521 Clan Mors Warlord Queek Headtaker is recalled to the City of Pillars in an attempt to bring an end to the ongoing battles there. Elsewhere the copper mines of Grim-Duraz in the Grey Mountains become the latest Dwarf holdings to fall under Skaven control.



SKAVEN BESTIARY

In this section you will find information and rules for all the different warriors, war-beasts, heroes, monsters and war machines used in a Skaven army.

SPECIAL RULES

Where a model has a special rule that is explained in the Warhammer rulebook, only the name of the rule is given. Additionally there are some commonly recurring Skaven special rules that are detailed below.

Scurry Away!: The Skaven embody the adage 'he who runs away lives to fight another day!' All models in the Skaven army add +1 to the total rolled to determine the distance they flee.

Strength in Numbers: Skaven are not brave by nature, but do take courage from being in large packs of their own kind. All units in the Skaven army add their current rank bonus to their Leadership value for any Leadership-based test.

To calculate the Leadership of a unit with the Strength in Numbers rule, first determine the unit's Leadership as normal and then add the rank bonus of the unit to this value, up to a maximum Leadership of 10.

For example, a 15 model-strong unit of Clanrats (Ld 5) deployed in three ranks of five would receive a +2 rank bonus for a total Leadership of 7. If a Chieftain (Ld 6) led the unit, the value would go up to a Leadership of 8. If the unit was within a 12" range of a Warlord that was the Skaven General (Ld 7), the unit would go up to Leadership 9.

Note that a Skaven General confers his basic Leadership and then units modify it with their own rank bonus. Any bonus from the ranks of the General's unit is not passed on to units within 12".

If for any reason a Skaven unit loses its rank bonus, it also loses its Leadership bonus. For instance, fleeing units do not have a rank bonus, so fleeing Skaven must use their basic Leadership.

Verminous Valour: Skaven characters with this rule can refuse a challenge with no loss of honour. Other races see such acts as cowardly, but Skaven view a commander scampering to safety and dooming those underneath him as a leader's natural right.

If a Skaven character refuses a challenge, the model is placed in the back rank as normal, however, the unit may still use the Skaven character's Ld or Battle Standard ability even after the character has been moved to the back.

Warpstone Weapon: Skaven often use the highly unstable magical energies of warpstone to create devilishly deadly weapons. Attacks from weapons with this special rule count as magical.

THE SCAVENGE-PILE

The following weapons and upgrades are common amongst the leaders and commanders of a Skaven army and so may be purchased by character and champion models as described in the army list (page 97 to 106). The same item may be purchased by more than one model in the army. Unless otherwise noted, these weapons are not magical.

WARPMUSKET 15 points

A warpmusket is a rifle built along the same lines as the warplock jezzail, although not as long of barrel.

A warpmusket is a move or fire weapon that has a range of 24" and is Strength 5. A warpmusket is Armour Piercing, uses Unstable Ammunition (see page 65), and is a Warpstone Weapon.

POISONED ATTACKS 15 points

The fine powders and unctuous lotions purchased from Clan Esbin can turn a scratch into a deathblow.

All close combat attacks made by the model count as Poisoned Attacks. This will affect a tail weapon, but not any magic weapons or a Rat Hound Bodyguard.

TAIL WEAPON 8 points

This could be a mechanical Clan Skryre attachment or an evolved mutation, the results are the same – another appendage wielding a weapon.

A model with this additional blade, spike or mace can make an additional S3 Attack at the user's WS and Initiative. It can be used in addition to other attacks including an additional hand weapon or even a magic weapon, although it gains no magical properties.

WARPLOCK PISTOL 8 points

The puny pistols of other races pale in comparison to the Warlock Engineer's constructions.

A warplock pistol follows the rules for pistols except that it has a range of 10". A warplock pistol is Armour Piercing, uses Unstable Ammunition (see page 65), and is a Warpstone Weapon.

RAT HOUND BODYGUARD 5 points

There is a certain bound-like loyalty to these modified rats, although their verminous instincts means they might still attack their master if he appears vulnerable.

A model with a Rat Hound upgrade can make an additional WS3, S3 attack. This attack is made at the owner's Initiative, however, on a To Hit roll of 1 the rat hound will instead inflict an automatic hit on its owner.

CLANRATS

The bulk of most Skaven armies are formed of Clanrats – a vast and verminous horde of ratmen that make up the warrior class. These Skaven belong to any one of thousands of clans scattered throughout the underground burrows, strongholds, and bursting cavern-cities that make up the Under-Empire. Of all the teeming masses, only the worker dregs, the shiftless Skavenslaves, are more numerous than the Clanrats.

Clanrats are slightly smaller than man-sized, standing four to five feet high. They range between lithe and scrawny and are possessed of a constant energy, most commonly seen in a nervous twitching of their hairless, worm-like tails. A single Clanrat is not a fearsome opponent. A lone warrior will lack any degree of discipline or determination and is likely to skulk in the shadows, afraid to go forward, too cautious to go backwards. Unless driven by black hunger, a single Clanrat will only attack something that is visibly weakened or crippled, preferring even then to attack unseen from behind. When banded together in a large pack, however, Skaven bolster each other's confidence and fuel their feral ferocity to a highly aggressive level. This allows the individually cowardly ratmen to form massive units that will recklessly hurl themselves into a fray against even obviously superior troops.

Like all Skaven, Clanrats are hierarchical bullies that will go out of their way to kick, maim, and otherwise keep down any beneath their own rank, in their case, the lowly Skavenslaves. Similarly, Clanrats will fawn over and prostrate themselves before anyone else – in their case, everyone but Skavenslaves. In larger Skaven strongholds many clans co-exist in a constant power struggle – and most Clanrats will know (and spend an inordinate amount of time dwelling upon) which clans, Clawleaders or Chieftains are on the decline, and therefore vulnerable.

When a Warlord gathers his might for war the Clanrats are front and centre, occupying a key place in the battleline. They form into great blocks to overwhelm a foe with their weight of numbers and the fury of their attack. If the Warlord can afford the price and is in reasonable standing with Clan Skryre, then a Weapon Team might accompany the regiment. These arcane devices of destruction are viewed suspiciously by the Clanrats, who frequently suffer due to their all-too frequent technical failures.

After the adrenaline-burst of melee Clanrats need to feed or suffer the unbearable pangs of the Black Hunger. Immediately following any combat the ratmen scour the battlefield, devouring the dead and injured of friend and foe alike.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Clanrat	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5
Clawleader	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	2	5

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.

FUR COLOUR AND RANK

Skaven fur ranges in colour, most often shades of brown or piebald. The rank of a ratman can often be distinguished by its fur, as larger specimens tend to be darker. Assassins and Stormvermin are marked by darker shades from brooding browns to jet black. White or grey fur often denotes great leaders, especially wielders of magical energy. This is possibly evolutionary, allowing the Skaven to pick out their commanders even in the underground darkness of their lairs. Some particular units or clans are known for unusual hues, such as the Albino Council Guard that protects the Lords of Decay or the red-dyed fur of Clan Vulkn. It is not uncommon to see dye or paint used to denote clan affiliations and crude branding of markings or runes is frequent with certain clans.

STORMVERMIN

The Stormvermin are the fighting elite of the Skaven Warlord clans. They are distinguishable from their scrawnier litter-mates – often standing a full head taller, with thick muscular necks and a powerful build. Most Stormvermin are marked at birth, as their size and darker fur colour is recognisable. As the largest and most aggressive, young Stormvermin-to-be typically outfight the rest of their litter for precious food. If the young warriors are particularly strong, the weakest of their litter actually become the food. Should they survive the traumatic politics and back-stabbing as their litter-pack jockey for position, the strongest Skaven will be assigned to regiments of Stormvermin.

Stormvermin regiments are outfitted with the best gear of war in the clan's armoury and their duties may include forming a retinue or bodyguard for anyone from a minor Chieftain to the mighty ruling Clan Warlord himself. This puts the Stormvermin at the vanguard of the army where they can ensure continued preferential treatment by fighting with ferocity and zeal for their leaders. Most Warlord clans maintain the unwritten law that the first feed after a battle belongs to the Stormvermin. Those who dare to feast before their proper station are often openly attacked by the elite Skaven warriors, who take any opportunity to violently

demonstrate their favoured status. As further reward, many Stormvermin regiments are assigned their own legions of Skavenslaves. These lackeys see to the comfort and needs of their masters.

For political purposes and as a display of might Stormvermin regiments will sometimes leave their clan. This is often when a Grey Seer purchases or 'requisitions' help from a Warlord clan, but could be sojourns at far away rival strongpoints or dangerous spots along the Under-way. It is not unheard of for a Warlord clans to sell the service of their elite warriors. Clan Rictus, for instance, is especially famous for breeding great numbers of jet-black Stormvermin.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Stormvermin	5	4	3	3	3	1	5	1	5
Fangleader	5	4	3	3	3	1	5	2	5

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.

TREACHEROUS PROGRESSION

The progression from Stormvermin to Fangleader to Chieftain to Warlord is common, although not as traditional as betrayal. Stormvermin are linked to a clan leader, serving as his bodyguard and the enforcers of his will. Opposition to a leader is regularly met with butchery and an armoured cadre of Stormvermin is ideal to do such work. To ensure their strong-arm regiments remain loyal, cunning leaders lavish attention, praise and, most importantly, gifts upon 'their' Stormvermin. Food, Skavenslaves (often the same thing) and breeding rights are popular motivators. Particular ferocity, anticipating treachery, or eating the existing Fangleader are the standard ways of rising from the Stormvermin ranks. Once established, a Fangleader that can keep his leader safe while savagely carrying out commands can virtually name his price.

As treachery abounds, bribing a Fangleader is a common tactic. Amidst the double and triple crossings, baseless pacts, and false promises, a Fangleader is quickly immersed in the only training that can forge a black-hearted Chieftain, wicked and wily in the ways of both battle and intrigue. Few Chieftains survive without the support of a core of fighters, so when (almost invariably) a Fangleader makes his move to replace a Chieftain, he will assure the support of at least some Stormvermin. A top lieutenant takes the vacated role of Fangleader and so the cyclical dynamics of power shift. A common and astute phrase amidst Warlord clans is "A Chieftain is only as big as his Stormvermin".



SKAVENSLAVES

The Under-Empire is run by slave labour. Skavenslaves perform all menial tasks, including mining, tunnelling, and food production. In lean times, they themselves become the food. The majority of slaves are Skaven born into bondage, the lowest class of a hierarchical society. Their ranks swell as rival clans are captured during internecine wars. At times even non-Skaven become slaves, although few other races last long under the whips of the ratmen overseers.

The life of a Skavenslave is cruel, but mercifully short. Food is so rare that cannibalism is the way of life and each day is a battle for survival. A slave with the slightest injury – a limp or disease-swollen eye – is hungrily marked by his pack. These wretched creatures attempt to hide such maladies, but the keen Skaven sense of smell cannot be fooled. The crippled are soon devoured as the ravenous horde turns upon itself.

In warfare Skavenslaves are used en masse to absorb missile fire and to overwhelm the foe with numbers. A common Warlord tactic is to whip Skavenslaves to the fore of an assault. Many are butchered, but the loss is acceptable if the slaves bear the brunt of incoming arrows or tire the foe for the next attack wave. The best Skavenslaves will even pull down and tear to pieces a few of the adversaries, although this is considered a

bonus. Some Skavenslaves use slings to inflict damage from afar, while others are lucky enough to have scrounged spears or shields to aid them in battle.

It is not unheard of for Skavenslaves to survive a battle, although this is inconvenient for overpopulated lairs. In desperate times the boldest of Skavenslaves may be granted a chance to become Clanrats. Slaves who break in battle, however, are shown no mercy. Those not slain by the enemy are trampled underfoot by the oncoming attack waves of their own side. It is commonly said that the most dangerous Skavenslave is one that is running, for he may turn to fight at any time.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Skavenslave	5	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	2
Pawleader	5	2	2	3	3	1	4	2	2

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.

Expendable: All Skaven, except other Skavenslaves, automatically pass Panic tests caused by Skavenslaves. Also, Skaven can voluntarily target ranged attacks at enemy units engaged in close combat with Skavenslaves (but no other friendly troops). As combatants are constantly in motion, all successful hits must be randomised between the fighting units (1-3 friend, 4-6 foe). If there are multiple units, further randomise to determine exactly which one is struck.

Cornered Rats: Desperate Skavenslaves can be vicious. Should a Skavenslave unit break from combat, all units within D6" (friend or foe) immediately take D3 S3 hits. Another hit is added to the total rolled for each additional rank of slaves after the first one. The broken unit, including any characters that joined them, are then removed, just as if they had been wiped out in close combat.



The most famous slave revolt occurred in Skavenblight. Slaves from many clans rose up, following Skabbicus, a slave turned warrior, who promised a better existence. Legions of armoured Stormvermin assaulted down narrow tunnels to suppress the rebellion, but the slaves held firm. They might have gained freedom had not the devious Council of Thirteen announced a pardon for any who desisted and pointed out their leader. It is said that over 10,000 Skavenslaves pointed out Skabbicus and watched their former commander cut down and eaten. The promised pardon was quickly forgotten and the following retribution was predictably brutal. Production dropped for weeks throughout Skavenblight, but everyone ate well.

RAT SWARMS

The cess-filled streets of the human cities of the Old World teem with life, much of which isn't human. Rats – vermin of all sizes – have grown bold in their numbers. They infest the rot-filled timbers of the sagging townhouses, tunnelling nests into thatch, tirelessly gnawing through wattle and daub. They have grown brazen enough to be seen scurrying in the gutters and alleyways of main streets even under the bright light of day. By night, the rats are legion, their eyes glowing red in the passing flicker of the night watch's lanterns. The ancient sewers that drain the cities' filth are breeding pits that swarm with rats beyond number. Some of the gnawed skeletons that are piled amidst the refuse are doubtlessly the sad remains of the dispossessed, but the sewerjacks sent to repair the drains think it is more than that. It is whispered that citizens of the poorest districts go missing in the night, perhaps falling victim to the insatiable hunger that lives beneath the city?

The presence of a Skaven army has an alarming effect on ordinary rats – they congregate in a numberless tide at the feet of their larger cousins. Whether this living carpet of vermin comes in answer to some sorcerous calling or to pay homage to the Great Horned One, none can be sure. But knowingly or not, the rats perform service to the Skaven. A few rats will become ensorcelled and be assigned spying missions by the suspicious and watchful Grey Seers. Clan Pestilens will infect many rats as they seek to spread new plagues amongst the world. Vast quantities of vermin will be eaten by the lowly and desperate. But the majority of the rats will accompany the marching Skaven army and join the attack in swarms. Whether it is bursting out of the sewers of a human city or overrunning an Orc camp, the chittering mass of rats can pull down and devour a man-sized creature, leaving naught but bones.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Rat Swarm	6	3	0	2	2	5	4	5	10

SPECIAL RULES

Unbreakable (Swarm).

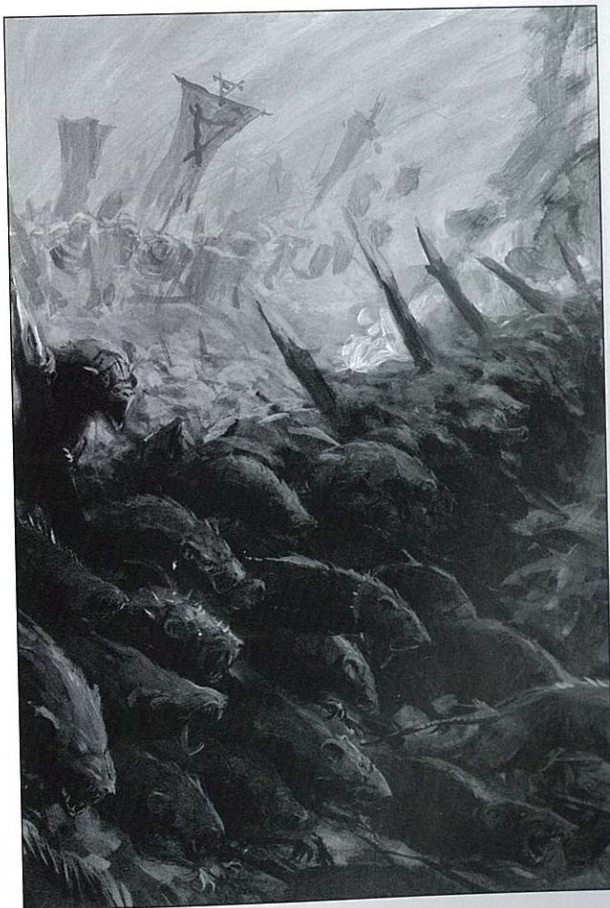
Small: Rat Swarms do not block line of sight.

Rat-catcher Ludwig Nusbaum had consumed too much ale, which loosened his tongue so that he addressed the rest of the tavern's customers. "Sometimes – you might think I'm as crazy as a doom prophet – but sometimes I think those rats are watching me. You know, spying like. Sigmar preserve me, but I don't like it much. I'd hate to see it if the rodents ever got their way. Still, I get paid for catching a pole-full. Give us another one, Bessie."

MORRSLIEB

Morrslieb is the name of the mysterious second moon that plays such a large role in Skaven ritual and their mythology. The Skaven believe that the tainted greenish moon is made entirely of warpstone. When meteors of the coveted substance fall from the sky, it is taken as an omen that the Great Horned One is pleased with his children and seeks to reward them.

Although the orbit of Morrslieb is notoriously unpredictable, its fullness in the fallow month signals the annual ritual of Vermintide. At least once every few decades Morrslieb will rise full and sickly in the sky for thirteen days in a row. When such ominous portents appear, the Grey Seers gather at the Temple of Temples. Those few agents of entropy too far flung to return to the capital communicate via the Warlock Engineer-invented Farsqueaker. It is at such times that the Seerlord and the other top rat-mages will suffer visions, collapse in fits and receive the wisdom from the Great Horned Rat himself.



WARLORDS & CHIEFTAINS

To hold the title of Warlord is to rule. A Skaven does not gradually earn respect or position, and there certainly is no giving in the brutal society of the ratmen. Leadership must be savagely taken. To gain power, a Warlord must seize control, proving himself a top fighter and a devious adversary. Such a coup either ends in failure and certain death at the hands of the existing ruler, or the new leader supplants the current Warlord, often eating him in the process. Challenges follow no format but often take the form of personal combat, treacherous back-stabbing, or elaborate political schemes. The more underhanded the deed, the better, for that is what puts the fear (and what almost passes for respect) into the Skaven masses.

Skaven leaders are larger and more powerfully built than the warriors they ruthlessly command, but mere physical prowess is not enough to sustain control. Once a Warlord has fought, betrayed, and clawed to the top, the battle really begins. Manipulation, the ability to set rivals upon each other or the mustering of support from an insincere following are skills needed to hold power, as even the fiercest fighters become worn down by the constant challenges. Great wealth can augment battle skills, bribe underlings, or simply buy formidable aid. Warlords of even minor clans attempt to buffer

their personage with Stormvermin bodyguards, the latest Clan Skryre death-dealing invention, or hulking war-beasts such as specially bred Rat Ogre steeds purchased from Clan Moulder. Especially coveted amongst many Warlords are ostentatiously embellished War-litters carried by the burliest of warriors.

Any threats to a leader's position must be ruthlessly countered and no effort is spared when eliminating rivals. As Skaven assume (quite correctly) that everyone is a potential rival, it is no small task prioritising who should be dealt with first. Destroying upstarts can absorb the majority of a Warlord's effort – but there is an upside, as the brutal removal of a traitor can make others think twice before attempting their own ruses. Particularly gruesome or elaborate deaths can buy a Warlord hours of relative peace. To command for long, such scheming must come as naturally as breathing.

A Warlord cannot be everywhere at once and so must build up a cadre of enforcers – loyal (for the moment) Chieftains that can ensure that his word is law and that the Warlord has a paw in all profitable ventures. In a small clan this can mean dozens of subordinates while for larger clans this includes a hierarchy of Warlords and thousands of Chieftains. All commanders must aggressively take credit for positive outcomes and swiftly allocate blame for all that goes poorly. This ranges from tweaking the truth to outrageous lies. For instance, if an avalanche destroys large portions of the foe, the more convincingly a Chieftain can take credit for the event, the more his esteem rises with subordinates (“yes-yes, it is deadly to attack Chieftain Snarlock”) and with overlords (“The Great Horned One watches over Snarlock”). The fact that few believe such lies or blatant self-aggrandisement is neither here nor there – what is important is the small strand of possibility and the sheer audacity required to make such claims. It takes a great leader to speak great lies.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Warlord	5	6	4	4	4	3	7	4	7
Chieftain	5	5	4	4	4	2	6	3	6

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Verminous Valour.

The Warlord Skurius addressed his last Chieftain. “Yes-yes, you will attack the man-things, and I treaty-pledge first scavenge to your clawpack.” It was the same thing he had promised them all. In the unlikely event any survived the assault, Skurius would have to think of something...

SKAVEN MOUNTS

Skaven Warlords often seek to augment their fighting prowess and intimidation factor. Riding atop a mutant steed constructed by Clan Moulder or borne upon a War-litter bedecked with clan symbols serves notice of their greatness!

RAT OGRE BONEBREAKER

The Rat Ogre Bonebreaker is one of Clan Moulder's specially engineered variant breeds. The Bonebreaker strain is created by taking an augmented Rat Ogre and submerging the stitched monstrosity in a vat of growth agents for months. It takes thousands of slaves dying horrible deaths to produce enough growing juices to fill the vat, but that is easily offset by the asking price for the muscle-bound behemoths. When it emerges from its enforced chemical immersion the Bonebreaker is a prodigiously proportioned Rat Ogre, so bulked out that its upper body is hunched over, straining to contain such massed brawn. A braced platform, strapped or bolted onto the creature's back, allows a Warlord to ride atop a Rat Ogre Bonebreaker. When mounted atop such a beast a Warlord becomes pride-swollen and behaves more arrogantly than ever.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Rat Ogre Bonebreaker	6	4	3	5	5	4	3	5	5

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Fear:

Trained Mount: A Rat Ogre Bonebreaker uses all the rules for a Monstrous Mount from the Warhammer rulebook with the following exception: the Rat Ogre Bonebreaker can only join a regiment of Skaven Clanrats, Stormvermin, or Rat Ogres.

GREAT POX RAT

To engorge a Giant Rat to even further mass and obesity requires a Master Moulder of extraordinary talents, and the right blend of growth agents and hide-grafts. Great Pox Rats are abhorrent, bloated vermin the size of a large pony, only much wider. They are covered with mangy fur overtaken by patches of poxes and dripping lesions. A Great Pox Rat's filth-encrusted mouth is filled with needle-sharp teeth, sabre-like incisors, and yet-to-be-discovered diseases. Once astride the heavily bloated Great Pox Rat a Warlord can rightfully twitch his tail in pride, for surely none would be so foolish as to challenge such a mighty personage?

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Great Pox Rat	6	3	3	4	4	1	5	2	2

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Poisoned Attacks.

Verminous Cavalry: The Great Pox Rat follows the normal rules for a cavalry mount as presented in the Warhammer rulebook, although it is mounted on a 40mm by 40mm base.

WAR-LITTER

Some Warlords go to battle atop litters borne by slaves and guarded by the strongest Stormvermin available. Such platforms offer protection, extra fighters, and a more elaborate and visible display of the Warlord's power. There is a satisfying pomp about being carried around that appeals to a certain kind of Warlord. Even better if the platform is bedecked with clan trophies, the skulls of enemies and relics of defeated rivals. Some clans use palanquins in emulation of the awe inspired by the Grey Seers on their Screaming Bells, while others are simply copying the Dwarf tendency to fight atop shields borne by bodyguards.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
War-litter	5	4	-	4	-	-	5	4	-

SPECIAL RULES

Borne Litter: A Warlord and his War-litter move and fight as a single model (even in challenges). The War-litter has four Attacks at WS 4, Strength 4, and Initiative 5. None of the Attacks from the War-litter benefit from any weapon (magical or otherwise) or equipment carried by the Warlord or the models carrying or guarding it. The Warlord gains a +1 armour save from his War-litter and can still use the "Look Out, Sir!" Rule.

VERMIN LORD

There are few sights more revolting and more unnatural than a Vermin Lord, a Daemon of the Horned Rat. These horrific creatures exude an aura of might, creeping decay, and inscrutable knowledge, for they are nothing less than the power of the Great Horned One made manifest. A Vermin Lord is at once majestic and disgusting, a living icon of ruin, the ultimate scavenger. Although such a being towers in height, it is lithe and quick, its movements evoking the fluid, yet twitchy, scuttling of rats. Great spiralling horns bedeck the Vermin Lord's head and any onlooker finds that he cannot look away from the nightmarish creature, yet at the same time fervently hopes not to make eye contact. And this is wise, for even the passing attention of such an ancient and wicked being is enough to stop a man's heart. Few dare to meet a Vermin Lord's all-seeing gaze for even an instant and none can hold it.

To summon a Vermin Lord from across the great veil requires sacrifice and ritual. Such creatures are not meant to walk the earth and the natural world protests the Vermin Lord's warped presence – the air moves and seems to bend light, cradling the dreadful being in an aura of unholy contamination. Grass will blacken at the touch of a Vermin Lord's hooves and all hope fades in its ruinous presence. Ominous foreboding precedes a

Vermin Lord and even the Lords of Decay fear being in the all-knowing presence of a living avatar of the Great Horned One. It is said that the Vermin Lord always knows the truth and it is no use embellishing the truth or attempting to deceive such a fiend. The unearthly power of a Vermin Lord allows it to smell lies even as they are spoken.

A Vermin Lord is eternally calculating a myriad interweaving plots, ever seeking the best path towards some desired end. The creature is never still, constantly pacing, stopping to tilt its head as if sniffing for the future. When the time for action comes, however, the Vermin Lord manifests all the feral savagery of the Skaven race. Its rage is terrifying to behold and few mortals can stand against it. The sinuous body contains a might and strength to challenge a Greater Daemon, and lesser creatures are swept aside in droves. At need a Vermin Lord can summon a powerful and wicked glaive, which it swings in deadly and unstoppable arcs.

The Grey Seers hold the keys to summon the Vermin Lords and they keep the rituals secret. Only at times of great need will the Grey Seers attempt to tear the veil of reality and they are loath to do so, fearing to summon up what they cannot dismiss. A Vermin Lord is wiser and more wicked than any living Skaven and yet it retains its lust for power and its treacherous love of betrayal. A bargain struck with one of the Vermin Lords will bring great power to the supplicant, but, as with all Skaven deals, the cost will be high.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Vermin Lord	8	8	4	6	5	5	10	5	8

MAGIC

A Vermin Lord is a Level 4 Wizard and can use the Skaven Spells of Ruin and Spells of Plague. A Vermin Lord can freely mix his spells from both Skaven spell disciplines, just be sure to announce which spell table is being used before rolling. The Vermin Lord can substitute one spell for *the Dreaded Thirteenth Spell*.

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, **Immune to Psychology**, **Large Target**, **Terror**, **Ward Save (5+)**.

Rat Daemon: A Vermin Lord is a monster and can never join units, nor be the Army General. Vermin Lords are a type of Daemon and are affected by any rules, abilities, weapons, spells and so on that work against Daemonkind.

MAGIC ITEM

Doom Glaive: The Doom Glaive is a powerful weapon from beyond. Each unsaved wound caused by the Doom Glaive is multiplied to D3 wounds.

GREY SEERS

The Grey Seers are also known as the Chosen of the Great Horned One, prophets of the Lord of the Great Below, and the voice of the Horned Rat. They are powerful sorcerers, capable of channelling eldritch energies in destructive ways, levelling enemy armies with lightning, or summoning ravaging swarms of rats. Some Grey Seers ride atop the nightmarish Screaming Bell to unleash untold ruin. More important than their ability to dominate a battle, however, is their role as emissaries for the Council of Thirteen, a position which often grants them the top-rank.

Marked at birth by their extremely rare fur colour, anywhere from pure grey to nearly white, Grey Seers are also different from other litter-spawnings as they have small nub-like bony growths atop their heads. Should the Grey Seer live long enough, these will grow to become the fully formed horns that command instant fear and subjugation from all other Skaven.

In their role as chief agents for the Lords of Decay, Grey Seers wield tremendous influence. The Grey Seers visit the Warlord clans for many self-serving reasons, such as seeking aid, building alliances, or gathering a coalition against a common foe. The ability to call council with top Warlords allows the horned sorcerers access to valuable insight and inside information, which they use to their own advantage. The fact that Grey Seers ever use such tidings to further their own ends is, of course, denied by Seerlord Kritislik. He is the leader of the Grey Seers, who also happens to occupy the first, and most important, seat on the Council of Thirteen. Kritislik spends so much time vehemently denying any abuse of position or the sacrosanct nature of all clan dealings, that he occasionally misses opportunities to exploit such precious information. It is their role of intermediaries for the Council of Thirteen that grants the Grey Seers such power and it is a position they jealously guard. Even implied displeasure from a Grey Seer causes much self-castigation (however insincere). Not even the Greater clans can easily afford so much as the merest slight to a Grey Seer.

When manipulations fail to influence a Warlord clan, a Grey Seer can bring many pressures to bear. A key weapon in the Grey Seer political arsenal is their role as envoy of the Great Horned Rat. Grey Seers alone have the ability to summon a Vermin Lord, a threat often insinuated, but an act Grey Seers secretly wish to avoid. Luckily, no Warlord wants to be accused of standing opposed to the will of the Great Horned One, or being anywhere near a Vermin Lord. Thus, the threat of summoning alone suffices to persuade even the most suspicious Warlord to see the Grey Seer's point of view.

Having the backing of a Grey Seer means a clan is in ascendancy, and will gain supremacy in dealings with others. They may barter with the upper hand and a Skaven with an advantage will press it mercilessly. It is always best to exploit such an advantage while

it lasts, for it will only be a matter of time before the Seers call with their own demands. In Skaven society it is well known that absolutely nothing comes without a steep reciprocal price.

Grey Seer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
5	3	3	3	4	3	5	1	7

MAGIC

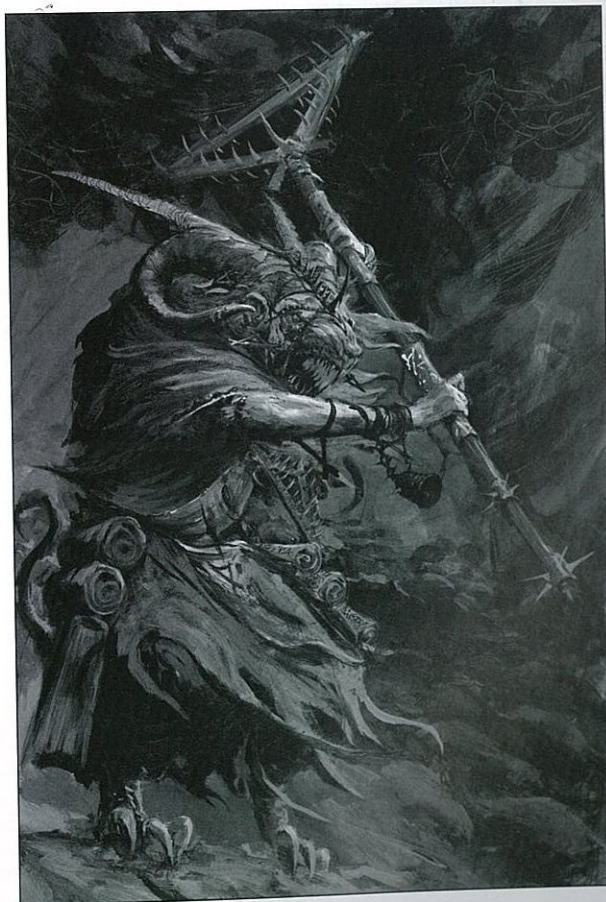
A Grey Seer is a Level 4 Wizard and can use Skaven Spells of Ruin and Spells of Plague. A Grey Seer can freely mix spells from both Skaven spell disciplines, just be sure to announce which spell table is being used before rolling. The Grey Seer can substitute one spell for either *Skitterleap* or the *Dreaded Thirteenth Spell*.

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Verminous Valour.

MAGIC ITEMS

Warpstone Tokens: Grey Seers always start the game with D3 Warpstone Tokens (see page 108).





SCREAMING BELL

Of all the diabolical wonder weapons of the Skaven, none is as notorious as the Screaming Bell. The bell is an ever-present symbol in the creation legends of the Skaven and its mighty toll strikes deep inside the black hearts of the evil ratmen.

In battle the ominous tolling of the bell resounds above the clamour of the fighting, a message of death to foes, but a declaration of supremacy that reverberates inside the children of the Horned Rat. The deadly peal drives

PUSHED INTO BATTLE

The Screaming Bell must be deployed in a unit of Clanrats or Stormvermin. Place the Screaming Bell at the front of its unit, as centrally as possible. Accordingly, the following rules apply.

Moving the Screaming Bell

The unit the Screaming Bell has joined marches, charges, and pursues normally so long as it has at least 10 models. For every model the unit drops below 10, the unit deducts 1" from its move. So, if there were nine Skaven in the unit, they would have a Movement of 4, eight would have a Movement of 3, (etc.). If the unit is reduced to five or less models, it cannot move.

Difficult Terrain and Obstacles

If the Screaming Bell (not the unit pushing it) passes over difficult or very difficult terrain or an obstacle then it suffers D6 S6 hits. This includes charging a foe that is behind a defended obstacle or in a building. Apply these hits immediately, with all hits allocated to the Screaming Bell (not any character mounted atop it). If the Screaming Bell is not destroyed it may continue its move and will not suffer any additional hits for crossing other obstacles during the same phase. The Screaming Bell (and its unit) can assault a building, but cannot enter it unless a scenario states otherwise.

RINGING THE BELL

In his Magic phase, immediately after generating power dice, the Skaven player can choose to ring the Screaming Bell. First the owning player declares how many dice will be rolled, representing the vigour the Rat Ogre bell-ringer is commanded to supply. For the first toll, only a single dice can be rolled, but in subsequent rounds up to three dice may be rolled.

The Screaming Bell will ring out of sequence if it is struck with enough force. If a missile of Strength 5 or higher hits and wounds the Screaming Bell, it will ring. Immediately roll a D6 and apply the results. Roll once per phase, regardless of the number of hits.

- 1 Not yet in stride. *The Rat Ogre strains under the task.* The air stirs with magical energy, but no game effect yet.
- 2-4 Unholy Clamour. *The toll of the Bell fills the unit pushing the Screaming Bell with zeal.* The unit pushing the Bell immediately moves an extra D6", if this brings them into contact with the enemy it counts as a charge.
- 5-8 Emboldened. *The high-pitched squeaking of the Skaven rises to meet the Bell's clanging.* All friendly Skaven within 24" of the Bell can re-roll failed Leadership tests (including Break tests) until the end of the current player turn.
- 9-10 Scorch. *The toiling sound opens vents in the ground.* The Bell itself (not the Grey Seer) immediately casts the Scorch spell (Bound Spell level 5), see page 78.
- 11-12 Deafening Peals. *The unnatural vibrations of the bell spread outwards.* All models with a Toughness 7 or more on the battlefield instantly suffer D3 wounds. Roll a D6 for each building within 18" of the Bell – each collapses on a roll of 5+. Models inside collapsed buildings are treated the same as per the Cracks Call spell, see page 78.
- 13 A Stirring Beyond the Veil. *Something that should not be awoken answers the Bell's summons...*
All enemy units within 24" of the Bell take D3 Strength 4

Shooting at the Screaming Bell

An enemy can choose to target either the unit pushing the Screaming Bell or the Screaming Bell itself. Hits against the unit are as resolved as normal, but hits against the Screaming Bell are randomised – hitting the Screaming Bell on 1-5, and the Grey Seer on a 6.

The Screaming Bell in Combat

The Screaming Bell does D6 Impact Hits when it charges. The Rat Ogre crew and Grey Seer may fight anyone in base contact with the Bell. The Rat Ogre can fight close combat and still ring the Screaming Bell. Enemy models in base contact can choose to attack the Screaming Bell or any character mounted on it. Attacks against the Screaming Bell must roll To Hit against the Rat Ogre crew's Weapon Skill.

The different sized base of the Screaming Bell means some extrapolation must be done to work out the rank bonus. Count the model as the same number of Skaven that would normally occupy that space (usually 15).

Destroying the Bell

If the Screaming Bell itself is destroyed, remove the model and place the Grey Seer where it was. He will join the unit. This is the only way the Grey Seer can leave the Screaming Bell.

hits (as from shooting). Additionally, if the unit pushing the Screaming Bell is in combat, it can attack with all its models in the next Close Combat phase, regardless of which ones are in base contact (they crawl atop each other to reach the foe!). Treat them all as if they are in base contact with any foe in base contact with the unit.

- 14-16 Wall of Unholy Sound. *The deafening peals roll across the land, driving the Skaven to new heights of ferocity.* All friendly models within 12" of the Screaming Bell gain +1 Attack until the end of the player turn. Roll a D6 for each building within 24" – each collapses on a roll of 4+ (see Deafening Peals).
 - 17 Avalanche of Energy. *A surge of energy ripples from the Screaming Bell.* All friendly models within 24" of the Bell gain +1 Attack and may re-roll failed To Hit and To Wound rolls until the end of the player turn. Any friendly Skaven units within 12" of the Screaming Bell and not in close combat can immediately move an extra D6", if this move puts them in contact with the enemy resolve it as a charge.
 - 18 Apocalyptic Doom. *With a cataclysmic eruption of sound the Screaming Bell splits asunder, crashing to the ground like ten thousand thunderclaps. Sometimes even years later, survivors still report bearing a faint echo, the final resonations of the bell or distant unearthly laughter.* The Screaming Bell is destroyed. All models within 4D6" take a Strength 4 hit with no armour save allowed.
- Doubles** – If any doubles are rolled, a backlash of magic reverberates through the Screaming Bell. Apply the following effect in addition to the result on the chart. The unit pushing the Screaming Bell immediately takes D6 Strength 4 Hits.
- Triples** – If a triple is rolled (apart from a triple 6), apply the following effect in addition to the result on the chart. The unit pushing the Bell immediately suffers 2D6 Strength 5 hits, and the Grey Seer and the Screaming Bell itself each suffer a single Strength 5 hit.

PLAGUE MONKS

The Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens are zealots utterly dedicated to the spread of corruption and decay in the name of the Great Horned One. These devout disciples of disease are unique amongst Skaven society in that they are fanatically committed to their clan and its purpose of creating the ultimate disease. Once this plague devastates all surface-dwellers, the Skaven can rise up in the ruins and claim their proper inheritance – nothing short of the entirety of the world. The Great Horned Rat will know who brought his children to their rightful and preordained ascendancy and Clan Pestilens will sit over all and rule supreme.

To all reasonable creatures (and even other Skaven) the Plague Monks are a horror to the senses. Plague Monks are instantly recognisable by their dishevelled robes; soiled shrouds which partially cover the weeping sores, bony growths and fluid-filled blisters that mark their scarred flesh. The thick cowls and rotting bandages cannot hide the sickeningly sweet smell of purification, which seems to hover visibly in the air, and it is this stench that attracts the swarms of buzzing flies that accompany the loathsome acolytes.

When Plague Monks gather, their squeaky chanting can be heard as they recite from the foul Book of Woe –

endlessly repeating the Liturgus Infectus, or the Rites of Infection. If they are going to war, the Plague Monks march under one of their Clan Pestilens banners – often a half-rotted carcass hanging from a banner pole bearing unimaginably twisted visions rendered in pigments distilled from blood and warpstone.

As the foul brethren march forward towards an enemy battleline, their chanting picks up its pace and the Plague Monks seem to incite themselves into a terrible rage. In combat Plague Monks hurl themselves into the fray with fanatical ferocity, eager to bring death and destruction to their foes. With bulging eyes and foaming mouths, the Plague Monks seem possessed of an unnatural and unholy fervour. They relentlessly attack with filth-encrusted blades, iron-tipped staves, or even their needle-sharp teeth. A Plague Monk's exposure to pestilence has rendered its toughened, boil-ridden skin immune to pain. The ability to shrug off crippling injury combined with their near-hysterical zealotism means that the only reliable way of stopping a Plague Monk attack is to wholly dismember the disease-ridden Skaven.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Plague Monk	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5
Bringer-of-the-Word	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	2	5

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Frenzy.

THE BOOK OF WOE

Every disease created and every foul experiment must be marked down in the Liber Bubonicus, the Book of Woe. This is the collected wisdom of Clan Pestilens, a manifesto of corruption and plague since the clan's emergence in the Lustrian jungles. Each Bringer-of-the-Word must track and record the many developed strains of death – both their composition and their effect on the living. Each of the different sects or orders of Plague Monks keep their own Book of Woe, updated daily by a Plague Priest, a devotee who has long studied the poisonous volume. Each vile tome is key to all Clan Pestilens rituals and its loss would be unbearable to an order of Plague Monks.

Once every 13 full turns of Morrslieb, all Plague Priests must travel to the Southlands to the hidden temple-capital of Clan Pestilens and present their book to Arch Plaguelord Nurglitch. Thus are new diseases recorded in the master Book of Woe, a tome so dangerous that few can abide its presence and live.



PLAGUE PRIESTS

Plague Priests are the most degenerate ratmen of the Disciples of Decay, otherwise known as Clan Pestilens. They lead their foul brethren in the creation of new and virulent diseases – forever searching for the ultimate plague that can weaken all nations so the Skaven can rise up and rule supreme.

It is the Plague Priests who stoke the righteous fury of the Plague Monks, teaching litanies of hate and breeding intolerance for all customs outside their own rituals. Clan Pestilens members do not seek material wealth, but instead are utterly and insanely focused on their master works. It is the diseased, but devoted, Plague Priests who enforce this harsh discipline. Under the direct control of the Plaguelords, the Plague Priests lead the daily rituals – recording the results of their poxes, and monitoring the many infections that are spread on not just captives, but also Skavenslaves, and even the Plague Monks themselves. Indeed, their own specially made diseases are not feared, but accepted as a Blessing from the Bringer of Pestilence himself. To be a living altar, a walking vessel of contamination, is the strident goal of every Plague Priest, who themselves lead by example. Bandages and robes barely cover their leathery hides or contain a Priest's weeping boils. It is the Plague Priests' duty to ensure the Cauldrons of a

Thousand Poxes, bubbling iron vats of untold filth, are never empty, but instead brim over with new and terrible diseases to contaminate the world.

The Plague Priests claim the great Harbinger of Disease himself, the Horned Rat, grants them sorcerous powers to aid their unholy mission. Whether their arcane might is granted by a divine presence or from long study of the Book of Woe, there is no denying the noxious powers of the Plague Priests. Vomiting geysers of black death or cursing the enemy from afar so that he erupts with blistering boils, Plague Priests wield loathsome, but potent magics. When the outcome of a battle has particular importance to Clan Pestilens, the Plague Priest may even sanction the building of a great Plague Furnace to accompany the brotherhood on their divine mission to destroy all who oppose them.

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

MAGIC

A Plague Priest is a Level 1 or 2 Wizard and can use spells from the Skaven Spells of Plague. A Plague Priest can substitute one spell for *Pestilent Breath*.

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Frenzy.

THE PESTILENT BROTHERHOOD

Their monomaniacal zeal and devotion makes Clan Pestilens the most single-minded of all the Skaven clans. They are different, counted strange by all other ratmen. This absolute belief in their own righteousness has caused untold friction amongst Warlord and Greater clans alike. Recognised as a major power, Clan Pestilens has a high seat amongst the Lords of Decay, having risen from the seventh to the tenth position. It is no secret, however, that many scheme to have the diseased ones destroyed. It has been this way since Clan Pestilens' rise to power, when they nearly overthrew the Council.

Ceaseless faith and an arsenal of diseases has not only helped Clan Pestilens survive, but has seen their influence grow. In recent centuries Clan Pestilens has spread from their mysterious Southlands strongholds to as far as under the Vaults and even the Grey Mountains. During the civil wars many sided with Clan Pestilens, but it was always unsure which were true thralls and which were merely fair-weather allies. Many Warlord clans continue to claim allegiance to Clan Pestilens, most notably Clan Skrat, Septik, Morbidus, and Gratzz.



PLAGUE CENSER BEARERS

Only the most insanely devoted of the Plague Monks are given the honour of wielding a plague censer – the deadliest weapon in the Clan Pestilens armoury. A plague censer is a hollow spiked metal ball attached to a length of chain. In an unholy ritual, a Plague Priest reads aloud disturbing and disease-ridden passages from the Book of Woe while a shard of warpstone is placed inside the cruelly spiked globe. A ladle's worth of vile contagions is added, poured over the warpstone itself. Hellish runes glow as the devil's concoction immediately begins a slow bubble, sending tendrils of greenish vapours wafting out from the many holes in the ornate iron orb. Contact with the haze of noxious fumes emitted from a gently swaying censer will cause flesh to erupt into sores and fluid-filled blisters. When swung in the heat of battle, however, the censer emits vast billowing green clouds. Exposure to this plague fog causes horrific damage as lungs instantly fill with virulent fluid and vital organs putrefy. It would take a creature absolutely devoid of common sense to be anywhere near such a weapon, much less wield it in battle. Enter the Plague Censer Bearers.

The image of the Censer Bearers rhythmically swinging their plague-filled weapons at the forefront of an oncoming Skaven army is the very stuff of nightmares. A Plague Chanter, the unholy acolyte of a Plague Priest, zealously leads the unit of Plague Censer Bearers. The baleful fumes of the censers seem to fill the demented brethren with unnatural rage. As they near the enemy battleline, the foaming and fanatical Plague Censer Bearers increase the arc of their swings, leaving contrails in encircling rings as they dash towards the foe. Reckless and fully deranged, the Plague Censer Bearers often fall victim to their own weapons, inhaling a final lung-full of pollution or even impaling themselves with their own ball and chain. It matters not, fuelled by their own mind-warping fog, their ecstatic ratminds are only focused on the duty at hand – to unleash their fury and maul their hated foes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Censer Bearer	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	2	5
Plague Chanter	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	3	5

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Frenzy, Hatred, Skirmish.

Plague Disciples: These rabid disciples draw fanaticism from the presence of their Clan Pestilens brethren, the Plague Monks. A unit of Plague Censer Bearers that is within 6" of a unit of Plague Monks may use the rank bonus of the Plague Monks to modify their own Leadership. If the Censer Bearers are within 12" of a Plague Furnace they are Stubborn.

PLAGUE CENSER

The dreaded plague censer is a weapon that is only borne by the degenerate ratmen of Clan Pestilens.

A plague censer is a Warpstone Weapon and counts as a flail with the following additional rules to cover the deadly fog that surrounds such vile weapons:

At the beginning of any Close Combat phase all models (friend or foe) in base contact with one or more models bearing a plague censer must take a Toughness test or suffer a single wound with no armour save allowed. This means that a model need only take a single such Toughness test in each round of combat, regardless of the number of plague censers that it might be adjacent to. Remember all such wounds count for combat resolution. Wounds caused by the fog are resolved before Impact Hits, issuing challenges, and revealing Assassins.

All Clan Pestilens models, that is, Plague Monks, Plague Priests, Plague Censer Bearers, Plague Furnace, Lord Skrolk, and the Plagueclaw Catapult suffer a wound only on a roll of 6.



PLAGUECLAW CATAPULT

Since their rise to power, Clan Pestilens has been hard at work creating new strains of disease. The bubbling vats filled with carcasses, warpstone and foetid offal are forever brewing vile concoctions. While failing (as of yet) to create the ultimate contagion to rid the world of all surface dwellers, the Plague Monks have discovered their pestilent by-products make worthy weapons on their own. The unbalanced blend of poisons, chanted magics, and disease-soaked corpses makes a liquid that can kill on contact.

Over the centuries many have suffered the wrath of the foul creations of Clan Pestilens. Rival clans have been destroyed outright as befilted waste-water has been pumped in to flood enemy caves and warrens. It was in the Southlands that crude torsion devices first began hurling loathsome substances onto the foe during battle. The Plague Monks learned to deliver their pestilent payloads via catapult, the erupting splatter of deadly contents slaying targets in a toxic storm. Those splashed by the semi-congealed liquid find their skin simultaneously sloughing off in ruin and elsewhere erupting in glistening sores. Armour offers no protection against such a loathsome weaponry.

After the reconciliation following the second civil war, Clan Pestilens received technical help from the Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre. Soon the crude war engines built by the Plague Monks were replaced with what are now known as Plagueclaw Catapults, great wheeled scaffold-towers bearing catapults. Pushed into position by ragged Clan Pestilens acolytes, the claw-like arm of a Plagueclaw Catapult is winched back and unleashed to lob hideous death. The toxic semi-liquid leaves a glowing streak across the sky as it arcs earthwards.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Plagueclaw Catapult	-	-	-	-	6	4	-	-	-
Plague Monk Crew	5	3	3	3	4	-	3	D6	7

The Plagueclaw Catapult is a war machine and both it and the crew are considered to be a single combined model. The characteristics have been detailed for both crew and machine as they are used at different times. When being shot at or targeted with spells use the machine's Toughness, while in close combat use the crew's Toughness. There is only a single combined Wounds profile that both Plagueclaw Catapult and Crew draw from. If this combined Wound profile reaches zero the entire model is removed as a casualty.

SPECIAL RULES

Fume-addled Crew: The Plagueclaw Catapult crew are emboldened by their war engine, yet dulled by the toxic fumes. The crew does not have Frenzy like other Plague Monks and rolls D6 to determine their number of Attacks for each round of close combat.

Ponderous War Machine: If the crew is forced to flee for any reason the Plagueclaw Catapult is destroyed.

FIRING THE PLAGUECLAW CATAPULT

The Plagueclaw Catapult follows the rules for stone throwers as presented in the Warhammer rulebook with these exceptions. The Plagueclaw Catapult is a Warpstone Weapon and uses the large round template. Anyone touched by the template suffers a Strength 2 hit (the central hole has no special effect). Armour saves are not allowed against the noxious splash. Unsaved wounds cause a single wound and any unit that takes one or more wounds must immediately take a Panic test. On a roll of a misfire, roll on the chart below:

PLAGUECLAW MISFIRE CHART

- 1-2 **Twang!** *The Plagueclaw Catapult collapses.* The war machine is destroyed and is removed from the battle.
- 3-5 **Suspiciously Off Target.** *Either a malfunction or a crew member has just settled an old debt?*
The opposing player may reposition the template anywhere within 3D6" of the intended target position.
- 6 **Accident.** *An acolyte falls into the pot or some other minor mishap.* The Plagueclaw cannot fire this turn.



PLAGUE FURNACE

The Plague Furnace is a disease-ridden altar to the Great Horned Rat and an unholy pulpit for a Plague Priest. It is the noisome shrine of Clan Pestilens and ruination and corruption travel in its wake.

The Plague Furnace is pushed into battle by chanting Plague Monks, the creaking of its iron-shod wheels audible above the drone of devotional maledictions. The decaying chassis of the Plague Furnace is riddled with woodworm, but it is the vast and ornate swinging brazier that commands attention. A glowing hot censer of wrecking ball proportions swings back and forth, issuing overwhelming heat and a roiling cloud that even simple beasts instinctively recognise as poisonous and unnatural. The rhythmic swings of the infernal furnace produce an ominous sound as the pendulous censer drags through the air, leaving a trail of deadly fumes. It stings the eyes and assails the senses to gaze at the shimmering heat of the swaying globe. As the greenish vapours drift over the Plague Monks, it wets their tattered robes. This befouled fog begins to make the pox-ridden brethren twitch, their eyes bulging out in an unholy fervour for battle and blood-letting.

As the Plague Furnace nears the foe, the Plague Monks strain more feverishly at the ropes, increasing the momentum of the blazing orb. As the frothing brotherhood crash the Plague Furnace into the enemy battleline, the rusty chains holding the great warpstone incinerator are let slip so the vast censer plummets into the middle of the enemy unit. The unholy payload continues to spew the deadly green-tinged warpstone fumes while it is hoisted back into place.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Plague Furnace	-	-	-	5	6	6	-	-	-
Plague Monk Crew	-	3	-	3	-	-	3	6	-

The Plague Furnace is a special kind of mount for a Plague Priest. The Plague Furnace is treated as a single model with combined characteristics for the Plague Furnace and the Plague Monk crew.

THE BATTLE OF THE MISTS

Seeking to reclaim their realm of old, Clan Pestilens attempted to re-conquer the temple-city of Quetzal in the Imperial year 2489. The Plague Monks emerged with such numbers and deployed so many Plague Furnaces that swathes of the jungle were covered in pestilent mist. The unnatural cloud could be seen for miles, rising like a thunderhead above the canopy. Only an untimely meteor strike prevented what was sure to be victory for the pestilent rat-host.

SPECIAL RULES

Frenzy, Impact Hits (D6), Large Target, Magic Resistance (2).

Pushed into Battle (see opposite page).

Billowing Death (see opposite page).

Fuming Close Combat (see opposite page).

Icon of the Horned Rat: The loathsome power of the fumes increases the devotion of the Plague Monks to maniacal levels. This means that so long as the Plague Furnace has at least one wound remaining, the Plague Priest and the unit of Plague Monks pushing the foul device are Unbreakable, although neither can voluntarily leave the Plague Furnace.

Pestilent Blessing: The Plague Monks pushing the Plague Furnace only suffer a wound from the Great Censer's fumes (see 'Enshrouded by Fog', opposite) on a roll of 6. If the Plague Priest has a Plague Censer, to work out models affected treat the base of the entire Plague Furnace as being the Plague Priest's base. Note that the Great Censer and a Plague Censer are different enough that a model affected by both needs to take two Toughness tests.



PUSHED INTO BATTLE

The Plague Furnace must be deployed in a unit of Plague Monks. The Plague Furnace must be placed at the front of its unit as centrally as possible. Accordingly, the following rules apply:

Moving the Plague Furnace: The Plague Furnace moves exactly like the Screaming Bell on page 43. This includes how the Plague Furnace treats difficult terrain and obstacles.

Shooting the Plague Furnace: The rules for shooting at the Plague Furnace are as per the Screaming Bell on page 43. Note, however, that high Strength hits will not 'ring' the censer.

Attacking the Plague Furnace: The Plague Furnace can be attacked in the same way as the Screaming Bell on page 43 with the following exception. Unlike a Grey Seer on the Screaming Bell, a Plague Priest cannot avoid challenges when mounted on a Plague Furnace, he is too fume-addled to climb away.



BILLOWING DEATH

By violently swinging the Giant Censer the Plague Monks can cause a fuming fog of corruptive clouds to sweep over a nearby foe. This attack happens in any friendly Shooting phase and cannot be made if the unit pushing the Plague Furnace is in combat. In the Shooting phase, place the flame template with the wide end touching the front of the Plague Furnace's base. The entire template must remain in the arc of sight of the Plague Furnace. Any models touched by the template must pass a Toughness test or suffer a single wound with no armour save allowed, just as if they were in base contact with a Plague Censer (see page 46). It is a Warpstone Weapon.

THE GREAT CENSER

The death-dealing orb of the Plague Furnace uses the same smoking warpstone charcoal that powers the deadly fumes of a Censer Bearer, but in vast quantities and with a key ingredient added. The skins of dead Plague Priests are saved as vile relics and used in the fuel. The horrible husks reek with infection, having absorbed a tainted lifetime of disease. Foul ritual and unholy magic sets alight the lumpen pox-ridden skins, which, in turn, ignites the warpstone. The resulting warphat turns into a fuming furnace, producing a billowing cloud of baleful death.

FUMING CLOSE COMBAT

The Plague Furnace does D6 Impact Hits when it charges. The Plague Monk crew and the Plague Priest can fight anyone in base contact with the Plague Furnace. The Plague Monks can fight close combat and still swing the great censer. Enemy models in base contact can choose to attack the Plague Furnace or the Plague Priest mounted upon it. Attacks against the Plague Furnace must roll To Hit against the Plague Monk crew's Weapon Skill.

The base of the Plague Furnace means that some extrapolation must be done to work out the rank bonus of the Plague Monk unit. Count the Plague Furnace as the same number of Plague Monks that would normally occupy that space (typically 15).

The Plague Furnace can make the following Warpstone Weapon close combat attacks:

Enshrouded by Fog – In combat the Plague Furnace becomes wreathed in a deadly fog. At the start of any close combat, any unit (friend or foe) touching the Plague Furnace suffers D6 automatic hits distributed as per shooting. This includes the unit pushing the Plague Furnace, but not the Plague Priest riding it. Each model hit must pass a Toughness test or suffer a single wound, with no armour save allowed.

Wrecker Attack – In your own player turn the chain holding the mighty swinging great censer can be let loose. This attack happens last in any close combat the Plague Furnace is involved in, even after great weapons have struck. The Wrecker Attack causes an artillery dice's worth of Strength 5 hits against a single enemy unit in base contact with the front arc of the Plague Furnace. All hits are distributed as per shooting and count towards combat resolution. A roll of misfire means something has gone wrong; roll on the Plague Furnace Mishap chart below. This attack is done in addition to the Enshrouded by Fog attack.

PLAGUE FURNACE MISHAP CHART

- 1-2 **Crunch!** *The orb comes loose prematurely and smashes into the Plague Furnace below.* The Plague Furnace immediately suffers D3 wounds and the unit pushing it takes D6 automatic hits at Strength 5.
- 3-5 **Bilious Cloud.** *A jarring halt releases a particularly potent cloud of warp-poisoned fumes.* Immediately work out a special Enshrouded by Fog attack that causes 2D6 hits on the unit pushing the Plague Furnace only.
- 6 **Maddening Fumes!** *The great censer fails to drop, but instead glows white hot, sending billow clouds down upon the Plague Monks who become possessed with even more unnatural vigour.* The unit pushing the Plague Furnace makes an additional full round of close combat attacks against any foe in base contact. Following these extra attacks, the unit pushing the Plague Engine suffer D6 casualties. Any casualties caused by this extra round of attacks count towards combat resolution.

NIGHT RUNNERS

Night Runners are the most common Clan Eshin warriors, although they are still secretive like all their mysterious clan. Trained to move at speed, Night Runners strike quickly to prepare the way for Skaven armies. Small furtive units sneak from the shadows to seize key terrain features, while larger blocks of Night Runners scurry ahead of the Skaven lines to harass and slow down the foe. Night Runners fight with blades in each hand, although many employ slings to rain death on enemy war machines or poorly armoured elites. A typical ruse is to slink off to the army's flanks, hoping to lure pursuit into a hastily prepared ambush.

Casualties are often high amongst Night Runner packs, for they work deep in enemy territory. This is not unexpected by their Clan Eshin masters. Only those that survive many actions can hope to advance to the more highly trained squads of the Gutter Runners. Night Runners often work in conjunction with Gutter Runners, drawing out enemy reserves to allow the infiltrators-supreme to strike an exposed vital target. On great occasion the Night Runners are given a Warp-grinder tunnelling team to burrow beneath the foe and emerge upon the enemy's flanks or rear. This tactic is almost always a suicide mission, but the deaths of the Night Runners can provide a worthwhile distraction.



Skaven Bestiary: Clan Eshin

A Night Runner who has advanced to Nightleader – the champion of the stealth pack – is given many secret tasks for his unit to perform. These missions provide the final tests to ensure that only the most skilled advance to the next circle of training. The slightest misstep, such as a blade reflecting moonlight or the creak of a hidden trapdoor, is enough to jeopardise the mission and the entire unit.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Night Runner	6	3	3	3	3	1	5	1	6
Nightleader	6	3	4	3	3	1	5	1	6

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.

Slinking Advance: Immediately after both sides have deployed all their forces, units of Night Runners can make a normal move (not a march or charge). They must remain more than 12" away from any enemy models at the end of their move.

Dodge: To represent his extreme quickness and dextrous agility, the Nightleader of a Night Runner unit has a 6+ ward save.

SILENT DEATH FOR HIRE

Whether a Warlord is seeking Night Runner raiders, death squads of Gutter Runners, lethal Assassins, or simply information, Clan Eshin will help for the right price. It is well known (if never spoken) that Clan Eshin is the knife in the paws of the Council of Thirteen. Whether the Lords of Decay have something over the shadowy clan or have merely provided the best bribe, Clan Eshin provides the unseen force with which the Council maintains their reign. The Warlord clans know it is no use pointing paws as spies are everywhere and it is perilous to plot against the plotters.

The constant removal of political opponents within the Under-Empire has its drawbacks and often delays greater plans. It is said that the Council of Thirteen maintain a rolling blacklist of 10,000 names marked for swift death. On the list are the world's leaders, be they Man, Elf or Dwarf. Prioritising, however, always seems to require that Warlords of rebellious clans or threats to members of the Council top the list. Despite complex schemes to undermine the powers of the world, most resources are instead used to silence internal opposition, quell the over-ambitious and maintain the positions of the Council.

GUTTER RUNNERS

Most suspicious deaths and acts of espionage in Skaven society are blamed on the nefarious Clan Eshin. Such accusations are probably true, but, of course, there is no evidence. Much of this devastation is wrought by the Gutter Runners, Clan Eshin's black-clad death squads.

Gutter Runners have undergone training in the mysterious fighting style developed in the Far East. Because of their ability to bend and contort their pliable bodies with a speed and dexterity unachievable by man, Gutter Runners have no need for encumbering armour – they simply dodge the blows and missiles of their foes. A unit is often lead by a Deathrunner – the term used for the most promising assassin-adept.

Gutter Runners are used to soften up enemy armies before a battle begins. Night raids, arson attacks, and contaminated water supplies are all favourite covert tactics of these stealth troops. On the battlefield Gutter Runners are often tasked with the elimination of enemy war machines, ambushing exposed flanks or picking off vulnerable units. The Gutter Runners use a variety of weapons and poisons to accomplish their missions, but it is their ability to appear out of nowhere that makes them so formidable. They are masters of stealth and can nimbly creep up on even the wariest of opponents. On occasion Gutter Runners will use a Warp-grinder Weapon Team so that they can surface in the centre of an enemy's battleline to cause maximum disruption.

In addition to hiring themselves out to perform sinister deeds for the Warlord clans, Gutter Runners work on behalf of the Council of Thirteen. Across the globe, furtive bands of Gutter Runners spy, instigate warfare between surface dwellers (or rival clans) and commit acts of sabotage. Under the orders of the Lords of Decay, Gutter Runners have stolen or destroyed the recorded history of Skaven attacks from the great libraries of the Empire, searched for ways to penetrate the Emerald Gates of Ulthuan, and sought out the locations of all the remaining descendants of the dreaded Von Carstein Vampires. An unprecedented amount of secret knowledge flows into Skavenblight, as the Council of Thirteen mulls over each report, forever seeking to stay one step ahead of their many foes.

Sneaky Infiltrators: When deployed as Sneaky Infiltrators, the Gutter Runners are not set up at the beginning of the game or as Scouts. Instead, starting from Turn 2, at the beginning of every friendly turn roll a dice: on a 4+ the Gutter Runners arrive. For every successive turn after the second, add a further +1 to the roll, so they arrive on a 3+ in Turn 3, and so on (an unmodified roll of 1 is always a failure). If the Gutter Runners fail to turn up during the course of the game, treat them as casualties for any victory conditions.

In the Movement phase in which they arrive, the Gutter Runners can enter the battlefield from any table edge and are treated exactly as a unit that is returning after pursuing an enemy off the table.

Snare-Nets: Snare-nets are lightweight but strong nets covered in hooks. They are used by Gutter Runners to capture live prisoners or to slow down battle-hardened opponents.

A snare-net counts as a shield. Any enemy model in base contact with one or more Gutter Runners armed with a snare-net suffers -1 WS and -1 Initiative.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Gutter Runner	6	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	7
Deathrunner	6	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	7

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Scouts, Skirmish.

Dodge: To represent their supreme ability to twist their dextrous bodies at incredible speed, Gutter Runners have a 6+ ward save. Deathrunner Champions are even faster and so benefit from a 5+ ward save.

ASSASSINS

Skaven Assassins are the pinnacle of Clan Eshin warriors, elite killers in a class of their own. The few who know of the existence of the black-clad Assassins fear them above all others. Rumours of their cut-throat abilities are whispered in fear: the Clan Eshin devils are invisible and their very shadows are poisonous.

Stealth and killing are the study of the Skaven Assassin. All Clan Eshin warriors are trained to perform amazing feats of speed and dexterity. Only those that excel are considered for the more intensive training. It is then that the secret arts are taught, some of which are ancient techniques studied in the Far East, but many more are unique fighting styles of the ratmen's own devising. By the end of his long initiation an Assassin can jump many times his own height – hurtling over obstacles or back-flipping to safety. He can run faster than a galloping horse and climb smooth surfaces with ease. In motion an Assassin is a blur, able to rain blows upon a foe or pluck arrows out of mid-flight. Skaven Assassins are so adept at hiding in the shadows that many suspect supernatural magic is at work.

The art of sabotage, arson, and poison all form part of an Assassin's deadly bag of tricks. Many Assassins-in-training are lost as the regimen is gruelling. The final

tests are death missions assigned by Clan Eshin's ruling council, presided over by Lord Sneek, the leader of the clan and one of the Lords of Decay. After surviving such actions, an Assassin is considered an acknowledged master in the methodology of murder.

Not all of an Assassin's work happens in isolated darkness. When the Skaven march to war they are sometimes accompanied by Clan Eshin's finest hiding amongst their number. These death-dealing agents pose as a regular rank and file trooper until the moment is right. At this time, they cast off their disguise and leap into the position where they can do the most damage. Fighting with poisoned blades in each paw, an Assassin can unleash a murderous flurry of attacks that is more than capable of striking down an enemy leader. At other times an Assassin will operate on the battlefield alone – turning up to wreak havoc behind enemy lines, setting timed bombs or using poisoned shurikens to slay targets of opportunity.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Assassin	6	6	5	4	4	2	8	3	7

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Verminous Valour, Always Strike First, Poisoned Attacks, Scouts, Sneaky Infiltrators.

Dodge: To represent their extreme dexterity, Assassins have a 4+ ward save.

A Killer, not a Leader: Although Assassins are character models, units in the Skaven army can not use an Assassin's Leadership. An Assassin may never be chosen as your Army General.

Hidden: Any Assassin may start the game hidden in one of the following units: Clanrats, Stormvermin, Night Runners, Skavenslaves and Gutter Runners.

Hidden Assassins are not placed on the table but are assumed to move with the unit they accompany. At the start of the game, secretly note down which unit they are hidden in. If the unit is wiped out or flees off the table before the Assassin is revealed then the Assassin is lost. Before he is revealed there is no other way an Assassin can be harmed.

Hidden Assassins can be revealed at the start of any friendly turn or at the start of any Close Combat phase. The owning player declares that his unit contains an Assassin and places the model where it can fight, displacing a normal rank-and-file model (not a character, champion, musician or standard bearer unless there are no other options). Displaced models go to the back of the unit.



Skaven Bestiary: Clan Eshin

PACKMASTERS

The mutated fighting beasts made by Clan Moulder are whipped forward into battle by Packmasters. The specially trained Packmasters are experts at goading their charges – ferocious, half-mad creatures who can turn and attack with no warning. For this reason Packmasters are themselves cagey and fierce warriors or, if they are not, they quickly end up as another meal for their merciless packs.

It is common practice for Clan Moulder to sell both beast packs and Packmaster handlers to the highest bidder. In this way Packmasters leave Hell Pit to serve under Warlord clans across the globe. Some clans, not fully trusting Clan Moulder, will buy beast packs but insist on supplying their own Packmasters. Goading such creatures into battle is not an exact science, and many clans who attempt their own handling are soon after savaged by their own rat-beasts. Some few clans, notably Clan Krizzor of the Dark Lands, have an affinity for developing their own Packmasters, but none save Clan Moulder produce enough to sell to other clans.

The whip is a favoured weapon and beast-driving tool, and Packmasters quickly learn to become experts with the long lash. A Packmaster is adept at using his whip to direct the feral packs, or, when engaged in combat, to snap the weapon at the enemy – attacking over the heads of Giant Rats or between the hulking Rat Ogres. Those that can afford such luxuries may upgrade their whips to something that delivers even more pain.

The breeders and mutators of Clan Moulder are known as Master Moulders, a rank above the Packmasters. These burly commanders often personally lead their beasts to battle to better inspect the performance of both pack and Packmaster. Master Moulders instil greater control and discipline in a pack, largely on account of their ability to cause even more severe pain. Many Master Moulders bear unique (if not downright horrific) tools of their trade, such as the things-catcher – a wicked-looking prod with a mechanical grabber.

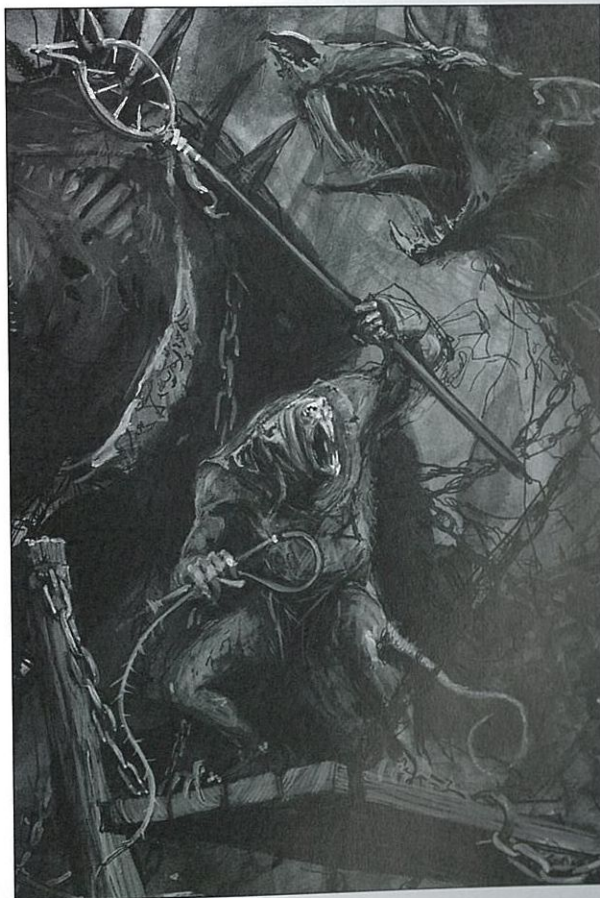
Running with the Pack: While leading Rat Ogre packs with at least a single Rat Ogre alive, Packmasters and Master Moulders are immune to Fear. However they are too busy keeping up to ever count their numbers for rank bonus.

Verminous Valour: Although they are champions not characters, Master Moulders have Verminous Valour.

PACKMASTER TOOLS OF THE TRADE

Whip: A whip counts as an additional hand weapon if the bearer is in base contact with a foe. In addition, it can be used from rear ranks, allowing the bearer to make a single attack (regardless of the model's number of Attacks) through a rank of Rat Ogres or over up to three ranks of Giant Rats. This potentially allows Packmasters with whips to attack the foe without fear of being struck back.

Things-catcher: These polearms are a staple amongst the beast-handling and creature-catching crowd. A things-catcher requires two hands to wield and confers the Killing Blow ability.



M WS BS S T W I A LD

Packmaster	6	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5
Master Moulder	6	5	3	4	4	2	5	2	6

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.

Mixed Unit: Packmasters and Master Moulders lead units of Giant Rats or Rat Ogres. They cannot leave their unit or join another. Missile hits and Impact Hits against Mixed Units are randomised as follows: roll a D6: on a 1-4 a Giant Rat is hit, on a 5-6 a Packmaster is hit. If there is a Master Moulder or any differently equipped beasts, then hits must be further randomised to determine exactly where hits should be allocated.

GIANT RATS

Clan Moulder long ago unlocked the secrets of growing, mutating, and surgically augmenting rats. At a distance these creatures might be mistaken for large dogs, but on closer inspection their foul and unnatural disposition is all too clear. Like their smaller cousins, Giant Rats have hairless tails and feet, but unlike their natural brethren, Giant Rats exhibit rampant signs of severe mutation and the diabolic grafting so frequent in Clan Moulder-made beasts. Many Giant Rats have additional heads, sets of extra limbs, multiple tails, or even more monstrous additions. Spines, spikes, tusk-like incisors, or vast hunches of bony plates can be almost commonplace, while some of the more grotesque creations have exposed ribs, enormous mounds of throbbing buboes, or worse. Giant Rats have even been seen walking upright in parody of man, or gifted with odd technical parts such as wheels or mace-enhanced tails. Regardless of their bewildering variations, all Giant Rats are vicious, wicked, and eternally hungry.

Driven to battle by Packmasters or a Master Moulder, Giant Rats form a seething and snarling mass that seeks to rip, tear, and gnaw at any enemy they can reach. When deployed in number their powerful jaws and wicked sabre-like incisors can bring down far larger

prey. Given free rein, the horrid creatures will strip all flesh from their victims. In a matter of moments there will be naught left behind but cracked and gnawed bones. Giant Rats are easy to breed and by far the cheapest beasts on offer from Clan Moulder. A few packs of Giant Rats are a common sight amongst the Warlord clans. A few clans, notably Clan Mortkin and Clan Carrion, have been known to dye the hides of their Giant Rats, branding clan symbols into the mangy fur in the same way that Skavenslaves are marked.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Giant Rat	6	3	1	3	3	1	4	1	3

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Mixed Unit (see page 53).

Rat Pack: So long as at least a single Packmaster or Master Moulder is alive, a unit of Giant Rats may use his Leadership and the Strength in Numbers rule. If a unit of Giant Rats begins a turn without at least one Packmaster or Master Moulder they will move as quickly as possible towards the nearest enemy unit in their line of sight, charging if they can. If they have no visible targets they will reform to face the closest foe.

Wave of Rats: In combat Giant Rats literally crawl over each other in their savage eagerness to attack the foe. Any Giant Rat in a second rank can fight if it is immediately behind a model that is engaged in close combat. The extra rank cannot fight to the side or rear, but only to the front.

THE MISSING TOWN OF GLUMUND

The Empire town of Glumund once lay in the shadows of the Grey Mountains. It was a prosperous place, like many of the small market towns that dot the Reikland. Known for its cheese and the plumpness of its livestock, there are none now living that know of Glumund's darker, more ominous past. During the years of the Black Plague, the fertile farmlands were turned into a shanty-camp where the captured citizens of the Empire were driven and collected behind crude stockades, before being herded into tunnels from whence none returned. The many caves that surround the town have long been filled in and the few written records of those black days were lost in the great fires of Altdorf. And so it was a matter of wonder and speculation, not foreboding, when in the Imperial year of 2517 the town of Glumund simply ceased to be. Not a single merchant plied the streets, nor farmer tilled the fields. The citizens disappeared in the night, never to be seen again.



RAT OGRES

The hulking monstrosities known as Rat Ogres are one of the most successful of Clan Moulder's numberless creations. The Master Moulders have found the perfect blend of death-dealing creature through a mixture of foul crossbreeding and dark sorcerous surgery. In their artificial making, many beasts are literally stitched together, the impossible feat accomplished through the fusing powers of a powerful warpstone-derived balm, the infamous skalm. The Rat Ogre combines the speed and ferocity of a Skaven with the sheer brawn of an Ogre. Somehow the desperate hunger of both races has been magnified as well – for the Rat Ogre is truly a ravenous creature, forever seeking to gorge its fill on fresh meat.

In battle a Rat Ogre pack is horrifying to behold. The Rat Ogres become wholly consumed by an insatiable instinct to kill, rip, and tear, and it takes a Packmaster to steer their ferocious charges. A Rat Ogre pack moves with great speed, their misshapen bodies made entirely of straining, bulging muscles, teeth, and claws. The snarling rage of a Rat Ogre pack colliding with an enemy unit resounds across a battlefield, as the towering creatures splinter shields, snap bones, and relentlessly pound any and all opposition.

A Rat Ogre is incapable of almost anything except killing and warfare. After battle their Packmasters must move quickly to carefully separate and chain each near-mindless brute to keep it from tearing others or even itself asunder. All Rat Ogres bear upon their tortured bodies countless scars not only from their own artificial making, but also numerous battles, the Packmaster's cruel lash, the savage attentions of the rest of the pack and, most disturbingly of all, signs of their own self-destruction. At the height of their rabid fury, Rat Ogres are known to rip and even devour hunks of their own flesh – as if they seek to tear apart what Clan Moulder has so unnaturally stitched together.

THE LATEST UPGRADES

Typically a Master Moulder can't stop tinkering and adjusting the fleshy creations he has grown in vats, bred, and stitched together. Can it function with an additional arm? Will the pincer from a Chaos beast graft on or will it attack itself? How can more growing agents be squeezed out of prisoners to better enrich new creations? Particularly large or successfully mutated creatures are known as Master-bred Rat Ogres and they are the most powerful of their bloodthirsty kind. As might be expected, these muscled behemoths vary greatly in form. Some Master Moulders might create multiple-headed monstrosities, while others will breed for sheer muscle bulk, submerging their creations in vats of growth agents for months. One stable Rat Ogre variant is the Bonebreaker, a hulking creation much valued as a mount by discerning Warlords.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Rat Ogre	6	3	1	5	4	3	4	3	5
Master-bred Rat Ogre	6	4	1	5	4	3	5	4	5

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Fear, Frenzy, Mixed Unit (see page 53).

Beast Pack: As long as at least a single Packmaster or Master Moulder is alive a unit of Rat Ogres can use his Leadership and Strength in Numbers rule. Additionally, if a unit of Rat Ogres begins a friendly turn without at least one Packmaster or Master Moulder they must test for Stupidity.

"Yes-yes Warlord Krizk – for a treaty-pledge of just 200 Slaves, 12 claws of warptokens, a Breeder and certain alliances and pledges, one of our very-finest Clan Moulder Rat Ogres can be yours..."

– Clan Moulder Haggle-master



HELL PIT ABOMINATION

At Hell Pit, the quest to create a beast of monstrous proportions was going poorly – cavern-laboratories were wrecked, vats of mutating agents smashed, legions of Skavenslaves were lost in hideous fashion. As Lord Verminkin, the leader of Clan Moulder, directed the works himself, the repercussions for such failures were bloody and ongoing. It was then that Throt the Unclean returned from his creature-capturing foray into the wastes. The procession was not of manacled slaves, but instead many creaking wagons, which between them bore a single chained beast. At long last one of the pallid and deep-tunnelling Blindwyrms that exist in the depths of the world had been caught.

It was not easy force-feeding such a creature warpstone until the swollen, mutating beast could be cut and grafted. Keeping the Blindwurm alive during the complicated operations proved difficult and several times the great writhing creature had to be resuscitated with jolts of warp lightning. There were many experiments, but only Rat Ogre components had the strength to bond – other attachments withered or died. So much warpstone was used in the stitching together process that production of other beasts of war fell to nothing. Suspecting plots against their clans, many Warlords began to clamour, sure that treachery was afoot.



Ominous signs preceded the final creation of what has come to be known as the Hell Pit Abomination – Morrslieb was low, the Winds of Magic blew strongly, and storms of impossible proportions raged at the torture-wracked polar caps. The warp lightning accumulators that rose above the surface of Hell Pit whirled with supernatural power as they delivered the final jolt that shocked the now-completed creation alive. The beast rampaged through Hell Pit, slaying Skaven by the hundreds – it was a great success. Throt, rewarded with new breeders, was promised caverns in the innermost circle of the labyrinth that is Hell Pit if he would hunt down more of the invaluable Blindwyrms. Lord Verminkin decreed that more of the creatures must be made immediately...

The Hell Pit Abomination is a living mountain of misshapen flesh. The creature moves in a rippling tide of unnatural spasms, writhing worm-like and using its many limbs to pull and drag its hideous bulk forward. Various mechanical bits, such as wheels, cogs, and fluid-pumps have been grafted into the beast to ensure it moves at optimal speed and that the warpstone mutated growth agents are regularly injected into the beast's hyper-fast metabolism. A multitude of heads dart out of the lumpen mound of muscle and bone at the behemoth's fore. The heads that snake out are all vermin-like, but some glisten hairlessly, like unborn rat monstrosities. Many have eyes, but no few are blind, twisting and craning to catch the scent of prey, hissing and snapping at the air with razor-sharp incisors.

Many foes will flee from the unnatural sight of a Hell Pit Abomination. With a horrifying slither and shamble, the creature propels itself across the battlefield, rearing up to a towering height before it hits the enemy line like a thunderbolt. Vast boulder-sized fists smash aside shield walls and send foes flying, while hungry jaws snap and greedily devour the broken victims. Once in combat the Hell Pit Abomination is relentless, dragging its bulk onwards to crush any in its wake. Hell Pit Abominations are notoriously hard to slay and there are accounts of the beasts visibly healing wounds, regrowing severed limbs and rising from the dead to attack again.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Hell Pit Abomination	3D6	3	1	6	5	6	4	*	8

SPECIAL RULES

Impact Hits (D6), Large Target, Regenerate, Stubborn, Terror.

Shambling Horror (see opposite page).

***Special Close Combat Attacks** (see opposite page).

Too Horrible to Die (see opposite page).

SHAMBLING HORROR

A Hell Pit Abomination is moved in the owning player's Compulsory Movement, moving 3D6" each turn. First, pivot the Hell Pit Abomination to face the direction in which you wish it to travel and then roll 3D6; this is how many inches directly forward the creature will move. If a triple is rolled, do not move the Hell Pit Abomination; instead roll immediately on the Berserk Abomination chart.

BERSERK ABOMINATION CHART

- 1 **Grinding Halt.** *The Hell Pit Abomination's transplanted brains baulk.* The beast does not move this turn.
- 2-5 **Blind Fury.** *The Hell Pit Abomination suffers a fit as its multiple brains convulse and fight for control.*
The model moves the full distance rolled, however, it must do so in a random direction determined by a scatter dice. If the random move takes the beast off the gaming table it is placed back onto the table in the following friendly turn as if it had pursued an enemy off the table, but it may not move again that turn.
- 6 **Fluid Injected!** *The mutated stitched nightmare roars in pain as surges of warped growth juices course through its foul body.* The Hell Pit Abomination moves in the direction nominated, using the triple already rolled, and will increase its Strength by +1 for the remainder of the game. Further Berserk Abomination rolls of 6 will not increase the beast's profile, but will instead immediately inflict D6 wounds on the unit.

If the Abomination's movement is sufficient to take it into an enemy unit then it counts as charging. The target may make a charge reaction as normal, counting the Movement value rolled as the Abomination's maximum charge distance (for purposes of fleeing, standing and shooting, and so on). If the move is blocked by impassible terrain the Hell Pit Abomination will stop 1" away from it. If the Hell Pit Abomination's move takes it into a friendly unit the creature will immediately cause D6 Impact Hits to the unit in its way, before withdrawing back 1" and ending its movement.

*SPECIAL CLOSE COMBAT ATTACKS

A Hell Pit Abomination inflicts D6 Impact Hits when it charges. Once in combat, however, Abominations do not attack in the same way as other creatures. Roll a D6 when it is the Hell Pit Abomination's turn to attack in close combat to see what the mutated beast does:

- 1-2 **Feed**
- 3-4 **Flailing Fists**
- 5-6 **Avalanche of Flesh**

Feed – *The Hell Pit Abomination's many heads distend out of their fleshy tubes, snapping and biting. Razor-sharp incisors the size of a horse's leg slash through the air as the beast seeks prey to eat.* All models in base contact (friend or foe) suffer a single Strength 6 hit with no armour save allowed. Each unsaved wound is multiplied into D3 wounds.

Flailing Fists – *The multi-headed monstrosity unleashes a flurry of titanic blows with enough force to level a mountainside.* The Hell Pit Abomination makes 3D6 attacks. Any enemy unit that suffers one or more unsaved wounds from the flailing fists attack suffers -1 To Hit for the remainder of the Close Combat phase. This represents the horrors of the creature's underbelly and the grim, pulped remains of comrades trapped in the pallid folds of necrotic flesh.

Avalanche of Flesh – *The Hell Pit Abomination twists its serpentine mass, rearing to its greatest height before hurling itself upon its prey. What isn't crushed by the sickening bulk is smashed by massive fists.* Every model in base contact with the Abomination (friend and foe) must pass an Initiative test or suffer an automatic Strength 6 hit. Additionally, the Hell Pit Abomination inflicts 2D6 automatic hits, distributed as per shooting against a single unit in base contact.

TOO HORRIBLE TO DIE

As the Hell Pit Abomination twitches out its last shuddering death throes there is a chance its unholy and unnatural metabolism restarts one or more of the foul beast's many hearts. As soon as the Hell Pit Abomination loses its last Wound, remove the model and place a marker (a coin will do) to mark the death spot. At the end of the turn roll a D6 and check the Too Horrible to Die chart. If any of the Hell Pit Abomination's Wounds were lost to Flaming Attacks, the beast is dead and no roll on the chart is allowed.

TOO HORRIBLE TO DIE CHART

- 1-3 **Dead.** *The beast gives a final death rattle before going still.* The Hell Pit Abomination is dead, dead, dead, never to return.
- 4-5 **The Rats Emerge.** *The Hell Pit Abomination's mighty corpse shudders as a mass of rats burst forth. They had lived within the beast, forever gnawing away at the ever-regenerating innards of the Abomination.* D3 Rat Swarms forming a single unit are placed anywhere within 3" of the slain Hell Pit Abomination marker, representing the rats emerging after the beast's writhing death throes. Swarm must be placed at least 1" away from any enemy units – if this is not possible, then any swarms not placed are considered destroyed. The Rat Swarms can be placed in any facing and can act as normal in the next friendly turn.
- 6 **It's Alive!** *With a jolt of unnatural vitality, the Hell Pit Abomination rises anew.* Place the model anywhere within 3" of the slain Hell Pit Abomination marker, at least 1" directly away from enemy units. Roll a D6 to see how many Wounds the creature has recovered.

Warpstone Spikes: Ever curious to see what further mutations will do, some Master Moulders will drive warpstone spikes into a Hell Pit Abomination. When given this option, a Hell Pit Abomination gains Magic Resistance (1) and all of its attacks count as if they are made by a Warpstone Weapon.

WARLOCK ENGINEERS

The notorious Warlock Engineers of Clan Skryre are the artificers of Skaven society, blending arcane sorceries with technology in an insane and mind-boggling mix. For the other races of the world it is hard to differentiate or define where the science stops and the power of magic begins, although such delineation never occurs to Skaven. Warlock Engineers see the two elements as one and the same – machines and sorcery blended together to create impressive killing power.

On the battlefield it is readily apparent that some of the Warlock Engineers are able to channel and cast magic in the traditional ways understood by the races of the world. They harness the energies of the Winds of Magic and channel it to foul Skaven effects. Whether or not this is done with the aid of warped machinery is unknown. Although they can cast and counter magic, the Warlock Engineers are not nearly as adept at sorcery as the horned Grey Seers. Some Warlock Engineers are unable to cast spells at all, but instead seem wholly absorbed with the building and firing of a variety of mechanical weapons capable of dangerous and unpredictable effects.

Warlock Engineers appear as other Skaven, but it is invariably harder to discern their shapes as they are

typically covered in whirling, hissing, clanking contraptions of their own devising. The normally twitchy Skaven energy is partially confined due to the number of wires and attachments that trail behind the Clan Skryre ratmen. There is a frightening tendency towards body-part replacement amongst many Warlock Engineers. This is partly due to limb loss from explosive mechanical mishaps but, disturbingly, much of it is by choice. The endlessly tinkering Engineers are always assured they can 'build a better one' and so eyes, limbs, and more are gleefully replaced with cog-driven mechanical parts. At the heart of most Warlock Engineer upgrades is the driving force behind all Skavendom – the dreaded warpstone. The green-black luminescent stuff is used as a power source, providing potent chaotic energies to many strange and diabolic devices.

The sorcerer-inventors often go to war carrying many of their latest devices. This seems to be true for both the sorcerer-rats that can cast magic and those that function along the more traditional engineer role. From hand-held weapons such as warlock muskets or poisoned wind globes of devastating potency, to blades powered by crackling warpstone energies, the anarchic arsenal of the Warlock Engineers is both varied and destructive.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Warlock Engineer	5	3	3	3	3	2	4	1	5

MAGIC

Not all Warlock Engineers can use magic, however, they may be upgraded to become a Level 1 or 2 Wizard. Upgraded Warlock Engineers use spells from the Skaven Spells of Ruin list. A Warlock Engineer can substitute one spell for *Warp Lightning*.

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Verminous Valour.

UNDERGROUND ARMS DEALERS

Power struggles drive competing Warlords to seek any advantage they can buy (although stealing or coercing are fine options too). At times a mere show of might is enough to win the day. In this regard, a Warlord clan cannot have too much of Clan Skryre's wicked weaponry. The fact that the Warlock Engineers sell to all sides in the constant Skaven struggle for dominance is well known; the fact that for a very high price they offer to withhold their services is widely guessed. None but the Grey Seers know the exorbitant extent of Clan Skryre's double-dealing and treachery.



POISONED WIND GLOBADIERS

Poisoned gas is one of the most infamous weapons of the Warlock Engineers, who first deployed the noxious gas during the bitter tunnel fighting against the Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Clan Skryre was delighted at this new diabolical way to slaughter their foes. The Engineers have tried many methods of delivery. Machines of incredulous complexity and dubious worth have been attempted, but in the end the best method of launching gas attacks into the enemy's ranks have been via the specially trained Globadiers.

Poisoned wind globes are glass or crystal orbs filled with deadly warpstone gas. When thrown, the sphere shatters, releasing billowing clouds so lethal that mere skin contact can cause severe pain or even death. Breathing the vapours causes lungs to spontaneously fill with bubbling pus – a horrible and nearly instantaneous death. For this reason, Globadiers wear all manner of elaborate masks, goggles, and cumbersome rebreathing apparatus in an effort to protect themselves against accidental gassing. Armour offers no protection against poisoned gas, but this does not stop the Globadiers from wearing arcane body armour underneath their robes.

On the battlefield, small regiments of Poisoned Wind Globadiers lurk between formations of Clanrats or Stormvermin. At times Globadiers are accompanied by a Poisoned Wind Mortar to boost the unit's firepower. From the relative safety of the shadow of larger regiments, the Globadiers wait for opportunities to dart forwards and lob their deadly missiles. The horrible way in which their weapons work make Poisoned Wind Globadiers priority targets to enemies that have faced such dangers before. Globadiers have no qualms about lobbing their missiles into a swirling melee, displaying a general disregard as to whether their globes strike friendly troops or the enemy. It is not unusual for Globadiers to survive a battle only to be attacked by friendly formations that suffered from errant globes.

Volley From the Back: If the Globadiers are themselves in combat, models in base contact with the foe fight with their hand weapons, but unengaged models can lob missiles into their own unit's melee, as described below.

When the skirmishing unit forms up to fight close combat, unengaged models – even those in the rear ranks – are allowed to fire into their own combat during the Shooting phase. Shots must still be in range of the enemy. All shots taken without line of sight to the target suffer a -1 penalty To Hit. All hits into a close combat are randomised as per Life is Cheap above.

Poisoned Wind Globes: Globes are thrown weapons as per the Warhammer rules with a maximum range of 8". They are Warpstone Weapons. Each globe that hits wounds any target on a D6 roll of 4+, with no armour saves allowed. On an unmodified To Hit roll of 1, a Globadier has shattered the fragile sphere before throwing and must roll to wound himself. Because of their protective gear, Globadiers suffer wounds from poisoned wind globes on a roll of 5+.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Globadier	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5
Bombardier	5	3	4	3	3	1	4	1	5

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Skirmish.

Life is Cheap: Poisoned Wind Globadiers are allowed to fire into combat. Providing the Globadiers are not in base contact with a foe, they can target any enemy unit within range and line of sight, even if that unit is engaged in close combat. As combatants are constantly in motion, all successful hits must be randomised between the fighting units (1-3 friend, 4-6 foe). If there are multiple friendly or enemy units, further randomise to determine exactly which one is struck.

WEAPON TEAMS

Clan Skryre has invented a variety of powerful, portable, yet dangerously precarious weapons that accompany the hordes to battle. Each Weapon Team has unique abilities, but all share the following profile:

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Weapon Team	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	5

Each Weapon Team is crewed by two Skaven mounted on a single base and treated as a single model.

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers.

Attached Unit: A Weapon Team must be deployed at the same time and within 3" of the unit it was bought with (also known as its parent unit). After this the Weapon Team is free to move and counts as a normal unit for all purposes (victory points, etc.). When within 3" of its parent unit, a Weapon Team can use that unit's rank bonus to modify its own Leadership. A Weapon Team within 3" of its parent unit is treated in all regards as having a 4+ ward save against ranged attacks such as missile fire and spells. This represents the team lurking in obscurity, and ducking for the protective cover of the larger unit.

A destroyed, fleeing or broken Weapon Team never causes Panic tests in friendly units.

WARPFIRE THROWER

The Warpfire Thrower hurls a blast of unnatural flame. One crew member carries a fuel vat and the other aims the nozzle. A flip of a switch and powdered warpstone mixes with onrushing chemicals, bursting into unholy flame. The hellish gout can turn an entire formation into a twitching, throbbing pile of smouldering goo.



Range	Strength	Damage	Save
Artillery dice	5	D3	-2

SPECIAL RULES

The Warpfire Thrower is a move or fire weapon, but can pivot on the spot to face the target it intends to shoot. It is a Warpstone Weapon. The device is fired by placing the flame template with its narrow end touching the Warpfire Thrower barrel and the large end aimed at any target in line of sight. Roll the artillery dice and move the template the number of inches indicated – this is where the warpflame lands. The template can overshoot a target, representing the team firing in too high an arc.

All models touched by the template are hit automatically (this is, of course, a Flaming Attack!). A unit suffering any casualties must take a Panic test. A roll of misfire means the weapon does not fire but rolls on the chart below.

Rapid Reaction: The Warpfire Thrower can stand & shoot if it is charged.

WARPFIRE THROWER MISFIRE CHART

- 1-2 **Whompfff!** *The diabolical device explodes.* Place the large round template over the Weapon Team and resolve hits as normal. After this, the team is destroyed in the lurid mushroom cloud it has created.
- 3-5 **Fuel Leak.** *Highly explosive fuel leaks out and ignites.* Immediately roll 2D6" and the scatter dice to determine the direction the team runs before exploding. They will stop if they touch a unit (friend or foe) or impassable terrain. After movement, the device explodes exactly as the Whompfff! result above.
- 6 **Pppphht!** *Something has been sprayed, but it's not warpfire.* With a disappointing fizzle, the Warpfire Thrower fails to fire, but does not explode. The crew may not fire this turn. For the rest of the battle the Weapon Team smells strongly of the musk of fear.

RATLING GUN

The multi-barrelled whirling death-dealing machine known as the Ratling Gun is a relatively modern invention. Nonetheless it has proven so successful that Clan Skryre simply cannot make enough to satisfy the greedy demands of the Warlord clans. Powered by warp steam and kicked into gear by the prodigious working of a hand crank, the six barrels of the Ratling Gun spin and whirl, emitting a fusillade of warp-laced bullets that streak through the air, leaving faint greenish traces.

The Ratling Gun is more than capable of producing a true surplus of firepower, if such a thing were possible. A solid burst from a Ratling Gun is more than enough to scythe down a charging unit of Orc Boar Boyz mid-gallop and can even put a dent into the largest unit of Clanrat warriors (although this is often called 'accidental shooting'). Clanrats refer to units slain by the Ratling Gun as 'teeth-breakers' as the flesh tends to be riddled with dozens of the lumpy glowing bullets.

As is typical of Clan Skryre work, there are a number of different design patterns, including a wheeled variety, one with a small gun shield, a tripod-mounted version, and more besides. The foul device may come in many shapes and sizes, but all are equally deadly and just as likely to malfunction or overheat as the next. Rumours of certain very wealthy Warlord clans deploying entire units made of Ratling Gun Weapon Teams have never been substantiated, although perhaps that is because no one has survived to tell the tale.

RATLING GUN MISFIRE CHART

- 1-2 **Blam!** A high-pitched hissing culminates with a resounding explosion that tears the Weapon Team to shreds in a steaming wet radius. No shots are fired and the Weapon Team is removed from play.
- 3-5 **Spins Wildly.** A major malfunction sends out a blinding cloud of noxious steam, causing the crew to spin around wildly as the gun barrels blaze away. Roll a scatter dice – all the shots (including the ones rolled with the last dice – the one that caused the misfire) are fired in the direction shown by the arrow. The barrage of bullets must roll To Hit the first unit in its path, friend or foe.
- 6 **Bbbrrrrrrtt!** The power pumping the firing mechanism begins to lose pressure. The weapon fires all shots at the intended target but does so at Strength 2 with a -1 armour save modifier.

Range	Strength	Damage	Save
18"	4	1	-2

SPECIAL RULES

The Ratling Gun is a move or fire weapon, but can pivot on the spot to face the target it intends to shoot. It is a Warpstone Weapon. To fire the gun, nominate a visible target and determine how many shots are fired. To do this, roll a D6: the result is the number of shots fired. You can now decide whether to stop or to roll a second dice. The result of the second dice is added to the first and their total is the amount of shots fired. You can now stop or choose to continue firing, repeating the same process. If you roll a double (any duplicate of one of the numbers previously rolled) the Ratling Gun has suffered a misfire. Roll immediately on the Ratling Gun Misfire chart (above right), no further dice may be rolled. If firing is completed without a misfire, and the target is within range, roll To Hit with all shots.

Hot Warplead: Because of its high rate of fire the Ratling Gun crew does not suffer any penalty due to Multiple Shots. Additionally, the infernal Weapon Team does not suffer any penalties for firing at targets at over half range to represent the sheer weight of bullets the Ratling Gun sends whizzing through the air.

Rapid Reaction: The Ratling Gun can stand & shoot if it is charged.

Skrrrk furiously worked the crank that spun the rotating barrels of the Ratling Gun. His teammate, Trik, had the easier task of aiming and, from the flurried movements of his tail, Skrrrk could tell the firing was going well. Curse Trik, he'd take all the credit! Despite the ongoing slaughter of the Night Goblins, Skrrrk reverted back to scheming as to how he could usurp the cushier job.



DOOM-FLAYER

The Doom-flayer is a motorised iron ball of whirling blades that was first employed during the merciless underground battles against the Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Desperate to break through the shield walls of the bearded-things, and unable to get within range to deploy a Warfire Thrower or Poisoned Wind Globadiers, an unknown Clan Skryre Warlock Engineer jury-rigged a heavily armoured attack device. Built from scavenged scrap, broken blades and the steam-powered roto-engine of a recently recovered crashed Dwarf Gyrocopter, the first destructive engine that was destined to evolve into the Doom-flayer was born.

Although the first rudimentary machines did not survive, the idea did. Various incarnations of the killing machine with the spinning, stabbing and slashing blades began to assail the subterranean strongpoints of the Dwarfs. The first crude Doom-flayers were largely Skaven-powered, as the pushing crew generated much of the impetus to spin the belts and cogs that drove the whirling weaponry. The Skaven crew, protected by a scrap-barrier of old shields, metal-reinforced planks, and even the patched-together armour plates of fallen enemies, could just about avoid incoming missile fire and still steer the device to plough into enemy lines. To this rough concept, the Warlock Engineers added the full verminous ingenuity of their wicked race. This of course meant that a warpstone generator provided

the real power behind the swirling abattoir. Now the death-dealing apparatus could crash into the foe with hellish vigour, lopping off limbs, and scything down any who dared to stand before it. The great splashes of gore and entrails the device leaves behind it inspires the Clanrats and Stormvermin who advance in its carnage-filled wake.

Although the infernal device has never achieved the sheer blood-soaked devastation it wrought in the confined tunnels of the underworld, the Doom-flayer has proven its worth in several surface battles, notably shredding many Imperial soldiers in the tightly confined streets of Nuln during that short-lived, but devastating, invasion of the man-city.

Range	Strength	Attacks	Damage	Save
Base contact	4	Artillery dice	1	-2

SPECIAL RULES

Impact Hits (D3).

Whirling Death: Whirling Death attacks occur at the Initiative of the Skaven crew. Do not use the Attack profile of the Weapon Team in close combat, but instead roll an artillery dice to determine the number of Attacks the Doom-flayer gets. Any number (2, 4, 6, 8, 10) is the number of automatic hits the target suffers, allocated as per shooting. On a roll of misfire consult the Doom-flayer Mishap chart below. In the turn a Doom-flayer charges it does both Impact Hits and its Whirling Death Attack.

The Best Defence: The mass of whirling blades provides an excellent protective shield, giving the Doom-flayer an armour save of 3+ against all models attacking from the front. The Doom-flayer has only a 5+ armour save against attacks from the flank or rear.

DOOM-FLAYER MISHAP CHART

- 1-2 **BaBlam!** *The warp generator implodes in a rippling radius of multi-coloured death.* Place the large round template centred over the Weapon Team. Any models touched by the template must take a Strength 4 hit with a -2 armour save. Remove the Doom-flayer from play.
- 3-5 **ZZZZzap!** *The small and unstable warp generator that powers the Doom-flayer temporarily overloads, sending out a shocking discharge.* The Doom-flayer and all models touched by the Doom-flayer take a single Strength 4 hit with a -2 armour save as the device sends out potent shock waves of warp-energy.
- 6 **Power Failure.** *With a descending thrum, the blades and scythes stop spinning as all power is cut off. The crew look up innocently, acting as if they are not doing anything harmful, certainly not directing the efforts of a chopping death abattoir.* The Doom-flayer may not attack in any way this turn as the panicked crew scramble to restart their engine of destruction.



POISONED WIND MORTAR

Clan Skryre has long sought to build a device that can lob poisoned wind globes over a longer distance while still being able to advance quickly with the massed Skaven infantry. The Poisoned Wind Mortar was the answer. The muzzle-loading tube allows a weightier poisoned wind bomb to be fired to a range greater than a lone Globadier could hope to achieve. Additionally, with some hastily squealed directions from its parent unit, the Poisoned Wind Mortar can fire indirectly. Hurting the enemy without risking one's own hide is always an appealing idea to any Skaven.

As the bulk of the firing apparatus can be strapped upon a crew member's back, the Weapon Team can advance alongside Skaven regiments, pausing momentarily to lob high-arching shots onto distant foes, before scurrying to stay alongside its parent unit.

Range	Strength	Damage	Save
6-24"	see below	1	none

SPECIAL RULES

The Poisoned Wind Mortar may move and fire. The Poisoned Wind Mortar fires like a stone thrower with the following exceptions:

The Poisoned Wind Mortar can fire at any visible target or, if the Weapon Team is within 3" of its parent unit, it can use their line of sight to fire. If the target is not visible to the Poisoned Wind Mortar, then the shot will scatter double the distance rolled on the artillery dice unless a hit is rolled. This means that shots may drift wildly off target, but this is rarely a worry to the crew. Should a misfire be rolled, consult the Poisoned Wind Mortar Misfire chart (above right).

The Poisoned Wind Mortar is a Warpstone Weapon and uses the small round template. Any single model that lies under the direct centre of the template takes a wound on a dice roll of 4+ with no armour saves allowed. All other models touched by the template take a wound on a roll of 5+ with no armour saves. The mortar crew and Poisoned Wind Globadiers have protective gear and only suffer a wound on a roll of 5+ when touched by any part of the template.

Some of these infernal devices built by Warlock Engineers are unique one-off builds that cannot be replicated (despite repeated attempts). The secrets of the Buzzsaw Bomb that annihilated the Tusk-faced Ogre tribe in the Dark Lands or the Avalanche Cannon that destroyed the town of Gluckmort in Reikland have been lost. But what has made Clan Skryre wealthy is the ability to mass produce and sell Weapon Teams to the greedy and demanding Warlord clans.

POISONED WIND MORTAR MISFIRE

- 1-2 **Foomph!** *The bomb explodes prematurely in the tube, ensnrouding the area in an instant green fog.* Place the large round template centred on the Weapon Team. Models touched by the blast are wounded on a 4+ with no armour saves allowed. The Poisoned Wind Mortar is then removed.
- 3-5 **Wildly off Target.** *Either the temperamental aiming mechanism has gone haywire or the fume-addled crew have made a major mistake.* The opponent can place the template anywhere he likes within 3D6" of the intended position. Resolve hits as normal.
- 6 **Clogged.** *The firing mechanism is clogged with grime, filth, or even a crew member's errant tail.* No firing may take place this turn while the device is cleared.

The first use of poisoned wind globes dates back to the attacks at Karak Varn and the first mention of Warpfire Throwers occurs at the fall of the Gate of Jewels in Karak Eight Peaks. The Doomwheel dates back approximately 150 years to the Siege of Alcasta in 2367, where one of the devices was used to break the city gates. The Ratling Gun first appeared after the Warlock Engineers got their ratty hands upon the prototype multiple barrelled rifles of the Empire roughly a hundred years ago.



WARP-GRINDER

To tunnel more quickly than typical slave labour, the Skaven deploy specially devised Clan Skryre machines. Some of the massive constructs are larger than the grandest ships of the Empire's navy. These huge devices combine great drills with warp energies to vapourise the broken debris as the machine bores. These rare machines are seldom, if ever, seen, but a portable version can often be found deployed on the battlefield.

The Warp-grinder opens up tunnels. Projectors gleam with warp-energy, pulverising stone and leaving a narrow and smoking passageway in its wake. Small fast-moving units can follow the device, emerging behind enemy lines to cause untold disruption. But it is a perilous trip, as the newly bored tunnels are prone to cave-ins and the machines can suffer catastrophic melt-downs. When the Warp-grinder breaks through the surface, it will stick with the unit that it is attached to, even assisting in close combat. Without the comforting presence of the parent unit, the Weapon Team will flee the battlefield.

SPECIAL RULES

Permanently Attached: Once attached to a formation a Warp-grinder must remain within 3" of its parent unit. If, at the end of any turn, the Warp-grinder is more than 3" from its parent unit the Weapon Team is removed as a casualty. Within these narrow boundaries, the Warp-grinder can move as a normal unit.



Deploying via Tunnel: A unit with an attached Warp-grinder is not deployed at the beginning of the game, but instead uses the following rules:

During deployment, but before Scouts, place a tunnel marker anywhere on the battlefield (a coin will do). Starting from Turn 2, at the beginning of every friendly turn roll a dice: on a 4+ the Warp-grinder arrives. If the unit fails to turn up during a game, treat them and the Warp-grinder as a casualty.

When the team emerges, roll a scatter dice and an artillery dice. If you roll a hit on the scatter dice, the marker stays in place; if you roll an arrow, move the marker the number of inches indicated by the artillery dice in the direction shown by the arrow. If the marker is moved off the tabletop, the team and its parent unit are considered lost; treat them as casualties. If you roll a misfire, roll on the Warp-grinder Mishap chart.

Once the final position is established, place the Warp-grinder and its parent unit so both can touch the marker. If the marker is under a friendly unit or impassable terrain, place it next to the closest edge of the unit/terrain. They may face in any direction. The emerging units can act normally this turn, even declaring a charge.

If the marker is under an enemy unit when the Warp-grinder and its parent unit emerges, the Warp-grinder and its parent unit are both considered to have charged. Place the attacking Skaven to the front of the enemy unit that is atop the marker.

The Warp-grinder in Close Combat: Although not designed for combat, the Warp-grinder can still mete out damage with its close-ranged warp-powered blasts. The Warp-grinder fights in close combat using its crew's Initiative, but not their Attack profile. The Warp-grinder is a Warpstone Weapon and inflicts D3 Strength 4 automatic hits in each Close Combat phase.

WARP-GRINDER MISHAP CHART

- 1-2 **Cave-in! Total collapse!** The Weapon Team and its parent unit are instantly killed.
- 3-5 **Partial Collapse.** *The warp generator fizzles out as the Warp-grinder nears the surface.* Some of the models may claw their way topside, although the Warp-grinder is removed as a casualty. Make a Strength test for each model in the parent unit, if passed the model is placed as normal. Models that fail are removed as casualties. Any models that survive may not move or charge on the turn they emerge after a Partial Collapse. If the models emerge into close combat they count as WS 1 and always strike last, regardless of charging or Initiative.
- 6 **Should Have Taken That Left Turn.** *The tunnellers get lost!* Your opponent places the marker anywhere on the table and this is where the Weapon Team and its parent unit emerge. They cannot move or charge on the turn they emerge, as they are too busy blaming each other for the error.

WARPLOCK JEZZAILS

Warplock Jezzails are long-barrelled rifles that require a two-Skaven team to load and fire. Aided by its tremendous length, the Warplock Jezzail is capable of hitting targets at a distance greater than conventional bow or handgun fire. The Jezzail fires a high velocity bullet made of refined warpstone. It strikes with a force capable of punching through a shield, breastplate, and body of an armoured knight. Should the glowing green projectile pass through or embed itself in flesh, the damage can be considerable, due, in part, to the highly toxic nature of warpstone. Although moving too quickly to be seen, the bullets fired by a Warplock Jezzail leave behind a faint green streak. It is easy to trace the shots back to their source, ensuring any return missile fire that the enemy can muster will follow. For this reason, what started out as a mere aiming platform for the long rifle, has turned into a protective pavise designed to shield the vulnerable Jezzail team from incoming arrows, bolts, and bullets.

The Warplock Jezzail is unmistakably a Weapon Team, but unlike the other Clan Skryre portable weapons, the Warplock Jezzails do not individually support infantry, but instead form their own units. Warplock Jezzails are a valuable asset to any Warlord, who will try to position such a formation atop a hill, cliff, defile or building to afford them the greatest possible line of sight.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Jezzail Team	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	5
Sharpshooter	5	3	4	3	3	1	3	2	5

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!

THE WARPLOCK JEZZAIL

The Jezzail is a move or fire weapon and is a Warpstone Weapon.

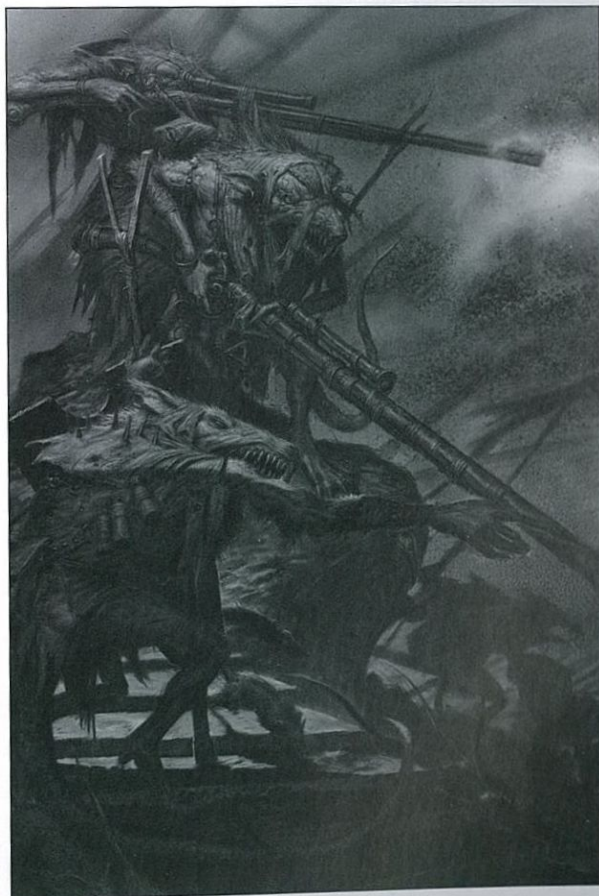
Range	Strength	Damage	Save
36"	6	1	-4

Unstable Ammunition: Warpstone-enhanced rifles of any kind are the most reliable weapons developed by Clan Skryre (they're almost safe). Anytime a weapon that uses Unstable Ammunition scores a result of 1 on its roll To Hit, roll another dice. On a following roll of 1 the gun misfires and the firer will suffer a hit using the gun's Strength and save modifier. A roll of 2+ means there was no malfunction, it was just a lousy shot.

Pavise: The large and cumbersome shield carried by the front Skaven gives the Warplock Jezzail team a protective 4+ armour save.

LONG-BARRELLED DEATH-BRINGER

The formidable Warplock Jezzail teams have been a staple of the Clan Skryre arsenal for ages. They were first reported on battlefields not long after the earliest clashes with the Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Ambitious Warlock Engineers studied captured Dwarf handguns and, in their own rat-fiend way, further perfected the design. Early models used scavenged parts, but soon the distinctive long-barrelled weapon emerged. Naturally, warpstone played a key role in the new Skaven versions, appearing in the bullet, the firing mechanism (the warplock), and even the gunpowder itself, which is laced with the unnatural substance. The shape and barrel length have improved through the ages, but the weapon remains its same deadly self. Many clans claim the reputation of being the best shot, but legends tell of sharpshooter Natty Buboe of Clan Mors who could reportedly put a shot through the telescope of an onlooking Dwarf Engineer at a distance of well over 7,000 paces. As the story goes, the Dwarfs were too stubborn to admit the Skaven had outranged them, so Dwarf after Dwarf lined up to look through the glass-less scope while Natty racked up a large tally.



DOOMWHEEL

Few devices sum up the blend of science and sorcery, the sheer inhuman ingenuity of the Skaven, than the infernal war engine known as the Doomwheel. At first sight the Doomwheel might seem an oddity, perhaps even comical to opponents that have not faced one before. The Dwarfs, who have suffered many wars against the Skaven, know full well the Doomwheel's measure and will direct every war machine at their disposal to blast the deadly wheel apart before it can churn close enough to pulverise the Dwarf battlelines. Indeed, Dwarf cannons will allow themselves to be overrun by the foe, willingly sacrificing themselves for their hold, in order to get off a single shot at the infernal Skaven device.

The Doomwheel was invented by perhaps the most insanely talented of all Warlock Engineers, Ikit Claw. The design is so simple and yet so complex, so utterly Skaven in its inception that it is well beyond the ken of even the top minds of the Imperial School of Engineers in Nuln to comprehend. Rats scampering in twin treadmills inside an enormous wheel provide the primary motive power. This, in turn, sparks the warpstone generator, which, if all goes well, powers bolts of lethal warp lightning. If the green or purplish bolts that arc out from the warp-conduits do not slay

the foe, then it will be up to the great iron-reinforced wheel to crush all who dare to stand before its creaking but mighty track. At the centre of the contraption sits a Warlock Engineer who pilots the mad creation. Sitting inside the mighty death-dealing artifice of destruction puffs the Warlock Engineer so full of bold reassurance that the otherwise dubious courage of his race is, at least partially, offset. Doubtlessly the wafting fumes from the warpstone generator bolster the Engineer's confidence as well.

Of course there are still teething problems that make the Doomwheel dangerously haphazard. These sorts of petty concerns, however, do not overly worry the Warlock Engineers. On the whole they would rather be cobbling together a brand new type of killing machine, than fine-tuning one that more or less works most of the time. For instance, the rat propulsion system of the Doomwheel might, on occasion, produce results that are between disappointing and deeply lethargic. To a Warlock Engineer, whose mind thinks in gears and cogs combined with eldritch incarnations, such flaws are exasperating. Despite being fed stimulants and bathed in the unnatural glow of raw warpstone, the rats seem incapable of reliable service. An Engineer will quickly conclude the problem is just the beasts being wilful.

When it works correctly, the Doomwheel whirs quickly across the battlefield, moving more swiftly than galloping horses. If it is going exceptionally well, the Warlock Engineer will even steer the great wheel towards the enemy. This is ideal, as the powerful warp lightning bolts fire out, blasting the nearest thing to shrivelled blackness, so it is best to be nearer the foe!

The Warlock Engineer who pilots the Doomwheel has much to attend to, chiefly ensuring that the warpstone generator isn't overloading or goading the rat propulsion via shock-prod. Sometimes steering is one of the duties that does not take priority. It is not unusual to see one of the enormous wheels ploughing back into its own lines, but random, cruel, and undeserved death is not something new for Skaven. The power to break enemy battlelines or destroy large monsters more than compensates for the odd squashed Clanrat or Skavenslave. Still, wise commanders deploy Doomwheels as far away from themselves as is possible.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Doomwheel	3D6	-	-	6	6	5	-	*	-
Crew (Warlock & Rats)	-	3	3	2	-	-	4	2D6	7

The Doomwheel, including its Warlock Engineer crew and all the rats in the treadmill, is considered to be a single combined model. Hits and wounds are all directed against the Doomwheel as a whole, although the characteristics for the crew have been included as they have separate attacks in close combat.

SPECIAL RULES

Armour Save (4+), Immune to Psychology, Impact Hits (D6+1), Large Target, Terror.

Rolling Doom (see below).

Grinding Down the Foe (see below).

Zzzzap! (see below).



ROLLING DOOM

The Doomwheel moves and manoeuvres like a chariot with a few exceptions. The Doomwheel does not have a fixed movement rate but instead moves a random 3D6" in the Compulsory Movement part of each friendly turn. Should the Doomwheel run into an obstacle or enter difficult or very difficult ground it will immediately take D3 S4 hits. If it survives it can move over the obstacle or through the difficult ground. If a Doomwheel run into impassable terrain or a building, it takes D6 Strength 10 hits and comes to a stop. Should a Doomwheel come into contact with a unit (friend or foe) the Doomwheel will come to a stop, causing Impact Hits (See Grinding Down the Foe).

The Doomwheel will flee and pursue 3D6".

Loss of Control: At the end of any phase in which an unengaged Doomwheel takes a wound, the Skaven player must take a Loss of Control test. Roll a D6 for each wound suffered in that phase. On the roll of a 1, the Doomwheel goes immediately Out of Control (as detailed in the Doomwheel Misfire chart). If the Doomwheel is in combat or fleeing it does not need to make an Out of Control test as the pilot is fixated on the task at hand.

Should an out of control Doomwheel leave the gaming table, it will return in the following friendly turn. During the Movement phase place the Doomwheel on the edge where it previously left – this is the only move allowed for the Doomwheel, although the owning player must still fire the Doomwheel (see Zzzzap! at right).

GRINDING DOWN THE FOE

The Doomwheel does D6+1 Impact Hits. In the case of a Doomwheel hitting a friendly unit, resolve Impact Hits immediately after contact and then move the Doomwheel back an inch.

In a close combat the Doomwheel uses the Attack profile for the crew, representing the Warlock Engineer striking blows as well as the swarming rats who power

the treadmill. The number of Attacks is random (2D6), rolled separately for each round of combat, as the rats range between violently aggressive and utterly worn out by their treadmill duties.

The Doomwheel itself does a Grind Attack at the beginning of each round of combat in which it did not charge. The Grind Attack represents the giant wheel spinning in place to crush foes. A Grind Attack does D3 automatic S6 hits against one enemy unit in base contact, distributed as per shooting.

Zzzzap!

In each friendly Shooting phase, even when engaged in close combat, the Doomwheel unleashes three bolts of warp lightning. Sometimes this is not desirable and so the Warlock Engineer may choose to take a Leadership test in an attempt to stop the Doomwheel from firing. If the test is failed, the machine fires as normal.

Each warp lightning bolt has an 18" range and will strike the nearest unit (friend or foe), regardless of terrain or line of sight. Roll for each bolt separately, measuring from the Doomwheel's base. If the closest unit dies from the first bolt, the second bolt hits the next closest unit in range, and so on. If two targets are equidistant, the owning player may choose which unit is struck. The Zzzzap bolts are Warpstone Weapons.

To work out how powerful the warp lightning is, roll an artillery dice. If you roll a number (2, 4, 6, 8, 10) then this is the Strength of all the bolts for this turn. Each unsaved wound is multiplied to D6 wounds. If you roll a misfire result something has gone awry. No more shots are fired this turn and you must roll immediately on the Doomwheel Misfire chart.

DOOMWHEEL MISFIRE CHART

- 1-2 **Disaster.** *The Doomwheel suffers a partial meltdown and begins to glow a luminous greenish tint. The Doomwheel immediately takes D6 Strength 6 hits and many of the treadmill rats succumb to the toxic leak of power. From now on roll one less D6 for the Doomwheel's movement. If reduced to zero dice the Doomwheel is removed as a casualty.*
- 3-5 **Out of Control.** *The screeching feedback of the warpstone has jammed the sternwheel. If the Doomwheel is unengaged, the owning player must immediately roll a scatter dice and move the Doomwheel its full random move in a straight line in the direction indicated. No manoeuvring is allowed. If it hits any unit (friend or foe) the Doomwheel inflicts Impact Hits as normal and counts as charging if the unit is an enemy. Doomwheels already engaged do not move Out of Control and ignore this result.*
- 6 **Burst of Speed.** *The overheated warpstone reinvigorates the treadmill rats to perform truly inspired wheel-spinning as never before. For the remainder of the battle the random movement is increased by an additional dice.*

WARP LIGHTNING CANNON

The Warp Lightning Cannon is a contraption built by the fiendishly clever Warlock Engineers and powered by an enormous hunk of raw warpstone. This wonder weapon generates unearthly energy, which is directed along a rune-etched barrel forged and enchanted to channel such destructive fury.

When fired, the Warp Lightning Cannon emits a sizzling ball of warp energy and any near the shot are rocked in its wake, fur standing on end, with a sickly green light burnt into their mind's eye. The bolt arcs earthwards, punching through anything in its path and then erupts in a crackling cloud of pure warp lightning. The shot flashes too quickly to follow, but its trail, once it lands on the ground, is easily marked – scorch signs follow its path and anything in the way will have a gaping hole in the exact shape of the beam. At first glance this puncture is impossibly clean cut, but closer inspection reveals warp energies eating outward from the circle – destroying all matter in the way fire blackens and crumbles paper.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Warp Lightning Cannon	-	-	-	-	6	4	-	-	-
Engineer & Crew	5	3	3	3	3	-	3	3	7



SPECIAL RULES

Ponderous War Machine: If the crew is forced to flee for any reason the Warp Lightning Cannon is destroyed.

The Warp Lightning Cannon is a war machine and both it and the crew are considered to be a single combined model. The characteristics have been detailed for both crew and machine as they are used at different times. When being shot at or targeted with spells use the higher Toughness, while in close combat use the lower Toughness value. There is only a single combined Wounds profile that both Warp Lightning Cannon and crew draw from. If this combined Wound profile reaches zero the entire model is removed as a casualty.

FIRING THE CANNON

The Warp Lightning Cannon is a move or fire weapon that fires in the same way as a cannon, as presented in the Warhammer rulebook, with the following exceptions:

If a misfire is the result of the initial roll of the artillery dice, roll on the Warp Lightning Misfire chart below. The second dice roll determines how far the warp lightning 'bounces' and the Strength of the warp lightning shot. A roll of misfire on this second roll means that the energy dissipates and no hits at all are suffered. If a number is rolled (2, 4, 6, 8, 10) this is the distance travelled – centre the small round template at the furthest range, to represent the crackling and exploding ball of energy.

All models touched by the template or in the path of the Warp Lightning from where it hits the ground to where it explodes suffer a hit at the Strength rolled. It is a Warpstone Weapon. No armour saves are allowed against any shots from the Warp Lightning Cannon and each unsaved wound is multiplied into D6 wounds.

The Warp Lightning Cannon cannot fire grapeshot.

WARP LIGHTNING MISFIRE CHART

- 1-2 **Meltdown.** *The machine and its crew explode in a green fireball.* Remove the entire cannon and wonder suspiciously if it was really a malfunction or if you're being double-crossed.
- 3-5 **Energy Overload.** *The unfathomable energies send the war machine spinning around before an unusually potent warp lightning shot blasts outwards.* Roll the scatter dice and turn the cannon to face the direction rolled. Resolve a shot at maximum Strength (10) that emanates from the barrel and travels along the ground in a straight line 4D6" before terminating in a large round template.
- 6 **Spluttering Fizzle.** *A high-pitched descending whirring can be heard as the energy dissipates.* The cannon cannot fire this turn, but can shoot as normal next turn. Surely the Horned Rat is watching over you...

IKIT CLAW

Ikit Claw has taken Clan Skryre's mix of science and sorcery to new levels of complexity and depravity. Entire legions of Skavenslaves have been blasted to bits in the name of Ikit's experimental new weapons, a small price for the sheer power and killing might that Ikit has added to Clan Skryre's deadly arsenal.

In his quest for knowledge, Ikit has travelled the world, stealing secrets from the mystics of Cathay, studying the dimension-spanning machines of Lustria, and toiling for years alongside the cruel Forgemasters of far off Zharr-Naggrund. Upon his return, Ikit found the warpforges of Clan Skryre woefully under-developed. It would take centuries to fully implement his grandiose changes. It was during the great Civil War that Ikit seized his opportunity. As the newly assigned lead emissary of Lord Morskittar, the ruler of Clan Skryre, Ikit Claw ordered massive warpforges, and unrivalled armouries to be gnawed into the stone beneath Skavenblight. Infernal devices and diabolical weapons were soon being assembled on a level hitherto undreamt.

Ikit Claw was tall and white-furred before a failed experiment exploded and mangled his body. An intricate iron mask of his own invention now covers his hairless skull and a cunningly wrought exo-skeleton aids his withered left side. The iron contraption is run by a warp generator, a masterpiece of engineering that siphons the Winds of Magic to power Ikit's devilish inventions. Whirring cogs hiss and vent steam as the Chief Warlock moves, clanking like a fully armoured knight. Like all Clan Skryre Warlock Engineers, Ikit has continued to tinker – adding a small warpfire projector and countless upgrades, including a warpstone locator. In combat Ikit Claw wields Storm Daemon, a halberd wrapped with copper wire coils and set with glowing warpstone. The blade crackles with barely suppressed energies as it draws power from the warp generator to hurl dark bolts of warp lightning.

housed in the device. This works exactly as per a Warpfire Thrower (found on page 60) except that Ikit may re-roll the artillery dice.

Storm Daemon (Magic Weapon)

Storm Daemon is a magic halberd that ignores armour saves. Additionally Storm Daemon can project bolts of dark lightning from its tip. This is a Bound Spell (Power Level 5). If successfully cast, Storm Daemon blasts a Magic Missile with a 24" range, Strength 5, that causes an artillery dice worth of hits. In the case of a misfire, no shots are fired, but instead, roll on the chart below:

STORM DAEMON MISFIRE CHART

- 1-2 **ZZZzark!** *Storm Daemon overloads.* Ikit Claw and every model in base contact with him suffers a S5 hit.
- 3-5 **Disruption.** *Minor malfunctions and cursed tangles.* Ikit may not cast spells for the rest of this Skaven Magic phase while he sorts his power cables out.
- 6 **Full Power.** *The warp generator absorbs untold power for Ikit's use.* Ikit may immediately add D3 power dice to the pool for the current Magic phase.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Ikit Claw	5	5	3	5	4	3	3	2	7

MAGIC

Ikit Claw is a Level 3 Wizard and uses the Skaven Spells of Ruin. He can substitute one spell for *Warp Lightning*.

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, **Strength in Numbers**, **Verminous Valour**.

MAGIC ITEMS

Iron Frame (Magic Armour)

A mighty iron frame gives Ikit his exceptional Strength (which, without the device, would be a mere 2). The suit gives an armour save of 3+ and a ward save of 5+. Once per game Ikit can fire the warpfire projector

THROT THE UNCLEAN

Throt the Unclean is one of the most twisted and ingenious Master Mutators of Clan Moulder and has exploited that success to position himself as one of the nine Lords of Hell Pit. The effects of a lifetime's work with warpstone can be seen, as bone spines protrude out of Throt's back and a third arm sprouts out of his bloated, but powerful frame. His left eye, torn from its socket in a struggle with a rival, has been replaced with a shard of warpstone crudely hammered into place, feeding its baleful influence directly into Throt's brain.

Over many self-developmental experiments, Throt has radically sped up his metabolism and now grows ravenously hungry after exertion. He requires constant nourishment and gluttonously crams tremendous amounts of food into his eternally unsatisfied gut. It is the Black Hunger, only worse. Eating more than four times his own body weight daily, Throt maintains such a pace to avoid being ravaged by his own warp-enhanced constitution. Surly at the best of times, when deprived of food (meaning the instant he stops chewing) Throt becomes mindlessly ferocious.

Throt's rise to power has been marked by an ability to create and lead to battle any number of bloodthirsty creatures, along with a knack for capturing new beasts

on which to experiment. Whether it is obtaining Blindwyrm, discovering applications for Trollspleen, or cultivating the best "growing juices" to increase the size of Rat Ogres, few can match the deeds of Throt.

Throt is active in advancing Clan Moulder's status and it is not unusual to find Throt, accompanied by packs of war-beasts, joining many Skaven battles. When Throt personally joins the fight he wields Creature-killer, a modified things-catcher of his own design that can grab and throttle even beasts the size of a Rat Ogre. Additionally Throt carries a special whip made from Minotaur-hide and cured in Troll digestive juices. Even the hunchbacked and mutated things that scuttle throughout the warrens of Hell Pit fear its stinging pain.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Throt the Unclean	6	6	3	4	4	3	6	4	7

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Fear, Regeneration.

Master Controller: Throt counts as a Packmaster for the purposes of leading Giant Rats and Rat Ogres. In addition, any unit of Giant Rats or Rat Ogres within 12" may use Throt's Leadership, even when he is not the Army General.

Ravening Hunger: After marching or a round of combat (after Break tests) Throt must pass a Leadership test or consume a single model from his own unit (owning player's choice). Yes, this means he might eat a Rat Ogre! Throt must still test even if he is pursuing a fleeing enemy. If Throt breaks and flees, he automatically fails his LD test and eats a single model on the run! If he fails his test while fighting alone, Throt takes a single wound with no regeneration allowed.

MAGIC ITEMS

Creature-killer (Magic Weapon)

Throt fights with both a blade and Creature-killer. These Attacks are already included in Throt's profile. All attacks, save for the one made by his whip (see below), have the Killing Blow special ability. Additionally, against larger than man-sized creatures (Ogres, Hydras, etc.) each unsaved wound caused by these attacks is multiplied into D3 wounds.

Whip of Domination (Magic Weapon)

In his third hand, Throt brandishes a whip. Alongside his four Attacks, Throt makes a single additional attack with the Whip of Domination. The weapon counts as a normal whip (see page 53), but any enemy that takes an unsaved wound from the Whip of Domination suffers a -2 penalty to its Leadership for the remainder of the player turn.



SKWHEEL GNAWTOOTH

A Packmaster must learn when to ply the lash, how to control infighting, and how far beasts can be pushed before they'll turn. None are better attuned to their foul creations than Skweel Gnawtooth, the most successful Packmaster in Hell Pit.

Skweel was a runt – a death warrant amongst Skaven litters. In the daily competition to live, however, Skweel could count on unlikely allies to aid his undersized cause. His comrades were not Skaven, but common rats. Skweel had a natural affinity with beasts and was often accompanied by a rippling horde of vermin. It wasn't long before the Master Moulders took note of the dread Skweel commanded amongst his fellows, as any who stood in his way disappeared into the tunnels, pulled into the darkness by rat hordes. When Skweel was given a chance in the great pens with the larger beasts, he was not mauled, as are most newcomers. Instead, from that day on, Skweel was trained to become a Packmaster – a task he took to with zeal.

The majority of Packmasters drive their charges but Skweel seems to guide creatures, rather than simply lashing them forward. To Skweel, Giant Rats and Rat Ogres are not barely controlled feral beasts, but trained animals eager to do their master's bidding. After a successful hunt, it is not unknown for the brutes to present Skweel with choice pieces to feed upon. Even new breeds buckle under Skweel's commands. Wolf Rats, Hyper-gland Rat Ogres, specially bred siege-beasts, all are bent to Skweel's will. Only the mindless Hell Pit Abominations seem immune to Skweel's mastery.

Skweel's ability to control dangerous packs makes him invaluable. Lord Verminkin will only release Skweel's services to the highest bidder, and only for a limited time. Skweel has led sniffer-beasts hunting rogue Assassins, packs of Black-rage enhanced Rat Ogres aiding Clan Mors in the Dark Lands, and a Tunnelling Gnawbeast into a Dwarf stronghold, but Skweel always returns to Hell Pit, ready for his next assignment.

After deploying Skweel into his unit, roll once on the Mutations chart to determine the pack's special attributes. The effects are for the entire pack but do not affect Skweel, Packmasters or Master Moulders. Skweel will never leave his special pack and may never join another unit.

MUTATIONS CHART

- 1-2 Regenerate.** *These loathsome creatures seem to grow new limbs as quickly as they can be lopped off.* The pack creatures have the Regeneration special rule.
- 3-4 Poisoned Attacks.** *Adding venom glands is a Clan Moulder favourite.* All the pack's attacks are Poisoned.
- 5-6 Additional Attacks.** *Extra arms, mechanical attachments, or just extra viciousness make for a ferocious pack.* Each pack creature has +1 Attack.

MAGIC WEAPONS

Warp-lash (Magic Weapon)

Skweel bears a wicked warpstone-studded lash that counts as a whip (see page 53) in all regards save that it allows no armour saves and each unsaved wound is multiplied into two wounds.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Skweel Gnawtooth	6	5	3	4	4	2	6	2	6

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Verminous Valour, Mixed Unit.

Verminous Bodyguard: Packmaster Skweel is always accompanied by a small host of rats and his loyal Wolf Rat, Gutsnagger. Any enemy unit in base contact with Skweel at the start of any combat must immediately take D6+2 Strength 2 hits, distributed as per shooting.

Exceptional Pack: Skweel is a Packmaster and cannot join units except for Giant Rats or Rat Ogres.

QUEEK HEADTAKER

Warlord Queek Headtaker is the right claw to Warlord Gnawdwell, grand ruler of Clan Mors and member of the Council of Thirteen. That Queek has risen so high in arguably the most powerful Warlord clan is a credit to the terrible violence he unleashes on any in his way. Queek's vicious streak and vitriolic temper, along with his immense ego, are legendary amongst Skaven, who regard such traits as greatly admirable.

The majority of Queek's exploits have been in the tunnels, lairs, and abandoned Dwarfholds beneath the surface of the world. The Warlord's fame grows as word of his bloody deeds spreads through the Under-Empire. Queek is feared by the Goblins and respected by the Orc tribes. Dwarfs have great hatred for Queek, whose name appears regularly in the Book of Grudges.

By sheer audacity, Queek claimed a mighty prize from the scavenge-hoard – Dwarf Gouger, a weapon forged during the beginning of the war with the bearded-things. Lost for centuries, Dwarf Gouger was recovered deep in the Night Goblin lairs near the ruins of Karak Drazh. At the time Queek was a mere Chieftain, but it was widely believed that he led the attacks that claimed the darksome hole for Clan Mors. In fact, it hadn't been Queek, but he claimed it had been with conviction and

slew any who denied him, and was therefore granted first scavenge rights. So it was that the wicked maul, ideal for punching through steel plate, once more became the bane of the Dwarfs. Queek has perfected a furious windmill style of attack, fighting simultaneously with Dwarf Gouger and a barbed sword – slashing, puncturing, and snapping with his razor-sharp teeth.

Although his scarlet-armoured Stormvermin often accompany him, Warlord Queek takes pleasure in personally dispatching enemy leaders. In his arrogance Queek carries the severed heads of his latest opponents on a trophy rack to remind followers – and Warlord Gnawdwell – of the fighting prowess of the almighty Warlord Queek, the Headtaker, the Dwarf-smiter. Adorned upon spikes in Queek's collection are Krug Ironhand, Ikit Slash of Fester Spike, and the hands of Baron Albrecht Kraus of Averland.

Warlord Gnawdwell relies on Queek, dispatching him to break enemy lines, storm defenses, and bring victory to Clan Mors. At the same time Warlord Gnawdwell continues to hire Assassins to slay the Headtaker. All of this non-stop violence keeps Queek on his toes; too busy to scheme for Gnawdwell's ruling position.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Queek Headtaker	5	7	4	4	4	3	7	6	8

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Hates Dwarfs and Orcs & Goblins.

Trophy Heads: Queek must issue or accept a challenge if one is possible. In a challenge Queek fights with the fury of the deeply conceited, and adds +1 to both his To Hit and To Wound dice rolls.

Extreme Distrust: Queek doesn't fully trust Grey Seers and seeks to keep separation between himself and the machinations of the politically-minded rat-mages. Queek will not join a unit that has a Grey Seer or pushes a Screaming Bell.

MAGIC ITEMS

Dwarf Gouger (Magic Weapon)

Queek wields the magical maul Dwarf Gouger and an additional blade. These attacks are already represented in Queek's profile. No armour saves are allowed from any of Queek's attacks. Queek always wounds Dwarfs on a roll of 2+ (this is not modified in a challenge).

Warp-shard Armour (Magic Armour)

These spiked plates give Queek a 3+ armour save. For each successful armour save made in close combat, the armour inflicts a Strength 5 hit against the enemy that struck the blow.



TRETCH CRAVENTAIL

Over many battles and countless acts of treachery, Chieftain Tretch Craventail of Clan Rictus has proven himself a master of guile. Even for a Skaven, who expect duplicitous tactics, it is widely admitted that Tretch has a knack for fighting dirty. Indeed, Tretch's repertoire of underhanded skills and his famously good luck has led to a number of legendary deeds.

Tretch began his rise from anonymity when his clawpack was leading a long line of chained Night Goblins back to Crookback Mountain. Ostensibly the Clawleader had chosen Tretch to carry key items of the scavenged loot as a reward for his idea to spike the Goblin's fungus beer, but it is more likely Tretch was chosen because he was deemed too scrawny to usurp the clawpack. This proved untrue as Tretch used a small keg of distilled Mad Cap mushrooms, the stuff that turns Goblins into deranged, spinning lunatics, to great effect. With impeccable timing, Tretch turned his line of slaves into whirling death-dealers just as the Clawleaders and Chieftains were convening to argue over which tunnel to take. The effect of multiple Fanatics chained to each other and attempting to twirl madly in a packed tunnel was spectacularly bloody. After that incident the clawpack needed a new leader and Tretch was the first to scurry into the gap.

Since those days, Tretch has led countless ambushes and proven himself a master survivor. It was Tretch that found the hidden path to attack the flank of the Dwarf gunline at the Battle of Black Crag. It was Tretch who led the raid that tunnelled beneath the camp of mighty Black Orc Warlord Dagbad and stole every single Goblin out from underneath the Scourge of the Dark Lands. Tretch was the only Skaven to escape the sinking of the Imperial Galleon captured on the River Aver. The detractors that jealously eye Tretch's rapid rise begin to get tail-twitchingly excited when they see Tretch's Clawpack flee the battle, wreathed in the fireball of a Weapon Team malfunction, or mauled by enemy formations. However, time after time, Tretch reappears, having left his doomed brethren and popped up elsewhere to accomplish some notable feat.

Recently Tretch assumed the Clan Rictus title of Grand Chieftain of the Deep Warrens by disguising himself as a stalactite and dropping from the cavern ceiling to slice the previous Chieftain in two. Now with a small army at his command, he has mustered night raids on Empire towns and warpstone scavenges in the Dark Lands. Tretch's deeply resentful superiors often assign the Chieftain to impossible tasks or suicide missions. Yet each time Tretch escapes and returns to coveted reward. It can truly be said that Tretch has a sense for victory and a muzzle for knowing when to leave a fight.

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Verminous Valour.

Tretch's Raiders: Tretch is an expert at attacking disadvantaged foes, a master at hacking down enemies that aren't looking. When Tretch is in combat, he and any unit of Clanrats or Stormvermin he joins re-roll all failed To Hit rolls when attacking in the flank or rear.

Stay Here, I'll Get Help! Tretch has an uncanny ability to leave a unit at the most opportune time. Once per friendly turn, at the start of any phase, Tretch can leave a unit and reposition himself in the front rank of a friendly unit of Clanrats or Stormvermin within 3D6". If the roll is not great enough to reach such a unit, then Tretch Craventail has scurried off the battlefield and is treated as a casualty.

MAGIC ITEMS

Lucky Skullhelm (Enchanted Item)

Tretch wears the skull of a defeated rival as a good luck charm. The Skullhelm gives Tretch a 4+ ward save and the ability, once per game, to re-roll a dice roll. The re-roll can be one of his To Hit, To Wound, armour or ward save, Ld test, or a Stay Here, I'll Get Help! roll.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Tretch Craventail	5	5	4	4	4	2	6	3	6

LORD SKROLK

That Lord Skrolk walks the world is an affront to nature and a sign of the power of the Great Horned Rat. Plants wither and die where Skrolk treads and the very air about him seems to congeal and darken, as if stained by his baleful presence. Skrolk is ancient, having existed many spans of even the most long-lived of his foul kind. Rather than weakening with age, Lord Skrolk is possessed with a diabolic vitality that belies the years and the heaped diseases he carries. Indeed, Skrolk is bent and gnarled under the weight of countless corruptions. The flesh that is not hidden by his tattered shroud is leathery and covered in a layer of dripping buboes. Even worse, the mysterious hunching growths framed by the robes promise something still more virulent. Each new pox only toughens the aged Plague Monk, who has himself become a disease that walks.

Lord Skrolk is one of the Plaguelords, the rulers of Clan Pestilens under the direct command of the Arch-Plaguelord Nurglitch, he-who-is-tenth on the Council. It was the sight of the radiant corruption of the Arch-Plaguelord that caused Skrolk to claw out his own eyes, as he wished to see no other vision to obscure that last glimpse of perfection. But the Horned Rat provides... despite empty sockets, Skrolk moves assuredly and claims a magical sight that sees in vivid hues of decay.



Despite his seeming blindness Skrolk's reflexes are amazing. He can snatch a fly out of the air – or rather, he could if any flies were able to enter the aura that emanates from his loathsome hide. Insects literally drop dead from the noxious fumes surrounding Skrolk, and only extreme devotees can abide his presence.

In battle Lord Skrolk leads from the front so he can unleash his rabid fury. He bears the Rod of Corruption, a dreadful staff of spiderwood, iron-capped with spikes and covered in writhing runes of power. Many censers hang from its chains, wafting foul vapours. Lord Skrolk often carries plague scriptures with him, and on occasion will bear one of the sacred volumes of the *Liber Bubonicus*, the toxic tome of ultimate disease.

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

MAGIC

Lord Skrolk is a Level 3 Wizard and uses the Skaven Spells of Plague. He can substitute any one spell for *Pestilent Breath*.

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Frenzy, Terror.

Aura of Pestilence: Any models in base contact with Lord Skrolk suffer -1 on all of their To Hit rolls. All Clan Pestilens models – Plague Monks, Plague Priests, Censer Bearers, the Plague Furnace and the Plagueclaw Catapult – are immune to such effects.

MAGIC ITEMS

Rod of Corruption (Magic Weapon)

The Rod of Corruption is a flail. Models hit by the rod must pass a single Toughness test (regardless of the number of hits) or instantly decay and die. No saves of any kind are allowed. A roll of 6 is always considered a failure. If the victim lives, roll To Wound as normal.

The Liber Bubonicus (Arcane Item)

Once per friendly Magic phase, Lord Skrolk can bestow an unholy blessing. This is a Bound Spell (Power Level 6). Pick any single enemy unit within 24" of Lord Skrolk and, if successfully cast roll a D6 to see the effect:

- 1 Squeaking, squealing nonsense. No effect.
- 2-4 A withering pox. Each model in the unit suffers a Strength 1 hit with no armour saves allowed.
- 5-6 Death plague. Each model in the unit suffers a Strength 2 hit with no armour saves allowed.

DEATHMASTER SNIKCH

Shrouded in legend, Deathmaster Snikch is a figure of dread speculation, a rumour of sudden death. The mere thought of Clan Eshin's most deadly killer causes Warlords to squint at shadows. Speculation of Snikch's deeds or whereabouts runs up and down the Under-way. This suits Lord Sneek, the Grand Nightlord of Clan Eshin and member of the Lords of Decay. As long as no one knows Snikch's real location, then no clan can feel safe. The ramifications of such mystique are always considered by Clan Eshin and the Council of Thirteen. Once deployed, Deathmaster Snikch does not fail, but the list of targets grows more quickly than even this perfect killer can eliminate them.

When acting on Council orders, Snikch leaves his distinctive symbols. Warlord Sskut of Murkpit had his neatly removed head stacked atop 100 heads from his Stormvermin bodyguard. When Southlands Clan Festerlingus began selling their own mutated mix of Giant Rat and alligator, it was Snikch's mark that was scrawled over the mutators' bodies. Such rituals are enacted when the Nightlord wants to seed terror, an example to those that cross Clan Eshin or the Council.

The Deathmaster has been unleashed upon the world above but it is harder to divine his presence. Almost assuredly the fate of the Celestial Wizard Heinrich Frisen, found flayed in his still-locked observatory tower, was the work of Snikch. Some speculated about Daemons, but the truly erudite know Daemons seldom leave so few clues. The Dwarf Lord Dromgar, brother to King Belegar of Karak Eight Peaks, was slain in a heavily fortified stronghold. That Dromgar is still missing his head points strongly to the ultimate killer. While a master of murder, it is likely that Snikch is also behind many of the ratmen's most devious acts of sabotage. The Great Fire of Lothorn, the bombing of the Imperial Navy in the Reiksport, and the destruction of Dwarf Engineer Thornik Thorson's Iron Cog-dragon on the eve of the Battle of the Bitter Peaks – who knows how many of the world's disasters are the work of Snikch?

In battle Deathmaster Snikch is a shadow, able to appear at will. His multiple Weeping Blades, including one held in his whip-like tail, weave a deadly steel blur. It is the last thing many leaders see before joining the countless warlords, princes, and notables who have already fallen before the matchless assassin.

Dodge: Snikch's ability to dodge even bullets or magic spells is represented by a 4+ ward save.

Hidden: Snikch may be Hidden in the same way as an Assassin (see Hidden, on page 52).

MAGIC ITEMS

Whirl of Weeping Blades (Magic Weapon)

All of Snikch's attacks are made by Weeping Blades (page 107). These extra hand (and tail) weapons are already factored into Snikch's Attack profile.

The Cloak of Shadows (Enchanted Item)

Woven from stolen human hair and spider silk, the Cloak of Shadows conceals and silences the wearer. When wearing the cloak, Snikch, cannot be seen (and therefore charged, shot at, or targeted specifically by spells) unless the attacking unit first rolls a D6 result of 4+. If the test is failed, the unit may still announce a charge, shooting attack, or spellcasting elsewhere. The presence of an undetected Snikch won't prevent enemy units marching, charging or shooting other targets – just move Snikch out of the way with the minimum amount of movement should he be in the path of an enemy charge. If Snikch is in a unit or engaged in close combat, the cloak has no effect.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Deathmaster Snikch	6	8	6	4	4	2	10	6	8

SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Verminous Valour, Always Strikes First, Scouts, Sneaky Infiltrator (page 51).

A Killer, not a Leader: Just as Assassins (page 52).

THANQUOL & BONERIPPER

Thanquol is a Grey Seer of great distinction, a particularly favoured agent of the Council of Thirteen. Over missions beyond counting Thanquol has commanded armies, sought information or artefacts, supported furtive Clan Eshin activities, and attempted to fan insurrection amongst the enemies of the Skaven. Ambitious and self-serving, even by Skaven standards, Thanquol misses no opportunity to use his scheming guile to improve his own standing. He is a master at manipulating or 'misunderstanding' orders to his own personal advantage. Thanquol is shrewd and constantly re-evaluates his plans, always probing for different angles or new benefits to be gained. That so many of his assignments go so disastrously wrong, is not, as he has so often assured the Council, anything like his fault.

Over time Thanquol has sustained his frantic pace and powerful magics through the copious use of warpstone. The vivid, if twisted, visions that race through Thanquol's warp-addled mind have given the Grey Seer more than usual insight. This sixth sense has caused Thanquol to alter plans at the last minute, or urged him to jump twitchily for no tangible reason. Although erratic, this sudden instinct has saved Thanquol's life on more than one occasion. However, the misfortunes (or well-aimed shots) that Thanquol avoids invariably strike down

someone nearby. Perhaps this is why the other Skaven fear Thanquol so much...

All Grey Seers have a particular field of expertise and Thanquol has chosen to study humans. From Tilea to the northern boundaries of the Empire, Thanquol has an extensive knowledge of the man-things' languages and history and has spent much time seeking the best ways to manipulate such creatures. Thanquol has had much success corrupting and bribing many individuals, building a nefarious network of informers and agents in many of the major human cities.

Of late, Thanquol's devious plans have encountered a series of setbacks, although by the blessing of the Horned Rat, even these calamities seem to fall in favour of the Grey Seer. In the year 2499 Thanquol gave the order to attack the human city of Nuln. Half the city was destroyed, along with the entire Warlord clan assigned to execute his military plan. That Clan Skab had been a threat to the Council of Thirteen was unbeknownst to Thanquol at the time, but the cunning Grey Seer quickly claimed credit and exploited the situation to his advantage. What most Skaven remember is that Thanquol smashed a treacherous clan and not that he failed in his main mission with severe losses.



Thanquol has almost stolen secret plans, almost collapsed Dwarfholds, almost started civil wars, and almost succeeded any number of times. Behind the failure of many of Thanquol's schemes have been two notorious figures; the mighty Dwarf Slayer Gotrek Gurnisson and his human companion, Felix Jaeger. It is only a matter of time before Thanquol's superior genius devises a method cruel enough to avenge the indignities suffered at the hands of those fools.

In recognition of his (somewhat modified) successes, Thanquol has been given a gift by the Council of Thirteen – a mutant Rat Ogre bodyguard. Over the years Thanquol has not been lucky with bodyguards, losing many in a variety of horrible ways. Each time a Rat Ogre is lost, it is replaced thanks to the rebuilding and re-growing efforts of Clan Skryre and Clan Moulder. Several times the new 'version' of his bodyguard has even used the remaining material of the deceased beast to work with. Regardless, the new, improved Rat Ogre is traditionally named Boneripper. With this sturdy, if mindless, help, and his own twitchy, yet invaluable, paranoia, Thanquol once again seeks to serve the Lords of Decay (and himself, of course) to the best of his abilities.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Thanquol	5	3	3	3	4	3	6	1	7

MAGIC

Thanquol is a Grey Seer and therefore a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Skaven Spells of Ruin or Plague in any combination. Thanquol may choose to substitute any one of his spells for *the Dreaded Thirteenth Spell*.

THANQUOL'S SPECIAL RULES

Scurry Away!, Strength in Numbers, Verminous Valour.

Warpstone Addiction: Thanquol is addicted to warpstone and has been known to liberally use the raw Chaos matter. While this has unhinged his sanity, it does also have its advantages. Thanquol can absorb quantities of the precious stuff with few side effects save for occasional eye-bulging facial twitches or a suspicion that his own whiskers are following him.

When casting a spell, if Thanquol rolls a 1 with any power dice generated by a Warpstone Token, he can re-roll the dice. The second result will cause a wound on a roll of 1 or a 2 and cannot be re-rolled.

Blessing of the Horned Rat: Whether precognitive powers or divine intervention, Thanquol has been blessed with extraordinary good fortune.

Thanquol has a ward save of 4+. For every wound Thanquol saves, one friendly model within 6" (owning player's choice) takes a wound instead. Normal saves apply. If no friendly model is within 6" the wound fails to deflect anywhere and is ignored.

MAGIC ITEMS

Warp-amulet (Talisman)

As long he has at least a single Wound remaining, at the beginning of each of his turns, Thanquol can use the amulet to heal himself. On a roll of 5+ Thanquol regains a single Wound.

Staff of the Horned One (Arcane Item)

Thanquol's staff allows him to know an additional spell – therefore Thanquol has five spells, not four.

Warpstone Tokens: Thanquol always start the game with D6+2 Warpstone Tokens (see page 108).

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Boneripper	5	3	1	5	5	3	1	4	10

BONERIPPER'S SPECIAL RULES

Fear, Unbreakable.

Bodyguard of Thanquol: Boneripper is a specially modified Rat Ogre constructed to guard the Grey Seer. Boneripper must be within 12" of Thanquol. If, at the start of any friendly turn, Boneripper is not within 12" of his master, then he is programmed to shut down. While shut down, Boneripper cannot move and in combat he will be hit automatically and will not strike back. If the game ends while Boneripper is shut down, he counts as a casualty. If Thanquol is slain or flees off the table, Boneripper is removed as a casualty as well.

Warpfire Thrower: During Boneripper's rebuilding process the Warlock Engineers added a warpfire thrower in lieu of an extra arm. Once per game this can be fired as per a Warpfire Thrower (on page 60).

Thanquol paced. The plan was not going well. Surely, thought Thanquol, he was the most potent of mage-rats, the most exalted of the Council's agents. Why then, did the Lords of Decay keep sending him inferiors to work with? Warlord Skrich of Clan Krik had jeopardised the task of destroying Citadelle La Bocuf. True, Thanquol had promised the drawbridges would be down, but that had been the fault of those worthless Gutter Runners. Yes, the poison Thanquol bought for them turned out to be so watered down as to be safely drinkable, but he had saved many warptokens. Thanquol gnawed his pale, rubbery tail, recalling how the Duke had counter-attacked, sending the Clanrats fleeing. The fool Assassin should have already slain that manling! Of course Thanquol had reassigned the Assassin to kill several upstart Skaven in his own ranks, a mission from which the Clan Eshin agent never returned. Such failures could only be devious sabotage! But who, thought Thanquol, would dare match wits with so mighty a personage as himself? The hidden foe must be dangerous indeed.

SKAVEN MAGIC

To randomly generate a spell roll a dice and consult the chart. If you roll a spell twice for the same Wizard, roll again. The differing types of Skaven Wizard can each substitute one of the spells they have rolled for a specific spell, as listed in each bestiary entry.

SKAVEN SPELLS OF RUIN

D6	SPELL	DIFFICULTY
1	Skitterleap	5+
2	Warp Lightning	6+
3	Howling Warpgale	7+
4	Death Frenzy	9+
5	Scorch	10+
6	Cracks Call	11+

Skitterleap – Cast on a 5+

With a "Bamf!" the Skaven Sorcerer disappears in a puff of smoke to reappear elsewhere on the battlefield. This spell can be used on any friendly infantry character within 12", even if engaged in close combat. This includes the caster (unless it is a Vermin Lord, as it is a monster). The model may immediately be placed anywhere on the battlefield, but it must be placed at least 1" away from enemy models.

Warp Lightning – Cast on a 6+

The Skaven points a fleshy paw and bolts of greenish-black lightning arc outwards. Warp Lightning is a magic missile with a range of 24". It causes D6 Strength 5 hits. If the number of hits rolled is 1, then the caster suffers a Strength 5 hit instead of the target.

Howling Warpgale – Cast on a 7+

The caster gestures twitchingly to the skies and fierce hurricane gales begin to build until it swirls around the entire battlefield.

The spell summons driving winds that last until the start of the the caster's next Magic phase. Flying creatures may not fly and must use their basic move. All missile weapons that roll To Hit suffer a -1 penalty in addition to any other penalties (long range, etc.). This spell does not affect Skaven missile weapons, as the unnatural winds are diverted by the caster himself.

The messenger bowed low, pressing its muzzle to the floor. "Speak-speak" snarled the Grey Seer, too agitated to appreciate the fawning. "Unexpected complications, most powerful of potentates" said the Scurrier. Before the creature could finish, the Grey Seer sent bolts of lightning to roast him alive.

"Bad news can wait" thought the rat-mage, and it was always best to kill the messenger.

Death Frenzy – Cast on a 9+

Gesticulating wildly the caster gifts a unit with a rabid and frothing urge to close and strike the foe. This spell can be cast on any friendly unit within 18", even if engaged in close combat. If successfully cast, the unit will go into a state of Death Frenzy, which is the same as Frenzy, except that it adds +2 Attacks not +1. The spell may be cast on units that are already affected by Frenzy, but the effects do not stack – the unit will have a total of +2 Attacks. Once cast, a unit will remain Death Frenzied until the unit loses in close combat. Units that are Death Frenzied suffer D6 automatic wounds, with no armour saves, at the end of each friendly turn (distributed as per shooting).

Scorch – Cast on a 10+

The Skaven Sorcerer thrusts his paws into the ground while chittering fiery incantations. The caster may summon a gout of flame to blast out of the earth. Place the small round template anywhere within 24". Any model touched suffers a Strength 4 hit. All wounds caused by this spell count as Flaming Attacks. Any unit that suffers an unsaved wound must take a Panic test.



Cracks Call – Cast on an 11+

With the arcane incantation invoked, the Skaven ends by stamping his horrible pinkish rat-like foot, causing the very ground to split asunder.

A crack appears in the ground at the caster's feet and runs for 4D6" in a straight line in any direction in the caster's arc of sight. Any models in its path must make an Initiative test to leap out of the way. Models that fail are removed as casualties. Instead of taking an Initiative test, war machines and chariots must instead roll a 5+ or be destroyed.

Buildings (or a single section for larger structures) collapse on a roll of 5+. Any models inside must pass an Initiative test or be removed as a casualty. Replace the building (or section for large buildings) with difficult terrain and place survivors in a unit so that at least one model is touching the newly formed rubble. If any models cannot fit, they are removed as casualties.

SKAVEN SPELLS OF PLAGUE

D6	SPELL	DIFFICULTY
1	Pestilent Breath	5+
2	Bless with Filth	7+
3	Wither	8+
4	Vermintide	8+
5	Cloud of Corruption	11+
6	Plague	13+

Pestilent Breath – Cast on a 5+

Uttering horrible phrases the Skaven Sorcerer belches forth an impossibly foul cloud.

Place the flame template with the narrow end in base contact with the caster and the wide end anywhere in his arc of sight. Any models touched by the template suffer a Strength 2 hit with no armour save allowed. The spell may be cast while the Wizard is in close combat, but instead of using the template one enemy unit in base contact takes D6 Strength 2 hits with no armour saves allowed.

Bless with Filth – Cast on a 7+

A foul mist wraps around the weapons of a nearby unit and the weapons begin to drip with toxic filth.

The caster causes a friendly unit within 12" to have Poisoned Attacks in close combat. The spell may be cast on a friendly unit that is already engaged in close combat. The spell lasts until the end of the next player turn. If the unit already has Poisoned Attacks, the warriors will cause an automatic wound on a To Hit roll of 5+ instead of the normal 6+.

Wither – Cast on an 8+

Chanting passages from the Liber Bubonicus, the Wizard casts a spell of wasting, shrinking sickness.

The caster may choose any single unit within 12", including a unit in close combat. The Toughness value of all the models in the unit is reduced by -1. The effects last for the rest of the game and any creatures reduced to a Toughness of 0 are removed as casualties.



Vermintide – Cast on an 8+

The caster invokes and many rats answer the call...

Place the large round template in base contact with the caster to represent the summoned rats. Move the template in a straight line 4D6" away from the caster. The template cannot cross impassable terrain or water features. All units touched by the template as it moves suffer 3D6 Strength 2 hits. The caster is never hit and a unit he is with is only hit if another of its models is touched by the template. The spell then disappears (including the rats). This spell may be cast while the Sorcerer is in combat, however, no template is used. Instead choose a single enemy unit in base contact with the caster. Hits are distributed as per shooting.

Cloud of Corruption – Cast on an 11+

The caster releases a stinking blast of diseased fury.

Roll a dice for every unit within 12" of the caster (friend or foe), even if they are in close combat. Enemy units are affected on a D6 roll of 2+, friendly units are affected on a roll of 4+, and models from Clan Pestilens (friend or foe) are affected on a roll of 5+. Each unit that is affected suffers D6 Strength 5 hits with no armour saves allowed. Roll separately for each unit.

Plague – Cast on a 13+

The caster unleashes a disease from the Book of Woe.

Choose one enemy unit, within 18" of the caster, even if it is engaged in close combat. Each model in the affected unit must take a Toughness test. If the test if failed, the model suffers a single wound with no armour save allowed. If cast on a unit engaged in close combat, all units involved in the fight (friend and foe) will be affected.

After working out the effects of the spell and removing casualties, roll a dice on the chart below and continue to apply the results until the spell ends or there are no targets within range.

- 1 The spell backfires, the opponent can decide to end the spell or choose any one unit within 12" of a unit affected by the spell during this Magic phase and "pass it on" as per the 5-6 result below. The unit selected suffers as above.
- 2-4 The spell ends.
- 5-6 The casting player can decide to end the spell or pass it to another target within 12" of a unit affected by the spell during this Magic phase. The unit selected suffers as above.

Units cannot be affected twice by this spell in the same Magic phase.

THE DREADED THIRTEENTH SPELL

Curse of the Horned Rat – Cast on a 25+

With a sickening lurch the fabric of reality is torn by the twisting power of the Great Horned One.

This spell can affect a single infantry unit within 24" and line of sight of the caster. If successfully cast, the spell turns 4D6 of the targeted unit's models into Clanrats. If the number rolled is larger than the number of models in the targeted unit, remove the enemy models and replace them with Clanrats with any normally allowed equipment or command. The casting player now controls this unit. If the casting player does not have enough models to replace the entire unit, transfigure what you can, the rest are considered destroyed. If the number rolled is not great enough to replace the whole targeted unit, then remove as casualties the number rolled – they simply mutate and die, or were slain by horrified comrades. No saves of any kind are allowed against the twisting power of the Horned Rat.

THE VERMINOUS HORDE

Gather round ye Children of the Horned Rat and listen-hear this well. Ever mistrustful, no true Warlord will reveal all the secrets up his tattered sleeve, but here are a few tips to get started with your own collection of Skaven quick-quick!

There are many reasons to begin a Skaven army. Maybe you like the look of the miniatures; they certainly have an undeniably ratty style. Perhaps it is the desire to build an unstoppable tabletop force. The mix of a horde army with diabolical destructive war machines and slaving monsters can prove a foe-crushing combination. Then again, it may have been the sheer character of the Skaven that has caught your eye – that unique blend of super-villainous evil with devious cowardice. The Skaven are the only race with subterranean volcano lairs, a plan for taking over the world, and a penchant to scurry away from combats. Only a Skaven would duck a challenge and still act with swagger and bravado. But once you've made the sensible decision to collect an army of man-sized rats, where do you begin?

WHERE TO START

The Skaven army can be built in a number of ways, but at the centre of them all is a solid base of infantry. A single 20-strong regiment of Clanrats or Stormvermin is an essential foundation. Skaven need the three ranks of combat resolution bonus to stand up to most opponents and because of the Strength in Numbers rule, these ranks also mean the ratmen can add a much needed bonus of up to +3 to their admittedly dubious Leadership. Maintaining the +3 rank bonus is so useful it is worth ensuring your main units start off with a few extra ranks. That way, you can lose a few models to missile fire without penalty. Try to fit command models – standard bearers, musicians, and champions – into your units. They cost few points and all supply useful game benefits (and frankly look great too!).

Stormvermin are slightly better equipped than Clanrats and have improved WS and Initiative as well as access to a magic standard. They will cost a few more points than Clanrats, but are still on the budget side of elite troops. Weapon Teams are excellent add-ons to your units as they can supply serious killing power, but beware: they are fragile and prone to catastrophic mishaps! It only takes one good shot, say melting your foe's best troops, for a Skaven Warlord to begin placing too much emphasis on his Weapon Teams. Consider any casualties they cause as a bonus to your plans and you can't go far wrong.

A Multitudinous Mass! With even numbers of combatants you probably can't stand toe-to-toe against more formidable melee armies (which, frankly, is most of them). But fighting with even numbers isn't what Skaven are about! You should be able to field at least three to four more units than most other armies. So tie your foe up and then charge your foe in the flanks! If you aim to build a horde, then more Clanrats and Stormvermin present your best fighting options. Mixing in Skavenslaves adds more mass for ridiculously few points. Use Skavenslaves to guard flanks, absorb the enemy's missile fire and hopefully, when they break from combat, the Skavenslaves will spitefully

take a few of the foe with them using their Cornered Rats rule. With so many infantry options it is easy to overlook Night Runners. Their Movement rate and Slinking Advance rule can be used to seize the battle's initiative. A few small but hard-hitting units in between your larger blocks can work really well too. A few Rat Ogres or a unit of Plague Censer Bearers can really deliver some damage to your foe.

Nefarious Magic & Arcane Technology: A Skaven army offers more than horde tactics. A Grey Seer is one of the most dangerous Wizards anywhere. A Vermin Lord is points-heavy, but nigh unstoppable. And with the infernal war machines built by Clan Skryre, the Skaven have access to some of the most demented war engines in the game. They can melt, zap, churn, or chop any foe. Crush enemy units with a Doomwheel or blast them from afar with a Warp Lightning Cannon. The deadly peals of the Screaming Bell unleash random but potentially devastating effects across the battlefield. It might boost your own units' abilities, it might damage your foe, but it will definitely turn the Clanrats or Stormvermin pushing it into an Unbreakable unit, fuelled by the power of the Great Horned Rat. It is also a splendid showcase model that warrants display in the centre in your army.

Rabid & Ferocious: You might prefer to overpower the foe rather than swamp him with numbers. Send in a cheap screen of Skavenslaves or Clanrats before unleashing the bigger hitters. A Skaven Warlord, augmented by a War-litter or Rat Ogre Bonebreaker, can put more oomph into a unit of Stormvermin. The loathsome Plague Monks with a Plague Furnace can be utterly devastating, combining high rates of frenzied attacks with the deadly poisonous fumes of the Plague Censer. It is the Hell Pit Abomination, however, that delivers the most ferocious line-breaking charge of the Skaven army.

IT CAN ALL GO WRONG IN A HURRY

During the course of your battles you may find that anything from a unit to an entire flank can lose its courage and scurry back where it came from. Skaven Leadership tends to be fine, so long as you're winning. Your Weapon Teams will explode at the most inopportune times or, even worse, blast your own side to bits and then blow up. The Clan Skryre death-dealing artifices of devastation can, with some bad luck, do nothing to your foe, but slay your own troops with wild abandon. All of this isn't a flaw in the army design; it is a flaw in the Skaven character. They are random, prone to cowardice, and their engineering is powerful, but slipshod. There are times when despite your best plans, your battle will still go disastrously wrong. When a disastrously unlucky game happens, learn from your mistakes, blame someone else for them, and then forget (or at least deny) it ever happened. I personally blame the Council of Thirteen for jealously sabotaging my flawless command.



A contingent of Clan Pestilens troops form the vanguard of this Skaven force.



A Skaven army bursts forth to attack a city of the Empire.



Grey Seer Thanquol and Boneripper



Warlord Queek Headtaker



Lord Skrolk



Ikit Claw



Throt the Unclean



Warlord



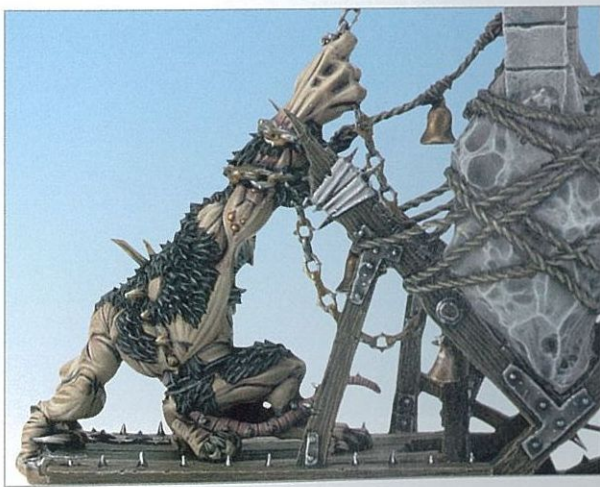
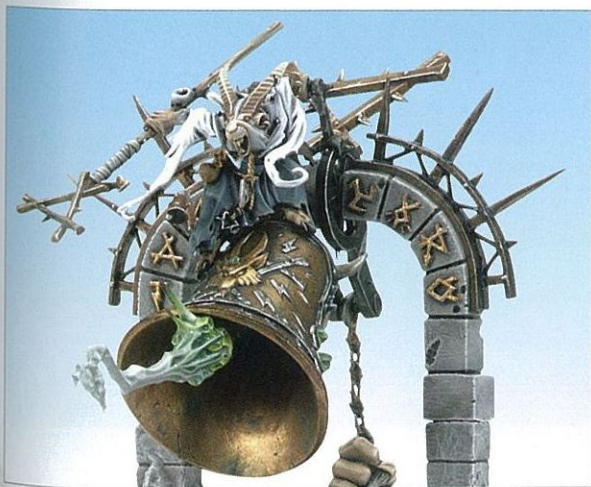
Grey Seer



Verminlord



The ominous tolling of the diabolical Screaming Bell can devastate enemy armies and raze entire cities.





A typical regiment of Clanrats with spears and shields.



Clanrats wear ragged clothing and bear a range of weapons and equipment scavenged from the battlefield.



Clanrat banners depict symbols and markings of the Warlord clan or Greater clan they serve.



Clanrat champion



Clanrat musician



Suitably painted models from the Clanrat set make ideal Skavenslaves.



Clanrats



Clanrats pushing the Screaming Bell form the mainstay of this army.



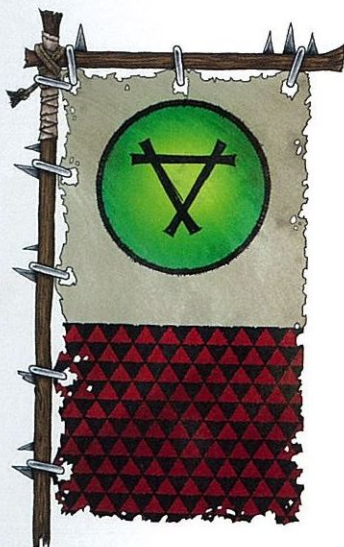
More Clanrat standard bearers



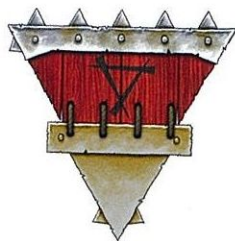
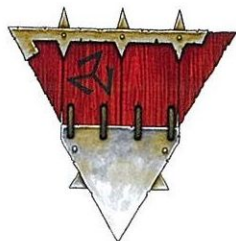
A Stormvermin standard bearer



This Stormvermin banner suggests a link to Clan Moulder.



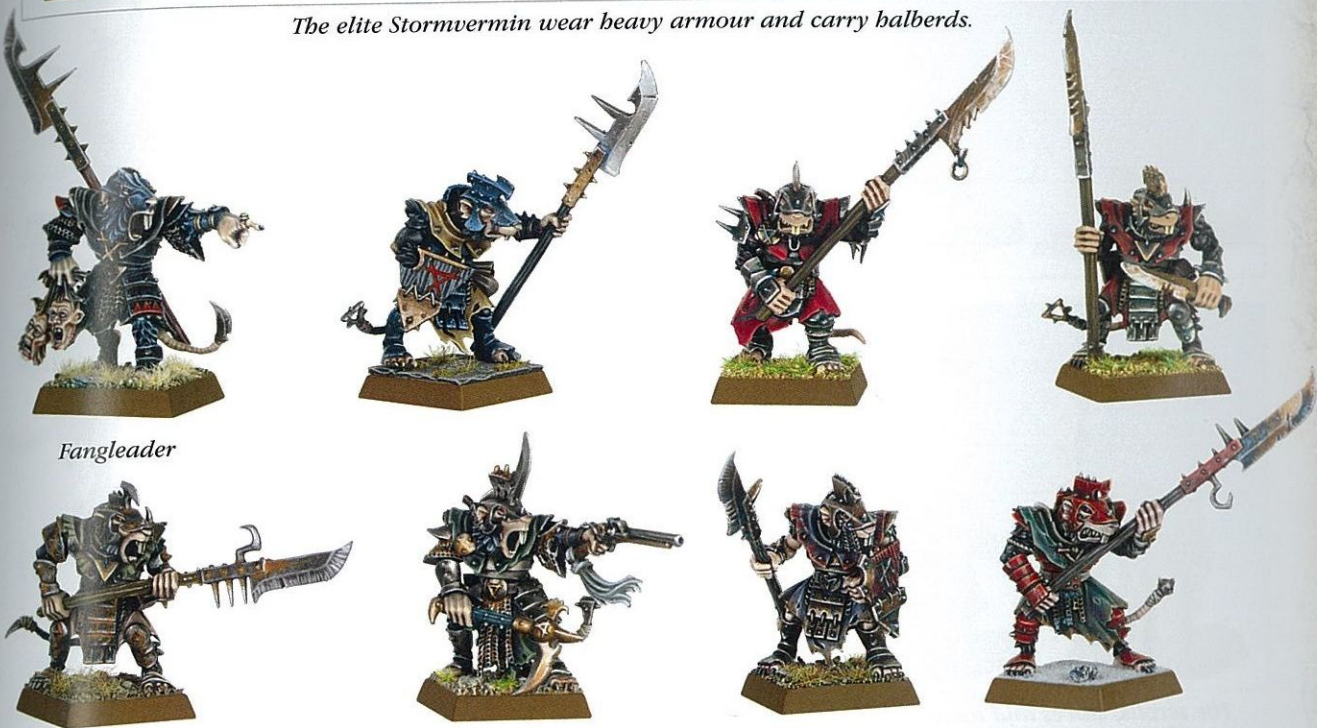
An example of the markings used on banners and shields of Clanrats from a typical Warlord clan.



The banner and shields from a typical regiment of Stormvermin.

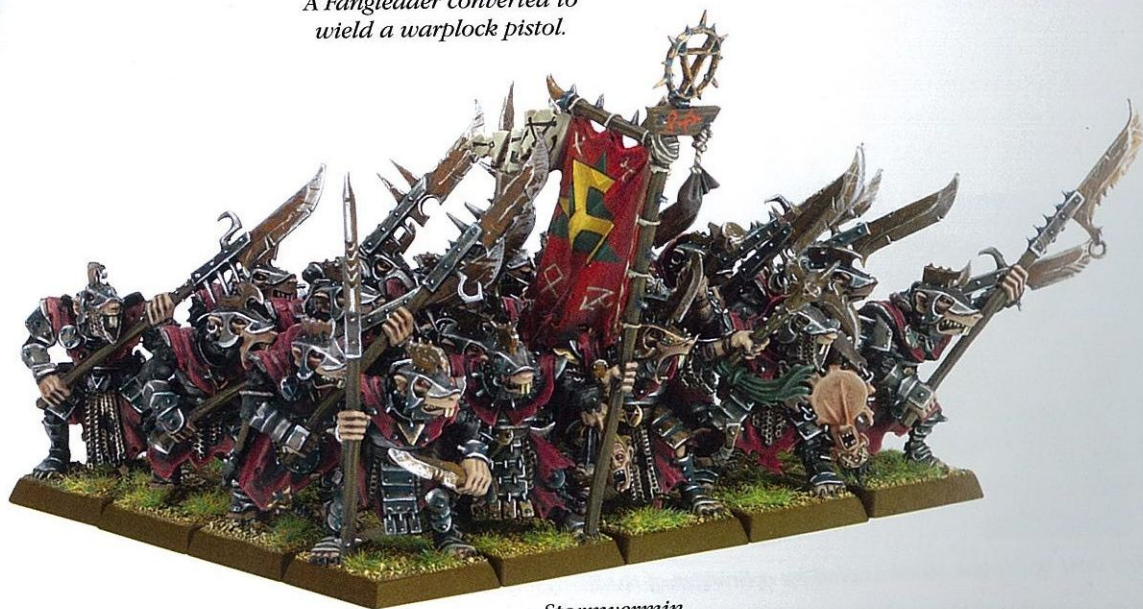


The elite Stormvermin wear heavy armour and carry halberds.



Fangleader

A Fangleader converted to wield a warlock pistol.



Stormvermin



Plague Monks wear robes of varying colours, but all are faded, grimy and disease-ridden.



The scrolls, staves and tomes of the Plague Monks are covered in pestilent runes.

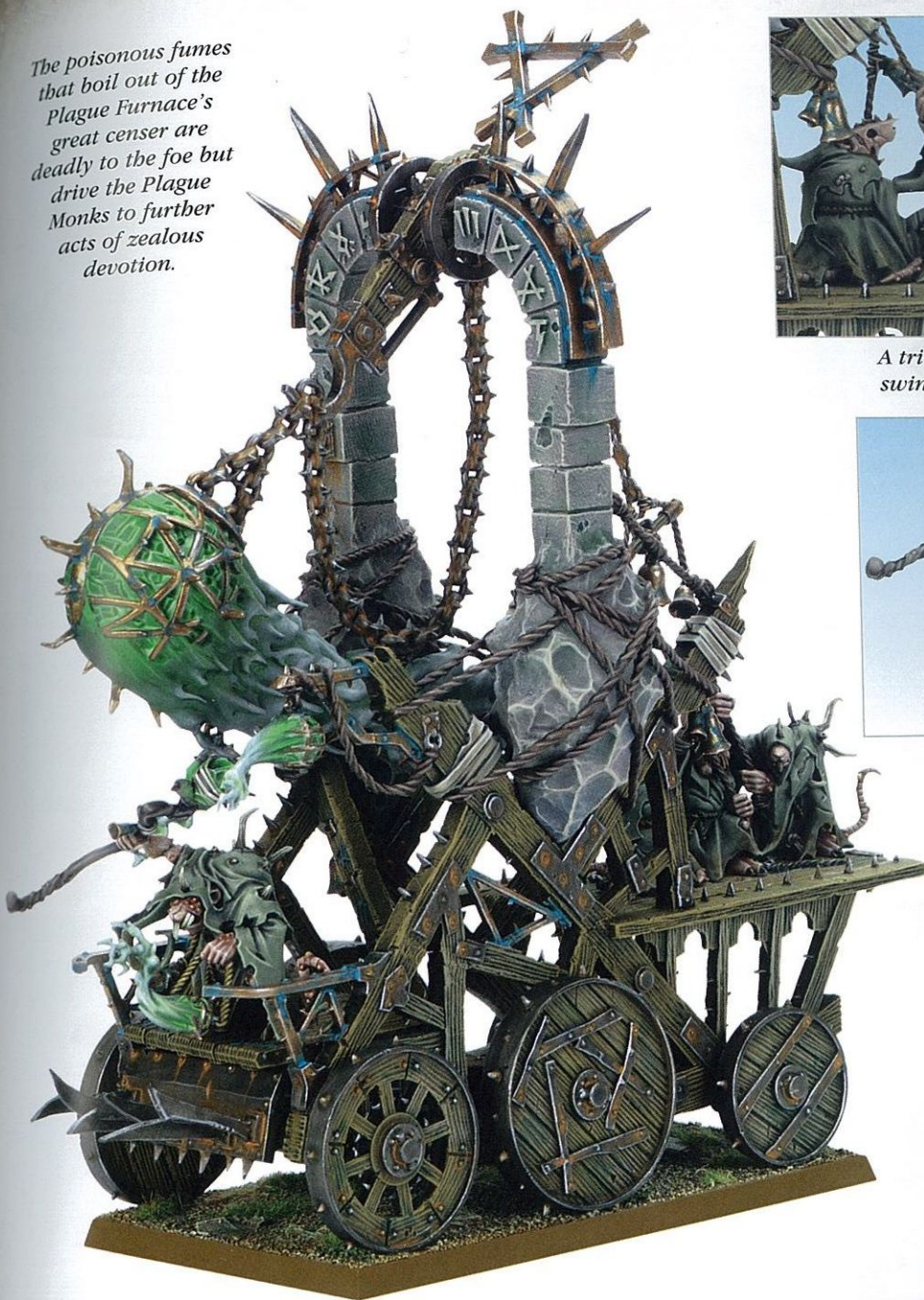


Plague Monk standard bearer



This unit of Plague Monks is led by a Bringer-of-the-Word, carrying scrawled passages from the Book of Woe.

The poisonous fumes that boil out of the Plague Furnace's great censer are deadly to the foe but drive the Plague Monks to further acts of zealous devotion.



The Plague Furnace



A trio of Plague Monks swing the great censer.



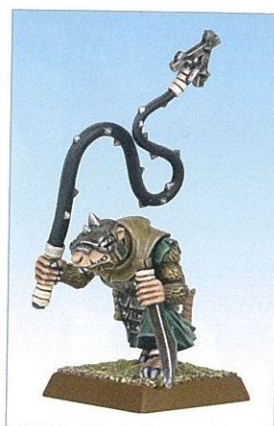
Plague Priest



Plague Censer Bearers form small, but incredibly hard-hitting units in a Skaven army.



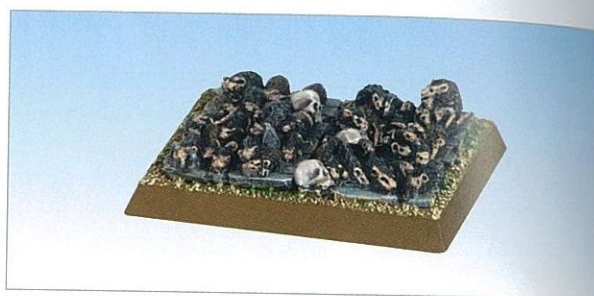
Packmaster Skweel Gnawtooth



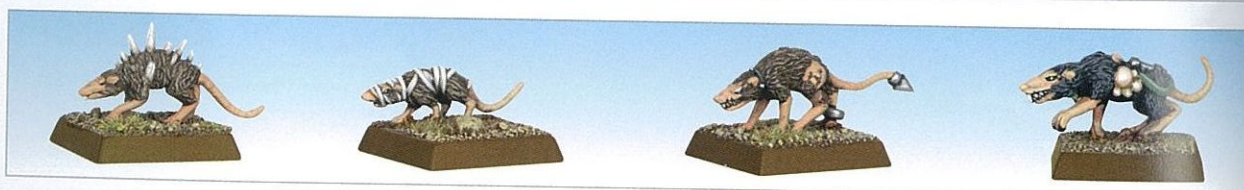
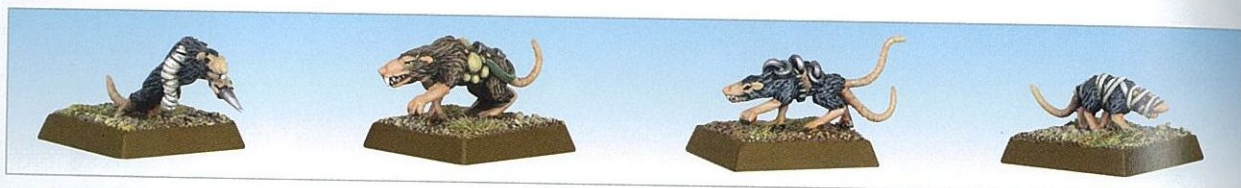
A Packmaster with whip



A Master Moulder with a things-catcher



Rat Swarms often accompany a Skaven horde to battle.



Giant Rats are the most common war-beasts bred by Clan Moulder.



Rat Ogres are the hideous patchwork creations of Clan Moulder.



Deathmaster Snikch



Clan Eshin banner



Clan Moulder banner



Assassins all bear weapons coated with vile poisons.

Gutter Runner



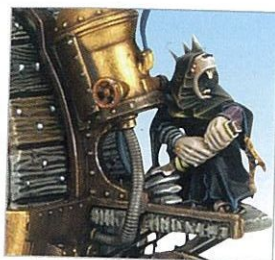
Gutter Runners of Clan Eshin wear black or very dark colours to help them sneak around the battlefield.



Night Runners



A Warlock Engineer pilots the Doomwheel.



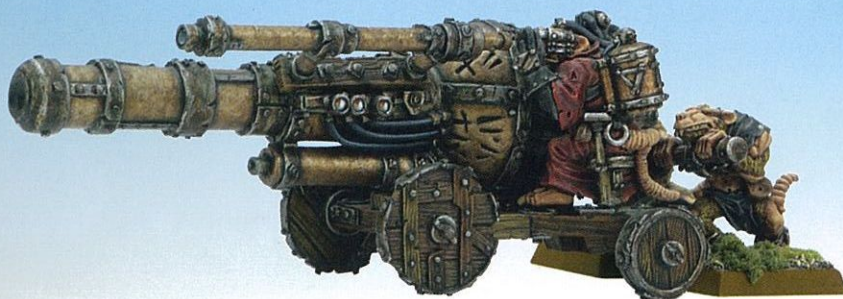
This crew member works the sternwheel.



The Doomwheel is one of Clan Skryre's deadliest inventions.



Warlord clans waste no opportunity to deck out a newly purchased Doomwheel with a pennant displaying their own clan symbols and markings.



Warp Lightning Cannon



Warpstone power generator



Warlock Engineers



Poisoned Wind Globadiers



Poisoned Wind Globadiers



Warplock Jezzails



Warpfire Thrower



Ratling Gun







A banner declaring allegiance to the Council of Thirteen.



A Grey Seer banner



A foul banner of Clan Pestilens.



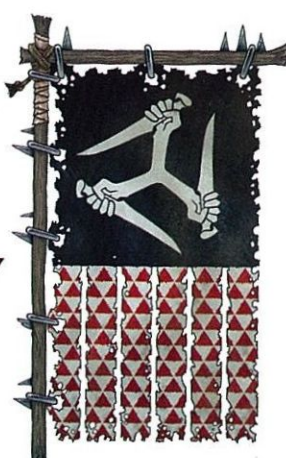
Clan Skryre banner



Examples of some of the many banners borne by the Warlord clans.



Many individual Warlord clans display similar colours and repeated runes on their banners and shields.



The band and dagger symbol suggests this Warlord clan has some connection to Clan Esbin.



This clan bears the same shields but subtly different runes.

A common rune shows loyalty to the same Warlord.

SKAVEN ARMY LIST

This army list enables you to turn your collection of Citadel miniatures into an army ready for a tabletop battle. As described in the Warhammer rulebook, the army is divided into four sections: Characters (including Lords and Heroes), Core units, Special units and Rare units.

CHOOSING AN ARMY

Every miniature in the Warhammer range has a points cost assigned to it. This reflects how effective the model is on the battlefield. For example, a Skaven Clanrat costs just 4 points, while the sorcerous Grey Seer costs 240 points!

Most of the time, both players choose armies to the same agreed points total. You can, of course, spend fewer points, and you may find it impossible to use up every last point. Most "2,000 point" armies, for example, will be something like 1,998 or 1,999 points.

To form your collection of miniatures into an army, look up the relevant army list entry for the first troop type. This tells you the points cost to add each unit of models to your army and any options or upgrades the unit may have. Then select your next unit, calculate its points cost and so on until you reach the agreed points total for the game you are playing. In addition to the models' points values, there are a few other rules that govern which units you can include in your army, as detailed under Choosing Characters and Choosing Troops.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Profiles. The characteristic profile for the model(s) in each unit is provided as a reminder. Where several are required, these are also given, even if they are optional.

Unit Size. Each troop entry specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size.

Equipment. Each entry lists the standard weapons and armour for that unit type. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value. Additional or optional weapons and armour cost extra points and are presented in the Options section of the unit entry.

Special Rules. Many troops have special rules, and these are fully described in the Skaven Bestiary section of this army book. The names of these rules are listed in the army list as a reminder.

Options. Many entries list different weapon, armour and equipment options, along with any additional points cost for giving them to the unit. This includes magic items and other upgrades for characters. It may also include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician.

CHOOSING CHARACTERS

Characters are divided into two categories: Lords and Heroes. The maximum number of characters an army can include is shown on the chart below. Of course, only a certain number can be Lords.

Army Points Value	Max. Total	Max. Lords	Max. Heroes
Less than 2,000	3	0	3
2,000 or more	4	1	4
3,000 or more	6	2	6
4,000 or more	8	3	8
Each +1,000	+2	+1	+2

An army must always include at least one character to act as the Army General. If you include more than one character, then the one with the highest Leadership value is the general. When one or more characters have the same (and highest) Leadership, choose one to be the General at the start of the battle. Make sure that your opponent knows which character is your General is your General when you deploy your army.

Many Skaven characters can be equipped with additional equipment – from either the Skaven Scavenge-pile or the magic items from the Skaven Tools of Supremacy, or both. These items range from powerful magical weapons, to banners and other eldritch items. Where characters have this option, it is included in their profile.

CHOOSING TROOPS

The number of each type of unit allowed depends on the army's points value.

For Core units, there is a minimum number of units from this category that you must take. Giant Rats and Rat Swarms do not count towards this minimum number of Core units. For Special and Rare units, there is a maximum number of units that you can field.

Army Points Value	Core	Special	Rare
Less than 2,000	2+	0-3	0-1
2,000 or more	3+	0-4	0-2
3,000 or more	4+	0-5	0-3
4,000 or more	5+	0-6	0-4
Each +1,000	+1 minimum	+0-1	+0-1

Like many characters, some Skaven units or champions can be given additional equipment from the Scavenge-pile or magic items (normally banners) from the Skaven Tools of Supremacy, or perhaps both. Where such options are available, they are included in their profile.

LORDS

LORD SKROLK 470 points

page 74

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

Your army can only include one Lord Skrolk model.

Magic:

Skrolk is a Level 3 Wizard. He uses Skaven Spells of Plague.

Equipment:

- Rod of Corruption
- The Liber Bubonicus

If Lord Skrolk is the army's general the owning player can treat Plague Monks as Core choices.

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Aura of Pestilence
- Frenzy
- Terror

THANQUOL & BONERIPPER 450 points

page 76

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Thanquol	5	3	3	3	4	3	6	1	7
Boneripper	5	3	1	5	5	3	1	4	10

Your army can only include one Thanquol and one Boneripper model.

Magic:

Thanquol is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses Skaven Spells of Ruin and/or the Skaven Spells of Plague list.

Equipment (Thanquol):

- Sword
- Warp-amulet
- Staff of the Horned One
- D6+2 Warpstone Tokens

Special Rules (Thanquol):

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour
- Blessing of the Horned Rat
- Warpstone Addiction

Equipment (Boneripper):

- Talons and teeth
- Warpfire Thrower

Special Rules (Boneripper):

- Bodyguard of Thanquol
- Fear
- Unbreakable

IKIT CLAW 395 points

page 69

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Ikit Claw	5	5	3	5	4	3	3	2	7

Your army can only include one Ikit Claw model.

Magic:

Ikit is a Level 3 Wizard. He uses Skaven Spells of Ruin.

Equipment:

- Storm Daemon
- Warplock Pistol
- Iron Frame

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour

THROT THE UNCLEAN 225 points

page 70

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Throt	6	6	3	4	4	3	6	4	7

Your army can only include one Throt the Unclean model.

If Throt the Unclean is in your army then you can count Giant Rats towards the Core Troops minimum and take up to two units of Rat Ogres as Core choices.

Equipment:

- Light armour
- Creature-killer
- Whip of Domination

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Fear
- Master Controller
- Ravening Hunger
- Regeneration

QUEEK HEADTAKER 215 points

page 72

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Queek Headtaker	5	7	4	4	4	3	7	6	8

Your army can only include one Queek Headtaker model.

If Queek is in your army then you may choose to upgrade a single unit of Stormvermin to +1 WS and +1 Strength for +4 points per model. This bodyguard unit may never be joined by a Grey Seer or push the Screaming Bell.

Equipment:

- Dwarf Gouger and additional hand weapon
- Warp-shard armour

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Extreme Distrust
- Hates Dwarfs/Orcs & Goblins
- Trophy Heads

LORDS

VERMIN LORD 500 points

page 40

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Vermin Lord	8	8	4	6	5	5	10	5	8

Magic:

A Vermin Lord is a Level 4 Wizard and knows spells from the Skaven Spells of Ruin and/or the Skaven Spells of Plague.

Equipment:

- Doom Glaive

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Immune to Psychology
- Large Target
- Rat Daemon
- Terror
- Ward save (5+)

WARLORD 90 points

page 38

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

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour

Options:

- Weapons (one choice only):
 - Great weapon 6pts
 - Additional hand weapon 3pts
 - Halberd 3pts
- Armour
 - Shield 3pts
- Mount (one choice only – see page 39):
 - Rat Ogre Bonebreaker 65pts
 - War-litter 35pts
 - Great Pox Rat 30pts
- May choose items from the Magic Items and Scavenge-pile items up to a total value of 100 points.

GREY SEER 240 points

page 41

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Grey Seer	5	3	3	3	4	3	5	1	7

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- D3 Warpstone Tokens

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour

Options:

- Mount:
 - Screaming Bell 200pts
- May choose items from the Magic Items and Scavenge-pile items up to a total value of 100 points.

Magic:

A Grey Seer is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses the Skaven Spells of Ruin and/or the Skaven Spells of Plague.

THE SCREAMING BELL 200 points

page 42

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Screaming Bell	-	-	-	5	6	6	-	-	-
Rat Ogre Crew	-	3	-	5	-	-	4	3	-

Special Rules:

- Above the Masses
- Altar of the Horned Rat
- Fear
- Impact Hits (D6)
- Large Target
- Magic Resistance (2)
- Protection of the Horned Rat
- Pushed into Battle
- Ringing the Bell

HEROES

DEATHMASTER SNIKCH 270 points

page 75

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Deathmaster Snikch	6	8	6	4	4	2	10	6	8

Your army can only include one Deathmaster Snikch model.

Equipment:

- Throwing stars
- The Cloak of Shadows
- Whirl of Weeping Blades

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Sneaky Infiltrator
- Verminous Valour
- A Killer, Not A Leader
- Always Strikes First
- Dodge (4+)
- Hidden
- Scouts

TRETCH CRAVENTAIL 145 points

page 73

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Tretch Craventail	5	5	4	4	4	2	6	3	6

Your army can only include one Tretch Craventail model.

Equipment:

- Heavy armour
- Two hand weapons
- Tail blade
- Lucky Skullhelm

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour
- Stay Here, I'll Get Help!
- Tretch's Raiders

ASSASSIN 120 points

page 52

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Assassin	6	6	5	4	4	2	8	3	7

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Throwing stars

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Sneaky Infiltrators
- Verminous Valour
- A Killer, Not A Leader
- Always Strikes First
- Dodge (4+)
- Hidden
- Poisoned Attacks
- Scouts

Options:

- May choose items from the Magic Items (including Clan Eshin Tools of War items) and Scavenge-pile items up to a total value of 50 points.



WARLOCK ENGINEER 15 points

page 58

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Warlock Engineer	5	3	3	3	3	2	4	1	5

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour

Magic:

Upgraded Warlock Engineers cast spells from the Skaven Spells of Ruin.

Options:

- Magic (one choice only):
 - Upgrade to Level 1 Wizard 50pts
 - Upgrade to Level 2 Wizard 85pts
- Weapons (one choice only):
 - Warlock-Augmented Weapon..... 45pts
 - Warlock Pistol 8pts
 - Warpmusket..... 15pts
- May choose items from the Magic Items (including Clan Skryre Gear of War items) and Scavenge-pile items up to total value of 50 points.

HEROES

CHIEFTAIN 45 points

page 38

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

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour

Options:

- Weapons (one choice only):
 - Great weapon 4pts
 - Additional hand weapon 2pts
 - Halberd 2pts
- Armour
 - Shield 2pts
- May choose items from the Magic Items and Scavenge-pile items up to a total value of 50 points.

One Skaven Chieftain in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. If a Hero is carrying the Battle Standard, he can have a magic banner (no points limits apply), but if he carries a magic banner he cannot carry any other magic items. The Battle Standard Bearer cannot be the Army General.

PLAGUE PRIEST 100 points

page 45

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

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Frenzy

Options:

- Magic
 - Upgrade to Level 2 Wizard 35pts
- Weapons (one choice only):
 - Plague Censer 16pts
 - Flail 4pts
 - Additional hand weapon 2pts
- Mount:
 - Great Pox Rat (see page 39) 30pts
 - Plague Furnace 150pts
- May choose items from the Magic Items (including Clan Pestilens Befouled items) and Scavenge-pile items up to a total value of 50 points.

Magic:

A Plague Priest is a Level 1 Wizard. He uses the Skaven Spells of Plague.

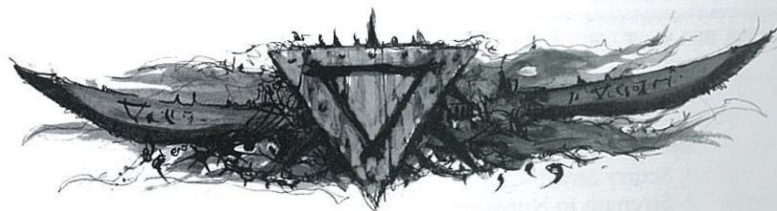
PLAGUE FURNACE 150 points

page 48

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Plague Furnace	-	-	-	5	6	6	-	-	-
Plague Monk Crew	-	3	-	3	-	-	3	6	-

Special Rules:

- Billowing Death
- Frenzy
- Fuming Close Combat
- Icon of the Horned Rat
- Impact Hits (D6)
- Large Target
- Magic Resistance (2)
- Pushed Into Battle
- Pestilent Blessing



CORE

CLANRATS 4 points per model

page 34

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Clanrat	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5
Clawleader	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	2	5

Unit Size:

- 20+ Clanrats

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Options:

- Additional Equipment:

- Spears ½pt/model
- Shields ½pt/model
- Upgrade one Clanrat to a Musician 4pts
- Upgrade one Clanrat to a Standard Bearer 8pts
- Upgrade one Clanrat to a Clawleader 8pts
- Attached Weapon Team (one choice only):
 - Poisoned Wind Mortar 65pts
 - Warfire Thrower 70pts
 - Ratling Gun 55pts
 - Doom-flayer 55pts

WEAPON TEAMS

page 60

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Weapon Team	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	5

Unit Size:

- 1 Weapon Team

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Attached Unit

STORMVERMIN 7 points per model

page 35

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Stormvermin	5	4	3	3	3	1	5	1	5
Fangleader	5	4	3	3	3	1	5	2	5

Unit Size:

- 10+ Stormvermin

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Halberd
- Heavy armour

Options:

- Additional Equipment:

- Shields 1pt/model
- Upgrade one Stormvermin to a Musician 5pts
- Upgrade one Stormvermin to a Standard Bearer 10pts
- One Stormvermin Standard Bearer in the army may carry a Magic Standard worth up to 50 points
- Upgrade one Stormvermin to a Fangleader 10pts
- The Fangleader may choose a single piece of equipment worth up to 15 pts from the Scavenge-pile.
- Attached Weapon Team (one choice only):
 - Poisoned Wind Mortar 65pts
 - Warfire Thrower 70pts
 - Ratling Gun 55pts
 - Doom-flayer 55pts

SKAVENSLAVES 2 points per model

page 36

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Skavenslave	5	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	2
Pawleader	5	2	2	3	3	1	4	2	2

Unit Size:

- 20+ Slaves

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Expendable
- Cornered Rats

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Options:

- Additional Equipment:

- Spears ½pt/model
- Slings ½pt/model
- Shields ½pt/model
- Upgrade one Skavenslave to a Musician 2pts
- Upgrade one Skavenslave to a Pawleader 4pts

CORE

NIGHT RUNNERS 7 points per model

page 50

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Night Runner	6	3	3	3	3	1	5	1	6
Nightleader	6	3	4	3	3	1	5	1	6

Unit Size:

- 10+

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Throwing stars

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Sinking Advance
- Dodge (6+)
- Nightleader only

Options:

- Additional Equipment:
 - Slings 1pt/model
- Upgrade Night Runner to a Nightleader 8pts
- One unit in the army can have an Attached Weapon Team:
 - Warp-grinder 60pts

GIANT RATS* 3 points per Giant Rat/8 points per Packmaster

page 54

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Giant Rat	6	3	1	3	3	1	4	1	3
Packmaster	6	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5

* Giant Rats do not count towards the minimum number of Core units you must include in your army.

Unit Size:

- A pack consists of 1 Packmaster and at least 5 Giant Rats. Any number of Giant Rats can be added to the unit. Additional Packmasters may be added, but no more than 1 Packmaster per every 5 Giant Rats.

Equipment (Giant Rats):

- Sharp teeth/claws.

Equipment (Packmasters):

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Whip

Special Rules

(Giant Rats):

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Mixed Unit
- Rat Pack
- Wave of Rats

Special Rules

(Packmaster):

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Mixed Unit
- Running with the Pack



PACKMASTER SKWEEL GNAWTOOTH

page 71

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Skweel	6	5	3	4	4	2	6	2	6

Your army can only include one Skweel Gnowtooth model. He is treated as a Champion in all respects.

Equipment:

- Light armour
- Hand weapon
- Warp-lash

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Verminous Valour
- Exceptional Pack
- Mixed Unit
- Verminous Bodyguard

RAT SWARM* 25 points per base

page 37

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Rat Swarm	6	3	0	2	2	5	4	5	10

Unit Size:

- 2-10 bases

Special Rules:

- Unbreakable (Swarm)
- Small

* Rat Swarms do not count towards the minimum number of Core units you must include in your army.

SPECIAL

GUTTER RUNNERS 12 points per model

page 51

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Gutter Runner	6	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	7
Deathrunner	6	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	7

Unit Size:

- 5-15

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Throwing stars

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Scouts
- Skirmish
- Sneaky Infiltrators
- Dodge (6+)
- (5+) Deathrunner only

Options:

- Can replace one hand weapon with a:
 - Snare-net free
- Additional Equipment:
 - Slings 1pt/model
- Upgrade to Poisoned Attacks 5pts/model
- Upgrade one Gutter Runner to a Deathrunner ... 12pts
- A Deathrunner can have any of the following:
 - Smoke Bombs 10pts
 - Weeping Blade 30pts
- Up to to half the number of Gutter Runners units in the army (rounded up) can have an attached Weapon Team:
 - Warp-grinder 60pts

RAT OGRES 40 points per Rat Ogre/8 points per Packmaster

page 55

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Rat Ogre	6	3	1	5	4	3	4	3	5
Master-bred	6	4	1	5	4	3	5	4	5
Rat Ogre									
Packmaster	6	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5

Unit Size:

A pack consists of 1 Packmaster and 2 Rat Ogres. Any number of Rat Ogres can be added to the unit. Packmasters can be added, but no more than 1 per every 2 Rat Ogres.

Special Rules

(Rat Ogres):

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Beast Pack
- Fear
- Frenzy
- Mixed Unit

Equipment (Rat Ogre):

- Claws and savagery

Special Rules

(Packmaster):

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Mixed Unit
- Running with the Pack

Equipment (Packmaster):

- Light armour
- Hand weapon
- Whip

Options:

- Additional Rat Ogre 40pts/model
- Additional Packmaster 8pts/model
- Upgrade one Rat Ogre to a Master-bred Rat Ogre 15 pts
- Upgrade one Packmaster to a Master Moulder for 25 points (see Army List entry on page 103).
- One unit of Giant Rats or Rat Ogres in the army can upgrade a Packmaster to Skweel Gnawtooth for 100 points (see Army List entry on page 103).



MASTER MOULDER

page 53

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Master Moulder	6	5	3	4	4	2	5	2	6

A Master Moulder is a Champion in all respects.

Equipment:

- Light armour
- Hand weapon
- Whip

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Mixed Unit
- Running with the Pack
- Verminous Valour

Options:

- Weapons (one choice only):
 - Great weapon 4pts
 - Things-catcher 20pts
- A Master Moulder may choose items from the Scavenge-pile and/or the Clan Moulder Beast-prods with a total value of 30 points.

SPECIAL

PLAGUE MONKS 7 points per model

page 44

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Plague Monk	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5
Bringer-of-the-Word	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	2	5

Unit Size:

- 10+

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Frenzy

Options:

- Upgrade one Monk to a Musician 5pts
- Upgrade one Monk to a Standard Bearer 10pts
- One Plague Monk Standard Bearer in the army may carry a Magic Standard worth up to 50 points
- Upgrade one Plague Monk to a Bringer-of-the-Word 10pts

PLAGUE CENSER BEARERS 16 points per model

page 46

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Censer Bearer	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	2	5
Plague Chanter	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	3	5

Unit Size:

- 5+

Equipment:

- Plague censer

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Strength in Numbers
- Frenzy
- Hatred
- Plague Disciples
- Skirmish

Options:

- Upgrade one Censer Bearer to a Plague Chanter 13pts

WARPLOCK JEZZAILS 20 points per Jezzail team

page 65

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Jezzail Team	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	5
Sharpshooter	5	3	4	3	3	1	3	2	5

Unit Size:

- 3+ teams

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Jezzail
- Pavise

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!

Options:

- One Jezzail Team can be upgraded to a Sharpshooter Team 10pts



POISONED WIND GLOBADIERS 10 points per model

page 59

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Globadier	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5
Bombardier	5	3	4	3	3	1	4	1	5

Unit Size:

- 5-15

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour
- Poisoned wind globes

Special Rules:

- Scurry Away!
- Life is Cheap
- Skirmish
- Volley from the Back

Options:

- One Globadier may be upgraded to a Bombardier 5pts
- A Bombardier may purchase a Death Globe 25pts
- Up to to half the number of Poisoned Wind Globadiers units in the army (rounded up) can have an attached Weapon Team:
 - Poisoned Wind Mortar 65pts

RARE

HELL PIT ABOMINATION 235 points per model

page 56

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Hell Pit Abomination	3D6	3	1	6	5	6	4	*	8

Options:

- A Hell Pit Abomination can be given warpstone spikes:15pts

Unit Type:

- Monster

Special Rules:

- Impact Hits (D6)
- Large Target
- Regenerate
- Shambling Horror
- *Special Close Combat Attacks
- Stubborn
- Terror
- Too Horrible to Die

DOOMWHEEL 150 points per model

page 66

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Doomwheel	3D6	-	-	6	6	5	-	*	-
Crew (Warlock & Rats)-	3	3	2	-	-	4	2D6	7	

Unit Size:

- 1 Doomwheel and crew

Special Rules:

- Armour save (4+)
- Grinding Down the Foe
- Immune to Psychology
- Impact Hits (D6+1)
- Large Target
- Rolling Doom
- Terror
- Zzzzap!



WARP LIGHTNING CANNON 90 points per model

page 68

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Cannon	-	-	-	-	6	4	-	-	-
Engineer & Crew	5	3	3	3	3	-	3	3	7

Unit Size:

- 1 Warp Lightning cannon and crew

Special Rules:

- Ponderous War Machine

PLAGUECLAW CATAPULT 100 points per model

page 47

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Plagueclaw Catapult	-	-	-	-	6	4	-	-	-
Plague Monk Crew	5	3	3	3	4	-	3	D6	7

Unit Size:

- 1 Plagueclaw Catapult and crew

Special Rules:

- Fume-addled Crew
- Ponderous War Machine

TOOLS OF SUPREMACY

Skaven Magic Items

Skaven magic items are destructive artefacts that pose a great threat to any who oppose the Children of the Horned Rat. In fact, the items are often dangerous to any who dare to wield the weapon as well.

COMMON MAGIC ITEMS

SWORD OF STRIKING 30 Points
Weapon; +1 to hit

SWORD OF BATTLE 25 Points
Weapon; +1 Attack

SWORD OF MIGHT 20 Points
Weapon; +1 Strength

BITING BLADE 5 Points
Weapon; -1 armour save

ENCHANTED SHIELD 10 Points
Armour; 5+ armour save

TALISMAN OF PROTECTION 15 Points
Talisman; 6+ ward save

DISPEL SCROLL 25 Points
One use only
Arcane; Automatically dispel an enemy spell

POWER STONE 20 Points
One use only
Arcane; +2 dice to cast a spell

STAFF OF SORCERY 35 Points
Arcane; +1 to dispel

WAR BANNER 25 Points
Banner; +1 combat resolution

MAGIC WEAPONS

THE FELLBLADE 100 points
This is the sword of swords that was created by the Skaven to destroy the greatest Necromancer to ever walk the world. Raw warpstone was smelted into stolen gromril. Incantations of doom were heaped upon the cursed blade. Death itself was bound to its cutting edge and any with eldritch sight can see the aura of power and ruin that surrounds the wicked creation. No foe can stand before it and even the wielder must succumb to its baleful effects.

This foul sword gives the bearer Strength 10 and successful ward saves must be re-rolled. Any unsaved wounds caused by the Fellblade are multiplied into D6 wounds. Roll a D6 at the end of each of the wielder's turns; on a 3+ there is no effect. On a roll of 1-2 the wielder suffers 1 wound with no armour save allowed.

WARPFORGED BLADE 50 points
Warpstone powder mixed with steel during the forging process creates a weapon of wicked cutting prowess.

Armour saves cannot be taken against hits from a Warpforged Blade.

WARLOCK-AUGMENTED WEAPON 45 points
This blade is attached to a warp generator that channels crackling energy along the weapon.

A Warlock Weapon adds +1 Strength and +1 Attack to any model so equipped.

BLADE OF CORRUPTION 35 points
This sword has been left for 13 days in the dreaded Cauldron of One Thousand Poxes.

The wielder of this sword is granted +1 Strength to all Attacks made in close combat. Any unsaved wound inflicted by the Blade of Corruption is multiplied to 2 wounds. In addition, if the wielder makes a To Hit roll that has two or more rolls of 1, the wielder immediately suffers a wound that is multiplied to 2 wounds. Other Attacks are carried out as normal.

WEeping BLADE 30 points
This weapon weeps a corrosive venom, that can melt through armour to help deliver the poisoned point.

A Weeping Blade has the Armour Piercing special rule. Each unsaved wound is multiplied to D3 wounds.

DWARFBANE 25 points
Many weapons have been forged during the wars to wrest the Worlds Edge Mountains from the Dwarfs. Each is cruelly barbed and deadly.

The wielder of this blade is granted +1 Strength to all attacks made in close combat. Additionally against Dwarfs, all hits are Armour Piercing, and the user re-rolls all failed To Wound rolls.

BLADE OF NURGLITCH 10 points
Blessed by the special ointments of the Plaguelords, these blades are filth-encrusted. Even a scratch from such a rusty weapon can turn into instant infection.

Enemy models lose 1 point of Toughness from their profile for each unsaved wound they suffer from this blade. Any model reduced to Toughness 0 is removed as a casualty.

MAGIC ARMOUR

WARPSTONE ARMOUR 30 points

Wrought within the great warpforges underneath Skavenblight, this armour radiates an evil aura.

Warpstone Armour gives its wearer a 4+ armour save. For each successful armour save made by the bearer in close combat, the armour immediately inflicts a Strength 4 hit against the model that struck the blow. Any casualties caused will count towards combat resolution. Warpstone Armour can be worn by Clan Skryre Warlock Engineers.

WORLD'S EDGE ARMOUR 25 points

Many suits of Dwarf-forged gromril have fallen into the clutches of the Skaven. These mastercrafted pieces of plate are often recrafted to make a patchwork protection with other pieces of scavenged armour.

The armour gives its wearer a 4+ armour save. The first time the wearer is wounded by a Strength high enough to completely cancel his armour save, or is not permitted an armour save for any reason, the wound is discounted, but the armour is completely destroyed.

SHIELD OF DISTRACTION 15 points

Grimy and ill-kept, this shield bears tainted hides, grisly trophies, or runes that are painful to look upon.

Any models in base contact wishing to strike the bearer of this shield suffer -1 Attack, to a minimum of 1.



TALISMANS

FOUL PENDANT 30 points

These take many forms – ratskull tokens, raw chunks of warpstone, or items bearing Skaven runes of power.

This wicked token of the Horned Rat's power confers a 5+ ward save upon the bearer.

SHADOW MAGNET TRINKET 30 points

Some warpstone-contaminated veins of ore develop the strange property of absorbing light, thus a radius of shadowy darkness forms around the metal.

Shooting attacks at the bearer of a Shadow Magnet Trinket and any unit he has joined suffer a -1 To Hit penalty in addition to any normal modifiers due to the cloying presence of unnatural darkness.

RIVAL HIDE TALISMAN 15 points

Wearing the stitched together hides of enemies slain through treachery is believed to attract the favour of the Great Horned Rat. It also smells like victory.

One use only. A Skaven model wearing a Rival Hide Talisman can make a single enemy model in base contact re-roll all its successful To Hit dice rolls.

ARCANE ITEMS

WARPSTORM SCROLL 50 points

As the words of this scroll are read aloud, the sky darkens and lightning splits the skies.

Bound Spell (Power Level 5). One use only. When this scroll is read all flying units within 24" of the caster suffer D6 Strength 6 hits, distributed as per shooting.

WARP-ENERGY CONDENSER 20 points

This rune-inscribed power pack is covered with copper coil wiring, flywheels, and enchanted mechanisms to draw extra energy from the fickle Winds of Magic.

During each friendly Magic phase a Grey Seer or Warlock Engineer with a Warp-Energy Condenser can, on a D6 roll of 5+, generate an extra power dice. Additionally, the device is particularly adept at aiding a sorcerer in casting *Warp Lightning*. While wearing a Warp-Energy Condenser a caster does not D6 but D6+2 hits when casting *Warp Lightning*. Rolls of 1, however, do not gain the +2 bonus.

SCRYING STONE 15 points

An orb made of the polished gallstones from the dreaded Blindwyrms of the underworld is said to be able to glimpse the future. At least on occasion, it seems to be true!

One use only. The bearer of this mystical ball gains a 3+ ward save against the first wound suffered. If the wound is saved because of the ward save of the Scrying Ball, the bearer will be subject to Stupidity in the following friendly turn as he awaits further helpful instructions from the mysterious globe.

WARPSTONE TOKENS 15 points

These pieces of refined warpstone are consumed by power-hungry Grey Seers or Warlock Engineers to aid their spellcasting. This is dangerous, but the quick road to power is an irresistible pull for any Skaven.

Multiple Grey Seers and Warlock Engineers may purchase as many Warpstone Tokens as are allowed within the limit of points they are able to spend on magic items. Warpstone Tokens do not count against the total Arcane items a model is allowed to bear.

A Grey Seer or Clan Skryre Warlock may choose to eat some warpstone to boost his powers. Before casting a spell announce which model is eating Warpstone Tokens. For each token consumed, a Wizard can add a single dice to his casting effort. These dice are added to the normal power dice, although this does allow users to roll more dice than is normally allowed by their level. A spell may be cast entirely with warpstone.

For any of the warpstone generated dice that rolls a one the Wizard suffers a wound with no armour saves allowed. The results of miscasts or irresistible force apply as normal. When using both normal power dice and Warpstone Token generated dice it is a good idea to roll separately or use dice of a different colour (green-tinged ones work best!).

ENCHANTED ITEMS

SKAVENBREW 50 points
This concoction is made of warpstone and the blood of many creatures.

One use only. A character carrying Skavenbrew can force any unit of Clanrats or Stormvermin in base contact to guzzle the vile liquid. Champions are affected but no character models would be so unwise as to drink the potion.

Roll a D6 after the brew is consumed.

- 1 **Gone Bad.** The unit takes D6 Strength 3 automatic hits with no armour save. The Skavenbrew has no additional effect.
- 2-3 **Inspired Hatred.** The unit now has Hatred of all enemies.
- 4-5 **Frenzied.** The unit is now subject to Frenzy.
- 6 **Rabid.** The unit's metabolism is driven hyperactive, ramping up to a feverish pitch. The unit is subject to Frenzy, but instead of adding +1 Attacks, add +2 Attacks. In each following friendly Compulsory Move the unit will take D6 automatic wounds as some of the ratmen collapse, hearts or brains bursting with fury.

SKALM 30 points
This foul-smelling substance is smeared on wounds to unnaturally accelerate the healing process. Enough of the substance is even rumoured to prolong a Skaven's life – perhaps explaining the unnatural longevity of the current members of the Council of Thirteen.

One use only. At the beginning of any phase (friend or foe's) announce you are using Skalm. The bearer is instantly cured of any wounds suffered so far. Skalm is of no use to models that are already dead. Skalm can only be used by the bearer, sharing such a precious thing is not something a Skaven would contemplate.

PIPES OF PIEBALD 25 points
When Warlock Engineer Skrrik Piebald attempted to build a death-ray he failed miserably, but instead succeeded in creating a helmet that allowed a minor form of mind control. Sometimes. Thrumming and hypnotising vibrations rise out of the pipes atop the odd device, mesmerising all within range.

In order to charge the bearer or any unit he has joined, an enemy unit must first pass a Ld test. If the Ld test is failed, treat the unit as if they had failed a charge.

PORTENTS OF VERMINOUS DOOM 20 points
Portents of Doom take many forms, although most often they are backbanners festooned with the skulls of the enemy, clan symbols, and runes of the Horned Rat.

Any enemy unit in base contact with the model bearing Portents of Verminous Doom suffers a -1 penalty to its Leadership for as long as they remain in contact.

CLAN ESHIN TOOLS OF WAR

The mysterious and clandestine Clan Eshin have some tools of war that their agents alone bear into battle. Only Clan Eshin models may select the below items.

WARPSTONE STARS (Magic Weapon) 50 points
These wickedly sharp throwing stars are coated with a deadly warp poison.

Warpstone Stars are a thrown weapon with the 3x Multiple Shots rule. Warpstone Stars are Strength 5 and each unsaved wound multiplies into D3 wounds.

INFERNAL BOMB (Enchanted Item) 30 points
An Infernal Bomb is an explosive device favoured by Clan Eshin for espionage jobs. These iron-clad devices use cogs and gears to delay a blast of hellish energy.

One use only. Except in a turn in which he charges, an Assassin can place an Infernal Bomb anywhere along his path during the Movement phase or, if in a unit, anywhere along the path the unit has travelled. A model can place an Infernal Bomb and march. Announce your intentions to drop off an Infernal Bomb and mark the spot (a coin will do). The model and/or unit that places the bomb must set the bomb and move away. Once placed, an Infernal Bomb cannot be moved.

The owning player can choose to explode an Infernal Bomb at any time except during the player turn in which it was placed. However, an Infernal Bomb that would explode with its template touching the model that placed the bomb or any member of his unit cannot be detonated. When triggered, an Infernal Bomb explodes on a D6 roll of 2+. On a roll of 1, the Infernal Bomb is a dud and does not explode. Perhaps the Warlock Engineers have betrayed you? If it does explode, place the large round template centred on the counter. Any model at the template's centre takes a single Strength 10 hit, causing D3 wounds. Any models touched by the template suffer a Strength 3 hit.



SMOKE BOMBS (Enchanted Item) 10 points
A high-ranking member of Clan Eshin is likely to carry smoke bombs for diversions. When smashed, a dark and almost sentient smoke curls out and attempts to force its way into the lungs of any nearby.

One use only. If a character equipped with Smoke Bombs is forced to flee he can choose to smash the bombs underfoot to slow the victors as they pursue. Before any dice are rolled announce the Smoke Bombs are being detonated. All pursuing units in the combat must roll 1D6 less than normal.

CLAN SKRYRE GEAR OF WAR

The devious Warlock Engineers craft some gear of war that they do not sell, but instead use themselves. The items below can only be selected by Warlock Engineers.

BRASS ORB (Enchanted Item) 50 points

A fist-sized metal orb made of interlinking whirling cogs, the Brass Orb is a dangerous device capable of opening a crack in the plane of reality, sucking those in its blast vicinity into the twisting Realm of Chaos.

One use only. In the Shooting phase the user can throw the orb. Place the small round template with its centre anywhere within 8" of the character. Scatter the template as you would for a stone thrower shot. Models touched by the template must take an Initiative test or be destroyed, with no saves (of any kind) allowed. Remember that a 6 is always a failure. "Look Out Sir!" works as normal. If a misfire is rolled, centre the template on the model throwing the globe.

DOOMROCKET (Magic Weapon) 30 points

Built with secrets stolen from the mysterious east, the Warlock Engineers still seek to improve the propulsion, steering and payload of these devastating weapons.

One use only. To fire the Doomrocket the owning player must nominate a direction and the number of dice he intends to roll for range. He can choose between 4 and 10 dice. The rocket will travel a number of inches equal to the total of the dice rolled and this determines where the large round template is placed. Any model touched by the template suffers a Strength 5 hit from the resulting explosion.

If three or more rolls of 1 occur during the firing, the rocket has gone off course. Roll on the chart below:

DOOMROCKET MISFIRE CHART

- 1 **Thoooooom!** *The rocket blows up prematurely.* Place the template over the model that fired the rocket and resolve the blast as normal.
- 2-5 **Stabilising Fin Lost.** *The rocket wobbles and corkscrews after blast off.* Roll the scatter dice to determine the new direction the missile will fire.
- 6 **It's a Dud.** *The rocket whooshes off and lands, but does not explode.* Resolve the shot as normal, but do not place the template. Any model directly below the impact spot suffers a single Strength 5 hit. Place a marker and roll at the beginning of each subsequent Skaven shooting phase – on a D6 roll of 4+ the rocket finally explodes, resolve the hit as normal.

DEATH GLOBE (Magic Weapon) 25 points

This is a poisoned wind globe of an even more potent variety, able to release great volumes of deadly gas.

One use only. A character equipped with such a weapon can throw it in any Shooting phase. The Death Globe is thrown just as the Brass Orb (see above). All models touched by the template suffer a wound on the result of 4+, with no armour save allowed.

WARLOCK OPTICS (Enchanted Item) 20 points

This warp-enhanced seeing device allows a Warlock Engineer to focus on a foe clearly, even those partially hidden in cover.

A Warlock Engineer equipped with Warlock Optics adds +1 to his Ballistic Skill. Additionally, a model so equipped can see partially see through objects and so suffers no penalty for shooting at targets in cover.



CLAN PESTILENS BEFOULED ITEMS

There are some diseased items that only Clan Pestilens would dare to touch. The below items may only be selected by Clan Pestilens units or characters.

WARP SCROLL (Arcane Item) 35 points

Plague Priests going to war often bring along copied magical script from the great Liber Bubonicus. It has been written in warpstone ink on living hides.

One use only. Bound Spell (Power level 5). The spell has a range of 24" and can be cast on any unit visible to the bearer. The spell inflicts one Strength 2 hit on every model in the unit, with no armour saves allowed.

PLAGUE BANNER (Magic Standard) 30 points

This foul, dripping and disease-ridden banner invigorates the Plague Monks to a new rabid ferocity.

One use only. Once per game in any Close Combat phase the Plague Banner may be activated. For the remainder of the phase all Plague Monk models in the unit may re-roll failed To Hit rolls and failed To Wound rolls.

CLAN MOULDER BEAST-PRODS

In addition to the tried tools of the beast handling trade, the whip and the things-catcher (see page 53), a Master Moulder can wield even more specialised gear.

SHOCK-PROD (Magic Weapon) 25 points

This wicked barbed prod carries a charge that packs a punch powerful enough to get the attention of even a rampaging Rat Ogre.

This weapon requires two hands to wield and ignores armour saves.

ELECTRO-WHIP (Magic Weapon) 15 points

When cracked, this whip discharges a wicked spark of bright green electricity.

This weapon follows the rules for whips (see page 53) but confers D3 Attacks instead of the normal 1 when in base contact and from the rear ranks. Roll to determine the number of Attacks each combat.

MAGIC STANDARDS

SACRED BANNER OF THE HORNED RAT... 70 points

Rendered in pigments distilled from blood and warpstone, this hide banner has become a tapestry of dread and evil. The runes seem to twist and move so that it can be read, in any language – "Gaze into the eyes of the Great Horned Rat and despair".

All enemy units within 12" of this banner suffer a -1 penalty to their Leadership and the owning player can make enemy units in base contact with the bearer of this banner re-roll any successful Leadership tests.

STORM BANNER..... 50 points

This ancient banner has the power to wrack the sky with storms, tearing the heavens apart with its fury.

The banner can be activated at the beginning of any player's turn. No flying movement is allowed across the entire battlefield and missile fire is at -2 to hit. All non-magical missile attacks that don't use BS to hit their target need to roll a 4+ on a D6 before they can fire. Roll a D6 at the beginning of each following player turn – the effects of the banner will end on a D6 roll of 4+.



GRAND BANNER OF CLAN SUPERIORITY.. 30 points

These banners take as many forms as there are Warlord clans. Some are colossal totem-like trophy racks of enemy skulls, others rune-etched hide, or ragged shrouds magically emblazoned with clan signs.

In any combat in which a unit bearing a Grand Banner of Clan Superiority has more ranks than its opponents, the banner will add not 1 as per a normal banner, but instead a total of D3 to its bearer's combat resolution. Roll at the end of each combat.

Warlord Viskis puffed himself up to his verminous fullness and gazed down upon his Chieftains as they entered the hall through the blasted archway. They were wary, but could not hide their awe at the size of the many-pillared hall and the bodies and broken armaments piled in the corners.

Viskis wasn't going to miss this opportunity. Everything was as he had arranged. Black-furred Stormvermin were arrayed in ranks, formidable in their size and thick, plated armour. He himself, most potent of commanders, was several tiers higher, pacing on the carven stone dais of the ancient and ornate throne room. The runes of the hated bearded-things had been hastily scratched out, covered by the markings of the Great Horned Rat and the great claws of Clan Gritus. Warlord Viskis himself was backlit by the sole light source – a vast brazier glowing with warpstone-laced shards. Viskis cast his shadow across all as they had to look up at him, his fur outlined by the green tint of the balefire.

SHROUD OF DRIPPING DEATH 30 points

This horrid banner seems little more than a rag on a totem pole, yet closer inspection reveals foul stains that drip and splash as the bearer moves. The whole of the vile hide throbs, oozing a greenish tinted fluid...

All enemy models in base contact with the bearer of this banner take a single Strength 3 hits with no armour save at the start of each and every Close Combat phase. Additionally, should the unit bearing the Shroud of Dripping Death break from combat, any unit that dares to pursue it will immediately suffer D6+2 Strength 3 hits with no armour saves.

BANNER OF THE UNDER-EMPIRE..... 25 points

A brown tide of rats scurries along with the unit bearing this unholy icon of the Great Horned Rat.

All units in base contact with the unit bearing this banner suffer 2D6 Strength 2 automatic hits at the start of each and every Close Combat phase. All hits are distributed as per Shooting.

DWARF-HIDE BANNER 15 points

These banners are an affront to the eyes (and noses) of any Dwarf. They are made from the Dwarf-skin soaked in warp-infused urine decorated with scalped beards.

The unit carrying this banner gains Hatred of Dwarfs and likewise will be subject to all Dwarfs gaining Hatred against them.

BANNER OF VERMINOUS SCURRYING 10 points

Rituals of skittering urgency allow this banner to deliver a surge of energy to the unit carrying it.

Once per battle, at the start of any friendly turn except the first, the banner can be activated. If the unit carrying the banner can march, they can do so at triple speed. Such a rapid expenditure of energy has a cost, as after marching the unit suffers 2D6 Strength 3 hits (no armour saves allowed), distributed as per shooting.

"Now, hear-listen what I have to say. Long-long have we fought for this under-lair and now we stand in the Dwarf-things' throne room. Their king-thing sat here. I, Warlord Viskis, have eaten him." A pause here allowed Viskis to turn, showing off his newly bulging profile. Squaking whispers let Viskis know his deed was marked with proper awe. The Dwarf-leader was a mighty warrior and had slain many Skaven. "We must take-the other levels, kill-kill all that remain. Following is MY plan..."

"But great leader" said Chieftain Sszark of Clan Gritus exactly on cue, "why isn't Priest Grostle here?" He referred to the Plague Priest leader of the large Clan Pestilens faction, which, up until now had been leading the underground assault.

"Grostle fell and I am in command." announced Viskis. The Chieftains and Clawleaders craned their necks and sniffed, anxious to see the reaction amongst the remaining Plague Monks.

REFERENCE

CHARACTERS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Page
Assassin	6	6	5	4	4	2	8	3	7	52
Chieftain	5	5	4	4	4	2	6	3	6	38
Deathmaster Snikch	6	8	6	4	4	2	10	6	8	75
Grey Seer	5	3	3	3	4	3	5	1	7	41
- Screaming Bell	-	-	-	5	6	6	-	-	-	42
- Rat Ogre Crew	-	3	-	5	-	-	4	3	-	42
Ikkit Claw	5	5	3	5	4	3	3	2	7	69
Lord Skrolk	5	6	4	4	5	3	6	4	7	74
Plague Priest	5	5	3	4	5	2	5	3	6	45
- Plague Furnace	-	-	-	5	6	6	-	-	-	48
- Plague Monk Crew	-	3	-	3	-	-	3	6	-	48
Queek Headtaker	5	7	4	4	4	3	7	6	8	72
Skweel Gnawtooth	6	5	3	4	4	2	6	2	6	71
Throt the Unclean	6	6	3	4	4	3	6	4	7	70
Tretch Craventail	5	5	4	4	4	2	6	3	6	73
Thanquol	5	3	3	3	4	3	6	1	7	76
- Boneripper	5	3	1	5	5	3	1	4	10	76
Vermin Lord	8	8	4	6	5	5	10	5	8	40
Warlock Engineer	5	3	3	3	3	2	4	1	5	58
Warlord	5	6	4	4	4	3	7	4	7	38

CORE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Page
Clanrat	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	34
- Clawleader	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	2	5	34
Giant Rat	6	3	1	3	3	1	4	1	3	54
- Packmaster	6	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	53
- Master Moulder	6	5	3	4	4	2	5	2	6	53
Night Runner	6	3	3	3	3	1	5	1	6	50
- Nightleader	6	3	4	3	3	1	5	1	6	50
Rat Swarm	6	3	0	2	2	5	4	5	10	37
Skavenslave	5	2	2	3	3	1	4	1	2	36
- Pawleader	5	2	2	3	3	1	4	2	2	36
Stormvermin	5	4	3	3	3	1	5	1	5	35
- Fangleader	5	4	3	3	3	1	5	2	5	35
Weapon Team	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	5	60

SPECIAL	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Page
Censer Bearer	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	2	5	46
- Plague Chanter	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	3	5	46
Gutter Runner	6	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	7	51
- Deathrunner	6	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	7	51
Jezzail Team	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	5	65
- Sharpshooter	5	3	4	3	3	1	3	2	5	65
Plague Monk	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	5	44
- Bringer-of-the-Word	5	3	3	3	4	1	3	2	5	44
Poison W. Globadier	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	59
- Bombardier	5	3	4	3	3	1	4	1	5	59
Rat Ogre	6	3	1	5	4	3	4	3	5	55
- Master-bred Rat Ogre	6	4	1	5	4	3	5	4	5	55
- Packmaster	6	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	53
- Master Moulder	6	5	3	4	4	2	5	2	6	53

RARE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Page
Doomwheel	3D6	-	-	6	6	5	-	*	-	66
- Crew	-	3	3	2	-	-	4	2D6	7	66
(Warlock & Rats)										
Hell Pit Abomination	3D6	3	1	6	5	6	4	*	8	56
Plagueclaw Catapult	-	-	-	-	6	4	-	-	-	47
- Plague Monk Crew	5	3	3	3	4	-	3	D6	7	47
Warp Lightning	-	-	-	-	6	4	-	-	-	68
Cannon										
- Engineer & Crew	5	3	3	3	3	-	3	3	7	68

MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Page
Great Pox Rat	6	3	3	4	4	1	5	2	2	39
Rat Ogre	6	4	3	5	5	4	3	5	5	39
Bonebreaker										
War-litter	5	4	-	4	-	-	5	4	-	39

"Your doom is coming, man-things."



Art: John Blanche, Alex Boyd, Rob Carey, Paul Dainton, Dave Gallagher, Neil Hodgson, Nuala Kinrade, Adrian Smith. **Book Design:** Carl Dafforn, Emma Parrington, Mark Raynor.
Heavy Metal: Neil Green, Kornel Kozak, Darren Latham, Keith Robertson, Joe Tomaszewski, Anja Wettergren, Kirsten Williams, Tom Winstone.
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Special Thanks to: Alan Merrett, Rick Priestley, Rich Curren, Bob Berry, Mark Gregory, Andy Hall, Matthew Hutson, Mark Latham, Glenn More, and Adam Troke.

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British Cataloguing-in-Publication Data. A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library. Pictures used for illustrative purposes only.

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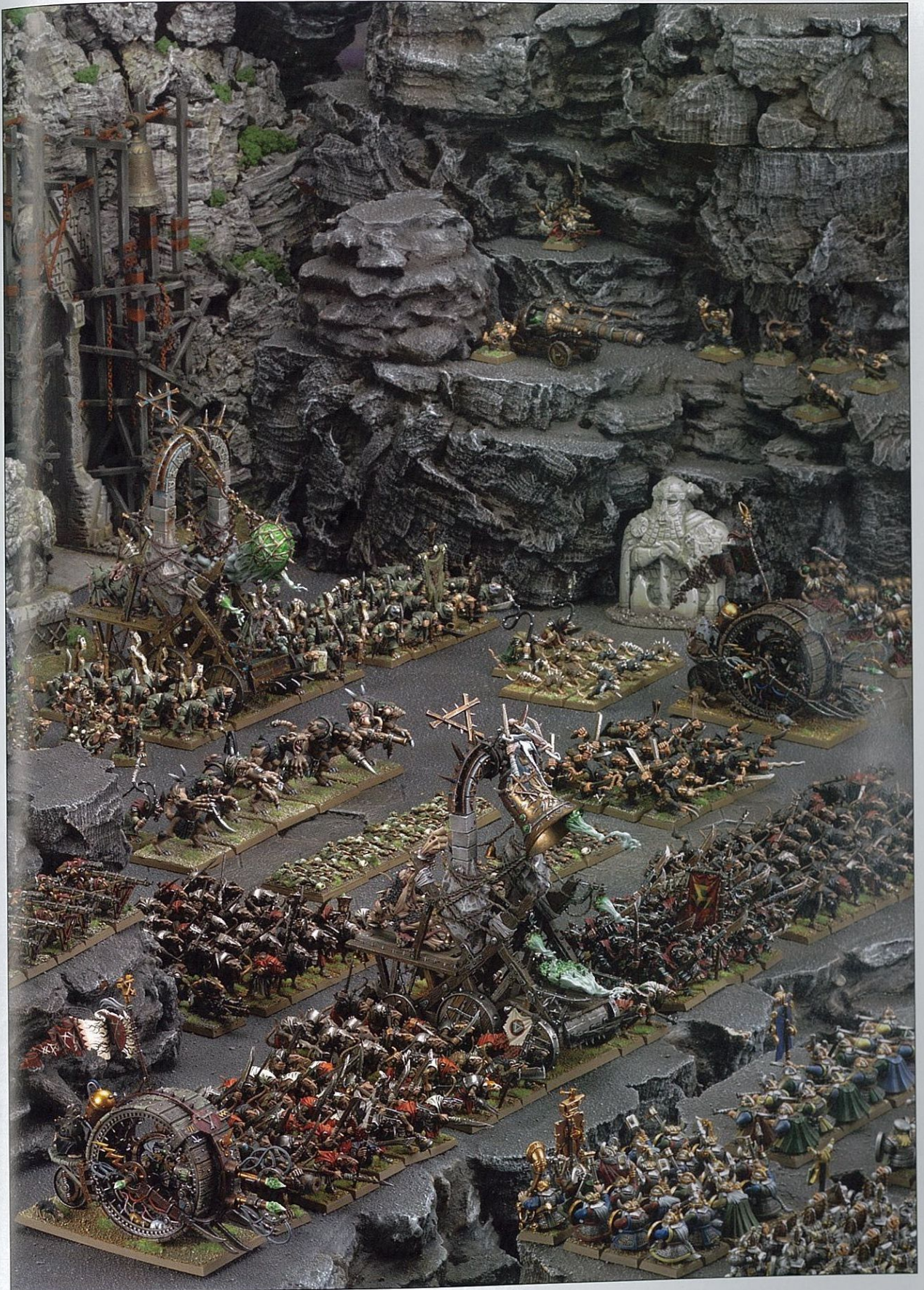
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The Skaven army of Karak Eight Peaks swarms forth to thwart a Dwarfen expedition.