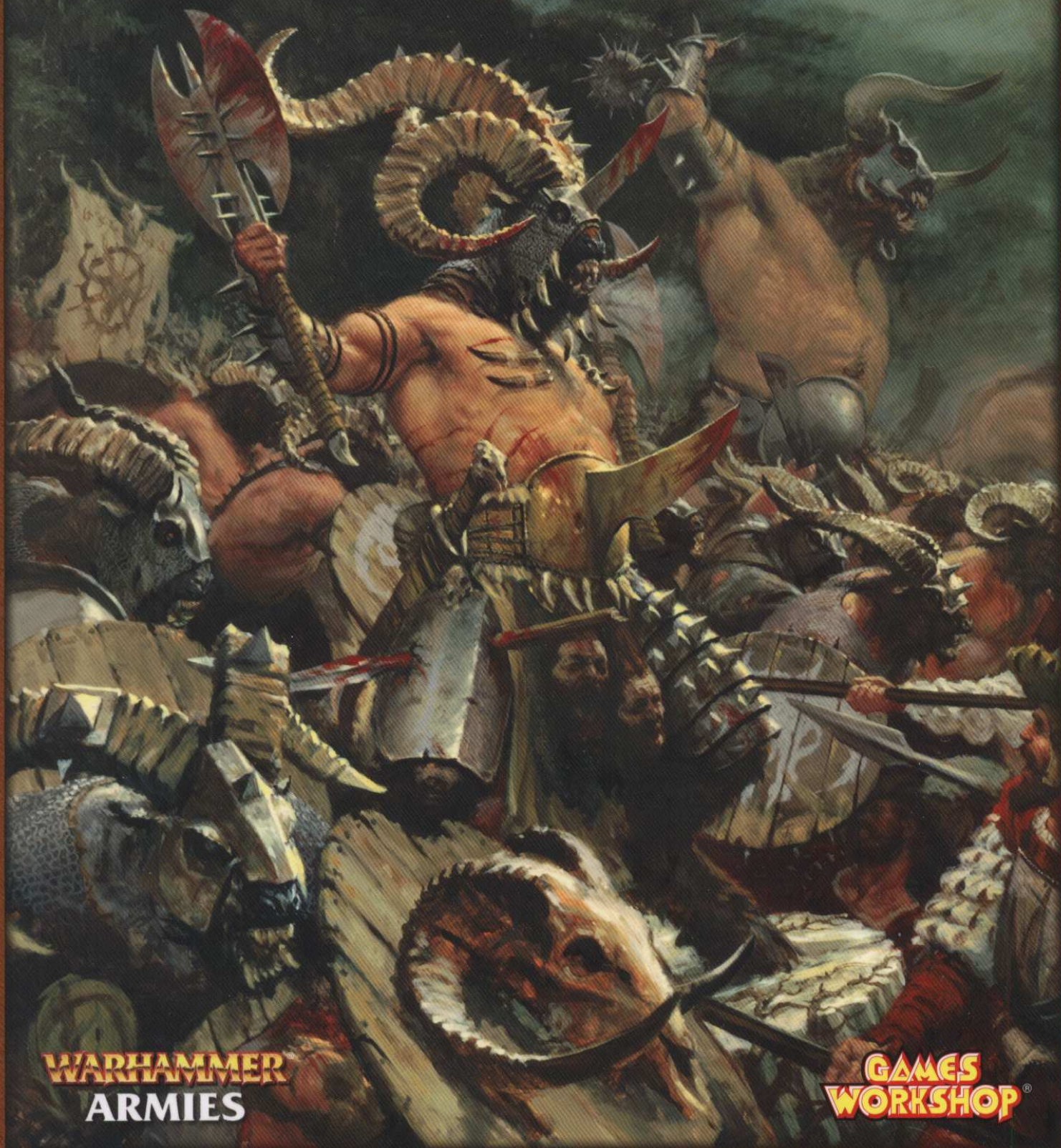


WARHAMMER[®] BEASTMEN



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INTRODUCTION

The Beastmen are the true Children of Chaos. Grotesque hybrids of fierce animal and primitive human, these horned and stinking warrior-beasts infest the blighted forests that cover the Old World. Their savage tribes explode from the depths of the haunted woods to wage bitter war against the civilised races. So profound is the Beastmen's hatred of order and reason that they seek to drag the world kicking and screaming into a barbaric and primal age.

THE WARHAMMER GAME

The Warhammer rulebook contains the rules you need to fight glorious and exciting 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 a battle-ready force. This particular army book details the hairy hordes of the Beastmen.



WHY COLLECT A BEASTMAN ARMY?

Beastmen are unruly, coarse and foul. Their obscene and thuggish behaviour is about as degenerate and disgusting as it is possible to get. Despite (or perhaps because of) this fact, the Beastmen have an undeniable appeal as an army of malicious bad guys. When the Beastmen go to war it is with truly evil intent. They seek to slaughter the civilised races like cattle, burn down and shatter their buildings, and stomp the remains into the ground with their cloven hooves until there is nothing left but devastation and ruin.

A fully arrayed Beastman army is a splendid spectacle. It is quite intimidating for any opponent to face across the tabletop, for not only is it numerous but it includes lots of terrifying monsters from the deep woods. Beastmen units can also attack from ambush, surrounding the enemy army and herding it towards the storm of jagged blades, sharpened horns and gouging tusks that forms the main Beastman battleline.

The bulk of the Beastman army is a noisy, barbarous horde driven into a state of frothing fury by the towering chieftains that lead them. The Beastmen rank and file comprises large, sturdy blocks of goat-legged Gors, supported by smaller units of Ungors with hearts as black as midnight. Amidst this braying horde of muscle and temper stride all manner of war-beasts drawn by the promise of carnage – ravenous, flesh-crazed Minotaurs, eldritch Cygors, raging berserkers called Ghorgons and still fouler things from the depths of the forests. A plethora of other units, from elite Bestigors to bone-crushing Tuskgor Chariots, give you a multitude of ways to unleash the fury of the warherds upon your cowering victims.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

The Beastmen. The first section introduces the Beastmen and their place in the Warhammer world. It describes the brutal misrule that passes for their society, the twisted, hidden places in which they make their lairs, and the terrible profanities they commit in honour of the ancient, thirsting gods they worship.

The Warherd. Every unit and type of hero in the Beastmen army is examined here in full and frequently shocking detail. You will find a full description of each entry, alongside complete rules and details of the dire and malignant abilities they possess.

Calling the Warherd. Here you will see photographs of the range of Citadel miniatures available for the fell horde that is the Beastmen army, gloriously painted by Games Workshop's world-renowned 'Eavy Metal team. Colour schemes for the different units in the Beastmen army, shields, banners and a wealth of useful information can be found here.

Beastmen Army List. The army list takes all of the warriors presented in the previous section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. In brief, Warhammer units are classed as Characters, Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing. Each model also has a points value to help ensure you can pit your army against an opponent's in a fair match.

Gifts of Chaos and Treasures of the Herdstones. The final section of the book lists all the crude but powerful magical weapons, armour and other items that your Beastmen can be equipped with, as well as the Gifts of Chaos your mighty characters can receive should Chaos judge them worthy.

FIND OUT MORE

While Warhammer Armies: Beastmen contains everything you need to take your Beastmen army to the field of battle and play a game, 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 Beastmen on our website:

www.games-workshop.com



The great green orb of Morrslieb hung low in the firmament like the belly of a pregnant hag. Beneath its lambent and eerie glow, a small force of warriors waited nervously for dawn. The three-hundred strong Wissenbeich Svartzhelms shuffled and stamped to keep out the chill of the early morning frost. Their proud banners hung limply and their breath fogged in the still, damp air. Eyes darted across the mist-shrouded eaves of the haunted forest ahead. Ever since the moon had risen, all manner of disturbing noises had been emanating from the treeline.

The Beasts were abroad that night. Less than an hour ago the soldiers of Wissenbeich had tracked a band of unruly, half-drunk Beastmen to this point. The Svartzhelms, veteran Halberdiers all, were more than capable of dealing with sporadic groups of Beastmen raiders should it come to it. Captain Heinrig slugged back a mouthful of cheap Estalian port from a wineskin. He could see a glow upon the horizon, not the glow of a burning township this time, but the slow onset of dawn. He signalled his herald to approach, giving the order to advance so they could finish the hunt.

A horn sounded, but it was brash, deep and alien, like nothing fashioned by human hands. A moment passed. Then the Beastman army came out of the mists.

It was a vision of a nightmare made real and set free upon the world. Braying, bellowing, screaming, the Cloven Ones poured from the forests and kept on coming; a gnashing, seething mass of muscle, hair and pure, unadulterated hatred. They were almost clambering over each other in their haste to rend and tear and gorge. In their midst marched extravagantly horned beast-things, war-chanting as they brandished totems made of stolen skin. Moonlight glinted from jagged blade and murderous eye as the horned savages came on and on. Leading the warherd were armoured champions and sorcerous, primitive shamans, fell magicks driving their warriors to even greater heights of fury.

A great roar went up from a thousand ragged throats as a gigantic four-armed fiend smashed its way through the forest towards them, all gaping mouths and great grasping hands. As if in answer to the call, a terrifying bellow came from the west. Bursting from the treeline came a dozen hulking Minotaurs, living juggernauts of dense flesh, snorting and champing with bloodlust as they charged headlong towards the Wissenbeich ranks with the unstoppable momentum of a Steam Tank. In their wake came even more grotesque monsters, as much hellspawn as creatures of the forest, shrieking in dim-witted rage. The ground shook to the thunder of countless hooves as the army of beasts closed in from all sides. The Wissenbeich veterans stood agape, their guts turning to ice. Captain Heinrig glanced at the path that led back to the town walls, and saw yet more of the unclean brutes blocking their retreat.

There was no escape.

The Beast-horde opened its jaws and roared.





ORIGINS OF THE BEASTMEN

Beastmen willingly embrace their heritage of Chaos. Though they have the intelligence of a man and the base cunning of a wild animal, Beastmen lack even a shred of nobility or compassion, for since the birth of their race they have belonged body and soul to the Ruinous Powers.

The Beastmen carve out their lairs in the twisted forests of the Old World, but they are not creatures of nature. In fact, they have very little in common with anything wholesome or natural. They are a twisted product of Chaos; vile, aberrant parodies of Man and beast alike, but far more vigorous and powerful than either. The Cloven Ones, as they call themselves, belong to Chaos as fully and completely as a shark belongs to water, for they were born from the great catastrophe that irrevocably tainted the world with darkness.

The Beastmen came into being many thousands of years ago, when Chaos was first unleashed into the world and all that was normal and whole was washed away in a wave of tortured unreason. Legend tells of an elder race of beings, known only as the Old Ones, who shaped the world in a way pleasing to them and brought the first of the young races to pre-eminence. Then came the event that changed history in a single, terrible day. The dimensional gates at the poles of the Warhammer world, intended to facilitate astral travel, collapsed in on themselves. History does not record why, but what is known is that this allowed the stuff of Chaos to flow across the veils of space and time into the world at large.

THE REALM OF CHAOS

The Old World is saturated with the mutating power of magic, the stuff of Chaos. It howls through the broken dimensional gate in the far north, creating and sustaining the violent and surreal land known as the Realm of Chaos. From there it permeates the entire world, perverting and transforming everything it touches into horrible new forms. This power is strongest in the immediate area around the shattered gateway, but further away, the power of the mutating magic weakens. Because of this the far north of the Old World is home to many strange creatures distorted by the power of Chaos. All manner of Daemons and unrecognisable monstrosities haunt these regions, yet even when the Winds of Magic grow strong, these unholy warriors cannot wander too far south, for the power of Chaos becomes too weak to sustain them.

The Beastmen have no such limitations. Though born of Chaos, they are native to the forests and the whole of the Old World is their hunting ground. They wander at will, waging war upon who they please, and their endless hunt is as unrelenting as it is merciless. For the power of the Beastmen comes not from the fickle Winds of Magic, but from muscle, fang and the savage spirit within.

It was a catastrophe beyond measure. Millions of innocent souls were lost in an instant, sucked into the void and replaced with entities far fouler. The surface of the world writhed and bled like a wounded beast. From the skies came pulsing comets of wyrdling stone, contrails of unlight flaring in their wake as they plummeted toward the untamed forests. The lands were pounded and punished as if by the fists of the gods themselves. Huge chunks of solidified Chaos energy, thrown from the collapsing dimensional gates, set aflame the skies. They crashed into the world like meteors, felling endless tracts of forest and burying themselves inside massive craters of scorched earth.


With each impact, the land was infected further by the raw stuff of Chaos. Its insidious taint worked outward into the fertile soil, suckled upon by the roots of ancient trees and seeping into the air breathed by the nomads and the beasts that populated the lands. As Chaos permeated all, the forests stirred, writhing with malign energies. Weird calls echoed from the trees as the woods thrashed with rampant growth. Strange and terrible processes were enacted in that dank, boiling cauldron of fecundity. The primitives of the region and the beasts of the forest were somehow mated, their terrible offspring born and mated again, generation after generation coming into being, indiscriminately reproducing and eventually dying in an uncontrolled and rapid procreation. Thus was the race of the Beastmen born into the world.

THE LONG WAR

For thousands of years the Beastmen and their night-bred kin ruled the forests, preying upon the scattered bands of men as wolves upon sheep. Then a man came bearing a golden hammer that was the bane of all enemies, and united the human tribes, challenging the Beastmen for dominance of the lands. This warrior elevated Mankind from a collection of loosely organised tribesmen into the massive empire it is today.

The time before this man is regarded by the Beastmen both as a part-remembered dream and as a legend. The Beastmen's rituals are full of references to a time when they ruled the lands unchallenged, and a time when they shall rule again. To the Cloven Ones, the War of the Hammer heralded an age of bitterness and strife in which Mankind rose to undeserved and stolen power. The Beastmen of today hate Mankind with a deep loathing born of uncounted centuries of battle. They seek a return to that primeval age when Man was little more than a food-creature, and the Beastmen the true masters of the world.





For Mankind's part, the Beastmen soon became creatures of horror and superstition, embodying and confirming their deepest fears of what might lurk in the forests of the Old World. It is said in the legends of Bretonnia that the Beastmen looked out from under the forest eaves, spying upon Man and in so doing knew their own impurity, while some scholars of the Empire hold that the beasts are jealous and resentful of Man's ingenuity and cleanness of limb. Whatever the case, all men know that the Beastmen harbour a bitter hatred for humanity. This enmity goes far beyond jealousy or spite. It is not just Man that the Beastmen despise so, but his civilisation, his works and his gods.

As the society of Man has grown more refined, and his advancements increasingly wondrous, so the Beastmen have come to loathe him all the more. To the citizens of the Empire, Bretonnia and the other nations of the Old World, the Beastmen have come to represent creatures from a half-remembered age of nightmare. Men deceive themselves that the danger has passed; that they are safe in their walled towns, that their steel and gunpowder, wizards' arts and engineers' creations will hold at bay the lowly beast-things that haunt the woodlands. Men tell themselves that the creatures of the forest are disorganised and incapable of fielding armies that can threaten their crenellated, high-walled cities. They are quite wrong. To underestimate the Beastmen is a fatal mistake. The Cloven Ones are creatures of violence and conflict, and they are far more cunning than the Empire believes. Worse still, the more

noble and haughty the foe, the more the Beastmen are driven to prove their own supremacy by casting him down from his lofty pedestal and trampling his body beneath blood-encrusted, filthy hooves.

Though the Beastmen have no formal method of recording the passage of years, they know that the cities of Mankind are new and recent compared to the elder lands in which the Beastmen roam. Even the lowliest Ungor knows that Mankind once cowered in terror of the forest and the creatures that dwelled within it, daring not to venture into the eaves of the woods. Yet stone fortresses and castles now blight the lands from end to end in defiance of the dominion of Chaos. So advanced is the industry of man and the organisation of his empire that keeps and watchtowers are built even in the midst of the Beastmen's territory. And yet the Beastmen know that such structures are temporary at best, and all that Man has built will one day come crashing down at the Beastmen's hands. Only then will the lands once more belong to the Cloven Ones, and only then will Mankind be returned to his proper place in the order of things – prey, and nothing more.

**"And in that time of darkness,
Man became Beast,
And Beast became Man."**





THE NATURE OF THE BEAST

The Beastmen live by the base laws of nature, twisted beyond recognition by the taint of Chaos. Domination is enforced with bloody violence, and every Beastman quickly learns his place under the heel of the warherd's chieftain.

Beastmen are wild and crude creatures of animal lusts and vitriolic temperament. They are truly repugnant to behold, let alone to smell, for they are a twisted reflection of the base and barbaric aspects of nature. Creatures of violence and destruction, they are as unreasoning and deadly as the hurricane that tears apart the village, the plague that ravages the lands or the blight that kills the harvest. And yet the Beastmen are far worse, for they have little to do with the natural order of things. The carnage and despair they spread across the land is not part of the eternal cycle of life and death but a malevolent and deliberate attempt to tear down and despoil everything of beauty, peace or sanctity, replacing it with filth and ruin. Even when gathered in their torrid encampments the Beastmen can be seen brawling, shouting, rutting, drinking or filling their hairy bellies with raw flesh, for they are vital and virile creatures that are never truly still.

While other followers of Chaos may be gifted with all manner of manifestations of their patrons' favour upon their path to damnation, the Beastmen crawl from the

unclean wombs of the woods with a form perfectly suited to their horrid nature. They have long, ridged horns with which to gore their foes, and the legs of cattle and goats with which to trample the bodies of their victims. Their matted hair is encrusted with blood and dung, a haven for fat ticks and colonies of fleas that keep the Beastmen in a constant state of agitation. Their drool-filled mouths are filled with sharp, wolf-like fangs for tearing the flesh of their prey, and their muscular, sweat-slicked bodies are ideally suited to the murderous desires that gleam in their blood-red eyes.

All Beastmen are surly and mean, for they know they are destined to live a short, brutal life of squalor and pain. When their blood is up and foul-smelling breath snorts from their gore-stained snouts, the Beastmen become belligerent and bellicose in the extreme, every gesture or glance brimming with hostility. The atavistic fury that each Beastman harbours within his soul is always but a moment away from the surface, and it is this rage that gives the Beastmen much of their unholy strength on the field of battle.





Bitterness and spite simmers in the heart of every Beastman; it takes little more than a few well-chosen words to spur a Gor into a frenzy of unrestrained rage. The sounds of distant battle will cause a Beastman to prick up his tufted ears in an instant; a fight or duel upon a woodland path will invariably bring dozens of Beastmen from all about in a very short space of time.

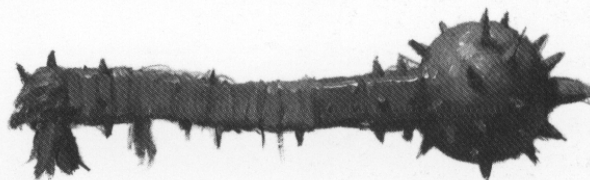
Above all, though, it is the trappings of progress and civilisation that fan the embers of hatred burning within each Beastman's breast. A mere glimpse of bright colours, especially the colour red, will often be enough to get a Beastman's pulse racing with bloodlust. The sight of a proud flag or coat of arms, a pristine uniform or a magnificent statue elicits a powerful reaction in the Beastmen, for the things of order are anathema to the Children of Chaos. All caution is put aside in a desperate attempt to tear down and befoul the offending article, to stomp it into the mud, smear it with dung or rip it to pieces and chew on the remains. Woe betide those who take pride in such symbols of authority and order, for their end will invariably be messy, painful and humiliating. Though Beastmen find it far easier to destroy than to create they can be terribly inventive in the punishments they inflict upon their captives, and they have a sick and ribald sense of humour that leads to truly stomach-churning atrocities enacted upon those they can catch.

No Beastman is truly content unless visiting some manner of violence upon a hapless victim. The only tools they use are the tools of war, and even then they aren't too fussy. They arm themselves with crude blades and axes that they call 'man-cleavers,' mostly cobbled together from the spoils of war, for not even the nimble-fingered Ungor can truly master the skills of the smith. The warherds lack the resplendent weapons and baroque armour of the human servants of the Chaos Gods, for the Beastmen already belong to the Ruinous Powers and the gods have no need to bargain such trinkets in exchange for their souls. This only serves to increase the jealous ire that the Beastmen have for their human contemporaries. Nonetheless, the Beastmen excel at raiding, pillaging and corpse-robbing even when they are not marching to war. Because of this they are never short of battered weapons and ragged suits of armour, albeit ones encrusted with clotted gore and riddled with rust. Such lack of quality is only a minor setback to the Beastmen, who compensate with sheer brute strength and determination.

Much like packs of wolves or lions, Beastmen are accomplished hunters, but this has far more to do with the warherd's innate ability to surround and entrap their prey than stealth or caution. In fact, all Beastmen are loud and impatient, and worse still they stink to high heaven; a rank combination of rotting blood, days-old vomit, stale sweat, dung and woodsmoke. Hygiene is a foreign concept to the Beastmen. They scent-mark and defecate upon every landmark they pass without hesitation, and after a victory celebration will collapse in a drunken stupor in low burrows, crude ditches and even steaming piles of night-soil, for they know not shame or disgust.

The robust constitution of the Cloven Ones allows them to live upon the most meagre or unpleasant of diets. They prefer great chunks of meat above all but, unlike their larger Minotaur brethren, they do not care if it is fresh or if it is infested and maggot-ridden. Beastmen are cannibals who gorge themselves upon the corpses of their own kind without hesitation, entrails, hair, horns, hooves and all, and believe that to do so is to inherit the strength of the victim. This diet of dead meat is supplemented with grubs, hairy-legged spiders, poisonous centipedes, plump blowflies, and other vermin, as well as the occasional lost child or lone woodsman. It could be said that Beastmen are hunter-gatherers, though they mainly gather the body parts strewn around the place after a particularly vicious hunt. Human flesh is a delicacy to Beastmen, and rivals have been known to fight to the death over a single human arm or leg.

Of all the creatures of Chaos, Beastmen have an especially close relationship with Morrslieb, the Chaos Moon. Whenever Morrslieb is fullest in the sky the Beastmen will hold night-long, sprawling orgies where they indulge every base lust and bloodthirsty deed they can think of. Much blood is shed, much captured wine and beer is drunk, and many new beast-spawn are conceived, ensuring the cycle of twisted and unholy life is perpetuated. Though it is rumoured that the witches and heretics of the Old World join the Beastmen in these frightening and confusing bacchanales, none have ever been able to say for certain, for to stumble upon a camp of blood-drunk Beastmen celebrating under the unclean light of Morrslieb is to plunge into hell itself.



THE REWARDS OF RUIN

Those Beastmen who do great and terrible deeds in the name of their bloodthirsty deities sometimes earn physical rewards for their service. Such gifts commonly exaggerate the bestial form of the recipient, making him all the more deadly a predator and proving his right to lead beyond doubt. Spectacular twisting horns grow from the warrior's brow, hands sprout long razored talons that bleed poison, teeth enlarge into vicious swords of bone, skin secretes acidic mucus and hair clogs into an impenetrable hide. Still stranger transmutations include bodies of living flame, fang-studded appendages that grow from the recipient's gut, coal-black skin that draws in the dark shadows, limbs that end in the gnashing heads of the bearer's victims, bodies that swell into monstrously obese shapes, and a thousand other sickening forms besides. In most cases, it is the chieftain of each tribe who is blessed with such rewards, for it is through his will and his hatred that the warherd acts, though it is not unheard of for a Bray-Shaman to bear the favour of the Chaos Gods should he bring about the downfall of a powerful foe.



THE UNNATURAL ORDER

The Beastmen live in savage bands called warherds, consisting of anything from several dozen to many thousands of murderous individuals. Though they may walk upright and speak, the Beastmen are as close to animals as they are to men, and so the strongest prevail while the weak perish. Violence simmers beneath the surface of every exchange, each Beastman seeking every opportunity to enforce his superiority. Should any show weakness he will suffer for it, and his position within the warherd will be diminished. Hence each warherd is led by the strongest amongst them, a Beastman marked by the favour of the Chaos Gods.

The warherd's chieftain occupies the apex of tribal authority. It is his absolute right to rule as he pleases provided that he has the strength to back it up. The chieftain is the master of his pack, but his supremacy is anything but uncontested. To maintain his position he has to continually fight off challenges from power-hungry Gors and Bestigors. He makes a totem from the pelts of those he has defeated to prove his right to rule, so that his standard becomes a gory record of his conquests. One day, though, a challenger will come who is stronger and more vital than the current incumbent, and then the chieftain's own hide will hang bleeding in the wind from the challenger's totem.

The vast bulk of the warherd consists of Gors. These Beastmen form the main strength of the tribe when it is gathered under the chieftain's harsh authority on the field of battle. At the bottom of the tribal order are the

Ungors. These creatures are not considered proper Beastmen by the rest of the warherd, for their horns are nowhere near as impressive as those of the Gors. The Ungors wait for battle for a chance to defy their station in life. Of all the Beastmen, a Man taken captive by a warherd should fear the Ungors the most, for while a Gor might grant him a swift and bloody end, the Ungors will torture him for as long as his body clings to life. Alongside the Gors live the Minotaur tribes. These are the mightiest of all Beastmen – hulking, bull-headed monsters whose all-consuming bloodgreed drives them to terrifying acts of slaughter.

It is only the sheer, animal domination of the chieftain that binds the unruly masses of the Beastmen into an army instead of a raiding force. Yet even upon the field of battle his position can be challenged, sometimes turning a defeat into a victory by the timely replacement of a weak leader with one determined to prove his newly won dominance.

Only a few years ago, Khazrak the One-eye forcibly took control of the warherd of his predecessor, the Beastlord Graktar. It was after an attack on a Human army caught in the open between the towns of Kelp and Koldust during which Graktar was wounded, that Khazrak made his move. Noticing that Graktar was bleeding heavily, Khazrak challenged him for leadership and, after a lengthy fight, tore out one of his foe's horns with his bare hands. Rather than kill Graktar, Khazrak banished him from the warherd – the one-horned Graktar was mocked and jeered, and driven into the forest. Yet Graktar lives still, plotting for the day when he can avenge his defeat. Graktar's followers are gaining in number and a confrontation between Khazrak and Graktar's hordes is inevitable. Khazrak keeps Graktar's horn as a trophy, and its atonal drone has signalled the doom of many an enemy.



HERDSTONES

To the Beastmen, the most sacred of all the dark places of the woodlands are the monolithic herdstones. These are the meeting grounds of the Beastmen, and take the form of dire and forbidding standing stones. These are often immensely ancient, hewn or even grown from fallen meteors into twisted mouths, skulls and spires that hurt the eye, decorated with the runes of Chaos, the Dark Tongue.

The herdstones are always erected in places of magical significance, usually over one of the baleful meteors that brought the Beastmen into being all those ages ago. They are well hidden and there are almost always Beastmen warherds and Minotaur tribes nearby. About each herdstone is to be found great piles of offerings, rusting weapons and armour taken from long-defeated enemies. The floor of the clearing in which the herdstone stands is often strewn with an ankle-deep carpet of bones, the remains of the captives taken in battle and sacrificed by the Bray-Shamans to the dark glory of the Ruinous Powers.

Most herdstones are located far from human settlements, for no such settlement founded near one has survived more than a single season. Any intrusion within a hundred leagues of a herdstone will cause every warherd in the region to descend upon the intruder with unrelenting wrath.

THE GAZE OF THE DARK GODS

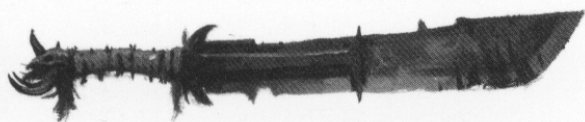
In pursuing their endless hunt some Beastmen commit such acts of savagery and bloodshed that the attentions of the distant deities known as the Gods of Chaos are turned their way. Ordinarily the Ruinous Powers pay little heed to the deeds of the Beastmen, knowing that the Children of Chaos will enact their will regardless of any gifts or rewards offered. The Beastmen are at once utterly in thrall to the magnificence of Chaos, and totally free of any constraints upon their thoughts and actions. They do as they please and, so doing, serve Chaos with every shred of their being.

Though they do not truly comprehend it, the Beastmen are a vital part of the Ruinous Powers' eternal quest to subsume the world in a roiling, turbulent tide of unreasoning change and constant war. It is the Beastmen that tear down the elegant Elven waystones that hold the power of Chaos in check and replace them with herdstones – primitive shrines to the fell gods. It is the Beastmen that hunt down and kill those who would otherwise remain out of the reach of the Chaos Gods. So it is that the Cloven Ones remain at the forefront of the war against order and light.

THE BLASPHEMY OF BLOOD-GORGE

The Beastmen instinctively know that blasphemy is the dark reflection of reverence, and that to defile the image or shrine of a god is to rob that entity of power. It is the wish of the Ruinous Powers, and therefore the innate desire of the Beastmen themselves, to diminish and ultimately destroy the weakling gods of man. These feeble deities do not deserve their place in the heavens next to the old and primal gods of Chaos.

Upon a windswept heath before the mighty Forest of Arden is to be found a blasphemy most pleasing to the Chaos Gods. For many years, the warherds dwelling in the forest had suffered the presence of a powerful and devout sorceress, a Damsel residing in a fortified retreat near the forest's edge. Many warherds had assailed her sanctuary, only to be repulsed by the magics of the Damsel and the spears of her loyal retainers, or else driven off as valiant knights rode to the she-witch's rescue. And so it was that a Beastlord named Kloven Blood-Gorge gathered a great brayherd, and embarked upon the campaign that would earn him the bitter enmity of every knight in Bretonnia.



Kloven's shamans summoned flocks of Harpies, foul-winged creatures of the air. Bound to Kloven's will, the Harpies swept through the night, swooping down upon the sentries manning the high walls of the sanctuary. As the sentries were dragged screaming from the walls, the sanctuary's defenders mustered to repel the attackers, rushing up stone steps to face this terrible new foe. At that moment the night was rent by the deafening bellow of a gargantuan Ghorgon at full charge, followed a moment later by the ear-splitting report of the sanctuary's gates splintering apart. Within minutes, Kloven's Gors were flooding the sanctuary. Soon every building within was aflame.

The defenders put up a spirited defence, but had been caught unawares. The spells of the sorceress slew dozens of Beastmen, but it was not enough, and the defenders were overwhelmed. The survivors were bound and carried back to the forest. A tall, stone statue of the she-witch's goddess stood at the altar of the now-burning chapel. This the Harpies carried off, a hundred of their number straining to lift it into the night air and bear it towards the forest.

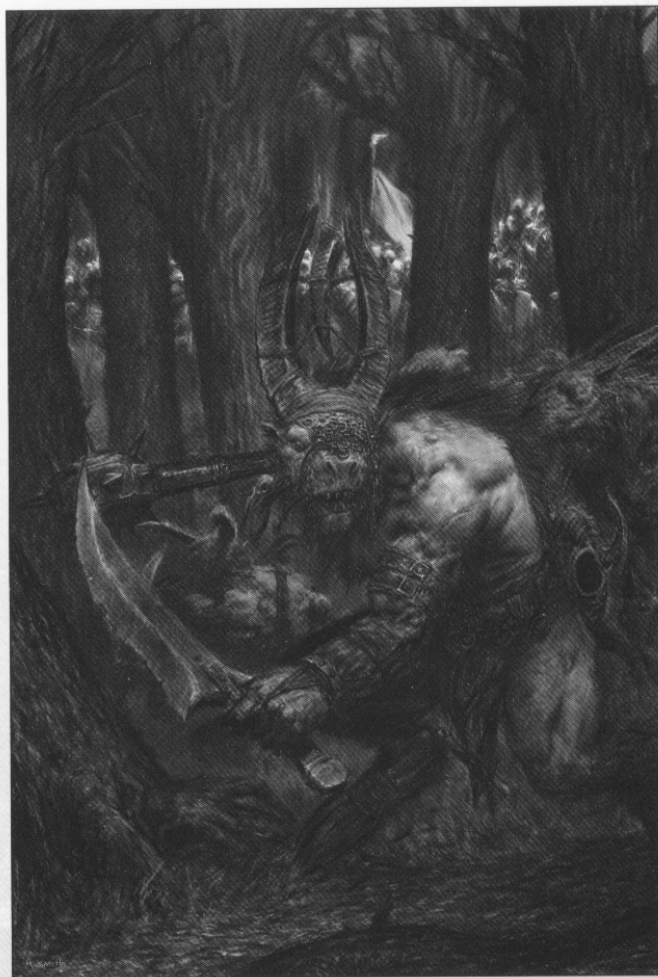
It was several days before the Men came, as Kloven had known they would. Countless knights crested the rise and came to a halt half a league from the forest. What had caused them to halt was the statue itself, smeared in filth, its serene countenance disfigured beneath a horned crown of twisted branches and the bones of the captives. Seeing this blasphemy, a great cry went up from the knights. Ranks became disordered as Men bellowed their outrage at one another and their unseen foe. Just then Kloven Blood-Gorge stepped out from the forest's edge, and with him countless numbers of his followers. Behind Kloven stood a hundred elite Bestigor, snorting and stamping in their barely restrained eagerness to set about the killing. Stretching out to either side were the massed Gors, their crude braying and the droning of their war horns drowning out all other sound.

Amongst the horde there strode frenzied, four-armed Ghorgons, each restrained from charging headlong only by the will of Kloven Blood-Gorge.

Seeing their quarry, the knights roared and spurred their mounts forward as one. Kloven bellowed in answer and the horde surged forward in a great mass. Fired as each Man was by rage and bitterness, the knights fought not as an army, but as individuals, each vowing to be the one to claim vengeance. The warherd of Kloven Blood-Gorge fought with the single-minded determination instilled in them by the power of their leader. Though the knights ran down scores of Beastmen as their charge hit home, the Beastmen eventually dragged their foes to the ground, unhorsing them and hacking them to ragged chunks in the mud.

The battle raged from midday until the setting of the sun, and by day's end the Bestigors held aloft a dozen of the Men's banners, no longer bright and proud but befouled and tattered. As the last of the knights' underlings fled the field, Kloven regarded a scene of unsurpassed slaughter and knew he had done well.

The defiled statue has stood ever since, a dread mockery of all that the Bretonnians hold dear. Many have come to cast it down, and all have died at the hands of the Beastmen. Of the sorceress, nothing was ever heard again, though one thing is for sure – her own tale did not have a pleasant ending.



THE ENDLESS HUNT

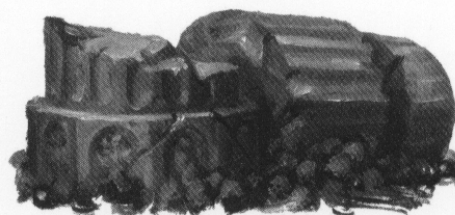
The Beastmen build no cities, for order and construction are anathema to them. They roam far and wide, following the scent of fresh meat and hunting to death whatever wanders into the ancient 'blood-grounds' that the Beastmen patrol.

The Old World is the territory and the hunting ground of the Beastmen, lands they regard and refer to as their blood-grounds. It has always been so, since the coming of Chaos in a distant and legendary age. The Beastmen are tough and strong, for they must compete with the unimaginable horrors that haunt the woods. Beneath the dark forest canopy, the Beastmen are often the prey of yet more disturbing creatures.

Though the Beastmen dwell within the forests, they rarely stay in one location for long. Instead, they move from place to place along ancient paths within the territory of each warherd, occasionally encroaching upon the domains of other tribes. Though no sane man can make sense of it, there is sometimes a pattern to these movements – sudden changes in direction, or an uncanny coordination between disparate warbands, that hint at a far grander plan.

When a halt is called, the Beastmen establish temporary sites from which to launch their merciless invasions of the surrounding areas, and where they will hold their

bloodthirsty celebrations afterwards. They usually stay in the one place only for a short time before moving on to find another suitable site in their hunting grounds. Beastmen warbands will often roam for hundreds of miles before setting up camp again, frequently battling other Beastmen for the choicest spots.



THE BEAST-PATHS

The vast forests of the Old World are crossed by a spider's web of paths only the Beastmen know. Where these paths cross, there is to be found a site that is in some way significant to the Cloven Ones. These beast-paths are located deep in the forests, far from the towns and highways of Man, yet they are far from hidden. Though native to the deep woods, the Beastmen are not naturally creatures of concealment and guile. When passing through the dense woodlands they simply barge their way through the foliage and trample flat the undergrowth. Over millennia of use, the beast-paths have become deep ruts in the ground, strewn with the bones of the enemy and other detritus. So dense is the undergrowth that grows on the embankments, the chances are that no human tracker or huntsman seeking a beast-path would find one other than by pure happenstance. Any huntsman who did stumble upon a beast-path would be extremely wise to turn and flee, for a warherd might be travelling the path and his own bones may soon be added to those discarded upon it.

Occasionally, two Beastmen warherds will run into one another whilst travelling in opposite directions along a beast-path. In such cases, the chieftains of each tribe will barge their way to the fore and meet in the centre of the pathway to decide which tribe will stand aside and allow the other to pass. Amidst much bravado and exaggerated strutting, the chieftains will engage in vulgar displays of power until one either stands aside or, far more likely, the two come to blows. The ensuing combat will consist of the two chieftains clashing horns and headbutting each other until one is knocked unconscious and the winner determined. The winner's tribe will then pass along the beast-path, the grinning Gors only pausing to relieve themselves upon the prostrate form of the defeated chieftain.

ENCAMPMENTS

Beastmen encampments themselves are crude affairs, often consisting of little more than a raging pyre surrounded by a mass of rude burrows and rough pelt barriers. Sometimes other skins, still dripping with gore, will be held up by sticks and branches to form makeshift tents.

The more powerful Beastmen, such as the Minotaurs and the Bestigors, take up the positions closest to the fire and closest to the food. The smaller Ungors are pushed to the outskirts of the ring, and it has been known in winter for many of the weaker beasts to perish. Chaos Warhounds prowl the edges of the campsite, fighting over discarded bones and often preying on the smallest Beastmen.

The treetops all around the encampment are haunted by Harpies, twisted beings that from a distance appear as winged and shapely human women. These creatures follow the tribe wherever it goes, attracted by the remains of sacrificed victims scattered about the encampment. They squabble constantly for the choicest pickings of the food the Beastmen discard. In some camps hideously mutated Chaos Spawn are kept in rough pens of sharpened stakes where they are taunted and starved until set loose in battle.

To stumble upon a Beastman camp is not only to witness a cacophonous vision of hell in full flow, but also to consign oneself to a grisly and extremely unpleasant death.



HUNTING THE BLOOD-GROUNDS

Every single creature within the Beastmen's blood-grounds is prey, whether it flees as do the Goblins, evades as do the Wood Elves, or fights back as do the Men. Even the act of marching to war is akin to the hunt, of tracking or stalking the prey. Battle itself is like unto the act of a predator running down its prey, or the clash of rivals fighting to the last to determine the right to leadership and territorial dominance.

The Beastmen that lurk within the Forest of Shadows, for example, are constantly at war with others who would shelter in its darkness. Every new day the warherds clash with Forest Goblins, human bandits and the shambling hordes of rotten corpses raised by reclusive Necromancers who hide from prying eyes in the woods. Because of this, the warherds of the Forest of Shadows, though fewer in number, are amongst the strongest and most belligerent in the entire Old World. When their strength waxes and they dominate their rivals within the Forest of Shadows, they make war upon foes outside of it. It is then that the lands of Men truly know the raw strength of the Beastmen.

Occasionally, the warherds of the Forest of Shadows have fought such successful wars against the others that dwell there that their enemies have been driven out of the forest to plague the lands all about. Such was the case when the warherd of Ul-Ruk the Redhorn launched a genocidal war against the Forest Goblins of the Bitter-Eye Tribe. The war lasted three entire seasons, culminating in the remains of the Forest Goblin horde being driven from the woods straight towards the Empire town of Ferlangen. The defenders of the town had barely time to muster before being overrun with screaming greenskins. Sensing weakness, the pursuing Beastmen crashed into those Men who had survived the wave of Forest Goblins, hacking down the last of their number and putting the town to the torch.

Less common a foe than the Forest Goblins are the Wood Elves, who are held in contempt by the Beastmen race for their love of stealth over strength. Most clashes between the two races are fought on the verges of the supernatural forest of Athel Loren, east of Bretonnia. To the Beastmen, the Wood Elves are yet another foe competing for land, to be taught their place in the world at the sharp end of horn and blade. Conversely, the Wood Elves hate the Children of Chaos with a burning passion, for the Beastmen are the opposite of all they stand for. When the two races encounter one another, a raging battle occurs. Should the Beastmen prevail they take perverse delight in chasing the Elves down with packs of specially trained hounds. A Beastman that catches and eats a Wood Elf earns the honorific 'Fey-killer' and little else, for the Beastmen find Elf flesh stringy and unsatisfying, with barely enough meat on the bone to feed an Ungor.

After a successful attack, a warherd will celebrate through the night, parading drunkenly around the fire, feasting on captives and glutting themselves on the spoils of victory. These celebrations resonate throughout the forests and are often audible in the towns of Men. On those nights when the Bray-Shamans enact the foulest of their rituals by the light of Morrslieb, the Chaos Moon, the darkness is split by fearful screams and hideous chanting. No watchman will stray far from the light on such nights, for to wander into the shadows is to give oneself to the creatures than lurk in the dark.

By noon the following day, the herd will have moved on, leaving destruction and devastation in their wake. Should any man summon the courage to investigate the cause of the previous night's disturbances, he may find a clearing dominated by smoking ashes, but he would do well to avoid examining too closely the grisly detritus scattered about the defiled woodland glade.



THE DARK FOREST

Most of the cities, towns and villages scattered throughout the Empire are located along its mighty waterways. Few roads penetrate far into the deep forest, and those that exist must be maintained constantly lest the woods reclaim the land Man has cleared. So thick is the forest canopy that a traveller could walk for weeks without seeing the sun. Even a well-trodden or paved path will entirely disappear as first undergrowth, then questing roots creep from the treeline like thieves in the night to undo what Man has wrought. Only a fool would venture far from the safety of a town or fortress, for the darkness beneath those gnarled branches is the domain of the Beastmen.

The sprawling forests of the Old World are scattered with dark places into which no wholesome creature wanders. Monoliths known as herdstones, around which the brayherds gather, are each linked to the next by the hidden paths known only to the Beastmen. There are a multitude of other equally noisome places, including the haunted barrows of long dead

warrior-kings, torrid living shrines to Chaos, huge and ancient hag trees hung with the remains of the brave, foul-smelling labyrinths that house gibbering Jabberslythes, and places that at first appear normal but lead into dimensions of illusion and madness. The Beastmen rejoice in all such places, gathering there to praise the Dark Gods. The warherd's raucous braying can be heard for countless miles all around, as can the screams of those sacrificed upon the bloody altars and unholy ground.

On nights when Morrslieb waxes full, it is as if every Beastman in the forest is braying, bellowing, barking and cavorting in some feral ritual. At such times, the entire forest resonates to the harsh chanting led by the Bray-Shamans. The warherds' pyres rage high above the trees, and a miasma born of unclean concoctions and the stink of burning flesh creeps across the lands, touching the unquiet dreams of Men and turning them into nightmares.



THE CALL TO BATTLE

It is the ambition of every Beastman chieftain to dominate the forests so thoroughly that all other warherds will do his bidding. A chieftain that wishes to unite the tribes against Mankind must first prove his right to do so, by brutal, ritual combat against his rivals.

CALLING THE BRAYHERD

The brayherd is a mustering of all of the warherds in a given region. Each brayherd is called by a chieftain who, with his blood up and his ire roused, determines that the herds must be gathered and war must be brought to the lands of Man. The chieftain, being a surly, rancorous creature, will have plotted a mighty vengeance to visit upon his foe, and calculated according to his instinctive, animalistic nature how best to achieve his deadly goals.



A chieftain does not foster his dreams of conquest and cruelty alone, for he will be counselled all the while by his Bray-Shaman. The Bray-Shaman will consult the portents and divine the will of the Chaos Gods, until he believes the time is right to call the brayherd. It is upon the word of the chieftain that the brayherd is called, but none would do so were it not for the affirmation of a Bray-Shaman's counsel, for Beastmen are creatures of superstition who only truly fear the wrath of the gods.

The calling of the brayherd starts with the building of a massive pyre, often made of the dried bones of sacrificial offerings or from timber torn from the shrines of Man's gods. Onto the fire the Bray-Shaman casts a noxious preparation of leaves, lichens and weeds imbued with the ancient magic of the deep woods. Coiling mists aglow with evil creep out from the fire to twist and turn along the forest paths. The vapours inflame the rotten hearts of the Beastmen with bloodlust and draw them to the site of the brayherd. To this magical summons is added the strident bellowing of the chieftain that would call the brayherd, his hoarse cries resounding through the night. As the numbers of Beastmen at the site increase, so the forests echo with their unruly braying and the chanting of the shamans. One after another each chieftain steps into the clearing, making his presence known. If the calling is taking place at a herdstone or similar structure, the chieftain will carve his mark into its surface, so that his coming might be known to all for years to come.

"Really the only question is:
what gets to eat you?"

- Oskar Rittelhof, Veteran Huntsman



CALL OF THE DOOMBULL

It is not only Wargors and Beastlords that call the brayherd – sometimes the dread Minotaurs known as Doombulls will do so instead. Whereas a chieftain will have plotted and schemed and taken counsel from his shaman, a Minotaur will simply be responding to a deep-seated urge to destroy. A ravenous hunger – known as the bloodgreed – comes upon them, and they bellow a deafening war cry that raises an echo in every Beastman that hears it.

Sometimes a shaman will attempt to guide the actions of a Doombull, but Minotaurs being simple creatures, his counsel must be suitably blunt and to the point. In all likelihood, simply informing the Doombull of the location of a large amount of 'meat' (Men, Dwarfs, or maybe Elves) will be sufficient to bring on the bloodgreed. This is dangerous for the shaman, for he could be caught up in the general anarchy as scores of Minotaurs stampede to war. Fortunately, the Minotaurs believe it is bad luck to kill a Bray-Shaman, though accidents do of course still happen.

Ambitious shamans may attempt to control a Doombull instead of merely offering counsel. Some even go so far as to possess the body of a Doombull, using it to call the brayherd and lead a full scale invasion. This is disapproved of by the other Bray-Shamans, for when discovered it does great damage to their ability to guide events according to their plans. A Doombull that discovers it has been manipulated in such a manner will be driven into a rage, and seek revenge against the offending shaman, his anger overcoming the ingrained proscription against harming such a creature. In the case of the Doombull Kha'Rak Stoneheart, the spirit-bond was discovered almost instantly. Yet before the shaman's spirit could break free, the Doombull took his vengeance, smashing the Bray-Shaman's recumbent body to a pulp. The shaman was thereafter trapped in Kha'Rak's mind, and now both war constantly to assert their dominance over Kha'Rak's body, the towering Doombull as likely to stand firm and unleash dark magics upon his foe as he is to charge headlong into combat.

THE CHALLENGE

Once the Beastmen have gathered in great numbers, the caller of the brayherd demands that the assembled chieftains submit to his will and follow him to war. Inevitably, another will challenge the caller's right to lead the brayherd, and a ritual combat will ensue. If the combatants are mismatched, the challenge is over very quickly, for no quarter is sought or given. At that point, the victor will deliver the killing blow and before the defeated chieftain has breathed his last breath, rip open his ribcage and draw forth the still-beating heart from within. There ensues a gory spectacle in which the corpse is flayed by the victor, the skin to be added to his banner. Occasionally, another challenger steps forward – it is not unknown for a succession of challenges to be fought. When at last the victor is determined, there being no more chieftains willing or able to challenge the present incumbent, the assembled Bray-Shamans will announce that the matter is decided and declare the victor the Beastlord.

Sometimes the gathered Bray-Shamans will fail to agree that the victor of the challenge has the blessings of the Dark Gods to lead the brayherd. They may disagree on the meanings of certain portents read in the entrails of their foul-smelling offerings, or they may declare that those portents are entirely against the victor and another must be found. The challenge begins all over again, until a Beastlord who is able to demonstrate the blessings of the Dark Gods is victorious.

SHAMANIC CHALLENGE

On occasion, it will be a shaman, rather than a chieftain, that unites the warherds and unleashes an invasion upon the enemies of their kind. This is unusual, but will generally come about when a shaman is gifted or touched in some way by the power of Chaos. The Great Bray-Shaman Gallak Beast-Eye, for example, was lifted into the night sky within a nimbus of black lightning at the culmination of a ritual. In a booming voice not his own, Beast-Eye declared war upon the rulers of Ostermark, and no chieftain dared challenge his right to gather and lead the brayherd. Beast-Eye's twenty-thousand-strong horde surged from the Dead Wood, the Bray-Shaman at its head, and cut a swathe through the towns on the upper reaches of the Talabec, putting thousands to death in grisly mass sacrifices before turning south and attacking the haunted land of Sylvania.

Should one Bray-Shaman call the brayherd and another challenge him, the two will fight a ritual challenge. The shamans do not engage in physical combat themselves. Instead they send their spirits questing into the surrounding forests to possess the mind of the largest and fiercest beasts they can find. The resulting combat is fought before the herdstone, often destroying the camp and much of the surrounding forest in the process.





FELL RITUALS

The instant the Beastlord is acknowledged, the assembled Beastmen erupt into a frenzy of action. Led by chanting, shrieking Bray-Shamans, the Beastmen perform the ugliest, basest acts imaginable. Captives are dragged forth and sacrificed before the herdstones, their wailing, the taste of their fear and the scent of their butchered flesh attracting Minotaurs who wolf down their remains in bloody gulps. The forests resound to the screams of enemy soldiers bound to the herdstones by their own viscera, such that Men for leagues in every direction tremble and pray to their gods that it is not their town the savage hordes will descend upon when dawn finally arrives.

As daylight nears, the rituals climax. From the shrouded treeline the atonal droning of warhorns sounds, accompanied by the dolorous, arhythmic pounding of mighty drums made from the flayed skins of defeated foes. Soon, massed figures emerge from the mists and the horde becomes visible in all its terrible glory.

THE HORDE RISES

The tactics employed by the Beastmen are not the practiced drills of many other races, but the inherent guile of a pack of wild animals stalking and encircling its prey. They sense weakness and smell fear, surging forward for the kill and falling upon their prey in an orgy of butchery.

The coming of the horde is always presaged by a cacophonous braying. As if to amplify their already deafening war cries, the Beastmen employ war horns fashioned from the tusks of forest creatures or the horns of slain rivals. They carry a bewildering array of banners adorned with the heads of fallen enemies and daubed with the crude runes that identify each herd. Such banners are used to increase the Beastmen's own stature, ensuring that even distant enemies can see the dominance and strength of the bearers.

At the centre of the horde as it surges forward are heavily armoured, elite Bestigors. Equipped with huge axes taken from the treasures stacked at the base of each herdstone, these Beastmen hack into the enemy as farmers scythe down wheat. The Bestigors will fight to the death to take the banners of their foe, trampling enemy standards into the mud as the bulk of the horde comes on in their bloody wake. All the while, Gors and Ungors stalk through the undergrowth to encircle and hem in the enemy battleline, moving into the most advantageous positions before springing horribly effective ambushes upon the flanks and rear of the enemy army. Many a gunnery or archer battalion has believed itself safe behind sharpened stakes and defensible positions only to find that the Beastmen had them surrounded from the start.

Alongside the warherd comes the Minotaurs, driven to such extremes of violence by the scent of blood they cannot wait until the day is won to feast upon their victims – they gorge themselves on the flesh of their dying foes even as battle rages all around. The beasts of the wild come too. Above the battlefield ragged flocks of Harpies screech and squabble over the remains of the dead. Twisted Chaos Spawn thrash and writhe as the raw power of Chaos surges through their veins. Even larger creatures accompany the horde; terrifying Cygors, rot-clad Giants of the forests, and bloated, betentacled things that lurk within the forest bogs and can swallow whole a dozen men in a single gulp.

When the herds form up for battle, it is not as small, ragged bands but as fully armed and battle-ready armies united by the will of the chieftain. The sight is sufficient to strike terror into even the bravest warriors, for such a menagerie of horrors can consume all before it.

"If we run, they will claw us into the dirt and their hounds will gnaw the gristle from our bones.

If we surrender, they will bind and bleed us, and Minotaurs will feast on our flesh.

If we fight, they will hack and rip and bite and butcher, and they will swallow our still-beating hearts.

So many deaths. Which will we choose?"

- Blind Nowl, the Seer of Parravon

THE DARK NIGHT OF KARAK HIRN

In a time before the memory of any Beastman that lives in the spider-haunted Black Deep, there occurred a peculiar battle the tale of which has been told by uncounted generations. The story concerns the Wargor known as Skarr Black-Horn and his warherd, who one grey morn hunted a wooded pass in search of an enemy upon which to enact their cruel hatred.



It is told that the morning mists still clung to the trees when the Black-Horn was granted his desire. Looking down from his vantage point atop a craggy outcrop, the Wargor spied a mile-long caravan of over a hundred wagons snaking its way towards him. Each wagon was guarded by a company of stout Dwarfs. The Wargor knew little of this foe, for most of his wars he had fought against Men and Goblins, but he knew all about ale. His mouth watered in anticipation of washing down the gristly flesh of these foes with great draughts of the intoxicating liquid.

The Dwarf guards fought like warrior kings in the defence of their cargo, but as the last died with Black-Horn's serrated cleaver lodged in his skull, the scene changed from one of savage battle to unruly celebration. Black-Horn selected the largest of the barrels, one as large as a herdstone it is told, and raised it above his head. In minutes, the Wargor had drained the entire barrel, which he flung to the rocky ground, shattering it into uncounted splinters. Loosing a resounding belch that echoed amidst the crags all about, Black-Horn allowed his warherd to claim their share of the remaining barrels.

As impressive a spectacle as this might have been, it was what occurred next that seared Skarr Black-Horn's name into history. Driven into a berserker rage by the potent Dwarfen brew, the warherd of Black-Horn rampaged drunkenly up the mountain pass, far beyond the territory into which a lone warherd would normally attack. By evening, the Beastmen had reached the foothills about the Dwarfen stronghold of Karak Hirn, and there they commenced a night of bloody slaughter. In a single night, the Dwarfs' holdings all about Karak Hirn were reduced to ashes, their ancestral lands trampled and burnt and their finest warriors laid low by the rampaging Beastmen.

Drunken Bestigors competed with one another to shatter the mighty stone statues of ancient Dwarfen lords that lined the mountain roadways, using only their horns. The Gors took hundreds of decapitated heads to bear aloft on their savage totems, tying them by the beards to the branches of hag trees, and making war horns of precious heirloom drinking horns. The Ungors, unused to the effects of such strong and intoxicating liquor, unleashed terrible wickedness that night. Many fought with one another to claim the horned helmets of any Dwarf they could kill, thereby gaining some drunkenly imagined status within the warherd.

The Dwarfs were utterly unprepared for the slaughter unleashed upon their settlements, the clansmen slain, the livestock butchered, the ancient buildings ruined. As the black sky turned to grey and dawn approached, refugees from the outlying mountain communities flooded to the safety of Karak Hirn, driven before the thousands-strong horde of drunken, marauding Beastmen.

It is said that Skarr Black-Horn and his warriors awoke the next morn, even more dishevelled than normal, the hateful sun glaring painfully down upon them. They found themselves before the very gates of Karak Hirn, bleary heads ringing to the sounds of its defenders mustering for what the Dwarfs must have feared would be a prolonged siege by a mighty horde.

Knowing, even if the details alluded him, that the previous night's work had been plenty to earn the favour of the Dark Gods, Black-Horn ordered his warherd to return back down the mountain pass to the Black Deep, noting with dark-hearted satisfaction the devastation wrought upon the lands of the Dwarfs.

And so the deeds of Skarr Black-Horn are told by the warherds south of the Black Mountains, and who can naysay them? Only the Dwarfs of Karak Hirn know the true extent of what occurred that night, the entire saga recorded in detail for all time within the crumbling pages of the Great Book of Grudges.





THE REALMS OF THE BEAST

Fully half of the lands of the Empire and of Bretonnia are swathed in dense forest, into which sane Men fear to intrude. They know that the woodlands crawl with Chaos-spawned things and are infested with uncounted hordes of Beastmen.

The region known as the Old World is vast beyond imagining, and swathed in an ocean of wild, untamed forest. The Cloven Ones lay claim to all these lands, even those where the trees have been felled, for they have ever been the Beastmen's territory to hunt. Only the forests of Loren and Laurelorn are beyond their claim, for the time being at least. Where Men and other creatures stray into their blood-grounds the Beastmen surge from the forests in mighty brayherds, united by the animal will of a savage Beastlord. The towns and castles of the Old World are mere temporary structures to the Beastmen, built by interlopers. One day all will be cast down, no stone will be left upon another, and the intruders will all be slaughtered.



THE DWELLERS IN THE WOODS

As befits a race created by Chaos, the tribes exhibit great variety, often due to the nature of the blood-grounds in the which they hunt. The warherds that roam the wooded foothills of the Middle Mountains, for example, are very different from those of the forests further south. In addition to thousands of tribes of Beastmen, the foothills are home to large numbers of nomadic, horse-bodied Centigors. Too clumsy and ill-coordinated to live comfortably amongst the densely-packed forests, the Centigors are quite at home amidst the more scattered woods of the rolling foothills. From this region the Centigors descend to join the warherds when war comes, and to barter with them for weapons and ale, which they cannot create for themselves.

The Beastmen tribes of the Middle Mountains are known to go to war accompanied by a great many warped and twisted beasts of Chaos, for uncounted numbers of such creatures nest in the mountains and surrounding foothills. Some, such as the foul Jabberslythe, are so wild and unpredictable that only the black magic of a shaman can goad one to war.

There is one tribe of the Middle Mountains that has become so adept at breaking in large beasts that they are accompanied to battle by great, lumbering warfiends while Ungor Raiders range ahead to identify the warherd's next target. Thanks to its use of such

mounts, the Herd of the Jagged Horn travels further afield than most other tribes. Its warriors normally dismount to face the enemy on the field of battle, for when the savagery of battle descends upon a warherd, its beasts are practically uncontrollable.

The greatest tribe ever to have dominated the region around the Middle Mountains was the warherd of Gorthor the Beastlord. This mighty leader was fated to lead one of the most devastating wars against the Empire the Beastmen have ever unleashed, slaying millions and decimating two entire provinces. Gorthor was said to be touched by the Ruinous Powers, and his powers were such that even the beasts of the sky and the field joined his horde. Gorthor and his warherd went to war upon chariots drawn by the largest and most aggressive of Tuskhors and Razorgors, ensuring Gorthor's elite was first amongst his massive horde to reach the enemy. To this day, the descendants of Gorthor's warherd go to war almost exclusively upon the backs of hurtling, ramshackle chariots.

THE TOUCH OF CHAOS

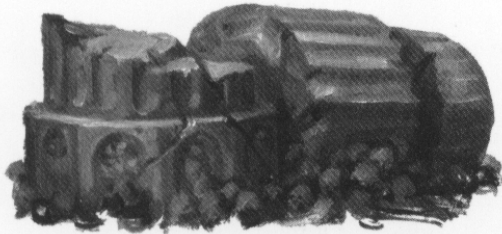
In the very heartland of the Empire is to be found the Drakwald. The warherds that abide within the cursed forest appear especially touched by the dark power of Chaos, for the Drakwald harbours a great many veins of wyrdling stone beneath the forest mulch. Mutation is rife amongst the ranks of those that dwell there. The Bestigors sport the most impressive horns and the Chaos Warhounds the longest and sharpest fangs. The warherds of the Drakwald are accompanied by great numbers of bestial Chaos Spawn. Such creatures might once have been mighty chieftains or perhaps shamans that drew too deeply of the Winds of Magic, only to be twisted into grotesque new forms by their uncaring masters. When war comes and the herds gather, the Spawn answer the call along with the other Beastmen, shambling and thrashing from their forest lairs in response to some long-forgotten instinct.

**"The Beastmen; they consume order
and spit out Chaos in its place."**

Of all the tribes of the Drakwald, it is the Skrinderkin Herd that is most famous for the number of Chaos Spawn that joins it in battle. These repugnant, blade-limbed creatures share the same skin, fur and horn colouration as the tribe's Gors, so must presumably



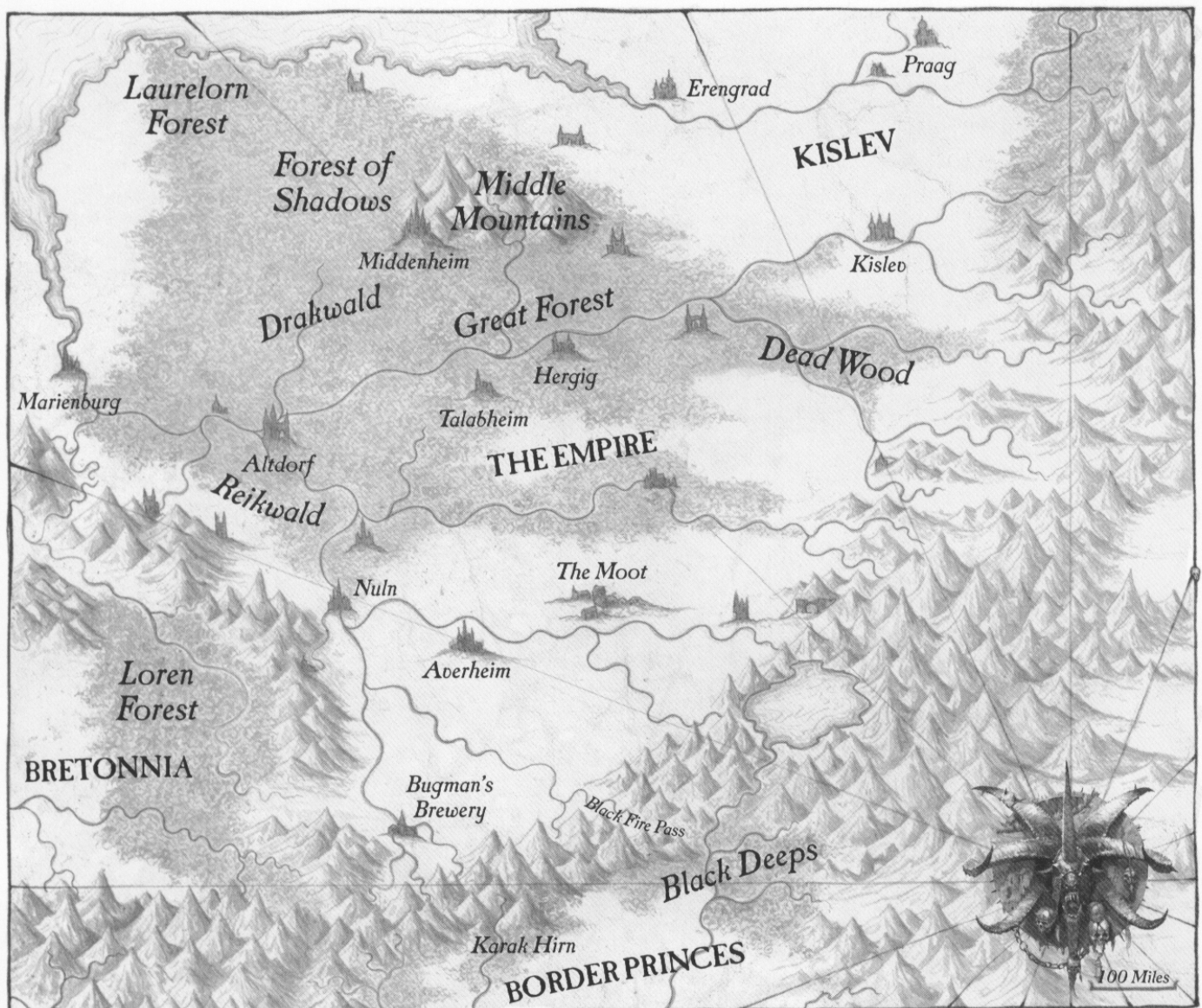
have been members of the same herd that have remained with their kin rather than fleeing or being driven off when Chaos overcame their bodies. Indeed, one of these Spawn must once have borne the chieftain's own banner to war, for it still brandishes high a ragged flag, its shaft fused into distended claw, while it bellows a deafening, slack-jawed war cry.



Despite its location, the wars fought in and around this blasted forest of the Drakwald are not only against the Men of the Empire, for the Beastmen often encounter Skaven intruding upon their territory. The ratmen seek the numerous fragments of warpstone littered about the region. The Skaven maintain a network of tunnels

said to stretch to every corner of the globe, and many of these surface in the depths of the Drakwald. The Beastmen of the region are ever watchful for signs of the Skaven's activities. The first indication of a Skaven incursion might be a massive subsidence of the forest floor, through which entire trees or rock formations will fall. At such times, mighty armies of Beastmen and Skaven clash, sometimes within earshot of the cities of Men, the defenders stationed on the walls filled with dread at the mysterious, blood-curdling sounds of war echoing from the forest, or seemingly from below their feet.

There are those warherds within the Drakwald that have taken the fight directly to the Skaven. The most infamous of these is the warherd of Ghorroz Burrow-Gorger. After many years of war in the dark, root-infested tunnels beneath the Drakwald, the Burrow-Gorgers have mastered the tactic of starving scores of ravaging Chaos Warhounds and driving them into the Skaven's lairs. As the ratmen emerge fleeing from their warrens in terror, the Bestigors cut them down with mighty axes before collapsing the tunnel entrances on any survivors.



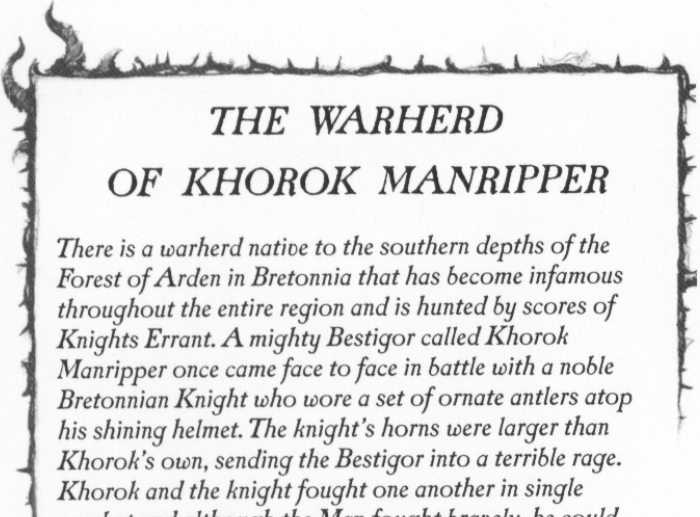


THE BLACK DEEPS

Far to the south is the region known to Man as the Black Mountains, a range of peaks swathed with a thousand-mile long belt of forest through which even the Beastmen travel with caution. These forests, sometimes called the Black Deeps, are haunted by the largest arachnids to be found anywhere in the Old World. The woods are choked thick with their webs. The outskirts of the forests are home to the spider-riding Forest Goblins, for whom the Beastmen of the region harbour a deep and lasting contempt.



The Beastmen that live in these dark woods have long ago adapted to the unique environment, for those unable to avoid or defeat the giant hunting spiders of the region soon perish. Many of these, such as the Shadowgor Warherd, sport fur as dark as the surrounding woods, have acute hearing and have actually developed limited immunity to the spiders' venom. Some bear weapons made from serrated spider limbs, coated with poison brewed from the creature's blood and cursed by the spells of the Bray-Shamans.



THE WARHERD OF KHOROK MANRIPPER

There is a warherd native to the southern depths of the Forest of Arden in Bretonnia that has become infamous throughout the entire region and is hunted by scores of Knights Errant. A mighty Bestigor called Khorok Manripper once came face to face in battle with a noble Bretonnian Knight who wore a set of ornate antlers atop his shining helmet. The knight's horns were larger than Khorok's own, sending the Bestigor into a terrible rage. Khorok and the knight fought one another in single combat and although the Man fought bravely, he could only hold back the Bestigor's relentless assault for so long. Striking the deathblow, Khorok beheaded the Man, and brandished high his decapitated head. His rotten heart consumed by indignation, Khorok snapped the antlers from the knight's battered helm and later on, after the battle was won, bound them to his own horns. Soon, the entire tribe had taken to bearing Bretonnian symbols and banners in crude mockery of everything that the Knights of fair Bretonnia hold dear.

NUMBERS UNCOUNTED


The Beastmen of the Reikwald are especially virile, and for some unknown reason reproduce at a far greater rate than the warherds of other regions. Indeed, the forests echo to disturbing calls, mingled with the cries of those foolish enough to intrude upon the Beastmen's realm. The woodlands are, in places, teeming with Beastmen, and each herd must compete with the next for domination of the hunting grounds. The Ungors in particular are especially numerous, so much so that there exist entire tribes of the smaller Beastmen. These tribes contain a great many changelings and turnskins; Beastmen born of human parents that have been driven out of their own societies and later fled to the woodlands. Although such peculiar creatures would have little chance of attaining a position of strength amongst the Gors, they often come to dominate tribes of Ungors, leading them in endless, bitter wars against the humans that cast them out. The population of a town overrun by Ungors will be put to death in the most horrifying manner possible, the inhuman creatures inflicting ever more severe tortures upon the flesh of their enemies.

Conversely, the woodlands of the north-west of the Empire that border the bleak wastes around Marienburg are almost devoid of Men and other prey animals. Many of the tribes of this region make extensive use of chariots, for their blood-grounds extend hundreds of miles across the plains to the distant sea. Any Men who would cross the open wastes must be ever vigilant for the fast moving, chariot-riding warherds. These have been known to encircle and entrap entire armies, cutting down the cornered foe with cruel blades and dragging others behind their chariots to be sacrificed before the herdstones.

HONOUR DEFILED

In the north of Bretonnia lies the Forest of Arden. It is claimed by the Beastmen of that region that they grow larger and fiercer than others of their kind. There is truth to this boast, and it is certainly the case that the warherds of the region contain a disproportionate number of Bestigors. These elite Beastmen band together and actively seek out the mightiest of foes against which they can prove themselves. Even in times of relative inaction these Bestigors are continuously engaged in bloody battle-rituals against one another, honing their skills, building their strength and weeding out those not tough enough to survive. When such warherds go to war, even the flower of Bretonnia's knighthood thinks twice about engaging them.

The chronicles of Bretonnia recount many occasions when the warherds of the Forest of Arden have risen up from their dark abode and made war upon the surrounding lands. It is at times like this that the knightly lords of Bretonnia must ride out to meet the seething hordes swarming across their estates, only to see their finest warriors dragged from their mounts and ripped to pieces by clawed, screaming Beastmen. Many times, the Beastmen have defeated the Bretonnian armies in the field, forcing their foes to retreat to the



temporary safety of their mighty castles. Even then, they are not safe. The shamans call forth the largest beasts of the woods – the berserker Ghorgons, lumbering Cygors or rank forest-shamblers – to assail the fortress. When there are mighty citadel gates to be battered down, teams of Beastmen steal forth in the night and mount the skull of a gargantuan Ramhorn upon the portal. The Bray-Shamans then summon another of these dim-witted but immensely powerful beasts who, seeing the horns of what it takes to be a rival, charge into the citadel gates with such unstoppable force that they are splintered into kindling, allowing the Beastmen horde to surge through in its wake. Fortunately for the men of Bretonnia, successful instances of harnessing a Ramhorn are rare, for were they more common, the fair lands of Bretonnia would have been trampled beneath the hooves of the brayherds many centuries ago.

BLACK FIRE PASS


The vast majority of Beastmen warherds travel around their own blood-grounds, unleashing devastating wars upon enemies they consider intruders upon the lands. Within these regions, no enemy is immune from attack, no matter how entrenched. There are some warherds, however, that stay within a much smaller territory, knowing that fresh meat will come to them. The warherds of the south, for example, are a curse upon any who would navigate Black Fire Pass.

This wide valley provides a route from the southern Empire to the lands to the south-west, such as Tilea and Estalia, as well as being part of the perilous trade routes to the far east. Not only that, but it is also an ancient invasion route used by the greenskins of the Badlands and a host of other fell races from the Land of the Dead and the Dark Lands. Though the Beastmen are a constant threat to any who travel the pass, it is when entire armies of their foes attempt to traverse what the Beastmen regard as their own territory that the warherds gather in enormous numbers. On numerous occasions, an army has fought its way to Black Fire Pass, defeating numerous enemies along the way, only to find the pass choked with countless thousands of Beastmen.



THE ENEMY WITHIN

The nobles of the Empire maintain many isolated hunting lodges in the woodlands of the Reikwald, and forbid common men from hunting there. It is rumoured that hidden away in these lodges, covens of these nobles and ladies of the court engage in forbidden worship of the Ruinous Powers and cavort with the Beastmen around raging pyres when Morrslieb is full. Such fraternisation may eventually extend to acts of outright treachery. Many are the times a walled town's gate has been unbarred in the middle of the night, allowing a Beastman horde to overrun defenders who believed themselves safely tucked away from the horrors of the forests.



THE MINOTAUR TRIBES

Of all the woodlands of the Old World, the Forest of Shadows is home to the largest concentration of Minotaurs. These gore-drunk beasts are so numerous in that they form entire tribes united under powerful Gorebulls and Doombulls. Such tribes contain scant numbers of Bestigors, for few lesser Beastmen will ever grow mighty enough to challenge a Minotaur lord for leadership of a tribe. The Minotaur tribes may be attended by hundreds of Ungors, however, who scrape and fawn around the huge Minotaurs, stealing scraps of flesh from the ground all the while. In battle the Ungors range ahead of the Minotaurs, taunting enemies they have no chance of beating in honest combat. When such enemies give chase, the Ungors flee back towards the Minotaurs, evil grins upon their twisted faces. The slaughter that ensues is truly horrifying.

When a Doombull calls the Beastmen herds to war, none can be in any doubt that a terrible bloodbath will ensue. At such a time the monstrous lord's craving for carnage becomes infectious. Each Minotaur tribe in the area instinctively joins the stampede. Every Wargor feels the palpable rise in bloodlust within his own warband and is wise to follow suit, lest a younger, more aggressive Beastman challenge his supremacy. The other beasts of the forests are caught up in the rampage too – Harpies, Razorgors and the towering Ghorgons are all consumed with the desperate urge to rip, tear and feast.

THE KALKENGARD LARDER

A well-known tale in the townships around the Forest of Shadows concerns a Minotaur known to the Beastmen as Ragush of the Bloody Horn. This particular Doombull is a monstrous giant even amongst his kind, and he has become a legend amongst man and beast alike throughout the region. Ragush is known for his acts of supreme barbarity, the most infamous of which was perpetrated at the town of Kalkengard. Here the Doombull gathered a mighty horde of Beastmen, including hundreds of Minotaurs, each armed with a pair of jagged cleavers. In a single night of bloodshed the warherd destroyed the town, tore down its buildings and slaughtered or burnt all of its defenders. So many of the population were slain that not even Ragush and his kind could consume them all in a single night. Having gluttled himself on the choicest meat, the Doombull ordered the remaining corpses to be hung upside down from the trees and rock spires all around the town, forming not only a grisly monument to the Doombull's prowess but also a larder to which Ragush and his followers could return whenever the taste for flesh came upon them. Ever since that day the grounds around the remnants of the town have been known as the Kalkengard Larder, and some say that not all of the meat hanging from the trees is yet dead.

THE HEART OF THE DARK

There is a place referred to in hushed tones by the Cloven Ones as the Heart of the Dark. The exact location of this place is never spoken of, but the Bray-Shamans claim that all beast-paths ultimately lead toward it. Many Beastmen undergo a pilgrimage of sorts, following the secret ways until they eventually reach their destination. The sun never rises over the Heart of the Dark. At its centre is the mightiest herdstone in the whole of the world, resonating with malignant power. Bray-Shamans chain themselves to its pitted surface, the better to absorb the raw energy and receive visions from the gods (or else devolve into mutated Spawn).

At the herdstone's base is a twisted mass of huge roots resembling the spilled guts of a Sky-Titan. In amongst the roots is a network of stinking tunnels populated not only by Beastmen, but also other, nameless things. Hideous rites are enacted in these terrible depths, and each full moon a thousand captives are fed into a gaping, gnashing maw at the very foundation of the herdstone. This horrendous meal seems to re-energise the fell monolith and its warping magic reaches out hundreds of leagues into the forest about. The ancient trees twist and move into strange forms, encroaching on roads and towns. Men suffer evil dreams. Priests are plagued with temptation. Every beast feels a primal urge to kill and destroy, and the Cloven Ones march to war.



THE PLACE OF BLOOD

The shamans of the warherds of the Drakwald tell a great many tales of a time when the Beastmen first encountered another offspring of the Dark Gods – the Skaven, man-rats that walk upon two legs and crave above all else warpstone, the solid essence of Chaos itself. That first battle was but the opening in a war that rages to this very day.

The tale is recounted when the warherds of the Drakwald gather in a clearing divided by a mighty chasm, known as the Place of Blood. The clearing, it is said, was once dominated by a herdstone so proud and magnificent that its jagged form reared above the canopy to pierce the very clouds. One night, the Bray-Shamans were preparing to sacrifice a screeching, black-furred creature that the Beastlord Magok the Stone-Horn had brought down with a well-placed axe throw. As the ritual neared its climax and the offering was at hand, a terrible moaning went up from the ground. Suddenly the herdstone lurched sideways. Surely the Children of Chaos must have displeased the Dark Gods greatly.

The Stone-Horn stepped towards the herdstone of the Place of Blood, a deep growl building in his throat. As he neared the stone, it trembled and then lurched, and fell through the earth in an instant. Magok the Stone-Horn found himself standing at the very edge of a wide, gaping precipice, his grim-set features lit from below by the sickly green luminescence that pulsed and writhed from its depths.

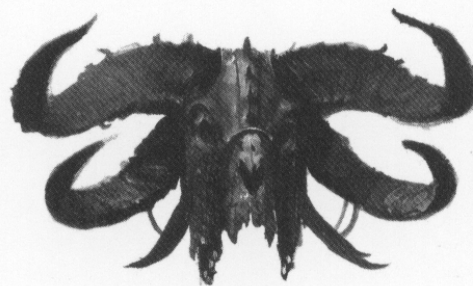
Magok the Stone-Horn's heart was consumed with a black rage that the Place of Blood should have been defiled in such a manner, for it was holy in the eyes of the Ruinous Powers. Magok saw that the creature whose blood and entrails the Bray-Shamans had been about to offer up the Dark Gods had gnawed through its bonds and had escaped into the dark, yawning chasm. The herds gathered about the hole, glowering bitterly into its actinic depths.



A great discordance rose up, the sound of every verminous thing that crawls beneath the roots of the world screeching a challenge in unison. The herds sent up their own savage war cry in answer. Magok the Stone-Horn took up his great, serrated axe and leaped from the lip of the ragged chasm, plummeting into the green-lit depths, a terrible bellow of fury echoing upwards to inflame the burning hatred in the breast of every Beastman that heard it. As one, the warherd of Magok the Stone-Horn followed their chieftain into that great glowing wound in the earth.

The shamans tell many different stories of what followed, though all of them agree that of the Beastmen who threw themselves into that hellish chasm, barely a handful returned, and Magok the Stone-Horn was not amongst their number. One of these stories tells of the battle Magok fought against a hunchbacked creature with ragged white fur and eyes aglow with red balefire. Seeing in this opponent one truly deserving of

his wrath, Magok cleaved a bloody path through a hundred and more lowly rat-warriors before charging the red-eyed sorcerer. The battle that followed, it is told, saw the Stone-Horn match his savagery against the twisted magics of the rat-leader, each proving the equal of the other, until finally Magok's axe clove in two his opponent's staff. With that blow, it is said that the rat-creature's powers fled from his body, and the next cut the Skaven leader in half from brow to loin.



Other tales describe all manner of foul rat-like creatures infesting a dark labyrinth of freshly dug tunnels. The Beastmen discovered masses of rat-slaves labouring to drag forth great, glowing chunks of wyrdling rock from the base of the herdstone. They butchered every last one of them. Even as the ratmen fought, the tales say, they gnawed upon glowing chunks of the stone. Twisting mutations wracked their stinking bodies with hideous deformities that turned even the weakest of the rat creatures into chattering beasts of tooth and claw. But as the Beastmen fed on those they had slain, they too began to warp and change. They knew then that the favour of the gods was truly with them, and the slaughter started anew.

The Beastmen also discovered hugely obese and pallid monstrosities, blind and hairless, yet possessed of multiple scything claws as capable of cutting rock as opening the Beastmen's guts. The Minotaurs of the tribe sought these creatures out for their meat, bending almost double to pass down cramped passages and engage in brutal melee in the darkness. The Bray-Shamans tell that despite swallowing whole scores of Beastmen in their gaping, slavering maws, the pale burrow-creatures were sent screaming back to whatever hell had spawned them, or else butchered, chewed and swallowed down into the Minotaurs' rancid gullets.

More and more Beastman chieftains led their tribes from miles about in the forest to descend into the darkness, and so the fighting continued in the depths of the earth for a full year. Not one of the vermin emerged again from the chasm they had opened beneath the herdstone of the Place of Blood, nor have they done so to this day.

These and many more tales of the war against the Skaven are told beneath the Chaos Moon as the herds gather to remember the fearless Beastlord Magok the Stone-Horn. At the height of the gathering, the assembled Beastmen pick up their crude axes and man-cleavers and descend into the chasm to slay and burn just as the Stone-Horn tribe did in ages past. In this way the Beastmen of the Drakwald ensure the war against the Skaven never truly ends.







THE DAYS OF WRATH

The Beastmen are creatures consumed by hatred for all other races, and wage a constant war against them – a war that escalates with every passing day.

THE SEED OF HATE

The Beastmen's long war has raged year in and year out since the disparate tribes of Men united under Sigmar. Prior to that time the Beastmen were the undisputed masters of their realm, and all creatures within it were their prey. It is to this state that the Beastmen would return the world.

By way of black coercion and riotous demagoguery the Bray-Shamans subtly and deliberately guide the warherds, and by extension the entire race, along a twisting path towards an apocalyptic time when every Beastman in the Old World will rise as one. Then, the civilisation of Mankind will be cast down and ground beneath uncounted cloven feet.



The greatest and the most terrible of all the Bray-Shamans is the beast known as Malagor. Hailed as the Dark Omen, Malagor travels widely from warherd to warherd, whispering his insidious, evil counsel to the chieftains and accompanying them to battle against Mankind. Man has learned to fear Malagor as a devil without equal, and even the merest sign of his presence can send the defenders of a town into the cold embrace of terror, robbing their will to fight.

When Malagor takes to the battlefield, the direst of blasphemies are sure to be enacted upon those who dare to face him. It was Malagor who ripped in two the state colours of the army of Averland; who cast down the statue of Sigmar Ascendant from atop the greatest temple in Altdorf, crushing the congregation; who drenched a hundred maddened Flagellants in oil and set them afire in the Church of Grunberg, burning down the building along with half of the town; who caused the waters of the Stir to flood and boil as the Knights Griffon forded it near Wurtbad, cooking each within his armour.

Having defeated his enemies on the field of battle, Malagor calls forth great, shambling, vine-swathed Forest Giants. These he compels to pound Man's towns to dust so that no trace of artifice or hated civilisation presence remains. Before the next moon rises, twisted and thorny vegetation has crawled forth and reclaimed the land where once proud temples and soaring castle walls stood. Recently, Malagor has been offering his fell counsel to the mighty chieftain Khazrak the One-eye, a dire portent indeed for all of the Men of the Drakwald and indeed far beyond.

THE BEAST RISES

While the shamans stoke the fires of hatred, it is the chieftains who enact the dark purpose of the Beastmen. It is within the savage hearts of these beasts that the will and the power to unite the warherds lie. It is the Beastlords who challenge the leaders of the civilised races for possession of the world, engaging them in battle as a predator fighting a rival for dominance of a hunting ground.

Of all the chieftains that lead the warherds, by far the greatest scourge upon Mankind is Khazrak the One-eye. Since taking control of his warherd, Khazrak has roamed the Drakwald terrorising human towns, keeps and even cities. There are towns in the Drakwald that Khazrak has destroyed so utterly that the forest has entirely reclaimed the land, roads that once led to bustling settlements now petering off into the undergrowth without explanation. It is said that the Emperor's cartographers can scarcely keep up with the devastation Khazrak is wreaking across the Drakwald, their maps rendered obsolete as more and more towns are destroyed.

THE NIGHT OF THE MAD

In the south of the Reikwald is to be found the town of Frederheim, a once-prosperous settlement dominated by a massive, walled sanatorium that is maintained by the followers of the human goddess Shallya. The Beastmen of the surrounding woods harboured a special hatred for the rearing walls of the Frederheim Hospice, and plotted its downfall for many seasons.

One midwinter, a Bray-Shaman called Skull-Gave cast a terrible spell as the Chaos Moon waxed in the night sky. The shaman's braying echoed across the lands, penetrating the nightmares of every Man for miles about. The lunatics of the sanatorium were stirred into a frenzy by the disturbing words, and turned upon their keepers. At that very moment, a Beastman horde ten-thousand-strong burst from the benighted forest and overran Frederheim, slaying its defenders and feasting upon their corpses beneath the gibbous Chaos Moon.

It is said that the inmates of the Sanatorium welcomed the Beastmen as saviours, rushing to embrace them in gratitude for their freedom. Most were butchered by the blood-mad Gors, but others, those who imitated the Beastmen and fell to devouring the corpses of their keepers, were allowed to live. It is said that amongst the Ungors of the Reikwald there still run ragged lunatics who crave the taste of flesh as much as any Minotaur.

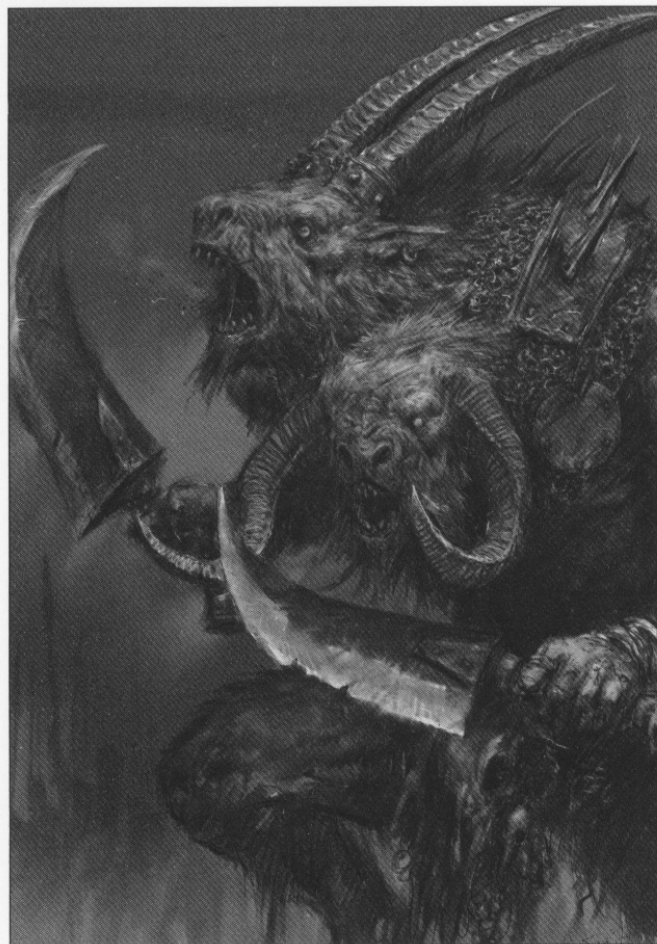
In the Reikwald, the Beastmen glare jealously from the eaves of the forest, plotting the downfall of the hated, mighty-walled city of Altdorf that rises so high above the trees. Mankind believes he is safe in the environs of the city, and each year the farmers of the surrounding lands fell more trees and clear the forest back yet further. But the chieftains of the warherds of the Reikwald are merely biding their time, launching devastating assaults upon the outlying settlements in order to weaken the lands of Man and terrorise his peoples. On occasion, an especially bold Beastlord has united the warherds of the Reikwald and led them against the city itself. Although the Beastmen have yet to succeed in overrunning Altdorf, the Bray-Shamans believe that it is only a matter of time before the city is surrounded, cut off and eventually starved into submission by the numerous warherds of the region.

THE HARBINGER

It was in the Reikwald that the Ripper-Horn tribes committed a blasphemy that cost the lives of uncounted humans from the settlements west of Bogenhafen along the lower Reik. A previously unknown Bray-Shaman heralded as the 'Harbinger of the Beast' appeared one night before a gathering of the tribes' shamans. Claiming he could impart upon the shamans the power to defeat Mankind once and for all, the Harbinger presided over a ceremony so powerful and extensive that it shattered the herdstone before which it was enacted. In its place there appeared a darkly glowing portal through which a thousand ravening fiends exploded, slaying the shamans but heeding the commands of the Harbinger. The Harbinger then gathered the Ripper-Horn tribes and initiated three days and three nights of slaughter. As dawn came on the fourth day the Daemons faded and disappeared, yet it is said that periodically the Harbinger of the Beast returns and in trade for the lives of seven shamans of the Ripper-Horn tribes, unleashes the Daemons of the Realm of Chaos upon the Men of the Empire.

THE BRASS BULL

It is not just the warherds of the Gors and Ungors that are rising up in greater numbers than ever before. All across Talabecland there spread legends of a giant bull-headed fiend with a body of living brass. It is told that this monstrous warrior marches at the head of a column of armoured Minotaurs fully a mile long, and that whenever the scent of flesh is carried upon the wind, the column breaks into a stampede. The tales are corroborated by sentries across the Old World who have seen the forests scarred and torn down by the Minotaur army's rampage as it passes below. Outriders following this trail of devastation on the swiftest of horses have reported its passage through and over market towns, armoured barracks, Flagellant camps, sacred temples and riverside wharfs, leaving nothing but ruin and great smears of blood that extend out of the other side of each site for many leagues. Of the inhabitants of these unfortunate locales there is invariably no sign other than the odd scattered boot or broken sword. Most disturbing of all, the outriders swear that the Brass Bull's army is heading directly for Talabheim, and growing larger with each passing week.



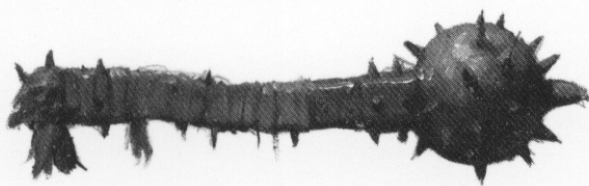
THE EMPIRE OF THE BEAST

If the Old World could be glimpsed from above, it would appear much as an ocean of forest dotted with specks of flickering light. The cities of Men are little more than lonely islands rising out of this untamed sea, their nations nothing more than scattered archipelagos. Surrounding each city, town and village is an impenetrable mass of ancient and gnarled forest, within which uncounted horrors lurk. To stray even a short distance from the few roads that cross the forest is to invite death at the hands and teeth of any one of the myriad of nameless things that call it home. Most dangerous of all of these denizens are the Beastmen, for the Children of Chaos do not simply wait for their prey to wander into the benighted woodlands – they emerge from the forests and seek out their enemies, no matter how tall the walls behind which they hide.

So much of the Empire of Man is swathed in forest, and so many Beastmen dwell within that realm, that it could be considered a nation within a nation. When the Beastmen rise up and invade the lands of Men, they do so not as an army that must fight its way across a defended border, but as one already surrounding its foe's last redoubts. The Empire must garrison every single village, town and city and patrol every road and river, for otherwise the warherds of the forest will strike where and when they please, plunging their blades directly into the heart of the Empire.

THE RAVAGES OF GORTHOR

Many are the chieftains that have risen to power over the Beastmen, uniting warherds from across the forests and launching devastating invasions against the hated lands of Man. The names of many of these Beastlords live on, hewn into the rock of the herdstones by the Beastmen, recorded in the annals of the Empire's history, or lamented in the chronicles and tapestries of Bretonnia. There are those Beastlords of such potent savagery that their invasions have threatened to bring even the greatest of nations to their very knees. The names of such individuals are roared by the Beastmen with animalistic power when they gather about the herdstones, and they strike fear into the heart of the lands of Men. The most well-known of these is Gorthor, whose name in the Dark Tongue means 'cruel'.



Gorthor rose to power in the Middle Mountains when the armies of the human nations of the Old World were engaged in Crusades against the far-off lands of Araby. Gorthor was a nigh-unstoppable warrior, yet there was something of the shaman about him too. He was possessed of an apocalyptic vision of a world in which the lands of men were trampled under the hooves of the Beastmen, the skies above were turned black with smoke from burning cities, and the air filled with woeful lamentations. Gorthor not only possessed this vision, but the sheer, animal ferocity to instil it in others of his kind, and so he soon became a great leader of Beastmen and a prophet of Chaos. At first many challenged him, and the Bray-Shamans say that the tally of those he defeated in the challenge rose so high that they abandoned the count. In time, Gorthor's reputation spread, and no more would come to challenge him again.

After a particularly violent kill, Gorthor would sometimes fall into a trance and commune with the Chaos Powers. Afterwards he would preach to the assembled herds that the spread of Man deeply offended the Chaos Gods. Only by destroying every human settlement in the land could the Ruinous Powers be properly appeased.

Gorthor travelled from herdstone to herdstone, gathering ever more Beastmen under his banner. To a Beastman the warherds followed him, and each vowed before their unholy gods to follow him to the death. Soon he commanded a horde of uncounted thousands. Gorthor set his army to work. For many months they prepared, building crude chariots, luring flocks of Harpies with corpses so that they followed his hordes, and gathering the Chaos beasts that roamed the Middle Mountains. Finally, Gorthor was ready for war.

Like an unrelenting storm, the Beastman horde broke upon the unsuspecting humans of the lands about the Middle Mountains, those that Men called Ostland and Hochland. This time Beastmen did not come to plunder or pillage. They came to destroy the northern provinces once and for all.

Ostland was the first to suffer the wrath of Gorthor and his horde. Sweeping eastwards down from the Middle Mountains, the horde stretched from one horizon to the other. At its head was Gorthor himself, riding upon his chariot, his own warherd similarly mounted. Razorgors the size of mammoths parted the horde before them and made the ground quake with their tread. Amongst the swarming Gors there strode thick-set Minotaurs, the promise of fresh meat sending them into a terrible frenzy. Even larger than the Minotaurs were whole packs of soul-eating Cygors and the berserker giants known as Ghorgons, summoned to join the horde by the magics of Gorthor's Bray-Shamans. These, and other, indefinable gargantuan creatures waded through the horde, towering above it such that a man would see their coming from far away and know that his doom was at hand.

Gorthor left a trail of destruction in his wake. Such was the terror inspired by Gorthor and his horde that Men claimed he was a Daemon lord given form. Men, women and children were butchered without mercy. Towns and castles were razed to the ground, and pillars of smoke scored the skies. No army that stood before the horde achieved anything more than providing the Minotaurs with yet more fresh meat to gulp down, and the Harpies and Warhounds uncounted bones to gnaw.

Each night, the Beastmen feasted on fat chunks of raw flesh and drank great drafts of human blood. The unruly chanting of millions of Gors rolled across the land, striking terror into the hearts of those whose homes lay before the horde. It seemed that Gorthor was determined to finish Mankind once and for all. After each battle the mighty Beastlord always spared a single man, who was fated to carry the news to others and spread panic in the face of the oncoming armies.



Leaving Ostland devastated in his wake, the skies behind him wreathed in black smoke and filled with Harpies quarrelling over the last scraps of meat, Gorthor led the ravening herds south, into the province of Hochland.

And yet, before the Middle Mountains had even receded from view behind his horde, Gorthor found his path blocked by another foe. This time, it was not an army of Men that stood before him, but a mighty horde of Black Orcs, each taller and broader than a full-grown Gor and armoured in black plate. Gorthor was granted a revelation by the Chaos Gods, and knew that the massive Orc Warlord facing him sought to deny his right to despoil the lands of the Old World. Gorthor must prove himself against this enemy before the gods would allow him to continue.

With a braying war cry that echoed from the distant Middle Mountains, Gorthor ordered his horde to charge. With an answering roar of his own, the Black Orc warlord spurred his own army forward. In an instant, the two hordes smashed together. There was no strategy to the battle, no finesse; both armies sought nothing more than to grind the other to pulp through brute strength and sheer numbers. As the two hordes melded into a raging morass of flesh and steel, both war leaders came face to face at the epicentre of the swirling storm of bloodshed.



The Black Orc Warlord towered over even the mighty Gorthor, yet the Beastlord knew with utter conviction that the power of the Dark Gods was his. Even as Gorthor invoked the forbidden names of the Chaos Gods, the Black Orc bellowed to its own, crude deities, and the duel began.

It is said that none dared near the ensuing combat, for even to approach it was to risk dismemberment or trampling under iron-shod boot or sharpened hoof. Every blow that was struck would have cleaved a lesser foe in two, yet despite the score of wounds Gorthor inflicted on the Black Orc, the growling brute came on. And then, Gorthor was struck by another fleeting vision – this was not simply another enemy that he fought. It was a challenger, one who sought to usurp his position as the deliverer of Mankind's extinction. Fuelled by the same strength that had ensured his supremacy in the warherds, Gorthor redoubled his assault. He gripped his huge spear in both hands, bringing it around in a wide arc that struck the mighty Black Orc hard in the side of its ugly head. The spear entered its pointed ear, spitting its skull as it passed out of the other side. The Black Orc roared in denial of Gorthor's victory before its eyes crossed and it sank to its knees, pitching onto the muddy ground. Gorthor stomped the corpse flat.

Seeing their Warlord slain in such a manner, the remainder of the Orc horde fell into anarchy and confusion. The Beastmen, however, were spurred on by Gorthor's victory and, emboldened by their leader's cries of triumph, cut the Orcs down until not one of the greenskins remained alive upon the field of battle.

The battle against the Black Orcs gave the humans valuable time in which to gather their forces. The Elector Count of Ostland sent what forces he had remaining to join with the defenders of Hochland, in the hope that the combined force would somehow be enough to halt their foe. But the Ostlanders were attacked and defeated by a band of Beastmen who had been ordered by Gorthor to watch the roads from the east, for he was granted a vision that revealed a trap closing around him. Knowing that his flank was now unchallenged, Gorthor took the horde further south, cutting a trail of devastation across Hochland. His destination was soon clear: Gorthor was marching against Hergig, the capital of Hochland itself.

Meanwhile, the armies of Hochland were marshalled under the Elector Count Mikael Ludendorf. A ruthless man who ruled his province with an iron fist, Ludendorf was feared rather than admired by his men. During those dark days it was perhaps better to have a merciless leader to match the savagery of Gorthor.

With so many of Mikael's elite warriors away fighting in the Crusades, the forces of Hochland lacked heavy cavalry and elite infantry. The defenders knew they had no hope of matching Gorthor's horde on the open field of battle. Ludendorf ignored the pleas of his subjects to save the countryside from the ravages of the Beastmen, and instead busied himself with strengthening the defences of the provincial capital. The defenders were divided into two contingents. The first group, mostly mounted Pistoliers and Outriders, were to fight a rearguard against the horde. The other half were to prepare the defences of Hergig. The Count supervised the preparations personally. Under his watchful gaze the men and women of Hergig slaved with little sleep or food. Many died of exhaustion and those who tried to flee were executed as traitors.

The hunting grounds around Hergig were filled with cunning traps and snares. Outlying wells were poisoned and livestock brought into the city; those animals that could not be sheltered were butchered and burnt so that the Beastmen could not use them for food. The forests around Hergig were torched to create a killing ground for archers. Iron cooking pots, plowshares and the bells of the shrines were melted down and used to make weapons.



When Gorthor's horde arrived, they found the preparations complete. It took the Beastmen three weeks of unremitting fighting to break through the fiendish defences the Men had prepared. Meanwhile the workshops and forges of Hergig burned red hot as smiths and engineers laboured to make even more war engines and weapons.

Frustrated with the stubborn resistance of the humans, Gorthor promised his herds that he would let them have the entire population of the city to feast upon as soon as it was taken. He would take none for himself save the head of his rival, Count Mikael. The Beastmen redoubled their efforts in barbarous anticipation of the victory and the feast it would bring.



So it was that on one terrible night, twenty-two days after the siege had begun, the gates of Hergig splintered before the battering ram charge of a dozen barn-sized Razorgors. The horde poured into the city after them as a flood breaching a dam. The braying herds sought out the defenders wherever they were to be found, making little or no distinction between soldiers and citizens. In no time at all, many of the buildings within the walls were ablaze and the fighting boiled down to a series of savage, running battles in which individual townhouses became bastions and open streets became killing grounds.

Slavering Chaos Warhounds fought the Count's hunting dogs, and Harpies engaged in bitter aerial melee against noble hunting birds and elite griffon riders. The air soon became full of terrifying shrieks and cries as hawks, eagles, falcons and griffons snapped and ripped the flesh of their hideous foes.

Far below, resistance collapsed before the terrifying stampede of the Minotaurs. The Greatswords of Hochland were the only warriors with the courage to face them. A handful of Minotaurs were hamstringed by the warriors' double-handed blades, before their skulls were split in turn by the gigantic axes of the bull-headed creatures. Tuskgor Chariots rode down the brave but perhaps foolish spearmen who stood resolute before them. Masses of Gors overran the entrenched war engines of the city and butchered the crew, even though hundreds of Beastmen were blasted apart or mowed down in the process. Hochland Marksmen shot at the Beastmen leaders from hidden windows high above the streets, but Harpies pulled them from their hideaways and tore them apart. Priests of Ulric and Sigmar tried to outdo each other by attacking the Beastmen with ever-greater displays of holy wrath, but the Bray-Shamans rallied the warherds and drove them ever onwards.

For three days and three nights the battle raged on, with no quarter being asked for, or given. In the end the Beastmen finally drove most of the defenders out of the city's south gate,

and slaughtered those who remained. They were victorious but their casualties were horrendous. At least half of the horde was either dead or seriously wounded. Most of their chariots were crushed by stones thrown from the walls or broken in the savage street battles.

With only a handful of troops left, Count Mikael withdrew to his palace. He ordered the archers on the walls to shoot with flaming arrows, and soon every building not already set ablaze by the Beastmen was burning at the hands of the defenders. Hundreds of Beastmen, along with many civilians hiding in the cellars and attics, were roasted alive. The Count appeared not to care – there was no place in his city for those who would not fight.

When his councillor suggested surrender, Mikael flew into a rage. He sent the man to Gorthor, saying that he was more a Beastman than a true son of Hochland. Gorthor offered the man freedom if he betrayed his lord and let the Beastmen into the palace. The councillor, loyal to his liege lord to the last, refused and was eaten alive by Gorthor himself.

The Beastmen could already taste the victory feast of manflesh, the scent of burning meat thick in the air, while the defenders knew their time was up. Both sides prepared for one last, great battle. After many days of preparation, Gorthor's entire horde had mustered before the gates of the Count's palace. The city's central square and the streets all about were packed with Beastmen, while Cygors and Ghorgons reared above the buildings, smashing apart the flimsy structures in their hunger for the meat of their foes.

Then, as the sun rose, the battle took on a new and dramatic turn. The earth suddenly began to shake under the heavy hooves of warhorses. Knights of the Order of the Blazing Sun galloped through the streets of Hergig. They had returned from Araby and, upon hearing of the Beastman army threatening the hinterland of the Empire, immediately rode to the aid of the defenders of Hochland.



The knights rode into the rear of the seething Beastman horde. These men were veterans of the wars of Araby, and led by their Grand Master Heinrich, they crushed warherd after warherd with their long lances and hungry swords. In an attempt to meet the new threat, Gorthor ordered his retainers to turn to face the newcomers. Seizing his chance, Mikael led his own reserves to battle. The Beastmen were caught between the hammer and the anvil and Gorthor knew that his cause was doomed unless he acted swiftly.

Standing atop the ruins of a shattered statue of a long-dead Emperor, surrounded by a hundred of his Bestigor, Gorthor raised his arms to the storm-wracked skies. He bellowed to the Chaos Powers to guide him while the battle raged all around,

howling incantations in the Dark Tongue of Chaos. Knowing then that the gaze of the Dark Gods was upon him, he ordered his Bestigors to get him as close to Count Mikael as possible. The brutal Beastmen cut a red swathe through the battle until the Beastlord saw the Elector Count resplendent in his ancestral armour. Gorthor stepped forward and challenged Count Mikael to single combat. Dismissing the pleas of his captains, the Count accepted.



For almost an hour the two fought on the great palace steps. Both the enemy armies paused, near exhaustion, waiting for the outcome of duel – the Beastmen braying and barking with bloodlust, the Men silent, anxious and desperate. It seemed that the Elector Count would surely fall before the fury of the gigantic Beastlord, yet time and again he somehow parried Gorthor's incessant attacks. Then Gorthor struck such a heavy blow that the Count's shield was splintered and his ancient armour rent in two. Gorthor's spear pierced the Count's body, the Beastlord putting all of his strength into lifting the spear high into the air even as the transfixed Mikael slid down its length. At the very instant of Gorthor's victory, the Count's Runefang, his magic blade of office, swept around

almost of its own accord and plunged itself into Gorthor's chest. It seemed that the blessed blade hungrily drank the blood of the monstrous Beastman.

Gorthor the Beastlord and Count Mikael of Hochland died together that instant, each the equal of the other in the judgement of the gods they served. The Beastmen, who had believed their leader invincible, fell back in disarray and scattered into the surrounding countryside. Though many chieftains tried to rally the horde, not one was the equal of Gorthor, and none could arrest its flight. The Men of Hochland were too tired to give chase.

Hochland and Ostland were ultimately to recover, but only slowly, and vast areas around the Middle Mountains were never reclaimed. They remain the domains of the Beastmen, leagues of forest dotted with the ruins of villages and towns shattered and demolished by the Cloven Ones, overgrown and hidden by the trees. Men will not go near these lost settlements, fearing the memory of evil times.

When Men gather and tell the tales of the ravages of Gorthor, they shudder with fear, hoping against hope that the Beastmen will never rise again. But they know in their hearts that within the dark forests of the Empire the Beastmen breed and multiply, and that every year new Beastlords rise up from amongst the herds. One of them will eventually gather the Beastmen warherds together again. Then, the kings and priests of the world will tremble once more before the fury of the Cloven Ones.







THE WARHERD

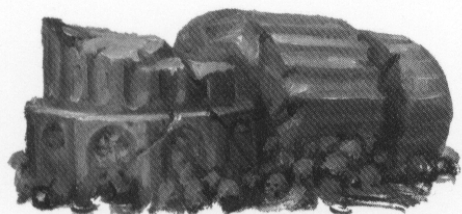
This section of the book details the forces of the Beastman army. It provides the rules necessary to use all the elements of the army in your games of Warhammer. Every character and regiment is described, including some of the most powerful leaders of the bestial hordes such as the legendary Gorthor the Beastlord and Taurox, the Brass Bull. Any special rules that apply to a particular model are given here, including its wargear and any magic items it may carry into battle.

Special Rule: PRIMAL FURY

Goaded on by their chieftains and shamans, and enraged by the presence of intruders on their blood-grounds, the Beastmen become consumed by a savage fury, tearing apart the hated foe.

At the beginning of each round of close combat, each engaged unit with the Primal Fury special rule must take a Leadership test. If the test is passed, that unit is subject to Hatred of all units they are fighting until the end of the close combat phase. They will re-roll failed To Hit rolls even if it is not the first round of combat.

In addition, units that pass their Primal Fury test on a roll of a double 1 are subject to both the effects listed above and the Frenzy rule until the end of the close combat phase. Beastmen may become Frenzied in this way even if they have lost a combat earlier in the battle.



For example, a unit of Gors (Ld 7) charges a unit of Empire Knights. The Gors roll an 8 for their Primal Fury test, which would normally not be enough to confer a benefit. However, the army's general, a Beastlord (Ld 9), is within 12" of the Beastman unit. The Beastmen unit hence passes their Primal Fury test and benefits from Hatred for this round of combat. If the unit had rolled a double 1 for its Leadership test, it would benefit not only from Hatred, but also from Frenzy – and can proceed to tear the enemy into very little pieces!

**"Tear down their totems, befoul their colours!
Kill the kings and burn the priests! Into the
mud with them, break their skulls and eat
their hearts!"**

– Malagor, the Dark Omen

Special Rule: BEASTMAN AMBUSH

Endowed with the cunning of the hunting pack, Beastmen are adept at encircling the enemy army and attacking from an unexpected direction.

You may keep any unit with the Beastman Ambush special rule off table 'in Ambush' at the beginning of the game, provided you have a unit of the same type and of the same size (or larger) that you deploy as normal. For instance, if you had a big scary unit of 40 Gors that you wanted to hold 'in Ambush', you must have another unit of at least 40 Gors to deploy in your main battleline under the normal stipulations of the scenario. Make sure you tell your opponent which units are being held back in this way. It doesn't matter what the two units are armed or upgraded with, just so long as the unit in Ambush doesn't outnumber its opposite number on the board. With the exception of Ungrol Four-Horn, characters cannot be deployed in this way.

To see when and how your Ambushers enter play, roll for each unit in your Remaining Moves phase each turn (including Turn 1!) and consult the following table.

D6	RESULT
1	The Beastmen lose the scent. The unit enters from the table edge of the opponent's choice.
2-3	The unit is still getting into position. Roll again next turn.
4	The unit arrives on the table edge to the Beastman player's left.*
5	The unit arrives on the table edge to the Beastman player's right.*
6	The unit arrives on the table edge of the Beastman player's choice. This means that the unit can arrive directly behind the enemy's troops!

* If for any reason it is not possible to deploy the unit on this table edge, count the result as a roll of 1 instead.

When a unit enters play, you may choose the point on the table edge that it moves on from. The unit can move exactly as if it had pursued an enemy unit off that table edge in a previous turn. Units that do not enter play before the end of the game are counted as killed for the purposes of determining victory conditions.



BEASTLORDS

Leaders of the Raucous Host

The Beastlords of the warherds are hairy, musclebound brutes possessed of a raw and savage might. They carry themselves with swaggering confidence, revelling in their own superiority over lesser beasts. Their thick, hairy skulls are crowned with magnificent sets of horns as sharp and hard as any blade, and their robust and heavily-thewed bodies are covered with scar tissue and crudely rendered tattoos. The threat of violence is implicit in their every gesture. Upon the battlefield a Beastlord is a force of untold destruction, gouging and butchering with horn, blade and claw.

Wargors are the leaders of the warherds, but they give no regard to the concerns of their tribe. They care not how their underlings are fed or how disputes are settled. The only thing the Wargors concern themselves with is battle. Day and night they brood and plot the myriad ways they will enact their race's hatred of Man, the violence they will wreak upon his flesh and the defilement they will heap upon his temples.

The greatest of Wargors may rise still further, dominating not only their own warherds, but those of other Chieftains too. Such an individual is known as a

Beastlord, and will be possessed of a singular, apocalyptic vision, consumed by utter hatred for Man and all his works. He will be counselled by the greatest of Bray-Shamans, who see in him the will of the Dark Gods embodied. It is these Beastlords that gather the tribes and make constant war upon Mankind.



Upon the field of battle the Beastlords lead the warherd from the front, usually accompanied by a retinue of Bestigors. Experts in single combat, they seek out the leaders of the enemy armies, taking brutal satisfaction in smashing the warriors of lesser races into the dirt and taking their heads as grisly trophies. By slaying the leaders of the foe the Beastlords not only prove their supremacy over the civilised races but also gain the notice of the Dark Gods themselves.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Beastlord	5	6	3	5	5	3	5	4	9
Wargor	5	5	3	4	5	2	4	3	8

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury.

Man-bane: When fighting against any unit from the Empire and Bretonnia army books, the Beastlord's (or Wargor's) unit, and any friendly unit in the same combat, may re-roll failed Primal Fury tests.

When a Beastman chieftain is slain in battle, all of his followers mark his passing with raucous feasting around an ancient herdstone. If the dead chieftain is particularly renowned, many warherds may come to the feast and a great brayherd is held.

At the feast the chieftain's corpse is eaten by his followers. The choice body parts are eaten by his oldest and most favoured retainers. The new chieftain consumes his predecessor's heart, gulping it down in one bite to the roars and wild chanting of the others.

The Ungors, on the other hand, will be lucky if they get to chew on a finger.





DOOMBULLS

The Bloodcallers, Fathers of Rage

Doombulls are the strongest and most ferocious of their kind, towering bull-headed and cloven-hoofed beasts almost as broad as they are tall. Little more intelligent than their Minotaur kin, they are instead set above others of their kind by the sheer animal intensity of their hunger for flesh, and their inherent ability to invoke this intense bloodlust in others.

When Morrslieb is full in the sky, the Doombulls roar out a bellowing call that resounds around the forest for many miles, attracting yet more Minotaurs and invoking the bloodgreed that runs through all of their kind. Soon the forest will echo to the thunder of gargantuan hooves as Minotaurs gather by the hundred at the herdstone, pawing the ground in their haste to trample and crush. It is not only Minotaurs who heed the call of the bloodgreed, for sometimes the Beastmen themselves will be swept up in the rush of primal instinct to fight and to feed. As bands of Minotaurs crash through the trees towards the settlements and fortifications of the civilised races, so groups of Gors and other Beastmen follow in their wake, consumed by the desire to wolf down the hot flesh of their enemies.

Though no master of strategy or battle doctrine, a Doombull is capable of leadership, of a sort. It is he that bellows the raw will of the Dark Ones, triggering a terrifying stampede that can only end when the horde's unnatural thirst is quenched with the blood of Man. As the Doombull's army smashes its way through the dark woods, the undergrowth is flattened and trees toppled all around. This is a truly horrifying sight for the occupants of any settlement in its path, for it spells certain and violent death. Yet even forewarned by the cacophony of the stampede's approach, the defenders of such fortifications are truly doomed, for the Doombull and his Minotaurs will be upon them in short order and their escape route is almost always barred by the gross mass of the warherd.

Consumed by bloodgreed, the Minotaurs lay waste to their prey in an orgy of slaughter, smashing through barricades and buildings alike to get at the still-living weaklings that cower within. The Doombull at the head of the horned army lowers his head and charges at full speed towards the leader of the enemy army, gouging his horns deep into the foe and maiming everything within reach with his axe. When all is laid waste the Doombull gorges himself on the choicest of prey while his followers fight over the corpse-harvest at their feet. As the last scraps are gobbled down and the steaming blood seeps into the earth, the raging wrath of the horde begins to subside. The beasts slink back to the deep forest, the Minotaurs returning to their lairs to slumber and digest until the bloodletting begins again. The Empire of Man is fortunate that such incursions only last as long as the bloodgreed is upon the Minotaurs, for otherwise the stampede might never end.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Doombull	6	6	3	6	5	5	5	5	8
Gorebull	6	5	3	5	5	4	4	4	7

SPECIAL RULES

Bloodgreed (see page 43), **Fear**, **Frenzy**.

Impact Hits: Doombulls and Gorebulls cause D3 Impact Hits on the turn they charge, as long as they contact an enemy model.

Slaughterer's Call: The Minotaur Lord's blood-lust is infectious, driving any other thought from the mind. Any unit accompanied by a frenzied Doombull or Gorebull is also subject to Frenzy, but not to the Primal Fury rule.

"Stamp and trample! Gore and crush!"

— Bhorgos Gorehorn, Doombull



BRAY-SHAMANS

Speakers of Darkling Counsel

The shamans of the Beastmen race are vile to behold, their filthy bodies covered in matted fur into which all manner of crude fetishes and grim charms are woven. Their twisted features are often covered in a ragged hood and they bear heavy braystaves as both brutal weapons and the symbol of their position in the warherd. Bray-Shamans occupy a unique niche in the brutal and bitter world of the Beastmen. They have no need to defend themselves from other members of their tribe, for none would dare assault them. Not even the mightiest Beastlord would harm a Bray-Shaman, for they speak the will of the Dark Gods, and those that defy the gods pay the highest price of all.

Bray-Shamans are born into magic, and wield it with an instinctive ease. A palpable miasma of fell sorcery surrounds them, and when their wrath is roused reality itself is distorted and maimed. Tree roots twist and writhe at their passing, the undergrowth boils with unholy life and repugnant parasites scurry at their feet. It is said that the Bray-Shamans can take the form of the beasts of the wild wood, the better to spy upon Mankind. Countless are the tales of death and war presaged by visitations of evil-eyed crows, owls or foxes. Many superstitions regarding such beasts grip the hearts of men, particularly in the most far-flung townships and military outposts.

As the Beastlords are the embodiment of their race's hatred for man, so the Bray-Shamans embody the loathing of his gods. To blaspheme the deities of man is to do ultimate honour to Chaos, and the Bray-Shamans enact such defilement as the greatest of their rituals. The most blessed of all are those who have counselled their chieftains to wage unending war upon the Empire, and in so doing have burned to the ground the temples of the gods of Man. To the Bray-Shamans, the ultimate act of worship is to slay Man's priests upon their own altars, to defecate upon their holy ground and to trample their sacred artefacts beneath the cloven feet of the warherd.

Once the warherds are gathered into a mighty brayherd, the Bray-Shamans will lead the Beastmen in a frenzied ritual celebration, their discordant bellowing audible for many miles around. They invoke the power of the Dark Gods, and infuse the assembled herds with bestial vigour. Blood sacrifices are made and the gizzards and hearts of captives are offered to the skies as the Beastmen thrash and convulse around the herdstone. All manner of unspeakable excesses are committed before the ritual reaches its climax and the horde explodes out of the forests to ravage the lands of the Old World.

When the Beastmen go to war, the Bray-Shamans wield their powers to wreak terrible devastation upon the foe, their coruscating magic transforming soldiers into hideous new forms, summoning the creatures of the forest – both large and small – to bite and rend, or driving enemy mounts to buck their riders to the ground, to gore and trample their masters.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Bray-Shaman	5	5	3	4	5	3	4	2	8
Bray-Shaman	5	4	3	3	4	2	3	1	7

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury.

MAGIC

A Bray-Shaman is a Wizard. He may use spells from one of the following: the Lore of the Wild, the Lore of Death, the Lore of Shadow, or the Lore of Beasts.

"From the darkling woods they come,
On cloven hoof and twisted claw
The beastmen they are called, these ones;
Less than human, yet also something more."

– *The Strange Tale of Doctor Malfasant*



THE LORE OF THE WILD

To generate a spell from the Lore of the Wild, roll a dice and consult the chart below. If you roll the same spell twice, roll again. Any shaman can swap one spell for *Bestial Surge* if you wish.

D6	SPELL	CASTING VALUE
1	Viletide	7+
2	Devolve	9+
3	Bray-scream	10+
4	Traitor-Kin	10+
5	Mantle of Ghorok	13+
6	Savage Dominion	16+

BESTIAL SURGE

Cast on 7+

The shaman inflames the Beastmen's uncontrollable urge to rend the foe limb from limb, causing them to surge forward in a roaring, bellowing mass.

All friendly units within 6" immediately move D6+1" (roll separately for each unit) towards the nearest visible enemy unit, by the shortest route, applying the usual penalties for terrain, wheeling, etc. If no enemy is visible, they instead move directly forwards. Units will stop if they come within 1" of another unit. Units that are fleeing are unaffected.

1. VILETIDE

Cast on 7+

This spell calls to the creeping things that nest in the decaying undergrowth, creating a vile wave of spiders, centipedes and slug-beetles that swarm over the foe.

Viletide is a magic missile with a range of 24". The target unit takes 5D6 S1 hits.

2. DEVOLVE

Cast on 9+

Delving into his enemies' minds, the shaman magnifies the savage and animalistic parts of their psyche until they are no more than growling beasts.

All enemy units within 12" must take a Leadership test. If the test is failed, the unit suffers a number of wounds equal to the amount the test was failed by. No armour saves may be taken against wounds caused by this spell.

3. BRAY-SCREAM

Cast on 10+

This spell unleashes a howling roar of such intensity that mashes brains and bursts eyeballs.

Choose a friendly character within 12", which can be the shaman himself. The model immediately makes a breath weapon attack, resolved at Strength 3, with no armour saves allowed.

4. TRAITOR-KIN

Cast on 10+

Calling out to the war-beasts of the enemy, the shaman drives a red-hot spear of wrath into the wild hearts of the enemy's mounts, causing them to turn upon those who dared tame them with bit, bridle and spur.

All enemy models within 12" riding a mount of any kind will suffer a number of hits equal to the Attacks characteristics of their mount, and at the same Strength. Monsters with handlers, and creatures that pull chariots are similarly affected – they will hit the handlers and the chariots they pull respectively. The armour save bonuses for being mounted, and for barding and the like, are not used.

5. MANTLE OF GHOROK

Cast on 13+

Ghorok was a legendary Minotaur, ferocious as a storm. His spirit-mantle is terrible but dangerous to the bearer.

Choose a friendly character within 6", which can be the shaman himself. The model gains +D6 Strength and +D6 Attacks (both to a maximum of 10) until the end of the following player turn. Additionally, if one or more 6s are rolled, the model also suffers a wound with no saves of any kind possible.



6. SAVAGE DOMINION

Cast on 16+

The shaman sends his mind winging into the wilds and possesses the largest creature he can find, storming back onto the battlefield with a vengeance.

The shaman may summon one of the following beasts: Jabberslythe, Giant or Ghorgon. Immediately place a model representing the beast, with its base touching any table edge. This model is effectively part of the Beastman army from that moment on. While the shaman controls the beast, he may not cast or dispel any spells, or make attacks in close combat. Every time the beast suffers a wound, the shaman that summoned it must make a Toughness test. If this is failed, the Bray-Shaman takes a wound too, with no saves of any kind possible. If the shaman is killed, the beast wanders back into the forest and is immediately removed from play (it counts as being killed for the purposes of victory conditions etc.). Note that the beast cannot be voluntarily dismissed by the shaman, or dispelled by the enemy in following rounds.



GORS

Gors form the great mass of the warherds. Their appearance varies, but all combine bestial features with those of a man. The base form of the Beastmen, and that possessed by the vast majority of the Gors, is the head and legs of a goat and the upper torso of a man, albeit a particularly hairy and malodorous one. They have the savage fangs of wolves with which to tear great chunks of flesh from their foes, and muscular and robust (if flea-ridden) bodies well suited to acting out their primal urges.

As creatures of Chaos, however, the Beastmen display great variation in their twisted anatomies. Some have the heads of cattle or snapping hounds rather than goats, while others possess antlers, serrated blades or even stranger mutations sprouting from their heads. It is not unknown for Beastmen to have the head of a sheep, horse or insect, extra limbs, eye stalks, lashing tails, or any other conceivable alteration of the humanoid form.

One thing all true Beastmen have in common is their horns, without which they cannot be considered real Gors. A Beastman who possesses a fine set of horns is said to be a 'True-horn', or 'True-gor,' and it is these who are the strongest and most intelligent of all Gors.

In Beastman society, horns are the ultimate mark of rank and power, and their leaders are always those with the largest and most spectacular sets. Before going into battle, the Beastmen will often sharpen their horns, or daub them with crude dye or hot blood to make them seem even more savage and fearsome.

To face a horde of Gors is to face anarchy and mayhem. Rowdy and undisciplined, they bray, bark and bawl an unceasing cacophony that fills the hearts of Men with dread. Nonetheless, Gors are capable of taking to the battlefield in more or less ordered formations, a fact that many an enemy general has failed to understand until it is too late. Roving groups of Gors band into tight units that march beneath banners made from the flayed hides of their foes, while others bear the captured flags of defeated enemies, tattered and smeared with blood and dung. The Gors' raucous, bloodthirsty braying is accompanied by the atonal drones of crude pipes and horns in deliberate mockery of the bright clarion calls of the Empire's proud regimental musicians.

And yet for all their appearance of disorder, Gors are not completely without subtlety of tactics. In the same way as a hunting pack of wolves, the army instinctively tries to encircle the foe. Bands of Gors flank wide, stalking through the undergrowth, animal senses keenly aware of the smell and racket of the enemy regiments. The Gors are not especially stealthy, but can stay hidden well enough within the trees. Few foes can maintain their nerve in the face of a deafening, intimidating horde of Gors, let alone when more of them burst from the trees having completely circumvented war machine emplacements, outflanked the disciplined battleline, and cut off any chance of escape for routing soldiers.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gor	5	4	3	3	4	1	3	1	7
Foe-render	5	4	3	3	4	1	3	2	7

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury, Beastman Ambush.

The dark forests in which the Beastmen dwell are ever changing and growing, driven by the god that Man calls Tzeentch. The endless variety to be found amongst the savage beasts of the forest is granted by this power. It is the same being that takes the essential features of the beast – horns, tusks, teeth and muscle – and twists and distorts them into weapons far stronger than any blade forged by Man, Elf or Dwarf. The particular blessings of this god are evident in those Beastmen that sport mighty horns twisted into all manner of complex, yet razor-sharp forms and in those whose skin and fur is resplendent with unique or outlandish markings and patterns.



BESTIGORS

The strongest and meanest of the Beastmen footsoldiers are known as Bestigors. Because of their size and ferocity the Bestigors carve out a privileged position within the warherd, constantly enforcing their superiority upon the Gors and Ungors with random acts of excessive violence.

Bestigors typically carry massive, double handed axes, crude in construction but large and heavy enough to split a man in two from shoulder to waist with a single swing. They wear solid, heavy plates of armour and chainmail, usually scavenged from the civilised races and beaten with fist and hoof until they fit the Bestigors' misshapen and stinking anatomies. This they adorn with all manner of grisly trophies taken from those that have put up a fight before being cut into pieces. Because Bestigors have the pick of the arms and armour laid before the herdstones, it is not unheard of for a band of Bestigors to look almost like a coherent force upon the battlefield.

Bestigors form the chieftain's inner circle of retainers and enforcers, but their garrulous and aggressive nature compels them to strive for ever greater dominance amongst the tribe. The chieftain must be ever watchful for signs of a likely challenge amongst the Bestigors. Sometimes such a sign is manifested physically; a Bestigor's horns growing larger or more impressive, for example. Sometimes the first sign of rebellion will be when the Bestigor bellows a challenge and swings his axe at the chieftain's head. Any chieftain worthy of the title will detect such signs early and deal with the potential rival before he comes fully into his strength, though plenty miss the portent and find themselves the main course of an impromptu feast.

Brutality and violence simmer in the Bestigors, just below the surface but ready to explode outwards in a savage display of animal power at any moment. Bestigor frequently engage in head-butting competitions that leave them addled but ready for bloodshed. One expression of the Bestigors' constant desire to prove their innate superiority is shown in their acts of desecration and defilement. Such deeds take many forms, from the ritual devouring of prisoners of war to the despoiling of the sacred banners and religious icons of their foes. When such an icon is captured in battle, the Bestigors will befoul it and hold it on high, so that the rest of the warherd might look upon their deeds and know that the Bestigors are truly blessed in the eyes of the Dark Gods.

In battle, the Bestigors form a solid, armoured mass of muscle and iron that charges forward with a terrifying momentum. They seek out the elite troops of the enemy army, who inherently challenge their dominant status. Then they wield their huge axes much as executioner's blades, hewing their foe limb from limb and trampling his broken body into the mud beneath their unshod hooves.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bestigor	5	4	3	4	4	1	3	1	7
Gouge-horn	5	4	3	4	4	1	3	2	7

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury.

Despoilers: When a unit of Bestigors completely destroys an enemy unit in close combat, or defeats an enemy unit which then breaks and flees, the Bestigors automatically seize any banner that unit had. Place a token with the Bestigor to represent this. Each banner the Bestigors seize in this manner adds +1 to their combat resolution in subsequent combat rounds. Should the Bestigor unit ever flee, it will drop any banners seized in this way.

Their walls will fall.
Their faith will fail.
Their flesh will tear.

—Malagor, the Dark Omen



UNGORS

Ungors (meaning 'no-horns' in the Beastman tongue) are not as strong or robust of frame as the Gors, but they more than make up for it in sheer malevolence.

They are physically smaller than other Beastmen and their horns, if they have any at all, are less impressive and less numerous. While Gors may have long and spectacular horns as deadly as any sword, Ungors usually have short prongs or horn buds sprouting from their skulls, not recognisable as those of a goat or any other type acknowledged by the Gors. Because of this they are not considered to be 'proper' Beastmen by the Gors. The race of Mankind on the other hand does not draw such distinctions. To them the Ungors are just as horrible, horns or no, for they are all twisted aberrations of nature that live to murder and despoil all that is good and wholesome.

The Ungors occupy the lowest station in the warherd. In the rough pits that serve as homes for the Beastmen they gather furthest from the fire and must constantly fight one another for what scraps of food they can scavenge, often resorting to stealing from the tribe's Warhounds, eating wriggling grubs and insects, sucking the marrow from bones or cannibalising those who fall to the constant internecine fighting of their race.



As a consequence of their lowly status in the tribe, Ungors are extremely cruel and spiteful creatures, taking out their bitterness on foes, captives or wild animals that fall into their clutches. They are possessed of a tireless drive to take their vengeance upon the world that spawned them, and though not as powerful as the Gors, they have a wiry strength that means they are still more than a match for the humans for whom they have such a vitriolic hatred.

Ungors are considerably more dextrous than their fellows, their sinewy hands able to carve runes, build wooden structures, and fix and bind the weaponry of their clumsier Gor brethren. So it is that the Ungor fulfil a vital niche in the society of the tribe, for without them, the Gor would soon be bereft of weaponry. Most Ungors take to the field in large herds, arming themselves with stout spears with which to impale their prey, and carrying crude shields to protect their grotesque pot-bellied bodies. In battle Ungors are bullied into a semblance of order by the largest of their number, known as Halfhorns, who seek a position in the battleline from which they can enact the most pain and suffering upon the foe.

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

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury, Beastman Ambush.

One fell night when dark Morrslieb leered fat in the sky, Heinrich's body came to resemble that which festered in his soul like a rotting wound, an unhealed scar. Every beast in the village whickered and shrieked in fear that night, but Heinrich's screams were loudest of all, for Morrslieb's caress is not gentle.

Under the pallid moon his skull cracked and his eyes rolled. Hair sprouted and jaw gnashed, legs swelled, snapping and grinding and gristle-cracking loud enough to wake a corpse. New joints and muscles buckled and stung, blood-slick horns forced from black-thatched crown, toes gammed and hardened into flesh-ridged hooves. A long braying laugh tore its way from Heinrich's wattled throat as his hairy face lengthened into a biting maw, thick with teeth to grind and pierce.

The-thing-that-was-once-Heinrich gathered its black blades to its thatched chest and ran, ran on bone-splintered legs into the depths of the forest.

—The Transformation of Heinrich Oncemann



UNGOR RAIDERS

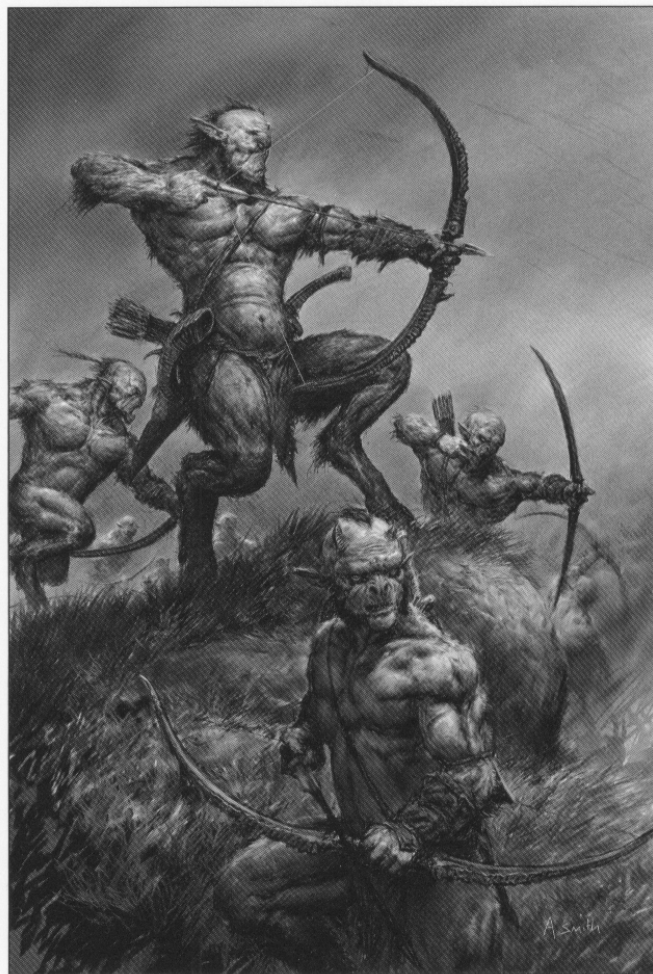
Ungor Raiders are those Ungors tasked with the role of hunting out enemies for the warherds to prey upon. They have a knowledge of the wilderness that is unsurpassed by even the most intelligent Gor, and it is they who sow the seeds of mayhem that soon blossom into full-blown destruction as the rest of the warherd falls upon their victims.

Bands of Ungor Raiders range ahead of the warherd as it travels through the lands, sending runners back and forth to ensure the main body of the Beastman army can bring its might to bear. It is the information brought by the Ungor Raiders that enables the warherds to encircle and trap the foe, to launch ambushes from hidden paths and moss-choked vales, and to cut off the escape routes of those that believe there is still a route to safety.

In the course of their scouting duties, the Ungor Raiders often locate small, isolated settlements before the rest of the warherd arrives. In such instances, the Raider Halfhorn will weigh up the likelihood of the Raiders being able to take on the target alone, and if he decides it is worth the risk he will lead the attack.

It will be his hope that his Raiders can overwhelm the isolated foe and carry off food and captives before any delay is noted by the Beastman chieftain. If successful, the Raiders will burn and pillage everything they can find. They then carry their prisoners off with them, taking dark delight in tormenting their unfortunate playthings unto death. Of course, should the warherd's chieftain discover that the Raiders have tallied overlong in such distractions from the main business of waging war, brutal punishments will be meted out that often leave many of the Ungor Raiders dead in the dirt. Still, such is the sadistic and jealous ire the Ungor have for all other species that more often than not they judge it well worth the cost.

In battle the Ungor Raiders range far ahead of the bulk of the warherd in order to disrupt the enemy's battlelines, draw out charges or reveal the location of hidden warriors. While the Raiders have no comprehension of formal tactics, they make a very efficient skirmish screen, charging enemy gun lines or firing volleys from their crudely-fashioned short bows before fleeing back to safety through the bands of Gors that follow behind.



As the forests seethe with bestial life and growth, so too they are places of death and corruption. The dank forest floor harbours every conceivable variety of disease and bubbles with festering rankness. Even as the trees, animals and the Beastmen themselves die, so their corpses add to this fetid brew. By the power of the being Man names Nurgle, the Beastmen are enamoured of such foulness, for that which does not kill them makes them stronger.

There are those Beastmen that take great delight in carrying the vile plagues that simmer in the woods and spreading them across the lands of Men, hastening the day when all the works of mortals shall crumble and fall. They invade the domain of Athel Loren just to infect the trees with virulent sickness, making the Wood Elves' very homes poisonous to them.

These creatures are walking hives of pestilence, their rank bodies dripping with foul pus and surrounded by thick swarms of fat-bodied flies, their heavy, jagged weapons encrusted with infectious slime. Their forms are ravaged with decay, yet these Beastmen have become inured to pain and rot, their mortal bodies blessed by the unnatural resilience of Chaos.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ungor Raider	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6
Raider Halfhorn	5	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury, Beastman Ambush, Skirmishers.



CHAOS WARHOUNDS

In the dark forests, twisted Warhounds stalk the night in search of prey. Their red, evilly glinting eyes peer from the treeline, and saliva pools upon the litter-strewn ground as they taste the air for the scent of their next victim. Many a lone patrolman travelling in the woods at night has shivered at the sound of baleful howling in the distance, only to be confronted by the low growling of the pack that has crept up behind him whilst he was distracted.

Drawn to the lure of fresh meat, Warhounds often prowl around encampments searching for lone or vulnerable creatures to attack. These slinking predators have an innate connection with the Beastmen of the forests, and freely wander through the filthy and bone-strewn encampments that serve as lairs for each warherd.

Gradually the Warhounds become as much a part of the herd as any Gor. Some Beastmen deliberately rear these vicious attack beasts, training them for battle, though they can never be truly tamed. Through all manner of cruel mistreatments the Warhounds are conditioned to display particular characteristics, such as aggression and speed – not that they need much encouragement.

When a warherd discovers intruders onto their blood-grounds that are too weak or too few to require the calling of an entire brayherd, they often launch a great hunt. Horns are sounded and the tribe crashes through

the undergrowth in pursuit, with the Warhounds out in front, snapping and snarling at the heels of the unfortunate prey. On such occasions the Beastmen make no attempt to encircle the foe, for they enjoy the chase too much. Rather, they drive their quarry for miles, deeper and deeper into the forest, running them to exhaustion, hounding them into the dirt. Should the intruders try to escape the Warhounds by climbing a tree or sheltering in a ruined building it is not long before the Beastmen handlers catch up and take their sport, forcing the prey back into the open with arrows or fire. Then the Warhounds will close in and rip their victims apart in a spray of gore, while the rest of the tribe barks and howls in victory.

In the days before the warherd launches a full invasion, the hounds that live upon the tribe's periphery are caught with nets and lashed to stout trees. They are then starved and taunted so that when they are unleashed on the foe they are crazed, snarling killers desperate for the tang of raw flesh. Only the largest and meanest hounds survive this treatment. This is a natural extension of a society where only the strongest survive – Warhounds even eat the runts of their own litters without a moment's hesitation.

Originally the mutated descendants of bloodhounds and forest wolves, the Warhound's desperate hunger for human flesh owes little to nature and everything to Chaos. Many have the intelligence of the Gors they accompany to war and, for them, war is a time of feasting. The tainted lands that serve as their hunting grounds change these beasts in body as well as mind, and many are made all the more hideous by mutations such as horns, tusks and spines. Some are even stranger of aspect, having human limbs or faces, the tails of scorpions, stone-hard scales, tentacles in place of horns or bladed tongues that can shoot out and impale those nearby.

Regardless of form, Warhounds are all vicious killers and their harsh baying is a sure warning of a slaughter to come. They bound across the battlefield at an alarming speed, so that a Handgunner will have scant moments to take his shot and no hope of reloading before powerful claws rake him to the ground and knife-like fangs close around his throat.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Warhound	7	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

"A seething, roaring, stinking mass of hair and muscle, sprinting and bounding towards us..."

– The Trial of Helmut Eisner



MINOTAURS

Minotaurs are massive bull-headed monstrosities that constantly hunger for hot blood and red meat. Often growing to twice the height of a man and far greater in muscular bulk, their thick-skulled heads are broad and ugly, and their horns can eviscerate with a single thrust. Many have the cloven-hoofed hindquarters of a beast and other deformities of the body that the touch of Chaos brings. Though they are less intelligent than Beastmen, they are unnaturally strong and powerful, and make formidable warriors.

Minotaurs are possessed of a terrible hunger for flesh, particularly the flesh of man. Yet it is not the gnawing hunger a mortal feels when deprived of sustenance, but a deep thirst for the unholy exhilaration the Minotaurs experience when they consume the flesh of their enemies. In this state they join with the power of the Chaos Gods and share in a part of their glory.

Gathering in loose tribes ruled over by the strongest of their number, the Minotaurs live a nomadic existence, and they go wherever the scent of blood is strongest. Attracted by raw flesh and steaming gore, they often gravitate to the herdstones where the Beastmen make their unholy offerings to the Dark Gods. During the most hideous of rituals, scores of sacrifices are made in savage offerings led by the Bray-Shamans, sending the Minotaurs into a frenzy which only the blood of yet more victims can sate. Even a glimpse of the colour red is sometimes enough to rouse the greed of a Minotaur tribe, for it reminds them of the glories of blood-mad gluttony.

When called to war, the Minotaurs reach into the piles of weapons and armour heaped in offering before the herdstones, equipping themselves with the largest and most formidable weapons they can find. These weapons were laid before the herdstones in celebration of victory, their erstwhile owners slain upon some forgotten battlefield. In amongst the rusted blades can sometimes be found those once carried by the warriors of long-lost empires, crafted using methods and metals no longer known to any of the peoples of the world, fragments of tarnished armour that might have been made for the guards of long dead, forgotten kings. In truth, a Minotaur is capable of tearing a warhorse apart with its bare teeth and cares not for the heritage of such items, but these tools of war make them even deadlier still.

To the Minotaurs, a battlefield is a place of maddening excess. The scent of gore in their flaring nostrils drives them wild and they bellow their hunger for all to hear. They charge with a thundering impact, horns lowered to impale, then strike blow after blow against their hapless enemy. Once their victims have been hacked apart the Minotaurs slake their thirst by tearing at raw flesh with their gore-encrusted nails and gulping down great hunks of steaming meat even whilst the battle rages on around them.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Minotaur	6	4	3	5	4	3	3	3	7
Bloodkine	6	4	3	5	4	3	3	4	7

SPECIAL RULES

Fear.

Bloodgreed: Minotaurs and their kin become more and more frenzied the more victims they slaughter and devour. If a model with Bloodgreed is on the winning side in a round of close combat it immediately becomes subject to Frenzy.

If already Frenzied, then each time it is on the winning side of a round of close combat, the model gains an additional Attack. These bonus Attacks are lost if the model loses its Frenzy.

However, due to their desperate need to feed upon the flesh of the foe, models with Bloodgreed pursue and overrun only D6".

Impact Hits: A Minotaur that charges inflicts one impact hit so long as it contacts an enemy model.

TUSKGOR CHARIOTS

The chariots of the Beastmen are ramshackle constructions, built from heavy pieces of lumber scavenged from the ruins of Man's buildings. They are roughly nailed together with huge spikes; even the largest chariot shows no sign of craftsmanship or finesse. This matters little, however, because the brute strength and ferocity of the evil-tempered beasts that draw these chariots far outmatches that of mere horses, and the sheer weight of the chariot is enough to inflict terrible damage in its own right. Should the chariot shatter at the point of impact the crew care little, for they will have ridden down great swathes of the enemy in the process.

The Beastmen's chariots are most commonly drawn by Tuskgor. These are the pugnacious and stubborn war beasts of the Beastmen, foul-smelling and hunchbacked animals from whose flea-infested forms sprout malformed tusks and horns. They are a grotesque combination of a great boar and a mighty ram, often betraying signs of other, less identifiable heritage. Crude, obese beasts, their skin is so thick and fur so matted that arrows or crossbow bolts can barely penetrate their gnarled hide.

Tuskgor are not natural creatures but creations of Chaos, and an unnatural vigour burns in their veins.

They are tracked and captured by the Beastmen in the deep woods in a frantic and violent chase. It often takes the brute strength of a Minotaur to hold a Tuskgor long enough to bind it, and the axes of the Bestigor to stop the Minotaur eating the Tuskgor once the process is complete. Such an undertaking is fraught with danger, for Tuskgor are vicious creatures, yet with the aid of a Bray-Shaman's art and a lot of muscle, one might be subdued long enough to serve the warherd.

The Beastmen use Tuskgor in a number of different ways. Some are used as beasts of burden, carting off plunder and bound captives from the battlefield. The strongest of the Tuskgor are tethered in pairs and used to pull the warherd's crude chariots, manned either by a Bestigor and his Gor driver or perhaps the chieftain himself. In battle, these chariots surge towards the enemy at breakneck speed, driving through the ranks of the foe with unstoppable force and scattering all before them with hooves, horns and blades. Those chariots that survive the battle more-or-less intact are used to carry off the largest items of plunder, and have been observed leading long lines of chained captives off into the forests, never to be seen again. The fate of these captives is dire indeed, for those who are not sacrificed form the main course of the victory feast.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tuskgor Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-
Bestigor	-	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7
Gor	-	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	7
Tuskgor	7	3	-	4	-	-	2	1	-

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury, Chariot.

To the Beastmen, the god that Man calls Khorne is the granter of the savage hatred that drives them forward to battle. It is the murderous jealousy that demands a Bestigor stand and challenge the chieftain of his tribe, and the strength that delivers the killing blow. There are those Beastmen who have entirely given themselves over to this single aspect of their bestial nature. These savage berserkers daub their muscular bodies with the clotted blood of their foes. They adorn their scarred shields and bloodstained banners with the skulls of those they have defeated in battle. Their hair is matted and so thirsty are they for battle that their snorting, fanged maws run with a constant stream of saliva.

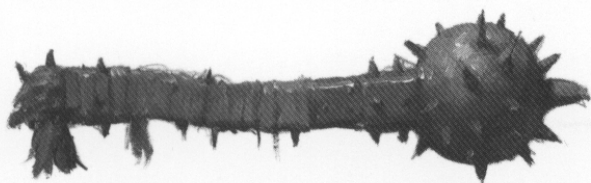
Most terrible of all, there sometimes rise entire warherds of such beasts, consumed by unthinking rage as they hack though their enemies with frightening ease.



RAZORGORS

Razorgors are massive cousins of the Tuskgors, mountains of mutated muscle and hair that are deadly in the extreme. As with all children of Chaos, Razorgor are disfigured by hideous mutations, but they generally have the aspect of a nightmarish, gigantic boar covered in spines, tusks and coarse hair. Though Razorgors are voracious omnivores, they prefer a diet of fresh meat, and Beastmen are their natural prey. Still, such is their appetite and fearsome metabolism that they are able to gobble down a knight in full plate mail and his barded horse in a matter of seconds. It is a widely held belief by the tribes of the woods that Razorgor have two natural states: a digestive torpor that sets in after they have gorged themselves, and blind, unthinking rage, which is by far the more common of the two.

When a particularly large Razorgor is encountered in the forests, a warherd's Chieftain will attempt to break its will as proof of his right to lead the warherd. Many Chieftains have been gored to death whilst attempting to hunt down a Razorgor, yet not to even attempt to do so is to invite a challenge by a disgusted follower. The act of breaking the Razorgor is usually achieved by the Chieftain repeatedly beating the great hairy beast over the head with a large spiked club whilst somehow avoiding being impaled upon its many razor-sharp tusks. Upon his victory over a particularly intimidating beast, a Chieftain will order a solid and impressive chariot built for it to draw. This he will ride into battle with savage pride, the chariot and the beast that pulls it a tangible sign of his favour in the eyes of the Ruinous Powers. Some chieftains harness Razorgor by even more unusual means – it is said that the infamous Beastlord Urgor Twinfist raised his barn-sized 'pet', Guttgouge, on the flesh of his rivals from the day of its birth.



Once every decade or so a particularly powerful Beastlord will manage to harness several Razorgors at once. These are either herded into a loose pack and sent headlong into the enemy ranks, or used individually to pull chariots manned by the largest Bestigors. Regardless of who rides them, Razorgor chariots cannot truly be steered or directed – in fact all too often all the crew can do little more than hold on tight as the chariot careens toward the foe. Razorgor have beady eyes and poor vision, but when they catch sight of the enemy they are nigh uncontrollable. A charging Razorgor can flatten a tree or careen through a chapel wall when roused. The mess one of these snorting monstrosities at full charge can make of even the stoutest shieldwall is truly sickening.



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

SPECIAL RULES

Fear.

Thunderous Charge: A Razorgor has +1 Strength in the turn when it charges.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Razorgor Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
Bestigor	-	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7
Gor	-	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	7
Razorgor	7	3	-	5	-	-	2	4	-

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury, Chariot, Fear.

Thunderous Charge: The Razorgor has +1 Strength in the turn when it charges.



CENTIGORS

Centigors are a disturbing cross between four-legged creatures, such as horses and oxen, and the bipedal beasts of Chaos, merged together by the warping powers of Chaos in ages past. They possess the hindquarters and forelegs of their quadruped ancestors, granting them great speed and strength, but the upper body of a humanoid with which they wield brutal weapons.

Strong, vital and crude, these beast-centaurs are powerful creatures. However, they are not especially agile, and while they have great strength they lack the dexterity to manipulate objects with any skill or control. Centigors are bitter and spiteful, resenting their clumsy, awkward nature, and harbour a deep jealousy of creatures whose minds and bodies are better matched.

Centigors live mainly on the northern and eastern reaches of the forests of the Old World, where the trees reluctantly yield to sparse grasslands. The wooded foothills of the Middle Mountains are also home to a large concentration of the creatures, a dangerous menace in the heart of the Empire. They are nomadic, without settlements or even encampments of any kind, finding what little protection they need in the lee of cliffs and natural rock shelters.



Centigors are incapable of fabricating tools or weapons for themselves, and so they often make common cause with the warherds. When the brayherds are summoned it is not uncommon for Centigors to heed the call along with the Beastmen. While the chieftains enact the ritual of scribing their runes upon the herdstone, the barbaric Centigor chiefs can only defecate at the stone's base to record their attendance. While the Beastmen chieftains observe the rituals of the brayherd, the Centigor strut and swagger about the clearing with vulgar bravado, swilling looted wine by the skinful and making outrageous boasts about their own vigour. Fortunately, the Beastmen largely ignore such displays, accepting them as part of the Centigors' nature.

Despite – or perhaps because of – their drunkenness, the Centigors play one very important role in the world of the Beastmen. They are often used as the messengers of the Bray-Shamans, yet the messages they deliver are imparted to them when they are extremely drunk, and delivered in the same fashion. The Centigors have no real knowledge of the messages they carry. It is said that when delivering such messages, the Centigors speak in a voice other than their own. Sometimes the voice is that of the Bray-Shaman that imparted the message, but at other times a dread voice, swathed in the screams of the damned, comes from somewhere else entirely.

As the sun rises and the warherds march from the herdstone to make war upon man, the Centigors rouse themselves from their drunken stupors, taking up the weapons of the Beastmen and galloping to war beside them. Even as battle is joined they guzzle copious amounts of liquor, the effects driving them to extremes of violence and cruelty.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Centigor	8	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7
Gorehoof	8	4	3	4	4	1	2	3	7

Centigors count as cavalry, albeit of an unusual type, with a single characteristic profile. They follow the normal rules for cavalry models, including the +1 bonus armour save.

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury.

Drunken: Centigors love to drink almost as much as they love to fight. Roll a D6 for each Centigor unit at the beginning of the game to see the effects of their rampant alcoholism. The effects last the entire game.

D6	EFFECT
1-2	Sober for Once: The unit gains +2 Initiative.
3-4	Hangover from Hell: The unit may re-roll failed Primal Fury tests, but suffers -1 Movement.
5-6	Drunken Bravado: The unit is Stubborn.



HARPIES

Harpies are particularly loathsome Children of Chaos, winged creatures with a body that is a parody of that of a human woman. From a distance they may appear lithe and shapely, even darkly alluring, yet as they close their true nature becomes clear. A Harpy's face is distorted and twisted, nothing of humanity or intelligence in its eyes, only instinctive cruelty. Its lips are not those of a woman, but are twisted and leering, pulled back to reveal needle-like teeth dripping with blood and saliva. The creature's limbs are not soft or shapely, but hard and possessed of steel-like tendons that lend it preternatural speed and agility.



"I looked up into the sky and there I saw my doom, lithesome yet dread. What creatures were these? How many tortures would I endure before peace was mine? A thousand wretched forms united only by a hatred that never ends. Malign and savage to the last, they brim with bitterness for the works of Man."

— *Bestiarie Malificent*

Most commonly Harpies live in the caves of the Northern Wastes and the Troll Country, but often the woods around Beastman encampments are infested with nests of Harpies. It is as if the creatures are drawn by the same forces that compel the Beastmen to congregate and slaughter captives before the sacred places of the Dark Gods. As the Beastmen enact their hidden rituals, the Harpies glare jealous and restless from the branches above, awaiting the hours when the Beastmen will slumber having spent themselves in their excesses. The Harpies then descend to pick over the bones of the Bray-Shamans' sacrificial victims, squabbling with one another over whatever morsels they can steal.

Harpies are scavengers and opportunists who prey upon the sick, weary, battle-worn and dying. Bestial and savage creatures, they perch impatiently amongst the trees as the Beastman horde musters, descending from the gnarled branches as the enemy approaches. As battle is joined, they flock in large, ragged groups over the battlefield, waiting for the chance to dive down upon those too weak or wounded to defend themselves.

There is no order or leader amongst Harpies, no more than amongst the most savage of beasts. Their screeching cries cleave the air and cast a shadow of dread on those below. Old Worlders consider a flight of Harpies a terrible ill omen, especially if it is in sight of a town, village or farmstead. And with good reason – for the warherds are never far behind.

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

SPECIAL RULES

Flying unit.

There is a legend amongst the peoples of north-eastern Bretonnia that warns of the dark beauty of the Harpy. It is said that those of impure blood, perhaps the siblings of one born with the sign of the Beast or the descendant of a previous captive who somehow escaped enslavement by the creatures, are irrevocably drawn to the sight of encircling flocks of Harpies.

As the flock descends on his fellows, the individual stands entranced and immobile, unable to tear his eyes from the sight of them even as they tear his compatriots' limb from limb and feast upon their entrails.

At the last, so the legend warns, the beguiled one will be carried away to the Harpies' eyries, there to serve as a plaything for the creatures until such time as they should grow bored, or hungry.



CHAOS SPAWN

Some amongst the Children of Chaos are bestowed with an abundance of the Dark Ones' gifts, becoming a creature whose bodily form epitomises nightmare and unreason. Such a creature might once have been a great Chieftain who called upon the favour of the Dark Gods one time too many. It might have been a Bray-Shaman who drew too deep of the power of Chaos, his form blasted beyond recognition by the raw power of magic. It may even have been one who strayed too close to Morghur, Master of Skulls, whose aura of transmutation changes all. In some cases, the creature might simply have been born that way, in all likelihood slaughtering its beast-mother in the process.

A creature visited by too many gifts of the Dark Gods inevitably succumbs to madness and mutation, and becomes a Chaos Spawn. Most warherds accept these bloated, writhing, slaving creatures as fellow Children of Chaos. They are allowed to exist at the periphery of the warherd, surviving on scraps, incautious Ungors, the dung of Tuskhors or whatever they can catch in the surrounding woods.

In appearance, these creatures vary widely. Some appear as the man who walks as a beast – a once-humanoid form that has sprouted and burst into an obscene and monstrous anatomy, mutated almost beyond recognition. The eyes of the original creature peer out, a glint of its former personality barely perceptible amidst the fleshy ruin. Others appear more as the beast who walks as a man – a twisted parody of humanity moulded from the hairy, lumpen body of a forest creature. Regardless of particulars, Chaos Spawn are creatures of unspeakable horror, their twisted bodies sporting an impossible array of spines, eyes and mouths. Some have the heads of overgrown insects, while others have skin that exudes poisonous slime. Some, due perhaps to the locations in which they lair, appear to be a part of the forest itself, their constantly mutating bodies having been joined with the rotten limbs of dead trees, their skin covered in dank moss.

When the warherd goes to battle, the Chaos Spawn come shambling from their lairs. The Beastmen have no control over a Spawn's actions, and it will behave in a largely unpredictable manner. The Spawn will move towards the enemy and crash flailing into his ranks; teeth, claws, and tentacles tearing men limb from limb in a shower of blood and ruination before it is finally put out of its misery.

"Then came one they called Gibberkin.
No fouler thing have I ever witnessed."

– Khargar of the Tribe of the Blooded Aze



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Spawn	2D6	3	0	4	5	3	2	D6+1	10

SPECIAL RULES

Fear, Unbreakable.

Flailing Appendages: Spawn have a random number of Attacks. At the beginning of each round of close combat roll a single D6 and add one to the result. This is how many Attacks that Spawn will make in that round.

Lurching Horror: Spawn are moved in the Compulsory Movement part of the Beastman Movement phase, moving 2D6" each turn. The player has no control over the distance moved, but must nominate in which direction the Spawn will move before rolling the dice (this must be in a straight line). He may not subsequently change the Spawn's facing.

If the Spawn's movement is sufficient to take it into an enemy unit then it counts as charging, following all of the normal rules. The target may make a charge reaction as normal, counting the Movement value rolled as the Spawn's maximum charge distance (for the purposes of fleeing, standing and shooting, etc).



CYGORS

The Cygors are distant cousins of the Minotaurs, but because they hail from the most tainted of all the realms of the Old World, they have diverged greatly from their kin. They are huge, hideously malformed giants, similar in form to Minotaurs, yet each possessed of but a single eye in the centre of its forehead. Through this eye the Cygor is cursed to see not the material realm that mortals perceive, but the ever-shifting Winds of Chaos as they blow through and around the indistinct, ghostly shapes that populate their world. Assailed by such visions since birth, Cygors are all quite mad.

Cygors roam the forests of the Old World, smashing through trees they cannot see and laying waste to anything in their path. They hunger constantly, for they can scarcely perceive the prey other Minotaurs might hunt down and devour. While a Cygor will devour his prey with as much, if not more, greed than a Minotaur, the victim's body is a mere vessel for that which the Cygor truly craves – the soul.

Conversely, a Cygor can detect those possessed of magical powers from leagues away, for the souls of these individuals blaze with searing light. These gigantic, eldritch predators constantly hunt mages, warlocks, and witches, desperate to consume their flesh and thereby ingest the bright soul within.

Cygors are drawn to war by the twisted will of the Dark Gods, taunted by half-seen visions of light planted by the Chaos Powers or by the most powerful of the Bray-Shamans. They unwittingly do the will of the Dark Gods even though they are cursed to an eternity of pain, bitterness and insanity. On the field of battle they will seek out those wielding the powers of magic as a shark drawn to blood. They carry with them the rune-etched remnants of shattered waystones, temples and monoliths, for this is the only unliving material they can truly perceive. These boulder-sized missiles they hurl into the ranks of the foe so they can close with their prey unhindered.

The sheer size and ferocity of a Cygor is terrifying enough to mortal men, but those who know of their terrible hunger fear them above all. To the mage a Cygor is unutterably fearsome, for he knows that of all the warriors on the field of battle it is him alone that the Cygor wants to catch up in its gnarled and calloused hands, his flesh it wants to tear apart, and his soul it must devour to slake its unending thirst.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cygor	7	2	1	6	5	5	3	5	8

SPECIAL RULES

Immune to Psychology, Large Target, Magic Resistance (2), Stubborn, Terror.

Ghostsight: The swirling melee of combat is an indistinct blur to the Cygor, confusing and disorientating. Enemies imbued with magic, however, it can see with unearthly clarity. When fighting enemy Wizards, models with any sort of magic item or magical attacks, Undead, or creatures with a ward save, the Cygor may re-roll any failed To Hit rolls.

Hurl Attack: Cygors will hurl rune-scribed boulders, torn from temples and other arcane monuments, into the ranks of any who might stop them from seizing their prey. A Cygor may make a shooting attack each turn as if it were a stone thrower, but there is no minimum range. It may move in the same turn it uses this ability, though it may not march. A Misfire will do a single wound to the Cygor – it's a dangerous business hurling chunks of menhir around!

Soul-eater: Cygors are intensely unsettling to enemy Wizards, for they know the Cygor craves their soul above all else. Enemy Wizards within 24" of one or more Cygors must take a Leadership test at the beginning of the Magic phase. If the test is failed, the Wizard has lost his nerve – any spell he fails to cast this Magic phase will result in a miscast. Note that there is no unusual effect if the spell is merely dispelled.





JABBERSLYTHES

Jabberslythes are amongst the most ancient and foul of all the creatures of the deep forest. They are truly repugnant to look upon, having such grotesque and twisted features that even the clearest pools of water will not offer up their reflection. A sickening fusion of toad, sludge-drake, and many-limbed insect, the Jabberslythe encompasses all that is unwholesome and vile about nature and magnifies it a hundredfold.

Ungainly and clumsy creatures, Jabberslythes have mutated the better to catch agile prey such as the flittering spites that buzz around their lairs or the occasional Ungor who strays too close. They have a thick, sticky proboscis-like tongue that they can shoot out in the blink of an eye, capable of ensnaring and pulling a creature as large as a horse into the Jabberslythe's gaping mouth when it retracts. Under their hooded eyes gleams a predatory intelligence, and in place of blood they have stinking, vitriolic bile that spurts out from the slightest wound in great gouts of hissing black fluid, burning anything it touches. Hiding from a Jabberslythe is no defence. They have rudimentary wings that allow them short bursts of ungainly flight, their vorpal claws can slice through oak, and they are terribly persistent when prey is in sight.

"We heard it first. Wailing and mewling. Growling and fading. The trees bucked and cried and I thought they tried to pull up their roots and flee from what drew near. Would that we had been so wise.

We saw its approach through the darkened caves, now crawling in the dirt, now flapping upwards, as if it could not decide if it was snake or sparrow. Then it came into the moonlight and we saw it true. Did we fight? I cannot say. All I recall is clotted fur and an embracing drool. Twisting limbs. Tearing rock. Rotting metal. Melting fingers. The stench of cadavers and burning honey. My eyes screamed, my tongue shook, my knees spewed. It ate my friends and drank my soul. It took my mind I know not where, for it is no longer here with me."

— Interview with sole survivor of
Reikwald forest patrol (one hundred men),
incarcerated in Frederheim Sanitorium.

But the most horrendous of all the Jabberslythe's weapons is its vile appearance. There is something so unearthly and unsettling about these beasts that even to set eyes upon one is to go immediately and permanently insane. Those that look upon a Jabberslythe for too long find themselves clawing at their own eyes, crawling in tight circles, babbling nonsense rhymes in a gibberish tongue, shrieking with manic laughter, or even gutting themselves with their own weapons in their desperation to escape the nightmarish vision that has seared itself into their brains. These unfortunates are easy prey for the Jabberslythe, which will lumber towards its hapless victims with acidic drool spilling from the upturned corners of its fang-ridged maw.

The beating of the Beastmen's war drums often serves to draw Jabberslythes from their lairs, for they know that there will be rich pickings indeed at such times. The sounds of braying, shouting or even of celebration can be enough to bring a Jabberslythe lolloping and flapping from its lair, and they are always hungry. For their part, the Beastmen do their best to ignore the Jabberslythes, for even they are not immune to the madness of its curse. Yet even the least experienced Wargor will not drive a Jabberslythe away, for a gifted Bray-Shaman can ensure their erratic and ungainly flight takes them in the direction of the foe and not the warherd. The sight of a disciplined enemy battleline crumbling with terror and insanity as the Jabberslythe goes about its gory business is pleasing to the Beastmen indeed.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Jabberslythe	8	4	4	5	5	5	3	5	9

SPECIAL RULES

Fly, Immune to Psychology, Large Target, Poisoned Attacks, Terror.

Aura of Madness: Each enemy unit within 12" of one or more Jabberslythes at the beginning of the Beastmen Magic phase must take a Leadership test. For every point by which a unit fails its test, it suffers a wound with no armour saves allowed – some of its members have gone irrevocably insane! This has no effect on units that are Immune to Psychology.

Slythey Tongue: The Jabberslythe can use its sticky, retractable tongue to drag prey into its maw. It has a shooting attack with the following profile:

	Range	Str	Special Rules
Slythey Tongue	12"	5	-

Spurting Bile-blood: For every wound caused on a Jabberslythe in close combat, the attacking unit immediately suffers a S5 hit, randomised as shooting.



GHORGONS

When the Beastmen go to war they are accompanied by sickening fiends that have grown to impossible dimensions on a diet of raw flesh and warping magic. The Ghorgon is such a beast, a many-limbed, ox-headed slaughterer possessed of an urgent need to devour and destroy. A near-mythical creature even amongst the warherds themselves, it is well that these 'bloodbrutes' are so rare, for even one Ghorgon can consume an entire Beastman tribe in a single frenzied and terrifying night.

Ghorgons are the ultimate carnivores, driven to devour anything they can catch – the meatier the better. It is thought amongst the Bray-Shamans that the Ghorgons began life as the largest Minotaurs in their tribe, warrior-lords who chose gluttony over leadership. Cannibals all, each has devoured his lesser kin in a vile feast, and hence the accumulated bloodlust that built in their hearts has reached a fever pitch that consumes them in turn. All Beastmen know that to subsist upon lean, muscled flesh is to grow strong, and to inherit the power of those upon which you feed. The Ghorgons embody this belief. They have grown tall and broad beyond measure upon the meat of the Minotaurs, and hence they are the strongest of all the denizens of the dark woods.

Such is the monstrous vileness of these creatures that they must surely have consumed the tainted as well as the true. Some whisper that it is not just tonne upon tonne of raw flesh the Ghorgons consume, but also the baleful, glowing shards of wyrdling stone that nestle in the cankerous depths of the blighted forests. Perhaps the nature of the twisted beasts upon which the Ghorgons feast has burgeoned forth in fleshy tribute to the chaos of the deep woods. Either way, Ghorgons bear grotesque mutations that aid them in their eternal quest to wolf down those they catch.

A Ghorgon usually has at least four arms, two typically ending in bony blades like those of axes or cleavers the better to carve the prey, and two ending in great grasping hands so the bloodbrute can shovel the bodies of its victims into its slobbering maw. Some have fang-lined mouths in place of their hearts, or are covered head to foot in gnashing jaws that wail and bellow with unholy hunger. Ghorgons have flaring nostrils that twitch and sniff at the scent of blood, able to function equally well be it night or day. So sensitive is a Ghorgon's sense of smell that a careless wanderer in the woods may see two odd-looking tree trunks up ahead, and approach closer, only to find a giant hand thrust down through the forest canopy as the Ghorgon snatches up its unfortunate victim and gobbles him down whole.

It is only the most gifted Shamans who can channel the Ghorgon's insatiable lust for flesh into the ranks of the enemy, but the psychotic displays of violence and destruction that ensue are well worth a few dozen of the warherd in the meantime.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ghorgon	7	4	0	6	6	6	3	6	10

SPECIAL RULES

Bloodgreed (see page 43), **Frenzy**, **Immune to Psychology**, **Large Target**, **Stubborn**, **Terror**.

Swallow Whole: The Ghorgon may forego all of its normal attacks and instead make a single special attack at an Initiative of 1. This attack has the Killing Blow ability, but To Wound rolls of a 4, 5 or 6 act as Killing Blow attacks, instead of just rolls of 6.

Strength from Flesh: As the Ghorgon chomps the enemy battleline, its flesh flushes red and its wounds re-knit. Each time a Ghorgon causes a Killing Blow with its Swallow Whole ability, it regains D3 Wounds that it has lost earlier in the battle.

"Shoot it down!

For the sake of Sigmar, reload, reload!"

– Last words of Gunnery Captain Udolf Herzelman



GIANTS

Giants are monstrous humanoids with boundless strength and a prodigious appetite for violence, flesh and alcohol. They are most often encountered in the far north of the world, being fond of cold, rocky climes. However, some do make the deep forest their home, while others descend from lairs in the Worlds Edge or Middle Mountains to join bands of Beastmen. Those that live in the forest are a particularly vile example of their breed. Their skin is often covered in green and brown mould, fungus and moss, while their long beards are matted and tangled with ivy and creepers.

Giants do not make common cause with the warherds, rather they follow in their wake, joining in with the slaughter and slaking their hunger on cattle and their thirst on looted barrels of ale. Occasionally one of the forest-dwellers might be bound to the will of a shaman by way of his dark arts, and such a beast emerging from the trees, trailing rotting litter, swathed in twisting vines and stinking of rank, woodland decay is enough to fill the superstitious soldiers with heart-stopping horror.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Giant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	special	10



SPECIAL RULES

Immune to Psychology, Large Target, Stubborn, Terror.

Longshanks: Giants have long limbs and move over normal obstacles such as walls, ditches and fences without breaking stride. Treat such obstacles as open ground when working out how far the Giant moves. However, when crossing such obstacles the player must test to see if the Giant falls over (see below).

Fall Over: Giants are ungainly and frequently befuddled, as a consequence of which they often fall down. They are especially prone to this if they've been raiding the local brewery. A Giant must test to see whether it falls over if any of the following apply:

1. When it is beaten in close combat. Test once results are established but before taking a Break test.
2. If it is fleeing at the start of the Movement phase.
3. When it crosses an obstacle. Test when the obstacle is reached.
4. If the Giant decides to Jump Up and Down on an enemy. Test immediately beforehand.

To see if the Giant falls over roll a D6. If the dice roll is a 1, the Giant falls over. (A slain Giant falls over automatically.)

To determine in which direction the Giant falls, roll a scatter dice. Place the Fallen Giant template (see page 96) with its feet at the model's base and its head in the direction of the fall. Any models completely under the template are automatically hit. Any models partly covered are hit on a 4+.

A model hit by a falling Giant takes a Strength 6 hit causing D3 wounds. If the unit is in combat and the Giant has fallen over whilst attempting to Jump Up and Down, wounds inflicted by a falling Giant count towards the combat result.

A Giant that falls over automatically suffers 1 wound with no armour saves allowed. If the Giant is in combat then this wound counts towards combat resolution.

Once on the ground (you may lie the model down if you wish) a Giant may get up in his following Movement phase, but may not move that turn.

Whilst on the ground a Giant may not attack, but he can still defend himself after a fashion so the enemy must still roll to score hits on him. If forced to flee whilst on the ground, the Giant is slain – the enemy swarm over him and cut him to pieces. If the Giant gets the opportunity to pursue his foes whilst he's on the ground, he stands up instead. A Giant may attack on the turn it stands up.



GIANT SPECIAL ATTACKS:

Giants do not attack in the same way as other creatures, though they select their victims as normal. To determine what happens, each Close Combat phase roll a D6 on one of the following tables when it is the Giant's turn to fight. Which table you use depends on the size of the Giant's victim. When fighting characters riding monsters, decide whether to attack the rider or mount, as normal and use the appropriate table for the size of the target.

Giant fighting big things (Ogres, Kroxigors, Minotaurs or similar sized or larger creatures, including chariots and war machines):

D6	RESULT
1	Yell and Bawl
2-4	Thump With Club
5-6	Chomp!

Giant fighting anyone smaller than above:

D6	RESULT
1	Yell and Bawl
2	Jump Up and Down
3	Pick Up and...
4-6	Swing With Club

Yell and Bawl: The Giant yells and bawls at the enemy. This is not pleasant as Giants are deafeningly loud and tend towards poor oral hygiene. Neither the Giant nor models in contact with him actually fight if they have not already done so this round. The Giant's side automatically wins the combat by 2.

Thump with Club: The Giant picks one model as his target and brings down his club with a single mighty strike. The target may attempt to avoid the blow by passing an Initiative test (use the lowest if the model has several different values). If the target is struck, it takes 2D6 wounds with no armour save allowed. If a double is rolled, the Giant's club embeds itself in the ground and the Giant cannot attack at all in the following round whilst he recovers his weapon.

Chomp: The Giant takes a great bite out of his enemy, automatically inflicting D3 wounds on one model in base contact with no armour saves allowed. If the Giant was wounded earlier in the battle, he may immediately recover as many Wounds as he inflicted with this attack as his altered metabolism heals up the damage!

Jump Up and Down: The Giant jumps up and down vigorously on top of one enemy unit in base contact. Before he starts, the Giant must test to determine if he falls over (see earlier). If he falls over, work out where he falls and calculate damage as already described. Any wounds caused by the fall (on either side) count towards the combat result. Assuming that he remains on his feet, the Giant bounds up and down on the enemy unit, guffawing madly. The unit sustains 2D6 Strength 6 hits allocated as shooting hits. Work out damage and saves as usual. Giants enjoy jumping up and down on their enemies so much that a Giant that does so in one combat round will automatically do so

in the following round if he is able to, assuming that he did not fall over in the previous round. A Giant that starts to Jump Up and Down will therefore continue to do so until he falls over or until the combat comes to an end.

Pick Up and... : The Giant stoops down and selects a model (Giant player's choice) that is either in base contact or touching a model in base contact (Giants have a long reach). The target may make a single attack to try to fend off the Giant's clumsy hand. If this attack hits and wounds the Giant, the Giant's attack fails, otherwise the Giant grabs the model and the player rolls a D6 to see what happens next:

D6	RESULT
1	Stuff into Bag. The Giant stuffs the victim into his bag along with sheep, cows and other plunder. The model is effectively a casualty and can do nothing whilst in the bag, but if the Giant should be slain, any enemy trapped in his bag are freed unharmed at the end of the battle. Victory points are not awarded to the enemy for freed models.
2	Throw Back into Combat. The victim is hurled back into his own unit like a living missile. This causes a wound on the victim with no armour saves allowed, and D6 Strength 3 hits (saves as normal) on the unit.
3	Hurl. The victim is hurled into any enemy unit within 12" of the Giant – randomly determine which. This causes a wound on the victim with no armour saves allowed, and D6 Strength 3 hits (saves as normal) on the unit. If no enemy units are in range, treat this as a Throw Back into Combat result instead.
4	Squash. This doesn't really bear thinking about. Suffice to say the model becomes a casualty and is removed from the game.
5	Eat. The Giant gobbles his victim up, swallowing him whole. The model is removed from the game as a casualty.
6	Pick Another. The Giant hurriedly stuffs the victim into his bag or under his shirt (or down his trousers if they're really unlucky) and attempts to pick up another victim. The second victim makes a single attack (as above) to avoid being picked up. If the Giant rolls a succession of 6s it is possible for him to amass a collection of trapped foes in his pockets and bags (not to mention down his trousers). Trapped models are effectively casualties, exactly as explained in the Stuff into Bag result described above.

Swing with Club: The Giant swings his club across the enemy's ranks, smashing them into a bloody pulp. The Giant inflicts D6 Strength 6 hits on the target unit, allocated as shooting hits.



GORTHOR

The Beastlord

Gorthor was the greatest Beastlord ever to have lived. Over one thousand years ago, his horde ravaged the Empire almost beyond recovery. His rune can still be seen carved into herdstones across the region. There have been many Beastlords who have united tribes into mighty invasions, but Gorthor was the greatest of his kind, for he possessed what so many others lacked: he had vision, and the sheer animalistic will to sear it into the minds of his followers.

Gorthor claimed that the Dark Gods had selected him as their emissary. Though he had no true magical powers, he had something of the shaman about him, often being visited by nightmare visions of the future. Such was his fervour in battle that he was sometimes cloaked by coronas of dark energy, which protected him or struck out at his foes, a sure sign to other Beastmen that the gods truly favoured him. With strength of arm and animal cunning, he united all the tribes of the Middle Mountains.

When Gorthor left the Middle Mountains it was at the head of the largest horde of beasts ever seen. Gorthor rode in a mighty chariot driven by his trusted retainer Bagrar, ensuring that all his followers could see him, and that he would be the first to shed the blood of the foe. Gorthor's own warherd thundered along beside him in chariots of their own pulled by all manner of vicious and unsightly monstrosities bound to Gorthor's will, and behind them swarmed a seething ocean of horns and hatred. Millions of the cursed Men were killed and two entire provinces were brought to their knees.

Centuries after Gorthor's death the Middle Mountains are still home to some of the most savage tribes in all the land. No army of Man dare enter the range, so terrible is the legacy of Gorthor the Beastlord.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gorthor	5	7	3	5	5	3	5	5	9
Bagrar	-	4	3	4	-	-	4	2	7
Tuskgor Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-
Tuskgor	7	3	-	4	-	-	2	1	-

MAGIC

Scion of the Dark Gods: In the heat of battle Gorthor is enshrouded in a corona of dark energy that lashes out to smite and confound his enemies.

At the start of each friendly Magic phase randomly generate a spell from the Lore of Death. Gorthor may use this spell during this Magic phase as a Bound Spell, with a Power Level equal to half the casting value of the spell, rounding up. Gorthor may not exchange the result for the first spell from the same lore, as a Wizard normally could.



SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury, Chariot, Man-bane (see page 34).

MAGIC ITEMS

The Impaler. Magic Weapon. Spear. This monstrous spear skewers Gorthor's foes through and through, rending flesh and gouging bone, mangling its victim beyond recognition. The Impaler gives Gorthor the Killing Blow special rule.

Skull of Mugar. Enchanted Item. Mounted upon Gorthor's chariot is the skull of the Lord of Minotaurs, Mugar. The magic of the skull ensures the chariot strikes with a thunderous momentum. When rolling for the chariot's impact hits, the Skull of Mugar allows an extra dice to be rolled, and the highest result to be chosen.

Cloak of the Beastlord. Enchanted Item. Alone amongst Beastmen, Gorthor does not fear the curse on slaying a Bray-Shaman. Made from the hides of those shamans he killed on his ride to power, the Cloak of the Beastlord gives Gorthor the power of iron command over his hordes. If Gorthor is the Army General, the range at which friendly units may use his Leadership characteristic is 18".



MALAGOR, THE DARK OMEN

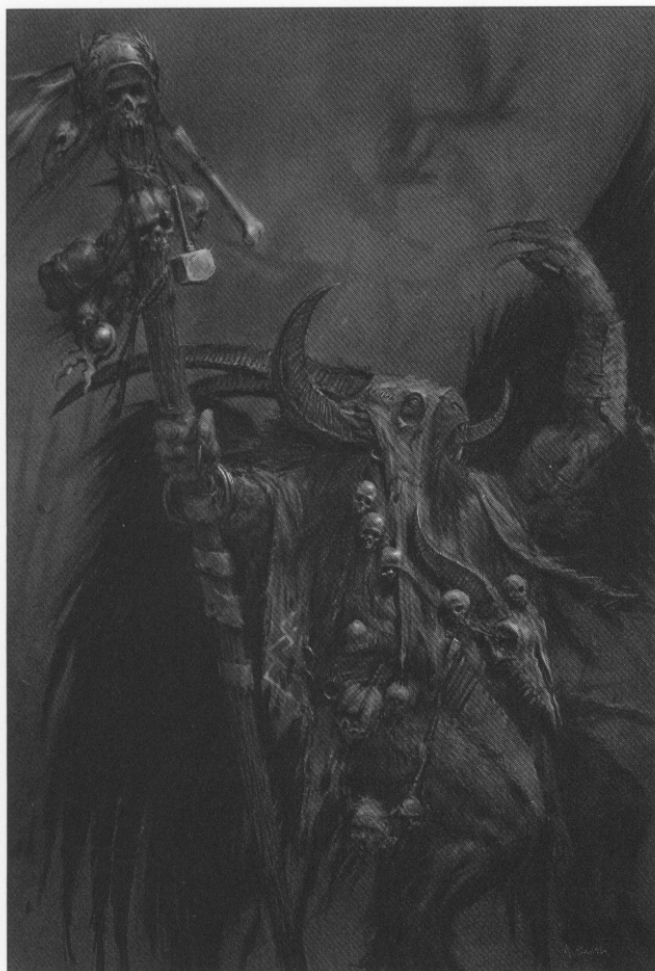
Crowfather, Despoiler of the Sacred, Harbinger of Disaster

On the coldest and most desolate mornings, the citizens of the Old World creep out of their snow-shrouded dwellings to see mysterious cloven footprints that walk up to their doors, atop their buildings, and even through the walls of their homesteads. Omens of disaster crop up everywhere; milk turns to blood, calves are born with two heads, and the clouds above form horned and leering skulls. On days such as these there rises a great wailing, for these are the signs of Malagor himself, and where the Crowfather treads, utter mayhem and destruction is not far behind.

The Beastmen believe that Malagor is the doom of Mankind personified. He is a figure of nightmare across the entire Great Forest, revered by the Beastmen but feared above all by superstitious men. To man, Malagor is a harbinger of the downfall of all they hold dear. Vilified by the cult of Sigmar as the epitome of sin due to his many blasphemies, a sighting of Malagor is the most terrifying portent of all. He is the winged fiend that will rise from the benighted forests and challenge the gods of Man. He is the devil rendered in woodcut in ancient tomes kept under lock and key lest the terrible secrets within blast the sanity of any who read them.

From the moment of his birth, it was obvious that Malagor was blessed by the Dark Gods, for he was possessed of a pair of feathered pinions as black as the night. Though Malagor is a Bray-Shaman, he does not reserve his counsel to any single chieftain. Instead, his whisperings steer the course of the entire Beastman race, visiting the herdstones and Chaos shrines across the Great Forest and enacting rituals so blasphemous that even the other Bray-Shamans dare not voice them. When the Beastmen rise up and invade the lands of Men with Malagor at their head, the temples are torn down and put to flame. Malagor desires nothing less than to cast down the human gods and goddesses, to slaughter their priests and priestesses upon their own altars, to devour their flesh and drink their blood in vile mockery of their most holy sacraments.

To the enemies of the Beastmen, the sight of Malagor swooping from the smoke-wreathed skies amongst countless thousands of carrion birds is a portent of terrible and immediate disaster. The presence of Malagor has caused stout defenders to abandon otherwise impregnable walls and the mightiest of warriors to fall to their knees in the mud in abject defeat.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Malagor	5	5	3	4	5	3	4	2	8

MAGIC

Malagor is a Level 4 Wizard. He may use spells from one of the following: the Lore of the Wild, the Lore of Death, the Lore of Shadow, or the Lore of Beasts.

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury, Fly.

Something Wicked This Way Comes: Enemy units within 6" of Malagor may not use their General's Leadership, unless he is actually in the unit.

Unholy Power: Malagor has a dread agenda given unto him by the Dark Gods themselves, and every spell Malagor casts brings his unholy mission that much closer to fruition. For every spell Malagor casts that is not dispelled he gets a cumulative +1 on subsequent casting attempts for the rest of the Magic phase.

MAGIC ITEMS

Icons of Vilification: Enchanted Item. Malagor bears all manner of symbols of blasphemy, from the broken bodies of Warrior Priests to soiled scraps of Mankind's most holy texts. These icons inspire Malagor's followers to ever greater acts of desecration. When making their Primal Fury tests, all friendly units within 6" of Malagor will become Frenzied on any roll of a double, as long as they have passed the test.



GHORROS WARHOOF

Sire of a Thousand Young

Ghorros Warhoof is a gnarled, ancient Centigor who is forever fighting, rutting or getting drunk. His unnaturally long life has spanned many centuries and he has slaughtered his way through countless wars without succumbing to his injuries. Not a single minute of his impressive lifespan has been spent idle, for the Warhoof is possessed of an unholy vitality, a virile and boundless energy that is matched only by the depths of his carnal urges. Amongst the strongest of these is a lust for violence and battle. It is a rare moon indeed that does not see Ghorros go to war.

It is commonly said that Ghorros Warhoof is the father of a thousand young, and yet that still does not do his exploits justice. A menagerie of twisted terrors that cover the Old World from one end to the other share his bloodline. Ghorros frequently boasts about his adventures; indeed it is very difficult to get him to stop. Amongst his many claims is the fathering of the entire Centigor race. He maintains that every one of that mismatched and drunken clan can be traced back to his lineage. Few have the nerve to gainsay him, for in his cups the Warhoof has a terrible and violent temper, and he is rarely sober.



None can deny that Ghorros has a very great number of Centigor sons and acolytes, all fanatically devoted to their gnarled but undeniably potent leader. He gallops into battle surrounded by the largest and most fearsome of his four-legged progeny, and every one of them would readily give their lives for the sake of their infamous sire.

But it is not just Centigor that owe a familial debt to Ghorros, for he is anything but discerning. Amongst his hordes come all manner of nameless beasts and half-breeds, and regardless of their size, barbarism or ferocity, they all pay respect to the Warhoof when he is nearby. An army blessed by the leadership of the Warhoof is strong indeed, for his presence unites the disparate creatures of the dark woods on a deep and primal level.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ghorros	8	5	3	5	4	2	3	4	8

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury, Drunken (see page 47).

The Sons of Ghorros: The unit that includes Ghorros Warhoof is comprised of his most able sons. Models in Ghorros' unit have +1 Weapon Skill. Such is his kin's devotion that Ghorros can always make a 'Look Out, Sir!' roll, provided there is at least one other member of his unit still alive.

Father of Beasts: Almost every tribe or warband in the shadow of the Middle Mountains contains a few dozen of Ghorros' many thousand relatives, and he is something of a legend amongst his people. Should Ghorros be killed, all Beastmen units in the army receive a +1 bonus to their Leadership when taking Primal Fury tests.

MAGIC ITEMS

Mansmasher: Magic Weapon. In battle Ghorros wields a great spiked club, every bit as blunt and unsubtle as its owner. Though crude, the Mansmasher bears the blessings of dozens of Bray-Shamans, and it has been soaked in the blood of ancient dynasties. Each unsaved wound caused by the Mansmasher is multiplied into D3 Wounds.

Skull of the Unicorn Lord: Talisman. Atop his scalp Ghorros wears the broken skull of Arsil, the Prince of Unicorns, who had an unfortunate encounter with Ghorros in a moonlit glade many centuries ago. It still harbours some of the protective magic of its former owner. Ghorros has Magic Resistance (2). However, such is their desire to avenge the Unicorn Lord that all units in a Wood Elf army Hate Ghorros and his unit.



MORGHUR

The Shadowgave, Master of Skulls

The vile, twisted creature known as Morghur is the essence of mutation and corruption given form. His coarse hair is woven through with gibbering, shrieking skulls, and his form flows and reshapes with every passing second. Morghur's lair is deep within a cave near the Forest of Arden. The dank, stone walls flow like water in his presence, constantly reforming to mirror the dark visions that plague him. Morghur's mind is filled with images of destruction and desolation. Hatred boils within his heart, and he is consumed with the desire to make his waking-dreams become reality – to rip down civilisation in all its forms, to shatter order wherever it is found and to change the world constantly and randomly. As he walks the world, everything in his presence is irrevocably twisted. Grass grows in disturbing patterns beneath his hooves, streams flow backwards and animals mutate horribly.

Beastmen revere Morghur, believing that his spirit walked the world before the birth of their race; the incarnation of disorder and Chaos. They set out from thousands of miles away to stand in his presence, drawn to him by urges they do not question; a tainted pilgrimage that often destroys them. Only the strongest-willed survive the encounter, though their minds are usually shattered and plagued by nightmare visions ever after. The bodies of most are wracked by fatal change. Those few that return with minds intact to their warherds are regarded with awe and respect, invariably rising to become powerful chieftains.

The shamans claim that if the physical body of Morghur is cut down, his spirit is reborn elsewhere. Indeed, tales of creatures of similar description are told all across the Old World, and darkness, mutation and taint has always followed in his wake. The Elves know this being as Cyanathair, the Corrupter, and amongst the Dwarfs he is the Gor-Dum. Legends of the Empire claim that in ages long past this being made the Drakwald the dark and twisted place it is today. Nevertheless, the only one to perhaps understand the true horror and revulsion of Morghur is Queen Ariel of the Wood Elves. It is she alone who truly perceives the black and expansive essence of Morghur, too powerful a spirit to be contained in a single physical form. War rages between the Wood Elves and the Beastmen as Ariel seeks a way to destroy Morghur forever, while with every year ever more Beastmen are drawn to his distorted realm.



Aura of Transmutation: Morghur's mutating spirit leaks out from him, changing the world around. Bolts and arrows fired at him turn into birds, bats or frogs, spells into showers of warm blood, and cannonballs into puffs of smoke, while an enemy soldier might be transformed into a twisting mass of tentacles, a puddle of black jelly, or a pile of fish. Morghur cannot be harmed in any way by missile attacks or spells, unless the model which is the source of the attack is within 12" of him. Furthermore, at the beginning of each round of close combat, all enemy models in base contact take a S3 hit with no armour save allowed.

Spirit-essence of Chaos: Everywhere Morghur travels, there follows a tide of Chaos. Beastmen mutate into vile, twisted new shapes, turning to follow Morghur in his cavalcade of unreason. To represent his abilities to change those around him into horrible new forms, at the beginning of your Magic phase, you must remove a friendly model within 12" from play. Then roll a D6 – on the roll of a 3+ you may place a Chaos Spawn within 3" of the spot vacated, provided there is space, and you have the appropriate model available. When the Spawn appears it must be placed more than 1" away from other models.

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

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury, Unbreakable.



TAUROX, THE BRASS BULL

Slaughterhorn, Bloodbeast, The Brazen One

Taurox the Brass Bull is an unstoppable force; a roaring, snorting engine of destruction virtually impervious to physical harm. Cast in the form of a grotesquely muscled Doombull, Taurox looms over his followers, a mountain of living brass with curving, bladed horns and a gnashing metal maw that constantly drools with gore.

The Brass Bull was not always a metallic monstrosity. Once a fearsome chieftain of the Minotaur tribes, Taurox enforced his brutal will upon the lesser beasts of the forest by felling any creature who dared meet his stern gaze and then devouring them alive. The Brass Bull was merciless beyond measure, and the ground at his feet was ever wet with the freshly spilled blood of friend and foe alike.

So it was that one night an emissary of the fell powers crawled into the mortal realm from the devastated remains of one of Taurox's rivals. The hell-borne nightmare was sinewy and crimson-skinned, coiled with unholy energy, and it met Taurox's gaze with its hollow black eyes. This proved to be a costly mistake. Before it could utter a single syllable in its dark tongue, Taurox grabbed it by its wattled throat and bit off its head.

There was a moment's silence, then a violent thrashing as Taurox spasmed and shook, seized by a vision of a world awash with blood and afloat with corpses. Taurox roared and screamed, biting and clawing at himself in his convulsions before taking up his axes and slaying every one of his tribe one by one.

But he did not stop there. For a year and a day, Taurox raged across the lands in a blind rampage, killing every living thing he could find. Tribes of Beastmen, covens of witches, nomadic Strigany caravans, mercenary Ogres, Empire patrols, proud knights, two-headed Giants, all fell to Taurox's boundless wrath. When he came upon the vale of Lietberg he killed so many citizens that a river of blood was born at his feet. Exhausted, Taurox collapsed in the crimson stream, and he would have died then and there, for his energies were completely spent. But the dark ones had uses for him still.

Under a scarlet moon, Taurox was reborn. He rose up and bellowed his defiance, blood cascading from his now-brass frame, for the gods had rewarded his fell deeds with a body of shining metal. No more would he tire, no more would he have a moment's respite from the rage that consumed him. Taurox drank deep of the gory river he had made, and the blood sluiced and boiled inside his brass body, giving him unholy vitality. Clashing his rune-enscribed axes together in savage pride, Taurox set off once more and began the slaughter anew. This time he did not stop, and the Brass Bull will not stop until he is somehow put in the grave once and for all.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Taurox	6	6	3	6	6	5	5	6	8

SPECIAL RULES

Bloodgreed (see page 43), **Fear**, **Frenzy**, **Slaughterer's Call** (see page 35).

Brass Body: Taurox is a towering beast of impossibly hard metal skin. But his transformation was imperfect, because to spite a Daemon always carries consequence. Upon the throat of the Brass Bull is an area of flesh that may yield to a sword-thrust both bold and true. Taurox has a 1+ armour save. However, if an attack rolls a '6' To Hit and then a '6' To Wound then Taurox will be slain outright if he fails his saving throw.

Impact Hits: Taurox causes D3+1 Impact Hits on the turn he charges, as long as he contacts an enemy model.

MAGIC ITEMS

Rune-tortured Axes: Magic Weapon. Two hand weapons (extra Attack included in profile). The runes on Taurox's axes burn with dire sorcery. His attacks ignore armour saves and count as Flaming Attacks.



MOONCLAW, SON OF MORRSLIEB

The Lunatic Prince, Child of the Gravid Orb

The creature known as Moonclaw was not born of mortal creatures, but instead hurled from the pale belly of Morrslieb when it was at its most bloated. Though at first glance he could be mistaken for a particularly hideous Beastman, Moonclaw is not of this world. For Moonclaw is utterly and irrevocably insane, his actions as random as they are lethal.

Upon the Geheimnisnacht when Moonclaw came unto the world, Morrslieb hung low and full in the firmament like the belly of a pregnant hag. The forests resounded to the orgiastic feasting of the Beastmen tribes. At the stroke of the witching hour, a blazing, horned comet seared across the skies. It briefly traced a green scar across the heavens before hammering through the clouds and slamming into the sacred grove at the base of the Barren Hills. A wave of green-black force flattened the forest for miles around. Nothing survived the disastrous impact save Moonclaw himself, who stepped steaming from the cracked remains of an egg-shaped lump of purest warpstone, his glistening fur slicked to his body by nameless fluids. Thus did Moonclaw step from the wyrdling substance of his lunar mother into the Old World.

Since that day Moonclaw has wandered the lands in a daze, speaking glottal syllables in a backwards tongue. His glowing, goat-slit eyes seem to see into another realm, and his erratic gestures leave doppelganger traces in the air. Wherever the Beastmen witness the lambent green-black flames that lick around Moonclaw they fall to their knees in worship.

When Morrslieb is nearest the earth, Moonclaw's power waxes full. It is then that Moonclaw summons the strange two-headed beast, Umbralok, that serves as his steed, and rides at the head of a great army. On these nights he seeks out the waystones that dot the Old World, edifices older than the race of man. Moonclaw desires nothing so much as to see these flung down and defiled so that the dark power they stem may flow out into the world. So it is that Moonclaw leads his followers against the civilised races, his twisted and mutated form crackling with barely contained power atop his fiendish steed. Few can tolerate the wave of madness that precedes Moonclaw on these most eldritch of nights, let alone stand resolute when jagged shards of lunar rock hurtle out of the skies to annihilate any who earn Moonclaw's displeasure.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Moonclaw	5	3	3	4	4	2	3	3	7
Umbralok	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	3	6

MAGIC

Moonclaw is a Level 1 Wizard who can generate his spell from the Lore of the Wild or the Lore of Shadow.

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury.

Wave of Insanity: Every unit, friend or foe, within 12" of Moonclaw at the start of their turn must take a Stupidity test. Moonclaw himself, and Umbralok (should Moonclaw be riding him), are unaffected.

Unholy Zenith: At the beginning of the game, secretly roll a D3 and record the number. In the turn that corresponds to this number, Morrslieb is full.

For the entire duration of that turn Moonclaw has a +2 bonus to his casting rolls. Furthermore, to represent his ability to call down a shower of warpstone meteors, he may make D3 shooting attacks resolved as if he were a stone thrower for that turn only (even if he moved or marched during the Movement phase). Any results of a misfire cause a single wound upon Moonclaw that cannot be saved by any means.

Ward of Morrslieb: Moonclaw has a 5+ ward save and Magic Resistance (2).



UNGROL FOUR-HORN

Blackheart, Hornsthief, the Spurned One

Ungrol Four-horn is a being consumed with bitterness and spite. There is no more hateful a creature in the Old World, for he has been cast out of the ranks of both man and beast. Such was the scale of his transgressions that he has become something of a legend, and to this day he leads as a self-styled beggar king, marching at the head of a ragtag army of outcasts, mutants, and heretics who have nowhere else to run.

Ungrol was born with two heads, each of which was possessed of a singular ugliness. The mewling beast was greeted with utter revulsion by his human parents, and so Ungrol was cast out into the woods to die. But he subsisted on a diet of grubs and roots until he was strong enough to hunt and kill. Ungrol eventually found his way to the Manblight tribe, where he joined the ranks of the Ungor. Though he had only the most rudimentary horn-buds, the fact Ungrol had two heads was remarkable enough that he was tolerated as a Beastman. But still Ungrol had not found peace. The other Ungors were jealous of his mutation, and the Gors mocked him and beat him for having such small horns. Every day was a new set of demeaning and horrible trials for the creature they mockingly called four-horn.



One dark night, covered in bruises and bleeding from a dozen wounds, Ungrol could take no more. His tribe-kin were snoring loudly after a drunken feast which Ungrol was not allowed to attend. He took up a great rock and, approaching the largest of the sleeping figures, bashed his chieftain's brains out. The Bray-Shaman was next, throttled by Ungrol's sinewy hands. Ungrol carved off the magnificent horns of the two tribal leaders with his jagged knife, strapping the chieftain's horns to one of his heads and those of the Bray-Shaman to the other. Resplendent with his new sets of headgear, Ungrol capered in the moonlight, gazing with manic glee at his shadow and singing 'Four-horn, four-horn!' over and over again.

Now to kill a chieftain outside of a challenge is bad enough, but to kill a Bray-Shaman is the gravest sin of all. When the tribe found the atrocities Ungrol had committed they chased him for a night and a day, but Ungrol was ever sly, and he evaded their pursuit in a labyrinth of dark caves. He still dwells there to this day, consumed by enmity and jealous ire.

Over the years Ungrol's legend has spread, and through channelling his vast reservoir of hatred he has come to be a warrior of some repute. Many Ungors have joined his cause and he now commands a great army of mutants, outcasts and monsters that raid the lands of men, taking out their hatred upon any they can catch and keeping their human captives like cattle in the dank depths of the Labyrinth of the Spurned.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ungrol	5	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	7

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury, Beastman Ambush.

Bruised and Bitter: Ungrol and his unit may re-roll failed Primal Fury tests when in combat against units from the Empire, Bretonnia and Beastmen army books. However, Ungrol's unit may not use the Army General's Leadership, and no other characters may join the unit.

MAGIC ITEMS

The Stolen Crowns: Enchanted Item. Ungrol's 'horns' still contain a residue of their former owners' power, meaning that he can often be found bickering with himself or speaking the dark tongues of magic.

Take a Leadership test for Ungrol at the beginning of each of his turns. If he passes the test, has +2 Weapon Skill and +1 Strength until the start of his next turn. If he fails he is treated as a Level 1 Wizard instead – randomly generate a spell from the Lore of the Wild each time.



SLUGTONGUE

The Famine-Fiend, the Barren One, Lord of the Black Harvest

The repulsive creature known as Molokh Slugtongue is anathema to cultivated life and natural harmony. Everything Mankind does to harness nature, every act of order intended to trammel the chaos of the wild, can be undone by a single gesture from Slugtongue's blackened claw. Slugtongue is the cold talon of winter incarnate, and famine follows in his wake.

Stalking across the lands of Man like a black, hobbled crow, Slugtongue turns the most fecund and fertile valleys into barren and freezing wastes crawling with poisonous vermin. At first glance, Slugtongue could be mistaken for a death-devil, for his head is little more than a leering, bovine skull and his emaciated body is covered with liver-spots and coarse, white hair. Yet on closer inspection Slugtongue teems with life, albeit of the basest kind – he is host to colonies of fat black lice, hopping fleas, bloated ticks, wriggling worms and stink-bodied cockroaches that infest every dank crevice of his wretched frame. Centipedes crawl from his empty eye sockets and slugs spill from gaps in his rotten teeth when Slugtongue croaks his pronouncements of slow but inevitable doom. Worse still, he is surrounded by an aura of numbing cold, his stinking breath coalescing in ever more disturbing shapes and his tattered robes hung with jagged icicles of filthy and unimaginable fluid.

As repugnant as Slugtongue is at first-hand, the signs of his passing are just as disturbing. With a single whispered phrase, he can unleash the power of blight upon the land and those that defend it. Ravenous living hurricanes of skull-headed locusts whip and tear across the crop-fields, reducing them to shocking ruin in seconds. Rivers of virgin meltwater turn to bile at the sound of his gurgling, phlegm-choked laughter. With a single word, the skies fill with writhing clouds of transparent maggot-things that rain down into freshwater lakes like a living hail. Storehouses full of golden corn and sheafs of barley are opened to reveal nothing more than rotting black sludge, and barrels of fine ale yield nothing more than a thick gruel of infected spittle.

Each of these vile transformations is pleasing to Slugtongue, for he knows that those on the brink of starvation are soon driven to acts of foolhardiness. It is not long before those living under the dark blight of his presence marshal their armies in their desperate need to lift the curse that ravages their lands. But those who follow Slugtongue are ready for them, knowing full well that war follows famine as surely as winter follows autumn. When the armies of the starving and frightened march to confront Slugtongue they are met by hordes of well-fed, hot-tempered and battle-ready Beastmen who descend upon them from every direction. It is not long before these bestial armies are hacking apart and trampling the weakened fools that dare stand against Slugtongue's curse, whilst mocking laughter drifts upon the rot-scented winds.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Slugtongue	5	4	3	3	4	2	3	1	7

MAGIC

Slugtongue is a Level 2 Wizard. He can generate his spells from the Lore of the Wild or the Lore of Death.

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury, Poisoned Attacks, Regeneration.

Curse of the Famine-fiend: Not even magical creatures can escape the veil of famine that Slugtongue draws across the land. Immediately after deployment, each enemy unit within 36" of Slugtongue must roll once on the table below.

D6	EFFECT
1-3	No effect: The unit resists Slugtongue's blight.
4-5	Crippling weakness: The unit suffers D3 wounds with no armour saves allowed.
6	Starvation, body and soul: The unit suffers D6 wounds with no armour saves allowed.





KHAZRAK

The One-eye

Possessing a ruthless cunning far above that of his bestial kin, Khazrak the One-eye is the most dangerous and powerful Beastlord in the Drakwald. He has plagued the region for several years, descending without warning and then slipping away into the shadows once more. Khazrak has a unique ability to control and harness the unruly spirit of the herd and devise simple but effective battle plans. He is unlike most Beastmen, with a patient and cunning mind at odds with the normal headstrong nature of his kind. Khazrak's warband roams the Drakwald terrorising the townships and roads, and never before has a Beastman leader proven so elusive to retribution. No one is spared in Khazrak's attacks, his superbly trained Warhounds chasing down the few who manage to escape the warherd itself.

On several occasions the Elector Count Boris Todbringer of Middenheim has led the hunt to catch Khazrak, and once even managed to trap the Beastman near the village of Elsterweld against all the odds. Khazrak lost his eye to the Count's Runefang in the ensuing battle but still escaped. Khazrak's eye has never fully healed, and continually weeps blood and pus.

Such a handicap would usually prove fatal in the brutal culture of the Beastmen but Khazrak's wound has actually made him all the more fearsome. For many months afterwards he plotted and schemed in his hidden lair, and only when the perfect opportunity presented itself did he put his plan into action. With a series of daring ambushes, he lured the Count and his army into a cunning trap. Khazrak confronted the Elector Count and threw him from his horse, pinning him to the ground. With slow deliberation, Khazrak gouged out one of the Count's eyes with the tip of a horn. Khazrak allowed his foe to live, and some believe that he actually enjoys matching his wits against Todbringer, seeing it as a challenge to his skills.

The Elector has posted a bounty of ten thousand gold crowns for Khazrak's head, but those few mercenary armies who have returned from the Drakwald have done so empty-handed. The two rivals have clashed on several occasions since. Khazrak remains a dire threat to the entire north of the Empire, and his invasions are covering a wider area with each passing year, as more and more towns, forts and castles fall victim to his well-planned and devastating attacks.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Khazrak	5	7	1	5	5	3	5	4	9

SPECIAL RULES

Primal Fury.

Bestial Cunning: Khazrak is the most cunning Beastman to have lived, and his warband is highly experienced at carrying out his ambush plans. All units using the Beastman Ambush special rule in the same army as Khazrak may choose to re-roll the dice to see how and when they enter play.

MAGIC ITEMS

Scourge. Magic Weapon. Scourge is a lethal whip, wrapped in the bitter curses of many generations of Bray-Shamans. Its cruel barbs lash out in wide arcs. Instead of making normal attacks, Khazrak may choose to use his whip. In this case he has a number of attacks equal to the number of models in the front rank of one enemy unit that Khazrak is in base contact with. These attacks are distributed as per shooting. Scourge cannot be used in a challenge.

The Dark Mail. Magic Armour. This ancient suit of chainmail can counter the fanciful enchantments and magics of enemy weapons. The Dark Mail confers an armour save of 2+. In addition, it negates the power of any magic or runic weapons carried by models in base contact – treat them as ordinary non-magical weapons of their type.

SLAUGHTER AT GRIMMINHAGEN

The Drakwald harbours uncounted numbers of warherds, the chieftains of each vying for the position of Beastlord and the opportunity to unite all of the Beastmen in the region and rise up as one against the hated Men. Many are the names invoked by the Bray-Shamans; Kartok Great-horn, the Doombull Urgorgoth and the Beastlord Graktar. In recent years, another name has come to be invoked before the herdstones of the Drakwald. That name is Khazrak One-eye.



The deed that saw Khazrak rise to power is known to the Men of the region as the Battle of Grimminhagen. The armies of Middenheim had been persecuting the warherds of the northern Drakwald for several seasons, and a number of chieftains had attempted to unite the brayherd in order to attack back. Yet Middenheim dwells aloft upon the Ulricsberg plateau, one of the most defensible cities in the the Empire. Thousands of Beastmen lost their lives in futile attacks against it. Khazrak bided his time, seeing that these Men would be defeated not through brute force alone, but through animal cunning too. And so Khazrak launched a series of attacks against the less fortified towns of the Drakwald, burning them to the ground, slaughtering thousands of the Emperor's subjects and turning many more into refugees. Khazrak's herds committed such atrocities that the Men had no choice but to seek vengeance. It was only a matter of weeks before Khazrak's plan came to fruition.

Khazrak gathered a brayherd of ten thousand Beastmen and attacked the fortress of Sternhauer Keep. Yet he ordered his horde to withdraw as soon as he received word from his scouts that Men were coming to relieve the keep's defenders. Khazrak split his horde into two armies. He lead the first one north, through the dark forest to a place near the road along which the army of Men would be hemmed in by rocky, overgrown crags. The second Beastman horde Khazrak sent to a place several leagues south, where the road crossed a ford over a wide forest river.

Even as his army mustered on the reverse of the hill overlooking the road, Khazrak saw the human army approaching in a long column, led by a phalanx of armoured knights. It was the army of Middenheim, outside of the safety of their fortifications, come to relieve their fellows at Sternhauer Keep. The Beastlord saw the enemy army was many thousands strong. He felt instantly the bestial desire of his Gors to be up and charging with animalistic wrath. Yet Khazrak cast his eye back at his army, exerting his control over the herds with a low, animal growl. A hundred knights passed below, and regiment after regiment of foot soldiers followed. Still Khazrak enforced his will and his army waited, straining at the leash but obedient to the Beastlord nonetheless.

And then, as the last regiments passed by on the road below, Khazrak heard a great braying war cry from further down the road. He knew that the vanguard of the army of Men had reached the other half of his horde. The Gors had succumbed to their bestial nature, as Khazrak had known they would, and had charged forward into the open ground before the ford and were even now tearing into the army of Middenheim. Bellowing his own war cry, Khazrak leaped down from the rocks onto the road, landing mere yards behind the column's rearguard regiment. An instant later, his army landed behind him with the thunderous report of several thousand pairs of hooves slamming in to the ground. Within moments the Beastmen were charging the startled Men, cutting into the disorganised regiment with savage abandon.

The battle that followed saw the army from Middenheim utterly defeated. The hundred yards or so of open land cut back on either side of the road became a blood-soaked killing ground. The knights had scant time or even room to bring a charge to bear. Darting Ungors cut their horses from under them before the mighty two-handed axes of the Bestigors hacked into the flailing knights. Khazrak's horde drove through the human's rearguard, cutting men down with frenzied barbarity, the time for low cunning now past. So complete was the slaughter that the two hordes of Beastmen came face to face having slaughtered their way through the entire human army, and so hot was their blood that they near fell upon one another in their lust for battle. It is said that only Khazrak's animal dominance, and the threat of his vicious whip Scourge, stayed the hand of the Beastmen and averted the kin-slaying.

Looking upon the bloody work he had done, Khazrak waded through the broken, bloody corpses of hundreds of men and horses and lifted from the ground a stained, ragged flag. This he knew to be the magical banner carried by the armoured knights who had led the army. Khazrak knew that such things were of value to Men, and so he ordered it carried away from that place of slaughter to be planted before one of the sacred herdstones in the depths of the Drakwald. Such a thing would do great honour to Chaos, and serve as a mocking taunt to all that Men held dear.

Khazrak has since become a figure of awe to the Beastmen and dread to Men, and his name has spread far and wide. Amongst the Beastmen of the Drakwald his name is invoked by the Bray-Shamans when the herds gather, and his influence has increased greatly. Word has also spread amongst Men, who have come to revile the Beastlord for his defilement of their banner and the slaughter of so many of their kin. Many expeditions have been dispatched into the depths of the forest, Men hoping to recover the standard even though it resides before a dark fane guarded by the most gigantic of beasts. None have returned, each serving only to provide more offerings to the Dark Gods, and more glory to the name of Khazrak the One-eye.

With each passing month, Khazrak's attacks become more devastating, as more and more of the warherds of the Drakwald, and even beyond, rally to his call. If his victories continue in such a manner, soon Khazrak will have united every warherd in the Old World. It is then that the doom of Man must surely come.

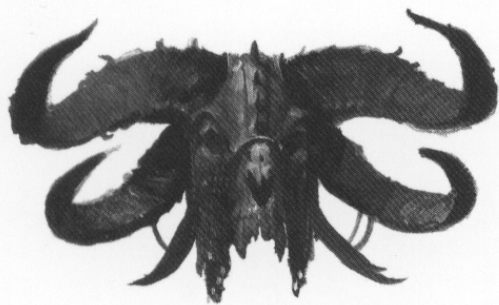


CALLING THE BRAYHERD

This chapter presents a showcase of some of the fantastic Citadel Miniatures available for the Beastmen. It also provides a guide to starting off your collection, from which your tabletop armies will be drawn, and some ideas for expanding it further.

THE PATH TO WAR

This army book presents a structured, organised army list, but when beginning a collection there's no need to limit yourself to the dictates of the list. The truth of the matter is that a great many people are inspired to start a new collection of Citadel Miniatures by a stunning miniature, an engaging passage of background or the tactical possibilities offered by a unique special rule. Perhaps you've read about Gorthor the Beastlord and been inspired to collect an army of chariots led by this mighty Beastlord. Or maybe you want to collect an army of marauding Centigors from the wooded foothills of the Middle Mountains. All such approaches are equally valid, and exploring them will make for a unique, stunning collection and result in some highly memorable games.



Other people plan out their collection from the very beginning, starting off with a couple of units from the Core section of the army list, plus a character of some sort to lead the small force.

If you're a veteran Warhammer player you may already have a good idea of what you want to field in your Beastmen army. Or you may already have a sizable Beastmen collection and be looking to add those units that are new to this book into your existing army.

Whichever approach you take, many people find that it's a good idea to paint up your first purchases before getting hold of more. This allows you to practise your technique and decide what you most enjoy painting. As soon as even one unit is painted, however, it pays to get it on the tabletop battlefield and see what it can do.

After you've painted your first few units and played your first few games it's time to think about expanding your army based on your early experience. Some people build their collection based purely on their painting and modelling tastes, while others like to capitalise on tactics. In most cases, it's a combination of both, so do what works best for you.

THE POWER OF THE CHIEFTAIN

A Beastman army is driven by the sheer animal dominance of its general, who in many ways represents you yourself on the tabletop. As your collection grows and so you have more flexibility in the tabletop armies you can field, you may want to consider just what sort of character you want representing you. You might want to add a Beastlord, a mighty chieftain whose high leadership will ensure the Primal Fury rule works to its full, devastating effect. Or you might like to ramp up the savagery by having your army led by a Minotaur Doombull, a monstrous leader fully able to defeat even the mightiest lord the enemy can field. Another option would be to include a Great Bray-Shaman, whose knowledge of the Lore of the Wild can enhance nearby units in all manner of fiendish ways, or inflict damage upon those of the enemy. Painting these models will be a treat, whichever you choose, and many people like to name them, write their own background stories and keep track of their deeds from one game to the next.

Amongst the most attractive of all of the miniatures in the Beastmen range are its special characters. The Citadel sculptors have invested many hours in creating these centrepiece models, and you'll find them a joy to paint. In addition, they have unique and exciting special rules, many of which can influence the way in which you use your army.

THE BEASTS ARISE

The bulk of a Beastman army consists of a braying mass of savage Gors and Ungors, which in large numbers, and boosted by the Primal Fury rule, can be extremely dangerous – especially when they spring out of ambush right behind the enemy battleline.

There are plenty of larger beasts to collect too. What Beastmen player could resist a unit or two of Minotaurs, for example? These massive beasts are stunning miniatures, and so destructive on the tabletop your opponents will soon dread the sight of them being deployed. Even larger still are the Ghorgons and Cygors, both of which are capable of decimating huge swathes of the enemy army, the former with its awesome charge, the latter by hurling great chunks of rock across the field of battle.

In addition to these beasts, the army is blessed with a profusion of other, even more exotic units. Gibbering Jabberslythes, striding Giants, lurching Chaos Spawn and the thunderous Razorgor Chariots provide a wide range of options for creating a stunning collection and a brutally effective tabletop army.



A savage Beastman warherd surges out of the dark forest.



Khazrak the One-eye.



Morgbur, Master of Skulls.



*Malagor,
the Dark Omen.*



*Ghorros wears
the Skull of the
Unicorn Lord.*

Ghorros Warboof.



Bray-Sbamans.



Beastlords and Wargors lead the Beastmen to war.



*The Skull
of Mugar.*



Gorthor the Beastlord, scourge of two provinces.



Tuskgor Chariot.



Gors, armed with crude weapons.



Gors.



Gor Herd.



Gors, including standard bearer, Foe-render and musician.



Beastman banners display many combinations of skulls, horns and fell sigils.



Gor standard bearers.



Beastman shields often have trophies and fetishes crudely nailed on.



Ungor Raiders are armed with short bows.



Ungors.



Ungor Herds range ahead of the warberd's Gors.



Ungors.



Ungor shields.

Ungor banners tend towards simpler designs than the Gors'.



Ungor Herd.



Bestigor Herd.



Bestigor musician and Gouge-born.



Bestigors have the pick of the herd's weapons and armour.

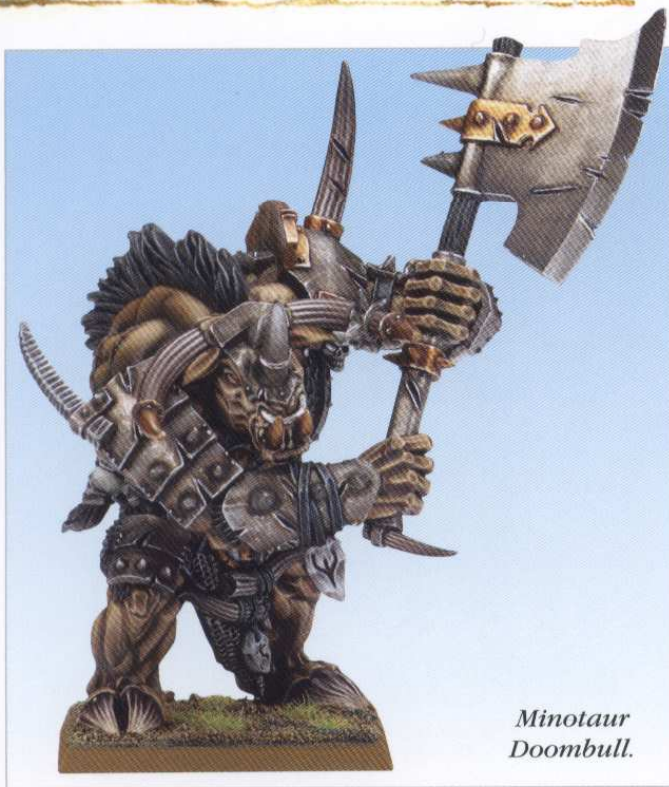


Bestigor standard bearers.



Battle Standard Bearer.





*Minotaur
Doombull.*



Minotaur standard bearer.



Minotaur Bloodkine.



Minotaur musician.



Minotaur.



Minotaurs.



Towering, flesh-hungry Minotaurs charge into the enemy's battleline.



Centigor Herd.



Centigors.



Chaos Giant.



Razorgors can be fielded in herds or drawing crude chariots.







Beastman army banner.



Bestigor banner.



Bestigor banner.



Bestigor banner.



Gor banner.



Ungor banner.



BEASTMEN ARMY LIST

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

CHOOSING AN ARMY

Every miniature in the Warhammer range has a points cost that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield. For example, an Ungor costs just 5 points, while a towering Cygor costs 275 points!

Both players choose armies to the same agreed points total. You can spend less and 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 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 and so on until you reach the agreed points total. In addition to the points value, 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 are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles 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 and are covered in the Options section of the unit entry.

Special Rules. Many troops have special rules that are fully described in the section of this book entitled 'The Warherd'. The names of these rules are listed as a handy 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	Total Characters	Max. Lords
Less than 2,000	3	0
2,000 or more	4	1
3,000 or more	6	2
4,000 or more	8	3
Each +1,000	+2	+1

An army must always include at least one character to act as the 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 when you deploy your army.

Many Beastmen characters can be equipped with magic items from the Treasures of the Herdstones. These items range from powerful magical weapons, to banners and other arcane items. Also included in this section are the Gifts of Chaos a character can be granted for service to the Ruinous Powers. Where characters have these options, it is included in their profile.



CHOOSING TROOPS

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

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

For Core units, there is a minimum number of units from this category that you must take. Chaos Warhounds 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.

Like many characters, some Beastmen units can be equipped with magic items (normally banners). Where units have this option, it is included in their profile.

LORDS

KHAZRAK THE ONE-EYE 270 points

Page 62

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Khazrak	5	7	1	5	5	3	5	4	9

Equipment:

- Scourge
- The Dark Mail

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury
- Bestial Cunning

You can only include one Khazrak in your army.

GORTHOR THE BEASTLORD 350 points

Page 54

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gorthor	5	7	3	5	5	3	5	5	9
Bagrar	-	4	3	4	-	-	4	2	7
Tuskgor Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-
Tuskgor	7	3	-	4	-	-	2	1	-

Equipment:

- The Impaler
- Skull of Mugrar
- Cloak of the Beastlord
- Spear (Bagrar)

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury
- Chariot
- Man-bane
- Scion of the Dark Gods

You can only include one Gorthor in your army.

- The chariot has a total armour save of 4+.

Options:

Gorthor (with all his equipment) and Bagrar may be mounted in a Razorgor Chariot, replacing both crew, for +65 points.

MALAGOR, THE DARK OMEN 350 points

Page 55

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Malagor	5	5	3	4	5	3	4	2	8

You can only include one Malagor in your army.

Magic:

Malagor is a Level 4 Wizard. He may choose his spells from the Lore of the Wild, the Lore of Beasts, the Lore of Death or the Lore of Shadows.

Equipment:

- Icons of Vilification
- Braystaff (hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury
- Fly
- Something Wicked This Way Comes
- Unholy Power

TAUROX, THE BRASS BULL 335 points

Page 58

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Taurox	6	6	3	6	6	5	5	6	8

Equipment:

- Rune-tortured Axes

Special Rules:

- Bloodgreed
- Brass Body
- Fear
- Frenzy
- Impact Hits (D3+1)
- Slaughterer's Call

You can only include one Taurox in your army.



LORDS

BEASTLORD 145 points

Page 34

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Beastlord	5	6	3	5	5	3	5	4	9

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury
- Man-bane

Options:

- Magic items and Gifts of Chaos:
 - Any up to a total of 100 points
- Weapons (one choice only):
 - Great weapon 12 points
 - Additional hand weapon 8 points
- Armour (one choice only):
 - Light armour 3 points
 - Heavy armour 6 points
- May also take:
 - Shield 3 points
- Mount (one choice only):
 - Tuskgor Chariot 80 points
 - Razorgor Chariot 145 points



DOOMBULL 235 points

Page 35

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Doombull	6	6	3	6	5	5	5	5	8

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Bloodgreed
- Fear
- Frenzy
- Impact Hits (D3)
- Slaughterer's Call

Options:

- Magic items and Gifts of Chaos:
 - Any up to a total of 100 points
- Weapons (one choice only):
 - Great weapon 15 points
 - Additional hand weapon 8 points
- Armour (one choice only):
 - Light armour 6 points
 - Heavy armour 12 points
- May also take:
 - Shield 6 points



GREAT BRAY-SHAMAN 200 points

Page 36

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Bray-Shaman	5	5	3	4	5	3	4	2	8

Equipment:

- Braystaff (hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury

Magic:

A Great Bray-Shaman is a Level 3 Wizard. He may choose his spells from the Lore of the Wild, the Lore of Beasts, the Lore of Death or the Lore of Shadows.

Options:

- Upgrade to a:
 - Level 4 Wizard 35 points
- Magic items and Gifts of Chaos:
 - Any up to a total of 100 points
- Weapons:
 - Additional hand weapon 4 points
- Mount (one choice only):
 - Tuskgor Chariot 80 points
 - Razorgor Chariot 145 points



HEROES

MORGHUR, MASTER OF SKULLS 280 points

Page 57

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

Equipment:
• Hand weapon

Special Rules:
• Primal Fury
• Aura of Transmutation
• Spirit-essence of Chaos
• Unbreakable

You can only include one Morghur in your army.



SLUGTONGUE 190 points

Page 61

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Slugtongue	5	4	3	3	4	2	3	1	7

Equipment:
• Braystaff (hand weapon)

Special Rules:
• Primal Fury
• Curse of the
Famine-fiend
• Poisoned Attacks
• Regeneration

You can only include one Slugtongue in your army.

Magic:

Slugtongue is a Level 2 Wizard and may generate his spells from either the Lore of the Wild or the Lore of Death.



MOONCLAW, SON OF MORRSLIEB 200 points

Page 59

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Moonclaw	5	3	3	4	4	2	3	3	7
Umbralok	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	3	6

Equipment:
• Braystaff (hand weapon)

Special Rules:
• Primal Fury
• Unholy Zenith
• Ward of Morrslieb
• Wave of Insanity

You can only include one Moonclaw in your army.

Magic:

Moonclaw is a Level 1 Wizard and may generate his spell from either the Lore of the Wild or the Lore of Shadow.

Options:

Moonclaw may be mounted on Umbralok for +35 points.



BATTLE STANDARD BEARER

- One Wargor or Gorebull in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The bearer may not be the Army General.
- The Battle Standard Bearer can have any magic banner (no points limit). A model who carries a magic banner cannot have any other magic items.



HEROES

WARGOR 85 points

Page 34

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wargor	5	5	3	4	5	2	4	3	8

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury
- Man-bane

Options:

- Magic items and Gifts of Chaos:
 - Any up to a total of 50 points
- Weapons (one choice only):
 - Great weapon 4 points
 - Additional hand weapon 4 points
- Armour (one choice only):
 - Light armour 2 points
 - Heavy armour 4 points
- May also take:
 - Shield 2 points
- Mount (one choice only):
 - Tuskgor Chariot 80 points
 - Razorgor Chariot 145 points



GOREBULL 160 points

Page 35

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gorebull	6	5	3	5	5	4	4	4	7

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Bloodgreed
- Fear
- Frenzy
- Impact Hits (D3)
- Slaughterer's Call

Options:

- Magic items and Gifts of Chaos:
 - Any up to a total of 50 points
- Weapons (one choice only):
 - Great weapon 10 points
 - Additional hand weapon 5 points
- Armour (one choice only):
 - Light armour 4 points
 - Heavy armour 8 points
- May also take:
 - Shield 4 points



BRAY-SHAMAN 75 points

Page 36

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bray-Shaman	5	4	3	3	4	2	3	1	7

Equipment:

- Braystaff (hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury

Magic:

A Bray-Shaman is a Level 1 Wizard. He may choose his spells from the Lore of the Wild, the Lore of Beasts, the Lore of Death or the Lore of Shadows.

Options:

- Upgrade to a:
 - Level 2 Wizard 35 points
- Magic items and Gifts of Chaos:
 - Any up to a total of 50 points
- Weapons:
 - Additional hand weapon 2 points
- Mount (one choice only):
 - Tuskgor Chariot 80 points
 - Razorgor Chariot 145 points



CORE

GOR HERD 7 points per model

Page 38

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gor	5	4	3	3	4	1	3	1	7
Foe-render	5	4	3	3	4	1	3	2	7

Unit Size:
10+

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury
- Beastman Ambush

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Options:

- Upgrade one Gor to a Foe-render 10 points
- Upgrade one Gor to a musician 5 points
- Upgrade one Gor to a standard bearer 10 points
- Additional equipment:
 - Shield or additional hand weapon .. 1 point per model



UNGOR HERD 5 points per model

Page 40

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

Unit Size:
10+

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury
- Beastman Ambush

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

Options:

- Upgrade one Ungor to a Halfhorn 6 points
- Upgrade one Ungor to a musician 3 points
- Upgrade one Ungor to a standard bearer 6 points
- Additional Equipment:
 - Spear 1 point per model
- One Ungor unit in the army may include Ungrol Four-Horn instead of a Halfhorn 75 points

UNGROL FOUR-HORN

Page 60

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ungrol	5	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	7

You can only include one Ungrol in your army.

Equipment:

- The Stolen Crowns
- Two hand weapons

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury
- Beastman Ambush
- Bruised and Bitter



UNGOR RAIDERS 6 points per model

Page 41

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ungor Raider	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6
Raider Halfhorn	5	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6

Unit Size:
5-10

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury
- Beastman Ambush
- Skirmishers

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Short bow

Options:

- Upgrade one Ungor to a musician 3 points
- Upgrade one Ungor to a Halfhorn 6 points



CORE

TUSKGOR CHARIOT 80 points per model

Page 44

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tuskgor Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	4	-	-	-
Bestigor	-	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7
Gor	-	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	7
Tuskgor	7	3	-	4	-	-	2	1	-

- If a character is given a chariot as a mount, that character replaces the Bestigor.
- The chariot has a total armour save of 4+.

Unit Size:

1

Crew:

- 1 Bestigor and 1 Gor

Equipment:

- Great weapon (Bestigor only)
- Spear (Gor only)

Drawn by:

- 2 Tuskgors

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury
- Chariot



CHAOS WARHOUNDS 6 points per model

Page 42

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Warhound	7	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Note that Warhound units do not count towards the minimum Core choices of the army.

Unit Size:

5+

Options:

- The unit may choose any of the following:
 - Poisoned Attacks3 points per model
 - Scaly Skin (6+)1 point per model

VALLEY OF THE DAMNED

In a deep valley in the depths of the Ostwald there lies the ivy-choked remains of a settlement that was once home to several thousand humans. The town had stood for many centuries, its people believing they could keep the Cloven Ones at bay by leaving offerings at the forest edge. With each full moon, they slaughtered a herd of cattle, and left the carcasses for the Beastmen. Those nights the forest echoed with the sounds of tearing meat and crunching bones, but the townsfolk considered themselves spared, for another month at least.

And then, a terrible malady struck, and the town's cattle sickened and died. The full moon came, and the people had no offerings to make except the carcasses of rats. Covering in their cellars, the townsfolk shook in terror as the forest resounded to angry roars. The next morning, the people discovered their homes covered with blasphemous sigils daubed in stinking dung. The people understood instantly that their offering had been unworthy.

With no animals to offer up, the town's elders knew they would have to make a sacrifice of a different kind. At first it was criminals, and when the gaol was empty it was the sick. When the infirmary was empty, the townsfolk drew lots. Some went nobly, others did not, but as the months turned to years the town became a morose, lonely place, its population dwindling with each full moon.

Finally, the townsfolk could give no more. The full moon came, and for the first time no offering was left. The militia took up arms to stand against whatever might befall the town. As night fell, the Beastmen finally came. Thousands of beasts surged from the trees, each a towering mountain of ruddy flesh, made strong and vigorous by the diet of manflesh. The militia fought bravely, yet they were doomed. When the dawn finally came the town was in flames and all of its people were slaughtered. Their carcasses were the very last offering to the dark creatures that haunt the forests.



SPECIAL

MINOTAURS 55 points per model

Page 43

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Minotaur	6	4	3	5	4	3	3	3	7
Bloodkine	6	4	3	5	4	3	3	4	7

Unit Size:

3+

Special Rules:

- Bloodgreed
- Fear
- Impact Hits (1)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Options:

- Upgrade one Minotaur to a Bloodkine20 points
- may have a magic item worth up to25 points
- Upgrade one Minotaur to a musician10 points
- Upgrade one Minotaur to a standard bearer20 points
- Additional Equipment (one choice only):
- Shields4 points per model
- Additional hand weapons4 points per model
- Great weapons8 points per model



CENTIGORS 25 points per model

Page 46

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Centigor	8	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7
Gorehoof	8	4	3	4	4	1	2	3	7

Unit Size:

5+

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury
- Drunken

Equipment:

- Spear
- Light armour
- Shield

Options:

- Upgrade one Centigor to a Gorehoof14 points
- Upgrade one Centigor to a musician7 points
- Upgrade one Centigor to a standard bearer14 points
- The entire unit may take:
- Throwing axes2 points per model
- The entire unit may replace their spears and shields with:
- Great weapons2 points per model
- One Centigor unit in the army may include Ghorros Warhoof instead of a Gorehoof155 points

GHORROS WARHOOF

Page 56

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ghorros	8	5	3	5	4	2	3	4	8

*You can only include one Ghorros in your army.
If Ghorros is taken, Centigors count as Core units instead of Special units.*

Equipment:

- Mansmasher
- Skull of the Unicorn Lord
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury
- Drunken
- The Sons of Ghorros
- Father of Beasts



HARPIES 11 points per model

Page 47

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

Unit Size:

5-10

Special Rules:

- Flying Unit

Equipment:

- Claws (count as a hand weapon)

Options:

- Scouts3 points per model



SPECIAL

BESTIGOR HERD 12 points per model

Page 39

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bestigor	5	4	3	4	4	1	3	1	7
Gouge-horn	5	4	3	4	4	1	3	2	7

Unit Size:

10+

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury
- Despoilers

Equipment:

- Great weapon
- Heavy armour

Options:

- Upgrade one Bestigor to a Gouge-horn12 points
- may have a Gift of Chaos worth up to.....25 points
- Upgrade one Bestigor to a musician.....6 points
- Upgrade one Bestigor to a standard bearer..12 points
- may have a magic standard worth up to50 points



RAZORGOR CHARIOT 145 points per model

Page 45

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Razorgor Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
Bestigor	-	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7
Gor	-	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	7
Razorgor	7	3	-	5	-	-	2	4	-

Unit Size:

1

Crew:

- 1 Bestigor and 1 Gor

Equipment:

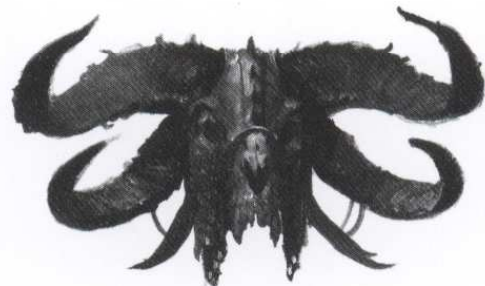
- Great weapon
(Bestigor only)
- Spear (Gor only)

Drawn by:

- 1 Razorgor

Special Rules:

- Primal Fury
- Chariot
- Fear
- Thunderous Charge



RAZORGOR HERD 55 points per model

Page 45

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

Unit Size:

1+

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Thunderous Charge

Equipment:

- Tusks, hooves and
a bad attitude (count
as a hand weapon).

RARE

CYGOR 275 points per model

Page 49

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cygor	7	2	1	6	5	5	3	5	8

Unit Size:
1

Equipment:
• Massively over-sized claws and horns (count as a hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Ghostsight
- Hurl Attack
- Immune to Psychology
- Large Target
- Magic Resistance (2)
- Soul-eater
- Stubborn
- Terror

GHORGON 275 points per model

Page 51

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ghorgon	7	4	0	6	6	6	3	6	10

Unit Size:
1

Equipment:
• Cleaver-limbs (count as a hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Bloodgreed
- Frenzy
- Immune to Psychology
- Large Target
- Strength from Flesh
- Stubborn
- Swallow Whole
- Terror

CHAOS SPAWN 55 points per model

Page 48

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Spawn	2D6	3	0	4	5	3	2	D6+1	10

1-2 Spawn may be taken as a single Rare choice.

Unit Size:
1

Equipment:
• Tentacles, claws and teeth (count as a hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Flailing Appendages
- Lurching Horror
- Unbreakable

GIANT 225 points per model

Page 52

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Giant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	special	10

Unit Size:
1

• Large club and bad breath

Special Rules:

- Fall Over
- Giant Special Attacks
- Immune to Psychology
- Large Target
- Longshanks
- Stubborn
- Terror

JABBERSLYTHE 275 points per model

Page 50

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Jabberslythe	8	4	4	5	5	5	3	5	9

Unit Size:
1

Equipment:
• Biting jaw and catching claw (count as a hand weapon)

Special Rules:

- Aura of Madness
- Fly
- Immune to Psychology
- Large Target
- Poisoned Attacks
- Slythey Tongue
- Spurting Bile-blood
- Terror



GIFTS OF CHAOS

Beastmen gain the notice, and thus the favour, of the Dark Gods by the excesses of their savage and blasphemous deeds. Being the true Children of Chaos, these gifts often take the form of some gross exaggeration of their bestial traits.

Beastmen characters may be given Gifts of Chaos. Each gift may only be chosen once per army. Note that gifts are not magic items, and are therefore unaffected by effects that damage or neutralise magic items.



CROWN OF HORNS 75 points

A Beastman that sprouts an excessively sharp, large or twisted set of horns is often acknowledged as the warberd's chieftain without a challenge; so obvious are the Dark Gods' blessings. Such an individual is supremely confident in his position at the pinnacle of the warberd.

The model and any unit he is with are Stubborn.

SLUG-SKIN 30 points

This gift of the Chaos Gods causes the recipient's skin to ooze a constant aura of vile, toxic corruption.

Enemy models in base contact with the model at the start of any round of close combat suffer a Strength 3 hit before any blows are struck.

MANY-LIMBED FIEND 20 points

The Beastman has sprouted additional arms, allowing him to unleash yet more carnage upon the battlefield.

The model may make a bonus attack in addition to his normal attacks. This bonus attack is always at the model's basic Strength and is never augmented by equipment or magic weapons.

GOUGE-TUSKS 15 points

The Beastman's lower incisors have grown into sharp or excessively large tusks.

All of the model's close combat attacks are armour piercing.

GNARLED HIDE 15 points

The Beastman's skin has encysted, forming a layer of crusty natural armour as tough as chainmail.

The model has a scaly skin save of 5+, which is cumulative with other armour as normal.

RUNE OF THE TRUE BEAST 15 points

The bearer was born with a rare and potent rune marked on his flesh, a sigil of pure savagery that marks the individual out as nothing more than a ravenous mass of muscle and fangs. Even the strongest beast will cower before the unbridled ferocity of this raging predator.

Ridden monsters, monsters, the steeds pulling chariots, cavalry mounts and swarms suffer -1 To Hit the model bearing the Rune of the True Beast in close combat, although their riders may attack as normal.

UNCANNY SENSES 10 points

The Dark Gods have gifted the Beastman with acute senses, additional eyes or even an extra head, granting it unnaturally fast reactions.

The model has +1 Initiative.

SHADOW-HIDE 5 points

The bearer's ebon fur appears to absorb light and draw the shadows about it as a cloak of shadows.

When at least partially in cover, a further -1 To Hit modifier is applied when enemies shoot at the character.





TREASURES OF THE HERDSTONES

On the following pages are magic items available to Beastmen armies. Beastmen may also choose items from the common magic items listed below; these are described fully in the Warhammer rulebook.

COMMON MAGIC ITEMS

Sword of Striking	25 points
Sword of Might	20 points
Sword of Battle	15 points
Biting Blade	10 points
Enchanted Shield	15 points
Talisman of Protection	15 points
Staff of Sorcery	40 points
Dispel Scroll	25 points
Power Stone	20 points
War Banner	25 points



MAGIC WEAPONS

PRIMEVAL CLUB 100 points

Though in appearance it is little more than a gnarled great-club bound in cracked leather and infested with spiders and slugs, the Primeval Club was made from a bough of the legendary corpse-tree blessed by Morgbur's fell touch. It has been stained red with blood since the dawn of civilisation and is the bane of all order and hope.

When rolling To Wound, the owner's Strength is treated as equal to the unmodified Leadership value of the target model.

AXE OF MEN 75 points

The Axe of Men is so-called because it hews men apart as easily as other, lesser axes hew timber. A single, mighty stroke from this fearsome axe can cut even the most powerful warrior clean in half – a sight which emboldens the bearer's followers and horrifies his enemies in equal measure.

This weapon has the Killing Blow special rule. In addition, if the bearer kills an enemy character in a challenge, he and any unit he leads are Unbreakable and cause Terror so long as he leads them.

STONECRUSHER MACE 65 points

A great blunt weapon with an iron beast-head at its tip, the Stonecrusher Mace has become a symbol of the Beastmen's eternal desire to unmake that which Man has made, and to cast down his civilisation so that no stone is left standing upon another.

The Stonecrusher Mace confers +3 Strength. When rolling To Wound against war machines and chariots (including War Altars, War Shrines, Steam Tanks and Corpse Carts, and so on) or buildings, the character's Strength is increased to 10.

MANGELDER 50 points

The Mangelder is a weapon dreaded by the enemies of the Beastmen the length and breadth of the Old World. It saps strength of mind as well as of body, and those few who survive wounds inflicted by the weapon rarely fight again.

The bearer causes Terror. In addition, any model wounded by this weapon loses 1 point of Leadership for each Wound it suffers.

HUNTING SPEAR 50 points

Originally created to fell the mighty Mammut of the far north, this thick-bafted spear bears enchantments allowing it to penetrate metres of flesh and muscle, skewering the foe through-and-through.

The Hunting Spear counts as a spear in close combat. It can be thrown with a range of 24". Resolve each hit like a single bolt from a bolt thrower (see the main rule book). Note that you may shoot after moving (but not marching) and stand & shoot with the Hunting Spear.

AXES OF KHORGOR 40 points

When the irascible Banebeast Khorgor was eventually slain and his body consumed by his followers, his half-sentient axes became trophies that have been fiercely fought over by the warherds ever since.

Requires two hands. The bearer gains +1 Attack and may re-roll any missed To Hit rolls in close combat.



THE STEEL-CLAWS 35 points

Made from the broken shards of enchanted Elven weapons, the Steel-claws are a set of splintered blades that fit over the wearer's own talons.

Requires two hands. The Steel-Claws confer an extra D3 Attacks to the wielder (roll at the beginning of each round of close combat). If a 6 is rolled when determining the number of attacks, all the bearer's attacks that round will ignore armour saves.

THE BRASS CLEAVER 30 points

The Brass Cleaver is said to be an artefact from another realm. Ancient and terrible, its outline blurs with a barely restrained thirst for carnage.

The Brass Cleaver confers a single bonus attack against each of the models in base contact with the bearer. In a challenge it confers one bonus attack and no more.

EVERBLEED 25 points

Also known as Warrior's Bane, this much-feared blade bears a potent blood magick. Even a slight cut will erupt in a geyser of gore that will not heal.

Every time an enemy model suffers an unsaved wound from this weapon, roll a D6. On the result of a 6, the enemy loses an additional wound, with no saves of any kind allowed, and you must roll again. Keep on rolling as long as the result is a 6.



MAGIC ARMOUR

BLADE-BLUNTER ARMOUR 50 points

This armour is encrusted with a vivid patina of corrosion and decay, cursed by a Bray-Shaman so that it spreads to any blade that strikes it. Even the keenest weapon is blunted, dulled or shattered upon striking the armour.

Heavy armour. At the end of each round of close combat, roll a D6 for each magic weapon that hit the wearer of the armour. On the result of a 2+, the enemy item loses its special rules and ceases to count as a magic weapon. Instead it will count as a normal weapon of its type for the remainder of the battle.



TROLLHIDE 50 points

The Trollhide confers some of the more gruesome abilities of its former occupant to the wearer.

Light armour. The wearer gains the Regeneration rule.

PELT OF THE SHADOWGAVE 45 points

The Pelt of the Shadowgave is shrouded in sorcerous tendrils of darkness that gather unlight to both the wearer and those Beastmen that walk in his dark-shrouded footsteps.

Light armour. All shooting attacks directed at the bearer or his unit are at -1 To Hit. Spells that target the bearer or his unit deduct 2 from the casting roll.

BLACKENED PLATE 20 points

This battered suit of ramshackle plate mail is blackened with the soot of burning palaces and temples. It is said that the wearer can walk through the fiercest conflagration unharmed.

Heavy armour. The wearer of the Blackened Plate has a 2+ ward save against all flaming attacks. Models in any unit that he is with have a 4+ ward save against such attacks.

RAMHORN HELM 15 points

This ornate headdress has two great curving ram horns that spiral and tighten around the wearer's own horns, allowing the bearer to deliver a devastating headbutt to any enemy that lowers his guard.

6+ armour save. This may be combined with other armour as normal. For every armour save he passes, the bearer may immediately make a bonus attack at his basic Strength.



ENCHANTED ITEMS

SHARD OF THE HERDSTONE 50 points

A sliver of strangely glowing stone, the shard is cast to the ground and an instant later a mighty, jagged herdstone will burst from the writhing soil.

After deployment zones have been agreed, but before the armies have been deployed, place an appropriate terrain piece to represent the herdstone in your deployment zone.

At the start of your Magic phase each friendly Wizard within 6" of the herdstone generates an additional power dice.



HORN OF THE GREAT HUNT..... 50 points (Beastlord or Wargor only)

Carved from the tusk of a slain Boar-god, the resounding clamour that sounds when it is blown is such that any Beastmen who hear it will race to answer its call.

Bound Spell. Power Level 3. It counts as the *Bestial Surge* spell, except that every friendly Beastman unit within 36" is affected.

HORN OF THE FIRST BEAST 50 points (Beastlord or Wargor only)

This immeasurably ancient, fossilised horn is said to be taken from the skull of the First Beast. When it is sounded, a cloud of dismay falls upon the enemy, whilst the Beastmen find the savage fury of their race swelling within their hearts.

All Beastmen units within 36" can re-roll failed Primal Fury tests.

STONE OF SPITE..... 25 points

Contained within this glowing stone is the soul of an Ungor slain in a hideous ritual. When cast to the ground, the stone shatters and the Ungor's bitterness and spite is released in a howling gale that is drawn to magical emanations with devastating effect.

One use only. Bound spell. Power Level 5. Every Arcane Item within 18" immediately explodes in the hands of its bearer (friend and foe). Each bearer of an Arcane Item within range suffers D6 Strength 4 hits per item. The items are immediately destroyed.

SKIN OF MAN..... 15 points (Bray-Shaman only)

The wearer of the flayed, sigil-encrusted Skin of Man is under a glamour that makes him appear little more than a particularly ugly peasant. When the skin is cast aside the awful truth is revealed.

The bearer of the Skin of Man has the Scout ability.

CACOPHONOUS DIRGE..... 15 points

The march of the warherd is always accompanied by the raucous, atonal droning of pipes and the dolorous rhythm of wardrums. The Cacophonous Dirge is a war horn fashioned from the tusk of a mighty ramhorn. It is so deafeningly loud that it drowns out the instruments of all who face the Beastmen.

Enemy musicians fighting in the same combat as the bearer have no effect.

TALISMANS

EYE OF NIGHT..... 45 points

The Eye of Night is a black stone charm worn about the neck of the bearer. Its inky depths creep outward to envelop its bearer, protecting him from the effects of certain types of baleful energy and turning the power of the Winds of Magic against their caster.

The Eye of Night grants the bearer Magic Resistance (2). In addition, if an enemy Wizard within 24" attempts to cast a spell from the Lore of Life, the Lore of Heavens or the Lore of Light and suffers a miscast, you may force them to re-roll the result on the Miscast table.



CHALICE OF DARK RAIN..... 40 points

Made from the skull of a geomancer, when filled with soil the Chalice of Dark Rain can summon a deluge of mud that ruins the bright uniforms of the foe and fouls their delicate machineries of war.

One use only. At the beginning of the enemy Shooting phase, the bearer can summon a storm of mud and worms with which to blind his enemies. For the rest of the phase, all enemy missile units are at -1 To Hit. Weapons or attacks that do not use Ballistic Skill may only fire on the roll of a 4+.

ARCANE ITEMS

SKULL OF RARKOS 60 points

The bleached skull of the long-dead Great Bray-Shaman Rarkos is mounted upon the bearer's staff. The skull is cursed to chatter and shriek the incantations its former owner knew in life, lending its dark power to nearby shamans.

All friendly Beastman Wizards within 6" (including the bearer himself) add 1 to their casting results.

STAFF OF DARKOTH 50 points

This staff, and its wielder, are crawling with slugs, bugs, and insects. They seeth over the surface of the wood, infect the shaman's fur and inhabit his robes. Bound spell. Power Level 3. This item casts the Vile tide spell, as described on page 37.

HAGTREE FETISH 20 points

A crude effigy of one of the hag trees from the deep forest, this shamanic heirloom can spell doom for the Bray-Shaman's foe when brandished with the appropriate curse.

Choose an enemy unit within 24" at the start of each Magic phase. Any failed To Wound rolls made during the Magic phase against that unit may be re-rolled.

JAGGED DAGGER 10 points

A potent sacrificial tool that radiates the wrath of a thousand ritual offerings to the Dark Gods.

Every enemy model killed in close combat by the bearer of the Jagged Dagger must be kept to one side. Each model kept to the side in such a manner may be 'expended' in the Magic phase to allow the bearer to roll an additional power dice.

MAGIC BANNERS

THE BEAST BANNER 75 points

This ancient banner is stitched together from the skins of defeated enemies. Only the flayed skins of the most powerful foes are used, for the Beastmen become imbued with the power of their conquests.

The bearer and any unit he has joined have a +1 bonus to their Strength.

TOTEM OF RUST 50 points

Little more than a jagged spike with the corroded remains of fully armoured warriors impaled upon it, the Totem of Rust spreads an aura of entropy that consumes metal in a matter of seconds.

All units, friend or foe, within 6" of the Totem of Rust treat their armour save as one worse than it actually is. For instance, a model with heavy armour would only have an armour save of 6+. All units in base contact with the unit carrying the totem, including the unit itself, treat their armour saves as two worse than it actually is instead. This does not affect Scaly Skin saves!

MANBANE STANDARD 35 points

A grotesque mockery of the scarecrows that dot the agricultural lands of the Empire, the Manbane Standard is essentially a corpse beset by carrion birds that peck and caw incessantly. Any who behold this unnerving sight are filled with the dread that it will be their eyes and tongues the birds feast upon next. All enemy units within 6" of the Manbane Standard suffer -1 to their Leadership characteristic.



THE BANNER OF OUTRAGE 20 points

The Banner of Outrage takes the form of a legendary standard torn from the dying grip of its erstwhile bearer and desecrated before his very eyes. The banner is befouled and stained and is a terrible affront to the enemy, while the Beastmen are fuelled to ever more vile extremes of savagery in its presence.

The bearer's unit automatically passes Primal Fury tests (there is no need to roll). Enemy units Hate the bearer's unit.



REFERENCE

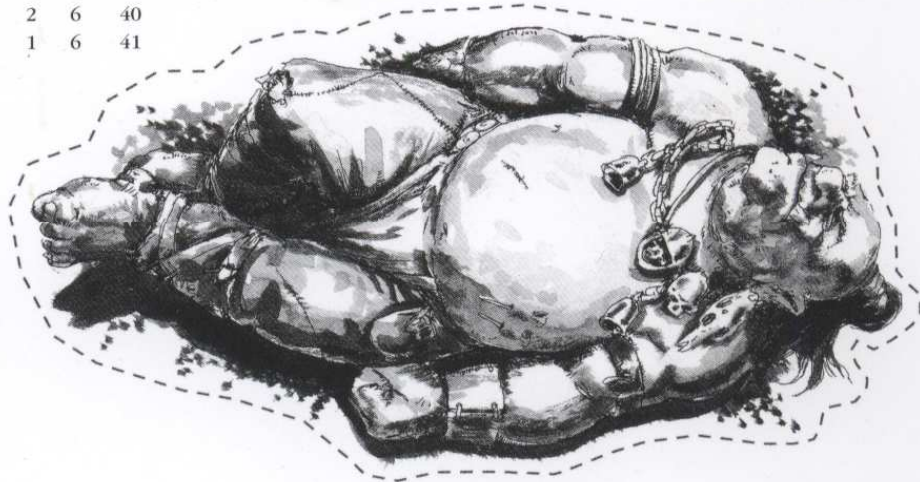
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- Bestigor	-	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7	44
- Gor	-	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	7	44
- Tuskgor	7	3	-	4	-	-	2	1	-	44
Ungor	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	40
- Halfhorn	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	40
- Raider Halfhorn	5	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6	41

FALLEN GIANT TEMPLATE

To make your Fallen Giant Template;

- First photocopy this page and stick it to a piece of thin card (cereal packets are ideal).
- Then, carefully cut around the dotted line with a sharp pair of scissors or a craft knife.



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- Bestigor	-	4	3	4	-	-	3	1	7	45
- Gor	-	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	7	45
- Razorgor	7	3	-	5	-	-	2	4	-	45
Razorgor	7	3	0	5	5	3	2	4	6	45

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Giant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	special	10	52
Jabberslythe	8	4	4	5	5	5	3	5	9	50

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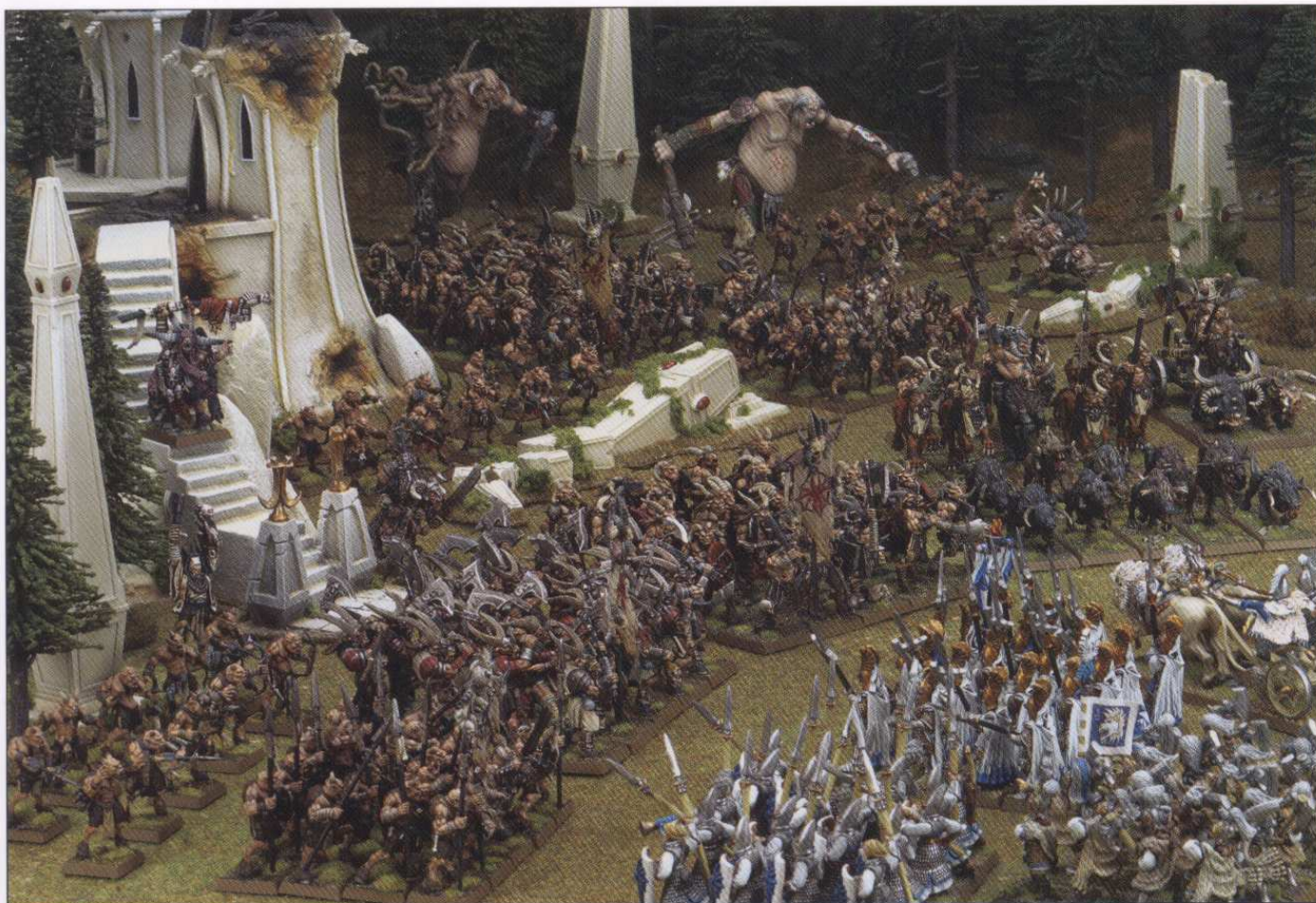
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